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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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 REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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"POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH."

Bella Cooke's Wonderful Work for Christ Among the East Side Poor in New York—
 Her Whole Life an Evangel of Divine Grace and Blessing.



POOR in all that constitutes worldly wealth, yet rich in spirit and in the knowledge of God's love and care, a woman lies in an upper room of a rear tenement on Second Avenue, New York City, in a condition of confirmed invalidism. She has lain thus for nearly thirty-eight years, and through it all, the sweet sunshine of heaven has

lighted up her face and gladdened her heart in a way that the outer world dreamed not of. The Shut-in is Mrs. Bella Cooke, whose remarkable life story is already known to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Her rare spirituality and her perfect confidence in the Heavenly Father have made her career a marvel and an inspiration to hundreds of men and women who have come to know her and her work. Many who have been blessed with wealth, have for years found in Bella Cooke an almoner through whom to dispense their charities to the worthy poor, for besides her active Christian life, this wonderful bed-ridden woman, who for 40 years has not crossed the threshold of her room, is an active humanitarian and missionary. For miles along the populous East-side of New York, her name is known and spoken with reverend gratitude by many hundreds whom she has helped, and in the prayers of the poor in that section of the great metropolis, she is held in loving remembrance.

Although she has no income—not a dollar in the world which she can call her own—she is the disburser of several thousand dollars every year, which come to her from all parts of the country, for the furtherance

of her work among the neglected children, and the mothers of the poor. Two generations of little waifs and strays, whom she helped to raise to Christian manhood and womanhood, call her blessed, and her sunny little room is frequently crowded with her proteges who love "Mother Cooke" dearly. From her they have come to know Jesus and to strive to be like him: lying propped up amid her pillows, she has taught their young feet to seek the Way of Life and their young lips to sing the Redeemer's praises. She has fed these waifs and cared for them, summer and winter, for she has no lack of willing helpers to assist in carrying on the work, outside of the little bedroom sanctuary in the rear tenement. Her swinging desk, which comes out from the wall and overhangs the bed, is a single leaf or table of wood and on it she contrives to keep up a correspondence—writing letters full of spiritual encouragement to some weak or wayward one, or acknowledging the generous kindness of some friend of the children. "Her poor," she calls them, and truly they are her poor; for if the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could but see

the slums they come to her and are instantly won by her kindness and sweetness.

In that little geranium-scented room they first learned to pray, the bed-ridden motherly woman guiding their devotions. From it they go to a mission Sunday School where many others have gone before them. In it, they are clad in warm decent garments instead of the rags they formerly wore. Mrs. Cooke's Christianity is essentially practical. Her larder, supplied by an unflinching Providence, provides for the needs of many families who live in the meanest quarter of the East side. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, when her well-to-do patrons are generously disposed, she is able to send dinners to many homes in which otherwise the season of universal rejoicing would be sad and meaningless.

Never a moment idle, and so happy and light-hearted that one cannot help thinking some of the sunshine of childhood has remained to gild her later years, Bella Cooke's life is a beautiful illustration of the perfect faith of the true believer and the joy that comes from complete surrender to Christ. "I have 3,000 persons call upon me every year, and they keep me busy," she said. "In summer, I have my tea-parties, at which my guests are all old ladies, over sixty years of age, and a few much older. After tea we have singing, experiences and prayer. About twelve or thirteen are present

season quite a number of women with babies on day trips to Rockaway, Glen Island and other places by the seashore: I suppose I have sent well on to 1,000 this year. Of course," she added humbly, "this is all done with money that is given to me for these purposes. The autumn is even busier for me. On Thanksgiving I serve several hundred poor families with turkeys and chickens and bright beads for the little ones. It has been the same on previous Thanksgivings. Each of the children got a necklace, and everybody got a text of Scripture suitable for the occasion. Then, when Christmas comes, my poor are with me in force. Last Christmas many of the most needy families got a basket of provisions each, and about 250 children were delighted by receiving toys, oranges and candies. Hundreds of garments were also distributed."

For two years past at Thanksgiving and Christmas-time, it has been the custom of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to devote a certain portion of its income to the relief of poor families who would otherwise be forgotten at these seasons of universal rejoicing. In making these arrangements, Bella Cooke's "poor" have been remembered, and her "list" of worthy and necessitous families has been included in the general distribution. During the present winter the amount of suffering among the poor has been greatly increased, and the numbers of

the destitute have swelled beyond all previous proportions. Concerning her recent work, Mrs. Cooke writes us:

"The work for the past few weeks, preparing for my poor, proved almost too much for this frail body, and but for kindly aid from dear ones, I could not have done anything for them. On account of the hardness of the times, I found I would not be able to supply all I wanted to. Again, as last year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD kindly came to my help and sent for names of families to supply, for some of whom nothing had been prepared. I wish all your staff could have seen those whom you so kindly helped, as they came, one after another, some with tears,



MRS. BELLA COOKE AND SOME OF HER LITTLE WAIFS.

From a photograph taken expressly for "The Christian Herald."

them as they stand grouped by the bedside of this saintly woman, and hear their words of love and gratitude as they listen to her teaching and join in her prayers, they would better understand the divine bond of spiritual motherhood that unites Bella Cooke to these waifs. From the street, the alley and

at each of these parties. Then there are other summer duties in which I engage. For several years I have sent a number of poor children to the country, some of them for one or two weeks, according to their needs. I send them to places in New Jersey and Connecticut. Besides this, I send during the

showing me a roll of bills: 'Just see, Mrs. Cooke, the lady from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD brought me this to pay my rent, and now I can keep my rooms, for you know I was to be put out on Friday with my six little ones.' 'This woman I have known for many years. She has a worthless husband. Others came, too. Mrs. Cooke, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent me half a ton of coal. I am so thankful. Won't you thank them for me?' Mrs. Cooke,

(Continued on page 19.)



SHORTENED LIVES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.
Text: Isa. 57: 1, "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

WE have written for the last time at the head of our letters and business documents the figures 1893. With this day closes the year. In January last we celebrated its birth. To-day we attend its obsequies. Another twelve months have been cut out of our earthly continuance, and it is a time for absorbing reflection.

We all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

I would not live always.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at eighty-two years of age standing in my house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at eighteen years of age he wrote the immortal threnody. Cato wept at eighty years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus writing a book at ninety years of age was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed at about eighty-six years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. Albert Barnes so well prepared for the next world at seventy said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1893, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about the advantages of an abbreviated earthly existence.

If I were an agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on "terra firma," because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life-preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defense lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing because it makes one's life-work very compact.

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work

and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed. Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble field, but shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under a tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done and well done, the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. A man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years before there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad that if one's youth be right his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school mates or college mates of some great defrauder, "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a mill pond and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: at about forty-five years of age, a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down, or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action

he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in mid life, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twenty or thirty years of age. Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty-five? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the door to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air brake against railroad collision. There are many ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade. If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the King's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Beside that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during forty or fifty or sixty years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at sixteen years of age? He escapes fifty funerals, fifty caskets, fifty obsequies, fifty awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear fifty departures? Shall we not by the grace of God rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it."

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short-lived child, or the long-lived father? Had David died as early as that child died he would, in

the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the Church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, this, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household, he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer, and is most liable to temptation. God saw the tempest sweeping up from the Caribbean, and he put the delicate craft into the first harbor. "Taken away from the evil to come."

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the centre of things. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around same great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth his hand to create the universe, he did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, that centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is the great metropolis of immensity.

Now, does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre toward the circumference, rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American Continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact we are studying under such great disadvantage. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the Freshman Class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures of words. The little child that died last night to-day knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light, and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors

of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your families that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping-place.

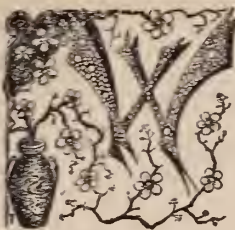
And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone; but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas morning, one of my neighbors, an old sea captain, died. After life had departed, his face was illuminated as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the light-ship. The captain often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go in New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat, he put back to sea, tearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night, they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea and the captain said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything: all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him! He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience. Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers.

CHRISTIAN HELP FOR COREAN SUFFERERS.

Mrs. W. J. Hall's Medical Missionary Work Among the Women in the City of Seoul, the Capital of Corea.



I have just received a letter from Dr. Rosetta Sherwood Hall, the devoted wife of Dr. W. J. Hall, the young physician who was trained in Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt's Medical Missionary College in New York, and who went to Corea to preach the Gospel and heal the sick in that benighted land. Mrs. Hall's work, as we saw from her previous letter published in this journal on June 28, with a picture of the hospital over which she presides, is even more sorely needed than that of her husband, as Korean prejudice prevents the native woman being seen by a male physician, unless he belongs to her own family. Dr. Hall was thus powerless to help the women, but he is now doubly useful in the country through the services his wife renders. Mrs. Hall having laid the foundations of the work in Seoul, the capital of the country, during her three years' residence there, is now about to join her husband in his pioneer work in the interior, where he has been laboring in

ever, often quite high ladies come to the hospital in closed chairs, a picture of one of these chairs taken from a photograph sent by Mrs. Hall appears on this page. A good proportion of the outcalls are made upon the higher class including several of the highest official families in the land. All patients hear more or less of the Gospel and many buy books and study for themselves.

Our daily services before dispensing have been more interesting than usual this year, as Miss Lewis has had more time to devote to them, and Mary Whoang, our new Korean matron having had a good training in our Girls' School, makes an efficient Bible woman. Next year Mary will keep record of the attendance upon these meetings as it no doubt is much larger than that of the dispensary, for often accompanying one patient will be two or three friends, or if the patient be from the official class there may be a half dozen servants with her. Miss Lewis has wisely had the entire Ross Catechism written in large plain characters all around the waiting-room, and this proves instructive to those who read, or sometimes one reads to the others who cannot. Upon an average, hardly one in five of my women patients can read their own native language.

I opened two new dispensaries this year, one at the East Gate, and one near the



TRAVELLING IN A COREAN PALANQUIN.

From a photograph sent to "The Christian Herald" by Mrs. Hall.

loneliness for a year. Her letter shows how arduous her labors must have been and what serious obstacles she has encountered. She will have to begin all over again at her new station, but she has the satisfaction of leaving the Seoul hospital in good hands and she goes forward to her new sphere full of faith and hope. Medical work there is evidently repulsive in many of its features, but the love of souls is a constraining power which makes all of whom it has taken possession, brave to bear and suffer and do for Christ's sake.

Mrs. Hall writes: The healing hand preparing the way for the saving Word continues to be an encouraging part of our work in Corea. At our annual meeting in 1892, I was reappointed in charge of the Woman's Hospital here in the capital of Corea—it is the first hospital for women in this country, and in it during the past year it has been my privilege to treat 6,260 cases. Of these 119 were cared for in the hospital wards, and the others were dispensary patients and patients treated in their homes. The aggregate number of cases treated during my three years here is over 14,000. The records show an increase the second year over the first, in round numbers of 1,500, and of the third year over the second of more than 2,000. Women and children from all classes of Coreans are included in these numbers, though, of course as it is not the custom for women of the higher classes to appear upon the streets, the majority are from the low class people. How-

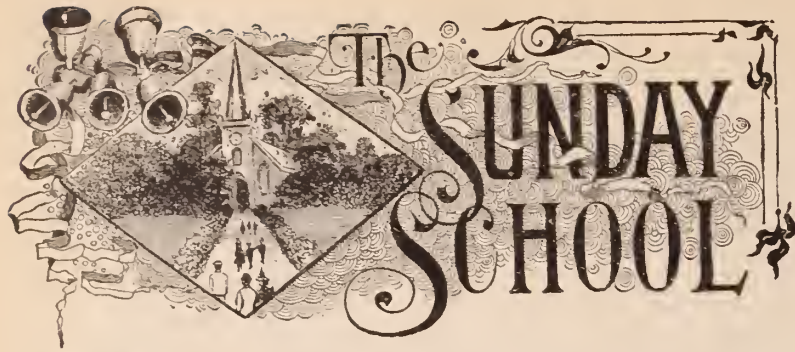
South Gate of the city. The former is known as the Baldwin dispensary, named in honor of the lady who first gave toward woman's work in Corea. This place will in time prove a great blessing to the East side of the city, but it needs to have a doctor and a teacher living there. It is three miles across the city from the hospital. In going to this hospital I was always obliged to use a Korean chair or palanquin on account of the filth in the streets which is revolting to sight and smell. The streets have no sidewalks, and they serve as a common, open sewer for the city. Men may walk through them with impunity if they have strong stomachs, but no woman can bear the disgusting sights and smells which characterize the streets of the East side. She must lean back in her chair and close her eyes as she is carried along. Sometimes I close my eyes upon the squalid mud huts, and naked children, and imagine I am being borne swiftly along upon an elevated car to my work in a home city, but the odors, ever arising from the filthy streets, soon rudely awaken me from such day-dreams. How it has come about that the streets are so bad, I do not know, but I think the ancient custom forbidding the presence of women upon the street, has much to do with it. I wonder what would happen in our home-land if women were never to be seen upon the street?

I think I have told you before by the sad results that often follow treatment of the native doctor in Corea. This year, for the first time, I saw one of them at his work,

and I will try to tell you about it. I was called one day to the house of one by the higher class to see a child who had become very sick two or three days before, after being carried a long distance, strapped to the back of his nurse, as is their custom: his bare head and the nape of his neck exposed to the fierce heat of a July sun. I found him in convulsions, and, after a careful examination, I told the father I feared there was little or no hope of his recovery. Both father and mother bowed before me, and begged me to "give life," as they express it. I told them, only God could do that; but we would do all that we could, and I left them medicines and the necessary directions, with the promise to return in the morning. Now, this child was the only son of these people, and no doubt their love for him was just as strong as that of fond American parents, and, like them, they wanted to leave nothing undone, that could be done for their darling. They had had the Korean doctor before they called me, but when they saw the child surely growing worse they thought they would try the foreign doctor, but as morning dawned with no improvement, they again sent for the Korean doctor, who arrived shortly after I did: the mother, and Esther, who accompanied me, had then to leave the room, as no Korean woman can see a man who does not belong to her own family. After examining the little boy, I told the father that he was dying—I could do no more for him, that God was surely going to take him very soon to his heavenly home. Then the father bade the Korean doctor to again try his skill. The first thing this doctor did, was to make a little pyramid of a brownish-looking powder upon each breast of the child, and then set it afire: as it began to burn the tender skin I begged the father to have it removed, and I said to the doctor, "You know it can do no good;" but he calmly smiled, as he obeyed the now almost frantic father, to go on with his treatment. He then took out from its sheath a needle—half-way between a surgeon's probe and a darning-needle in appearance—and this he proceeded to stick through each little foot, through the palms of the hands, the thumb-joints and through the lip into the jaw just beneath the nose. Again I tried to make him stop, but he said it was "Corean custom." I replied it is a very bad custom, that though in this case it would result in no further harm, as the child was dying, yet it was exceedingly cruel, and in cases where recovery from the disease might occur, inflammations of these punctured joints would be sure to follow, and often suppurate with death of the bones, so that amputation of a foot or a hand is the only radical cure. This explained the origin of many cases which I had been called on to treat in the hospital. The doctor and father now went out, and the mother and Esther came in. Esther had been telling her about our Father in heaven, and that her dear little son would be soon with him and be free from sickness and pain forevermore. The poor mother seemed anxious to learn all she could: we prayed with her and left for her to read the little tract called "Communion," or as it is translated into Korean, "Comforting Words." A few days later she sent a servant with the message that the child had died and was buried: she sent a little present to me with an invitation to visit her again. There are many doors open to receive us, but our workers are so few that we have not been able to enter them, except in a few cases, and these have been rewarded with much fruit each time—the mothers, grandmothers and children learning to read the Bible, to sing and pray, and those who could come out of their homes and attend the services have desired and received baptism.

Dr. Hall and I have both been appointed to Pyong Yang, a city of the Northern interior, 180 miles north of Seoul. Last year, Dr. Hall was the first to be appointed to work in the interior, and now I have the privilege of being the first woman appointed to similar work. As you can imagine, it is a little hard for me to give up the growing work in Seoul, and my Korean girl helpers, who have grown so dear to me in these three years; but it is a satisfaction to be able to leave all to the good care of Dr. Mary Cutler, our new doctor, who came to us last April, and of Miss Lewis, who has been here nearly two years now, while I am happy to go, and with our Father's help, to try to build up a similar work in the still darker city of Pyong Yang, known as the "Sodom of Corea."

Over and over, yes deeper and deeper, My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry; But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper Shall mingle together in joy by and by.



ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.

S.S. Lesson for Jan. 14. Gen. 3: 1-15. Golden Text, I Cor. 15: 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"It is not good for the man to be alone," was a necessary conclusion from the very purpose of God in his creation: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." It was an absolute impossibility that one individual man could, in himself, resemble the unity of three in one. Therefore God's further purpose: "I will make him an helpmeet for him." [or R. V., "answering to him."] God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." But God does not repeat himself, and, when he formed woman, he did it in a new way. First he brought to Adam all the animal world of his creation that he might name them, but among them all there was not found a helpmeet for him; the man was still "alone": none answering. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from the man made her a woman, and brought her unto the man. No energy of man could make for him a helpmeet; it must be God's creative hand upon him while he slept. By virtue of the second Adam's sleep of death the recreative hand of God is forming, in his divine purposes, a help answering him, to the Lord Jesus Christ. Adam's welcome to his bride was: "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of man. Paul tells us (Eph. 5: 30): "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" and the Lord Jesus says to the overcomer (Rev. 3: 12): "I will write upon him my new name."

God's masterpiece in his work of creation was accomplished: provision for his great purpose was made: "They [the two] shall be one flesh." It was God's first pledge of that unity which Jesus prayed for (John 17: 21). Adam and Eve were to be "one flesh;" Jew and Gentile "one new man." (Eph. 2: 15); the perfecting of the saints and the edifying of the body of Christ is to result in "a perfect man." (Eph. 4: 12, 13.) The Bride of Christ is to be "a chaste virgin." (II. Cor. 11: 2), always one out of many.

No wonder the jealousy of Satan, the fallen cherub, who was "in Eden the garden of God." (Ezek. 28: 12-17) was stirred up against beings who were, from the beginning, destined to represent, to be like, and finally to be united to God. There was no inherent sin in man; he was pronounced not only "good," but "very good" in the day of his creation. But in his very individuality there was the principle of self, the laying down of which must make the oneness which God sought for in his created creatures. If Satan could sow disunion between God and Adam, and between Adam and Eve, God's purpose would be frustrated, and sin would become a terrible possibility. Man must be put to a test, he was no mere machine, and Satan was on the watch to profit by it. He knew the glory of an unfallen state, he had "walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." Not his malicious heart, in its awful restlessness, followed its terrible instinct of dragging others into his own ruin.

Do not despise the powers of Satan. The archangel Michael, who surely knew more about him than we do "durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said: The Lord rebuke thee." Jude 9. Thank God, Christ through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and in Christ we always find him our overcome foe. But let us beware how

we attempt to meet the devil in any spirit of boasting. If he could overcome our first parents when they were sinless, he can make an easy prey of those who were born in sin, if we are not shielded and kept at all points hidden in Christ. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony," and they loved not their lives unto death."

He came to sow doubt: "Yea, hath God said: Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden;" he came to the woman, to the weaker one, it was like him; he addressed himself to the selfish instinct. Eve's vocation was to be an helpmeet for her husband, "one flesh" possessing a unity of interests with him. In faithfulness to her vocation, she should not have listened to, and above all, not have answered an inferior being, over which God had given man dominion; and above all, she should have consulted Adam before doing so. God had given to them both only one test of their obedience. Eve neither consulted God nor yet her husband: created to depend on both, she acted in independence, she listened to the serpent, because she liked to listen; she yielded to self interest, and so became disloyal to God. She answered the serpent because she liked it. Thus her self life, her human will, conceived the unbelief suggested by the serpent, and "lust (or human self will), when it hath conceived bringeth forth sin." Thus "sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Having gone thus far, it was an easy step onward. Eve's answer to the serpent was neither more nor less than the exact truth; the sin was in answering him at all. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" (James 4: 7): don't answer him.

Having got her ear, the devil began to show his colors: "Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Poor Eve, she was now in a dilemma. Hitherto only God had spoken to his children, and Eve had believed in and loved him; now she began to mistrust and suspect God; if the serpent was right, another, a shorter and an easier way of becoming like God lay open to her. Again acting independently of God and of her husband, Eve consulted her own self-life; she "saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat." The root of all the lust of sensual gratification which has borne fruit in drunkenness, gluttony, and other fleshly sins, had already found its place in man, whom God had previously pronounced "very good." The foundation of all that "lust of the eyes and pride of life" which has led man to glorify himself instead of his Maker, was laid then. A death had taken place; all in man which could apprehend God had died, he was become flesh!

Man was fallen; and very soon his fall was manifest. In the quiet cool of the evening, a well known Presence was in the garden, and they who alone of all the creation were made in the image of God, now fled from before him, and sought some hiding place, anything to get away from God! It is the sure test of the true state of a soul; whether he wants to have to do with God himself, or whether he stops short in ceremonial, doctrine, Christian activity or anything short of face to face dealing with God. It is the instinct of one who is really alive unto God to thirst after him; where this thirst does not exist something is really wrong; perhaps everything is wrong.

But God's voice must be heard: he called unto Adam: "Where art thou?" "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I com-

manded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" Adam was driven into a corner, he had disobeyed; would he confess? "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." It was true, but it was unmanly. The two who were to represent God by their union were saying bitter things against each other. Faith, uprightness, love vanished. God made man upright, but the serpent nature had infected fallen man already! "And the Lord God said unto the woman: What is this that thou hast done?" "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." O how readily excuses for sin formed themselves in the mind of fallen man! Man had become a ruin; like the earth before God's creating hand work-upon it, his moral nature was "without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

But did God abandon his purpose? Never; he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, and therefore before the fall that his purpose may be accomplished, he cursed the serpent.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ANCIENT TABLET OF TREE OF LIFE

HERE is a mystery in the verses which form the subject of the day's lesson that has never been penetrated. It involves the origin of evil and the question of why God permitted sin to enter the universe. After all the study and all the argument that have been spent on the question, we are as much in the dark as ever. Our experience of ourselves and our observation of others convince us that man is not all that he is capable of and that there is in his nature a streak of evil that not only debases him, but cripples him and restricts his power. If we met, in some shelter for tramps, a man in ragged clothing, torn and penniless, who had about him the manner and bearing of a gentleman, refined in language and with a knowledge of languages and the sciences, we should say that he had seen better days. It is precisely so with the whole human race. Mentally and spiritually, men bear the marks of a higher estate than that they now occupy. It may be that those marks are relics of past greatness or they may be the promise of future greatness. Perhaps they are both. Of one thing we are sure and that is that the cause of his present depression is sin. From the most ancient times there has been a tradition of some great moral catastrophe in the world. It appears in various forms in the various mythologies, but in the East it was evidently the one which, purified from polytheism, appears in the Bible. On an ancient Babylonian tablet so old that Moses may have looked upon it, there is a rude drawing of a tree, with a male and female figure and a talking serpent, evidently illustrating the Babylonian idea of the temptation and fall. Another tablet has also been found, of which we give a copy, with a drawing of a different tree, guarded by winged figures, which is doubtless a representation of the tree of life which is mentioned in Genesis 3: 24.

Whether one regards the incident as history, or as one of the parables, which the Bible writers so often used to convey truth, the spiritual lesson is the same. That lesson is that man deliberately chose the evil; he preferred what was pleasant to what was right, and he has had to bear the consequences ever since. It is so now. Let a boy always seek pleasure and play instead of hard study, and he inevitably suffers. When he becomes a man he falls behind in the race, because he is not equipped with knowledge. We tell the boy of the consequences of his folly; we do not remove from him the possibility of his committing it, because it is essential for his future manliness that he should learn to resist temptation; but we expect him to heed the warning, just as we tell a child if he touches the fire he will be burned. If he, like Eve, sees that the thing is pleasant to the eyes, and a thing to be desired, and chooses to indulge himself in spite of the warning, he must bear the consequences. He may blame his parents or teachers, as Adam indirectly blamed God when he said "the woman that thou gavest me she gave me of the tree," but he has to suffer for his folly. The picture is true to life, whether we construe the tree, the fruit and the talking serpent as actual fact, or, like

the images in Ezekiel, Daniel and the Revelation, as symbols of other things.

Ye shall not touch it lest ye die. Denton the traveller describes a tree known as the Judas tree from its deadly treacherous beauty. Its blossoms come before its leaves and are of a rich crimson color. The gorgeous beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects and the wandering bee goes to it to gather honey. But every bee and insect that alights on it imbibes poison and drops dead. All around beneath the branches of the tree the ground is covered with the bodies of the little victims of its fascinations.

Their eyes were opened. That is the effect of sin. It is no pleasure to know good and evil. The knowledge of evil is disappointing as well as damaging. A traveler tells an incident that is typical of this knowledge he says: It was a remarkably hot and sultry day. We were scrambling up the mountain which rises above the east shore of the Dead Sea, when I saw before me a fine plum-tree loaded with fresh, blooming plums. I cried to my fellow-traveller, "Now, then, who will arrive first at the plum-tree?" And as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop to see which should get the first plum from the banches. We both arrived at the same time, and each, snatching a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths, when on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious, juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a dry, bitter dust; and we sat under the tree upon our horses, sputtering and hemming, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea, the existence of which has been doubted.

I heard thy voice and I was afraid. William Moodie in his excellent work "Tools for Teachers" tells an incident of the effect of conscience on a dog. The owner of the dog was entering his dining-room on which the remains of dinner were lying on the table, when he saw his favorite skye terrier longingly regarding a cutlet. He waited and watched and saw the dog jump on a chair nearer to the coveted meat and put his forepaws on the edge of the table. Then he sniffed at it once or twice, hesitated a moment and at last took it. He ran with it under a lounge. Then the gentleman entered and sat down watching the dog from behind his newspaper curious to see how he would act. The dog looked at him furtively evidently expecting punishment but the gentleman neither spoke nor moved. But all the flavor of the cutlet seemed to have departed. The conscience-stricken terrier was not eating it. He looked around piteously several times and seemed utterly miserable. No word was spoken, but the dog's better nature conquered. He crawled from his hiding place, laid the cutlet at his master's feet and slunk away.

I hid myself. Adam could not have known much of God to have attempted so impossible a thing. But people still make the attempt. Professor Phelps tells the story of a burglar who broke into an unoccupied dwelling and stripped it of the valuables it contained. When the owners returned they found that he had gone leisurely through the upper rooms and had brought his plunder to the parlor where he packed it up for removal. There were signs of his having sat down there to rest and eat. On a bracket in that room there was a statuette of "Ecce Homo,"—Christ crowned with thorns. The burglar had taken it up—the marks of his dirty fingers were still upon it—and had turned it around with its face to the wall. He had not been able to bear to have even the sightless eyes of the marble image of the Saviour bent on his deeds of infamy.

The woman that thou gavest. Adam was indirectly reproaching God. Man is always disposed to throw the blame on some one for his own sin. Spurgeon used to tell a story of a drunken sailor who returning to his lodgings one night, in Venezuela, had great difficulty in finding the house, and his room in it. Having accomplished this, he tried in vain to get his boots off. After many fruitless efforts he lay down with them on. "Well," said he, "it must be the climate. I have been all the world over and I never had it happen before that I could not get my boots off. I have lived in Jamaica, Brazil, Spain, and here and there in Africa, but never, until now, have I been in such an abominable climate as this, where I have to go to bed with my boots on." Not so ridiculously foolish, but with a like lack of perception of the situation are those who lay the responsibility for their evil deeds on their constitution, or their circumstances.



UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Our Traveler Describes the Discomforts of a P. & O. Voyage—Scenes at Port Said—Cemetery Musings—A Talkative Guide—The first Glimpse of Palestine—A Glorified Pilgrim—At Jaffa.

WE had expected to rough it at some, and probably, at several periods of our journeyings. We had not expected that the process would begin upon one of the far-famed steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental line, plying between England, Australia and India. Perhaps we were unreasonable in comparing "The Coromandel," on which we took passage from Marseilles, with the floating palaces that make an Atlantic voyage endurable to the least sea-worthy tourist. Certain it is that the P. & O. craft suffered grievously by the contrast. The table was little better than that of a second-class boarding-house; the appointments of the state-rooms—"cabins" as they are called by the English—were mean and uncomfortable, the dining-saloon so narrow and dark as to make meals a penitential process.

Added to these drawbacks to the comfort of the voyagers, was the circumstance that the Mediterranean was in a bad humor, and so maltreated us that three-quarters of the land-farers on board were wretchedly ill, until we were flung, as it were, into the Straits of Messina, and, under the lee of Sicily, glided into the blue placidity of what, for the first time since our embarkation, deserved the name of a "summer sea." It kept up this reputation to the end of our voyage—the harbor of Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal. There we discovered, to our chagrin, that the steamer which was to have taken us on up to Beyrout upon the day succeeding our arrival, was detained—nobody knew where—in quarantine—nobody knew for what—and no other would sail within four days. The town is drearily modern, cheaply built as an entry-port to the canal, upon a low-lying sand-bank.

Before we had been an hour in the "Hotel Continental," we made the discovery that there was not a woman-employee in the house, a fact oddly contrasted with those that formed the basis of my last letter. Our beds were made, our rooms swept and dusted, and all other functions of chambermaid performed by men, brown of face, black-eyed, and arrayed in a mongrel costume of jacket, blue blouse and trousers. They moved quickly and quietly, they answered the bell promptly and were the very soul of civility. Recalling certain experiences in what we used to call, "the waiter-girl belt," of the Western States, and the deliberate indifference, sometimes verging upon sullenness, of the "young ladies out at service" in the Middle and Eastern sections of our free and enlightened land, we confessed that the chamberman system has notable advantages.

During our first stroll through the little town, we wondered where all the women who must wive the men and mother the boys thronging the streets, kept themselves.

Except for an occasional French, or English, or American, in bonnet, jacket and gown of European birth or descent, we met not one representative of "the dominant sex" of my former letter. On the next day, we took one of the few carriages that are a discord in the Oriental tone of the region, and, accompanied by a swarthy dragoman from the hotel, drove through the native quarter. Women were there, in number and variety sufficient to quiet our speculations. They sat flat in the doors of the houses, or upon the ground against the outer walls of the same, knitting, tending babies and gossiping; they stirred messes in brass pots over braziers of charcoal, and made coffee for men who sat cross-legged upon the bare earth to drink it; they sold beads, sweetmeats, sausages, uninviting vegetables and less attractive fruit—apples, dates and lemons—at stalls set right in the street. However engaged, they were covered up to the eyes in a sort of combination-suit of circular cloak, hood and

Making way slowly through the motley crowds of the native quarter, our coachman and dragoman yelling incessantly to the pedestrians to clear the roads, and the whip of the driver doing sharp execution upon the bare legs of innumerable boys and lads whose brown bodies were covered to the knee by a single garment, half-trock, half-trousers—we at length escaped from din and dinginess and a nameless and altogether nauseous mixture of vile odors, into an open roadway, laid along the water's edge to the cemetery, two miles from the town. To secure this roadway, a curbing of solid stone was laid on both sides, the space between being filled with earth and sand. After leaving the outskirts of Port Said, there were no signs of human habitation except a few scattered hovels, dotting the waste on our left. About the doors small black pigs rooted and squealed; a stray dog skulked in the forlorn hope of a supper, and toward our three camels, with outstretched noses, followed their masters. We watched them kneel to be unloaded, and then remain quiet on the sand for their nightly rest. The only symptom of vegetation, as far as eye could reach, was in clumps of something we mistook for beach-grass, until the dragoman plucked a branch for our inspection, and we found it strangely succulent, with fleshy leaves and even small yellow berries, ovate and pulpy.

Right in the middle of this desert, arose the walls of the cemeteries—the Christian, devoted to the interment of French Roman Catholics and Egyptian Copts, and the Moslem, where lie "the faithful" of whatever nationality. We looked in the first, see-

feet. Leading the way to the outermost row of graves, the guide pointed to a line of freshly-heaped mounds, to the headboards of which were tied shabby bunches of palm-leaves, palm-branches and artificial flowers.

"If you had been here this morning," he explained in execrable French enlivened by insupportable English, "you would have seen two thousand women—perhaps more, maybe less—here, crying, and crying, and crying, and telling how good her husband was, or her child was so sweet, or how she mourned her father or her sister, or her brother, and did break her heart for her mother, died so long ago. They come so, every Friday, and cry just the same and ever so hard, and it is they who do this"—pointing to the newer mounds. "These are they who were buried of late, you comprehend, and the ladies, they keep them high until the boards go about them,—so they be not blown away by the sea-wind—you comprehend?"

Friday is the Moslem Sabbath, and this pious pilgrimage is a duty to be performed upon the holy day. Hearing the tale, we looked with different eyes upon the sandy heaps raised by pitying hands; the already withering memorials lashed to the main headboards, had meaning and poetry. The woman-heart is the same, the world around,

At the end of the row of new mounds, was an open grave. "When is this to be filled?" I asked, knowing that burial in this tropical country follows with awful rapidity upon death, and supposing that the pit was dug purposely for somebody.

The dragoman shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah! who can know? It may be to-morrow; it may be next week. But there is always one ready. Somebody must come to fill it, some day. You comprehend?"

Comprehend! ah, but too well! That also, was an old, old story, known wherever men and women live and die.

Heaven forbid that we, or any of our blood, should ever die at Port Said!

I was awakened this morning, after a night's voyage upon the still pacing Mediterranean, by a voice outside my cabin, vibrant with emotion, hardly repressed:

"Have we reached Joppa?"

"In an hour, madame!"

Peeping beyond the edge of my door, I saw a woman gazing through an open port-hole with an expression that sent me to my own window. The east was flushed and golden in welcome to the coming sun; the sea dimpled with smiles; at the

meeting of sky and water lay a dark irregular line of hills. It was my first glimpse of the Holy Land—and beautiful exceedingly! Yet, presently, I went back for another glance at my neighbor's face. Unconscious of possible scrutiny, her eyes were still fixed upon the horizon-line, and soul and thought went with them. She may have been fifty years of age, she was thin in face and figure, and plain-featured. She may have been a Yankee school-mistress or an English ex-governess. Something in her air forbade the supposition that she was illiterate or underbred; under the rushing association of the scene, the commonplace visage was glorified. In spirit she was on her knees before the altar of the hills, behind which gleamed the flame of a new day. I knew as surely as if she had broken into a Magnificat, that, like myself, she had longed through years for this hour, that nothing in human language could voice aright the emotions swelling her heart to actual pain.

Whatever may be the degree of dissimulation which many well-meaning people predict for us in our pilgrimage, I shall always be thankful that I met in that still hour, in spirit, the simple devoutness I read in the face of a stranger whose name I shall never know, and who will never suspect my reverent sympathy with her mood.

Jaffa, Nov. 28, 03. MARION HARLAND.



THE ROADSTEAD AT JAFFA.

From a photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald."

veil, usually black, and of some opaque material. It is picturesque, and, after the manner of many other picturesque costumes, it must be inconvenient and unpleasant, especially in a country where the thermometer in December, ranges at noon from seventy-three to ninety-six in the shade. How a native woman, thus muffled up and swathed, can discharge even the few domestic duties incumbent upon one who, as we have seen, lives and keeps house mainly in the open air—is a hopeless puzzle to the foreign observer. That nothing may be lacking from the discomfort of mantle, wimple and veil, our Arabian, or Egyptian, or Syrian matron wears, in token of her honorable estate of wedlock, a brass tube, nearly an inch in diameter, strapped perpendicularly upon her forehead directly between her eyebrows and in a line with the bridge of her nose. Close scrutiny showed us the black string attached to one end and losing itself in the close black hood which forms the upper part of the mantle; how it was attached to the veil below, is still to us an Oriental enigma. Through this pipe, Mahomet, or some other Moslem authority in spiritual matters, is supposed to breathe admonition, counsel and consolation as the married devotee requires it.

ing nothing very different from the tall crosses and head-stones hung with tawdry immortelles and beads, such as we had beheld in dozens of other foreign burial-grounds. We alighted at the gate of the Moslem cemetery and entered the enclosure. Arid sand for many feet downward is the substance through which the graves are sunk. Within a few days after the mound is heaped above the sleeper below, the meeting winds of sea and desert, tear it down and whirl the sand to the four quarters of the enclosure. Hence, as soon as may be, a box, of the shape and size of the grave, is fitted over it. When the relatives can afford it, a structure of similar form in cement takes the place of the wooden case. Upon box and cement are written the names of the deceased and texts from the Koran. Above many of the rude tombs arise coo-like constructions, with trellised sides and tops, within which stand pots of dwarf palms, of cacti, geraniums, and once in a great while, of sickly vines, pathetic to behold in a region where rain does not fall for months together, and water is sold to the poor by the jar or skinful.

There are no regular walks or avenues, and wherever the graves were not protected by boxes, the sand bore the imprint of many



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

POST-MORTEM FIGHTS.

DURING the past few years there has been, as you will have noticed, a large increase of testamentary quarrels. The orphan courts are filled with combat. The last wills and testaments of people in all circumstances are in dispute. There seems to be an epidemic on the subject. Never have there been so many attempts to break these sacred documents. Sometimes the charge is of over-influence, sometimes insanity, sometimes imbecility of old age, sometimes forgery, and it is really getting to be a serious question whether it is possible for one to bequeath his property in such a way that he shall be sure of its destination. This is a subject that demands serious and Christian consideration. You will, if having families and worthy of them, make your last testament. Some of these documents, already made, need reconstruction. Do not any of you be guilty of the superb folly of constructing the phraseology of your own will. "Every man his own doctor" is the theory whose chief value is the rapid disposal of lots in Greenwood. "Every man his own lawyer," has its chief value in making fools of testators and beggars of their bereft families. The mistaken effect of a word has sent many a property in a direction different from that which the dying man intended. The testator saved twenty or a hundred dollars by penning his own last will, but it cost his family their home, or a benevolent institution its rightful inheritance. Tear up your self-made wills and to-morrow employ an attorney to furnish a substitute. Above all, pray to God to help in the disposal of your property. Let not the stereotyped beginning of the document be a mockery, but a pious imploration: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind and body, do make public this my last will and testament." First of all let your wife have at least her third, and your children share and share alike. That family is awfully asked where a child receives more than a wife. When a man takes a wife she ought to be to him a queen, first in every ambition and first in every provision, and when a man does not act in that way, I conclude either that he is cursed with a very poor wife, or she is cursed with a very mean husband. The one-third spoken of in the law is none too much for one who has by her counsel and household economy helped build your estate, and hunted up your lost articles of apparel, and sat up until midnight waiting for you to come home from the political meeting or the club house. In nine cases out of ten, the wife has as much to do with achieving the fortune as the husband. Then let your children share and share alike. The worst family feuds are created by inequalities of inheritance. It is often the case that one of the family coddles the old gentleman in

his last days, turns up his coat collar and runs the fingers through the gray locks, saying: "How fine they look," and all with reference to the inheritance. In many cases I have observed that most of the property went to the one who was busy in such offices, and great injustices went to the other members of the household, and a wedge struck through the family peace from generation to generation. Partiality is a sin against God as well as your children, excepting in those cases where through physical or mental defect it is evident that the child will be less able to help itself. In that case, let there be more inheritance rather than less. If your children start life with two hands and two feet and a healthy brain they have a fortune to begin with: but look out for those who enter the battle of life already maimed, and make special provision for them. If there be any favoritism, let them have it.

BLESSING OF BOOKS.

WHO thanks God as he ought for books? To some of them we go in our grief, others we take down from the shelf in our joy. We know their faces well in the light, and we would know them in the darkness by a touch. We have read some of them until the leaves are turned down and the pictures are faded and the binding is loose, yet we would not, because of the scarification, part with them any more than we would cast off our friends, because in our service the rose has dropped from the cheek or the elasticity from the limb. Let a stranger's hand deface, or borrow without intending to return, or stealthily put back on the shelf some day when we are absent, our favorite book, maltreated and befuddled, how hard it is to keep the door of our lips shut. What truth, what joy, what mirth, what salvation have come streaming down into our soul through the bright channel of books. Taking the hand of travelers in their books, we go the world over on a tour of discovery and pleasure and exploration—through Central Africa with Livingstone, through Spain with Borrow, through Asia Minor with Stanley and Thompson, through Portugal with Baillie, through Hindostan with Malcom, through China with Gutziaff, through South America with Humboldt, through Arctic climes with Dr. Kane, through Russia with Henderson, through Norway, Corsica and Algeria with S. S. Cox; and from mountains of eternal snow we gather the crystal, and from climes of perpetual summer we inhale the cactus, and in far distant isles we walk under the groves of orange and pomegranate and citron. Through books we pluck the plume from rarest bird, and gather from our herb-arium the rarest plant, and catch for our aquarium strangest fins, and decipher the hieroglyphics of oldest monument. The whole world, with its mountains and its seas and its empires and its civilization, is heaped upon the parlor table, without traveler's pack or dusty diligence or foreign passport; yea, in our slippers and our gowns, we make the tremendous pilgrimage; or smitten with curiosity to know of other centuries, we halt not at the barrier of years, but taking the hand of historians in their books, we walk through the palace of ancient kingdoms and hear the eloquence of ancient forum and catch the din and the fury and the clangor of ancient battle. With Daubigny and Milman and Neander we study the vicissitudes of the church, her thrilling victories and ghastly martyrdoms, Gibbon and Allison and Thiers and Macaulay and Robertson making to pass in vivid review the glory and the power and the shame and the atrocity of ages that otherwise would have been forgotten; or, on the wings of the poet, there is no height of sentiment, or imagery, or sublimity which we cannot ascend, while Milton and Cowper and Spenser and Poe and Bryant and Longfellow pour into our soul all that is sweet in pastoral and pensive in elegy, and rapturous in lyric, and enlivening in ballad, and melodious in good rhythm. Thus, on two or three books of poetry we do what the ancients could not accomplish without piling Ossa upon Pelion—we scale the heavens. Or, if

we are anxious to discover our duty as citizens and patriots, we give ourselves to the study of such immortal works as Story's "Commentaries on the Constitution," or Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," or DeToqueville's "Democracy in America." Whatever may be a man's wealth and renown, he is a pauper if he has never learned by his own experience the advantages and pleasures of books. Morning, noon and night thank God for books. Let us be in sympathy with everything that honors American literature.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. S. What is meant by the shortness of the bed and the narrowness of the covering in Isa. 28: 20?

A reference to a Hebrew proverb expressing insufficiency. The confidence of the rulers was put in a resource inadequate to the need, and which would fail when put to the test.

C. G., Seattle, Wash. In *The History of Human Marriage*, Westermarck claims, at the time of his writing, that to a great extent, Christianity abolished the sale of wives among the different tribes of the earth. Are there tribes to-day who buy their wives with horses, cattle, etc., and if so, how many?

In both Asia and Africa there are tribes that still follow this custom. See Dr. Johnston's *Missionary work, "Reality vs. Romance,"* published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York; also any good encyclopedia. Christianity has abolished this practice in many places where it formerly prevailed.

J. K. S., Landisville, Pa. Is the command to wash the feet of the brethren (John 13: 14) binding at the present time?

The spirit of the command is perpetually binding and it may be manifested in many ways. He who has his Master's spirit will shrink from no service, however humble, if his brethren have need of it. He would wash their feet if that were their chief need, but in our day their most urgent need is of other kinds. When you know a brother is hungry or unable to pay his rent you would show more of the Master's spirit by feeding him or helping him with his rent than by washing his feet.

A. Austin Vredenburg, New Paltz, N. Y. In Dr. Talmage's sermon, published in your Christmas issue, he speaks of Paul as going to Damascus on horseback. What is his authority for the statement?

It is a reasonable inference, and is so regarded by Bible commentators, that Saul and his band, while making their rapid journey on a special mission from Jerusalem to Damascus, travelled on horseback, the distance being somewhat less than two hundred miles. Troops going even much shorter distances, were generally mounted, (see Acts 23: 23.) The travel along the caravan route between the two cities was of three kinds: on horseback, on camel-back, or on asses.

"Constant Reader," Waco, Tex. 1. At what period of the Christian life may an earnest seeker after sanctification expect the blessing? 2. When Dr. Talmage stated in an editorial recently that the man does not live who does not commit sin, was he aware that in 1. John 3: 5-10 the statement is made that "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin"?

1. He may expect the process to begin immediately, and the more earnestly he seeks and strives after it, the more rapid will his progress be. The beginning is miraculous at his new birth. The seed implanted within him—the divine life, grows, causes him to hate sin and avoid it. In proportion as he yields himself to this sanctifying power, he will grow in grace and go on growing to his dying day. He is not made perfect miraculously and in a moment, but has to fight the battle with sin in his members (see Romans 7: 18-23). The Apostle when far on in the Christian life said "not as though I were already perfect." 2. The passage does not contradict Dr. Talmage's statement. The new nature to which the Apostle John refers does not commit sin. Being born of God, it sinneth not, but while it is in the flesh it does not obtain complete command of the man. You will see the distinction clearly explained in Romans 7: 15-18, part of which runs, "Now then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." The man has in him the divine nature, pure and good, but the old nature frequently leads him into sin in spite of it. You will find that when anyone boasts that he is living without sin, that those about him do not often confirm his statement.

Subscriber, Greenville, N. I. Why do Christians observe the first day as the Sabbath instead of the Seventh?

They observe the first day in commemoration of Christ's resurrection, which was the culminating event in the inauguration of the new dispensation under which we live. It is not observed as the Jewish Sabbath, a day of absolute quiescence, but as a day of spiritual activity in Christ's cause. The Jewish Sabbath, if observed at all, should logically be observed according to Jewish law, which forbade a man carrying a pail of water to a thirsty animal, forbade him lighting a fire and many other things. Christ rebelled against it and broke the law by healing the sick on that day, opening the eyes of the blind and excused his disciples when they plucked the ears of corn. It is certain that the early Christians observed the first day of the week, calling it not the Sabbath, but the Lord's Day. Justin Martyr, in 140, wrote that it was the regular day for the breaking of bread.

"The Teaching of the Apostles," believed to have been written about the end of the first century, explicitly speaks of it as the day of meeting, and we infer from Acts 20: 7, that the practice was observed in Apostolic times. The Jewish Christians and unbelievers, appear to have tried to bring the Church under the old law, but Paul bade the Christians pay no heed to them and let no man judge them in respect to the Sabbath. (Col. 2: 16). It is also worthy of notice, that when in the great Apostolic Council conditions were made as to the admission of Gentiles (Acts 15: 23-29), the observance of the Sabbath was not among them; which indicates that these inspired men did not regard the Jewish Sabbath as any longer a day which it was necessary to observe.

"Reader," Topeka, Kans. 1. Whom did Cain marry? We read of his marrying but not of there being an woman in the world beside his mother, Eve. 2. Where was the Land of Nod?

1. The believer in the literal truth and historical accuracy of the Bible narrative can accept no other solution than that Cain married his sister. Although the narrative does not mention the birth of daughters to Adam and Eve, the existence of Cain's wife cannot be accounted for in any other way, consistent with the historical truth of the Bible narrative, than the assumption that daughters were born to the first pair. 2. There is no means of identifying the land of Nod, as the only clue we have is that it is east of Eden. The word means "flight," and Nod may have simply been the land of Cain's flight.

C. C. Carroll, Kansas City, Kans. What disposition is made of the spirit after death? Does it sleep in the grave until the resurrection or does it at once enter into its eternal abode?

The only reliable source of information on the subject is the Bible and it gives no explicit answer to your questions. There are, however, several passages which bear on the subject. Christ's parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16: 22-31), implies a conscious existence immediately after death. His assurance to the penitent thief (Luke 23: 43) was to a like effect, although not so strongly if, as some scholars insist, the comma should be placed after the word "day" instead of after the word "thee." Another ground for believing that the soul does not sleep in the grave, is the appearance of Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration (Matt. 17: 3). But to our mind the strongest evidence is the remark of the Apostle Paul, that he had a desire to depart and to be with Christ (Phil. 1: 23). So active and earnest a worker would have had no such desire if he had expected that his soul would slumber in the grave until the resurrection.

Edward Brown, Grand Rapids, Mich.: 1. Which is the spiritual mode of baptism—immersion or sprinkling? 2. Are there any scriptures permitting infants to be baptized, or should the rite be administered only to adult believers? 3. If a Christian has not been baptized in infancy, is it his duty to be baptized?

1. Your question cannot be answered categorically. If it could, we should not find sincere, pious and learned men appearing on opposite sides on the question. The advocates of immersion believe as sincerely that their mode is the scriptural one, as the advocates of sprinkling believe that their mode is scriptural. This, too, notwithstanding that the question has been argued for centuries, and all the light shed upon it that learning and research could bring. It would take several pages of this journal to present fairly the arguments on both sides, but any Baptist or Congregational minister is able to make you acquainted with them. You must decide for yourself as to their merits, and if you do so honestly and intelligently, you need have no fear of consequences. 2. This also is a disputed question. The advocates of infant baptism base their position on the view of baptism as a dedication of the infant to God, and on the statement that the Apostle baptized the households of believers, when there is no evidence that any but the head of the household believed (see Acts 16: 15, 33, etc.). 3. Unquestionably a duty. No Christian should neglect the explicit command of his Lord.

W. H. Hall, Utica, N. Y. Write to Theo. Cook Sons, tourist agents, Broadway, N. Y.—Frederick L. Douglas, Hudson, O. Can some reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD send me a copy of the verses, entitled "The Power of Prayer," and beginning "The early, shrill notes of the loved nightingale"?—Ezra Dodson, Manokin, Md. Demands are so numerous that we cannot undertake to do what you ask.—Ella Dimney, Los Angeles, Cal. We have no means of supplying the information you ask outside of the Bible itself. Mrs. C. T. Nelson, Eddytown, N. Y. We do not know where it can be found.—Hiram Cripps, Brunswick, Me. and Mrs. T. Avery. Send old copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Albert F. Vedder, care of Rev. J. C. Wells, Chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.—B. Roll, Allegheny, Pa. He has no fixed opinion on the matter. 2. Not yet published in book form. 3. We cannot tell.—W. J. Joyce, Portsmouth, Va. Write to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—Avery L. Corbin, Schenectady, N. Y. About two acres.—H. A. Ward, Watford, Pa. Write to the subject.—Vashil Dodge, Berthoud, Colo. "Some of your readers may wish to help us by getting up a box of clothing for the deserving poor of this section. We need it mostly for women and children."—Mrs. G. W. Cole, McConnico, Me.: Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian.—H. Meiners, York Centre, Ia.: We cannot undertake to do so at present.—Anne Boudham, North Royalton, O. There is no such verse.—J. A. Drake, Jacksonville, Fla.: 1. You have evidently been misinformed. 2. We print nothing but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 3. Apply to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—Rev. J. B. Kellogg, Red Creek, N. Y.: We will probably do so shortly. 2. We have no information about Lea Porte. Better write to some Galveston newspaper.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA.

APPALLING loss of life has been caused by the earthquake, brief news of which was cabled recently from Teheran, the capital of Persia. The shocks were felt most severely at a town named Kushan on the north-eastern frontier of Persia. There was a succession of shocks for six consecutive days. The first overturned the highest buildings and weakened the others, which the later shocks completely destroyed. There was a population of about twenty thousand before the disturbance, and of these it is reported officially that no less than twelve thousand have been killed. If these figures are correct, it was the most destructive earthquake of this century. No such loss of life has been recorded since the great earthquake of Lisbon in November 1755 when over fifty thousand persons perished. Reports from Meshed a hundred miles to the south-east of Kushan say that the earthquake was felt there although but slightly. The people of Meshed had been sending supplies of food to the survivors at Kushan who were encamped in tents outside the town. Not a single house remained standing and the whole town was a heap of ruins. No less than one hundred and sixty distinct shocks had been counted in six days. The villages for seven miles around Kushan had also suffered, many buildings being destroyed and the inhabitants buried in the ruins. Kushan was the chief town in a broad and fertile valley near the Russian Transcaspian frontier. Its chief industry was the making of bricks. A picture of the town as it was before the disaster appears on this page which shows the long line of primitive brick-kilns in the foreground. The people are said to be in sore need of food and shelter. As many of them are likely to die of hunger and cold they must also be in urgent need of someone to teach them that lesson which Christ based on such sudden calamities as the one through which they have just passed: Think ye that those who perished were sinners above others because they suffered such things? Nay but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. (Luke 13: 2, 3.)

Strange use of a Bible.

Two condemned murderers made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the jail at Princess Anne, Md., a few days ago. Shortly after midnight the jailer was aroused by cries of fire from the cell in which the murderers were confined. As they were known to be desperate characters, the jailer summoned assistance before opening the door of their cell. By that time it was so full of smoke that the inmates were almost suffocated. They were found lying unconscious on the floor. They were dragged out and soon recovered consciousness. It then occurred to the jailer that there must have been foul play, as the men had been heavily manacled and an iron chain attached their fetters to staples in the floor of the cell. An examination showed that the leg-irons had been filed apart. The men confessed that after thus getting free of their manacles, they had set their bed-clothing on fire, expecting that the jailer would open the door of their cell, when they would rush out, overpower him and make their escape. The long wait that ensued while the jailer procured assist-

ance frustrated their plans, as they were overcome by the smoke before the door was opened. They said that the fine steel saws and files with which they had severed their fetters had been sent to them by a confederate outside, who concealed them in the binding of a Bible which he had sent in for their use. It is a pity that the Bible was used, as it so often is, to divert suspicion from wicked designs. Had they put it to its proper use they might have learned from its teachings what would have been infinitely more valuable to them—how to break the manacles of sin wherewith their souls were shackled. (II. Pet. 2: 9.)

A Surveyor's Blunder.

A real-estate owner in New York made a discovery recently which surprised her and has caused a great deal of perplexity to several persons. She is a New Jersey lady who does not often come to New York. About five years ago, she purchased a vacant lot in the Northern part of the city. Since then, she has paid taxes on it, but did not go to see it. Being in the city recently she went up to look at her vacant lot and to her amazement saw a fine four-story

true order in such building is that which Paul commended as an example to the Corinthians, "They first gave their own selves to the Lord." (II. Cor. 8: 5.)

An Undesirable Immigrant.

Among the cabin passengers on the "New York" which arrived at New York a few days ago were two young men of German nationality. They were singled out by the detective who accompanied the custom-house inspector when he met the steamer down the bay, and were told that they must not leave the vessel with the other cabin passengers, but remain behind with the immigrants in the steerage for the inspection of the immigration officer. As they were evidently men of education and position, and had made themselves agreeable on the voyage, the order of the officer caused some surprise among the passengers. The detective declined to listen to the protests against his action and remained on board to see that the young men obeyed. When they were confronted with the Immigration inspector, one of the young men was charged with being an ex-convict. He declared that he was a lieutenant in the German army, but when he found that his record was known he admitted that he had served a term of imprisonment for forgery. He said that he had repented of his crime and had come here with his brother to begin a new life, where he would not be hampered by his criminal record. The inspector, however, refused to allow him to land, curtly remarking that there were already too many forgers in the country. He was held until the return of the "New York," when he is to

ried to the street. Others rushed out in various degrees of deshabille. One woman on an upper floor ran down the stairs to the sidewalk in a state of great terror, she carried a rubber shoe in each hand, and was clutching them convulsively. After it was found that all danger was over, she hurried back to her flat where she had left a hundred dollar gold watch, a diamond ring, and a pocketbook containing eighty dollars. In her panic she had left them behind and had saved her rubber-shoes. Fright had temporarily deprived her of her usual common-sense, but the same excuse cannot be made for those, who, when this world has passed away, will realize that they saved a fortune, or maintained their position in society, but have lost their souls. (Matt. 16: 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Bible is now translated into the languages of nine-tenths of the people of the earth. In the early part of this century it could be read by only one-fifth.

Pere Hyacinthe-Loyson is lecturing every Sunday this month in the Chapelle Taubout, Paris. He occupies more definitely than hitherto an Evangelical attitude. He has now discarded the surplice, and reads a passage from the Scriptures, and then delivers a long, eloquent discourse.

Mr. William Quarrier, whose portrait with a sketch of his wonderful work among the poor we recently published, has had \$15,000 guaranteed, which is needed to erect one of two proposed homes for consumptives. Two other friends have given \$5,000 which will pay for erecting engines, wash-house, and other offices connected with the consumptive homes.

Miss Lizzie Hausel of Vancouver, has resolved to devote herself to the care of the Chinese lepers of British Columbia, who, isolated on an island in the Gulf of Georgia, have no one to attend them, and have been left alone, with only the occasional visit of a physician to relieve them. Miss Hausel was rescued some time ago, and for two years has been a devoted trained nurse in cases of smallpox and similar dangerous cases.

A peculiar feature of the recent Missionary Sunday occurred at the Eliot Church, Lowell, Mass., where Rev. J. L. Burton of the Turkish Mission found a large number of Armenians in the audience, some of whom were his acquaintances in their homes in Asia. In the course of his address he spoke to them in their own language to their great satisfaction.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey hope to begin a series of Evangelistic services in Washington, D. C., on February 1, at the conclusion of their present campaign in Providence, R. I.

The New York Presbytery has slightly modified its proposed boycott of Union Seminary by recommending, instead of requiring that students applying to be taken under the care of the Presbytery shall not pursue their studies in any seminary disapproved by the General Assembly.

The demand of the people of Uganda for Bibles is so great that Bishop Hirth of the Roman Catholic mission in that land, writes: "After much hesitation I have concluded that it is necessary for us also to print the New Testament, as we cannot prevent the people reading it. We are therefore preparing an edition with explanatory notes."

The Congregationalist's correspondent in Detroit, Mich., writes that Dr. Chapman's work there surpassed anything ever before known in that city and untold good has been done. The last three weeks the evening meetings were all held in the auditorium, in the heart of the business district. It holds 5,000 people and was nightly packed. After meetings were uniformly held and thousands of inquirers' cards were signed.

The laymen who form part of the administrative council of the shrine of "Our Lady of Oropa," near Biella, in Italy, have determined to strip the head of the statue of the Virgin of its ornaments to sell them, and apply the proceeds for the benefit of the shelters for homeless travellers. This will mean a very handsome income in perpetuity, as the jewels have been offered in homage by successive Sovereigns and Princes of the House of Savoy, and are valued at two million dollars. The Bishop and Chapter of Biella, of course, denounce the act as one of impious "spoliation."



THE TOWN OF KUSHAN IN PERSIA, RECENTLY DEVASTATED BY EARTHQUAKES.

apartment house standing on her lot. As she had not authorized its erection, or been told anything about it she was mystified and wondered if she had made a mistake as to the location of her lot. She therefore went to the Department of Assessments to make inquiries. On producing her title she was informed that her tax was now five times as much as before as there was a fifteen thousand dollar house now on the lot. Further inquiries elicited the identity of the owner of the house. It appeared that he had bought a lot adjoining the one owned by the lady but through a mistake of the surveyor, he had built on his neighbor's lot instead of on his own. He learned, to his dismay, that the owner of the land was empowered by law either to collect the rent of his house or to raze it to the ground. Happily for him, he had a person of principle to deal with who did not wish to take advantage of his blunder and he bought from her the land on which the house stood; and so the difficulty was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. He acted wisely in making such an arrangement or he might have lost his house. A similarly prudent course may be recommended to men who are living irreproachable moral lives and are liberal in their gifts to religion and philanthropy, yet who have not given their hearts to Christ. The whole superstructure of morality and beneficence which they have raised will prove worthless to them at the day of final account if it is not based on the fact that Christ holds possession of all hearts. The

he taken back to Europe. If he was really penitent and was truly longing for a favorable opportunity to retrieve the past he must have been grievously disappointed. It may be hoped that he has some Christian friend who can tell him of a kingdom whose Ruler glories in receiving all who desire to enter, whatever their past record may have been, and who will not only welcome them, but give them almighty help in their effort to reform. (Luke 15: 7.)

Salvage in a Panic.

An amusing instance of absence of mind in a panic occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago. The janitor of a high-class flat-house went to the basement at night to look after the boilers of the engine that runs the elevator and supplies steam heat through the building. He found that there was too much pressure upon them and that apparently it had been in force for some time. He at once opened the "blow-off valve" to let off some of the steam. The sudden relief caused a strain upon other parts of the boilers and one of the valve plates was blown off with a loud noise. He and his assistant were hurt and severely scalded by the escaping steam. The explosion was felt throughout the building. The roar of the steam added to the fright, and there was a wild rush of the tenants to get out of the building before it was blown down. One woman was alone with her babe and her older child. She snatched up the baby and pushing her little daughter before her hur-

THE CHRISTIAN'S WAY AND WORK AND WATCH.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. 1. Thess. 1: 9-10, "How ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from his wrath."



THESE words were spoken to an ideal Church; for the Apostle, in commending these Thessalonian Christians, declares their faith and zeal to be so satisfactory that there is no need to say anything. If

spoken to an ideal Church, I may say also that these few words set before us the ideal Christian. Let us consider them in this light and see what they teach us.

1. The Christian's Way. "Ye turned to God from idols." When Christ calls himself "the Way," he not only gives us the true access, but the true direction. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was towards God;" it is written in the opening sentence of John's Gospel. At least it is exactly the same phrase, which in our text means "towards God." Adam, by his sin, turned away from God and led the whole race after him. Christ stands ever fronting God, and nothing can turn his face away from the Father. Our repentance turns us about and brings us into the attitude Godward, which his own beloved Son forever maintains.

Here is the crucial test of an evangelical faith, that it insists on conversion, not on correction merely. "Keep straight on," is the cry of moralism. "Turn squarely about," is the demand of evangelicalism. In other words, while natural religion insists that man is headed in the right direction, only needing to be guided, strengthened and quickened to go in the way he is already going, evangelical doctrine declares that man's face is averted from God, and unless he is turned about he will tend further and further away from his Creator. "Prove it from the facts of human experiences," does some one say: Well! let me interrogate your experience. Do you find it most easy and natural to do right and please God, or the contrary? Take out the props from human nature and let it slide, and which way will it go? The restraints of the moral law, the restraints of decent society, the restraints of self-respect; these act like a ratchet upon the human heart to keep it from running down. But if you were placed in circumstances where all these holds and helps were removed, are you not solicitous as to whither you would tend? In other words, which way is the gravitation of your heart? Even the dead cold stone is loyal to the earth to which it belongs, for if I let it go from my hand it instantly seeks the earth. We say that it falls downward. We might more truly say that it rises upward. Since it simply clings to its mother earth and refuses to fall off into space. Gravitation is the loyalty of matter to its true centre. Is divine love the gravitation of your heart, so truly, that if temptation for a moment detaches you from God, you are instantly drawn back to him? Oh, would it were! Of millions who have had a new heart and a divine life put into them, this is true! But of the great multitude it is not true. "The whole world lieth in wickedness," writes John. Souls are not like planets and suns and satellites moving in orderly obedience round God their central Sun, but millions upon millions are as wandering stars plunging into the blackness of darkness.

Hence, on the day when the Gospel began to be preached after Pentecost, Peter cried out, "Repent and be converted," or "Change your mind and turn about," as the words mean exactly. And from that day till this, such has been the message of all faithful preachers. Now this word of Peter gives us the true secret and method of conversion; "Change your mind and turn about." When God would reverse the wheels of our life, he begins with the hub, not with the spokes or rim. The mind or heart is turned in order that the conduct and character may be turned. Reformers and humanitarians are like clock-repairers, who should work on the hands and polish up the face, instead of putting in a new main-spring. I am not disparaging their efforts. God forbid! If even for such the clock of the public conscience could be made to strike right and tell the true time of day, it were worth all the trouble

it cost, though it went wrong the next hour. But our real hope after all is in the right heart and that will secure the right hands and face. Change your mind. Turn your will Godward and Christward. That is faith. Right thoughts of God will ensure right conduct towards God and men. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," saith the Scripture.

You will observe that there is a double turning here indicated—a turning from and a turning to—"ye turned to God from idols." These constitute the two sides of genuine conversion—repentance of sin, and faith in Christ; and both should be emphasized equally. Some, like the Romanists and Ascetics, put the whole stress on the first duty, that of repentance of sin. They would make life one long penance, and fill up the days thereof with sorrow and self-condemnation over past transgressions. This is a grievous perversion of the Gospel, for it puts the sinful self into the place which should be occupied by the suffering Christ—for salvation is not in looking at our sins, but in looking at our Saviour.

"The true penitent never forgives himself," says Cardinal Newman, the Romanist. Then he never looks to Christ. That is plain enough, for if he did, he would forgive himself in the forgiveness which the Redeemer has purchased for him on the Cross. Turn upon your sins—look at them with horror and loathing. But be sure that you then turn from them as quickly as possible. "Ye turned to God from idols." The idols have not ceased to be—"covetous which is idolatry"—"the works of the flesh which are idolatry," etc.—these are still found. Turn from these to the living God, I beseech you. Exercise "repentance from dead works," but fail not also to exercise "repentance towards God."

II. The Christian's Work—"to serve the living and true God." "Serving divers lusts and pleasures" was their old occupation, according to the words of the apostle. As radical as is the change of life in conversion, so radical should be the change of employment. Oh! if we could get Christians to serve the Lord with half the zeal with which they serve themselves, what might not be wrought by the Church of God! Our constant pain and sorrow of heart is that so many disciples of the Lord make religion a by-play instead of a business. They provide themselves with the luxuries of worship, in the art and architecture and music of the sanctuary, and imagine that in enjoying these, they are serving the Lord, when really they are only serving themselves. There is such a thing as an inverted worship, in which the praises of God are made to minister chiefly for our pleasure. Thus, Christians who have been turned from one idol, sin, now revert to another idol, self. In this way, by a fatal illusion, their conversion is only a reversion to the old life and the old selfishness.

Now the service here indicated is not the service of liturgy, but the service of labor; and its end is not self, but God. You recall how constantly the apostles name themselves the slaves of Jesus Christ: "Paul, a slave of Jesus Christ." "Simon Peter, a slave and an apostle of Jesus Christ." "James, a slave of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ." It is the same word in its verb form in my text.

My brother! Do you take your orders every day from the Lord? "Behold as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters; and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until he have mercy upon us." So spake David the servant of God, and so should all of us say if we have learned the obedience of sons. You remember the old Hebrew law in regard to voluntary servanthip? If a slave had served his master six years, he was at liberty to go free on the seventh year. But if he should say: I love my master and desire to remain with him, then his master was to bring him unto the judges and to the door-post; and his master should bore his ear through with an awl, and he should become his slave forever. The bored ear was a symbol of perpetual submission to the master's work and will. Hearing is a kind of sovereign among the senses and can lead the whole man into obedience if it be sanctified

Give me control of a man's ear-drum with a surrendered will behind it and I can easily march him forward as a good soldier after the Captain of our salvation. My brother, do you study the secret of getting daily direction from the Lord? Is your first morning prayer each day that of the converted Saul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It is one thing for you to make your plan of life and then submit it to the Lord for his approval; it is quite another thing to get your plans from him and then go to work at their execution. In the one case you are the architect of your own life; in the other, you are a workman fulfilling the plan of the great Master-builder of the universe.

Now, if you have really entered into the meaning of your Christian calling, you would rather serve the Lord than to rule a kingdom. I believe it constitutes the sum of all blessedness here below—to wear the livery of Christ in an humble and unworldly spirit; to run on his errands, to serve in his household. Commiserate a Christian because of the menial nature of his work! If that work has the divine uplook, gained through a sincere obedience to Christ, it cannot be menial. A minister was sympathizing with a strong, intelligent Christian woman because of the drudgery of her life when she replied, "Why pity me? I tell you I have taken many a walk through the golden streets of the New Jerusalem while toiling here at my wash-tub." It is a quaint way of putting a most real truth. Communion with Christ transfigures our work and makes drudgery divine. To men of the world this is a great mystery. Refined and gentle women working daily in the slums with all the unutterable filth and repulsiveness found there. "I cannot see how you can do it," says the elegant lady as she lifts up her jeweled hands in astonishment. Men and women leaving the comforts of civilization and plunging into all the misery and darkness of heathendom to spend a life there! "I cannot see how you can do it," says the lover of good society and good surroundings. Of course they cannot understand it. The Gospel creates a new sense when it creates a consecrated heart. It replaces an aesthetic taste by a sympathetic taste—so then, one can find enjoyment in dwelling in scenes of daily sorrow, pleasure in ministering to repulsive sickness, and even see an angel under the sores and scales of the loathsome leper. I declare to you, my hearers, there is no joy on earth to be compared with serving the joyless and hopeless sons of misery in Christ's name and for his glory. And even hereunto are ye called—not to enjoy religion but to serve God. Would that I could call out new workmen this morning from those who have long been Christians, men and women out and out for God, disciples who would henceforth put God at the head of their business and make all their earnings and all their getting absolutely subservient to his glory. It is not more men that we need so much as more men—disciples in whom Christ is concentrated and re-lived. Give me a score of such Christians who fear nothing but God, hate nothing but sin, and are determined to know nothing among men but Christ and him crucified, and I will carry the day for God in any community.

III. The Christian's Watch. "And to wait for his Son from heaven." The right about face in conversion; the outstretched hands in service; the uplifted gaze in watchfulness—these are the three grand characteristics of an Apostolic Christian. The last I dwell upon briefly, reminding you that the New Testament dwells upon it constantly. The return of the Son of Man in glory—this is the hope which in the Gospel gives inspiration for all service, encouragement under all trial and uplift under all depression. How beautifully, in the epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle rises to this great theme. In their conflicts and trials of faith, he bids them to cast not away their confidence; in their reproach and loss of goods for Christ's sake he tells them that they have need of patience that after they have done the will of God they may receive the promise. Then he reaches the great incentive: "For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." This Pilgrim-Promise—a false theology has transposed into a minor key and bid us remember that in a little while death will come. Thus the uplifted gaze has been changed to the downcast gaze, and the grave has been thrust into the place which belongs to the glory. I recall you this morning to your primitive hope, to your true attitude, "Waiting for his Son from heaven." It is this hope which makes Christians unworldly; that loosens the grip

on gold and fastens the grasp on glory. It is this hope which the Gospel has made the key-note to all duty; and the watchword to all aggressive service for Christ. And what right has any one to change the key when the Lord himself has fixed it? What pastor does not know that it is almost easier to get men to turn to God than to prevent their returning to the world? Therefore has God given us the risen and ever-living Christ as the hold and uplift for our hearts. The Christian's look determines his life and the Lord has fastened the believer's eye forever upon himself. "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." "Looking for that blessed hope, the glorious offering of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." If this uplook can be kept, fixed and real, and unchangeable, no earthly attraction can draw the Christian away from God. Let none think us visionary and impracticable in urging what God is always urging in his Word—a devout and active and prayerful waiting for the return of our ascended Lord.

"For our citizenship is in heaven," saith the Apostle, from whence we look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ. Wonderful confession! "Our citizenship is in heaven." Then pay your taxes where you hold residence and lay up treasures above. Then look for your King to come and fetch you home, and reckon yourselves pilgrims and strangers on the earth. Then count not on death to bring you home but pray evermore as you have been taught: "Even so, come Lord Jesus." And the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen!

THE KAREN BAPTIST MISSION.

AD news of famine is sent by Rev. H. Morrow of the Baptist Mission among the Karens of Siam and Burmah. He writes: I am sorry to say that at present the Karens of both Tavoy and Mergui are suffering from want and food. There are but few families who are not pinched, and scores and hundreds are in great distress. The cause, of course, was a deficient crop last year. We are doing various things to help them. Those on the Tavoy River are getting out timber for a firm here who advances the money on our recommendation. Of course it is tantamount to giving security, but I cannot do otherwise. In prospect of this scarcity we bought a large quantity of food last harvest, and give to them at cost, or at least to needy cases. Rice is abundant, and not very dear, but they have no means to buy. Many of the heathen, particularly, are borrowing from the Burmans at one basket now for five when they reap in November. Of course they must suffer next year again.

We are besieged with requests for help. I have just given a heathen man a bag of rice, a Christian being security for him. To a man and his wife I have given a basket of rice, and they must carry it forty miles into a jungle. To another man I give a basket who has to carry it about the same distance. His wife died a few weeks ago, and he has five small children to keep alive if possible. But I cannot tell you the distressing cases. Die they will, but change their method of farming they will not. I need not tell you that this distress and poverty will hinder all our plans for advance in all respects. A well-to-do Burmese Christian woman, named Mah Hui Aye, gave a few years ago 3,000 rupees (\$500) to the Judson chapel in Mandalay, and 500 rupees each to our Burmese and Karen work in Tavoy, the interest only to be used. She now offers to give us 5,000 rupees (\$1,500) more to be invested, and the interest used for Burmese work in Tavoy.

THE STARS.

THE stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous, holy speech.

O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From chariot-wheels of God.

When in the spirit he rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were his footsteps left behind
To magnify his name.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.
South America yet Largely a "Neglected Continent," with few Missionaries.
SOUTH America has been called from a missionary point of view, a "Neglected Continent." When we consider (says a writer in "Church at Home and Abroad") that its total area is nearly 7,000,000 square miles and its estimated population 34,000,000, and that the total number of Protestant missionaries on the continent, including men and women, is 315, and the number of communicants 15,000, it must be apparent that the missionary work in South America has not received the attention it demands.

It is a continent of republics, numbering ten in all, the only exceptions being the provinces of Dutch, French and British Guiana, on the northeast coast. At present seventeen missionary societies have work established in different parts of South America, yet there are large sections practically untouched. Ecuador, with a population of over a million, has no missionary; Bolivia, with a population of 2,300,000, is also without a missionary; Venezuela, with a population of over 2,000,000, has only one Protestant missionary; Peru, with a population of 3,000,000, has only one missionary, with a few native helpers; Colombia, with a population of 4,000,000, has only twelve missionaries; Brazil, with a population of 14,000,000, has only eighty-one missionaries. In no country where Protestant missions have been established is there such a dearth of missionary effort as in South America, in proportion to the population.

There are at least 30,000,000 people on the South American continent practically untouched by missionary effort. Romanism is at its worst in the country of South America. Its blight all over those fair regions has been terrible. Its rule has kept the people in the bonds of superstition and in the darkness of ignorance. The North American continent has an object lesson before it in the South, of what its destiny would have been had its lot been cast under Romanism, rather than the evangelical form of Christianity. The development in the North has been along the lines of freedom, intelligence, and morality, under the enlightened training of a spiritual and Biblical form of Christianity. The result in the South has been marred and shadowed by priestly tyranny, gross ignorance, and defective morality, combined with superstitious bigotry and the lowest forms of external and hollow ceremonialism. The spirit of the Inquisition still hides in the Papal system of South America. The blind intolerance of mediæval Romanism still fights for supremacy, and the battle of the age for liberty of conscience is yet to be fought and won in a large portion of the southern continent.

CHRISTIAN WORK ON LEBANON.
On a spur of Lebanon, about 2,500 feet above the sea, overshadowed by a grove of fragrant pine trees, is the hospital of the Society of Friends. The physician in charge of this institution, Dr. Besharah Manasseh, a native of Syria, is a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, a skilful physician. He is assisted by a devoted corps of English nurses. In this well-appointed hospital, thousands of Druses, Sunnite Moslems, Mutawalles, Greeks, Maronites, and Protestants are treated annually, either gratuitously or for a nominal charge. The dispenser, who compounds the medicines, is also a native of Syria, and was a pupil in the Syrian Protestant College. This medical charity has done much to soften prejudice and win the hearts of the people of this part of Lebanon, and add to the influence of the industrial school for boys and the school for girls, which have for several years been conducted by the same society.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE
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OUR SERVICE of SONG

Take my Voice and let me Sing, ever only for my King

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

O Help Me Tell the Story.

Edward Shiras. Psalm 66: 16. Brian A. Dykes.

1. O help me tell the sto - ry Of Christ my Lord and King,
2. He brought me out of bond - age, He paid my debt of sin;
3. He left His home in glo - ry, He laid His scept - er down,
4. Be this my one En - deav - or, To glo - ri - fy His name;

For of His boundless mer - cy My soul de - lights to sing.
The door of Life He o - pened That I might en - ter in.
And on the cross He suf - fered, That I might wear a crown.
The sto - ry of Re - demp - tion To all the world pro - claim.

CHORUS.
O help me tell the sto - ry, Of Je - sus' bound - less love,
Till, with the Church tri - umph - ant, I sing His praise a - bove.

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FAIRBURY, NEB.: The package containing the Teachers' Bible and the beautiful book *From Manger to Throne* was received in good order last week; also the souvenir of Olive Wood which I prized most of all. Words cannot express my appreciation for these beautiful gifts and I can only write the simple language of "Thank you," but which means so much in my case.
LIZZIE B. TURNBULL.

THE COMING REGENERATION.
The Restoration of Israel the Beginning of Universal Blessedness.
BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.
(Continued from page 849.)
WE have seen that a great blessing, even the quickening of the mass of the Gentile world from their present death of trespasses and sins, is assured to them in the gracious purpose of Almighty God. But this blessing is restrained till Israel is again received. Then, but not till then, when, as Isaiah saith (11: 2-5) Jerusalem's warfare shall be accomplished, and her iniquity pardoned, shall "the glory of the Lord be revealed, and all flesh see it together." Then, but not till then, when, as the Lord saith by the Prophet Joel (2: 27, 28), "Ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else," will be fully showered forth the promise which gave only its first droppings on the day of Pentecost, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."
But what then does Zion's restoration wait for? Even for the coming and presence of her Lord. So, therefore, we find it written in Psalm 122, that when the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come, when the Lord shall build up Zion, and contemporaneously as is there asserted appear in his glory, then shall also "the heathen fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory."
What a prospect of peace and happiness for this troubled world is here opened to our view! We may well pray for the peace of Jerusalem, seeing what blessed results are to follow upon it for all the kingdoms of the world. We may well if for this cause only, join in the prayer of the apostle, "Even so, come Lord Jesus" seeing how bright a day will then pour its light upon all the families of the earth.
But here it will be necessary to put before you two or three independent proofs (independent, I mean, of the assumption that Israel's receiving is only effected at the advent of the Lord) of the fact, that this bright day which awaits mankind assuredly cannot be till the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing on his wings.
First, we see from the text that a time is to come in which there shall be "life from the dead" to the Gentile world when therefore, the world at large shall be in the possession of true religion, and the mystery of godliness prevail: God manifest in the flesh being the one object of the adoration and love of all mankind, and inducing a holy obedience in the general rule of character and conduct among all.
But how can this be, as long as the mystery of iniquity is at work, and the man of sin "opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped;" "whose coming is after the working of Satan with all his power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish?" While these things are in the world, where is opportunity for that universal love of truth, and its effectual power upon the hearts and lives of men at large, of which we find mention made here? It is manifest that there can be none. The regeneration of the nations must therefore wait for him, "by the brightness of whose coming" that Wicked is to be destroyed. I give no opinion here as to who or what that Wicked is, but merely direct your attention to the fact, that the whole interval from the apostles' days to the bright and glorious coming of the Lord is all occupied, either by the man of sin or the mystery of iniquity which is of him, and worketh toward him; where then shall we look for "life from the dead" in the world till that coming take place?
Secondly, in Zechariah 14: 9, we find mention made of that universal godliness which the apostle's prediction now before us implies: "The Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day there shall be one Lord, and his name one." But what event, then, does the 5th verse lead us to look for, as ushering in the glorious time? "The Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee."
Thirdly, what is that "regeneration" which, according to St. Matthew 19: 28, shall take place, "when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory?"—when therefore, he shall have come again? Seeing that we expect the conversion of all Israel, and the communication of "life from the dead" to the nations at large, can we suppose that this term has no reference to these great events? No, it is impossible.



THE TEMPTATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning Jan. 11. Matt. 4: 1-11.

IT must have cost Jesus a painful effort to describe this scene of his temptation to his disciples. That he did so, with his own lips, is evident, for no man witnessed it and we should not know that it ever occurred had he not spoken. His motive for giving the history of it and causing it to be placed on record, is obvious. He wished his own experience to be helpful to his people through all generations. And it has been so. The tempted believer who is inclined to think that he must be very vile or the tempter would not approach him, is comforted by the thought that his pure and holy Master was similarly assailed. He has in the narrative also the assurance that the enemy is not invincible, for here he reads the story of his defeat.

The scene is inexpressibly sad and pathetic. The young man, probably only just become conscious of his divinity and of the mission entrusted to him, having passed through that wonderful scene at his baptism, when he was recognized by the heavenly voice and proclaimed the Son of God, goes out into the desert to meditate. A great work lies before him; such responsibility as his was never before or since, laid on human shoulders. Had he the power to bear it? Was he in very deed the incarnation of Deity? He must be alone and think. He wanders away, that he may examine himself and realize his powers and the nature of his work. Heedless of the demands of his physical nature in his mental absorption he eats nothing and becomes physically weak. What does it signify to one who can work miracles? If that voice from heaven was true, as his consciousness tells him, he can turn the very stones to bread. Thus by one act he can relieve his hunger and test his miraculous power. But he perceives that divine power was not given him for his own personal advantage. God can support him, for "man does not live by bread alone." The temptation is grappled with and overcome. He will trust in God. The believer who sees no prospect of support, whose income is precarious, who may be eating his last loaf, may think of this scene and take courage. He is in the hands of God and there is no need for him to do wrong, to compromise with his conscience, or to be false to his faith. "Man does not live by bread alone." Like his Master he may put the temptation aside. Luke, who is a more careful recorder than Matthew, reverses the order of the next temptation and his account is more natural. Christ's thoughts turn from his physical needs to his work. It is enormous, stupendous. Some way occurs to him by which it may be accomplished, but that way looks like homage to Satan. It is a concession to the devil, a recognition of the usurper's claims to empire. As he sees it in this light, he thrusts the thought away. He will serve God only, and if he could gain the whole world by subservience to Satan, he will not do it. How many of God's servants have drawn courage from that conflict! The pastor approached by some worldly-minded Christian, urged to cease denouncing some sin, or to honor some wicked, but influential, man that the church treasury may benefit and money may come for the Lord's work, thinks of his Master's conflict and overcomes the temptation. Then, weary and physically weak, the sorely tried, but victorious, Saviour, is assailed again. He is tempted to commit suicide. It will not really be suicide, because it that voice was true, if he is really the Son of God, angels will have charge of him and he will not be hurt, though he fling himself from the top of that lofty spire, and if he is mistaken and he is only man, he is so miserable that it is better he should die. This will be a test. But is it right to apply a test? Should he not rather trust God without a test? There is a command,

"Thou shalt not tempt [or try] the Lord thy God." So he vanquishes that temptation also. In every case the victory comes to him through his faith. He will trust his Father as to his bodily wants, his work and his life. His confidence in him is triumphant; and so may his followers triumph. They have no need to put themselves in a critical situation that they may see if God will interfere in their behalf. They must beware of presumption. Without testing their sonship, they must be confident if the path of duty leads them to a crisis, God will deliver them and they must not seek the furnace of trial. Thus like their Master, strong in faith may they bear the assaults of temptation and like him come forth more than conquerors.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The annual State Convention at Jacksonville, Ill., was an enthusiastic gathering. It occupied three days and the interest continu-



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON, MASS.

ed increasing to the last meeting. Among the speakers were Rev. J. W. Van Cleave, Rev. J. A. Burchett, Rev. Joseph F. Berry, Rev. J. H. Odgers of Chicago, who preached to the Convention at the Sunday morning service and Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, who preached the Convention sermon on Sunday evening. Model Devotional meetings, Department Conferences and the Question Box kept the delegates busy in the intervals between the public meetings. The following are the State officers for the year: president, C. E. Piper, Chicago; first vice-president, Rev. F. H. Cumming; second vice-president, Mr. R. W. Ropiequet, Belleville; third vice-president, Rev. T. M. Dillon, Jacksonville; fourth vice-president, Hattie Gonsoles, Rockford; treasurer, T. C. Northrup, Englewood. The retiring president, M. V. Holt, was elected field secretary. A grand rally was held recently in Bromfield Church, Boston, Mass., to meet the General Secretary, Dr. Edwin A. Schell, who paid a formal and official visit to the city. Twenty-five ministers were present to welcome the secretary, so that there was no lack of speakers. An afternoon and evening session were held and the Chapters were present in force with their banners. An interesting feature of the meetings was the description of the Epworth Settlement in Boston, by Rev. R. H. Walker of the League House. Dr. Schell himself took charge of the Question Box and answered effectively some rather difficult and delicate questions. Among his more important utterances was one that "it is bet-

ter to run the risk of narrowness, rather than to lose the power gained by concentration." Dr. J. O. Knowles presided at the love-feast in the evening. A call has been issued to the Leagues of Kentucky for a convention to form a State Union. It is to be held at the Fourth Avenue Church, Louisville, on Feb. 8.

THE Y. M. A. A. OF BOSTON, MASS.

On this page we give a picture of the building occupied by one of the oldest and largest Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States. It was organized in 1851 and has over four thousand members. It will thus be forty-three years old when its representatives go to England this year to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the original Association. It is not always that age is associated with energy and activity, but in the case of the Boston Y. M. C. A., years have not robbed the venerable institution of its vigor but seem to have only made it more efficient for its work by the ripe fruits of experience. The monthly magazine issued by the Association contains a record of labor and enterprise and effort such as would surprise many and shows how sagacious as well as how sympathetic with the young men of the city, its managers are. Its educational classes are instructed in penmanship, shorthand, book-keeping, banking, music and singing, electricity, drawing, French, German and other acquirements which help the young men to qualify themselves for the higher grades of their professions. In addition to these, professional instructors are at the gymnasium and

swimming baths to help the young men to the attainment of the physical development which has so much influence on the moral and spiritual well-being. The Association's property is worth \$320,000 and is a well arranged and commodious edifice.

THE Y. W. C. A. IN CANADA.

An impetus has been given to the extension in Canada of Christian work among young women, by the interest evinced in it by Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the new Governor-General. She attended a recent meeting in Montreal of Young Women's Christian Associations and explained the organization of a National Council of Women effected in Toronto, and proposed that a similar one be formed in Montreal. Lady Aberdeen has been appointed President for Canada; in each province the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor will act as honorary Vice-President, and the Council will also be provided with another such officer. Mrs. McDougall of the Y. W. C. A., was appointed Vice-President for Montreal. The Council is to be a thoroughly representative body, arranged on "a basis so broad that everybody can come in." Mrs. McDougall then, in a few earnest words, spoke of the need of unity amongst workers, and expressed her belief that Her Excellency had been sent to Canada to promote that unity. Lady Aberdeen took occasion to repudiate a remark attributed to her by a newspaper to the effect that she had compared Canadian and

English ladies to the disadvantage of the former. She said that she had not made the remark and had never had such an opinion as she had been represented as expressing. It is expected that the readiness of Lady Aberdeen to attend meetings and aid in organizing Associations in Canada will lead to an increase of activity in this sphere.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

At the recent State Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Indiana, it was reported that there are now 1,145 Societies, a gain of 325 since last year. Of this number, 261 are Junior Societies, a gain of 161.

The Young Women's Christian Association is taking deep root in Denmark. There are now 140 Associations, the oldest being one organized in 1880. The Copenhagen branch has over four hundred members.

The Melbourne Young Women's Christian Association has had a number of good missionary meetings lately, addressed by Mr. Cheok Hong Cheong, and others, amongst them, Miss A. Brown, who is going out to China in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

The first annual convention of the Epworth Leagues of the Springfield district St. Louis Conference, was held at Billings, December 5, 6. Delegates from nearly all of the Leagues in the district were in attendance, and the convention was a pronounced success.

Interesting addresses to the young men of Ireland are being given at the Dublin Y. M. C. A., by Mr. W. Fry, Jr., who lately returned from a trip to the United States and Canada. He describes the work carried on by Mr. Moody, and his Irish Brigade of twenty-five young Irishmen lately sent out from Dublin.

The number of branches of the Young Men's Christian Association in Denmark is 132, of which there are seven in Copenhagen. The principal branch was founded in 1878. It is reported that two branches have less than ten members each. The faith and courage of these few to keep together is under trial, but large results have often small beginnings.

An English Christian Endeavor Society has arranged that each member invite two of the poorest inhabitants of the town to a tea and entertainment on December 28. By this means about 120 poor people were enabled to enjoy a pleasant evening. Might not some other societies adopt this plan, and thus brighten the lives of a few of their poor older brethren?

The Anglo-American Y. M. C. A., Paris, celebrated its silver anniversary last week in one of the McAll Mission Halls. The gathering was the best for many years. Rev. H. E. Noyes, D.D., who took the chair, spoke highly of the work the Association was doing, as did the other speakers. An appeal was made to the Association to remove to larger and more conspicuous premises.

The local union of the Christian Endeavor Society in New York has instructed its Executive Committee to reorganize—that is, to make changes in the constitution and by-laws that will enable the Christian Endeavorers in the city to do better, more united and more aggressive work. Seven districts have been formed in the city and the towns immediately north of it. Each district will have fifteen or twenty societies. The Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth Leagues of the East Side held a rally at the East Baptist Church, in Madison St., on Dec. 14.

Mr. Addison Moore, President of the St. Louis, Mo., B. Y. P. U., reports an effort on the part of his Union which, if it is extensively followed in other cities, will gladden the hearts of the chiefs of the missionary departments. He says, "The city Mission Board is feeling the hard times. Money is scarce this year, yet it must be had in even larger amounts than usual; so our B. Y. P. U. has determined to lend a helping hand by giving a series of first-class entertainments during the season. The prospect is that we shall net six or seven hundred dollars before we finish the series."



The Children's Jubilee.

A Season of Joy and Merriment Among the Little Ones Everywhere.

THERE is no joy in life so pure as the joy of a child, no smile so winning, no laugh so free from even a cloudlet of care. Poets have sung of the laughter of children, painters and sculptors have immortalized with brush and chisel the pretty, innocent playfulness that only healthy boyhood and girlhood can know. These holiday weeks have made of the whole civilized world a children's playground. Even grown men and women have not disdained to share in the gambols around the Christmas tree, in the jollity brought by the visits of old Santa Claus, and in the delight that has come to the little folks with the possession of toy-treasures, long wished for, but only now realized. But there are in every great city thousands of children to whom Christmas means, alas! only a continuance of the dull and joyless poverty and hardship of the rest of the year.

Still, the child-nature is buoyant and possesses unlimited resources of innocent pleasure within itself. Even without the aid of pretty gifts and costly toys, these little men and women can extract lots of amusement out of each others' society. Who does not remember, with a faint thrill of pleasure, the games of childhood—those sports that made the eyes sparkle and caused us uncontrollable laughter! Our artist in the picture on this page, has given us a scene with which most children are familiar. A group of young Italian playmates, in a very humble dwelling, indeed, are having a rollicking time at "blindman's buff." The little fellow whose eyes are bandaged will imagine, when he grasps the mop, that he has caught one of his mates, and the others who know what is in store for him, are laughing in great glee at the prospect of his surprise.

Children will have amusements, whether their parents choose their amusements for him, or leave the children to choose them for themselves. The amusements will tend to the gain or to the loss of the children. It is for parents to decide whether the children shall be left to choose their own amusements, with the probability of their choosing to their own harm; or whether the parents shall choose helpful amusements for their children, and shall make these amusements more attractive than the harmful ones. The result of this choice is an important one to the parents, and a yet more important one to the children. No innocent amusement need be discouraged, but it is well for the parent to keep in touch with the little ones even in the seemingly trivial matter of play, in order to guard against a choice of recreation that might be injurious either to the body or the soul, or both.

Woman's Business Capacity.

In a recent address, Miss Willard gave some interesting views on woman's capacity as a presiding officer. "Some controversy has arisen," she said, "as to whether a woman who presides over a business meeting should be called 'Madam Chairman,' and our English friends have been at a loss as to the correct manner of addressing their

president when she is in the chair; but I know it is Lady Henry Somerset's wish to be addressed as 'Madam President' when in the annual meeting, and 'Madam Chairman' when in the Executive Committee. Some persons have objected to the word 'Madam' and said that 'Mrs.' was preferable; but 'Mrs.' is only a contraction of 'Mistress,' which is surely no more appropriate than the word 'Madam,' the latter having become thoroughly anglicised and set forth in the dictionary, not a foreign word, but one incorporated into our vernacular. "Madam Chairman" has an odd sound, to which I think it will take English ladies a long time to get accustomed. Why not 'Madam President' all the time?

Woman and Christianity.

A very curious indication of the effect of Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Prof. Rolleston. He made, in the Museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together. A friend informed the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes that when the professor instituted minute investigations with respect to the capacity of skulls before the advent of Christ and since, he discovered the striking fact that the difference in size between the

seal leaping from the water as if followed by some enemy. It came near the boat, swimming around it several times, and then, making a leap, the men saw that it was being chased by a large fish. One of the fishermen dropped his line, and, stepping into the bow, leaned over and held out his hands.

To the man's amazement, the seal immediately dashed toward him, and, with his help, scrambled out of the water into the boat, just in time to escape the sharp weapon of a swordfish that darted by. The men were so pleased with its action in coming to them that they kept it as a pet, and the seal became a familiar object about the shore. The fishermen had a small house upon the beach, and here the seal made its home. When the men came down to shore, the seal was there to greet them, frisking about and attempting to crawl into the boat. When not taken in, it would follow the boat out, swimming alongside, with its intelligent black eyes fixed upon them. During the winter the seal was moved up to the home of one of the fishermen, where it spent much of its time by the kitchen fire, showing what seemed to be actual appreciation of the kindness of those who had saved it from death several months before.

A Floral Parable.

This pretty parable is from the pen of a reverend writer: "The flowers got into a debate as to which of them was the flower of God: and the rose said, 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers.' And the crocus said, 'No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower: I am the first one.' And the lily-of-the-valley said, modestly, 'I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God.' And the trailing arbutus said, 'Before any of you came forth, I was blooming under the leaves

"HOME OF PEACE."

A LITTLE haven, calm and sweet,
For weary ones a blest retreat,
To "rest awhile" at Jesus' feet.

A nest for birds of broken wing,
A "door of hope" where each may sing,
As in the days of youth and spring.

A type of promised rest above,
An atmosphere of holy love,
Where dwells that sacred, heavenly Dove.

O may this Home be ever such
Where many may his garment touch:
A gift for him who gave so much.

And when this earthly scene is past,
Sure anchor may each inmate cast,
In Jesus' Home of Peace, at last.

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

A bright woman, when applauded recently for her goodness, begged her friend to let the matter drop. "For," she said, whimsically, "though I do try to be good from some really high motives, yet I have one reason for trying which I am afraid is a low one." "What do you mean?" inquired her laughing friend. "I mean that I once heard, many years ago, that beauty after fifty depended not on features, but on character. Like all women, I desired to be beautiful, and as Providence had denied me the 'features' necessary to secure that result in early life I determined to make the attempt to be beautiful at fifty. I am thirty-five now," she concluded, cheerfully, "and I must confess that I see no signs of the Indian-summer loveliness, but I still try to be good." These friends treated the matter as a jest, but there is really sense and truth in the saying that beauty in later life, in either man or woman, is dependent upon character far more than upon form or color. Nobility will tell upon the outward aspect. The carriage of the figure, the poise of the head, the expression of the face—these come to reveal more and more, with the lapse of time, the inner life. Unselfishness, sincerity, thoughtfulness, refinement—lend their charm to those who have consistently cherished them, until in old age they may really become beautiful.

A Costly Child's Picture.

In the new and entertaining book "Samantha at the World's Fair," the following amusing incident is related:

There wuz some little pictures there about six inches square, and marked: "Little Pictures for a Child's Album."

And Josiah sez to me, "I believe I'll buy one of 'em for Babe's album that I got her last Christmas."

"Sez he, 'I've got ten cents in change, but probable,' sez he, 'it won't be over eight cents.'"

"Sez I, 'Don't be too sanguine, Josiah Allen.'"

"Sez he, 'I'm sanguinary with good horse sense to back it up. They throwed in a chromo three feet square with the last calico dress you bought at Jonesville, and this hain't over five or six inches big.'"

"Wall" sez I, "buy it if you want to."

"Wall," sez he, "that's what I lay out to do, mem."

So he accosted a Columbus Guard that stood nigh, and sez he, "I'm a-goin' to buy that little picter, and I want to know if I can take it home now in my vest pocket?"

"That picter," sez he, "is twenty thousand dollars. It is owned by the German National Gallery, and is loaned by them," and sez he, with a ready flow of knowledge inherent to them Guards, "the artist, Adolph Menzel, is to German art what Meissonier is to the French. His pictures are all bought by the National Gallery, and bring enormous sums."

Josiah almost swooned away. Nothin' but pride kep' him up—

I didn't say nothin' to add to his mortification. Only I simply said—

"Babe will prize that picter, Josiah Allen." And he sez, "Be a fool if you want to; I'm a-goin' to git sunthin' to eat." And he hurried me along at almost a dog-trot.



ITALIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY. A HOLIDAY GAME AT HOME.

male skull and the female skull is much less in the Christian era than in any previous period of history.

"Here then, as we see," writes Mr. Hughes, "we have imbedded in the very physical frame of woman a very striking indication of the way in which Christianity has already enlarged her intellectual sphere; and this is but a prophecy of the immense and limitless services which Christianity will render to woman in the earlier ages before us."

A Pet From the Ocean.

Even the denizens of the sea sometimes show remarkable intelligence and affection. A few years ago, some fishermen were off the Maine coast, when they observed a commotion on the surface, and soon made out a

and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God? But all the flowers cried out, 'No, you are no flower at all; you are a come outer.' And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: 'Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod, blooming forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know that they are all God's flowers?' All they that take spiritual life from God and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers."



CHAPTER III (Continued.)

HAD Alice Paull failed in her duty to her husband in ceasing to remonstrate with him upon the duty he owed to God and the Church he had ordained? Yet, would it have made any difference in his behavior had she worried him with argument and entreaty?

She supposed nothing made any difference in anything now. She was a deserted wife. The name transmitted to her by a godly ancestry who had kept it clean was likely at any hour to be breathed upon by public scandal; would perhaps, to-morrow, be dragged through the filth of newspaper notoriety. Perhaps her picture and Ernest's would figure in black outlines all out of drawing—just below the heading in fierce capitals, "Embezzlement and elopement."

Dear Father of pity! how wretched she was, torn and bleeding and dying of thirst, soul and body.

"Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools."

That tired-looking preacher must have quoted the text. It could not have come to her of itself. It had no relevancy to her case, except that parching thirst actually suggested water.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated by the chase.

Ernest and she used to sing that together. He had a glorious voice. In the lower register the tones were like a bass drum; the higher were pure and mellow.

Why did she say "had" and "were," as if he were dead? He was never more alive than at this very moment. "They would be well out to sea by now. She wondered, dully, between the spasms of pain who "Mrs. Paul Morgan" was, and why she had never suspected her existence until Roger reluctantly told her that her husband had taken another wife with him. There had never been anything like this before in the Lanier family. They would take it hard—her sisters and her sister-in-law. Maybe, they would blame her. The wife is always blamed in such affairs.

Was she talking of herself? This woman sitting among respectable Christians, and thinking such things while they listened to the words of the man of God? She—she—Alice Paull—was a repudiated wife—disgraced forever! Between her and the sharpest blast of the world's scorn was not even the thin veil of a decent pretence of social caste. Her husband—the lover of her youth (and how she had loved and believed in him!) the father of her children—had turned loose all the furies of the bottomless pit upon her, and from afar, jeered at her misery.

"All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me!"

"All, Lord! not one is spared me. Out of the depths—ah! Thou who rememberest our frame, knowest out of what depths—I cry unto thee! Look upon my affliction and my pain! my affliction and my pain! my pain!"

She had not known where she was for a while in the temporary stupor, that yet did not release her from the sense of suffering. Her head lay against the hard wall; the heavy lids drooped until the eyes were almost hidden, while the neat little prayers, well put together and singularly correct in phraseology and grammatical construction for a plain, middle-class congregation, were addressed to the throne of grace. For aught they asserted or implied, every brother—and, judging by association—every sister—there had had precisely the same temptations and the same deliverances from temptations, the same sorrows—and joys as like to one another as impressions stamped by one and the same die.

As the rustle of consciousness that the duty of the evening was done, ran through the audience with the rising of the pastor to announce the last hymn, Alice Paull sat up—

right, a movement that concealed from her the face of the woman at the melodeon. A nameless quality in the touch upon the keys sent a faint thrill to the clammy hands and feet; as the flexible soprano, tenderly devout, took up the words of the sacred song, the heart of the stranger within the sacred gates was moved to longing that had in it some element of hope; a wave of passionate desire, bursting bounds in the strain that electrified the hearers.

A wave, the undertow of which swept her out again into the outer night.

She was never able to recall, and Elspeth could only guess by her drenched clothing and hair, and the mire clogging her boots, how long, or how far she walked after the service was over. She may have wandered around and around in a circle, a dim sense that she ought, by and by, to go home to her children keeping her in the neighborhood of Mendebra's avenue, if hers was the figure that passed her old schoolfellow's window at ten o'clock. It was about eleven when the old servant keeping watch at the darkened parlor-window, saw her mistress come laggingly up the steps, and hastened to open the door for her.

"Ah, Elspeth! You should not have sat up for me. Are the children all right?"

She brought out the words with an effort, taking short breaths between them. While speaking, she gained the stair-foot and began to go up, without waiting for an answer. As she climbed, she caught at the balustrade and lifted her feet with evident difficulty.

"It's yesel', ma'am, I should be speiring after, I'm thinking."

Elspeth said it behind her teeth, and followed her mistress to her room at a discreet distance. She brought forward an easy-chair, and as Mrs. Paull mechanically sank into it, began to undress her as she might Gladys, if the child had been caught in a shower—swiftly and silently.

Mrs. Paull submitted without demur. When her bonnet was removed, she let her head drop against the cushioned back of the chair, her hands were limp, and cold as clay. Not a sound was heard in the room but the dull "frou-frou" of the soaked garments as the servant drew them off and shook out the moisture, and her stepping to and fro. When a wadded wrapper was put on over the night-dress, Elspeth folded a thick shawl about the lady's knees, and, sitting down upon the floor, took the cold feet in her lap and chafed them fast and hard.

The languid lids were partially lifted, one lax hand moved toward the Scotchwoman's shoulder, but fell back without reaching it. "Faithful among the faithless found!" said a hoarse whisper.

She dozed off again, not awaking while Elspeth wrapped her feet in warm flannel, laid them upon a cushion, and went to the bath-room for hot water with which to fill a rubber bag to put between the sheets. The sealed lids did not flicker even when she was lifted in a pair of strong arms and deposited in the bed.

"Miss Alice! my dear mistress! wull ye please tak' a sup o' this?"

It was more the unwonted sob in the voice that spoke than the call itself that reached the lethargic brain. Elspeth had slipped one arm under the heavy head, and held a steaming cup in the other hand. A strange smile drew the lips apart; the patient bent them to the draught, and swallowed it eagerly, as if consumed by inward fever. As the servant returned to the bed after setting away the empty cup, she met the full gaze of eyes that had in them mysterious meaning.

"Elspeth! I heard my mother call me three times to-night. I think—I hope that I am going to her!"

"It wad be nobbut ye lancy, ma'am. Ye are oftentimes light o' head wi' th' headache."

"No! my head is a little confused now,

but it was clear then—quite clear. I was walking fast, and certainly not thinking of her. There was nobody in sight in the street, for it was raining. I heard her as distinctly as I hear my own voice at this instant. She called, 'Alice! Alice! Alice!' tenderly; oh, so sweetly and lovingly! I am glad that she wants me!"

CHAPTER IV.

"There is a plan working in our lives; and if we keep our hearts quiet and our eyes open, it all works together; and if we don't, it all fights together, and goes on fighting till it comes right, somehow, somewhere.—Annie Keary."

On the southwest corner of Mendebra's avenue and Post street stands a yellow frame house, two honest stories in height, and with a twenty-five feet front. The effect of comparative height and breadth is to make the old-fashioned dwelling appear "squat" among the tall, lean apartment-flats near to it on the same side of the way, and upon the opposite corner. If you survey the premises from Post street, you will see that the house is three rooms deep, and being on a corner, that all the rooms must be light.

There are two bells beside the front door, the "Dutch" stoop of which is raised but two steps from the street. Above the upper bell was once nailed an oblong strip of tin, painted white, lettered in blue: "MARY WILLIAMS, NURSE, &c."

The "&c.," was her own unassisted device, and I believe the idea to be original. Those who had the best reasons in the world for knowing what they were talking of, used to say that, admirable as she was as nurse, the "&c." was the best part of her. We will leave our story to define what entered into it and glorified the cabalistic characters.

"&c." may have something to do with some or all of the half-dozen invitations which "Nurse Williams," as people in whose houses she worked professionally preferred to call her—using the title generally as a pet-name—had received to eat her Thanksgiving dinner at that number of tables. She had declined them all—gratefully, with the large, slow smile that belonged to the "&c." side of her, and in the round, gentle voice that could not have gone with any other smile. It was not only that the voice was round, but it was cushiony as well, never chopping or harsh, and with never an edge to one of the agreeable inflections.

Nurse Williams had had a busy season thus far, what with whooping-cough, malaria-dreps left over from the summer, and what figured in her note-book as "pneumonia," in her everyday speech as "new money" (o long). Patients and their families said she had been wonderfully successful, even for her, with all her cases this fall—"a sickly time," by the way. She had told her pastor, Rev. Dr. Barnes, of the "Jeremy Taylor," last Friday night, when he expressed his pleasure at seeing her again at prayer-meeting, that she "felt to praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"By the time folks get to your age and mine, doctor," she had added, "that is an old story, but it is one we are never tired of telling."

In her secret thoughts she had meditated—"if the Lord did not object—to have a real rest-day treat" at home on that Thursday, and to spend it after her own fashion. Accordingly, she had betaken herself to the butcher's, the baker's and the green grocer's on Wednesday and laid in sundry stores suitable to the occasion to be honored in the observance of sixty million of happy people on the morrow.

Among her acquisitions were a fat turkey—"a little dear!" she had pronounced it, to the smiling butcher's gratification—only a six-pounder, but it would surfeit one lone woman for a week if she had not known where to send what would be left over by Friday morning; a pumpkin pie, with a rim of flakey crust like the setting of a big "gold-stone" brooch; cranberries to be made into jelly that night, and to be turned out, a tremulous, scarlet, semi-transparent mound, next day; a can of French green peas; two oranges; two pippins; a bunch of black Hamburg grapes; a pound of fresh butter sent from a New Jersey creamery by a former patient; a loaf of cake from another; and from one of the "new money" convalescents, a box of superb chrysanthemums—Japanese, with sweeping fringes of shaded yellow, cream-white and royal purple. Generous moisture suffused the pleasant gray eyes as she made ready her banquet at one o'clock, and sat her down to the discussion of the same. There had been a praise-service in the chapel of the Jeremy Taylor at half-past nine, and she attended

it in preference to the union service in a grander and more fashionable church; where the music was sure to be magnificent, and municipal reform and political corruption would be the burden of the thank-offering to the Lord of the harvest and Author of peace and concord. She was at home and out of her Sunday clothes by eleven o'clock, and was glad and yet more glad of her own nest with quietness within, as the snow-fall that had lightly powdered her best bonnet on the way to church, and coated the sidewalk an inch thick when she came out of the chapel, increased in weight.

It was a damp snow, as most Brooklyn snows are, hence, a beautiful, trimming the boughs with ermine, and changing the tiniest twig into the semblance of white coral. It muffled footfalls upon the stones, the roll of carriages and the tinkle of horse-car bells. Nurse William's one personal extravagance was an open grate-fire in her sitting-room, and she added a generous lump of coal before drawing up her chair to the round table set in the middle of the room. It was one more visible manifestation of the gratitude bubbling over the brim of her heart.

She asked a blessing aloud (she had never learned to call it "a grace," being an humble soul), bowing a chastened countenance over the hands joined under the edge of the hot plate awaiting a help of the little brown turkey.

"Our Father who art in heaven! bless to our use the food thou hast provided for our use upon this happy, happy Thanksgiving day, and may we draw from it strength to do and to bear thy holy will. Have mercy upon the poor, and incline the hearts of the rich to be liberal unto them, as thou, Lord, hast been to them. We ask all for our Saviour's sake! Amen!"

In secret prayer, she always said "we" and "our" and "us." In rising heavenward, her thoughts and sympathies broadened too much to be confined to the first person singular.

It was a bountiful first person, and pity it was, and is, that the sample should be so singular in a world where man so needs bountifulness of mercy and largeness of Christian charity. She was five feet four-and-a-half in height, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. To look at her cheeks where winter roses bloomed healthfully, the kindly mouth, the well-opened gray eyes that looked straight and never boldly into yours, at the plump capable hands, the backs of which, together with her wrists, were dimpled like a baby's—you would have agreed with me that she could not in the natural fitness of things, bear any name but that of "Mary," and that the honest every-dailiness of "Williams" finished it off as a twilled galloon binding a substantial jacket. She wore a small cap over the abundant gray hair, a cap with a fluted lace border, and a bow of inch-wide pink ribbon just above the somewhat wide tract between the eyebrows. Her gown was of a sensible shade of gray, darker than her hair. About her waist, compact, albeit not small, a full white apron was tied behind with broad starched strings. The apron had capacious pockets, and when she was on professional duty the pockets had so much to do with the "&c." that I should never get to the middle of my narrative were I to begin to descant upon their properties and uses.

That turkey should have been photographed in two shades of brown, and done duty upon Thanksgiving bills-of-fare, as the bird of gracious plenty. Nurse Williams was the very princess of caterers to people of slender appetites, and patients with no appetites at all, a firm believer in "kitchen-physic," as many knew to their comfort and profit. Her jellies were always clear, and consistent, without being tough, she made tea with boiling water and did not let stand in the pot until it drew all the bitterness out of the leaves; she understood to perfection the art of keeping the juice in chops and steaks; she knew as many ways of cooking eggs as she had varieties of broths; her dry toast was never scorched, and her cream-toast was a revelation of deliciousness. The tiny dish—a mere saucer—of so-called mashed potatoes, flanking the picturesque turkey upon one side, had not in truth been mashed at all, but whipped to a soufflé with a spoonful of hot cream in which a bit of butter was melted. A coffee-pot that might, for size, have belonged to a toy tea-set, was upon the hob, the dry ground coffee within it, warming into willingness to give up all its aroma by the time the boiling water should be poured in.

(To be continued.)

"Poor, Yet Making Many Rich."

Continued from first page.

The lady came and brought me money for clothes and shoes for the children." Still others—"They sent me a turkey, and flour, and O, so many good things! Won't you thank them?" This was the chorus of all.

"You will not wonder when I tell you that with all our resources, we filled two hundred and thirty baskets, and gave a number whose baskets we could not fill, some twenty cents and fifty cents, so they could get a little of something. Perhaps you will say, 'Where did you get the money for all these?' From the Lord's stewards, some from one place, some from another. Two friends send from England, each year one from Scotland, one from Denver, one from Boston, one from Philadelphia, the rest from our own city; for we have noble men and women here and although each year the Master calls some of my helpers home, others are raised up. Thus the past two years you have been sent to fill the place of some who have gone and are resting from their labors. Praise the Lord! I tell them the work is his, not ours, and to him we look for help to carry it on.

"Thanking you, dear sir, for the help given I am yours sincerely,

BELLA COOKE."

Mrs. Cooke, after thirty-eight years of confinement, grows old very gracefully, lying in her sick-chamber. The two windows are full of flowers, the carpets are bright and warm in color, the book cases are full of volumes that tell of the love of the Saviour who has done so much for the invalid, the whole apartment has an air of inviting cheerfulness, and its occupant's heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude to God. Many a time during her long years of illness she has been at death's door, or as she herself expresses it, "very near home." "Ah, sister," remarked her physician, one morning on greeting her after a night which he had not expected her to survive, "those feet have a hard time getting over Jordan." "Yes," came back the cheery reply from the bed, "and I see you try to keep them back as long as you can."

"Many souls have been born anew in this little room," she said to the writer when he visited her a few days ago, "and I would not desire to leave it till my time comes. Here, too, some of our best-known city ladies have uttered their first audible prayer to the Saviour. Ah, no!" and she looked around the apartment, "I would not care to exchange it for another until I reach the heavenly mansions."

Bella Cooke was born in Hull, England, in 1821, her father being John Beeton and her mother Elizabeth Smawfield. Both parents were devoted followers of Christ, and they were very happy in their married life. Bella at the age of nine began to be troubled about the state of her soul. Her first gleams of Christ's free salvation came to her after several weeks of worshipping at a little Methodist Chapel, in Norfolk Street, Sheffield; but it was not till the spring of 1834 that she really saw the light that has since been her Guide and Comforter, amid all her trials and sorrows.

When she was about seventeen years old, she began to take an active share in the work of the Master. She still recalls with deep interest those early experiences, when she undertook home missionary work among the poor of Sheffield, her district being known as "The Isle," a vicious quarter, very much like the old Five Points of New York.

She was married in Sheffield, and one of the first stipulations of Mr. Cook, her husband, and to which she gladly assented, was that their house should be the "Preachers' Home," whenever the men of God came that way. Their wedded life was an exceedingly happy one, and several children were born to them. Her husband's property was dissipated by the dishonesty of other men, and misfortunes came rapidly upon the little household. In 1847, on account of repeated losses in business, they came to New York. Poverty continued to oppress them, but with added misfortunes came an increase in spirituality. It seemed as though God was pouring out his riches in their hearts in proportion as the world denied its favors. In 1849 came the cholera visitation, which swept off hundreds in New York. Mr. Cooke fell a victim to the plague after a few hours' illness. The widow, left with several small children, one born shortly after her husband's death, was now in sore straits, yet her confidence in her heavenly Father never faltered. Her old spinal trouble, aggravated by all the sufferings she had undergone, again began to assert itself. Yet for several hours daily she visited among the poor patients in Bellevue Hospital, and in the tenements along First Avenue from Twenty-eighth Street, and along Third Avenue and other sections of the populous

East side. Charitably disposed persons supplied the means to carry on this voluntary mission among the poor, sending her both clothing and money. Summer and winter she went in and out among the swarming tenements like a ministering angel. At last the burdened body gave way, and in 1855 Bella Cooke took to her bed, having been pronounced incurable by the doctors.

Then began an experience that gave to the world "a humble heroine of the Cross." Racked day and night by keen physical suffering, she yet determined to persevere in the good work she had begun. In her little room at 492 2d Ave. she gathered around her many of the most godly men and women in New York. Many clergymen and laymen have loved to meet there, and have declared that the Spirit of the Lord was in that little room, and that they always went forth stronger for the duties of life after calling there. The imprisoned invalid became not only a missionary and a comforter, but a material benefactor as well. To the Twenty-seventh Street Methodist Church, of which she had been a member forty-three years, she has given liberally, on one occasion contributing \$100 from her own slender means. Her "poor list" is as large as that of many a successful church, and is as faithfully supplied. Among those ladies who loved to aid her in this work were Mrs. A. G. Phelps, Mrs. Stokes, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Delamater, Mrs. Onativia, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Mrs. Jaffray, Mrs. Murray, and Mrs. Huntington, and she has been visited at times by Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Stillman, Mrs. Stuyvesant, Miss Hamersly, Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Miss Schiefflin and many others whose names are well known in the world of society, and who made her the distributor of their secret charities. Her beautiful life and deeds of kindness will live in the memories of thousands long after she has passed away.

MATABELE WITCHCRAFT.

Matabele natives conspire against a rich man. They lay their plans, tip the witch-doctor, and set about killing him. They go to the chief and lay their case before him somewhat after this fashion: "We are troubled with much sickness, people are dying, cattle are dying, owls are flying about, snakes are appearing, we are bewitched by some one." The chief may ask by whom, then they give the man's name (the poor innocent man who knows nothing at all about the business), after which the chief refers them to the great smeller-out, the witch-doctor of the country. On arriving at his hut this great doctor, who already has been presented with an ox, knows very well whom to select as the victim. He goes through certain performances, and after much noise and nonsense, picks out this poor man who is absolutely ignorant of the crafty, wicked plot of his neighbors and friends. The victim protests against the decision of the witch-doctor, declares his innocence in front of them all, but the wily witchman, when he sees all the others are with him, upholds his verdict. The unhappy man thus accused, returns as a criminal to the chief, and swears by Umzilikazi and everybody else, that he knows nothing whatever about these charges; but now all are opposed to him, he pleads alone in front of the king, for whose final decision they wait. It may be, "cast him to the wolves," then and there, or a command to kill him at his own town.

THE BELIEVER'S STANDING.

I STAND; but not as once I did,
Beneath my load of guilt;
The blessed Jesus bore it all—
For me his blood was spilt.
Oh! bless the Lord! Exalt his name!
He gave himself for me;
He died upon Mount Calvary's cross,
To set poor sinners free.

I stand; but not beside the grave
Where once my Lord did lie;
The cross and grave are left behind,
And Christ is gone on high.
Oh! bless the Lord! He buried sin!
He left it in the grave;
And he has proved himself the strong,
Who died, and rose to save.

I stand; e'en now where he appears,
In union with my Lord,
In him I'm saved. O wondrous thought!
I read it in his Word.
Oh! bless the Lord! with him I'm one,
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight,
Our coming Christ we'll greet.

—G. C. NEEDHAM.

THE DIGNITY OF HONEST LABOR.

A United States Senator who began life as a carpenter, was "diligent in business." But he used to say, "I will not always be a carpenter," for it seemed he had set his heart upon sometime entering the legal profession. He did not slight his carpenter's work for his day dreams of what he should do and become, but was noted for his honest, conscientious labor. One day the young man was planing a board that was to become a part of a "judge's bench," when a friend, observing his painstaking, inquired: "Why you take so much pains to smooth that board?" Instantly the young carpenter replied, "Because I want a smooth seat when I come to sit on it." His friend laughed, and thought the joke so good that he reported it in the shop, and the young man was bantered not a little about the "judge's bench." He always replied, good-naturedly: "Wait and see. He laughs who wins, and I may sit there yet." And he did; but the distance between the carpenter's and the judge's bench was paved with heroic struggle and self-sacrifice.

THE HIDDEN BIBLE.

During the recent persecution of Christians in Madagascar, a consultation was held as to where they should hide the Bible, and at last they agreed that the safest place would be in the smallpox hospital. The Queen had search made everywhere, but no Bible could be found. At last one of the messengers came to where it was hidden. "I suppose you know," they said to him, "that this is the smallpox hospital." The messenger turned back in alarm, and the Bible was saved. That book is now in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London. When the Queen heard that Razaka, one of the converted natives, was the leader of the meeting, he was searched for and hunted. It was thought that he had fled to the Sakalara tribe, 700 miles distant; but all the time he was hid in the smallpox hospital. His wife took rice to him during the night, and he lay there and read and re-read the Bible, till he became himself an animated Bible.

CONVERTED BY A VISION.

A godly English soldier, Colonel Gardener, was converted in a remarkable manner. As a young man, he was notorious, even in an ungodly camp, for his vice. One evening, while contemplating the commission of a gross sin, he took up Watson's "Heaven Taken by Storm," to pass away the time; and while thus engaged, he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book he was reading, which he thought might happen by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if by a voice, or something like a voice, had come to him to this effect, for he was not confident as to the very words: "O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" He sunk down in his chair, and continued, he knew not exactly how long, insensible. From that hour he felt himself a guilty creature, and believing on him whom his sins had pierced, obtained pardon.

HE DELAYED TOO LONG.

A few years ago, writes a clergyman, I was preaching in Scotland, and during the time of my visit I resided with a zealous and godly minister. Alas, poor man, like Eli and many other men of God, he was afflicted with an ungodly son, who was on the highway to ruin. He drank, and betted, and went to the theatre, and behaved in such a manner that, between grief and shame, he brought his mother's grey head in sorrow to the grave. His father asked me to speak to him and I took the first opportunity of doing so. He was a young fellow, about twenty-three years of age, and he said he was far too young to go in for religion yet. Wait till he got a little older. "You are not too young to go to the theatre," I replied; "not too young to get drunk, not too young to swear and blaspheme, and you may find you are not too young to die." But he would not surrender his pleasures and come to Christ. "Excuse me," he said, "I have an engagement to-night that I must

Too Many

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world, accompanied with photographs of beautiful babies. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food.

keep, but to-morrow I promise you I will go to the Union Hall and give myself to Christ."

That was the last time I saw him in life. He was not home when the family retired to rest. The gas was left burning for his convenience, but in the morning it was found he had not returned, and the gas blazed on. The housekeeper going out for some things early in the morning found the young man lying half-way down the stairs, dead. Coming home late at night from his amusement, the hand of death had struck him. For him there had been no to-morrow, no more convenient season; and for you, my unconverted friend, there may be no to-morrow. We preachers cannot promise salvation to-morrow. God says: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," and if you harden your hearts, it is at your peril.

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The Tomb of Cain.

HERE are few countries that possess a greater interest for the student of antiquity than Persia and the adjacent territories. There are numerous structures of great age, some of them mausoleums, others temples, and still others towers, whose remains have been wonderfully preserved through many centuries. One of the most remarkable is in the region known as Sarakhs, in ancient Merv, where the pilgrim is shown a venerable building which the guides declare to be the tomb of Cain. It is evidently a structure of great antiquity; but beyond the mere assertion, based on local tradition, nothing can be found to support the statement that the gray and time-worn pile, with its peculiar shape and dome-like roof, is what it pretends to be. The district around Merv abounds in ruins. No less than four cities have flourished on or near the site of Old Merv. The most ancient is Giaour Kala, and is said to date from the time of Zoroaster. It was a satrapy of Darius, and is connected with the very beginning of Persian history. The ruins of the city next in antiquity are called Iskander Kala, after Alexander the Great, who made it one of his colonies. Of these two cities little remains above ground except some high walls. The third of the cities was built by the Arabs who conquered the place in the 7th century, and of this Merv, now called Sandjar Kala, there remain two or three monuments indicative of considerable greatness. In the 16th century the Persians took the place and built a fourth city, the walls of which, flanked with semi-circular towers, and measuring possibly two or three miles round, are now called Bairam Ali. Here the ruins are most plentiful. The entire district is now under Russian control.

A FORGIVING KAFFIR.

A missionary relates the following incident: "A settler in South Africa, who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking about his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was making home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kafir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an ax, his right hand was severed from the wrist. It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from his home. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning when he rose to depart, his host confronted him; and holding up his right arm asked the white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale—the hand was gone! He knew that he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly. The Kafir continued, 'You were in my power. I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has harmed you for life,' but I replied, 'No; I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'

THE GOSPEL IN SYRIA.

Syria contains 7,000 square miles and a population of 2,078,300. The Presbyterian mission in Syria, writes Dr. S. M. Davis, has eighty stations and out-stations, thirty-nine missionaries, fourteen ordained and twenty-five lay—one man and twenty-four women; 222 native workers, four ordained, forty-one licentiate, 177 helpers; twenty-six churches with 1,806 members, 140 added last year, 88 regular preaching-places with congregations aggregating 4,784; 149 boys and 192 girls in boarding-schools; 4,749 boys and 1,850 girls in day schools; total, 145 schools and 6,629 pupils; 89 Sabbath Schools with 2,431 scholars; 192 young women in training for missionary teaching. The educational and presswork connected with this mission are among its peculiarities and sources of promise. There are one college, one medical school, one theological

seminary, three female seminaries; there are 483 publications, 65,200 volumes printed during the year, making 23,279, 850 pages, 13,324,850 pages of Scriptures, making in all from the beginning, 465,430,607 pages.

THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

As we leave this ill-famed ravine, writes Charles A. Dana, in "McClure's Magazine," and turn toward the east, the lofty wall of Jerusalem and the massive towers of the citadel are immediately before us. We are on the outer slope of Mount Zion, the sanctuary and the abode of David! The ponderous blocks which form the lower strata of the wall might have been shaped and put in place by some prehistoric race of



TRADITIONAL TOMB OF CAIN, NEAR SARAKHS, MERV.

giants. More than almost anything else to be found around Jerusalem, or within, this wall bears an appearance of great antiquity. We can easily believe that its foundations were laid in the time of David, though its upper portions are unquestionably modern. The books vary. One says it was the work of Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century; another, that it was erected much earlier; and my guide, a most intelligent and well-informed Jew of Hungarian origin, told me that it was built by the Crusaders after they had got possession, for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the rascally Arabs, who would ride up in small parties, rob some rich family, and be off with their plunder before anything could be done to stop them. But, however this may be, the wall, from sixteen to twenty feet in height, fully encloses the town; and although it could soon be knocked to pieces by a ten-pounder cannon, it stands in good order, solid enough for all peaceful purposes, and perfectly separates the city from the country.

KEEPING FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. As she said this, a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said, "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his friend on the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring sixpence with him.

On his return home, Sir William found an invitation awaiting him to dine in B—, on the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his friend of the broken bowl, and still being in time for the dinner-party at B—; but, finding this could not be, he wrote a letter to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "previous engagement," saying, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."

ANOTHER YEAR.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

CAN it be that another year has rolled Into Eternity? [hold] Tell me, my friends, what does it In its sealed up records for thee? Is it laden with deeds of kindness You have done through each passing day, Of the love you have given to aching hearts, In the hour of sorrow's sway? Have you struggled against the tempter? To your Master's words given heed? And through bright and stormy weather Endeavored his lambs to feed? Have you flitted from flower to flower! And wasted the moments fleet? Enjoying the world's gay pleasures, And sipping its honey sweet?

Ah, me! if we could but recall them— Those wasted hours sublime— If we could but bring them back again, From Eternity into time!

But the old year has gone, and our records Stand for or against us, there, And we pray thee, Heavenly Father, To forgive the sins they bear. S.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA.

VERY few persons in Europe, or elsewhere, are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian Empire. The fact is, nevertheless, certain, says a writer in the *Yakutsk Gazette*, (a Siberian journal). Among the Tchukchis such sacrifices still take place, and seem likely to be practised for a long time to come. At the same time, no blame therefor can be attached to the Russian Government or the Orthodox Church, for efforts by both to stop the custom have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices alluded to, are those of old people and the sick, who, finding no pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly existence and rejoin their dead relations. The Tchukchi, who has made up his mind to die, immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest friends. The news spreads in the circle of his friends, and all of them soon visit the unhappy person, to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints and tears have no effect on the man, who explains his reasons, speaks of the future life, of the dead who appear to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. His friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days, they return to the hut of the Tchukchi, with white mortuary garments and some weapons which will be used by the man in the other world to fight evil spirits and hunt the reindeer. After making his toilette, the Tchukchi withdraws into a corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice, a knife, a pike, or a rope. If the Tchukchi has chosen the knife, two of his friends hold him under the arms and by the wrists, and, at a given signal, the sacrificer thrusts the knife into his breast. If the pike has been chosen, two of his friends hold that weapon, and two others throw the victim on its point. For strangulation, the rope is put about his neck and the sacrificers draw it until death ensues. Then the assistants go to the corpse, reddening their hands and face with its blood, and place it on a sledge drawn by reindeer, which draws it to the place of the funeral. Arrived at their destination, the Tchukchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing which is torn in pieces, and place the corpse on a lighted funeral-pile. During the incineration, the assistants offer up prayer to the happy in the other world, and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs. These horrible practices are followed to-day with the same exactness as in ancient times. The Tchukchis, the Lamouts and the Russians, invited to these sacrifices, often take part in them, although there is no example of one of them having taken the same road to reach the other world.

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EXPOSING THE FETISH.*

KWESI KUMA had not yet become a Christian, but he was so alarmed at the intrigues of his order that he was resolved to give his aid in an entire exposure of the practices with which he himself had been too long connected. He accused the priests of the great oracle of being the cause of Edu resisting the authorities and bringing the country to the verge of ruin. Producing a great sensation, he declared, too, that since their arrival at Cape Coast, they had been plotting the death by poison of three influential persons, whom he mentioned by name.

Edu, the chief, offered a very weak defence. The governor and council of Europeans, enlightened natives and pagan chiefs, retired to consult on the case. The former decision of fine and compensation was confirmed. In addition to this, however, Edu was bound over to obedience to the English Government and to keep the peace with the Christians. As a guarantee of good behavior, he was ordered to lodge in the castle, for the space of three years, fifty ounces of gold dust, value one hundred and eighty pounds sterling.

After the evidence of Kwesi Kuma in reference to the conspiracy, nearly the whole troop of priests were taken into custody preparatory to a strict investigation. A few days after, the affair was inquired into.

The case was opened in the great hall, in the presence of Edu and the chiefs. The evidence was clear and convincing. Several of these deceivers confessed that their fetish was nothing but their own wicked intrigues and an utter delusion. On account of the great crimes of which they were convicted, several were sentenced to be publicly flogged and to work in irons for the space of five years. The chiefs were indignant that they had been so long duped, and the evidence clearly showed that their national religion consisted in nothing but the intrigues and villainy of such men as they saw before them. They gave their hearty assent to the punishment appointed. Leaving the castle saddened and excited, they asked: "What shall we do now when we get rich?" then adding, as though a hopeful solution had suggested itself, "We had better all go to school together."

The execution of one part of the sentence on the convicted priests was not long delayed. These unhappy deluders of their countrymen had the measure of their disgrace filled up by being publicly flogged before the castle gates for their conspiracy to poison certain individuals. On that day the greatest contempt was shown for these men by those who till recently believed them to be holy ministers of their most sacred oracle.

So Christianity came out of the fire tried and purified, while the greatest disgrace fell upon the fetishism. The sacred grove, no longer venerated, was regarded as the scene of dark abominations and wicked intrigues; and eventually it fell under the woodman's axe and was cleared.

The chief, Edu, returned to Mankessim, dejected and vexed that he had been made the dupe of such men. As usual he went to consult the oracle, and the great Bosum answered out of the darkness as heretofore. But the suspicious chief had placed men in ambush, who suddenly pounced upon the spot whence the mysterious voice proceeded and captured the speakers, who were no gods, but men no better than the rest of men about him. For the mystery there was no longer respect or fear. The angry chiefs at once put these priests in irons and kept them prisoners, somewhat gratified that he could bring upon their heads a little of the shame which he had been made to feel in formerly championing their cause. This exposure of the fetish clergy known as the Brafo was a heavy blow at the fetish, and was a circumstance of the greatest importance to the spread and establishment of Christianity. There was at once a great desire for the teaching of the Gospel on all sides.

*From *Thomas Birch Freeman*, Missionary pioneer to Ashanti, Dahomey and Egba, by John Milum, illustrated; pp. 160, cloth covers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

HEAVEN'S KINGDOM HERE.†

What is the kingdom of heaven to which Christ refers? Not a kingdom of heaven beyond the grave and in some other world, but a kingdom of heaven here, on the earth, which those who trust in riches are liable to miss and not enter. And why? Because they are apt to trust too much in riches, to make them their heaven, their only heaven; and to want no other heaven and by and by to think there is no other. In trying hard to minister to their physical needs, their physical wants and requirements, duties, pleasures, interests and gratifications of appetite, they are apt to overlook and ignore their higher ends and greater, to forget indeed they have any higher ends, and after a while to cease altogether—the soul lost, dead—to cease altogether to feel them.

Are we not beginning to find out a little, that this materialistic life, however comely and fair, which moves and finds its being and its gratifications in the physical senses, is breaking down under its own weight and is not giving to men the happiness that they had expected from it? Are we not beginning to find that the physical treasures of life are not the only treasures nor the greatest; that there are treasures in the mind, treasures in the heart, treasures in the soul, which if diligently sought may be abundantly had, and which if missed, leave us poor indeed?

There is a kingdom of heart culture, pure, sweet, of great reward, to be found more particularly in the sheltered and secluded life of the home. How hard it is for a busy man of affairs to-day to enter that kingdom! How much he will lack if he does not! There is a heaven of soul culture, of spiritual grace and beauty, of spiritual strength and refinement and delicacy of spiritual perception, to which new vistas open, new hopes arise, new faiths appear, new glories are made to shine, brighter than the pride of life, sweeter than the lust of the flesh, and of a more enduring brilliancy than all the material splendors revealed to the natural eye. There is a heaven in the soul here, the assurance of a heaven for the soul hereafter: a heaven of trust and confidence in, and a heaven of peace with God; how hard it is for the man engrossed in material pursuits to enter that kingdom of heaven!

VIEWS OF IMMORTALITY.‡

A human interest is lent to Kant's reasoning by his bearing as death drew near. This memorable utterance of his is recorded: "I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if on this very night, suddenly, the summons to death were to reach me, I should bear it with calmness; I should raise my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed be God!'"

After Bishop Butler had spoken of his awe at appearing before the Righteous One, his chaplain, in those last moments, repeated the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Ah,

†From *Things to God*, by David H. Greer, D.D., pp. 273; price \$1.50; cloth. Thomas Whitaker, New York, publisher.

‡From *The Witness to Immortality, in Literature, Philosophy and Life*, by Rev. George A. Gordon, pp. 320; cloth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers.

this is comfortable," he said; and with this utterance upon his tongue he entered the life eternal. Such a scene, so raised above animal fears and pains, so full of awe and trust, so utterly sure of God and the soul's undying relation to him, so sublimely aware of the momentousness of the mysterious change, serves to render even more impressive and powerful the results of Butler's thought upon the life everlasting.

There is about the doomed philosopher, Socrates, an air of deep composure. He is facing death in cheerfulness and confident faith, and his mood is to his friends an utter mystery. They cannot understand how he does not fear to die; they ask him to explain the ground of his courage. "Did I not think," he answered, "that I should go to dwell in the company not only of gods wise and good, but next also men that have died better than those here on earth, I should be wrong in not feeling sorry at my approaching death. But, as it is, be assured that I trust to join the society not only of good men, but that I shall go to abide with God." "Socrates," said one of his friends, "surely you do not mean to depart and keep this belief to yourself, without letting us share it with you?" Thus it happens that the day between sunrise and sunset, the long and lovely Greek day, the last of Socrates in the prison, the last of the thinker with his friends, is spent in giving his reasons for the faith that is in him.

THE RUNAWAY PERAMBULATOR.‡

Leigh was some little way off still; but nearer than he, and coming nearer every instant, was something else which made even Janie's stout little heart rise up to her mouth, as she afterward said. It was the perambulator from the Hall, the beautiful new perambulator, banging and dashing along, dragged by something that looked just then very like a little wild beast instead of a well-

‡From *Mary*, by Mrs. Molesworth, a story for juveniles, illustrated by Lester Brooke; pp. 204; cloth binding. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

disposed tame doggie. And yet it was only looks, for Fuzzy was in the best of spirits, quite pleased with himself, and thinking that Leigh's shouts only meant he was to go faster and faster.

But Janie had not much time to think anything. She only saw that the perambulator was not empty; she only took in that it must be stopped. She would not have been frightened, even if she had thought the dog was mad, for she was very brave. But she knew that her voice would have no power over him, and she made her plan in a moment. Just as the wildly excited dog came close to her—luckily just then he was going pretty evenly—she threw herself in his way, which made him slacken his pace, and then, somehow or other, she got hold of the edge of the carriage, holding on to it with all her strength, and she was very strong for her size. And then—what happened exactly she could not tell—fancy Fuzzy must have given a bound forward to get rid of this troublesome interruption to his grand race—but before she knew where she was they were all in a jumbled-up heap on the ground, Janie, Baby, Dolly, perambulator and the dog—Fuzzy barking loudly; baby, Janie was thankful to hear, crying and roaring, but, as far as the small sister-nurse could make out, unhurt.

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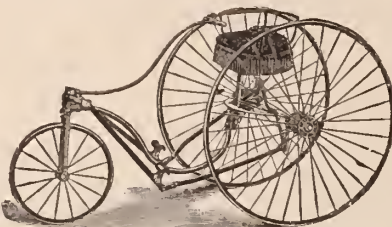
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CHRISTIANITY, its Divine Founder, and its principles as set forth in the inspired Word, have in recent years been subjected to a series of assaults that would have sufficed to wreck any system of religion not grounded on Eternal Truth. These attacks, far from effecting the purpose intended, have aroused Christian communities everywhere to a new and higher appreciation of the Bible as the standard of their faith and the anchor of their hopes, and they have clung to the sacred Book with a divinely-infused zeal and fervor that admit of no misinterpretation. A great wave of Bible revival is

sweeping over this Union. Never in the history of the Christian Church in America, has there been so deep and widespread an interest in the Word of God among people of all classes, as prevails at the present time. This unprecedented revival, which has resulted in placing the Bible in countless homes in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the Union, is, under the blessing of God, directly due to the efforts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Three years ago, the proprietor of this journal, Dr. Louis Klopsch, began to consider the practicability of securing mammoth editions of the best Teachers' Bible, at a price that would render them available

out to the subscribers of this journal and their friends, 10,000 New Testaments and 25,000 Teachers' Bibles. This initial effort was followed in 1891 with 26,000 more Teachers' Bibles, and again by 80,000 Teachers' Bibles in 1892. So eager were the people for the Word that arrangements were made to send out a much larger supply during the present season and 100,000 Teachers' Bibles were ordered from England, a very large proportion of which have already been distributed. Such enormous orders at first severely taxed the productive capacities of the manufacturers of these standard Bibles, but for the last two years they have increased their facilities to meet the necessities of so vast an output of sacred literature.

It is scarcely necessary to explain to our readers—already so widely familiar with it—what the Teachers' Bible is. It is the result of the highest and best Christian scholarship, the ripest classical culture, the most thorough research. With the Helps, References, Subject-Index, Maps, Concordance, History of Biblical Antiquities, Harmony, and the vast mine of varied and accumulated information it supplies, the student of the Word who is fortunate in possessing a Teacher's Bible, has at command the equivalent of a complete Theological library, every page and paragraph of which sheds added light on the Divine Book itself. To the teacher it is invaluable; to all others it soon becomes a treasure beyond price. Such a Bible, with its helps and indices is indeed a "Sword of the Spirit." Placed in the hands of hundreds of thousands of our youth, it is equipping them with a spiritual armor that will prove effective in warding off the shafts of infidelity, and will go far toward making the rising generation proof against the insidious assaults of scepticism. If its distribution were multiplied by millions, it would be a still mightier agency for God and the truth. Infidel writers have vauntingly declared that the Bible is losing ground, and that it will ultimately be regarded as a venerable and out-worn tradition. Renan, the famous French apostle of free thought, held a different opinion, when he wrote that the sacred Book would never lose its hold, because it was "the universal consolation of humanity." But the best and most conclusive evidence that the old Book is more than ever loved and cherished, in our own hemisphere at least, is found in the remarkable Bible revival of the

past three years. During the present winter, the stream has overflowed its banks and risen to the dimensions of a mighty flood. Lately a number of religious and secular publications, after witnessing with astonishment the great work that has already been accomplished, have followed the example of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by offering Teachers' Bibles as premiums to their subscribers.

As premiums with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on the easiest terms possible, thus affording all who desired to become more thoroughly acquainted with the Word of God, an opportunity of procuring the result of the very highest Biblical scholarship in compact form at little or no sacrifice.

This was by no means a simple problem. In past years, it is true, Bibles had been offered for sale by several different publications, but invariably under conditions that placed them beyond the reach of the great majority. To begin such a work as was contemplated involved a sacrifice at the very outset; but he resolved to utilize the facilities afforded by the far-reaching circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the work, and at the same time to devote from its income a sufficient amount to enable him to offer Teachers' Bibles at absolute cost, and often below cost, to all who desired them. In 1890, the first step was taken and Dr. Klopsch sent

Among these are the New York "Christian Advocate," "Christian at Work," "Golden Rule," "Christian Intelligencer," "Mid-Continent," "Watchword," "Waverley Magazine," "Christian Standard," "Weekly Witness," "Congregationalist," and several others, which have awakened to the fact that the efforts of this journal had been blessed in producing a most phenomenal revival of popular interest in the Word, (Continued on page 29.)



PREPARING TEACHERS' BIBLES FOR SHIPMENT IN "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" PREMIUM DEPARTMENT.



THE POOR ALWAYS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle

Text: Matthew 26: 11: "Ye have the poor always with you."

WHO said that? The Christ who never owned anything during his earthly stay. His cradle and his grave were borrowed. Every fig he ate was from someone else's tree. Every drop of water he drank was from someone else's well. To pay his personal tax, which was very small, only thirty-one and a quarter cents, he had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in his earthly experience, and when he comes to speak of destitution, he always speaks sympathetically, and what he said then is as true now: "Ye have the poor always with you."

For six thousand years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the seven thousand hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great famines in England. Think of the twenty-five million people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras Presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

The first reason we have always the poor with us, is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the Tariffic controversy. There is a need for such a word and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present Congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. When I was five years of age I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all. When your great-grandchild dies at ninety years of age, it will probably be from over-exertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the post office steps—one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the Silver question, the Pension question, the Civil Service question. All questions of Annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks voyage away and the heat of their volcanoes, conveyed through pipe sunder the sea, made useful in warming our continent, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the Queen of Night, who is said to be dissolute, and bringing the lunar populations

under the influence of our free institutions; yea all other questions, national and international, may be settled, but this Tariffic question, never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well because of too many doctors. It is with sick nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful every hour. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood-letting; now roll up your sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homeopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets, and says: "All the patient wants is rest." Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is hot and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready the shower baths." Recovery still postponed, an eclectic doctor is called in, and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that neither treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact, which I have never heard anyone recognize, but, nevertheless, the fact, that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This Tariffic controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this subject could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the Tariffic controversy: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing, when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin-blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of unbuttered bread when they can get it, sworn at by passers-by because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and

frail constitution, candidates for alm-house and penitentiary. Whatever other causes of poverty may fail, the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever-increasing throng of paupers. Oh, ye grog-shops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities! Ye mouths of hell! when will ye cease to craunch and devour? There is no danger of this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness-makers fail, druggists fail, bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealers never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, in the first place, the men in that business, if tight up for money, only have to put into large quantities of water more strychnine and logwood and nuxvomica and vitriol and other congenial concomitants for adulteration. One quart of the real genuine pan-demoniac elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of milder damnation. Beside that, these dealers can depend on an increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. Hard times, which stop other businesses, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up. There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims. Claret, champagne, port, cognac, whiskey, Tom and Jerry, sour mash, on and down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse blankets and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession, and they move on in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose-bloated, nerve-shattered, rheum-eyed, lip-bloated, soul-scorched inebriates, followed by the women, who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping past with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, bare-foot, uncombed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities, where the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number of people have such small income that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence, you enact a cruelty. On such a salary as many clerks and employees and many ministers of religion live, and on such wages as many workmen receive, they cannot, in twenty years, lay up twenty cents. But you know and I know many who have competent income and could provide somewhat for the future, who live up every dollar, and when they die, their children go to the poor house or on the street. By the time the wife gets the husband buried, she is in debt to the undertaker and gravedigger for that which she can never pay. While the man lived he had his wine parties and fairly stunk with tobacco, and then expired, leaving his family upon the charities of the world. Do not send for me to come and conduct the obsequies and read over such a carcass the beautiful liturgy: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for, instead of that, I will turn over the leaves of the Bible to First Timothy, 5th chapter, 18th verse, where it says: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," or I will turn to Jeremiah, 22nd chapter, 10th verse, where it says: "He shall be buried with the burial

of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem." I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement door of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a poorhouse somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for a while on thin soup and gristle, instead of sitting down at the King's banquet. It is said that the church is a Divine institution and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and the life insurance companies Divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes, so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Huguens and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculation of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more stable or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in his congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked after his wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!" Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart, with your vest off, and have signed, sealed and delivered to you a document that will, in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between a queen and a pauper. I have known men who have had an income of \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 a year, who did not leave one farthing to the surviving household. Now that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle. He did not die; he absconded. There are a hundred thousand people in America to-day a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to pay the premium on a life insurance." Are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah, 4th chapter, 11th verse: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." But if you are able to, remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

Another fact that you may depend upon for perpetual poverty is the incapacity of many to achieve a livelihood. You can go through any community and find good people with more than usual mental calibre, who never have been able to support themselves and their households. They are a mystery to us, and we say: "I do not know what is the matter with them, but there is a screw loose somewhere." Some of these persons have more brain than thousands who make a splendid success. Some are too sanguine of temperament, and they see bargains where there are none. A common minnow is to them a gold fish, and a quail a flamingo, and a blind mule on a tow-path a Bucephalus. They buy when things are highest and sell when things are lowest. Someone tells them of city lots out West, where the foundation of the first house has not yet been laid. They say, "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornamented deed for ten lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Nevada, and they say, "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate of mining stock as was ever printed, and the

only thing they will ever get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are honest, brilliant failures. They die poor, and leave nothing to their families but a model of some invention that would not work, and whole portfolios of diagrams of things impossible. I cannot help but like them, because they are so cheerful with great expectations. But their children are a bequest to the Bureau of City Charities. Others administer to the crop of the world's misfortune by being too unsuspecting. Honest themselves, they believe all others are honest. They are fleeced and scalped and vivisected by the sharpers in all styles of business, and cheated out of everything between cradle and grave, and those two exceptions only because they have nothing to do in buying either of them. Others are retained for misfortune by inopportune sickness. Just as that lawyer was to make the plea that would have put him among the strong men of the profession, neuralgia stung him. Just as that physician was to prove his skill in an epidemic, his own poor health imprisoned him. Just as that merchant must be at the store for some decisive and introductory bargain, he sits with a rheumatic joint on a pillow, the room redolent with liniment. What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sicknesses. Then the cyclones. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the insectile devastation of potato patches and wheat fields. Then the epizootics among the horses and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes and the iron strikes and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike labor harder than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land in New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Carribean Sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gully the earth with their oppressions. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Remember a fact that no one emphasizes, a fact, nevertheless, upon which I want to put the weight of an eternity of tonnage, that the best way of insuring yourself and your children and your grandchildren against poverty and all other troubles is by helping others. I am an agent of the oldest insurance company that was ever established. It is near three thousand years old. It has the advantage of all the other plans of insurance; Whole Life Policy, Endowment, and Tontine, and it pays up while you live and it pays up after you are dead. Every cent you give in a Christian spirit to a poor man or woman, every shoe you give to a bare foot, every stick of wood or lump of coal you give to a fireless hearth, every drop of medicine you give to a poor invalid, every star of hope you make to shine over unfortunate maternity, every mitten you knit for cold fingers, is a payment on the premium of that policy. I hand about five hundred million policies to all who will go forth and aid the unfortunate. There are only two or three lines in this policy of Life Insurance. Psalms 41: 1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Other life insurance companies may fail, but this Celestial Life Insurance Company never. The Lord God Almighty is at the head of it, and all the angels of heaven are in its Board of Direction, and its assets are all worlds, and all the charitable of earth and heaven are the beneficiaries. "But," says someone, "I do not like a Tontine policy so well, and that which you offer is more like a Tontine

and to be chiefly paid in this life." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Well, if you prefer the old-fashioned policy of life insurance, which is not paid till after death, you can be accommodated. That will be given you in the day of judgment, and will be handed you by the right hand, the pierced hand, of our Lord himself, and all you do in the right spirit for the poor is payment on the premium of that life insurance policy. I read you a paragraph of that policy: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungry and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me.'" In various colors of ink other life insurance policies are written. This one I have just shown you is written in only one kind of ink, and that red ink, the blood of the cross. Blessed be God, that is a "Paid-Up Policy," paid for by the pangs of the Son of God, and all we add to it in the way of our own good deeds will augment the sum of eternal felicities. Yes, the time will come when the Banks of largest capital stock will all go down, and the Fire Insurance companies will all go down, and the Life Insurance companies will all go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all Banks will forever suspend payment. In the last conflagration the Fire Insurance Companies of the earth will fail, for how could they make appraisement of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence, and how could Life Insurance Companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our Celestial Life Insurance will not be harmed by that continental wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle—the noon-day sun! Tear it down like worn-out upholstery—the last sunset! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the anther of a water-lily—the ocean! Scatter them like thisledown before a schoolboy's breath—the worlds! That will not disturb the omnipotence or the composure or the sympathy or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the downtrodden and the cold and the hungry and the houseless and the lost: "Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did it to me!"

A TRIBUTE TO A SLAVE.

Near the Black Mingo Baptist Church in Georgetown District, South Carolina, among the tombstones which mark, and will ever make the spot dear to all who may visit the place, one may read the following on a marble slab:

Sacred to the Memory of

"BILL."

A Strictly Honest and Faithful Servant of

CLELAND BELIU.

Bill was often entrusted with the care of personal merchandise, to the value of many thousand dollars without loss or damage.

He died on the 7th day of October, 1854, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and an approved member of the "Black Mingo Baptist Church" of which his master was a Deacon. "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Erected by his master.

—C. B.



W.H.

ASKS BREAD FOR BABY.

This is one of a thousand evidences of affection held in anti-bellum day for faithful servants by their masters.

—W. H. ROBERT, an ex-Slave-Holder.

A Bread and Beef Charity.

Rev. Dr. Talmage tries a Practical Experiment in Brooklyn, with Good Results—Hungry Thousands Fed.



W. H.

A WORKER'S PORTION.

WITH over 50,000 idle in New York, fully 10,000 in Brooklyn, and proportionate numbers in all the large cities of the Union, the condition of the honest poor is this winter more deplorable and helpless than it has been at any previous time during a generation. All the regular charitable organizations are taxed beyond their abilities to supply food for the hungry thousands. Many private citizens are taking an active personal interest in the relief work, and instances of noble and spontaneous generosity are multiplied on every side.

There are, however, very many homes where the need is so urgent that it would be an added hardship to compel such cases to await the usual process of investigation followed by the organized charities, before granting the relief desired. Bearing this fact in mind, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has taken a deep interest in the relief movement, especially in Brooklyn, resolved upon making a personal experiment for the purpose of demonstrating the practicability of immediate aid being rendered to the pinched and hungry thousands. He accordingly constituted himself a relieving officer, and quitting his study in North Oxford street, went to a wholesale butcher establishment on Fulton street, Brooklyn, where he pur-

weak with weeks of vain searching for work, women with children in arms and still others dragging at their skirts, aged people, boys and girls with baskets and satchels to carry the meat and bread—all hustled and crowded in their eagerness to secure what would for a day or two at least, stay the pangs of hunger. It was evident,



TO FEED THE HUNGRY MOUTHS AT HOME, from the character and general appearance of the applicants, that they belonged neither to the pauper nor the tramp class, but to the great army of idle unemployed. Some of the women wore veils, as though to avoid recognition. There were not a few who came from East New York and Bushwick, a distance of several miles. In the crowd were several colored people, who were served as promptly and liberally as the rest. None was turned away empty-handed.

Speaking of the reasons that prompted



W. H.

CROWDING FOR FREE BEEF.

chased 3,000 pounds of meat, expressly stipulating that there should be "no bones." Next he visited a large bakery nearby and there bought 2,000 loaves of bread. He instructed the baker to begin free distribution of the loaves on Tuesday morning, Dec. 26, and the butcher to distribute the meat on the same day, he promising meanwhile to "send around the customers." There were to be no restrictions: any man, woman or child who should call and ask for a loaf or for a pound or two of fresh beef was to be supplied forthwith and no questions asked.

A simple announcement, following the purchases, sufficed to bring great crowds of the hungry poor to the two stores, long before the hours at which the distribution was to begin. Great piles of juicy beef lay heaped upon the counters when the wholesale meat house opened. Before 10 A. M. over 300 pounds had been given away, the limit being two pounds to each adult, and one pound where the applicant was a child. At the bakery, the fresh loaves disappeared with equal rapidity. Among the applicants were hundreds of workmen of respectable appearance, whose down-cast faces were lightened up for the moment as they gratefully accepted the food which meant so much to those at home. Young shop girls, pale and

him to undertake the work, Rev. Dr. Talmage said: "The methods of the charity organizations are excellent in ordinary circumstances, but in a crisis like this, they are too slow. I am impressed with the idea that the thing to be demonstrated, just now, is the shortest road for a loaf of bread from the bakery to the hungry mouth! This is the most practical and quickest method of relieving such suffering as we see around us everywhere.

"Now, I judge everybody by myself. Suppose, though the force of circumstances, that I am in my own house with no bread or meat, what am I to do? My personal pride rebels against appealing for help, and if I need help, there is no place where I could go, without involving an exploration of my house, to inspect my empty bread-plate or to note my fireless hearth. But I don't want any such exploration. If I knew of any place where I could go and get bread without any red tape, and without any questions, I am going to put on my roughest coat and pull my hat down firmly over my eyes and go there and get it."

This object lesson of "immediate and unconditional relief" is already producing a powerful effect on all the agencies now engaged in charity work.



CAIN AND ABEL.

S.S. Lesson for Jan. 21. Gen. 4: 3-13. Golden Text, Heb. 11: 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD had created man in his own image: if he had not fallen, the image of God would have been transmitted to his posterity. But it is significantly stated of his third son that Adam "lived a hundred and twenty years, and begat a son in his own likeness and after his image." Why the same was not said of Cain and Abel does not seem clear. In any case our first parents were fallen before any son was born to them. There is little doubt that Eve anticipated in the birth of her son the promised "Seed" who should bruise the head of the serpent: but the self-life to which she had yielded when she fell was the dominant principle still. Was it any wonder that Cain grew up in self-life, and that, in his person, human nature got farther off still from God? A mother cannot, by precept, teach that which her life does not bear witness to. She may rebuke her children for selfishness, but if she is herself selfish, their self-life is nurtured far more by her example than restrained by her precepts. We know that no truth of God is clear to us until it becomes a part of our own life, just so nothing that we teach becomes a power to others but as it is evidenced in our own life. When we see another bearing meekly what we have never borne meekly, we feel ashamed and long to be as we have seen that other. We might forget any number of exhortations, but an example writes itself indelibly upon our memory.

Cain probably had not in his mother the example which might have been a power in his life. He was by occupation "a tiller of the ground," while his brother Abel was "a keeper of sheep." Abel was, from the very first, a type of the Good Shepherd, while Cain's occupation of improving and cultivating the earth was just a type of the earthly minded, the earth worms, who are always occupied with the earth, who

"Mind Earthly Things,"

whose heart and whose treasure is here below. There is every difference between those who "use this world without abusing it," as our Lord himself did when earning his bread in the carpenter's shop, as Moses did when keeping sheep, as Daniel did in the court of Babylon, and those who, like the rich man in the parable live for earthly things. The first mentioned are "pilgrims and strangers" upon earth, and "they seek a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city," the others have their hopes and their aspirations, their ambitions and their disappointments, their joys and their sorrows, entirely in earthly things. Their position and reputation, their possessions and appearance, their physical and mental enjoyments, these things are the sum total of their lives, and that which is spiritual is so strange to them that, for want of personal experience they look upon it as entirely visionary, and regard those who have real, face to face intercourse with God as silly fanatics.

"Each of the sons of Adam brought after their own order, an offering to the Lord. Cain brought of the fruit of the ground;" he saw himself in his offering, there was no faith in it; it savored of self recommendation. It said: I have bestowed labor on these fruits, I have arranged them upon the altar, I have brought them, they speak of my care, my industry, my devotion; God ought to respond to my goodness, he ought to feel himself under an obligation to me. But God had said to Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the

sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." So little did Cain take in the meaning of these solemn words of God that, instead of recognizing and keeping the position of being justly under God's rebuke, and tilling the ground with humble thankfulness, Cain became the father of materialists, who glory in their shame and "mind earthly things." Either not understanding, or else wilfully ignoring God's side of the question, Cain did not inquire as to what God would condescend to receive at the hands of sinful man, consistently with his own honor and holiness: he saw only his own side, that which would recommend him. Such is the offering of all those who do not know the need for and the value of the blood of Christ; and God in his justice and his holiness cannot accept them. Abel's offering was

A Complete Contrast:

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent offering than Cain, through which he had witness borne to him that he was righteous, God bearing witness in respect of his gifts, and through it he being dead, yet speaketh." "By faith:" faith sees God, recognizes God. With Abel the question was, "What will please God?" He "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof." The fat of the sin offering, of the trespass offering, and of the peace offering, was to be specially offered to the Lord. May there have been included in Abel's offering the deep humiliation which befits a sinner before God, and then the acknowledgement also of conscious trespasses, as well as the peace offering, testimony to communion between him and his God? It was faith which made the difference between the brothers; the intrinsic value of their offerings was nothing: "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." But God loves to be known and understood. It is a marvel of his grace that he cares for intercourse with his creatures who are so infinitely inferior to him. Abel bowed before God, he identified himself with the slain lamb, and owned that death was his rightful portion, the lamb which "opens not her mouth" spoke nothing of self-assertion, it asserted only the coming Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

And the Lord had respect to Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect." Abel had witness borne to him that he was righteous, like the publican who went down to his house justified. Something had happened, Abel had met with God, and from an open heaven he knew that he was

Held Righteous.

Cain who had asserted himself might have been, and probably was, witness to fire coming down from heaven and consuming the sacrifice of his brother, while his own lay unaccepted and unnoticed upon his altar. No thought of inquiring of the Lord took possession of him; his pride was wounded; he felt wronged; his younger brother was preferred to him.

In his tender love and mercy God sought after Cain. He said unto him: "Why art thou wrath? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt not thou be accepted. And if thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door, and unto thee is its desire, but thou shalt rule over it." (R.V. margin.) Cain might have been saved had he hearkened to the voice of God, and taken the same way as his brother took to be accepted, but his proud heart would not yield. Blind to his own sin, self-deceived and deceived by the tempter, he took both Abel and Abel's God to be his enemies, one, his believing brother, was within his reach; he rose up against him and slew him! Nothing exasperates the natural man so much as to be convinced that God's children have real

intercourse with him. So long as their service to God only manifests their zeal and devotion, and God himself does not come on the scene, the natural man can glory in his religious brother; it is still a glorying in man, he feels that he himself benefits by it, because human nature, his nature has produced it. But when man is nothing and God himself works, when he manifestly answers prayer, when he intervenes and does something which natural law cannot account for, and human nature cannot do—when he utterly transforms one of his children for instance—then the natural man cannot explain it away, and all the enmity of the devil whom he serves is stirred up within him. It was this bitter enmity in the chief priests and Pharisees which would no longer tolerate the Lord Jesus upon earth after the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ANCIENT ALTARS.

old the brothers were; whether they were instructed as to the nature of the offerings they were expected to bring; why it was that God had "respect" to one and not to the other; how he manifested approval or disapproval; how God talked with Cain; what was the kind of punishment inflicted and a host of other questions. On all these, Scripture is silent. The book was not written to satisfy curiosity, but to teach spiritual and moral lessons which may be practically useful to us in our daily life. There is no other reliable source of information and the teacher will be wise if he refrains from guessing, or discussing hypothetical explanations and devotes himself to the Bible method of drawing from the narrative moral lessons. Here, then, we have the first record of the death of a human being and that death was by murder—the murderer the brother of the victim. Eve was jubilant when Cain was born and declared that she had received him from the Lord. There is no such expression at the birth of Abel. Perhaps she had become doubtful about the origin of her children. She may have seen such symptoms of anger and hatred in Cain as to suggest the doubt whether she had not been mistaken in thinking he had come from the Lord. About their youthful life we are told nothing. There had thus early come to be a division of labor. Cain became like his father a gardener or farmer, while Abel looked after the sheep. The first incident recorded about them is of their bringing offerings. Each, as was natural, brought the product of his own industry. Abel's was accepted and Cain's rejected. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews appears to suggest (Heb. 11: 4), that the cause of the difference was that Cain's offering was simply an expression of thankfulness and that it showed he had no appreciation of his sinful condition. In a word, that he had no faith or he would have offered an animal. Be that as it may, there was some defect and Cain knew what it was. When he became sullen and jealous he was reminded that if he did well he would be accepted, as Abel was. God was not acting capriciously; there was a reason for his being rejected—a reason known to Cain. The opportunity was taken to give him a warning. If he did not mend his ways, if he allowed his sullen disposition to go on unchecked, evil would come of it. Sin was lying at the door ready to spring on him and he had better rule over it. The warning was wasted. Instead of examining himself and conquering himself, he went and told Abel, and as he talked with him, his jealousy and anger grew and he killed him. The warning had come true; sin had mastered him. Cain's retort when questioned as to his crime, "Am I my brother's keeper?" indicated his disposition. Men are asking the same question to-day. What is it to them that multitudes are in want of food and of the spiritual bread of life? Are they to be held responsible? God pleads and warns no longer; he punishes, and, as he listens, Cain exclaims, "my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Cain was very wrath. It is not uncommon for the angry man to be the one in the wrong. A cobbler at Leyden was fond of attending the public disputations held at the

Academy, which were conducted in Latin. He showed a lively interest in the debate, and some one knowing that he understood very little Latin asked him if he could follow the speakers. "No," he said, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" he was asked. "Oh! that is simple," he said, "by seeing who is angry first."

If thou doest well shalt not thou be accepted also. Cain evidently knew that he was not doing right. God assures him if he is obedient he will be accepted as Abel was. God expects us to have implicit faith in him and to do what he commands, even if we do not see any reason for it. A story is told of a great captain, who, after the battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day."

Cain rose up against Abel. He had no cause of quarrel with Abel. He need have had no jealousy, for God had told him that he would be accepted also if he did well, but Cain's heart was full of hatred and when anger is harbored there is, as God had told him, danger of crime. An old writer dwelling on the insignificance of the causes which sometimes lead to quarrels and murders, says that two brothers were walking homeward together one winter's night. Looking up at the starry sky, one of them said, "I wish I had a pasture-field as large as the sky. The other said, 'I wish I had as many sheep as there are stars.' " "Well," said the first, "they would be of no use to you, where could you feed so many?" "I would turn them into your pasture," said the second. "You would have to get my permission for that," said the first. "I should do it," said the second, "whether I had it or not." So a quarrel arose and then a fight in which one of the brothers was killed.

Am I my brother's keeper? The retort showed the malignity in the man's heart. Had he felt what we call even natural affection he would never have uttered it. An incident which occurred not long ago in Poland shows to what degree a boy regarded himself as his brother's protector. A peasant and his wife went to a neighboring village to attend a wedding. A very severe snowstorm came on, and they were unable to get back that night. They left their dwelling in the care of two little boys one about six years of age, and his brother about two years younger. It appears that about nightfall these two boys had gone out to amuse themselves in the falling snow. During the time they were playing, in some way the frost had fixed the street door so that on their return they were unable to open it and regain access to their home. They were unable to endure the severe cold, and were frozen to death. When the bodies of the little victims to the bitter night were found, it was noticed that the elder had made, in tender solicitude, every effort to save the younger. He had taken off his own shoes and put them over the feet of his little brother, leaving himself barefooted, and had tried to keep him warm by clasping him to his bosom in close embrace. All had been in vain. They both lay in the stronger embrace of death, their cheeks covered with frozen tears.

My punishment is greater than I can bear. The murderer's doom is an awful one and many have found the torture of conscience so intolerable, that they have voluntarily given themselves up to justice. The agony is vividly described in Bulwer Lytton's Eugene Aram and in Shakespeare's Macbeth. An Illinois journal gives a pathetic account of a murderer's sufferings while awaiting execution. When sentence was passed upon him and he had given up all hope of a commutation of sentence, he marked the date of execution on a calendar in his cell and every day afterward drew his pencil through another day. All the long hours of the day he paced his cell bemoaning his fate and vainly deploring the deed which had brought it upon him. He was unable to concentrate his mind on anything, but was constantly recalling the incidents of his crime, the scene and circumstances, and wishing he had not done the fatal act. The anguish the man suffered during those few weeks was infinitely more trying than the pain his victim suffered in dying.



In Beirut and Paradise.
Tude Turkish Officials—A Linguistic
Babel—Walks in an Aromatic Eden.



YOU have made a Paradise here!" said the visitor to a city garden to the owner.

"Humph!" looking sourly at the dingy, ill-built cross streets, by which his home and grounds were surrounded. "But you see I have to go through the other place to get to my Paradise!"

The growl recurred to me as we climbed the stone steps leading from the boat that had brought us to the Beirut landing. The yellow walls, red roofs and, what were at that distance, hanging gardens of the town sloped upward to the brow of a hill that is not shamed by Mount Lebanon facing it across the narrowed sea. Tall palms showed above masses of olive, fig and mulberry trees and flowering vines.

At the head of the flight of stairs rocked and yelled a crowd in motley array. Had time and quiet been vouchsafed, we could have identified Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Phrygia and Pamphylia in Egypt, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, assuredly had their representative waves in the surf of humanity, and Cretes and Arabians were loudest of lung, most violent of gesticulation. We were upon the topmost step when a big fellow in a black gown and white cap reeled almost to the lower from a push dealt by a smaller man in custom-house livery. Before our turn came to stand in the official presence, two others were thrust from a door leading to an inner room. If there were one hundred men there, eighty-eight were vociferating in half-a-dozen different dialects, with apparently eighty-eight separate and dire grievances.

David Jamal—the impassively courteous dragoman—looked twice over his shoulder to say, "Keep close to me!" and in the lee of his broad back, we waited until he presented our passports, with a grave bow, to the aforesaid functionary. He was not a large functionary, as I have said: he was young, and nature in bestowing upon him a round face and fresh-colored cheeks, had not intended him to look fierce. He achieved a tolerable imitation of ferocity, as, jerking open the folds of the documents, and glaring from them to us, he demanded in English: "Why didn't they have them vised by the Turkish consul in America?"

We said nothing, but we were not abashed. David was running the affair; we had a serene sense of being only passengers. Had we taken part in the conversation, it would have been to ask why in the name of

reason and the law of nations, we should have the papers vised by the Turkish, any more than by the English, German, French, Egyptian, Austrian, Grecian and Italian consuls. As an illustration of the Turkish principles that might makes right, and occupation signifies despotic power, our officer sat down at a table, after three minutes of heathenish raging, and executed a half-score of scratches in the corner of each passport, for which we paid six dollars and a half.

"Now, be off with you!" was the next mandate, and still in David's wake, we passed into an inner and, incredible as it would have seemed a moment ago—a noisier court, where our luggage was examined.

Men in braided jackets and red fezes, with swords at their sides, fell upon our respectable trunks, satchels and shawl-straps as tigers upon sheep, tore out books, clothing and shoes, opened boxes and portfolios, ran rude hands into the depths and under the sides of the disordered mass. A wild exclamation burst from two who had in hand a shawl-strap containing a sea-rug, and something hard and square. In a twinkling buckles were loosened, the suspicious folds undone, and Alcides' kodak lay revealed to the majesty of the Ottoman government. The wolfish gleam in eyes that beheld the smiles we did not try to repress, would have meant bastinado and bow-strings a century and a half ago.



THE CITY OF BEIRUT, SYRIA.
(From a photograph secured in the East for "The Christian Herald.")

While the examination was going on, I had retired to a bench behind a sort of counter, and, always serene in the persuasion that ours was a secondary interest in the scene, so long as our dragoman stood dignified and unbending, in the fore-front of the battle, entertained myself with watching our fellow-victims. One old Greek, with grizzled beard and travel-stained robe, had no less than six bags of divers material, all sewed up with strong twine. He actually threw himself upon them, as an officer whipped out a knife and began cutting the stitches. A second official flew to his comrade's aid and tore the lean arms from their hold. After that, they left not one stitch upon another to tell the tale. Out tumbled upon the floor what looked more like the contents of a rag-bag than any possible articles. The officers kicked them apart and over, and leaving them where they lay, turned to the wretched owner who was now blubbering

like a seven-year-old baby, and dived into his pockets. From one they drew a filthy calico bag, containing what, from the shape and size, might have been marbles, and, after shaking it before his eyes, transferred it to the pocket of one of his tormentors. The old Greek sat like Marius in the middle of ruin, watering the dusty floor with his tears, when, our own belongings having been restored to the trunks and bags by David and his men, we left the screeching babel behind.

Nobody can form an approximate idea of the tumult accompanying what I have but faintly described, unless he has with his own ears taken in as much of it as the excruciated tympanum can bear. I had lain upon the lounge in my room in the Hotel d'Orient—a chamber with a ceiling fully twenty feet high, looking across the blue waters to the Lebanon range—before the horrid din ceased to vibrate upon the nerves of hearing.

Then—a card was brought to me, accompanied by a gift of fruit and flowers, and the gates of Paradise began to swing ajar. They were wide open as we drove, later in the day, to the higher part of the town where are situated the buildings of the Syrian Protestant College—that splendid monument of Christian genius and faith in those who founded and have conducted it, and of the Christian liberality of large-minded men at home. As we cleared the lower streets, vegetation became more abundant and of tropical luxuriance. The yellow stone walls on each hand were overtopped by masses of verdure; passion-flowers showed darkly-purple among the five-fingered leaves of vines running over verandas and house-fronts and along the rough walls. Intersecting lanes were lined with tall cacti, the fleshy leaves, as large as a man's hand, the stalks near the ground larger than a man's arm. Oleanders, pink and white, blossomed upon trees fifteen and twenty feet high; the regal "poinsettia," cultivated in American conservatories, spread broad disks of scarlet upon shrubs six feet in height—orange-

College, Dr. Bliss, whose name and fame are dear to all conversant with the story of Syrian missions—our wheels brushed against a hedge of rose-geranium.

Such were the external phases of our paradise on that late autumnal afternoon. Lovelier and far dearer was that unexpected welcome that awaited us from those who ceased to be strangers from the moment our hands met in greeting. This is not the place, nor is mine the province to give a statistical history of the glorious educational institution—the light-house set on a hill through which we were courteously conducted. We attended afternoon prayers in the fine chapel, the gift of another of our Christian countrymen. The services were all in Arabic, the selection of Scripture, the hymn, set to an Arabic air, and the prayer by Dr. Post, the distinguished head of the medical department of what is, to all intents and purposes, a university. The students are chiefly Syrians, many of them belonging to Moslem families, but there are Egyptians among them, and, here and there, an uncovered head bespoke Greek parentage or birth.

Then we had what our English cousins know as "a cup of afternoon tea," in the cozy parlor of the President's house. My cup was the more delicious because passed to me by a bright-faced, sweet-voiced girl—a missionary in the third generation—to whom Arabic is as familiar as English. The tea-drinking was a prelude to a Thanksgiving gathering held two evenings later in the house of Professor Porter. Reckoning backward, as befitted our eastern pilgrimage, we computed that at the very hour in which we were thinking of and praying for "home and native land," hundreds of thousands of happy families were discussing Thanksgiving dinners. A sweet savor of turkey and pumpkin pies floated into the imagination, and as we sang, with a will, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," we could almost catch the echoes left in the welkin by the millions of voices that had shouted it that day.

We had much and delightful social communion when the more formal exercises of the evening were over. To us, the newly arrived, the cordial hospitality then and there received, the pleasant ring of American voices, the genial warmth of inquiries as to our plans, and offers of co-operation in our work, are among the things one dare not trust oneself to commit to paper.

As I write, the sunset is bathing the Lebanon Mountains with pink. The Lebanon, where Hiram's men relieved Solomon's in regular turn in lifting axes upon thick trees. The floats which were to convey the felled cedars to Jaffa were moored over there in the bay. The wash of the waves mingles with the tinkle of the donkey-bells from the street below, that reminds one oddly of sleighing season.

Circumstances have compelled us to tarry for a few days in this land of Beulah. The sea lies behind us, the hills and desert are before us, and the breathing spell is welcome. Such wealth of kindness, such Christianly-affectionate treatment as has been ours from the hour we cleared the purgatory of the lower town, add sensibly to one's wealth of heart and memory. The recollection will sound through the years to come like the soothing murmur of the Mediterranean upon the Beirut beach; lie upon "mountain-ranges overpast" of experience, as the sunset flush upon Lebanon.

"Everything is ready for to-morrow, David?" as the magnetic figure bows in the doorway.

"Everything, madame; my men, implements and animals."

"To-morrow, then, begins our real work?"

David bows again, his hand on his head. "Not of myself, madame, but with God's help, I hope to see you safely to your journey's end!"

MARION HARLAND.



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DEAD BEATS.

THERE is a large class of people in our communities who live upon others.

They have hands and feet and brain, with which to achieve their own livelihood, but they prefer to depend upon the result of the industry of others. There are, as near as I can tell, in this country to-day, about a hundred thousand of what are commonly called "dead beats." It seems to me that it is high time that we men and women, who in our occupations and professions are toiling until we cannot draw another ounce, ceased being taxed to support the lazy scoundrels of America. For the sick and decrepit and the helpless, we must lend our shoulder, but for this wandering vagabondism, for these leeches put on the arm of honest industry until they suck the blood, for these vermin crawling through society, crawling through prisons, crawling through court-rooms, crawling through churches, crawling through lecture-halls, let there be nothing but extirpation. The most of these men who are living on others could find occupation if they were not too proud or too lazy to take certain kinds of occupation. In Philadelphia a man who had a family of ten children came to me and wanted to borrow fifteen dollars. I said to him, "I will not loan you fifteen dollars, but I will give you fifteen dollars provided you will open a news-stand and support yourself. I know just where I can get a position for you on the street for your news-stand, and I will give you the fifteen dollars if you will promise to expend it in the starting of that business." He said he would take until the next day to think about it. On the morrow he came to me and thanked me for my kindness, but said that he had concluded that it would not be a business worthy of him! "Well," I said, "how please don't bother me any more, for I have work. Good-morning!" Many of that kind of people live on their wits. They try to see what they can pick up. They hover around the headquarters of political parties just before elections, and hurrah for the men that they think will be elected. They are hearty Republicans or rousing Democrats, according as it pays. For months after we inaugurate a new President, Washington City is full of them. All the trees around the White House were filled with these crows when Garfield was shot. That shot frightened them off their roosts, but every winter they are back again as thick as ever.

The vast majority of them, of course, get disappointed and are mad enough to shoot anything, from a President down to a sapling. The curse of this country is the geniuses—those men who think themselves Lord Byrons, not because of any of his talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt-collar. The only

kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet and good health, you have magnificent equipment. Those who were born at the top of the ladder do not have much chance, but those who are born at the foot of the ladder have the better chance. George Peabody endowed a library in the village where he once had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have been the most appropriate coat-of-arms for William Cary, the missionary, and Sir Cloudesly Shovel, the admiral and famous author. The butcher's stall was the starting-place for Kirke White and Akenside and Cardinal Wolsey. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber-shop was the starting-place for Copernicus, the astronomer, and Arkwright, the inventor, and Jeremy Taylor, the ecclesiast, and Tenterden, the Lord Chief Justice of England. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which the learned Ben Jonson, and Hugh Miller, the geologist, began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle, Columbus, the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, and John Foster, the essayist, and Wilson, the ornithologist, began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness. Out of every hard position in life there are fifty doors, which, at the tap of the hard knuckle of toil, swing wide open. Do not join the great army of able-bodied beggars and dead-beats. When the time comes that you feel like putting your lazy hands on your hips, and saying, "The world owes me a living," it owes you a halter.

BLESS THE DOCTORS!

COMMUNITIES do not realize the hardships endured, the self-sacrifices made and the wonders wrought by the medical profession. I wish that someone would rise, competent to tell of the martyrs of the scalpel, the martyrs of the sick-room and the martyrs of the epidemic. When I was in California, I was told by a gentleman who had just returned from the Sandwich Islands, the following incident: You may know that one of the Sandwich Islands is given up to lepers. When a man becomes a leper he is sent there to die. He may not leave the island. In some the disease is further advanced than in others, but all the inhabitants, sooner or later, expire of the leprosy. A physician in one of the healthy islands was noticed always to have his glove on. For a long while it had been noticed. One day he came to the public authorities and pulled off his glove and showed a small spot of leprosy on his hand. He said: "You see, I am doomed to die. I might hide this a good while and keep off the Isle of Lepers, but as I am a physician, I choose to go now and be of service to those who are further on in the disease. It would be selfish for me to stay here amid luxurious surroundings, when I might soothe and help the wretched." He bade farewell to family and friends. The parting was most agonizing. He could never see one of their faces again. He was transported to the Isle of Lepers and wrought among the sick until prostrated for his own death, which finally came. That was sacrifice, radiant and magnificent, surpassed by none, save that of him who exiled himself from the health of heaven to the leprous isle of this earth that he might physician our wounds, and weep our griefs, and die our deaths, and turn this isle of a leprous world into one great, blooming paradise of God.

But the world is full of incidents of endurance on the part of doctors. I stood one summer in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the room where Dr. James Y. Simpson made the experiments which resulted in the discovery of chloroform as an anæsthetic, blessed by many a battlefield and by all the operating rooms of medical institutions. A member of the family said: "Here is where Sir James sat, and in those chairs were his fellow-experimenters, all physicians." They inhaled the powerful agent again and again, until they all went into insensibility. When Sir James woke from one of these stupors, he

found some of the doctors on the floor and some chattering like idiots and all temporarily disabled. His fellow-experimenters became discouraged and quitted these awful interviews, but Sir James went right on toward one of the sublimest forces with which to fight physical pain.

The medical profession has again and again stood between us and Asiatic cholera and yellow fever. They have been successful advocates of ventilation, sewerage, drainage and fumigation. I rejoice that the poorest classes get advantage of high medical skill. No excuse now for any man not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere, under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. In one dispensary in one year, one hundred and fifty thousand prescriptions were issued. The physicians in this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professionals put together.

There are many who blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the divine enactment: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father of medicine, who announced the fact that he had discovered an art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at 47 years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Owing to the widespread suffering among the poor, this season, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in frequent receipt of letters from very needy persons in different parts of the country, appealing for help. These applications are so numerous as to be altogether beyond our capacity for extending relief. Among our readers there are doubtless many benevolent people who would be pleased to be put in communication with some really deserving poor one. If any of our readers so charitably disposed, would send us their names and addresses for this special purpose, we will send to each, **one letter a year and no more**, from some needy person who has appealed for aid. All letters relating to business of this nature should be addressed to "The Relief Box," CHRISTIAN HERALD Office.

Anxious One, Miss. Is it wrong for a person to do deeds of charity, unknown to anyone, and then deny it when asked about it?

To deny it would be to lie, and a lie is never justifiable. A simple refusal to speak on the subject, would be the better plan for one who did not wish his charities known.

S. H. Brokaw, Hornellsville, N. Y. What were the respective ages of Jesus Christ, John and Paul when they died?

No information on the subject is given in the New Testament. Tradition is often unreliable, but we give it for what it is worth. It is that Christ was thirty-three years and three months old when he was crucified, and this is to some extent confirmed by Luke 3: 23. Paul is said to have been sixty-four years old when he was beheaded. The date of John's death is uncertain. He outlived all the Apostles, and the early Christian writers speak of him as an extremely venerable man. By some he is believed to have died at the age of eighty-four, while others think that he lived to be a hundred and sixteen years old.

John E. Anderson, West Boylston, Mass. Why does Solomon give in Prov. 26: 4, 5, two contradictory injunctions about the method of treating fools?

The first injunction is a caution against light and frivolous conversation; the second is a direction as to method of argument. The most effective way of convincing a man of the unsoundness of his reasoning often is to show him where it leads to. This method is called the "reductio ad absurdum." An illustration of it was given in a famous discussion in which one of the disputants raised his argument on the combination of two isolated passages of Scripture. His opponent said that any absurdity might be proved in the same way and as an instance mentioned the combination, "Judas went out and hanged himself" (Matt. 27: 5), and "Go and do thou likewise" (Luke 10: 37).

Frank E. Guy, Oberlin, Kan. 1. How many women went to the sepulchre on the Resurrection morn? 2. How many times did our Saviour appear, from his resurrection, up to and including the ascension?

1. Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, are especially mentioned in Mark 16. Matthew mentions only two by name, while John only names Mary Magdalene. Luke, however, intimates that there may have been a larger number, as he says "certain others" came with them. (See Luke 24.) The number cannot be definitely stated, but there were apparently three at least and probably more. 2. Ten times, viz: To Mary Magdalene (John 20: 11-17 and Mark 16: 9), to the "other women" (Matt. 28: 9-10), to two disciples on the way to Emmaus (Mark 16: 12-13; Luke 24: 13-35), to Cephas (1. Cor. 15: 5), to all the apostles, except Thomas (Mark 16: 14; Luke 24: 36-49; John 20: 19-25; 1. Cor. 15: 5), to all the apostles

at Jerusalem (John 20: 26-29), to seven apostles at the Sea of Galilee (Matt. 28: 16; John 21: 1-23) to above 500 on a mountain in Galilee, (Matt. 28: 16-20; Mark 16: 15-18; 1. Cor. 15: 6), to James "the Less" and then to all the twelve (Acts 1: 3-8; 1. Cor. 15: 7), at the Ascension (Mark 16: 19, 20; Luke 24: 50-53 Acts 1: 9-12).

W. P. Roberts, Stateford, Pa. Was the Lord's prayer (Matt. 6: 9-13) in the Temple service before Christ taught it to his disciples?

Parallel expressions to those in the prayer are found at different places in the Talmud, but Christ was probably the first to group them together in that form and in his own words. It is not likely that any such prayer was used in the Temple service.

Reader, Litchfield, Mich. In what respect does the High Church, or Ritualistic party, in the Protestant Church, differ from the Roman Catholic Church?

The chief difference, we believe, is that the Ritualists do not acknowledge the authority of the Pope, whom they call the Bishop of Rome. There are, however, many grades in the party. Some do not worship the Virgin Mary or practice auricular confession. Probably all the consistent members of the party abstain from meat on Fridays and fast-days.

T. Given. Will you please tell me the meaning of the word "I. N. R. I.?" I have not been able to find it in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, nor in any other book in my possession.

The four letters "I. N. R. I." compose the initials of the Latin inscription on the crown of Christ, signifying "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The inscription was written in three languages: Latin, Greek and Aramaic—the latter being the common tongue of the people of Palestine, the Latin that of the Romans, and the Greek that of the foreign element.

E. Gemmell, Roanoke, Va. What is the time occupied in the journey between Alexandria and Cairo, Egypt, and also between Cairo and Jerusalem, by the usual way of travel?

The usual route is: Alexandria to Cairo about four hours. At Cairo the traveler stops over night, and then proceeds by steamer to Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, a 3 hours' journey. Next from Ismailia to Port Said (about 5 hours), Port Said to Jaffa (one night by sea), and Jaffa to Jerusalem (about 3½ hours by rail). Formerly the trip from Jaffa to the Holy City occupied 14 hours, but the old method of traveling by horses and camels is now in disuse.

F. B., New York. 1. When did Christ become conscious that he was the Son of God? 2. Does Mark 13: 32 imply that the Father could know something of which the Son was ignorant? 3. To whom does Isaiah refer 9: 6? I thought he referred to Christ, but am told that the best scholars think he did not?

1. Probably the full consciousness did not come to him till the period of his temptation in the wilderness. He evidently had some idea of his supernatural commission and his relation to the Father, when he made his answer at twelve years old to his parents (Luke 2: 49), and this would be confirmed at his baptism by the voice from heaven (Luke 3: 22). It may have been a gradual revelation. 2. It not only implies it, but states it positively, and it is in a line with John 14: 28, where Christ explicitly declares, "My Father is greater than I." The mystery of the Trinity is one that can never be completely understood on this side the grave. 3. Isaiah may have consciously referred to an expected deliverer or reformer, such as King Josiah, but the words were doubtless intended of God as a prophecy of Christ. Peter said 1 Peter 1: 10-12 that the prophets were often unaware of the full significance and meaning of the words they wrote.

Sing Sing, N. Y. The prisoners who have received religious papers through your kindness are sincerely grateful to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to the friends who have responded to its call. How many good Christians there are in the world! We would like to thank each donor separately, but that seems impossible. God has noticed their gifts and the prayers which accompanied them. The papers surely are a blessing. I wish all the friends who sent them could have seen the eagerness with which the prisoners received them. But we need more. There are about fourteen hundred prisoners. We had about 600 papers for them. That is a large number of papers, but we wish we had more. A. E. V.

M. T. Gale, Worcester, Mass. A city missionary found a quiet and self-respecting woman, who had been without food three days. When her case became known, food and even luxuries were sent in abundance. A rich lady went herself with restoratives, and did everything possible for the poor sufferer's comfort, but she was too reduced to fully recover. This was not officially reported as a case of starvation, but this woman actually died of hunger. The need seems to be of a multitude more of city missionaries to search every garret and cellar. These missionaries learn to love their work, as do all who comfort the suffering. We have known those to whom it has become a passion to relieve distress, regardless of self. What are \$10,000 or \$20,000 a year to one who has millions? Will not these rich men each select a locality in New York and supply it with relief workers and thus make sure that there is no starvation in that district?

Inquirer. It had its original in a Scandinavian myth.—Mrs. A. E. Duncan, West Haverhill, Mass. and several others. Send your old numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Chaplain, Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.—J. F. Frink, St. Johns, Mich. Presbyterian.—Louis Delney, Poplar Creek, Mont. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, N. Y.—Mrs. Thos. Patterson, Bay Centre, N. D. Write to Thos. Cook & Sons, tourist agency, Broadway, N. Y. J. D. Jamieson, Zena, Ore. We cannot devote the space to it. We have published the poem "One by One."—Mrs. R. B. Scaries, White Plains. We cannot supply the information.—J. M. Ransch, Shoemakerville, Pa. They are not now published, but will appear regularly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Nannie Stanger, New Garden, O. Write to Rev. E. P. Terhune, 487 Greene Ave., Brooklyn.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE ANARCHIST'S BOMB.

THE European mails supplement the reports previously received by cable of the Anarchist outrage in Paris, a picture of which appears on this page. It appears that on December 9, during the sitting of the French Chamber of Deputies which corresponds with our House of Representatives, a loud explosion shook the building. It proceeded from a bomb thrown from the upper gallery which is open to the public. It was constructed to explode on striking any obstacle, and the man who threw it intended that it should reach the floor before exploding. But it struck on the edge of the lower gallery and exploded in mid-air. To this accident many deputies owe their lives. Only four of them were seriously hurt; but in the lower gallery, in front of which the bomb exploded, sixty-five persons were severely injured. A policeman, on duty there, had two of his fingers carried away by a fragment of the bomb. A state of panic followed the explosion. The deputies, not knowing how many more bombs might be thrown, began leaving the Chamber precipitately, but M. Dupuy, the President, stopped the panic by a few brave words. "Silence gentlemen," he said, "It cannot be for our dignity that such attempts should be able to disturb our deliberations. The sitting continues. The next speaker is M. de Montfort." M. Dupuy's wonderful calmness quieted his audience and almost before the dust and smoke from the bomb had dispersed, the Chamber was listening quietly to the debate. The rush from the galleries had been wilder than on the floor, but the military guard closed all doors and would allow no one to pass except those who could be identified. The man who threw the bomb was soon detected. A woman who sat near him, saw him throw it and tried to prevent his doing so. He bitterly complained that she had spoiled his aim, otherwise the bomb would have exploded by the President's table and killed him and the most distinguished deputies, who sit near him. He proved to be a man named Vaillant, a notorious anarchist well-known to the police. He gloried in his crime and lamented that he had not succeeded in killing the President of the Chamber and his colleagues. He had led an idle, dissolute life from boyhood and has often been in prison. His crime is leading the government to take active measures against the anarchists and it is wisely including with the crazy, miserable creatures who perpetrate the foul murderous deeds, the writers and speakers whose wild and lying words incite them to outrage. These latter protest that they mean no harm, but the government rightly holds them responsible, for as Solomon said long ago, the man who deceiveth his neighbor and saith, Am not I in sport? is as bad as "the madman who casteth fire-brands, arrows and death." (Prov. 26: 18, 19.)

Died in Saving his Money.

The death of an eccentric recluse, who lived near Tuxedo Park, N. Y., is reported. The man was the general help of the village. He had no regular occupation, but was willing to work for any one who would employ him and he was generally engaged by some one of the farmers in the neighborhood. He had built himself a humble dwelling in which he lived alone, doing his own cooking and washing. He discouraged visitors and was a silent, moody man. He was extremely frugal and was reported to have saved a considerable sum of money which he kept hidden in his shanty. It was his habit to burn an oil-lamp all night and one night recently he accidentally upset it. In a moment the dwelling was in flames. He ran out

shouting loudly for help. The neighbors came to his assistance, but were unable to subdue the fire. In the midst of the excitement, the man realized that the savings of his life were in the burning house. With an agonized cry of "My money! my money!" he darted into the house before his intention was perceived by the neighbors. Nothing more was seen of him until after the fire had burned itself out. Then his charred body was found near the door. He had found his money and was carrying it out of the house when the smoke and flames overcame him and he fell to rise no more. There are many who would call the man a fool for thinking more of his money than of his life, who are more foolish than he, for they think more of making money than they do of saving their souls. (Matt. 16: 26.)

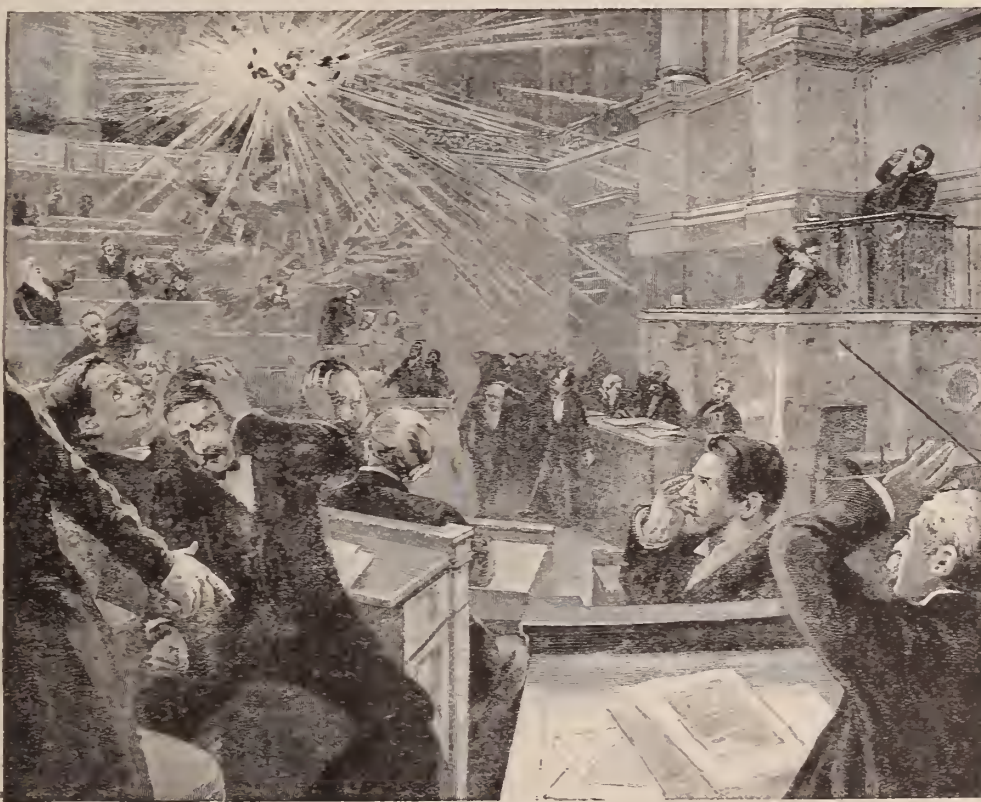
Rescued by a Horse.

A farmer at Elk Run, Pa., lost a horse a few days ago to which he was much attached. About a year ago the neighborhood was haunted by two bears and some young

the pasture where it was, found it lying dead with a ragged hole in its throat, evidently having been killed by a bear. The farmer must have often reproached himself for his intention to kill the poor beast that was capable of rendering him so valuable a service in his dire need. But men often despise those who can and would do them the best services. In the greatest of all the world's tragedies, the Divine Victim pleaded for his murderers because they knew not what they did. (Luke 23: 34.)

The Most Powerful Light in the World.

By the recent appropriation of ten thousand dollars the Government will equip the light-house at Fire Island with the most powerful light in the world. It will be two hundred and forty million candle power, which is nearly double the power of the one at Havre France, which at present is the strongest in existence. The electric light plant is already being put in and will soon be in operation. A lens nine feet in diameter has been purchased, which will throw the rays twenty-four miles in a straight line out to sea. It will be a flash light, the flashes lasting one second with intervals of five seconds. A new discovery which will be applied to this light will increase its usefulness. The light will be directed to the sky, which will carry it by reflection much farther, and it is believed that incoming vessels will be able to see and recognize it a hundred miles away. This far-reaching light may prove a welcome guide to mariners by its timely warning.



THE ANARCHIST'S BOMB EXPLODING IN THE FRENCH LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER

cubs. The common way in that district to get rid of such unwelcome visitors is to put a dead horse at the end of a narrow road on which a bear trap is placed. The carcass of the horse attracts the bear, who hurrying along the path to get at it, falls into the trap. The farmer had a horse which had been in his service for twenty years and was unable to do farm work. He decided to kill it and use it as bait for the bears. Accordingly, he loaded it with a bear trap and set out with his rifle to the place he had chosen for the operation. On his way he saw two bear cubs asleep at the foot of a tree. He shot them both and was examining the carcasses, when a she-bear emerged from the bushes and seeing her dead cubs rushed furiously at their slayer. She knocked him down and in falling his rifle fell beyond his reach. He believes that in a few minutes he would have been killed, had not his old horse interfered. A vigorous kick from its hoofs on the side of the bear diverted the brute's attention from the man to the horse. The farmer sprang to his feet, seized his rifle and shot the bear dead. He couldn't turn the horse into bait for a bear-trap after such a service, and he showed his gratitude by relieving it of work and giving it comfortable quarters and an abundance of good food. It lived until a few days ago, when the farmer going to

The voyagers on life's ocean often need such guidance, but the converse of this principle applies in their case. They are helped not by human light reflected from the heavens, but by heavenly light reflected by men whom God has enlightened. Phil. 2: 15.

Curious Psychological Experiments.

A series of interesting experiments are being made at Yale College by Professors Scripture, Ladd and Anderson with the object of testing a new theory. The subjects of the experiments are some of the most celebrated swordsmen in the country. With exceedingly delicate instruments, the professors are trying to determine by fencing tests the exact time required by the brain and nerves to decide on and produce action. It is obvious that even in fencing when the movements must necessarily be rapid there must be intervals, infinitesimal in duration, between the mind perceiving that a certain action has taken place, the choice of method of meeting the new situation, and the action chosen. The experiments are being made to test the theory that what is known as muscular strength does not depend upon the size of the muscle, but upon the strength of the nerve centre and the quality of the muscle. The test, it is believed, will show that a man mentally fatigued is not as

strong physically as when his mind is not tired. If this is established, all the old theories of muscular strength will become obsolete. The experiments will also have a religious bearing. If physical strength so largely depends on mental power we have a new application of the Scriptural statement that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he (Prov. 23: 7) and can understand on scientific grounds how it is that they who wait on the Lord renew their strength. Isa. 40: 31.)

BRIEF NOTES.

During a recent revival in Formosa more than 500 people banished idols from their homes, and a heathen temple was converted into a house of worship, dedicated to the true God.

Evangelist Arthur Crane who has been laboring successfully at Plainfield, N. J., is announced to commence a series of Bible Readings for young men at Montclair, N. J., early next month.

A personal letter from Madame Tel Sono contains the news of her safe arrival in her native land. Already she has made several addresses to meetings of old acquaintances and has been well received. Several persons have expressed a desire to hear more of the "Jesus doctrine."

The late David Ingalls, of Springville, N. Y., left an estate valued at about \$800,000, the bulk of which was bequeathed to charities. The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church receives \$200,000, and the Board of Foreign Missions \$150,000.

The Catalogue of the Reformed Church Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., for 1893-1894, shows that there are enrolled thirty-nine students, the senior and junior classes having each fourteen, and the middle class eleven. Of this number, twenty-five entered from Rutgers College, N. J., and two from Hope College, Mich.

We regret to learn that the international Society of Christian Workers has sustained a loss. Its offices in the Blair Building, New Haven, Conn., were destroyed by fire on Dec. 15. The copies and plates of the reports of the annual Conventions were completely spoiled, as were a large supply of tracts and other property of the Society.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Spencer Walton, whose portraits appeared in this journal on Dec. 20th, have been conducting union Missionary meetings at Toronto and Ottawa. Their story of the work of the Cape General Mission in South Africa has aroused a deep interest in the field which should issue in such an accession of funds as will enable the Mission to open its new stations.

The Presbyterian Church has decided to build a large central mission house in New York. The late Mrs. Robert L. Stuart bequeathed to the Church a million dollars to be used in some permanent investment. Although leaving the Church free to choose the form of the investment, she expressed the preference for the erection of a home for the Presbyterian Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, etc. The site is on the northwest corner of Fifth Ave. and Twentieth St. The building will be eleven stories high and cost \$1,000,000.

The International Sunday School Lesson Committee, of which Rev. Warren Randolph of Newport, R. I., is secretary, has issued a circular

letter inviting "the counsel, co-operation, and prayers" of the Sunday School world for the furtherance of the important work committed to its charge. Letters may be sent to Mr. Randolph. The lessons for 1895 have already been arranged.

The mission to Deep Sea Fishermen on the coast of Labrador, which was sent out from St. Johns, Newfoundland, has accomplished excellent service during the past summer. The ship that was sent carried three mission doctors. These treated 2,250 patients and erected two hospitals, which have been very serviceable. It is hoped that the steamer may be sent again next year.

Rev. John W. Chapman, the Protestant Episcopal missionary, of Anvik, Alaska, who is now in New York on a vacation, made it known sometime ago that there was need of a medical missionary in his sphere. Miss Mary B. Gienton, a trained nurse, promptly entered herself as a student at the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, that she might undertake the work. She has received her diploma, and will soon start for her lonely station.

A number of destitute families in New York have been set to work by the East Side Relief Committee. The men are chiefly tailors and other workers of the needle who are out of employment. All the clothing manufactured is sent to Miss Clara Barton for the Sea Island sufferers. A large box will be forwarded soon. As the garments are given away, a double benefit is derived from the gifts. Starving families in New York are fed, and destitute people in the South are clothed.



THE CHRISTIAN'S CERTAIN COMFORT.

Preached last Sunday morning, Jan. 7, 1894, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Text: Eccles. 8: 12, "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God who fear before him."

WE have just crossed the boundary line between the old year and the new. We would be more or less than human did not solemn thoughts fill our minds to-day. Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," speaks of the strange fears of coming ill, which at times we all feel, and adds:

"As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it."

Perhaps our hearts tremble as we begin the new year and listen for the hoof-beats of God's possible providences before the year shall close. What messengers shall come? Shall some dark shadow fall over home or heart? Who can tell? Thank God, no one can tell. We go out into the opening year trusting in his divine care and almighty love.

It has been for some time our custom to give on the first Sunday morning of the new year a passage of Scripture which may serve as

A Motto-text for the Year.

I hear that these new-year texts, because of the emphasis which the occasion gives them, have been a "vade mecum" to many; and that they have made joy more joyous, and sorrow less grievous. Some of our number who are absent from us send for them regularly, and are much helped by them during the year; and some have them, as the result of various artistic devices, always before their eyes in their homes. Their selection has come, therefore, to be a matter of careful thought and earnest prayer. The passage chosen for this year is this: "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him."

In the former part of this verse the character and condition of sinners are contrasted with those of the righteous. However long the sinner lives in sin, and however prosperous he may seem to be, yet it shall be ill with him; but however it may seem sometimes to be with the righteous man, in the long run it shall be well with him. It will readily be admitted by all that Solomon was a competent witness. He had tasted the so-called sweetness of sin in all its forms, he had partaken of its various cups even to satiety. Repeatedly has he given us the deliberate results of his wide and varied experiences. His words ought to have great weight. This text is well calculated to check the folly and presumption of the sinner, and to comfort the righteous man in the trials of life; and especially in the apparent delay of justice in the triumphs of the ungodly.

The Persons Described.

Notice, in the first place, the persons who are here described—"them that fear God." This is in the Word of God a common designation of the people of God. The fear of the Lord is emphasized as the beginning of wisdom. What is meant by this fear? What kind of fear is it? It is certainly not servile fear. It may have something of that character in its beginning; but it does not long continue in that atmosphere. Experience proves that many a Christian begins his Christian life with the fear of God in its lowest sense, the fear of punishment, as its inspiring motive. Better that than a life of indifference to truth and God. The Bible does appeal to that element; we are taught to fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell. The heart has many doors; over one is written Faith, over another Hope, over another Love. The Word of God knocks at each of these doors. In the case of one man the heart is entered by one door; in the case of another man by another door. The man who is learning a new

language, or learning to speak his own correctly, speaks for a time laboriously under the fear of violating some grammatical rule; but after a time the knowledge of the language becomes a part of his very nature, and he rises above the fear of violating the rules of grammar and comes into the love of correct speech. So, starting in the Christian life on the low plane of fear in its lower senses, we may rise into the perfect love of God which casteth out all fear; we learn to love truth, to love holiness and to love God for their own sake; we would serve God if there were no hell to be shunned and no heaven to be won; and we come finally to think little of either as motives in life and work, for then the love of Christ constraineth us. At this stage in our Christian lives we fear simply lest we may offend God, our Father, Friend and Redeemer.

Filial Fear.

This latter fear is truly filial; it is the fear of a son and not that of a slave. Christians are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. They have received the adoption of sons; they cry, Abba, Father. There is a holy, humble, fiducial fear; it is a loving confidence; it is an affectionate trust. When a man is adopted into God's family and is living in full and blessed consciousness of that adoption, he will serve God because of the joy of that service. He is then a new man; he is influenced by new motives; he is under the control of the constraining love of Christ. It is a false humility which leads a man to call himself a slave when God calls him a son. The Prodigal Son expected to say on his return: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants;" but when his father's kiss was on his cheek and the sense of forgiving love in his heart, all the words which he had conned over were not uttered. He says, indeed: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," but here he stops. The Father's voice is instantly heard saying: "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him." Filial love is now filling his soul. When Louis the Fourteenth would test the courtesy of Lord Chesterfield—or, according to some authorities, the Earl of Stair—he had his carriage door opened and asked the nobleman to step in first, and he immediately stepped in, leaving the king to follow. Louis complimented him for having maintained his reputation for gentlemanliness, and his reply was, "I hope I am too much of a gentleman to refuse the request of a king." We ought to be too humble to refuse the request of the King of Heaven. True humility takes the place which God gives; to refuse is not true humility but culpable unbelief.

It is genuine, sincere, honest and hearty fear which God's people possess. This characteristic of their fear is taught us by the latter part of the verse which says, "which fear before him." This description suggests the transparent, the godly fear which is here commended. It is far removed from the fear of the hypocrite. This true fear comes from the bottom of the soul. It is genuine even in the presence of the omnipresent and omniscient God. This is the only religion which endures the test; it will bear the scrutiny of men and angels, and will receive at last the approval of God.

The Promise Given.

Observe, in the second place, the promise concerning the people of God: "It shall be well with them." This is a modest, and we may say, inadequate putting of this great certainty. Much more is implied than is expressed. Often this is the strongest way of stating a great truth; conscious of its greatness, the speaker designedly expresses it only partially. Neither saint nor seraph can tell all that is included in this "well." Ask

Enoch; ask Paul. What shall they answer? Only this: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

It is not said that believers shall not have their share in the ordinary trials of life. The Bible nowhere promises us exemption from these trials. It does not assure us that we shall not go into the furnace, nor into the deep waters; but it does promise that the fire shall not consume us and that the waters shall not overflow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still be well with us. By our side in the furnace there shall be One who is like the Son of God, and we shall come out without even the smell of fire on our garments. It is not said that Christians shall not have extraordinary trials. Christianity develops manhood; it vastly enlarges the sphere of life. It gives a broader surface across which the winds of adversity may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of enjoyment; and these make greater trials certain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper, and broader than other men are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities both for joy and sorrow.

Christ Suffered

unspeakably more than any other man who ever lived could suffer. He had in himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; he had vaster capacities of suffering than other men possess. Stoical indifference to pain is an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To feel, and yet to do and dare, is to be truly noble. Intellectual attainment and spiritual culture increase the number and exquisiteness of our faculties and capacities. The more our natures are developed the greater also will be our responsibilities. Loyalty to God put Joseph into prison; made Elijah face cruel Ahab and wicked Jezebel; drove Daniel into a den of lions; hurled the three faithful Hebrews into the seven-times-heated furnace; put Peter into the common prison and Paul and Silas into the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks. But it was still well with them. This fact is the glory of our faith; this is the joy of our life in God. Joseph finds his prison the vestibule to the palace of the Pharos; Elijah's fiery mission is but the prelude to the chariot of fire and glorious translation. From Bunyan's prison goes forth his Pilgrim to carry his name and his Lord's to the ends of the earth; from Luther's castle-prison goes forth the German Bible, the bulwark of the German nation, and of Protestantism throughout the world. It is not said that believers shall not often be in an evil case. This condition is inevitable. They shall at times seem to be utterly overthrown; but they shall still triumph in God. Quaintly has it been said that all "God's people are like birds; they sing best in cages." Out of their deepest sorrows come their sweetest songs; when most bruised they send forth the most fragrant odors. From her bed of excruciating pain Anne Steele sent out her hymns of faith, hope, and love. But for her sorrow the Church had not been cheered by her noble hymn beginning, "Father! whatever of earthly bliss." God's people know that all things work together for good to those who love him. They know that no form of trial, that neither death nor life shall be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Christ. Looking up to God in deepest grief they can say:

If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

Assured Knowledge.

Notice, in the third place, the absolute certainty expressed: "Yet surely I know." There is power in absolute certainty. There are those who magnify and multiply their doubts. To doubt, they think, is an evidence of unusual intellectual acumen; it is rather a proof of mental feebleness. Doubt is the gray dawn of the morning; faith is the noonday sun. Doubt is childhood; faith is manhood, manhood in its prime and glory. Paul rang out his "I know." The blind man who had been cured triumphantly said, "I know." The Apostle John confidently repeats, "We know." To-day, there are disciples of certain schools who can only say, "perhaps," "possibly," "peradventure." These men are agnostics; that is, know-nothings. No man ought to preach his doubts; audiences have enough of their own. If some of us were to preach all that we do not know we would have an endless theme. If we have doubts, let us tell them to God; if we have truths, let us tell them to men. Thank God for men and women who are know-somethings! In the midst of

earthly loss and pain they can say, "We know it shall be well."

The inspired preacher had good grounds for his knowledge. Because of God's character men may be sure that it will be well with those who fear him. God must be right. One wrong on God's part and he would no longer be God. One wrong act would overturn his throne; a God who can sin is no God. If God could sin there would be a world without a God, and a kingdom without a throne. His highest claim to our homage is his infinite rightness.

More power on God's part could not compel homage on our part. God, by his power, might crush me, but cannot compel my love; but when he shows me a Father's love, how can I, except I be an utter ingrate, withhold him a son's gratitude? "Worship God," said the angel to the overawed Apostle John. Why? The completest answer is, because God is infinitely the best Being in the universe. If you can find a better being than God, worship that other being. The history of God's people emphasizes also the truth that it is well with them that fear God. The experience of each believer proves it for himself. Do you fear God? If not, begin to day. If you do fear him, rest sweetly on his great and precious promise.

Let us, like Enoch, walk with God through the months and days of this new year. And to walk with God we must go in the same direction; two cannot walk together except they be agreed. Enoch walked and walked with God till they reached the limits of time and earth; and still kept on walking with him; walked into eternity, into heaven; walks with him still. Some who begin the year with us will end it with God. God alone knows what of trial this year has in store for each of us. But above all the sounds of life's trials shall be our note of triumph in God who will bring us off more than conquerors; and in eternity the sweetest strain of our immortal song shall be, "He hath done all things well."

A MISSIONARY CHAMPION.

Writing from Upper Burmah to the Baptist "Missionary Magazine," Rev. W. H. Roberts describes an effort which he had just been making to protect a member of his flock from undeserved punishment. It may be hoped that this effort, which was to a large extent successful, may lead the natives who know of it to credit the disinterested motives of the missionaries. Mr. Roberts says: A man who has been a member of our congregation for sixteen months and is not over twenty years of age, was arrested upon his own confession, because he accompanied some dacoits [brigands] in an attack on a village some two years ago. He took no part in the outrage, but he was made to watch the belongings of the men who did. He was tried without my knowledge and condemned to be hung. As soon as I heard I went at once to see the commissioner of the Northern Division who had passed the sentence. He received me very kindly but declined to argue the case with me, saying that he had sentenced the man and I would have to appeal to the judicial commissioner-judge of the high court. I asked if I could have the evidence upon which he was convicted, and he said I could provided I would pay the usual court fees for a copy. With \$250 a year income I did not feel that I had much to spare on court fees, but when duty points the way I never stop on account of rupees. Confident that the man was as innocent as nine-tenths of his countrymen, and as ignorant of the law under which he was sentenced as the monkeys of his native jungle, I said, "Have it copied and send it as soon as possible." I had to pay five rupees [about \$1.80] for the copy.

Next day in court the poor fellow's wife came with two rupees, saying, "This is all we have, but use it and save him if you can." I had never done such a thing before, but I examined the evidence produced and showed the high court that the prisoner was forced, under penalty of death, to accompany the men; and hence, while violating the letter of the law, he should not be held accountable to the extent of suffering the extreme penalty. The deputy commissioner thought I was wild to attempt to overthrow the action of the district judge; but sure of my facts and confident that the man was innocent, I wrote, not for my life but his. I at the same time petitioned the chief commissioner. The appeal was considered by the high court and the sentence changed to seven years' imprisonment. The deputy commissioner has kindly offered to do what he can to help me have this reduced.

The Gospel in the Prisons.

The Record of an Evangelistic Visit to the Penal Institutions of Canada.

BY CHARLES COOK.

To find oneself wandering through the gloomy corridors of a prison, and to hear the sorrowful tales of those who are suffering for their wrong-doing, just after you have gazed upon the majestic grandeur of Niagara, and heard the deep music of the Falls, is a contrast so great that you are led to think of the lines of Bishop Heber's hymn:

Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

Visiting Hamilton, Ont., recently, with the governor of the jail as guide, I called at the prison. Here were many victims of intemperance; one man has passed through this place 230 times. Another prisoner said to me, "I am glad I was sent here, for I had no power to abstain from drink outside, while I could get it; and now I hope to be able to do so."

"What will mother say?" was the exclamation of a murderer who, when sober, awoke to the fact that, when drunk, he had taken the life of his fellow. There appeared to be more liberty accorded to the prisoners here than in England, religious papers being permitted, while a photograph or two of loved friends adorned some of the cells; these certainly could only have a good effect upon the inmates.

Next I visited the Penitentiary or convict station of Ontario, at Kingston. There, under the care of Warden Lavelle, were some 600 men and women. The Warden is a humane officer, and prisoners often ask the judge to send them to this prison, in preference to the Central Prison, Toronto, though it may mean a longer sentence. The prison is a model of order and cleanliness, the men well behaved and all busy at work.

"Men are just as you treat them," said the governor.

I remarked to him of the men in the blacksmith's shop: "I'd hardly know by their dress that those men are convicts!"

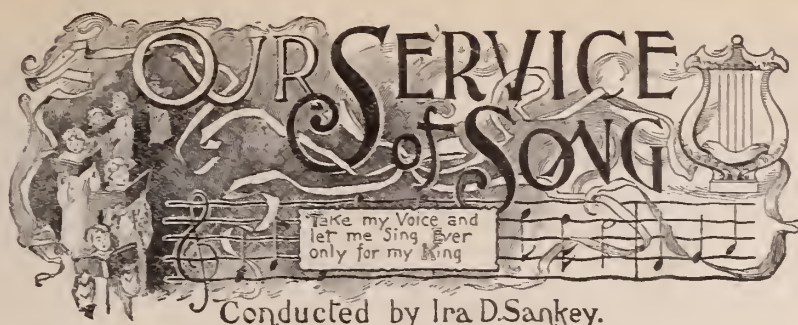
"Why should you?" he replied, and added, "a few years ago, they wore a hideous dress. Now we have three grades of men and, on entrance, all are put into the second class, from which they may rise to the first or fall to the third, and it is a great incentive to them to aspire to the first grade, when they are dressed in ordinary gray-tweed suiting. We find that anything which tends to create and foster self-respect in the men is good for them; all that can be done to elevate a man, we do."

My next visit was to Toronto, where, in the jail, we found the Warden attempting to classify prisoners. Here, we noticed, were cells which were used for two prisoners to sleep in. At the Central Prison, however, I saw much to admire. Here there are no dark cells used and, under the firm but Christian discipline of Warden Massey, the men seem contented and well behaved. By work which they do, they are able to earn money and send it home to their friends. One man usually sends home about ten dollars a month; another lately had \$100 to take when he left the jail. Industries of many kinds are in full swing within the prison, the place clean, healthy, and a pattern for others. England needs to learn one lesson from Canada in respect to prison reformation.

On going to the place on Sunday morning, I met thirty gentlemen who were to conduct thirty classes in what is called a Sunday School among the convicts. They seemed an intelligent, level-headed, well-to-do set of men with warm, loving hearts, there to do their Master's work of carrying the Gospel to the "outcasts of Israel," and my soul rejoiced in their mission. Crime has greatly decreased in Canada recently, nor need we wonder at it. There is no stated Chaplain in this jail. The Prisoners' Aid Association arrange to fill the pulpit by the ministers of the town and others.

We had a good Gospel address in which the Lord's love to all mankind was set forth. We began with the Lord's Prayer, a hymn was sung and then Christ was uplifted to these criminals. A touching scene was referred to by one of the workers present. He had picked up a hymn book in which were the following lines: "Mary Douglas, left Scotland July 1881, reached Canada August, same year, once a father's pet and a mother's joy, but now a poor drunkard, but God'll save me yet."

Mary has been advertised for, but we have not heard of her yet. "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee."



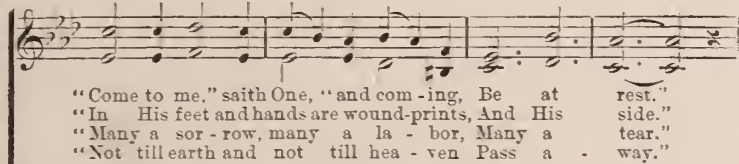
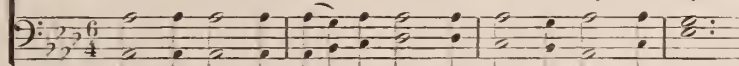
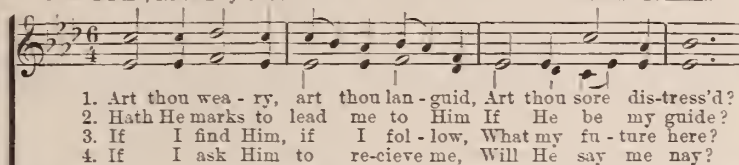
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Art Thou Weary?

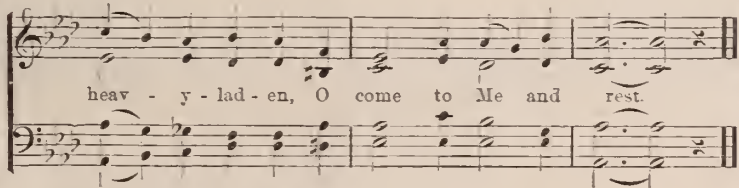
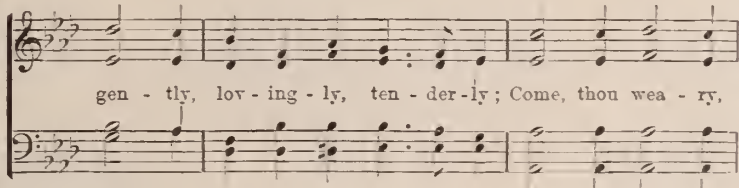
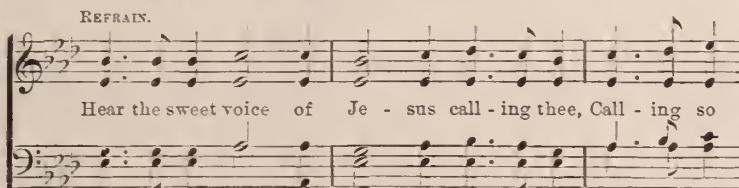
Speak a word * * * to him that is weary."—Isa. 50: 4.

J. M. NEALE, Refrain by G. J. F.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



REFRAIN.



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IN THE VALLEY.

"When I enter the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil for thou art with me." Ps. 23: 4.

GOING toward the valley;
Dim the way appears,
Oh! bear me up, my Saviour,
Wipe away my tears.

Going toward the valley,
Nearer, nearer, still.
Oh! put thine arms around me,
Lead me at thy will.

Entering the valley,
Trusting, trusting, still.
Oh! Saviour, lift the shadow;
I know he can and will.

—ALICE J. DE LONGUEY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE old life—the life of the body.
Weary, and weak, and old,
Dreading the rain of the autumn,
Dreading the winter's cold;
Fearing the clouds as they gather,
Drifting across the sun,
Dreading the change that cometh
When the work of the earth is done.

Strange is the life of the mortal,
Bending, although he hath trust;
With a brow that is furrowed with anguish,
Bending toward the dust;
Locks that grow white as the snow-drifts,
Form that grows weary and old,
Passing away through the autumn,
Away through the winter's cold.

But, lo! thou weary-eyed mortal,
Look upward! for heaven is true;
The clouds they shall break and scatter,
Above them the sky is blue.
You are traveling on through the autumn,
Passing the white drifts of snow;
And you surely shall reach the spring-time,
Where the valleys bud, waken and blow.

Then do not grow sad in the shadows;
Do not heed the long, long cold,
There cometh the dawn of the spring-time,
When you shall be never more old.
Out through the darkness of night-time,
Your feet must travel to-day,
To reach the glad dawn with its brightness,
Past shadows of night-time's decay.

Signs of the Times.

Indications of the Near Approach of the
Crisis Predicted by the Prophets.

BY REV. HENRY VARLEY.*

WHAT would you think of a sea captain out on the ocean who, if you ask him to tell you his latitude and longitude, and when he expected to reach the port, should answer you, "I don't know." You certainly would not feel much confidence in his fitness for his position. And so our Master expects us to know the signs of our times.

All human time is measured by divine institutions; a week by the Sabbath; a month by the moon; a year by the sun, and the earth's revolution around it. And so God has given us the definite measurement of the plan of the ages in his Word, and has furnished us with material for understanding our bearings, and knowing enough of the development of his purpose to be ever ready for his will.

And yet how very few have any intelligent conception of the momentous times in which we are living! How very few rich men there are, especially, who seem interested in the Lord's personal coming! It is not a very pleasant thought for the man of great wealth, if he is much interested in it. The man who has a small millennium on Fifth Avenue is not likely to be looking for the great millennium which Jesus is to bring.

In the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus, God has given to us a sketch of Israel's history down to our own times. This was given in the year 1490 before Christ, and it is very wonderful that God should thus early in the history of his people forecast their future. In that passage he says four times that if Israel will not obey him, seven times of judgment will pass over their heads. Now, every intelligent student of prophecy knows that "a time" means a definite period of 360 days or years. In literal chronology it is days; in symbolical chronology a day represents a year.

Later in the ages, in the Book of Daniel, chapter nine, this prophecy is referred to by Daniel as having been fulfilled, and Israel's troubles are recognized as having come upon them, in accordance with God's eternal word; and in another passage, in the fourth chapter of Daniel, the same series of times is distinctly recognized in connection with Nebuchadnezzar, the head of the Gentile kingdoms.

The certainty of prophetic dates has been fully established by the fact that the first coming of our Lord was predicted by Daniel with the utmost definiteness, and not only did he come exactly at the time that Daniel indicated, but it has been shown by Mr. Guinness that he was crucified on the very day that prophecy had foretold. If his first coming was thus definitely foreshadowed, and thus true to the prophetic picture, why may we not as certainly expect that it will be as true of his second advent?

We know where we are on the stream of time, and while to the world that day will come as a thief, yet to those who are looking for him it will be so fully indicated that they shall be ready and waiting as a bride for the appointed day, and shall meet him with joy and glorious expectation.

The Master himself has given us an outlook of the ages, in his own words to his disciples, in the twenty-first chapter of Luke, twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses. He tells us Jerusalem will fall with great slaughter, and her sons and daughters be carried captive unto all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled. This is simply an anticipation of history. All this has come to pass, and our own eyes behold its fulfillment. In the year 34 our Lord uttered these prophecies, and in the year 64, Titus, the Roman Emperor, came and cast a trench around about the city, as Christ had said, and in the year 70 the city fell.

Sixty generations have passed since then, and we still find them a separated people, dwelling among the nations as strangers and aliens. The Anglo-Saxons who come to America become Americans; the Germans who come to America become Americans; but the sons of Israel never mingle with other people, or cease to be their own unique, peculiar race. Jerusalem is still trodden down of the Gentiles, and will be till the Lord himself comes.

To be Concluded.

* An address delivered in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, and reported in the Christian Alliance.



FRATERNAL OBLIGATIONS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 21, Roman 14: 12-23; 15: 1-3.

THE debatable ground between the church and the world is a subject of much concern to many young Christians. Is it wrong, they ask, to drink a glass of wine, wrong to go to the theatre occasionally, it is wrong to go to a horse-race, wrong to play a game of cards? Of two Christians, both of whom hold there is no harm in doing any of these and other things of a similar character, one may indulge in them and the other may scrupulously refrain from doing so. The difference of conduct, while there is no difference of belief usually results from a difference in the view with which each regards the mission of Christianity in the world. There are some Christians who regard it as a mere soul saving institution. To them it is like an insurance company, organized to guarantee happiness after death. By believing certain doctrines, or publicly professing to believe them, by observing certain ordinances and paying certain sums of money, personally or by will, they regard themselves as arranging for an entrance into heaven when they die. In the current phrase, they are in the church "for what there is in it." Their business is to have their soul saved and at as small a cost as possible. Such men regard worldly indulgences as legitimate, if there is no actual sin in them. But there is another view of Christianity and within the past few years, it has found a place in the hearts and lives of a large number of God's people. It is that of Christianity as a world elevating power. It conceives of Christ as coming to rescue the world from sin, to raise men out of the merely animal existence in which they are apt to be content and lead them into a higher spiritual life. While he was here he could not do this on a large scale, but he entrusted the mission to his immediate followers, who were to communicate it to others and they in turn to others and so on through successive generations. Each new disciple was to be a missionary who should induce, by teaching and example, the people with whom he came in contact to cease living for the flesh, which would lead to death, and live for the spirit which would lead to life eternal. They were to point out to them that the Lord died and that to pamper it and indulge it and find happiness in physical sensations was like expending money in beautifying a house which after a few years must be torn down. At death the body must be quit and the spirit, the real man, would be so weak and attenuated by neglect, by the lack of the nourishment it ought to have had during life, that it would be in no condition to enter on a separate existence apart from the body. This secret was committed to each successive generation of Christ's disciples as a sacred trust to be communicated to the world. They were practically to stand in relation of guardians of the race, and win men to the way of life. Such a view of Christ's mission has an enormous influence on life and conduct. A man is not accepted by Christ simply and merely to have his soul saved. He is to be a winner of other men to the new life. When he sees the ways in which they are dragged down and held down in animal life he quits those ways and urges others to avoid them. He

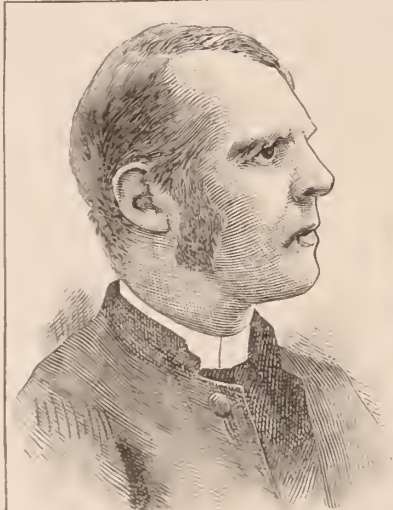
is above all desirous to show them that the joys of a spiritual life are sufficient and are better than others. Let that conception of Christianity and of his duty take possession of a man and he is not one of those who will ask, "May I indulge in this or that amusement with safety to my soul?" He will be anxious in all ways, by example and word to lead others to begin the higher life which finds its nourishment in the bread and water of life.



THREE FRIENDS OF CANADA'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

On this page we present this week, portraits of three representatives of religious work among the young people of Canada. The Bishop of Huron, who is associated with the Christian Endeavor Society; Mrs. Elizabeth Tilley, the Dominion Secretary of the King's Daughters, and Mr. Smith L. Walker, who is the recently-elected President of the Nova Scotia Association of the Baptist Young People's Union.

The Rt. Rev. Maurice S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, has been an earnest and active friend of



THE BISHOP OF HURON,
(Of the Canadian Christian Endeavor.)



MISS ELIZABETH TILLEY.
(Secretary of the Canadian King's Daughters.)

Christian Endeavor from the first introduction of the movement in Canada. He is a native of Toronto, and is fifty-seven years

of age. He was educated at Upper Canada College and Trinity College, and was ordained in 1860 by Dr. Crosby, then Bishop of Huron. During the early years of his ministry he labored successively at St. Thomas, Ont., Port Dover, and at St. Luke's Montreal. He was chosen canon of the cathedral of that city, was subsequently made Dean and in 1883 was appointed Bishop of the Diocese. He is a man of strong Evangelical principles, very earnest and energetic in his ministrations and a prolific author. One of his latest works, "Life in a Look," has had an enormous circulation, and has been the means of doing great good. His address on "Consecration" at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention will never be forgotten by any who heard it. Dr. Baldwin is an earnest student of prophecy and holds, like Mr. Moody, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and the late Pastor Spurgeon, that the Lord's Second Coming will take place before, and not after, the Millennium, and also that we are now in the last times of this dispensation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilley is well known by name throughout the Dominion to every circle of King's Daughters. Many have received visits from her and have listened to her inspiring talks; still larger numbers have heard from her by letter who have never met her personally, and these especially will be pleased to see the portrait of

her which we publish on this page. Mrs. Tilley was one of the first ladies in Canada to perceive the value of the Order of King's Daughters as an agency of usefulness and give it a practical trial. In her own city of London, Ont., the movement soon became an active and widespread organization, and she gave it the best of her time and energies. She introduced it in other towns and cities by personal visits and by correspondence, and was always glad to give information and advice to girls desiring to form Circles or to Circles which were already formed but needed help. As the movement spread through Canada the need of a Dominion Secretary was felt and was urgently pressed at the Toronto Convention of October, 1891. The appointment was adopted there, and the Convention was unanimous in its choice of the lady best qualified to fill it. Mrs. Tilley was duly elected, and she still holds the office and ably performs its duties.

Mr. Smith L. Walker, the President of the Baptist Young People's Unions of Nova Scotia, is a young physician practicing in Truro. He is descended from an old Colonial family whose ancestors in the days of Washington quitted the newly formed United States for Canada, preferring to give up their estates and begin pioneer work over again rather than renounce allegiance to the English crown. Mr. Walker has inherited the principles and traditions of his forefathers, and is a strong conservative in politics and religion. He was converted in his boyhood and united with the Baptist Church. Having chosen medicine as his profession, he studied at the Acadia University, where he graduated with high honors, and then proceeded to Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, where he took his diploma three years ago. On his return

to Truro he engaged in Sunday School work, and for the past two years has had a phenomenally large Bible class. He identified himself with the Baptist Young People's Union at the start, and has been active in the movement ever since.



MR. SMITH L. WALKER.
(President of the B. Y. P. U. of Nova Scotia.)

THE B. Y. P. U. IN ILLINOIS.

An enthusiastic convention of Baptist Young People's Unions was that recently held in the Memorial Church, of Chicago, of which Rev. L. A. Crandall, D. D., is pastor. The following summary of its proceedings, as reported by the Chicago "Standard," shows that in that city and neighborhood B. Y. P. U. is in a flourishing condition: The roll call of districts brought responses from all save Elgin, from the president of which the secretary had received a letter of regrets, reporting progress in that place. National President John H. Chapman spoke of the progress of the work, reporting many encouraging things. He congratulated the Chicago association as being instrumental in the organization of the International B. Y. P. U. He also alluded to a tour which he has in contemplation, in course of which he will visit a number of the Western States. Reports from chairmen of the several committees were next heard. Miss Margaret Koch told of the work of the juniors. Mrs. A. W. Huyck spoke concerning the reception committee. Mr. Geo. H. Shorney, speaking of mission work, referred to the central work

at 316 South Clark Street, where all can find opportunity for service. He supplemented his remarks with greeting from the Chicago Christian Endeavor Union and a statement from President Fisk, of that organization, regarding assistance of the needy poor. Action was taken looking to united effort in this matter, and the district presidents were made a committee to represent the association. Mr. Warren, of Highland Park, reported regarding the Boys' Brigade. The following officers were elected on the recommendation of the nominating committee: President, Norman G. Lenington, Normal Park Church; Vice-President, J. F. O'Brien, Western Avenue Church; Secretary, H. M. Horton, Ravenswood Church; Treasurer, L. G. Tucker, Bethany Church. The committee chairmen are as follows: Missionary, G. H. Shorney; Juniors, Margaret Koch; Boys' Brigade, Charles H. Warren; Education, Hattie St. John; Entertainment, J. Q. Adams; Press, F. G. DeGolyer; Reception, W. H. Huyck.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The new state president of the Indiana Christian Endeavor Union is an honored judge, Judge Kirkpatrick of Kokomo.



The third annual convention of the Black Hills' Epworth Leage, which met at Deadwood, S. D., Dec. 1, is said to have been the largest body of Christian workers that ever met in the Black Hills.



The Epworth League of Boonesville, Ind., recently entertained a large party of old people at the church. Forty of the guests were seventy years old and more. The Ladies' Aid Society provided a good dinner for them.



The Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Society of Galena, Ill., have united to hold a series of six meetings for the purpose of awakening interest in missionary word and in disseminating knowledge concerning it.



Mr. G. Ballew Putnam of Waco, Texas, where the next State convention is to be held, says that in that district Christian Endeavorers have grown from 287 to 1,600, and that by next summer they expect to have 3,000 members.



The Baptist Young People's Unions of Toronto, have been holding a convention in the Emmanuel Baptist Church of that city. Dr. Wilkins, the National Secretary attended and took part in the proceedings. Among the speakers were: Mr. F. L. Ratcliffe, President of the Union; Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Mr. George J. Hicks and Mr. H. L. Stark.



The King's Daughters' Circle of the Heavenly Healer, Grace Hospital, Toronto, has furnished a ward (children's), and also a free bed for the King's Daughters. This Circle is composed of the superintendent, housekeeper and nurses in the hospital, together with some outside members.



A Christian Endeavor Union in Kansas, reports that during the last year one hundred and twenty-five members of the societies have united with the churches, and the reports show that more earnest personal work has been done than ever before. Several societies have been organized this fall. Junior work is receiving especial attention. There is a general increase of membership.



The District League of the New York East Conference, elected the following officers at its Convention at Norwalk, Conn.: President, Rev. O. S. Curtice; first vice-president, Rev. A. MacRossie; second vice-president, Rev. J. F. Shackleton; third vice-president, Rev. E. R. Foley; fourth vice-president, Frank Moss; corresponding secretary, J. A. Wirth; recording secretary, Rev. J. H. Bell; treasurer, Miss Phoebe A. LeCount.



Prairie Homes.

Tented Towns and Villages that have Sprung up with Mushroom-like Rapidity—Life in the Cherokee Strip.



Life on the prairie is an experience of whose real character no one, who has not passed through it, can form any accurate conception. We read in books of "the boundless prairie," with its waves of

billowy grasses, its rich, loamy soil, its seas of summer verdure, and its herds of antelope and buffalo, tempting the hunter to the chase; but we read little of the trials, the struggles and discomforts that attend the efforts to carve a comfortable homestead out of this wide wilderness. Less than half a century ago, in the earlier railroad days, travel across the western prairies was a slow process, and the perils from Indians and wild animals were not few. Now, however, the rapid extension of transportation facilities in all directions, has robbed even the prairies of their solitude. The red man, except in a few remote sections of the country, is no longer a menace to the settler. The locomotive whistle has frightened off the deer and the wild birds, and instead of here and there a solitary homesteader, we find the prairies dotted with cabins and the long grasses giving place before fields of wheat and corn. Man's energy and intelligence are transforming the wilderness and making it "blossom like the rose."

When the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement, a few months ago, there was a great rush of people to secure homes in the new country, much of which was rolling prairie land. Thousands upon thousands crowded in, and soon the vast stretch of territory was dotted with tents and rude structures of rough timber. In this way, the towns of Orlando, and Perry were founded and soon each had a considerable population. Mr. J. P. Lane, the missionary of the American Bible Society for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, has forwarded photographs, showing how the towns now look, after the excitement of the struggle for possession has died out.

One of these photographs is published on this page. The buildings seem to be of the most temporary kind, and hardly calculated to shelter the occupants from the stormy blasts that frequently sweep across the prairies in winter. To one who has lived all his life in settled communities, there is something quite novel in the "shadowing forth" of future greatness and prosperity in a tented town. A mere shed is the principal hotel of the place, while real estate offices, law chambers, dry-goods and general stores are in even less pretentious structures, some with only a canvas covering. Of course, in process of time, stores, banks, schoolhouses and churches arise, and the temporary buildings give place to something more substantial and comfortable; but at the outset, life in a tented town on the open prairie is quite as trying in many respects as that of the pioneer homesteader of earlier days, and without many of its advantages.

Missionary Lane, in a recent letter, gives this description of the prairies: "Deep, narrow, ravines cross them, which are unseen

until the edge is reached, when horses and riders go to the bottom. Some people strike matches and drop them in the tall grass. The wind carries the blaze, often burning people to death on these prairies. The Indian has slept on in idleness for ages past, but now another people has broken his slumber of centuries. But when I saw the cruelty and heard the guns fire, as men fought for a town lot, and shot each other down; when I saw saloons and gambling houses begin at once their fearful work, I could readily see that civilization and education alone would never meet the wants of man. While it develops and increases the power, it never has, and never will, control it."

A great Gospel work is needed in the new territory. The multitudes must have Sunday Schools. The field is large and the laborers are, thus far, few indeed. A strong effort is to be made by the American Sunday School Union to secure sufficient funds to establish schools and churches and to disseminate Bible literature, in order that the parents and children of the territory may enjoy much-needed religious advantages,

cradle made from a barrel, laid on its side, sawed into shape, furnished with rockers, and covered with cretonne or hand painted. Then there is the settee cradle, which is also a home-made affair with the cradle at one end. The early fathers made very comfortable cradles from hewn-out logs, which were lined with bear or deer skins. The old-fashioned cradle with its low body and rockers, has gone out so completely that it is only in the country that we find it.

Soudanese Marriage Customs.

A curious custom prevails at weddings among the Soudanese Arabs. After various ceremonies, including a procession and a marriage feast, the almost invariable accompaniments of weddings in the east, the bridegroom is led about nine o'clock in the evening into a large, dimly lighted room. Here on one side, huddled upon the floor, are the female relatives and friends of the bride. In the farther corner are four or five maidens of the same height and size, wearing precisely similar clothing and closely veiled. One of these is the bride, and the young man has to find out which it is. If he has been wise, he has bribed one of the old women spectators to give him a secret sign by which to guide his choice. If not, he attempts to seize the veiled figure whom he suspects to be his bride. If possible, she slips from his grasp and runs away, he in hot pursuit. He tears away the veil from her face. If it is his bride, the game is ended, and another ceremony, called the ghalwa, or bride dance, begins. But if he has made a wrong choice, he must try again.

White House Babies.

Recalling the several babies who have

christening were Robert E. Lee, then a young lieutenant of engineers, and his wife. The ceremony was held in the East Room, which was gayly illuminated and decorated with flowers."

THE CHILD JESUS.

JESUS was once a little child—
A little child like me,
Was cradled in his mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.

Once he was just the age I am,
And was as helpless, too;
He used to sleep and walk and speak,
Just as all children do.

And yet, though he was once a child,
He is the Lord of all.
And angel hosts before his throne,
In lowly worship fall.

And why was it he chose to be
A child so poor and weak?
It was that I might learn from him
How blessed are the meek.

It was that I might learn from him
My parents to obey,
And, like the child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day.

THE DUTY OF RELAXATION.

WHEN you work, work with all your might; but when the measure of one's duty is done, then thoroughly relax. There is as much virtue in refreshing soul and body by yielding up all responsibility and care, as there is in the courageous meeting of active obligations. When we have done our best, says a thoughtful writer, and worked to the limit of our capabilities, then we should rest upon the laws of life, and with the faith of a little child, feel assured the Father is all good, and what is, or must be, is best. If we faithfully do our duty, and repose in peace upon the will of the Father for results, we may have the freedom from anxiety that gives each moment of rest thorough relaxation and pleasure. It is the useless worrying that ages, and robs mature life of its beauty and power. Fretting and worrying never turned a wheel or brought sustaining help to any crisis. We are but children in the arms of the Infinite Father, and rebellion breaks our powers upon the wheel of the law, but does not change the turning of the wheel. In harmony with the law we are carried onward and upward. Resistance is our own destruction. That we cannot make or break is not our care. When our daily duty is done to the best of our cheerful ability, we must rest in heart and brain, in soul and body, and feel the wisdom that produced the marvel of life has a crown for its brave fulfillment. Thus petty trials are forgotten; and great ones dignified.

Graces of Manner.

It is the little graces of manner that make up a charming personality. Few people know how to receive a favor graciously. Ask them to render you a service, and they could not be more ready than they are. But try to offer them a courtesy, and see how quickly you will retire from their presence with a feeling of wounded pride and annoyance. Some will refuse outright, and others will accept as if they were bestowing a royal condescension. To accept something that we do not want, for which we have no use, to accept it in such a manner that the one who offers it will feel that he has rendered a desired service, is the height of consideration and good breeding. The strong, capable and able-bodied do not like to be served. It is much easier to serve one's self than to lie back and be waited upon. They truly feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive—blessed, perhaps, because they do not want to receive. But such people would deny to others what they claim most strenuously for themselves—the right to confer a favor or to discharge an obligation, the sense of which sits heavily upon them.



TENT LIFE IN A NEWLY SETTLED TOWN IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

and that a pure, moral atmosphere may prevail where all is now godlessness and vice, and the absorbing greed of gain.

A Wonderful Cradle.

The most celebrated cradle of which there is any account, is that designed for the children of Queen Victoria. It is a marvel of fine wood-carving in the Italian style, from Turkey box-wood. The shape was designed by Victoria herself, and consists of flat head and foot panels, united by a cylinder similar to Italian and French cradles. The carvings are numerous and exquisite. A beautiful female head with closed eyes supported on bats' wings, and surrounded by seven stars, representing night; a bold head of Somnus, surrounded by poppies and carnations tied with ribbons, are the principal decorations. One end represents the arms and national motto of England, and the other crest and insignia of Prince Albert. The arms of England are surrounded by the lion's crest, a bunch of English roses, flying birds, poppies, ornaments spring out of acanthus leaves, two angels' heads, a ball and crown, and friezes of arabesque dolphins.

Among early cradles of pioneers there are many ingenious ones. Among them is the

been born in the White House. Alice Graham McCollin writes about them in "The Ladies' Home Journal" in this interesting fashion: "The first of these honors is properly the possession of Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox, who was born at the Executive Mansion during Andrew Jackson's first administration, the second child born within its walls, but the oldest now living. To her President Jackson gave the name 'The Sunshine of the White House.' She was the eldest child of Andrew Jackson Donelson and his wife Emily, and was born in the large corner room of the White House fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue. Her christening was an event. The daughter of the Secretary of State, Miss Cora Livingstone, was chosen as godmother, while Martin Van Buren and President Jackson officiated as godfathers. When the baby was brought into the room Mr. Van Buren attempted to take her in his arms, but on her objecting, President Jackson took her and held her throughout the ceremony. She enjoyed the ceremony greatly. When, in the course of the ceremony the clergyman read the question: 'Do you, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works?' Jackson stiffened himself grimly and replied in most emphatic terms: 'I do, sir, I renounce them all!' Among the guests at the



CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Nurse Williams had made but one cut into the turkey when a bell rang. The knife was arrested midway, the plump hands caught the expression of expectancy from lifted chin and fixed eyes.

"There, now! I do hope no poor dear creature is taken bad on Thanksgiving-day!"

By special arrangement, the little daughter of the "folks down-stairs" answered the nurse's bell, and took in messages and notes in her absence.

A hurried run up the stairs, a stride from the upper landing to the sitting-room door, and a double rap were followed by a burly figure overtopped by a good-humored face.

"Good-day! good-day, Nurse Williams! Bless my buttons if I haven't surprised you in a regular carouse, and no mistake. Hi! hi! hi!" walking around the table to get a better view of what it contained. "This is what comes of being a fashionable nurse with no expenses to speak of, and the right to send in thumping bills nobody dares dispute. And I, a poor dog of a doctor, haven't had a mouthful since I was jerked violently from the breakfast-table, and shall think myself well off if I get time to steal so much as a drum-stick at seven o'clock to-night. Things are not evenly divided in this world—no, not if it is Thanksgiving-day!"

"They'll look even to you when you've sat down in this chair and helped me eat my dinner."

She bustled noiselessly about, setting down a second plate to warm on the fender; getting knife, fork and tumbler, talking all the while in placid inattention to the stream of expostulations poured forth by the doctor.

"I understand now—" he heard her say when he desisted in comical despair, and let her push him with gentle urgency into the vacant seat, "I understand perfectly now why I was left to put off my dinner until one o'clock when I had meant as much as anything to have it at half-past twelve. A bit of the stuffing, and a tiny slice of the breast?" heaping his plate, "Now, gravy! O, yes! I know that you high-flyers don't dine until other people's supper-time, but you'd ought to have a hot luncheon to keep the snow-air out of your stomach and lungs, and you can talk better while you are eating than when you are empty. And be better able, when you start out again, to study what's the matter with your patients and what's good for their complaints, if you are full, than if you are fasting. There, now!" resuming her seat with a long breath of benevolent content, "This is what I call a Providence! I'm never so to speak, lone-some, but it did seem a shame, if not a sin, for one lone woman to be sitting down to a genuine Thanksgiving-dinner on a snowy day, with never a soul to speak to."

The doctor's hunger was as genuine as the excellence of the dinner. One whiff of the savory air of the room had assured him on this head; one mouthful told him that he had seldom tasted anything more toothsome in his own house. Moreover, he and Nurse Williams had worked together professionally for a dozen years, and he knew that the surest method of getting his way with her was to let her, in the first place, have hers. He could not help laughing out, in his jovial fashion, now and then, at the holiday adventure, but, being a gentleman at heart, he forebore to intimate how much of his amusement arose from the anticipation of describing to his wife over the seven o'clock family dinner where there would be a dozen of his relatives and hers, where and how he had lunched.

He liked to shock the pretty woman who had married him after his success in his profession was a foregone conclusion, and he could picture her incredulity of dismay.

Out of kindness to his hostess he refrained from "talking shop" until he was sipping

the best cup of coffee he had tasted in twenty years.

"You have guessed, I suppose, that you are wanted," he said, then, dropping his tone of good-humored banter. "It is a case of brain-fever—a woman. An ugly case, too, I'm afraid. Some things point to possible pulmonary complications. It seems that she had a bad headache last Friday night, and tried to walk it off. You may recollect that it began to rain about nine o'clock? She came home wet to the skin and slightly delirious. I was called in on Saturday by her brother—a Mr. Lanier, of New York, who had happened to come over to see her and saw at once that she was in a bad way. Her daughter, an intelligent, handy girl of sixteen, or thereabouts, is at boarding-school in New York, but came home on Saturday to spend Sunday, and would not go back on Monday and leave her mother so ill. She does her best in the sick-room, and so does an elderly Scotch woman who is a sort of maid-of-all-work in the family, and a capital nurse at that. But there's a houseful of younger children, and all that, you know, and the time has come, as her brother and I concluded this morning, when other assistance is required. Can you go?"

"Right away?"

"I'm afraid I must say 'yes,' brain-fever is 'nt a thing to be trifled with."

She nodded gravely.

"You're right. Is she out of her head still?"

"Raving—when she is not in a stupor. Eyes glassy; disposed to roll her head and to pick at the bed-clothes. Temperature an average of one hundred and five. You know the signs. Knows nobody, and calls constantly, when awake, for her husband who is abroad, and for her mother, who is dead. Came home Friday night with a story of having heard her mother call her by name three times on the street. Took it for a sign and keeps referring to it."

"Such things have happened. It's a very thin curtain that hangs between us and them who have passed out of our sight, and we are leaning all our weight against it most of the time. 'Taint surprising that it should give way in spots once in awhile."

"Yes! yes! but you see, my good sister, this woman is my patient, and I don't want that curtain to give way under her weight, for good and all. You must help me jarn those thin places you talk about so coolly. Out of simple humanity, if professional pride don't move you. There are all those little children, you know—not to mention the husband."

"It's as well not to mention some husbands sometimes," retorted the nurse with grim pleasantry aimed evidently at him. "But children can have only one mother"—relapsing into seriousness. "I'll be off in an hour, if that will do. As you say, this sort of thing can't be fooled with, and it seems to have got pretty well under way already. Where is it?"

"Not far away. No. 363 Mendelbras ave. The name is Paul."

"I had three cases of measles at 362 last year. They know that I am coming?"

"I promised to send a trained nurse before dark. I am uncommonly lucky in finding you at home, and disengaged."

"Speaking after the manner of men—yes!"

Dr. Bacon's eyes twinkled as at a challenge. He stood up, brushed a few crumbs from his knee, and glanced at his hat and the overcoat he had tossed upon a chair.

"What ought I to say if I spoke after the manner of women?" he queried, quizzically.

"Depends upon who the women are."

She was clearing away the remnants of the dinner, rapidly and with surprisingly little noise for a woman of her size. Plates did not clatter, glasses did not ring, or silver rattle.

"You'll excuse me going on with this work," she said, apologetically. "I haven't

a minute to lose, if I'm to be on duty before dark."

"If you were the woman—for example?" pursued the doctor, teasingly. "What should I say then of my luck?"

"I should say there is no such word in my dictionary. Nor in God's Word. Nor in his world either, for that matter. It is his will, his wise and merciful planning for our good—which we call providence—that brings all things to pass. Nothing happens by chance."

Dr. Bacon took up an argumentative position upon the hearth-rug. He knew that he was wasting time here, but he was loth to rush off immediately after swallowing a hearty dinner; the room was cozily-warm; the out-door prospect more and more disagreeable by contrast. He would be amused, and "laze" for ten minutes more before he took himself by the shoulder and turned him into the storm.

"I've heard you say so often enough for me to begin to believe it if I could elevate my opinion of myself, or of any other ordinary mortal, to the point of fancying that the Maker of the universe concerns himself about my hourly goings and comings."

"If you'd take the pains to make a valuable machine, I guess you'd concern yourself to look after it, and see if it was running regularly and smooth," interposed the nurse, quietly.

"But I haven't learned the secret of perpetual motion, you see, and he has got it down fine. According to my way of thinking, he has established general laws for the government of whatever he has made, and these laws go on, acting and reacting, from year to year, and from century to century. Men are born, and live, and die, keep well and get ill; make money and lose it; are happy or miserable in obedience to these general laws. Just as trees put out leaves in the spring and shed their leaves in the autumn. Some fruit comes to perfection, and some drops to the ground and decays unripe. Some men live to a good old age, and as many, who are born into the world, die in infancy. We can account for the death of one as well or as poorly as for the other. The individual man is no more in the eyes of Deity, than one of those snow-flakes out there, that flutters from the clouds to the ground to be melted as soon as the sun comes out, and be soaked up by the earth."

"Yes?" in civil reserve of her opinion. "I beg your pardon, Doctor, but there's a hair upon your sleeve!"

She plucked it off with a respectful thumb and finger, and regarded it attentively, holding it between her eyes and the window.

"It's a gray hair too!" meditatively. "Probably. There are as many of that kind as there are brown upon my head and face. I look more and more to myself like a gray racoon each morning when I stand before the mirror."

She was still gazing at the hair. One might have detected a shade of reverence in her manner of inspecting it.

"He says that he has counted them all," she began, musingly. "Every one in your head is a reminder of the close watch he keeps over you."

Still gently, she let the hair fall upon the hearth, and turned toward the window.

"I was a-pitying the sparrows just awhile ago. A row of 'em sat on my window-sill. They know when I'm at home as well as if they'd rung the bell and had their answer at the down-stairs door. I keep a pile of crumbs on the window-sill for them, but to-day the snow had covered them up. So I swept it off clean, and spread their table again for 'em. While they were a-eating it came to me how many city-sparrows must starve if the snow lay long on the ground, and as quick as that thought popped into my faithless and foolish mind, I recollected that he who made 'em keeps account of their needs, and of every one that falls to the ground, and how he has said in so many words—not leaving us to work out the sum for ourselves,—that we are of more value than many sparrows. It's the cheapest bird in the Holy Land, so I've heard tell, and pity knows for all the good they seem to do, or the use they are as human creatures' food, they are dear in America at any price. I should calculate now,"—her head on one side, her eyes measuring his goodly proportions, with never a glimmer of a smile—

"that a man like you, in whose hands are the issues of life and death—under the Almighty—for hundreds of people every year, must be worth more than fifty millions of them noisy little birds."

Dr. Bacon's sides shook with his jovial laugh.

"The sparrows might think differently if you were to leave the decision to them. Thank you, all the same, for your good opinion, and for the Thanksgiving sermon. I haven't been to church on Thanksgiving Day for thirty years, that I recollect. I should probably go to sleep if I did. Your lecture has kept me awake."

He moved towards the door, but stopped midway to look at something hanging on the wall.

"Halloo! You have been treating yourself to some new decorations since I was here last. What is it all about?"

CHAPTER V.

"Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do."—George Eliot.

"What is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt; it is everyone with whom we are brought into contact. It is everyone who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life: he, or she, who-soever it may be, whom we have any means of helping."—Dean Stanley.

The doctor's overcoat lay over the back of a chair where he had tossed it upon entering, and immediately above it was the new frame that had arrested his attention. It was a tasteful affair in white-and-gold, and within it was what looked at the first glance like a testimonial or certificate, engrossed upon white vellum, with an illuminated border.

Mrs. Williams smoothed her apron with both plump palms, and approached her visitor, gratification beaming from every line of her visage.

"Ah! you may well stop to look at it. Just read it aloud—won't you? And then I'll tell you how I came by anything so nice."

Dr. Bacon settled his gold-bowed eyeglasses upon his nose, and complied. He read with deliberation, pausing after each verse, as if to satisfy himself that he had rendered it with proper emphasis and discretion. The nurse hearkened with the eagerness of one who never listened to it before: her eyes serious, her mouth smiling tenderly; once in awhile a gentle nod signified her appreciation of a favorite passage.

As the shepherd lifts the hurdle
Daily set about his sheep,
Shifts aside the wadded girdle,
Wills the flock to feed and sleep
Within bounds his wisdom orders,
Faring as his love assigns,
Pining not for richer borders,
Chafing not at strait confines—

So, O Father when the morning
Grayly steals into my room,
Be it promise, and not warning,
Earnest of perfected bloom,
Of wise willing and wise giving:
To my restless spirit say,
"All thou has to learn of living
Is to do My will to-day."

Yesterdays—their prayers, their sinning,
Bootless cares and futile tears,
Thwarted end and rash beginning,
Are with Thine eternal years,
Tales all told, and sealed pages—
Turn I steadfastly away,
And from out the coming ages
Reverent take the virgin day.

Grace sublime of simple trusting
Grant unto Thy servant, Lord!
Without friction, without rusting,
I would take Thee at Thy word.
Nothing bodily and naught asking
Of the dim and outer land,
Glad to do the tender tasking
Daily laid unto my hand.

It may be the safe surrounding
Of Thine angel's banding wings
Shall appoint fair friends, abounding
With the dew of Baka's springs.
If, instead of beauty, burning
Be the measure of Thy will,
Let eyes made by faith discerning
See the shining ones there still.

"I am not much of a judge of poetry," remarked the reader when he had finished. "But that sounds pretty and pleasant. Its awfully impractical, of course, but poetry doesn't set up for that, as a rule."

"There was one gentleman who wrote for the papers, whose wife I nursed, who found a scrap of paper with those verses on it, lying on my bureau, and he said it was 'good religion, but poor poetry.'" I cut it out of my weekly paper in the first place, and I'd read it over so many times it was quite threadbare when we got hold of it. I told him he'd maybe like it better if it had been in better shape. I took such a fancy to it, not being literary enough to know poetry from prose, that I got into a way of singing it when I was by myself. It goes well to Greenville, Nettleton, or Autumn, or any other eight-by-seven tune."

"It is handsomely copied and decorated," said the physician, kindly suppressing a smile.

(To be continued.)

A Great Bible Revival.

Continued from first page.

not only in the churches but among multitudes who till now were alien from spiritual influences and associations. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that from the very beginning the Divine blessing was manifestly with the enterprise. To those journals that have now joined in this glorious work, we extend cordial welcome, and trust it may please God to give them the same measure of blessing that has been granted to ourselves.

The outlay connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD plan of Bible distribution has been very heavy. Instead of attempting to make a profit on these Bibles, a large percentage of the income of the paper has for three years been applied to the project. Up to the present time, the outlay from this source, for the purchase of Teachers' Bibles, has already exceeded \$125,000, and an additional \$25,000 have been expended in postage and express charges on Bibles distributed. During the years 1891, 1892 and 1893, the total shipments by express in our distribution of the Bibles, have been larger than those of any other shipper in the United States. The handling of these Bibles has given employment to an army of

deavorers, Young People's Unions and King's Daughters, and in a multitude of centres of Christian influence and activity. May the Lord inspire his people everywhere to help promote a Gospel movement, so nobly and generously inaugurated."

Amid such genuine sympathy and support from Christians on every hand, the Bible revival goes on with steadily increasing momentum. "My Word shall not return unto me void," saith the Lord, and surely there can be no higher missionary work than the spreading of the Word among all classes and conditions of men. Each separate volume is an evangel of light, that helps forward the better day. Three hundred thousand printed Teachers' Bibles, already distributed, make a potent array of workers for Christ. Five hundred thousand would be better; a million best of all! Every child of the Light should pray and work that the day may soon come when no home in America will be without the Bible.

It is fortunate for mankind that the age has passed when the Bible was a costly book, to be possessed only by the few and when its spiritual treasures were jealously guarded from the common gaze. With the exception of Spain and Peru the Word is now practically everywhere as free as air

that I have visited have I seen people more contented and happy. Their poor are not in such abject poverty as I have seen in other countries. Then their workingmen go to church on Sundays—a habit they have got from their Bibles—but they benefit by it for they are not wasting their wages in pleasure or their health in dissipation as do the working men in other lands. Their immigrants are among the best who land on our shores. Of all the foreigners who come here none are more sought after for positions in which integrity is essential. It has become almost a proverb that you can find them everywhere but in the alms-house, the tavern and the jail. That is a pretty good character for a nation to have, three thousand miles away from home, and they have the same character as far east as this is west, for I heard it in India. When I tried to analyze their character I found that they were as diverse as other nationalities, but all of them had the same characteristic of having been steeped and saturated in childhood with the Bible. When you spoke just now, Mr. Paine, about the Bible being a book for fools and knaves, this thing was recalled to me. How do you account for it?"

Paine rose and said he had had enough of argument and was going to bed. He went upstairs and, one by one, his disciples stole out. After they were gone, the stranger who had looked in was alone with the speaker who had talking about the Bible. "I wish," said the latter, "Mr. Paine had not been so tired; I should like to have heard his explanation of this and that other fact that individuals and families are affected in the same way. Your Bible-reading families are the best neighbors and citizens. I wish some one who believes that the Bible is a book fit only for fools and knaves would tell me how it is that it tends to the production of honest men." The man ended with a sigh as of one bewildered and the stranger said to him: "You may as well ask them to square the circle. A corrupt tree never yet brought forth good fruit. The book that elevates man must be a good book and I wish it was in every home in the land."

PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

It will cost the community no more to pay the unemployed relief as wages than to bestow it upon them as alms, writes the Rev. Washington Gladden in "The Review of Reviews." But the economical and moral advantage to the recipients themselves and to the community of putting it in the form of wages is simply immeasurable. It is, therefore, the duty of every citizen to exhaust his ingenuity in inventing ways of furnishing work to persons whom he knows to be in need of it. These lines will fall under the eyes of many men and women of good will who know that they will be required to give during this winter some portion of their income for the relief of want.

If all these would invent some way of spending this money for work, and would find some unemployed persons, male or female, who are suffering for the need of work, and would permit them to earn this money, a large share of the existing want would be immediately relieved. The problem of making work and of bringing the task and the toiler together, is one that requires some thought and ingenuity, some trouble and pains, no doubt; but many of my readers can solve it, if they will give it half as much study as they will expend upon the costume for the next high tea.

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Including the lovely Orange Scented Tuberos which bears flowers of great beauty and of unsurpassed fragrance, worth more than the price of the collection. One bulb of Orange Scented Tuberos, 1 bulb French Seedling Gladioli, lovely spikes; 1 pkt. Fuller's New Sweet Pea lu mixed colors, a grand variety; 1 pkt. Ward's Lark-Bansy, comprises all the finest strains mixed; 1 pkt. Fuller's New Rose Aster flowers of great beauty; 1 pkt. Star Phlox, 30 colors mixed; 1 pkt. Giant Cockscomb, heads over two feet in diameter; all the best sorts, which grow and bloom freely. The above fine bulbs and seeds are worth \$1.00, will all flower this season, and we send them for only 25 cents. Order at once. Catalogue free.

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Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other kind is like it. Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs \$1. Large 214 lb. can, by mail, \$1.20. Six large cans, \$5, express prepaid. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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ADDRESSING TEACHERS' BIBLES IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD PREMIUM DEPARTMENT.

men and women in the Premium Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, where the vast quantities of books are prepared for shipment—as many as 6,000 packages being shipped in a single day. Every day saw thousands of copies of the sacred volume sent out like winged messengers to all parts of the world—to every State and Territory, to Mexico and Alaska, the isles of the Pacific, China, Burmah, Siam, India, Africa, Persia and other lands, to be used in private homes, in schools and missions, by Christian workers in the field and by God's people in every station and calling. Dr. Klopsch has also expended \$100,000 more in advertising, in order that these Teachers' Bibles, with their great stores of knowledge, might be placed in the homes of Christian families. So great was the demand for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD issue of December 6, last, containing the full statement of the premium plan of distribution of the Teachers' Bible—which our readers will doubtless remember—that an edition of 458,000 of that issue was rendered necessary.

Some of the letters we are constantly receiving, are from men and women who have been active in spiritual work for many years, and who testify most cordially to the good work thus far accomplished. One writer says:

"It should be a source of deep gratification for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Dr. Klopsch to be the means, under divine Providence, of spreading the blessed Word as I believe no other single agency has done since the days of Caxton and Tyndale. I'm thankful to be associated, even in a humble degree, with a movement so widespread and beneficent and which cannot fail to be followed by the richest spiritual results, since it places the most complete Bible ever printed in the hands of thousands upon thousands of families and of countless workers in churches, Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Christian En-

to all peoples. In 1804 it was accessible to only 200 millions of men; now it is printed in the tongues spoken by 800 millions. Even in distant China, where, only a few years ago, a native student laboriously copied in his own handwriting a New Testament he had succeeded in borrowing for a time, sitting up nights to do it, the Bible is no longer a prohibited volume, under the official ban. It is the consoler of the Christian everywhere, his spiritual staff and comfort in this life, and his firm assurance of happiness hereafter.

Star of Eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life and gain the coast of heaven.

It would be no exaggeration to declare that a man who sincerely loved his country could do it no better service than to see that there was a Bible in every home in it. Wherever the Bible is read and studied the people are better materially, as well as morally and spiritually. A remarkable testimony to this effect was once given in an argument in the house of the notorious infidel Tom Paine. A gentleman was passing the window of that house one day, and seeing Paine seated near it, stepped in and listened to the conversation. Paine and seven or eight friends who were seated in the room, were talking about the Bible and Paine was declaring, with his usual force and emphasis, that the book was read only by fools and knaves and ought to be excluded from the home of every intelligent, honest man. "Have you ever been in Scotland, Mr. Paine?" asked one of the company. "Yes," said Mr. Paine. "So have I," said the other, "and the people are the greatest bigots about the Bible I ever met. It is their school-book; their houses and churches are furnished with Bibles, and if they travel but a few miles from home, their Bible is always their companion; yet I am obliged to admit that in no country

THE BOOK SHELF

THE MAKING OF A DICTIONARY.*

ONE of the great literary events of the year has been the publication of the first volume of the "Standard Dictionary of the English Language," by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers, New York. The entire dictionary will be complete in two volumes, and it is expected that it will also be issued in single volume form, the whole work being completed by May 1st, 1894. No such thorough, comprehensive, and really valuable dictionary has been attempted heretofore. It is now four years since the work was begun, and there have been engaged in its production during that time, 247 editors and specialists, and nearly 500 readers for references and quotations, besides several hundred other assistants of both sexes, who have rendered effective service in various ways in the defining or classification of words. Nearly \$500,000 have been expended in the preparation of the dictionary thus far, and it will cost little less than a million when complete. The vocabulary is exceedingly full and varied, and some idea of its comprehensiveness may be gathered from the statement that while Johnson's dictionary had in the letter "A" 2800 words, Worcester's 6900 words, Stormonth's 5000 words, Webster's 8500 words, and Century 15,000 words, the Standard has nearly 20,000 in "A" altogether. In the entire alphabet, it has nearly 300,000 words as against 225,000 words in the next largest. Necessarily, it embraces a very large number of terms not hitherto found in any dictionary, but which have now come into general use and are recognized as a part of our language. The Standard Dictionary is one of the most conclusive evidences of the growth of the English language that could be found.

To enumerate the many features of merit and value in this great dictionary, would be a difficult matter. Among the very able specialists who have been contributors in the different departments, may be mentioned such names as Max Muller, R. Ogden Doremus, President W. R. Harper of Chicago University, Hubert Bancroft, Theodore Gill, Prof. William Hallock, Dr. Sayce of Oxford, Prof. Goodell of Yale, Prof. Skeat of Cambridge, England, Dr. Murray of Oxford, England, and a host of others, eminent in art, literature, science and the various professions. The dictionary has received the highest encomiums from the literary authorities of the great universities of the world, as a work that will be of invaluable service, and that will last as long as the English language remains essentially unchanged. In accuracy, clearness and fullness, it is regarded as surpassing all others.

One of the features of the work is its wealth of pictorial illustrations. There are nearly 5,000 engravings made expressly for the Standard Dictionary, over 4,000 being woodcuts, and others full-page groups, in color, &c. In the introduction to the first volume, the publishers say: "Great efforts have been put forth to gather the words that have an extensive local usage among various English-speaking peoples. Specialists were assigned to the task of collecting and defining words peculiar to England and Scotland, to various parts of North America, to Australia, to South Africa; of collecting and defining Anglo-Indian words, Anglo-African words, Anglo-Spanish words, &c. Much care has also been taken to include terms common among the English-speaking people living in South-American countries, in Japan, in China, and on many islands of the sea."

"Care has been exercised to avoid the recognition of needless new literary terms—words coined by the caprice or mistaken judgment of this or that author. It is no longer necessary for a lexicographer to justify the recognition of new words, or the adoption of old words to express new meanings and new relations; but there is still

room for the exercise of caution and careful judgment. The newly-coined literary words were first carefully considered by the office editors, and if the words were thought by them to have merit they were referred to the Committee of New Words.

"Disputed spellings and pronunciations have been referred to an Advisory Committee of fifty (for parts of the alphabet more than fifty, and for other parts a few less than that number) philologists in American, English, Canadian, Australian, and East Indian universities, and representative professional writers and speakers in English. The exact meanings given by authors of recognized standing have been very extensively verified by a critical examination of many hundred thousand quotations. The books read with this object in view were selected under the direction of the editorial department, and great care was exercised to have the list include all that may be considered authoritative in determining the meaning of words. Nearly 100,000 volumes were examined for this purpose.

"The meaning of a word has been traced back, step by step, in a direct line, avoiding mere guesses at derivations and the temptation to make extended incursions into cognate languages. The advantages of giving, along with the English word, the word similar to it in sound, form or idea, in the Dutch, German, Swedish, French, or Italian, have not appeared sufficient to justify the use of so much valuable space."

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.*

The first volume of this valuable and comprehensive record of the work of the recent Religious Congress in Chicago is rich both in literary contents and illustrations. It contains a large number of addresses made and papers read before the Congress, by distinguished delegates from all parts of the world, and it also gives a complete history of the Congress itself from the moment of its conception to the final adjournment of the last session. Speaking of the book, Rev. John Henry Barrows in his editorial preface says:

"This book records a grand event, the most important incident of the greatest of World Expositions. In preparing for it, the editor of these volumes has been brought into friendly and delightful relations with Catholic Archbishops, Greek Priests, Jewish Rabbis, disciples of Buddhism and followers of the gravely-wise Confucius. Pleasant friendships have been formed with men of a score of different denominations. Contact with the learned minds of India has inspired a new reverence for the thought of the Orient. He has seen in imagination Milton's

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This book will show man seeking after God, and it will also tell the diviner story of God seeking after man.

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*From *The World's Parliament of Religions*, edited by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses. Vol. 1, pp. 800, cloth binding, fully illustrated, the Parliament Publishing Company, Chicago, publishers.

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thinking to-day on the greatest of themes. For the first time in all the centuries, the wonders of Art and Science and the wonders of Faith and Thought have been exhibited side by side.

This book will be read in the cloisters of Japanese scholars, by the shores of the Yellow Sea, by the water-courses of India and beneath the shadows of Asiatic mountains near which rose the primal habitations of man. It is believed that the Oriental reader will discover in these volumes the source of strength of that simple faith in Divine Fatherhood and Human Brotherhood, which, embodied in an Asiatic Peasant who was the Son of God and made divinely potent through him, is clasping the globe with bands of heavenly light."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK, LONDON AND TORONTO.

Susantha at the World's Fair, by J. Josiah Allen's Wife, (Marietta Holley) copiously illustrated by C. DeGrimm. 700 pp. cloth; price \$2.50. Funk and Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto, publishers. One of the most interesting books yet printed, recording the impressions received by a visit to the great Fair.

FROM CLEVELAND PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.
To His Own Master, by Alan St. Aubyn; pp. 340; cloth.

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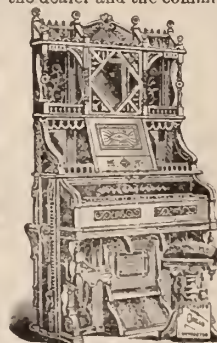
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The Late W. H. Howland.

Death of Toronto's Honored ex-Mayor,
Christian Worker and Munificent
Philanthropist.

It is with sincere sorrow that we chronicle the death of Mr. Howland, the distinguished citizen of Toronto, whose labors in the cause of morality and religion have often been reported in these columns. The news comes upon us as a surprise, for Mr. Howland was a remarkably active, vigorous man, not more than fifty years old, and was busily engaged in benevolent work. Such deaths as his test the quality of our faith, and we have to remind ourselves that the world is governed by a Being all-wise as well as all-loving.



HON. W. H. HOWLAND. as all-loving. We have to hold fast that faith and wait to learn more of Him and his ways, for it seems strange to us that death should be allowed to pass over men whose days are spent in working mischief, and take one who was so helpful and so good.

Mr. Howland was the son of Sir William P. Howland of Toronto. He was a successful business man and was distinguished by the consistency with which he carried into business life the principles of religion. It is remembered of him that when he was made receiver of the Central Bank of Toronto, the failure of which menaced many citizens with ruin, his first act was to assemble in the bank-parlor his colleagues and clerks and ask divine guidance in the extremely difficult task they were beginning, and that they might be so directed that no man might suffer loss or injustice by their mismanagement. Mr. Howland was twice elected mayor of the city and was urged to accept a third term, but declined. Over the mayor's chair the motto was emblazoned by his order at the beginning of his first term, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Mr. Howland's terms were exceedingly beneficial to the city. He succeeded in closing disreputable saloons and holding those which retained their licenses to a strict observance of the law. During his administration, Toronto attained the distinction of being the most moral and religious city of its size on the continent. His upright and manly course earned for him the good-will of all citizens, and even those who were driven out of business by his conscientious official action, found in him a personal friend willing to help them with advice and money to enter an honest walk in life. Mr. Howland was the founder of several philanthropic institutions to which he gave liberally not only money, but valuable time. He was also Vice-President of the International Association of Christian Workers, President of the Dominion Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, the Prisoners' Aid Association and the Temperance Alliance. His death makes many vacancies which it will be difficult to fill.

THE CONVERT'S DUTY.

What should a religious teacher do, when he discovers that he has been teaching error for many years? If light breaks on his mind and he perceives that he was mistaken in what he taught, although when he taught it he believed it to be true; what is his duty then? Should he quit his pulpit, or should he impart to his people the light that has broken on his own soul and so undo the mischief he has done in unintentionally leading them astray. The latter seems clearly to his duty, yet we have had some conspicuous examples recently, of men being condemned for doing it. They have been told that when they cease to believe the creed of their church they ought to leave the church. It appears that the Jews have the same opinion. In one of the Synagogues of Hungary a learned rabbi, named Lichtenstein, has been preaching for nearly forty years. During the past few years the conviction has been growing in his mind that Jesus of Nazareth is he of whom the prophets wrote. It was faint and easily stifled at first, but it provoked further study and deepened as he compared the New Testament and the prophetic writings, until it

reached certainty. Then he declared it to his people. It was expected that he would at once join a Christian church; but he refused. "My place is here," he said, "the people whom I have been teaching to look for the Messiah, ought to know from my lips that I have found him. Why should I leave them? We have been forty years together, and I have given them my best thought and leading. Should I leave them now that I have a better word for them than any I have yet spoken? They are mistaken about Jesus, as I was, and I helped to blind their eyes; now I must try to open them, as my eyes have been opened. So he preached Christ in his synagogue, and his people, who love and venerate him, listened eagerly. But other Jewish Rabbis have interfered, and insist that he shall leave. They say that the synagogue was not built to be used for preaching Christ, and contend that the Rabbi is a traitor. It is now announced that they have triumphed and the Rabbi has been expelled.

I'LL SOON BE GOING HOME.

It need not matter what my life shall be,
Nor where my path must go,
For Christ is my Shepherd and he walks with me
Where peaceful waters flow.

Oh! I'll soon be going home,
Never, never more to roam.

Yes, I'll soon be going home,
Where the "many mansions" be,
There is promised one for me.
And I'll soon be going home.

In the dreary shadows of a desert land,
Where grief and pain abide,
With loving compassion he will hold my hand,
And keep me by his side.

If the joy is bitter that my soul must
Or joy o'erflow the brim, [drink,
My Saviour will hold it that I need not
But trust it all with him. [shrink,

It need not matter if I go in youth,
Or low bowed down with years—
My Father will meet me in that land of
truth,
And wipe away all tears.

Oh! I'll soon be going home,
Never never more to roam—

Yes, I'll soon be going home—
Where the "many mansions" be
There is promised one for me,
And I'll soon be going home.

Vineland, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

CONVERTS AMONG THE AINUS.

Much has been written about the degradation of the Ainus, who live in the northern of the Japanese Islands. It has been said again and again that there was no basis in their natures for religious work and that all effort spent upon them would be wasted. The Rev. J. Batchelor, who has been working among them, writes that he worked from 1882 to 1885 before one convert was baptised into the Church of Christ, and that in 1891 there had only been nine converts for nine years' work. But "after the sowing and preparation work, this year will ever be remembered as the reaping year among the Ainu, for already there have been 171 baptisms this year, thus making a Church membership of 179 souls, one having died. There are still about 200 candidates! Every woman in Piratori is among the seekers for the new faith. That is a glorious triumph for the Cross, for the women hitherto have never been allowed to have any religion, the men only have been allowed to join in the public worship. Just think of old women over seventy years of age,

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach or bowels. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this ever prevalent malady.

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are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment naturally produces ill-temper. Guard against the annoyance of fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most perfect and successful of all infant foods.

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now for the first time in their lives being treated as human in the highest sense of possessing souls.

MR. MILLS IN MICHIGAN.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has labored for several weeks at Grand Rapids, Mich., and the city was greatly blessed. The churches are revived and hundreds have confessed Christ. Mr. Mills has labored for ten days in Ann Arbor, Mich., and his work has been eminently blessed, especially among the three thousand students in the University. Many promising young men have been converted and it is believed will consecrate their future to Christian work.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practised by George Thomas Congreve.

FOURTH INTERVIEW.

By the Special Commissioner.

With CAPTAIN ALFORD, Salvation Army Barracks, Exeter.

I first heard of the case of Capt. Alford from Miss Churton, attached to the Marlborough College, Exeter; Miss Bamber, the principal of that establishment, having induced Capt. Alford to try Mr. Congreve's remedies. At that time he was, to all appearance very ill, and it is certain that his recovery is due entirely to the treatment referred to; for I have not only the testimony of Miss Churton to that effect, but also that of Mr. Potter, a picture-frame maker, of Holloway street, in the same city, as well as that of the patient himself, with whom I had a brief chat at my hotel in Exeter.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, captain, what was the matter with you when you commenced Mr. Congreve's treatment upon the recommendation of Miss Bamber?"

"I had very bad congestion of the lungs, a complaint from which I have suffered during the last five years, brought on by exposure and pressure of work."

"I suppose you have had medical advice?"

"Oh, yes; I have been under several doctors, among them a doctor at Hampstead. It has usually taken three months for me to get over each recurring attack."

"And I take it that each succeeding attack was no less severe?"

"Not less severe, in fact, worse. At last I became very ill, so ill that I didn't think much of my life."

"But isn't it possible that you took too gloomy a view of the position?"

"I don't think so. Moreover, the doctor told me my life was in danger. I brought up a quantity of fluid blood, and lost flesh to an alarming extent. For the first time I had two attacks—one close upon the other."

"And then, I am told, you commenced to take Mr. Congreve's medicines?"

"Yes, at the suggestion of Miss Bamber."

"Had you any previous knowledge of it, Captain Alford?"

"Not much; but I remember when I was at Maidstone I saw the good it did in one very bad case."

"And what have you to say about its effect in your own?"

"It did me an immense amount of good—no doubt of it. In a month I had quite recovered, and have kept well and strong since, better than I have been for a long time."

"I am told that you are able to play a wind instrument now, Captain?"

"Yes, I play a brass instrument, often, and without any ill effect."

In reply to a further question, Captain

Alford accorded me his permission to make any reference to his case I thought advisable; and then, as he had to proceed to Exmouth to take part in a service there, he hurried away to his train.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75 or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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Florence Home Needlework for 1893 is now ready. The subjects are Corticelli Drawing, Corticelli Drawn-work, and Reeling Raw Silk as seen at the World's Fair. Crocheted Lamp Shades, Embroidery and Pillow Lace are also described. Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book. \$6 pp., \$7 illus.

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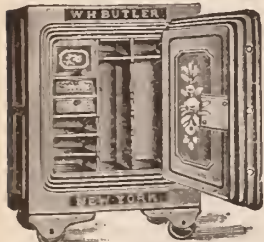
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WHERE CRUSADERS WORSHIPPED.

Founding the First German Protestant Church in Jerusalem, on the Site of the Ancient "Muristan"—A Sultan's Gift to an Emperor.

JERUSALEM, although under Turkish rule, is by no means the distinctively Moslem city it was some twenty years ago, when the intolerance, which is the traditional characteristic of the Turk in religious matters, was strongly marked. Not only are the Armenians, Copts, Greeks and Latins tolerated and permitted to enjoy freedom of worship unmolested, in their own churches and chapels, but there are several other sects and denominations that exercise the same privilege. Such a policy is a great advance

in religious liberality on the part of a people whose religious propaganda was for many centuries carried on with the sword, and to whom the whole world, outside of Mohammedanism was "glaour" and "infidel," and fit only for forcible conversions or ruthless slaughter. Hospitals, schools and missions, erected by the various Christian churches of other lands, are permitted to flourish and extend their several fields of work until they have at last won their way into the obdurate Moslem heart and Mohammedan patients and pupils are now found side by side with the sons and daughters of Syria, Greece and Egypt.

An occasion which demonstrates the tolerant and progressive spirit of the Moslem rulers of Palestine, was the recent ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the first German Protestant Church in Jerusalem. It took place in the presence of a distinguished official sent by the German Emperor, the German Consul and his

staff, a large assembly of German residents and the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem. Right Rev. Dr. Blyth, Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, personally assisted. Our illustration on this page is from a photograph by Krikorian of Jerusalem, forwarded expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Ferdinand Vester, a prominent German resident of Palestine, and who, with his son, lately visited this country in connection with his Oriental exhibits at the World's Fair, has furnished THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with an interesting and authentic history of the events connected with the acquisition of the site for the new church. In 1869, Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia (who afterward became Emperor Frederick I. of Germany), after attending the opening ceremonies at the Suez Canal, visited Sultan Abdul Aziz at Constantinople. The Sultan received the Crown Prince with great distinction, and as a mark of special favor, presented him with a firman, which conveyed to his distinguished

father, the late Emperor William I, a large plot of ground in the city of Jerusalem. On this ground once stood the historical ruin known as the "Muristan," a building erected by the Crusaders about the tenth century and used as a fortress and house of worship, being known as the "Church of Santa Maria Latina." Here it is said, the Knights Templars or Knights of St. John, once had their strong hold and cloisters; but the passing centuries had reduced the once splendid and spacious edifice to a ruin, and at the time of the transfer by Abdul Aziz, the ground was used as a slaughtering place, and a receptacle for the refuse of a very large part of the city of Jerusalem.

On a Sunday, in the latter part of November, 1869, Crown Prince Frederick, who had come to the Holy Land for that especial purpose, took formal possession of the Muristan in the name of his own government and people. The Muristan was surrounded

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THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE FIRST GERMAN PROTESTANT CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

From a photograph lately secured for "The Christian Herald."



WHERE'S MOTHER?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Judges 5: 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."



PIKED to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead Commander-in-Chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1880, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines

which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with nine hundred iron chariots, but he was defeated, and his chariot-wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough and so he leaped to the ground and ran till exhausted he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk which in the East is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael who had resolved upon his death, took a tent-pin long and round and sharp, and a hammer, and putting the sharp end of the tent-pin to the forehead of Sisera with one hand, with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial, waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the furthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horses' bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up,—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor, as the Bible only hints at but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother, "that battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! he is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother: she will not see the glittering head-gear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries: "Your armies are defeated and your son is dead," there is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our vic-

tory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window of earth she is sitting at a window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had nine hundred iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side; and the angry freshets of Kishon and the hail, the lightning and the unmanageable war-horses and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites, and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords; while this storm did not so much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them; so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat. Not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according as to whether God is for us or against us.

"Where's mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" "It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain: "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful gift: "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces, and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lesson, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night all out of breath the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret, and from front door to the back fence of the back yard. "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her, is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was,

and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the King's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is in that scene in the Book of Judges so much about embroideries and needle-work and ladies in waiting, that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the Palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old Book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs, and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candle-sticks, that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified, beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that Palace the mother sits, watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family, in the old-time way, with but little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called "the killing-day." There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua-making, the house-keeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping coughs and croups and run-round fingers and ear-aches, and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica, and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and pennyroyal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning-wheel and rocking-chair. Fagged out, head-achey, and with ankles swollen. Those old-fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good easy comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there and they are rested. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the emerald stairs of the Eternal Palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if anyone keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer, she is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character, and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with

her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or scepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is ten years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," or fashion plate for forty years. Ezekiel 16: 44, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth: or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking-glass, when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the school room overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother, when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards." Agrippina, the mother of Nero a murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an over-dose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity. A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville & Nashville R. R. the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, twelve cars falling a hundred feet and then consumed, I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals, for your sons and daughters but have the first span of ten years defective and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. Oh man! Oh woman! if you have preserved your integrity and are really Christian, you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield, as President of the United States, was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round, and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States, kissed his old mother. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha! ha!" said the soldiers of the regiment to Charlie one of their comrades, "What has made the change in you? You used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded: "We are all praying for you Charlie that you may be a Christian," he said, "Boy's that's the sentence."

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that while sitting at the window of my text

watching for news of her son from the battlefield, she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The Bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey: to every man a damsel or two: to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?'" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on: a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured, and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now neither Sisera's mother nor anyone else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end, and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory as in earliest time, or of bronze, as in Pliny's time, or of steel, as in modern times; whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when a hundred workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle. It is an instrument divinely ordered for the comfort, for the life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more gladdened poverty, and more Christian service than any other eye. The modern sewing-machine has in no wise abolished the needle, but rather enthroned it. Thank God for the needlework, from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the ancient Tabernacle: "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of blue and purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter in this Tabernacle are presenting for benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and social splash in what Sisera's mother said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side, when his mother at the window of my text, in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vain-glorious triumph of millinery and fine colors, and domestic pageantry, will after a while hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life, as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraelon.

But if you still press the question "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, grinding, dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen anyone strike her you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal, but my boy you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul. You struck her down! The tent-pin that Jael drove three times into the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window, it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window. Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, beveled, and hovered over by exquisite lambrquin, but the window is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine, and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the frost, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle of homely repairs, when she looks up, and sees coming across the bridge of the meadow brook a stranger who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farmhouse door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name, and says, "I have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the matter of my son in the city, is there?" she asks. "Yes!" he says. "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night, and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead." "Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh my son! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares, and anxieties, and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay for her self-sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the windows of earth, or the windows of heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evil doings since she went away." Says some one else: "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self-sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes—Trains of immortals ascending and descending—Spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopylae, this Austeroitz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. Oh, God! whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of mid-life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience!

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried: "Where's mother?" and she said: "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap: so after a while when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the Heavenly Home, and among the first questions, not the first but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question: "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well! how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you: but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth-hours, the burials, the heart-breaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say, "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has

a crown which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and me and saved us all. Thank God we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"

"Poor Jack's" Own Mission.

The Seamen's Rescue in New York—Ocean Wanderers Brought to Christ.



AMONG the many Rescue Missions in New York, is one for seamen, under the auspices of the Seamen's Christian Association. The work began at No. 665 Washington street with limited means, but with strong faith that it was a good field. It continued quietly and unostentatiously, and has grown steadily, like the grain of mustard seed, until its usefulness has spread into all lands, for the converted seamen—bearing the glad tidings of Jesus' power to save—go into every clime and corner of the world.

The Mission-Room is comfortable and attractive. Seamen are seated around the tables reading, writing or chatting with one another. The number increases towards evening, until from thirty to forty are ready to take seats forward for the evening service, and as the praise-meeting begins, others appear and the room is frequently crowded with sailor boys and visitors, glad to avail themselves of this "rest by the way." The attendance varies, of course, according to the number of steamers in port; but in the aggregate is about 900 a month. Last month (December), it was 1,331, of whom nearly 800 seamen attended evening services. Of this number, a fair proportion signed the temperance pledge and several professed conversion.

It is inspiring to listen to the hearty singing by those wanderers of the deep, of the hymns: "Pull for the Shore," "Beneath Land," "A Shelter in the time of Storm," "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus," "Throw out the Life-Line," etc. Many a life-line has there been thrown out, and grasped by some poor struggling seaman in this mission house.

"I am so glad I ever came into this little mission," says one, "for it was here that I gave my heart to God six months ago, and I never was so happy in my life."

"I remember," follows another, "coming here when this mission was opened seven years ago: it was very different then: the only seats at first were pine boards placed upon boxes—now what a change! One of the ladies helped me to give up drink, and to lead a new life, and now I can always find time and place to pray to God, who keeps me day by day."

"When I came into this mission room some eight months ago, I had been drinking. You spoke a word that set me thinking. I threw my whiskey bottle into the street, and the next night helped me to clinch the matter, and I've been trying to do right, and have been kept ever since." And so they continue.

By the bedside of a seaman in hospital, we hear him whisper with tears in his eyes, "God bless you for coming to see me. You've made me forget all my pain. It was in your mission that I gave my heart to God. Yes, please come again if you have time, and would you write my wife and tell her?"

Many more encouraging instances might be given. "Hope," the motto of the mission, is indeed "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," and enables its workers to press on with renewed energy.

The officers of the mission are: President, Rev. Henry Wilson, D. D.; First Vice-President, Miss Mary B. Cookman; Second Vice-President, Mr. Hugh O'Neill; Secretary, Miss Emma M. Bangs.

In connection with the work, a Seamen's Hope Circle of the King's Daughters and Sons has been organized, its object being to supplement the work of the Seamen's Association. The ladies and missionary visit the steamers and invite the seamen personally to spend their leisure hours at the mission rooms, instead of in the liquor and gambling saloons. Their work is already producing an excellent effect and many rudderless lives have been set on the right track through the efforts of these godly and self-denying women.

Thus is the good seed sown, in trust that it will bear abundant fruitage in the great harvest of eternity.

Where Crusaders Worshipped.

Continued from first page.

by a wall but the latter was greatly dilapidated and even the gates had fallen to pieces. The Governor of Jerusalem, in preparing for the ceremony, had given orders for the repair of the wall, and new gates, fitted with locks and keys, were supplied, in order that, at the proper moment, he might be able to deliver the keys in the name of the Sultan, to the Imperial visitors. Baron von Alten, the German Consul at Jerusalem, had two olive wood tables placed within the enclosure and a flagstaff was set up on an immense pile of rubbish. At the hour fixed for the ceremony a considerable crowd gathered. When the Crown Prince arrived, he found the Governor of Jerusalem surrounded by Turkish dignitaries, awaiting



MR. FERDINAND VESTER.

Who nailed the Prussian Arms over the Muristan.

him. The Governor opened and read the Sultan's firman and then formally tendered the keys to the Crown Prince, who, in a few well-chosen words, accepted them. "In the name of the king of Prussia," he said, "I take possession of this building and ruins, and the king of Prussia shall hold them." Then at the signal, "One, two, three!" Ferdinand Vester, whose portrait we also publish, started up the steps and with a hammer nailed the royal arms of Prussia firmly over the gate amid the acclamation of the assemblage.

Work was quickly begun with the view of clearing and improving the Muristan. The slaughtering-house was removed outside the city gates, and the rubbish was carted off by donkeys and deposited outside the Jaffa gate. In 1870, the greater part of the ancient Crusader structure was brought to light. One of the large halls of the cloister, on being excavated, was found to be in a fair state of preservation, and this the German residents utilized as a chapel.

At that time, the German Protestant colony in Jerusalem had no place of worship of their own. Baron von Alten some time afterward wrote to the king of Prussia, stating the circumstances and urging that some step might be taken to secure them a place for their services. William I was at Versailles, at the head of his victorious army, when he received the letter and he immediately telegraphed, placing the venerable Muristan at the service of the congregation for the purpose of giving them a chapel within the grounds, adding that he would pay the cost of the necessary renovation out of his own private means. This was done and up to the present time, the Germans in Jerusalem have worshipped in the reconstructed chapel.

Public attention in Germany having been directed to the matter, a fund of several million marks was raised for the purpose of building a cathedral on the Muristan. The necessary amount was secured, but for various reasons the work was delayed till now. Emperor William II, sent Archbishop Adler from Berlin last October, with instructions to take the necessary steps toward building a church on the old foundation of the Crusaders' structure and to have the new edifice designed after the original. Work was begun several months ago on the foundation. The new church will be strictly evangelical and will be in charge of Dr. Schlöchter, the present pastor of the German Colony. In front of the Muristan, the street has been greatly improved and is now known as William Street, in honor of the German Emperor. It is the finest thoroughfare in the city of Jerusalem.



GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

S.S. Lesson for Jan. 28. Gen. 9: 8-17. Golden Text, Gen. 9: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD never abandoned his purpose in the creation of man. Adam and Eve had failed him, Abel's life had been cut short, Cain had become hardened and a reprobate; but even in the seed of Seth, who was born in Adam's likeness and not in God's, our heavenly Father had a people, "a remnant according to the election of grace." There was an Enoch who "walked with God," to whom God could, even in those early times, confide his first communication regarding the future coming of our Lord. When the light of Enoch's life shone no more on earth, God raised up another witness, Noah, who like Enoch "walked with God" or in a current exactly contrary to the popular opinion of his day. It was

An Age of Materialism;

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was the order of Noah's day; these earthly things, "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage" absorbed men; they lived for nothing else, self-will reigned supreme; they ignored all accountability to God, and "took them wives of all which they chose," even those amongst them who were called the sons of God, who "called upon the name of the Lord," or called themselves by the name of the Lord! God had his witnesses, but men in Noah's time shut their eyes to the light as they do now, and God was reduced to the necessity of bringing matters to a crisis. It was an awful moment for that generation when it was determined in the counsels of the Most High: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Up to that time, God's Spirit had striven; Enoch and Noah were the fruits of his striving; now God would be no longer mocked; man would not have God, and God would cease to force himself upon man. Yet God was in no hurry to destroy; and one hundred and twenty years he waited in the awful dignity of his patient love, while the one only man in that generation

Who Understood Him

gave time, and strength, and money to the preparation of the ark; a solid indisputable witness to the faith of Noah, in his constant declaration that God's judgments were coming upon the earth. It was only to a man whose real acquaintance with God was such that he could have had the courage to hold on his separate walk with God; willing to be misunderstood, despised, scourged—that God could confide his purposes or make known his covenant. To be great with man is at the price of living at a distance from God, to be in the secrets of the Lord is at the price of being "despised and rejected of men" as our Lord himself was. It must have been an awful revelation to Noah when God opened his heart to him, and let him see with his eyes the heart of man only evil continually and the earth corrupt before God,—"for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth"—and to carry in his own heart as a reality that which his generation refused to believe, that they, and the very earth they lived for, were daily approaching nearer to destruction! And then that he should so enter into the thoughts of his God that he could see there was no other way for the glory of God or for the redemption of the human race, but death.

Quietly and solemnly the work of preparation went on in the counsels of heaven and in the obedience of the man of faith on earth. At last all was ready, and while some were gathered at a banquet and some at a marriage feast, while they were saying: Peace and safety, sudden destruction came upon them unawares and they did not es-

cape. So shall it be in the coming day of the Son of Man. Noah had prepared an ark to the saving of his house, and he, his wife, his three sons and their wives, rose nearer heaven with every wave of the mighty overflow of the fountains of the great deep, which swept the despairing, shrieking multitude to their awful, hopeless doom. And Noah, who knew the long suffering of God which had waited a hundred and twenty years, could not ask him to reverse his sentence, he said there was no other way. That generation would not be saved consistently with God's holiness, they must abide by their decision and perish! Oh the madness of men who persist in ignoring God! "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Noah's was indeed

A Life of Separation,

carried in the ark over the rivers of a buried earth to be the father of a generation of men upon a cleansed earth, he lived between the dead and the living, having no place to plant his foot upon the judged earth, and as yet no ground to stand upon in the new order of things. But in the will of his God, he found in the ark, with its only opening upward on the God side, a possibility of existence. Many who are looking for the coming of the Lord find themselves in a somewhat similar position, severed from the past crucified with Christ, the world knows them not; citizens of heaven their only window is above, from whence they look for a Saviour, yet in the will of God they are at rest. Altogether Noah was nearly a year in the ark without seeing either land or water; then he removed the covering of the ark, and saw that the earth was dry; but he waited for God's direction before he ventured forth with his strange ship's company, and the first thing he did on the cleansed earth was to take possession of it for God; he raised a memorial for God by building an altar and offering sacrifice. And this he did, not meanly, but of every clean beast and fowl Noah gave one in sacrifice. Tithes the tenth, were the order under the law, but

Noah Gave a Seventh,

not a tenth to the Lord. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor, and the Lord said in his heart: "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake." And he renewed to Noah the blessing which he had pronounced upon Adam in his state of innocence, and added the gift of animal food, saying: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." But from the beginning blood, which is the life of all flesh, was forbidden, and the righteous law of God, was instituted: "Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man." The regicide, the homicide, the suicide, is guilty of sin against the image of God; it is sacrilege in the highest sense.

God having prepared the way, drew near to Noah; his original thought to unite man to himself still uppermost he spake unto Noah, and now to his sons with him, saying: "And I behold I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you." And God did not even stop at the sons of Noah but would draw near to him in covenant even the very animal world in the fulness of his grace and love. "I will establish my covenant with you," he said, "neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood." This is God's covenant with everything that breathes; whatever there may be, a repetition of the flood can never be, for God hath said it and bound himself by promise. In his heart he had al-

ready said, and some way communicated to man, "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." Terrible troubles shall come, but no second flood.

And God said: "This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you for perpetual generations: I do set

My Bow in the Cloud,

and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." We read in (Rev. 4: 3) that there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald, and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne were the four living creatures. As the four faces of the Cherubim make one living creature so the variegated colors of the rainbow make one circle of glory round about the throne.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



MOUNT ARARAT.

THE significance of the verses, which form the subject of the lesson, consists in the fact that they describe the circumstances under which the human race was to have a new beginning in the world. The new era opens with a blessing and a promise. This family, represented as being commissioned to replenish the earth, is in a different situation from that of Adam and Eve. They are not in a garden, with a forbidden tree and a talking serpent, and not inexperienced and childlike; but having seen sin in awful culmination and having witnessed the retribution of an angry God. They might well be dismayed and apprehensive. God approaches them in blessing and with words of encouragement. Such a judgment is never to be visited on the world again and they are to be reminded of the promise whenever they see the bow in the cloud. We are not to suppose that there was never a rainbow before this, but that after this time it was to have a new meaning for them. The promise has been kept, but sin is still punished, although the punishment comes in other ways. It works thenceforward by natural laws. Not by fire or flood does God punish the sinner, but sin brings sorrow, poverty, disease and death. God is still true to his nature and man persists in wickedness. Even after a calamity so appalling as the deluge, there was no amendment. The next chapters are a record of immorality and unbelief. So it has been ever since. Punishment does not redeem. Christ himself said it would be so to the end; and that, when he comes the second time, the world will be in much the same condition that it was when Noah entered the ark (Matt. 24: 37-39) and then, as at the Deluge, God will deliver those who serve him.

There is testimony outside of the Bible of such a catastrophe as the Deluge having taken place. Traditions of a great flood have been found among the Persians, Hindus, Chinese and other Asiatic nations. They appear, too, in early Greek literature in the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Geo. Smith found it also, in a form closely resembling the Bible narrative, inscribed on the tablets in the Library of Ashurbanah, king of Assyria. That account represents Isdubar, his family and servants and flocks and herds being saved from a flood in a ship, which he had been instructed to build of wood and line with pitch. From its window, after the ship was aground, Isdubar sends out a raven, a dove and a swallow, and finally emerges himself, and finds that all the human race have been drowned. But there is this radical difference between the two accounts, that while the Assyrian represents the catastrophe as the result of a quarrel among the gods, the Bible, true to its ethical purpose, describes it as God's punishment of a wicked world. There are no means of ascertaining the approximate date of the Deluge. The standard chronology sets it 1656 years after the Creation, but the whole system is manifestly unreliable. The scene, according to general belief, was in the Euphrates basin, and Hugh Miller, the great

geologist, had a theory that it was caused by a subsidence of the land, which permitted the waters of the Persian Gulf, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean to inundate the country. In confirmation of his theory, he pointed to the fact that the Dead Sea is still 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

With you and your seed after you. The covenant of love and care which God made with Noah is for perpetual generations. There is a beautiful story in Greek mythology which shows how the idea of a covenant between heaven and earth has been treasured by men. It tells that the lady Leto wandered in fear and sorrow, for no city or country would give her a home where she might abide in peace. From Crete to Athens, from Athens to Aegina, from Aegina to the heights of Pelion and Athos, she passed seeking a home. But in vain she prayed each land to receive her, until she came to the island of Delos and promised to raise it to great glory if only she might rest there in peace. And she lifted up her voice and said, "Listen to me, island of the dark sea, if thou wilt grant me a home, all nations shall come unto thee and great wealth shall flow in upon thee, for here shall Phœbus Apollo, the lord of life and light, be born, and men shall come here to know his will and win his favor." Then answered Delos and said: "Lady, thou promistest great things; but Apollo, I fear will despise my hard and barren land, and go to some other country where he will build a more glorious temple and grant richer gifts to the people who come to worship him." But Leto swore by the dark water of Styx and the wide heaven above, and the broad earth around her that Delos should be the shrine of Phœbus, and that there should the rich offerings burn on his altar the whole year round. So Leto rested in the Island of Delos and there was Phœbus Apollo born. Then was his temple built in Delos and men came to it from all lands to learn his will and offer sacrifice on his altar.

A token of a covenant. The rainbow was to be a reminder to men of God's promise. We might see many such reminders of God's love and protection if our eyes were open to them. Mungo Park tells us that when alone in the heart of Africa he was deeply affected by the sight of a flower. He says: "Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness in the depth of the rainy season naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals and still more savage men. I was five hundred miles from any white man's settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative than to lie down and perish. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fruticulation irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind sometimes derives consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its leaves, and capsula without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted and watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

The bow in the cloud. When Jeremy Taylor had lost all—when his house had been plundered, and his family driven out of doors, and all his worldly estate sequestered—he could still write thus: "I am taken into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit upon his little handful of thorns."

"I'VE BEEN REDEEMED!"

Macedonian cry came over the hill to me from the pastor of a church in a neighboring valley, and in response to that call a company of us drove over there one evening, with the understanding

that they were to get me back in time to take the midnight train for New York. Never did the moon flood the earth with more silvery beams, nor the stars shine with greater brightness, than they did that night. Cloud and gloom were out of sight, while light and gladness were to be seen everywhere. God was around us, over us, beneath us and within us, and it was an easy matter to tell redemption's story to the company that filled that church in the valley. The moon and the stars sang without, and the people sang within the sacred edifice, until all realized that the God of Jacob was with his people. At last a man arose, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "You all know me; I'm a man now, but you knew me when I was a slave; I was a slave to the bottle, to habits, to sin; chains bound my brain, my body, my soul, but, thank God, I'm a slave no longer, for I've been redeemed, and to God be all the glory for making a man out of a slave."

Yes, they all knew him, and when he sat down, how the old church rang with the song,

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The meeting closed and we were soon climbing the hill on our homeward journey, and making the welkin ring with songs of praise. Ever and anon, we came back to the refrain, "I've been redeemed," and as we reached the hilltop the song rolled out and up, until the melody seemed to float on the moonbeams, rustle in the tree-tops, and sparkle in the starlight. The echoes from hilltop and valley, from rocks and woods, with melodious voice sent back the chorus, "I've been redeemed." My friends escorted me to the depot, and as the train moved out, I stood on the rear platform of the last car and they on the platform of the station, and the last we heard from each other was the song, "I've been redeemed."

An old friend stood at the throttle-valve on the engine that night, and somehow he seemed to know the song that was in my heart, and on my lips, and a part of my dreams, as I lay in my berth, for the swing of the car and the roll of the train beat perfect time to the glad chorus, "I've been redeemed." A comfortable night's sleep, sweetened with musical dreams, was followed by a good breakfast in the morning, and I settled back in my seat to continue my journey and think over the experience given in the Valley Church the night before by that ex-slave of sin. As I thought, my heart grew warm within me; the tears coursed down my cheeks, and soon, forgetful of my surroundings, I broke out singing:

O, for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glory of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

I've been redeemed! I've been redeemed!
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

As I came to the chorus, a gentleman seated just behind me, with a rich, full voice, added a good bass to my soprano, and as I turned to look at him, I found his face all aglow, and he quickly leaned forward and grasped my hand.

"You have a grand bass voice," I said, "and you sing gloriously, but have you been redeemed?"

"Indeed, I have," was his reply.

"I am glad of that, but when did it happen?"

"Over eighteen hundred years ago."

"Over eighteen hundred years ago!" I exclaimed, "why I should never take you to be as old as that."

"Well, I'm not," he laughingly replied: "that's when it happened; but I only found it out about nineteen years ago, but I'm so glad I found it out."

"Then it's one thing to be redeemed and another thing to find it out, is it?"

"Yes, it is," was the reply; "let us sing some more."

We sang on and soon other voices joined

in the chorus, and there was no happier singer in the company than the colored porter. But in a seat not far off sat a man who didn't sing, and who looked as if something hurt him, and hurt him bad. He scowled at us and he grunted at us, and we soon discovered that he had a savage breast that all our music could not soothe. But no matter; out swelled the song, and in the midst of it the door opened and in came the conductor. Our scowling, growling neighbor at once jumped to his feet, and with an oath he exclaimed: "Conductor, I wish you would put a stop to that nonsense."

I knew what the smile on the conductor's face meant, for a truer Christian in the church or on the cars could not be found anywhere. He came over to me, clasped my hand, and, calling me by name, he said:

"That song sounds glorious, but I noticed you were a little weak in the tenor; let us have another verse, and I will try and supply what is lacking."

Again the song of redemption filled the car; eighteen of the company sang:

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,

and ere we parted that morning we found that all had been redeemed, and fourteen of us had found it out. C. H. MEAD.

ANCIENT PHENICIAN WRITINGS.

Recent investigation has brought to light

very important indications as to the early civilization of Palestine by means of clay tablets. It is well-known to scholars that Thothmes III., when he defeated the league of Hittites and Phenicians at Megiddo, in 1600 B. C. (a century before Amenophis III., acceded), reaped a spoil which indicates the advanced civilization of Syria, including not only the precious metals and chariots painted and plated, but also objects of art having a high æsthetic value, and that he found corn, wine and oil abundant in the country, and many hundred walled towns, in which there were already temples of the gods.

Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who seem to regard the early Hebrews as semi-savages, and who think that, though placed in the very centre of the ancient civilized world, between the Egyptians and the Assyrians, they were, nevertheless, unacquainted with any arts and un-influenced by surrounding culture. The new discoveries insist on quite another understanding of the ancient history. We find that not only in Egypt or in Mesopotamia was the art of writing known in the time of Moses, but that the inhabitants of Palestine also could pen a brick epistle which in the space of a few inches, contained as much information as can now be condensed into a sheet of note paper. Such letters were neither heavy nor bulky, and could be carried in the turban or in the folds of the shirt bosom, just as easily as paper letters are now so carried, with the additional advantage that they were imperishable, as is witnessed by the fact that they are now being read, 3,400 years after they were written. It is quite clear that the Hebrew civilization was not inferior to its surroundings.

GAPS IN THE BIBLE.

References are made in the books of Samuel and the Kings to some contemporary records which were evidently of a much fuller and more detailed character than those we have. Those archives of the two kingdoms are lost to us, but we are now enabled to fill many of these gaps with information derived from the Library of Ashurbanabal, king of Assyria, which was discovered in the mounds in the deserts of Mesopotamia. An article by Morris Jastrow, Jr., in the current number of the "Century," shows how valuable to the Bible student are the works of that ancient royal library. The mounds on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates were long regarded with curiosity, but no one imagined that they contained so rich a treasure. They proved, on being opened, to be ruined palaces and public buildings which were buried under the sand that the winds of centuries had blown over them. When this sand was cleared away the excavators were astounded at the evidences of culture and high civilization which were revealed. But not then, and not for several years afterward, did they realize the value of their discovery. In one building they found many thousands of tablets of baked clay which had been written on before baking. The writing was singularly beautiful, but in an unknown character. These are being deciphered by scholars in Germany, England and France, and the work is still far from complete. From these tablets it is found that they constituted a national library collected by Ashurbanabal for the benefit of his subjects. What makes them still more valuable is that a large number bear the statement that they are copies of works even then ancient, which had been made by the king's order, that his library might be complete. We thus have works which were considered ancient in the days of Ashurbanabal, who was the grandson of Sennacherib and died before Nebuchadnezzar was born. The tablets are numbered, and each bears the inscription that it is "The property of Ashurbanabal, the king of hosts and the king of Assyria." They are from six to ten inches square and some are larger still. They were ranged carefully on shelves around the walls of the Library, which had apparently been a building several stories high. Two floors have already been cleared and a third has been found. In the corners of the Library large clay cylinders like huge barrels were set, which were inscribed with the national records of military campaigns, conquests and great internal achievements such as the erection of temples and public buildings. By piecing together these records, so strangely found, with the books of Kings and Chronicles, we obtain a clear view of the situation and many details of the lives of Hezekiah, Hoshea and Manasseh not mentioned in the Bible. Thus the writer of Kings disposes of the Northern Kingdom of Israel in three verses (II. Kings 18:9-11), while a whole series of tablets is devoted to a description of the campaign. The ancient reprints—as we should call them—are also deeply interesting, as they contain the legends of the Creation and the Deluge, strongly resembling the Bible account.

Preacher, Singer, Writer.

The Gospel Career of Rev. C. H. Mead, Our Brilliant Contributor—His Rare Delineations of Life Among the Lowly.

FEW men have worked more energetically with voice and pen in the cause of Christ, than Rev. C. H. Mead, our well-known contributor, whose portrait appears on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our readers are familiar with his delightful stories of evangelistic experience, illustrating in a peculiarly felicitous way, the influence of Gospel truths on the affairs of everyday existence. They have read with enjoyment his inimitable sketches entitled: "Show your Colors," "Monuments," "His Royal Highness," "Grumblers," "Uncle Ben," "The Song and the Star," and many others which have appeared in these columns. They recall with equal pleasure, his experience in the Southern evangelistic field, where he was the first of American home missionary workers to utilize the mails as a direct means of Gospel teaching. His sweet songs, his bright narratives of actual incidents in the course of a long career, his rich humor and touching pathos are among the things that have become very dear to our friends who have read his contributions during the past year.

Mr. Mead was born in New York City in 1841. For a number of years, he has resided in the western part of the state, his home at present being at Hornellsville. For years he was engaged successfully in evangelistic work, but of late years has been more closely identified with the temperance reform. He spent several winters in the South as the special missionary of the National Temperance Society, devoting his labors largely to the colored people, and his success in that work was phenomenal. He was the originator of the Silver Lake Temperance Assembly, and the organizer of the Silver Lake Quartette, of which he is still the leader. He is one of the busiest men in the country with head, voice, and pen. He is a popular preacher, and one of the leading speakers on the temperance platform. He is a great student of human nature, and is continually gleaning in out-of-the-way places for peculiar types of humanity. He looks on the bright side of things, and his laughter and tears lie close together. His pen is ever going at the desk, on the platform, or in the railroad train, and the sketches we publish from time to time from his pen are snatched from his busy, every-day life.

SLAVERY IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

A strong protest is needed from the civilized Christian world against the Kanaka labor traffic or system of slavery now going on in the South Sea Islands, on account of its cruel oppression, bloodshed and murders. It is a disgrace to humanity, for which retributive justice has a fearful reckoning in store for all engaged in it. Whether to planters and employers in the pearl shell fisheries, or to English, French, German and American plantations, or to South and Central America, this traffic has carried away and laid in their grave many Kanakas—some ten thousand or more in Queensland, and many thousands elsewhere. A note to an official report giving these figures, says that the report is very imperfect, because many died in war that were not recorded. From the New Hebrides alone some seventy thousand of the young men and women have been taken away by this traffic, which is rapidly depopulating the islands. Other groups have suffered severely, even worse, where there are no missionaries to intimidate the traders and expose their atrocities: for the Kanaka labor traffic has feared the missionaries' exposure of its atrocities, and therefore the people are treated more kindly and justly on those islands which missionaries occupy. Several American papers tell their readers that certain slave vessels are now being prepared to go to the South Sea Islands in quest of laborers; also that not long ago one vessel took six hundred Kanakas away, and that they were disposed of somewhere in the South American districts. Another cargo of three hundred and fifty was wrecked and all were lost. Some sixteen vessels—two of them steamers—have for years been constantly engaged in this traffic, prowling about the islands, kidnapping and getting the islanders away by every deception that man can invent, and taking them away to the pearl shell fisheries and plantations. If this trade goes on for a very little while longer, these islands will be depopulated.



REV. C. H. MEAD, EVANGELIST AND AUTHOR.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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FERTILIZING CRYSTALS.

MAY God give us plenty of snow this season! Great snowstorms are the avant couriers of great crops, and I predict that the summer of 1864, will, in grains and fruits, eclipse many of its predecessors, if we can this winter have abundance of snow. So God treasures on mountain tops in natural reservoirs refreshment for the great valleys. What would the earth do if the piled up snowbanks on Mount Washington and the Adirondacks and the Sierra Nevadas in the summer months did not melt into the plains? The life of the continent depends on these influences. The great national banks on which July and August draw their checks are snowbanks, and though there is a run on them every summer, they never suspend payment. Welcome these flocculent masses of crystal! No wonder that Scoresby and Buchanan and Glaisher gave so much of their lives to study them, falling as they do in stars and wheels and prisms and pyramids and diamonds and in all the wondrous shapes of crystallography. The hunter to-morrow morning on the snow, following the rabbit track, will crush more wonders of architecture under his feet than can be seen in all the Alhambras and Parthenons and St. Mark's Cathedrals of the world. Even the Bible, though most of it was written in tropical climes, and where these frozen vapors are rarely seen, glorifies these white teathers of the wintry cloud. Job talks about washing his hands in snow water, and cries out: "Who can understand the treasures of the snow?" And David speaks of "snow like wool." Samuel describes a hero, who "slew a lion in time of snow." And Solomon declares that the "provident housewife is not afraid of the snow." And Isaiah says that scarlet sins become as "white as snow," and Jeremiah writes of the snow of Lebanon, and Matthew, describing the angel that rolled the stone from the door of the sepulchre, says: "His raiment was as snow," and St. John, speaking of the eternity of Christ, declares, "His hairs were white as snow." Thank God for the snow! Beautiful in poetry and prose, as well as necessary in fertilization! With the inconveniences it causes we can afford to be patient when it means the goodness and kindness and bounty of a gracious God. Moreover, I rejoice in it because it provides such splendid opportunity for juvenile sport, although city authorities have so interfered with it because there have been accidents. Such sports need regulation, but not suppression. Considering the fact that at such times all the boys in America who can get a sled—whether gilded and from the hardware store, or two hickory withes bound back and extremities frantically fastened—are riding down hill, there are fewer accidents than might have been expected.

There are dangers attached to all recreations—velocipedes, bicycles, garden swings, horseback riding, ball playing, pitching quoits, gymnastics. If we prohibit all things that have dangers attached, we would stop all pleasures and activities. It is dangerous for you to eat; you might choke. It is dangerous for you to walk down the street, for, slipping on an orange peeling, you might injure your spine. It is dangerous for you to breathe, for you might inhale malaria. By all means, let city authorities regulate coasting, and steer it clear of telegraph poles and foot passengers, but enact no city ordinance against the outbreak of healthful human nature. I am every day glad that I am not a boy now. There is nothing for him to do. What is to become of a bounding, robust boyish nature in our cities? Plenty of opportunities for sinful entertainment, but of harmless fun a complete bankruptcy. And all parents, intelligent parents, know the truth of what I say. He cannot ride down hill; it is against the law. He cannot snowball; it is against the law. He cannot set off a pack of firecrackers to celebrate the birth of American independence; it is against the law. I am glad that I live near a hill, where either by a special permission coasting is allowed or the police look the other way. Within sight of my window right after a fall of snow the procession of sleds flying down the hill and crawling up—for what genuine boy would not walk up to ride down?—the shout of demonstrative glee, the clear sweep of fun that imperils neither life nor limb, have been something for all good men and women to smile over and rejoice in. That is the way our youth are to get muscle and nerve and exuberance for the work they will be called to do, when they arrive amid the thirties and the forties and the fifties of earnest life. Multiply all the facilities for innocent sport. The way to crowd out bad amusements is to increase innocent amusements. When your boy is dead, if that overwhelming grief should ever strike your soul, you will feel more satisfaction in thinking of what pleasures you gave him than what unnecessary self-denials you inflicted upon him.

ANTE-MORTEM CHARITY.

IT is a very wise thing for a man to become his own executor. How much more beautiful is ante-mortem charity than post-mortem benevolence. There is many a man who has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when he had to die, he has made some charitable institution a legatee. Many a man has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when death met him, said: "Well, if I must I must, and now, Bible Society, you take so many thousands, and, reformatory institution, you take so many thousands." The fact is, if that man had four or five stout pockets in his shroud, he would have taken all his wealth with him. Better late than never to be charitable, but greater will be the reward of that man who gives to charitable institutions while he has the power to retain what he is giving away.

The Sabbath-school teacher builds her monument in the heavenly thrones and palaces of her converted class. George Muller of England, builds his monument in the orphan-houses of Bristol. George Peabody builds his monument in the library of his native village and the school-houses for educating the blacks in different parts of the South. Handel built his monument in the "Hallelujah Chorus." Cyrus W. Field has built his monument in the cables underlying the sea, lashing the continents together and hastening on the day of universal brotherhood. He who prays or gives for a church of Jesus Christ builds his monument in all that sacred edifice shall accomplish for good. Wilberforce built his monument in the piled-up shackles of a demolished slave trade. Livingstone built his monument in what shall be regenerated Africa. Paul built his monument in the magnificent story of the resurrection. William E. Dodge built his monument in the reformatory institutions he either established or helped to support. Peter Cooper built his monument

in the philanthropies he encouraged by the establishment of that one institution for the education of the masses.

Ah! that is fame worth having—that is an immortality you can strive after without the degradation of worldly ambition. Let such monuments be built all the lands over until every crippled limb is straightened and every inebriate learns the luxury of cold water, and every outcast is brought home to his God, and the last crime is extirpated, and Paradise Lost becomes Paradise Regained.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

In reply to numerous inquiries, it is proper to state that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Premium Offers, consisting of "From Manger to Throne," the International Teachers' Bible, in Ruby type, and International Teachers' Bible, in Emerald type, are still open, though of course we cannot promise that this will be the case for any great length of time.

F. M. Waller, Williamsburg, Pa.: Was John the Baptist Elias? In Matt. 11: 14 Jesus says that he was, and in John 1: 21 John says he was not.

John the Baptist was he who was to come in the spirit and power of Elijah, as Luke states it (Luke 1: 17). The character of the Baptist and his life and preaching resembled those of Elijah. In the reply of the Baptist to the Jewish questioners, he doubtless had in mind the literalness which was their stumbling block, as it is of Christians at this day. They expected Elijah in person, taking the prophecy (Mal. 4: 5) literally, and John truthfully answered that he was not Elijah. Jesus, referring to the prophecy, said (Matt. 11: 14) that it was fulfilled in John. There is therefore no inconsistency.

S. Childers, Pesotum, Ill. What does the Apostle mean in Colossians 2: 12, by being buried with Christ in baptism?

Paul finds a spiritual parallel or antetype in the believer for the events of Christ's life. The idea occurs frequently in his epistles. He speaks of being dead with Christ (Rom. 6: 8), and being raised with him (Eph. 2: 6). The image in this case is the transition when the believer by a solemn act declares himself a Christian. Henceforth he should be dead to the world, and his future should be a resurrection life, new from that hour.

Frederick McKenzie, Lake Linden, Mich. Is it possible for one who has been converted by the Holy Spirit to be eternally lost?

We think the experiment has never been made. We cannot imagine one who has been really converted making such an appalling test. If really united to Christ by a living faith, there is such strengthening and protecting power in Christ's love, that his loved one is not likely to go beyond its reach, but will, if he wanders, be drawn back by that love or so chastened and scourged by divine providence that he will return. No converted person would try to ascertain at his own soul's risk whether there were bounds to Christ's love and forbearance.

Prescott Colby, Henniker, N. H., sends the following:

The HERALD and the premium
Are both a household treasure!
And thanks to you, that they have come,
They give us so much pleasure.
It came to us superbly neat,
Which showed good business packing.
And, as you said, it is complete,
And there is nothing lacking.
May Heaven bless your enterprise!
To every HERALD reader:
For we regard it as a prize—
God bless its able leader!

Lula Taylor, Pierson, Ia. I wish to join the Church. Many people talk so hard against them, I would like your opinion.

You should unite with any Christian denomination to which your inclinations lead you, and you can then readily find out whether the spiritual association is a congenial one. The church to which you refer is one of the greatest and most effective spiritual agencies on this continent. Even if this were not the case, we would give the same advice: any Christian denomination will help you; any such connection is preferable to remaining outside the pale of Christian fellowship.

C. M. G., Richard City, Wis. 1. It is possible for a Freemason to be a consistent Christian? 2. Would it be right for a Christian young lady to marry a Freemason?

1. As the editor of this journal is not a Freemason and as the proceedings of the lodges are kept secret, it is impossible for him as an outsider to tell you positively whether there is any inconsistency. You may, however, draw an inference from the fact that eminent Christians have been Freemasons. At the present time there are many clergymen, not only Freemasons, but officers of lodges, and they appear to have no conscientious scruples in performing their duties in the lodge and in the pulpit. It would appear therefore that they do not find their duties antagonistic or they would abandon Masonry. 2. If he is a Christian and she loves him, his being a Freemason we should think would not keep them apart.

Subscriber, Dennison, O. What would you do with the ad hoc clerical class of church members who love the ball and card parties far more than their church or its services, and upon whose pastoral counsel has no effect, but is rather listened to with indignation?

If your church has a Book of Discipline, the rules relating to such cases can be properly ap-

plied. It is within the power of the pastor and elders jointly, to suspend members who persistently offend, but this is a resort that should only be applied after all efforts at convincing the offenders of the error of their ways have failed. Inconsistent members are a source of weakness rather than of strength in a church and it is better to have a church with a smaller number of members—all earnest, true men and women—than a church many of whose members are leading a life at variance with their Christian professions.

J. L. Martin, Atlanta, Ga.: Do you manufacture the Teachers' Bibles which you send out as premiums with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

No; all our Teachers' Bibles are manufactured in England and Scotland.

Lemuel Fairchild, Providence, R. I. Was your statement in the MAIL-BAG regarding the journey from Alexandria to Cairo quite correct? You said the distance between Cairo and Ismailia was travelled by sea.

We should have said by rail instead. The remainder of the paragraph is accurate as printed.

G. Merrill, Frankville, Iowa. Is it right for a person to join a church who does not believe in the creed or rules of the church?

If the difference as to creed is so slight as not to interfere with fellowship, it is right to join. Persons who love the Lord Jesus Christ may unite in celebrating his dying love, in his appointed way, even if they differ on some doctrinal points. No one, however, should join a church if he is not prepared to obey its rules.

Subscriber, Elysia, O.: Does Christ command us to hate our relations in Luke 14: 26?

Not in the ordinary sense of the word. He was speaking to people who would have to encounter the opposition of their families in following him. He used a strong expression to signify the unswerving fealty he required. They could not please them and follow him at the same time. No one could be his disciple without breaking completely with all that kept them back from him.

G. C., Anderson, Ind.: Is there not a contradiction between 1 Kings 8: 26 and 1 Chron. 22: 2 as to the age of Abiah at the beginning of his reign? Which is right?

There is in our version. It is probably due to the error of some early copyist. The statement in Kings is correct. The Hebrews used letters for numbers, and the letter for twenty is so like that for forty that one is easily mistaken for the other. The error would probably have been set right by the Revisers if the zeal for the letter of the Bible had not been so strong.

S. M., Humeston, Iowa: What kind of an organization is the Baptist Union, from which Pastor Spurgeon withdrew?

A union of Baptist Churches for co-operation in home and foreign missionary work, for mutual aid and consultation. Its object is fellowship, and it has no legislative power or authority. Mr. Spurgeon found that his brethren differed from him so radically on the question of verbal inspiration and other doctrines that he felt he could no longer work with them harmoniously, and he therefore withdrew, but was a Baptist minister in good standing to the day of his death.

Constant Reader, Jersey City, N. J.: In writing your answer to "Reader," Topeka, Kan., in your issue of January 3, did you not overlook the statement in Gen. 5: 4 that Adam begat sons and daughters?

No; the statement appears to refer to births after that of Seth, and consequently does not give any light on the question of where Cain found his wife. By Genesis 4: 25 you will see that Seth was not born until after the murder of Abel. Nevertheless, as we said, the only inference that the believer in the historical accuracy of the Bible can accept from the narrative is that Adam and Eve had daughters of marriageable age at the time Cain married, and that he married one of them.

Mrs. W. R. Fulghum, Modoc, Ga. 1. An old gentleman, who is now visiting us, when I showed him your book *From Manger to Throne*, said the pictures could not be true as the first picture-taking ever invented was in 1792. Is it possible that pictures taken to-day, can represent things as they were 1700 years ago? 2. What did Peter have reference to when he said that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day?"

1. Your guest probably referred to the fact that photography was invented about that date, the first experiments that led to the discovery of the "photographic action" of the sun's rays on certain chemicalized surfaces, having been made by Scheele, a Swedish chemist between 1790 and 1800. Painting, however, is as old as history and representations of actual scenes and localities in ancient times are found in the form of painting and sculpture in many places of the world to-day, including China, Japan, India, Syria and Egypt. The photographs in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premium book "From Manger to Throne" are in every case accurate and authentic representations of the places as they are to-day, after the lapse of centuries. Many of the scenes and engravings other than photographs are taken from the most ancient paintings and sculptures, some of them older than the Christian era. 2. Peter's language was addressed to a people who were impatient for the fulfillment of certain prophecies and was intended to show that man's apprehension or measurement of time could not gauge the standard of the Almighty. The utterance has been adopted by many students of prophecy as indicating a standard upon which to base their calculations.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

DEATH OF THE "WHITE PASHA."

RECENT cable dispatches bring the news of the death of Sir Samuel White Baker, the famous explorer of Central Africa. He was one of the earliest explorers to follow the discoveries of Livingstone and to penetrate farther into the unknown regions of the Dark Continent. Baker was forty years old when he started on his first journey into the interior. He was an Englishman by birth, but had been educated in Germany. From boyhood he had been deeply interested in travel and exploration, and had won some distinction and wealth when comparatively a young man, by organizing and settling an extensive colony in Ceylon. He lived there until the death of his first wife and then sought relief from sorrow in travel in many lands. In 1861, he set out, at his own expense, to discover the sources of the Nile. His second wife, a daughter of Finnan von Sass, whom he married at Cairo accompanied him. On his journey he met Speke and Grant who told him that they had heard of a great lake which they had been unable to visit. Baker pushed forward, discovered the lake and named it Albert Nyanza. After sailing on it for many miles he returned and, writing from Khartoum, he announced that the mystery of the Nile was solved. He had been three years on his journey and he declared himself worn out with difficulties, fatigue and fever. He was knighted by his queen, made Pasha by the Sultan and honored by several Universities and learned societies. He was subsequently placed by the Khedive of Egypt in command of an expedition to suppress the slave trade. Two thousand men were put under his orders, and two steamers and an abundance of supplies were furnished to him. The expedition cost two million dollars and over a thousand lives. After four years of continuous travel and almost constant fighting "The White Pasha" as Sir Samuel Baker was called, believed he had broken up the slave trade; but after his return, he was chagrined to hear that it had revived with its old power. His life since then has been spent in retirement from which he has emerged occasionally to publish some new book on Africa, the fruit of patient labor, in which Lady Baker rendered valuable assistance. It is as an explorer that Baker will chiefly be remembered. The great expedition from which he expected the greatest results, as a civilizing agency, was a disappointment. He found, as so many others have done in past ages, that such a result, is to be achieved "not by might or power," but by the Holy Spirit. (Zech 4:6.)

To Yield or Die.

A Mexican gentleman, now in St. Louis, describes in the "Globe-Democrat" an extraordinary self-imposed ordeal adopted by two lovers in Mexico. The parents of the girl were opposed to the marriage, as her lover was an American and they were anxious that she should marry a wealthy Mexican gentleman of their acquaintance. The girl resisted her lover's efforts to induce her to marry him without the consent of her parents, but declared her unalterable fidelity to him. After a long and fruitless endeavor

to win the approval of the parents, the lovers abandoned themselves to despair. They came to the strangest agreement ever heard of. They determined to test their love by the agonies of a slow death. They shut themselves in a room, where the table was laden with food, and fruit. In this room they resolved to die of starvation. If either of them yielded to the craving of nature and partook of food the door was to be opened and both were to be free and were to part forever, neither to look on the other's face, again. They remained in the room for twelve days and neither of them wavered or murmured. Neither had touched the food or had wished to touch it, although both suffered torture from the pangs of hunger and were so weak they could scarcely stand. During their seclusion the girl's parents had made a thorough search for her and at the end of the twelfth day, her father succeeded in locating her and broke in the door of the room. It took them several days to recover from

the counterfeit and a genuine note are laid side by side, even experts are puzzled as to which is the counterfeit. The execution of the portrait and lettering are so exquisite that the treasury officials say, a man capable of such work could easily make more money honestly than he can do by this dishonest occupation. His conduct is a remarkable instance of a shortsighted perversity which in a less degree is quite common. In the end it will be found that every man who prostitutes his talents in the service of sin would have done better for himself had he used them in the service of God. (1 Tim. 4:8.)

An Unappreciated Privilege.

The objections of a farmer to an offer made to him by a family in the city, are described in a Boston journal. The farmer's son was going to work in the city and application was made by the lad's mother to a family residing there, who had formerly been neighbors of their's in the country, to take him as a boarder. They consented; and the old lady joyously informed her husband, when he came in from his work, of the cordiality of the reply. "They have promised," she said, "to treat him as one of the family." The farmer shook his head. "It ain't much of an outlook," he said. "They sent their old mother to a home when she got helpless; they used to let their aunt chore around from morning until night and never gave her a cent for it; and

with the sick and to pay attention to the quality and quantity of their food taking care that it is of the most nutritive kind. They are also advised to see that they have plenty of light and fresh air. If these matters are attended to the children are strengthened to resist the poisonous germs even if they inhale them. The spiritual physician would give similar advice. Temptation to evil will have little power over a child whose parents have taken care that it has been brought up in the light and in pure moral atmosphere and has been nurtured on sound moral principles. (Prov. 22: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

An error was made in an article in our issue of last week on "The Great Bible Revival." It was stated that the amount expended by the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the purchase of Teachers' Bibles was \$125,000. An examination of the books shows that it has exceeded \$175,000; making a total in four years of \$300,000.

The American Board has now in the various foreign mission fields 3298 workers of whom 557 are native Americans.

Mr. Fulton, a missionary in China, writes: During this month more money will be given in China to propitiate evil spirits which have no existence than is given for foreign missions in a whole year by all the churches in America.

The Hebrew Christian Church of New York founded by Rev.

Jacob Freshman and conducted by him for so many years is, we are informed, now a part of the City Mission work of which Dr. A. F. Schaeffer is the superintendent. Mr. Freshman will, it is understood, continue in charge of the work.

Andrew Carnegie has notified the Boards of Relief in Pittsburgh, which are supplying food and clothing to the hungry, that he will duplicate whatever amount is raised for the purpose. The amount given up to the close of the year was \$62,000.

The accounts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have just been issued. The donations of the month were \$45,979 an increase over the corresponding month of last year of \$14,978.

A bookseller in Prague, Austria, is issuing an edition of the Bible in bi-weekly portions, at a price equivalent to one cent each. As the publisher is doing this as a purely business enterprise, it indicates an increased demand in that city for the Word of God.

A. L. O. E., the famous writer of many beautiful religious stories is dead. Her name was Mrs. Charlotte Tucker. For the past eighteen years she has been laboring as a missionary in India. The initials she chose for her "nom de plume" stands for "A Lady of England."

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of South Carolina to prohibit the running on Sunday of any trains in the State, whether passenger, mail, or freight. It is stated on good authority that Gov. Tillman endorses the bill and will sign it if it is passed by the Legislature.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced a three weeks' course of Evangelistic services at Bay City, Mich., on Jan. 3. The indications at this date are of a very successful campaign. There has been great expectation among the churches of the results of the great preacher's visit and many prayers offered for God's blessing on the effort.

Reports from Marsovan indicate that there is a better prospect of peace for the American Missionary Institute there. The authorities stimulated by the interest taken in the college as shown in the recent troubles have taken action against the outlaws who terrorized the people. One gang led by a Russian has been completely broken up and four of its members killed.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commences a series of revival services next Sunday, Jan. 21st, in Jersey City, N. J. They will be held in Trinity Methodist Church in York Street near Cortlandt Street Ferry. Rev. John Krantz is the pastor of the church. The services just concluded in Trinity Church, Harlem, were very successful. The congregations were very large and there were many conversions.



THE LATE SIR SAMUEL BAKER AND LADY BAKER—THE EXPLORER ON LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

the effects of the ordeal, but when they did, there was no further opposition to the match and they were married. Lovers often protest that they love each other more than life but not many could bear such a test. It is much to be wished that men loved God with the same intensity. Some when they are reproved for business practices inconsistent with their profession, make the retort that they must live. If they loved God as fervently as these two loved each other they would prefer death itself to the sin that separates them from him. (Jer. 5: 25.)

A Clever Criminal.

The detectives of the Washington Treasury, aided by the police of Brooklyn, N.Y., are searching the latter city for a remarkably clever criminal. About two weeks ago, a bank received among other large bills in the deposit of one of its regular customers, a fifty-dollar bill. There was nothing in its appearance had not a clerk referred to it to find the series to which it belonged. It did not bear the word "Series," and further examination revealed its falsity. The bill is one of several of the same kind which have reached the Treasury lately. It is done with pen and ink on government paper, and is the work of an expert artist. He simply draws the picture of a genuine note and does it so neatly and accurately that when

they set the children to work 'fore they was able. I think p'raps it would be as well if they didn't make John one of the family, so to speak, but treat him more like a stranger. I think he'd fare full 's well." The farmer's complaint might be made against other families than the one in question and there are some ministers who have reason to speak so of their churches, but it is never true of the household of God. Services performed by the stranger to that family, however valuable they may be, will miss their reward. The apostle's rule is absolute, they must first give their own selves to the Lord. (11. Cor. 8: 5.)

The Fight with Bacteria.

A medical article in a Boston journal gives some practical advice as to the peculiar dangers of the microscopical plants known as bacteria. Some of the most dreaded diseases are now known to be the product of these plants which float in the air from the persons of the sick and carry contagion to the healthy. The physician who wrote the article, says that the healthy body makes a resistance to these germs and frequently expels them from the system before they have had time to do harm. It is, however, a remarkable fact that a child even if healthy is liable to infection in cases where an adult might escape. The reason is that in a child the processes of nutrition and development being in a state of super-activity, the system is receptive of bad as well as good accretions. Parents are therefore advised to keep their children as much as possible from contact

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE NATION'S SIN AND DUTY.

A Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text, Isa. 3: 11: "Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him."



THIS is what God commanded his prophet Isaiah to say to the people of a reprobate and wicked nation in the distant past, and it is the substance of what he requires me, and every other Christian minister in this land, to say to the people of this nation. The minister who shrinks from this grave responsibility, and who has not the nerve to declare what God has commanded him to speak, is unfit for his high vocation, and should step down and out. The God who spoke to Isaiah is the same God who speaks to you and to me. He is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." He is a ruler. He not only exists everywhere in a limitless universe, but he reigns; he sits upon a throne and administers laws. We are more than under law, we are under a living, personal, supreme Lawmaker.

The Living Law-Giver.

We live in an age of science, and science magnifies law. It talks loudly and unceasingly about what law does. But why are many scientists so reluctant to recognize and proclaim the grander and more solemn truth, that behind all law is a Law giver and Judge? When men say that nature is self-perpetuating and self-regulating; when they say that nature determines the courses of the stars and controls the seasons, and shapes and guides all the affairs of men, do they not ascribe to it intelligence and will? And can anything have intelligence and will without personality? Verily, all things are governed; but government without a governor is unthinkable. A man may boast of being a law unto himself, and of having his own way about things in this life, but when an earthquake comes and shakes his dwelling from its foundation, or when a cyclone comes and lays his home and neighborhood in ruins, or when pestilence comes and takes away his children, and spreads over a whole city alarm and lamentation, bereavement and death, he finds himself confronted by another will immeasurably stronger than his own, and which it is folly and madness to resist. Oh! thou self-willed, God-rejecting man, hear me! There are circumstances of which you are not master. One of them is the death-chill that comes and freezes the life current in your child, and another is the stopping of your own pulse and breath.

We know not only that God exists, and that he rules the world, but we are taught both by nature and revelation, the eternal principles upon which his administration is conducted.

"Righteousness and Judgment

are the habitation of his throne." His government is based on principles that are inherent in his own character. He recognizes certain immutable and everlasting distinctions between right and wrong. In dealing with men, he commends and rewards the right, and condemns and punishes the wrong. "Say to the righteous, it shall be well with him." "Woe to the wicked; it shall be ill with him." "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." "But cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Now, in the light of God's righteous character and laws, let us look out upon this troubled nation, and see what is the fundamental cause of her unrest. I believe, that in dealing with a people, God's ministers cannot improve upon the methods of the old prophets. They not only preached against

sin, but they located it; pointed to it, in the most direct and fearless manner, and told the guilty why they suffered, and what they would still suffer, if they did not repent.

God helping me, I will try to follow the prophets. I do not believe that wicked men are to be benefited by telling them how much wiser, and better and more progressive they are than their fathers were. I do not believe that moral diseases can be cured by flattery. This country needs to be purified rather than glorified. I can afford to speak plainly and faithfully, because I have but little to lose. I am not, and never will be a candidate for political or social favors; I covet nothing but an abiding sense of fidelity to him whom I call "Master." I am

Neither Optimist nor Pessimist.

If I were either of these I would be unfit for the work of a Christian teacher, and unworthy of leadership in any undertaking for the public good. I try to see, and I do see, both the good and the evil in the world. I uphold and applaud the good, and I reprobate and smite the evil. In doing this, I know that I am following the wisest and holiest Being that ever ministered to mankind. I see what is meritorious in the people of this country. They are intelligent, enterprising and philanthropic. They know how to do grand things, and they have the energy and courage to do them. No people are more responsive to human suffering, though some of their methods of responding are very queer, and very incompatible with the spirit of disinterested benevolence. It is a very crooked sort of philanthropy which says, "Give me an oyster supper, or a ticket to a musical festival, or to a lecture on the Passion Play, and I will give you twenty-five cents for the Brunswick sufferers."

Notwithstanding these inconsistencies, I recognize and appreciate the fact that the American people excel all other people in kindness to the suffering and needy. And this kindness is not limited to the unfortunate of their own country. The poor and distressed of other nations will testify that their philanthropy is as broad as the earth. But in giving them full credit for all that is good, I am not blind to the fact that, as a people, they are very unrighteous, and that their vices vastly outweigh their virtues. I have not time this morning to enumerate their sins, but if you wish to know what is their most radical and characteristic sin, I tell you plainly and emphatically, it is dishonesty.

A Dishonest Nation.

From the base to the apex of American society there is visible to every eye a selfish, grasping, materialism. Everywhere men are reaching after and appropriating to themselves things which do not legitimately belong to them. They steal, but so indirectly and ingeniously, that the law, as we have it interpreted and administered, fails to overtake them. In every community of this country there are people, who, by some species of deception, manage to get hold of and lay up, or consume, or waste, a good share of what other people have honestly toiled for.

What article of food is there on the market that is not adulterated by some degrading mixture? Is not that dishonesty? Is it not theft? Is not the man who sells me adulterated milk, or adulterated butter, without letting me know it is adulterated, dishonest? Is he not a thief according to the law of God revealed in the sacred Scriptures? The merchant who deceives me as to the quality of his goods, or gives me short measure, is a thief. The same is true of the mechanic who builds my house and puts into it materials inferior to those named in his contract. It is true of the lawyer who advises his client to sue when he knows that his claim is spurious, and that it is impossible for him to recover. It is true of the doctor who continues to visit and prescribe

for his patient, when he knows that his patient no longer needs medical attention. It is true of the legislator who accepts certain substantial favors from a great business corporation, with the understanding that it will have his support when called for. It is true of the newspaper man, who, when he cannot find exciting news to give to the public, makes it—coins it out of his own fertile brain. Go to New York or Chicago and visit one of those places where men gamble in grain, or meat, or railroad stocks, and you will find an army of men, who, while they would not suffer their respectability to be challenged, look one another in the face and say and do things which they know to be dishonest and villainous.

The brilliant audacity of our great commercial centres is imitated in cities as small even as Atlanta. Yes, it is attempted in our rural villages and in sight of country graveyards, where sleep the ashes of a noble ancestry—men who feared God and kept his commandments. The State makes a distinction between

Theft and Fraud,

but God's government knows no such distinction. The man who swindles me out of a dollar and the man who picks my pocket stand on the same moral level. The State makes a distinction between the bandits who combine and rob a country store, or village bank, and those financial wreckers of Wall Street, who combine their forces, and by a single blow crush a railroad, in which thousands of people have invested the fruits of their honest toil. But tried by the law of the Bible, the men who rob a bank are no worse than the men who steal a railroad. Recently a certain class of sociologists and moralists have devoted themselves largely to the investigation of crime; its source, its statistics, and its correction. But it seems to me that these men leave out of their calculations the thousands on thousands of respectable and unpunished crimes.

The vagrant thieves, who are caught and sent to the chain-gang, are not more numerous than the gentlemanly thieves, who haunt the lobbies of legislatures, municipal chambers, and the bribeable courts, and who go into the marts of trade, and by a sort of financial jugglery, get the fruits of honest men's labor without paying much for them. The politician who gets into office by bribery, falsehood, or ballot-box stuffing, is a thief, and the virtuous element of society should rise up and brand him accordingly. The merchant who gets the trade of a community by slandering his competitors, is a thief. The newspaper publisher who gets the patronage of a city or state government by claiming a larger circulation for his paper than it has, is a thief. The contractor who gets a municipal job by dividing his profits with the committee charged with letting out the work, is a thief. But these are respectable thieves; and they are respectable only because they are

Unwhipped of Justice.

I repeat it then, the great characteristic sin of this country—the great American disease is dishonesty. What is the remedy? My prescription is to point out the popular mistakes which have invited and fostered this iniquity, and then lift up against it the everlasting principles of Bible morality, and the old-fashioned safe-guards of personal integrity.

If men, who are leaders in business, politics, and social life, will not regulate their conduct by a high code of morals, their example will be pleaded by men less prominent, as a license for every species of crookedness.

I sometimes step into a commercial convention where men prominent in the great world of trade, are discussing commercial measures. I sometimes visit a political convention, where a party platform is made, and candidates for political office are nominated, and in either place I am impressed by the fact that there is very little insistence upon fealty to high ethical principles. "Will it pay?" "Is it popular?" "Will it win?" These are the considerations which determine the fate of almost any measure that comes before one of these conventions. How seldom in such a place do we hear it said, "This is right, and let us stand by it whether we win or lose." Or, "That is wrong, and let us oppose it at any cost." How seldom do we see one brave enough to rise up in the midst of this deafening clamor of calculation and profit, and say, "Sink or swim, survive or perish, let us do our duty."

If the merchant or the banker in commercial circles, or the political leader in caucus

or convention or legislative hall, will not hold himself to a high standard of ethics, it is no wonder that the penniless and hungry tramp does not hold himself to it, when fortune favors him with an opportunity to rob a hen's-roost, or raid a melon-patch! If the manufacturer's conscience does not deter him from defrauding his customers with spurious goods, would it be strange if conscience did not deter his confidential clerk from running away with the contents of his money-drawer?

Undeserved Sympathy.

In looking carefully into the influences that have promoted the growth of dishonesty in this country, I am disposed to believe that an indiscreet and ill-advised sympathy for certain classes of thieves has had much to do with it.

A man who has stood high in commercial and social circles embezzles money to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. He is arrested and sent to prison. Presently, tender-hearted people, unmindful of the public weal, go abroad from street to street and from house to house, to awaken sympathy on his behalf. They carpet his cell and decorate it with the loveliest and rarest flowers. They send him the best meals which professional caterers can provide; they write beautiful and pathetic articles about him for the newspapers, and do their utmost not only to brighten but to shorten his term of punishment.

Now, while sympathy for a poor criminal is commendable, such manifestations of it as I have described are often productive of great mischief. They render the criminal less sensitive to his crime, and inspire thousands of shallow-minded people to say, "Well, after all, theft is not so disgraceful; and convicted thieves have a very good time." Do not cite the divine pity in vindication of such conduct. God's government is not unqualified pity. It is pity balanced with justice.

It is severity tempered with mercy. Theft is a crime, and justice, good government, and the best interests of society, demand that we shall make the thief feel that his crime is

Disgraceful and Damnable.

There is another and a very common mistake that has done much to encourage dishonesty. It is the idea that if a man has one strong and conspicuous virtue we should be very tolerant of his vices.

One of the most distinguished men that ever occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States was notorious for making debts which he never paid, and never showed any disposition to pay, but his political friends excused him and apologized for him on the ground that he gave liberally to every beggar that came to his door. Our toleration of such looseness in public men gives license to dishonesty. A man's philanthropy is no legal or moral offset to his note in bank. He may give half of his income to the church, or to the poor, but if he will not pay his just debts, there is not one fibre of honesty in him, and society should treat him accordingly. The large sum which Ananias laid at the Apostles' feet to be distributed among the poor did not offset the lie that he told in making his gift. God smote him with instant death, to teach the world that no good deed can compensate or atone for a bad one.

Another cause for this laxity in morals, may be traced to the churches. If a church-member's religion is very emotional,—if he seems to be happy in the Lord, and if he makes profession of high spiritual attainments, we are disposed to tolerate him in neglecting many of the most

Cardinal Duties

of Christian life. "Wives obey your husbands." I know some women who are too pious to do that, and who will never forgive Paul for laying such an obligation upon them. I know men who are too pious to support their families. Having attained to a state of sinless perfection, they have quit work and left their wives and little children to struggle for themselves. There are some of these "saints par-excellence" who are too holy to pay a butcher's bill. Some who gaze so steadfastly into heaven, that they cannot see the deacon when he passes the contribution basket. Now, I say that the Church helps to demoralize the world, when it tolerates and fosters such ideas of religion. The man or woman who wilfully and habitually neglects a plain, domestic duty, is a very unworthy exemplar of the religion of Christ. The church-member to whom duty is less sacred than good-feeling, has a fatal misconception of the one thing needful.

In these times of unrest and anxiety, when markets are overloaded, and the wheels of industry hang idle; when merchants go to their counting-rooms in the morning, not to see how much money they can make, but how little they can lose; when church treasures and mission treasures are shrivelled and empty! when hopes are out of the hearts of the poor, not for lack of bread in the land, but for the want of work; in this unhappy state, men everywhere are asking, "What is the matter with our country?" The political doctors think that they have gone to the bottom of the matter, and they commiserate those who question the infallibility of their wisdom. But, unfortunately for the doctors, they are not agreed among themselves. One tells us that the Sherman Law is

The Direful Source

our country's woes. Another tells us that the iniquitous tariff is the Pandora box from which all our troubles come. One cries, "The Monometallists have robbed us." Another shouts, "The Bimetallists have wrecked us."

My countrymen, God knows, and I trust that the day is not far distant when you will see that the trouble lies deeper than any question of currency, or tariff, or both. The casual, radical cause of our national infelicity is a chronic state of dishonesty.

For years we have been living largely on false pretenses. Thousands of men have been swimming in wealth that was purely fictitious. Business supposed to be done on solid capital, has been done on bubbles of air. We have walked in vain shadows, and called these shadows property. Much of the luxurious living in our land has been maintained by unmitigated fraud. We have promoted to places of honor and responsibility men who have asked to be trusted when there was nothing to trust. Men capable of any duplicity and ashamed of no dishonor, have been called to the front, while men of unflinching integrity have been relegated to the rear. In every community, men with sad faces and broken hearts will tell us how they have been deceived, betrayed, and circumvented and robbed of their all.

Now what is the fruit of all this reckless, audacious, and long-continued iniquity? It is just what you see and feel to-day,—a loss of confidence. Men have ceased to trust one another, and that has brought commercial stagnation, paralysis and death. "Woe to the wicked; it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given to him." The meaning of this is that God will punish a wicked people with the inevitable and

Natural Consequences

of their own folly. We had our seed-time: it was propitious. We planted, and now comes the harvest—dissension, bitterness, strife, crimination and recrimination, bankruptcy, want, cries for bread, riots, mobs, arson, robberies, murder.

What is the remedy? Any legislation is mere patch-work. It is a mere anæsthetic that can bring only temporary relief. The disease is moral, and the remedy must be moral. We must repent toward God; and the remedy must be real and radical. As individuals we must repent, and seek forgiveness of him who is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins.

As a people we must repent—we must clothe ourselves in sackcloth and sit down in ashes. We must get back to those everlasting principles of Bible morality from which we have drifted. We must put away everything that is false, dishonest, and deceptive, and return to the virtuous simplicity of our Christian fathers in the purer and happier days of the Republic. Let us do this, and deliverance will come.

It will come as the day comes,
When the night is done;
And the crimson streak on the Ocean's cheek
Grows into the mighty Sun.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

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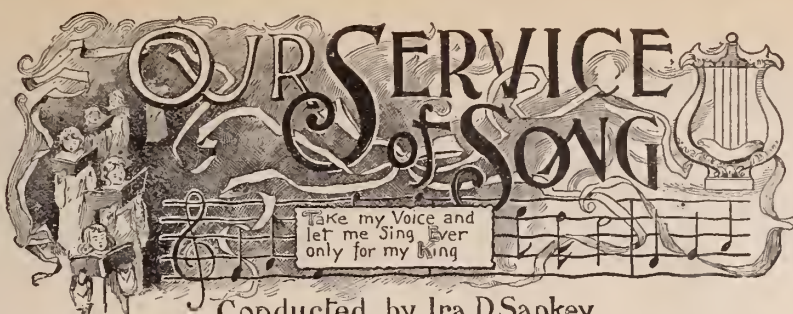
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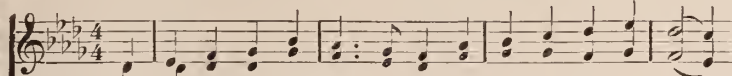
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Jerusalem the Beautiful.

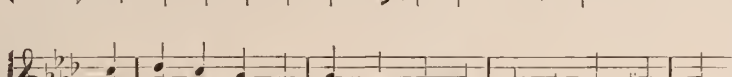
"O Jerusalem that bringeth good tidings."—Isa. 40:9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the Beau - ti - ful, On Zi - on built of old,
2. Je - ru - sa - lem the Beau - ti - ful, Ar-rayed in glo - ry bright,
3. Je - ru - sa - lem the Beau - ti - ful, What will our transport be,



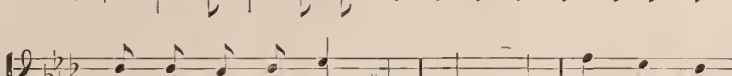
Thy Jas-per walls and state-ly tow'rs, By faith our eyes be - hold.
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings Is thy E - ter - nal light.
When all the ar - mies of the Lord Shall come and dwell in thee?



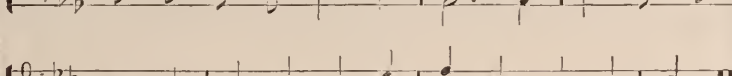
REFRAIN.



We love Thy name, O Je - ru - sa - lem the Beau - ti - ful! We



shout a - loud for joy and sing; For He, our De-



liv - 'rer home to thee His ran-somed Church will bring.



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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

MOMENTOUS FACTS.

It is a fact that God the world's Creator,
Had made man perfect, happy and content—

A fact that Satan, heav'n's ambitious traitor,
Has led him into sin and discontent;

Isaiah, chapter first, describes him plainly:
From foot to head he's mor'ly sick and sore,

Beneath the beasts reduced, he bringeth vainly
Oblations, God his Maker to adore.

It is a fact that Jesus saves the sinner;
The ransomed know it, but the stubborn don't.

He is of saving faith the sole beginner,
As Christians know, but many sinners won't.

Why would he, if he did not love them dearly,
Entreat them to forsake their wicked ways,

And to believe on him and pray sincerely
To God, in his dear name, for pard'ning grace?

It is a fact that sinners must be punished
Hereafter, if unpardoned they remain
Through life, and be amazingly astonished
At what they've lost and never can regain.

Hence, sinners, now accept your Saviour's offer
Of pard'ning mercy, which will make you free.

You would, indeed, too late accept his proffer,
When once procrastination's fruit you'll see.

It is a fact that Christ the ransomed sinner
Preserves, and through temptations keeps secure.

He has, in every contest, been the winner—
Has foiled the foe, and rendered vict'ry sure.

Disconsolation e'en and discontentment
Would, to a great extent, soon disappear,
If man and man, by showing less resentment,
Would love each other, and their God, with fear

Easton, Pa. —WM. C. DETWEILER.

Signs of the Times.

Indications of the Near Approach of the Crisis Predicted by the Prophets.

BY REV. HENRY VARLEY.*

Continued from page 25.

THE Master said that Jerusalem should be trodden down until the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled, and it is trodden down still. And all the wars of all the ages have failed to rescue the Holy City permanently from the hands of her enemies. The ruler of Jerusalem to-day is the Sultan of Turkey, who is the great ruler of the Mahomedan races. Nothing can lift the heel of the Gentile from the neck of Zion but the coming of her King.

When did the "times of the Gentiles" begin? With the days of Nebuchadnezzar. There are two comings of Nebuchadnezzar to carry away the Jews and tread down Jerusalem. The first was in the year 610, the second the year 605, before Christ. Then the "times of the Gentiles" began to take the place of the "times of Israel," and since that time the Gentiles have been supreme.

We have already seen that according to Leviticus XXVI, Israel was to have seven times of judgment, and the Gentiles seven times of supremacy. Now, a time consists of 360 years. Seven times would be 2,520 years, and measuring this interval from the times of Nebuchadnezzar would bring us to a period less than one-fourth of a century in the future. So that if the chronology of prophecy be worth anything, we know where we are in the panorama of the ages. We are very near to the last sands in the hour glass of the dispensation.

If I was sailing on a ship that was due in Sydney in forty days, I should be justified in concluding when the thirty-ninth day had come, that we must be near the land; and although I might see no shore-line, or mountain-peak, yet I might confidently say, "We shall see the land-marks soon, for the time is expired."

I am not a Democrat, but a Theocrat. I thank God that the time is near when there shall be no more Presidents of the United States, no more Kings or Queens in Great Britain, no more Emperors of all the Russias, but Christ will be King of kings.

The stone of Daniel's vision is about to fall, not on the feet, but on the head of the great earthly powers, and dash it in pieces, as a potter's vessel.

There will be a chance for the world then. If ever a set of governments wanted smashing up, it is true of the governments of to-day. We are not going to do it; anarchists and revolutionists are not going to do it. But Christ is going to take the matter in hand himself, and that right soon.

Do not say the Holy Ghost is competent for the world's conversion. The Holy Ghost is competent for any work that the Lord has set him to do. But the Holy Ghost was never sent to convert the world. The Holy Ghost is to gather the bride out of the nations, and when the bridegroom comes every knee shall bow to him.

Christ never said that the world would receive the Holy Ghost, but, on the contrary, he said, "Him the world will not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him." The church receives the Spirit, and when the church is completed the Lord will come.

I want you to notice the remarkable passage in 1. Timothy 4, "Which in his times he shall show." This blessed truth of the Lord's coming is not understood until the time draws near. But it is in his times that he is to show it, and he is now beginning to show it, and the fact that he is so doing is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. God is opening the eyes of his people to understand the vision of prophecy as never before, and in a little while he himself will meet the expectation which he has awakened, and come in all the glory of his kingdom, and then the will of God will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

What is it that makes heaven? The fact that there is only one will there. The supremacy of God is the only source of heaven, and earth will never be like heaven until Christ is supreme.

* An address delivered in the Gospel Tabernacle New York, and reported in the Christian Alliance.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people



GOD'S PROMISES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 28, Feb. 6: 9-20.

FAITH ought not to be a mysterious or incomprehensible thing to any man who has had experience in business. The faith God requires of men is the same, in its nature, as the confidence continually exercised in the business world. Every man who accepts a note from his customer, every banker who discounts commercial paper, every man who insures his life or property, every one who takes a greenback in exchange for goods, exercises faith. He gives value for a promise. The life policy, or the greenback, is intrinsically worth comparatively nothing, but it is accepted willingly, because it is an undertaking to pay—that is, a promise. The value of any such promise depends on the ability and integrity of the promiser. The man receiving it has satisfied himself that the promiser can and will pay at the time, and under the circumstances agreed upon. In spiritual matters God asks us to believe in him as implicitly as we do in a life insurance company, or in the National Treasury. The demand is not unreasonable. The most elementary conception of God precludes any doubt of his being able and willing to do everything he has promised.

What, then, has God promised? In turning over the pages of the Bible we find them rich in his promises. There is no ambiguity about them. They are plain and direct, and the conditions are fully set forth. They are of various kinds, but the large majority of them are for men who live in a specified way. To those who live after the spirit, is the promise of everlasting life, combined with the promise of all necessary things in the present world. They who seek first, or chiefly, the kingdom of God will gain what they seek and all necessary things will be added thereto. Luxuries are not promised, nor is there any guarantee of immunity from trials or sorrows or pain. There is, however, the promise that whatever painful befalls, shall work for the highest and best good of the man. The broad and narrow ways, which Christ used as an illustration, happily describe the position. On the one are sensual delights, the acquisition of wealth, worldly influence and power and the gratification of the animal nature; on the other there are discipline, self-denial, duty, demands for help, which must be met, and constant effort. At the end of the former, the traveller lays down all he has acquired, even the body, which he has nourished, and stands poverty-stricken beyond conception. At the end of the narrow way, the spirit, enriched by the treasures acquired on the way, strengthened and developed by the discipline and the effort, loses nothing but the body, which has been an incumbrance and a source of trouble, and it steps into a state not described in detail, but generally as one of unqualified felicity. To the spiritual man belong the promises and not one of them will fail.



A MODEST RECORD.

A singularly sweet and beautiful communication is sent to the "Silver Cross" from Northern Wisconsin. It is the report of a Circle of King's Daughters in a small town of a few hundred inhabitants and the writer, with a more careful observance of the Saviour's command to keep the left hand from knowing what the right hand does than is common in these days of blatant advertising, refrains from mentioning, not only the names of the workers, but the name of the town that is blessed by their presence. It appears that, for some time past, work in the neighborhood has been scarce and poorly remunerated. The pine forests are smaller every year and the laborers are fewer in number. So there has been much suffering and the churches are too small and

weak to do much toward the alleviation of it. "But," says the writer of the letter, "we find here a company of children in a humble home, dressed warmly and made comfortable; there, a cold and cheerless hearth, brightened by a load of dry hard wood; here the rent paid and food provided for a homeless old lady; there, a physician provided and medicines furnished to a suffering, poverty-stricken family. A shanty home, where, through the cracks of open windows, the winter's snow formerly came in gusts, is made snug and endurable. Comfortables and blankets provide warm beds for the weary. All this is done, in His Name, by ten working girls, who are the pioneer members of the Order of King's Daughters, in

along without one."—The League at Booneville, Mo., with 135 members, raised last year \$125 for foreign missions alone, besides contributing liberally to other departments of church work. Among its pledges for the present year are \$100 for foreign missions, \$25 to the building fund of Central College, and \$10 to the Young Men's Christian Union.—Dr. J. F. Berry makes a stirring appeal to the Epworth Leagues throughout the country to come to the help of the Missionary Society, and encourage it by so large an offering that the contemplated reduction in its force in the field may not be made.



A SOUTHERN Y. M. C. A.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Griffin, Ga., are to be congratulated on the possession of the beautiful home-like building, a picture of which appears on this page. The Association is one of the youngest in the country, having been organized in 1890, and it speaks volumes for the energy and enterprise of its members and the good-will and liberality of the citizens of Griffin, that in so short a time, they have been able to purchase so handsome a home as that into which they have now moved. The building cost \$2,626. It is three stories in height. The basement is used for gymnasium, baths, etc.; the second



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT GRIFFIN, GA.

this remote pinery town." Truly of such is the kingdom of heaven.



EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

The sub-district Convention was held recently in the Centenary Church, Attleborough, Mass., at which Rev. G. Conte, the Italian missionary in Boston, gave a description of his work. Rev. C. E. Beale presided and among the speakers were: Mr. R. S. Douglass, Rev. J. S. Wadsworth, Rev. M. S. Kaufman and Rev. L. G. Horton.—The monthly mass-meeting of the League in Washington, D. C., recently held in Hainline Church was attended by nearly twelve hundred members. The president was Mr. C. M. L. Sites, whose father is a missionary in China. At the song and testimony meeting, which was conducted by Mr. James E. Pugh, 479 testimonies were given.—The First Church of Lynn, Mass., has a League of 250 members, and its Junior League numbers over a hundred. They are doing good service and are a valued assistance to the pastor in church and pastoral work.—The Epworth Leagues of Kentucky are to hold a Convention on February 8 and 9 at Louisville. Free entertainment will be provided for out-of-town delegates. A very large gathering and a very profitable time are expected.—One of the pastors who was recently appointed to a new charge where there was no Epworth League, made it his first business to organize one. To his officers he made the following statement: "After seeing the working of a League in my former charge, I would not know how to get

story comprises the Reception Hall, Reading-Room, Library, Parlor, "Leisure Room" and a gallery overlooking the gymnasium; on the third story is the Auditorium and class-rooms. It is a busy place, for there is a Gospel meeting, Bible class or Literary meeting every evening of the week and a special meeting for men on Sunday afternoons. A flourishing Boys' Auxiliary is connected with the Association and its members are encouraged to use its appliances. The Association is exceptionally fortunate in its officers. Mr. G. R. Niles, the President and Mr. C. I. Stacy, the General Secretary, are model officers, devoted to their work, and with the magnetism of character which adds so greatly to the value of men engaged in Christian work among young people.



A PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

An extensive tour of the Western States is to be made during the next six weeks by Mr. John H. Chapman, President of the Baptist Young People's Union. The objects of the tour are thus described by Mr. Frank E. Harrington, the Secretary of that section, in a letter to the "Standard": "It is designed to (1) Bring greetings of the International Union; (2) Give by addresses and convention programmes a clear definition of the principles of the movement; (3) Give our leaders in the local societies opportunities to meet and confer, face to face, with one, the President; (4) Come closer together as Baptist young people for fellowship and inspiration; (5) Establish closer relations with a view to the prosecution of all that

concerns our Baptist churches in this growing West; (6) Seek a new endowment of the Holy Spirit that we may be more effective winners of souls. The following are the dates and places on the programme: Heler Mont., January 19; Spokane, Wash., 2; Victoria, B. C., 23; Seattle, Wash., 25; Tacoma, Wash., 26; Portland, Ore., 28; Salem, Ore., 29; Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 2; Oakland, Cal., 2; San Francisco, Cal., 5; San Jose, Cal., 6; Fresno, Cal., 8; Los Angeles, Cal., 11; San Diego, Cal., 12; Ogden, Utah, 16; Salt Lake City, Utah, 17; Grand Junction, Colo., 19; Pueblo, Colo., 21; Colorado Springs, Colo., 22; Denver, Colo., 25.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

A small band of open-air preachers connected with the Young Men's Christian Association of Cork, Ireland, were subjected to a somewhat serious assault in the Mall on a recent Sunday. In the course of the disturbance a Bible was snatched from the hands of one of the young men, and was set on fire.



A Sunday School at Yonkers, N. Y., has organized several circles of King's Daughters and Sons from the children in the school. Part of the contributions go to a general fund and the remainder is credited to the respective circles contributing, and is applied to any special work they indicate.



The latest statistics of the Christian Endeavor Society show that there are now 28,741 societies, of which 5,995 are found in Presbyterian churches, and 5,602 in Congregational churches. New York leads with 3,119 societies.



A Potato Rally is one of the latest novelties in Christian Endeavor work. Its introduction is credited to Cleveland, Ohio, where it resulted in the contribution of a large quantity of vegetables of all kinds and a good amount of clothing, to be distributed among the poor of the city.



At Traverse City, Mich., the New Year was celebrated by the Christian Endeavor Societies by a large united meeting. A reception was held in the evening and each Society sent a souvenir by mail to its absent members and the members who had removed from the city.



The Baptist Young People's Unions of Iowa have pledged themselves to raise two hundred dollars for ministerial education this year. The amount is divided in one dollar shares and the individual Unions are invited to take up as many of these as they are able, and pay during the year.



The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Scranton, Pa., has a well-furnished reading room for the joint use of the Epworth League and the King's Daughters.



A unique society is the Ladies' Christian Endeavor Society reported from Angola, Ind., as designed only for those ladies that before their admission had never taken part in a prayer meeting.



The Epworth League of First Church, San Jose, Cal., has 200 members. Work is being done in the hospital, almshouse, jail, and the homes of the poor. Forty families were supplied with food and clothing last month.



The "Epworth Herald" announces that Bedford Street Church, New York City, is the first church to employ regularly an assistant as drill-master for a company of Epworth Guards, fifty in number. In addition to the Bedford Street company, he drills several other companies of Epworth Guards and Boys' Brigades.



Several of the State Christian Endeavor Conventions have adopted distinctive colors for the easy recognition of their delegates, at International Conventions and elsewhere. Pennsylvania has selected red and blue, Delaware has adopted red and white, Philadelphia has chosen blue and white. Cleveland's colors, which will be the colors of next year's Convention, are white and gold.



Ancient American Idols.

Some Interesting Stone Images Unearthed in Tennessee.

FROM a correspondent and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Chattanooga, Tenn., comes the following letter:

"There was found on a mountain in Bradley County, Tenn., a stone wall buried under the ground, with hieroglyphic characters or letters resembling Hebrew. We have dug down sixteen feet underground, and the lettering still goes on down. Twelve feet under ground we found the foot-prints of a large person (left foot 13 inches long, 5 1/2 inches broad), with letters in the heel of foot-print. I have photographs of the wall and letters. We also have photographs of stone images, found or ploughed up out of a mound at the mouth of the High Nassie River by Henry Wather in March, 1891, near the stone wall, and with a stone with similar letters to those found in the wall on each side of stone. I send you a photograph of the stone images. These images have holes in their ears and in the back of the head, and there are loops by which they have been strung up. Is it possible that a race of people worshipped those images?"

W. F. DUNCAN."

Carved figures, similar to those in the photograph forwarded by our correspondent, which is reproduced on this page, have been found in excavations in different parts of Mexico and Central America, and are doubtless relics of the ancient Aztec civilization and religion which extended over a great part of this continent. Those vestiges of a vanished race are met with throughout the southern part of North America, the Isthmus and the northern portion of South America. In some parts of Yucatan, ruins have been found which bear a strange resemblance to those of Egypt, with carvings and inscriptions that point to the possibility of a Jewish origin. It is also known that some of the ceremonials in use among those long-forgotten people bore a striking resemblance to those of the ancient Jewish nation, and these, together with other collateral evidence, have led several ethnologists to adopt the theory that the original settlers in the central part of the American continent may have been either descendants of or allied to the ancient Hebrews.

About the theology of the Aztecs, or of their predecessors the Toltecs and Chichimecs, little is known beyond the fact that they worshipped a multiplicity of gods, including the sun, moon and stars, and that their country abounded in temples and idols, and also in altars and stones for human sacrifice. They believed in a middle state after death, and in eternal punishment for the wicked. They were skilled workers in metals and capable sculptors, as far as the art of their time went, and were, besides, astronomers of deep research and had a method of time measurement by which the year was divided into 18 months of 20 days each. Not even the Egyptians excelled them in the beauty and variety of their architecture, and their temples were profusely decorated with symbolic carvings, inscriptions and grotesque representations of their different deities. Sacrifice was a prominent part of Aztec worship. In some years, thousands of human victims seem to have been immolated as an offering to their gods.

It is possible that the little stone images, unearthed by our correspondent, may have been cherished as domestic deities in some "Mound-Builders'" household. Somewhat similar finds have been made in "tumuli" or mounds in Ohio and other States, constructed by the "Mound-Builders," who were a distinct race, having no connection with the Indian tribes that are now found scattered through North America. These "Mound-Builders" apparently occupied a circumscribed region, bounded by the Alle-

ghanies and Missouri River. They have utterly vanished, leaving no record in the form of hieroglyphics or other writings or pictures, the only evidence of their existence being the curiously-shaped mounds.

Stop and Think.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled,
O'er hopes that were drown'd in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
The death that it brings to the soul.
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No!"

How a Poor Man Rose to High Honors.

It is known to few that President Freier of the Swiss Republic has had a very eventful career. Born of parents in comparatively moderate circumstances, he came to this country a political exile some thirty years ago. He was extremely destitute and secured employment as a woodchopper in a western State. Later he went to Illinois, and enlisted in the Union army; rose to the rank of major; was captured at Gettysburg, and confined in Libby, where he was once drafted to be shot in retaliation for the sentence pronounced by the Federals against a Cap-

tain Gordon; but execution was finally postponed because our Government held the life of another officer as hostage for his own. After the war, he returned to Berne, Switzerland, and by his talents rose rapidly in public life, represented his government at Washington, became Secretary of War, held other offices, and has now been elected President. All this comes out in a grateful letter written his fellow woodchopper, J. A. Gratzold, son of his first American employer. President Freier's success has not made him forgetful or ungrateful, and he still remembers with pleasure the kind people who fed and sheltered him when he was hungry and homeless in those early days. He is said to be a simple, straightforward God-fearing man, who deserves his honors.



GROUP OF STONE IMAGES, SUPPOSED TO BE ANCIENT AMERICAN IDOLS.

From a photograph forwarded by a reader of "The Christian Herald" in Tennessee.

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An Object Lesson in Politeness.

Politeness, once acquired, is one of the pleasantest accomplishments in the world, and graces its possessor. Here is the story of an object-lesson in the art of politeness which occurred lately: An old truckman was bending under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale-hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty gloved fingers and handed it to the man with a

Real Pleasure.

I remember a friend of mine, writes Rev. James Stalker, D.D., who had gone far into what is called "a life of pleasure," telling me, when he became a Christian, that what surprised him most of all was this—he had always looked on religion as a burden which he knew he ought to carry; but he found that it was something that carried him and his burden too. He said also that he had enjoyed in a single week, after he was a Christian, more real pleasure than in all the years he had devoted to what is termed the pursuit of pleasure. I am convinced this is the view of religion needed in a great city where the individual is lost in the great multitude.

Keep Your Promises.

There are many people who will promise anything you ask of them, but make a small matter of keeping their promises. They enter into engagements with you to do this or that, to meet you or call on you at a certain time, or to do some favor for you, and utterly fail to fulfil their engagements. It is a noble thing when we find one whose promises we are as sure of as the rising of the sun; whose simplest word is as good as his oath: who does just what he says he will do at the moment he says he will do it. That is the kind of faithfulness God wants.

Domineering People.

There are some persons who seem to have a "faculty" for giving orders. They believe themselves born to rule. Sometimes a servant in the house will exercise more authority than the master or the mistress; will give more commands, find more fault, make

"HE KNOWS."

I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.
Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose:
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing "He knows! He knows!"

One step I see before me;
'Tis all I need to see:
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving—"Follow me!"

Oh, blissful lack of wisdom;
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go:
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In him who loves me so.

So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with him,
Than go alone by sight.

* Republished by request of several subscribers.

FIND OUT YOUR GIFT.

EVERY one of us has a gift, says Rev. J. Reid Howard in a recent sermon to children. There is something we can all do better than we can do most things else. One boy can make a boat better than he can do sums; another boy can do sums better than he can make a boat. One girl can't write very well, but she can draw beautifully; another can't draw at all, but she can write very neatly. One man is very stupid when he tries to make a speech, but wait till you see him in business, and you will find that he understands that; another man is a capital speaker, a regular orator in fact, but he isn't of much use among figures, and account-books, and scales and yard-sticks and hammers. Everyone has his gift, and no two have exactly the same. One has it for one thing, and another has it for another; and all because, why? Just because there wouldn't be room for us all in the world if we all had the same gift: our gift is given to us to open up our own way and to make the right room for us. Do you remember how it was with Joseph? He was a smart lad, and good at figures, and sharp to look into things; and when he saw that there was going to be a famine, he worked it all out in big sums, compound addition and long division, and so he saw how the people could be kept from starving. That was his gift,

and it made room for him, room at the top, for it brought him to be the chief man in Egypt. And there was Samuel. He was a very poor boy, but he was fond of learning—that was his gift; and he worked at it, and worked at it, till it made room for him, and he came to be the first man in Israel.

And, besides, there was David; you can't forget David. He had his gift: it was music. He could play well and sing well, and, better than all, he could make sweet, sweet songs that did the heart good to hear; and you know his gift made room for him, room on the throne itself. And there was Daniel. He was a poor slave boy, but he had his gift, the great, great gift of thinking about God in everything. And you remember how his gift made room for him, so that, poor as he had been, he came at length to stand among the greatest men of his time.

There is room for us all in the world; but if ever we are to come by that room, then we must look well to the way we make use of our gifts. And the best way to do this is to be always remembering that they are gifts. They must have been given to us, or how could they be gifts? Then, surely, the last thing in the world should be our getting conceited or showing that we are proud about them.

Keep that in mind, and whatever your gift may be, keep on rubbing it: it is the rubbing that makes it bright, and the brighter it gets, the better it will bring to you whatever you wish. These are good points for young people to remember.



CHAPTER V. Continued.

"ISN'T it?" said the nurse. "You see when poor little Willy Barnes was so bad with the whooping-cough, and the other two down—I never saw children have it harder—and I was called in to help with them, Willy would go to sleep in my arms to that hymn sooner than to any other. And Mrs. Barnes, a-hearing me going over it again and again, and him a-begging for 'the sleep-song, nurse,' would know where I got it, and all about it. After the children got well—and, as I needn't tell you, doctor, I just couldn't let my pastor's wife pay me a cent, for, as I told her, I came out of her house richer and fuller in spirit than if she'd given me double price for the little I'd done—she sent me the two little boys' pictures, and that poem, all elegantly framed, just as you see it, and the loveliest letter I ever read. I told her I'd ought to have a border painted around that and frame it too."

"You see"—pointing—"in that corner is Willy, and me a-rocking him to sleep;—you'd know my cap and apron in Madagascar, but the rest of it is altogether too good-looking for me, as I told her. And over there is the shepherd a-driving his flock before him, when the old grass inside the wall is all eaten bare; and the border at the bottom is the hurdle. She explained about it to me, and what is the meaning of 'wattled?'"

She stopped to laugh here.

"Would you believe it? I had some sort of a notion that it had something to do with a turkey-gobbler, and kind o' skipped over the word in my singing and my thoughts. Being educated is a drawback sometimes. And at the top—don't you see how the border is all angel's wings, a-touching and a-lapping one another and a-shining? They are the 'shining ones there still,' you know. I never mistrusted what Mrs. Barnes was up to when she asked me to let her copy the piece I'd worn into rags. I was 'most ashamed to have her see it, but newspaper won't stand much wear."

The doctor recovered himself with a start from a critical inspection of the really clever etching, brightened effectively by artistic gilding and coloring.

"By Jap!" People forgave the enigmatical adoration because he was never heard to use any other under the strongest excitement. "You have made me waste a good half-hour here in feasting and folly when I ought to be at work. I'll see you again about six o'clock. I left orders with the Scotch woman that would hold until then. She is a faithful creature, and behaved better than could have been expected, when we told her we must have in another nurse. She is very much attached to her mistress, and has worked like ten horses since she fell ill. Yet I shall feel easier when you are to the fore."

"Good-bye, and thank you again for a first-rate luncheon and an A. 1 sermon. As a human sparrow—unless you prefer to class me with the snow-flakes—I ought to be better for both."

The genial smile had not faded out when he signalled his carriage which was toiling up and down the street, with clogged wheels and whitened horses.

"That woman is a character!" he soliloquized, after he shut himself in and on the way to his next patient. "She may be a fanatic, but she is the happiest, jolliest, most useful soul I know."

Not a falling intonation or shade of expression had betrayed to him her disappointment at the failure of her plan for securing her "one real rest-day." The deep easy-chair that had descended to her with her name from her grandmother, already stood midway between the grate and the front windows, where the light would fall over her left shoulder, and on a stand beside it, that was as old as the chair, lay a well-thumbed copy of "Stepping Heavenward." Mrs. Barnes had introduced her husband's

parishioner to the incomparable religious classic, which had straightway become a chief favorite with the woman who had little time for reading of any kind. She was wont to speak of it as "the only novel she had ever cared to read more than once." She was on the fifth perusal now, and had meant to devote all the daylight that remained after the dishes were washed, the white cloth superseded by a red, and the hearth swept—to enjoyment of pages which always helped and never tired her. She had hoped when twilight should steal between her and "Stepping Heavenward," to treat herself to a refreshing nap, her feet upon a footstool, the fire making cheer on one side, the snow curtaining out the world on the other. She had promised to take tea with the friendly "folks down-stairs," and at ten o'clock would be in bed "trying to get slept out," after vigils many and wearing.

As it was, she summoned the little girl from below and sent to her mother everything left over from her Thanksgiving dinner. There was no telling when she would be able to sit down again at her own table. At four o'clock, the cozy comfortableness of the "living-room" had given place to the chill formality of preparation for being left "all right." The chairs had retreated to the walls; the table-cover was on wrong side out; the Holland shades were drawn down; the still warm grate was empty, and Nurse Williams, setting her capacious satchel, packed and locked, down upon the floor, knelt to commend herself and the task she was entering upon to him who feeds the birds and clothes the grass of the field. As for herself, as she confessed to this ever-hearing Friend, the utmost skill she could command could not make one hair white or black, or keep in the passing breath for the thousandth part of a minute. She was, at her best, only, a willing tool in the hands of the Master-Workman. All that she could do was to get it clean and to offer it, with the handle held toward him, until he was ready to use it.

The snow had been shoveled from the sidewalk and the steps of 363. The inhabitants of other houses on the block were apparently content to await the slackening of the storm before attacking the drifts. It was little past four o'clock when Nurse Williams ploughed sturdily through these, yet it was quite dark. The street-lamps were lighted, and transmuted into a golden shower the falling flakes within a radius of a few feet of each. Above the doors, and through the windows of the dwellings on both sides of the way, yellow and ruddy lances of light stabbed the gray outer glooms. Here and there, a shade had been forgotten, or purposely left up by a charitable householder, willing to share his holiday cheer with the wayfarer, and the nurse had a picture of an interior that, in her unspoken thought, "kind o' chirked her up." She was thankful that other homes were bright, warm, and happy, although the fire upon her hearth-stone had been extinguished.

Her subdued ring at the door of 363 was answered promptly by a raw-boned, high-cheeked Scotchwoman with gray hair and shrewd eyes.

"I am the nurse sent by Dr. Bacon. My name is Williams," was the visitor's self-introduction.

Quiet tone and straight-forward address were an instant recommendation. Elspeth was a true Gael in her readiness to form prejudices, and her reluctance to dismiss them.

"Ye are welcome, and ye can come right up, so soon as ye've had a word with Mr. Lanier, the mistress's brother."

There would be no words wasted in preliminaries between these two. A gentleman appeared in the doorway of the parlor while Elspeth was speaking.

"Good evening, Mrs. Williams. You can take her valise upstairs, Elspeth. She will

be up in a few moments. Wait for her in the upper hall."

He spoke courteously, but with authority; his refined face and bearing bespoke the gentleman; his expression was grave to sadness.

"Please step into this room," he continued, standing back to let her precede him. "I'm Mr. Lanier, of New York. Mrs. Paul is my sister. Mrs. Lanier—my wife—is confined to the house by a severe cold, or she would be here. In her absence, the responsibility of superintending the arrangements for Mrs. Paul's comfort devolves upon me." He bent a scrutinizing gaze upon the matronly face—respectful and interested. "I need not explain to you how useless a man is in a sick-room. My sister is very dear to me—and to my wife—and she is dangerously ill. I wish you to spare no trouble or expense in her behalf. Dr. Bacon's recommendation is security for your skill, and for your discretion. I wish you, furthermore, to be perfectly candid in your reports of her condition from day to day. I may say, also"—another and longer look—"what it is well for you, as an intelligent nurse, to know before going to her—that this illness has been aggravated, if it was not brought on, by mental anxiety. If possible, keep your patient from raving, or, should she have lucid intervals, from asking questions. If she will talk, promise anything in reason—or out of it—that will pacify her. Say to her, should she intimate a desire to discuss her anxieties with me, that I have promised to do all in my power to bring matters out right. Ask her to trust me until she is strong enough to think and talk."

"Perhaps"—seeming to gauge the moral force of the listener by a test of his own—"you have scruples against deceiving, or even equivocating to a delirious patient? You would not be willing to do even so little an evil that a great good might be brought about?"

He looked so kind, with all his seriousness, that she answered frankly:

"There is no lie—ever—in saying that everything will come out right, sir. I'll do my best for the poor lady, and may the dear Lord of us all help me!"

"Amen! and thank you!"

To her surprise—for she had set him down at first sight as "a genuine high-stepper, and no mistake," he shook hands with her and dismissed her, saying that he would remain in the house until after the doctor's next visit.

Elspeth was waiting, according to instructions, in the upper hall, and showed the nurse to a chamber where she might change her dress, designating the door of the sick-room as they passed it, and telling her to come in when she was ready.

"And the sooner the better!" she subjoined.

"Why do you say that?" demanded accents, the sharpness of which contrasted strangely with the youthful quality of the voice.

A pretty girl with golden hair put back carelessly from her face, and blue eyes too weary and dry for her years, met them upon the threshold of the hall bed-room to which Mrs. Williams had been directed.

"I did not go up-stairs to lie down as you told me to do," she went on to Elspeth, noticing the new arrival only by a slight and haughty inclination of the head. "I would not go out of hearing of my mother. I am able and anxious to watch with her to-night, and every night. I cannot see the necessity, as you and Uncle Roger do, of bringing in any one else to help us. I am accountable to my father for all that goes on here in his absence—remember! Whatever nurse you engage must not be left in ignorance as to who is the master of this house."

"There is no danger of that, Miss Marie," rejoined Elspeth, with no show of temper.

Mrs. Williams slipped into the chamber-door, and the serving-woman closed it upon her. Whatever colloquy followed the withdrawal of the third person to the little scene, was unheard by her. There were, evidently, other complications to be dealt with than pulmonary in the new case.

Dr. Bacon found her in full charge of the chamber of illness at his evening visit.

"You have made your mark already," he told her when, after ten minutes spent at the bedside of the patient, the nurse obeyed his summons to follow him into the adjoining apartment.

He spoke in a professional undertone, nodding backward at the interior visible through the half-open door. "Got all ship-shape in there, I see. Close-reefed and ready for rough weather. There's nothing like the touch a professional nurse gives to

the sick-room. Where's the daughter?"

"Elspeth coaxed her to go to bed, I believe. I only saw her for a minute when first came."

"Good! I had my fears that she might make things a little more lively than agreeable—poor thing! She is awfully cut up by her mother's illness, and has an idea that everything depends upon her young shoulders while the father is away. Was very tart with her uncle when he told her in my hearing that we must have you in. She is wonderfully bright and capable, but, delirious as the mother is, the daughter's worry affected her unpleasantly. There are times as you and I know, when relatives,—especially affectionate and anxious relatives—are not the proper people to be about a sick person. There's something exciting in the very atmosphere under such circumstances. Well! what do you think of the outlook?"

"She's a very sick woman. And I mistrust that she's been ill longer than people know. She's likely kept up when she ought to have been in her bed. Like walking-typhoid, you know. I've seen her before. For a half-hour or so, I couldn't just think where. By-and-by, she tried to sing—a pretty poor try it was, with her hoarse voice and short breath—and it flashed in upon me. 'Twas last Friday night at a prayer-meeting in our lecture-room—the Jeremy Taylor, you know. She got in late, and there was a sort of queer look about her. I was right across the aisle, and I saw, presently, that her color had all gone out, the same as the flame of a candle, and she turned so pale and her mouth was so drawn that, being as I am, a nurse, I couldn't but feel that 'twas right to keep an eye on her, from time to time. I was afraid she was going to drop in a faint."

"So you watched while the others prayed?" unable to deny himself the joke.

"I watched between the prayers, sir," answered the nurse, not without dignity. "I could have made sure she was asleep, sometimes, if her hands hadn't squeezed one another hard, and her face twitched now and then. So I was fairly taken off my feet, as you may say, when the last hymn was sung, and she joined in all on a sudden with a voice like an angel's—a strong angel too. Mrs. Barnes, she sings most delightfully, and she raised the tune—there being no man there who could do it—and was a-carrying of it well, but this strange lady just took it away from her, and led us all along with her, so pitiful and so earnest-like that I couldn't think of anything but—'I will not let thee go, until thou bless me!' The words were, 'I need thee every hour,' and, thinks-I-to-myself, 'There's one that means every single word she's singing.' It gave me quite a turn when she started up the same tune awhile ago."

Dr. Bacon lent an attentive ear.

"The fever was upon her then; there is no question of that. It was lucky for her—I beg your pardon, it was providential—that she did not wander away and get lost."

"Well, Nurse! we've got to roll up our sleeves and fall to in good earnest, if we are to pull our patient through. Mind and body are both against us, I suspect, not counting in the author and forwarder and general backer of all disease—the evil principle you call the devil."

Thus began over the prostrate body of Alice Paul, the hand-to-hand fight that lasted without respite for ten days longer. The doctor did his part gallantly; Mr. Lanier's purse and time were at his sister's service; at his suggestion, two New York medical magnates whose very breath might be reckoned as currency, so costly was every word, visited the patient three times in consultation with the physician in charge.

Foremost and indefatigable, the nurse fought in the breach. She seemed to live without sleep except for the two hours of the forenoon when the sick woman was most quiet, and Elspeth insisted on sitting with her. In all that week-and-a-half, Mrs. Williams did not leave the house; never lost heart; never raised her voice above its accustomed pitch, or hurried her even speech by so much as a quarter-breath. That hushed upper chamber was her world, and within it, she effaced herself so far as consideration of her personal ease was concerned. The one created being in all the universe for her lay there, parched by fever, moaning in delirious agony, the demon in possession tugging at the tense, attenuated thread of her existence.

It was like the tossing of a frail boat in a storm, each pitch and wrench grinding the calm le upon the toothed rocks of the beach.

(To be continued.)

Christian Work in Japan.

Young Lady Graduates at Osaka—An Interesting Mission Work.

THROUGH the courtesy of Rev. Joshua Kimber, D.D., Associate Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church we are enabled to present on this page, a most interesting photograph of two graduates from the Ladies' Institute, Osaka, Japan, with their teacher. These ladies, who now enter upon active duty in connection with the Women's Auxiliary work, are the first graduates from the institute at Osaka, and special interest attaches to them on that account. In a recent letter from Japan to "The Spirit of Missions," Miss Bull, of the Woman's Auxiliary

will appreciate her and make her happy. "The other dear child is the daughter of a retainer of the Prince of Wakayama. In the days before the revolution which put an end to the feudal power, and when she was a little girl, the family lived in a large and beautiful place at Wakayama. But the incomes of the "samurai" shrank when the feudal system came to an end; now Miss Shioji's father lives comfortably in Osaka, but not in grand style as before; and although he has not found a higher object for his allegiance than his Prince and his Emperor, his wife and young daughter and son have become followers of the Prince of Peace. Miss Shioji was baptized at the same time with Miss Kitazato and they have been dear friends ever since. Miss Shioji became a pupil at the Institute a few months earlier than Miss Kitazato. She has great musical

talent, and excels in all kinds of manual accomplishments, both Japanese and foreign. She has played the organ at St. John's Church for several years, and trained the orphans to sing. She writes and speaks English nearly as well as Miss Kitazato. We are very fortunate in being able to keep Miss Shioji still at the Institute. I have given her the English writing-class, a class in



TEACHER AND NATIVE GRADUATES AT OSAKA, JAPAN.

writes: "The young lady on the right is Miss Kitazato. She is of an excellent family in Kyushu, one of the two large Southern islands of Japan. Her eldest brother is one of the most eminent physicians in Japan, a famous microscopist. Miss Kitazato is also cousin of Mr. Otsuka, the first catechist who had charge of St. John's Church, Osaka. She has been a pupil of the Institute about four years. When she had been studying two years, we lost our translation teacher, and Miss Kitazato filled her place efficiently for half the school year. She also, from that time, kindly interpreted for me in my Bible and children's classes. Miss Kitazato became a Christian in less than a year after she joined the Institute. She had no advantage of being in the Christian household of a cousin. Her natural character is strong and beautiful. I wrote you how she daily washed the feet of the six or seven little orphans, who were suffering terribly from suppurated chilblains, while the old matron was in the hospital last February. Her fiancé is a Christian minister of the Congregational Church, who has studied six years in America and one at Edinburgh University, and is a Ph.D., and a very earnest, hard worker. She will make a true home for her husband: for, besides her education and her disposition, she knows how to do everything about a Japanese house, even to spinning and weaving. I have met him once, and he seemed so truly a Christian gentleman that I feel sure he

singing, and a few pupils on the organ to teach. She can teach English now, better than many of the native teachers in the government schools. Miss Kitazato's mantle has fallen upon her in the little Sunday class at my house, and she is very kind and helpful in many ways, and very anxious to do all she can for the church and asylum and school."

These young women, thus ably equipped and consecrated to the work before them, are but the forerunners of a host of other youthful Japanese ladies, who are in training under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Mission in Japan, and whose services will some day add lustre to the triumphs of Christianity and a lasting glory to their native land.

PERSIAN RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

In a letter from Teheran, Rev. J. L. Potter writes to the "Presbyterian Observer": "Religious processions go in the streets, at times when all the bazaars are strictly closed, and the devotees lash and cut themselves, sometimes in a fearful manner. It is deemed prudent for non-Moslems to keep out of the way as much as possible on these occasions. I once, however, met a procession on the streets of Teheran. Though it be admitted that some of the blood may have been obtained from the butcher shops; and though they sometimes use little half-globes of hardwood, four or five inches in diameter, which they strike together instead of beating their

breasts, still there was enough of real self-torture to make it a sickening sight. It is said, indeed, that these excesses are not approved by his Imperial Majesty the Shah, and are frowned upon by the more intelligent of the Persians; still it goes on year by year, and serves to keep up the bigotry and intolerance of the Moslems in Persia. When witnessing such scenes one's spirit is "stirred in him" somewhat like Paul when he beheld the Athenians wholly given to idolatry. When will these deluded people learn that no sorrow or tears over the sufferings of martyrs in the past, no penance or self-torture, will avail for the forgiveness of sins! O, that they would receive and believe the Gospel, and find Christ Jesus made unto them "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

FEEDING BROOKLYN'S POOR.

The relief work among the poor of Brooklyn is being actively pushed. Dr. Talmage's "Beef and Bread Fund," which began its work of charity two weeks ago, has greatly widened its field and is demonstrating, in still larger measure, "the shortest way for a loaf of bread from the bakery to the hungry mouth." Contributions from many quarters have been received, and during the week 10,000 more loaves of fresh bread were distributed than in the previous week. It was found that bread was more acceptable than anything else to the hungry applicants, many of whom had no fire to cook meat. The crowds that flocked to the bakery every day were larger than ever and their appreciation of the fact, that immediate relief was granted to all without questions or conditions, was expressed in their thankful exclamations as they carried off loaves, under arms or in baskets or wrapped in paper, to the waiting little ones in their cheerless homes.

ONE BY ONE.*

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

* Republished in response to requests by various correspondents—through "The Mail-Bag."

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Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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FAITH'S CROWN.
O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou.

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see thee face to face.
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er:
An endless flow of pleasures:
An ocean without shore.

—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

WHITTIER'S IDEA OF FAME.
Writing her reminiscences of the beloved
Whittier, in "McClure's Magazine,"
Charlotte F. Bates tells the following char-
acteristic incident: I remember once telling
F. Whittier of something that had been
said as to the permanence of his work by
the late Dr. Hudson, the Shakespearian
scholar. Whittier replied: "I am glad so
competent an authority favors my regards
to my writings. But it isn't much matter
whether they live longer or shorter. They
have brought me dear friends while I live,
and that is enough, and I am very grateful
for it." In 1881 he wrote: "I send thee my
little book. . . I don't know of any rea-
son I had for publishing it, save a yearning
sire to speak to my friends once more."
Referring to desire for fame: "I had it
longest," he said, in the same letter,
when I had no hope of it; and what I have
gained has its drawbacks in the uncom-
fortableness of notoriety, in the necessity
keeping up to the standard of one's rep-
utation, and, most of all, in the feeling that
you don't really deserve what you get—
at, unwittingly, you pass for more than
you are worth. If ever I feel like envying
any one, it is not the world-famous author,
but some serene, devout soul who has made
a life of Christ his own, and whose will
the divine will." What a beautiful rev-
elation of his devout soul, found in the very
person of a world-famous author!

THE WORD SPREAD ABROAD.
The remarkable Bible revival in America
just now finding an antipodean echo in
central Africa. The "Missionary Herald"
says: "On the twelfth of June last eighty-
nine boxes were despatched from London
containing 1,511 complete copies of the New
Testament. 5,170 volumes containing the
four Gospels and the Acts, 496 containing
Paul's Epistles, and finally 25,880 separate
copies of the Gospels and of the Acts. The
cost of printing, packing, and sending to
Zanzibar, amounting to more than \$2,000,
was met by the Bible Society. The cost of
transport from Zanzibar to Uganda, which
could be \$50 per box, was charged to the
ganda Mission. And all this for a Central
African tribe, a few years ago unknown, who
will buy and read God's word translated in
their own language, and with such in-
trinsic eagerness as has necessitated the
richest rules regulating the sale." Who
will assert in view of these and similar facts
that other unevangelized parts of the globe
that the Word is not fulfilling the mission
hereunto it was sent?

BIBLE INFLUENCE ON NATIONS.
Tell me where the Bible is, writes Rev.
V. Adams, and where it is not, and I will
write a moral geography of the world. I
will show what, in all particulars, is the

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has taken a new lease of life.

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Leca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Ad-
vance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they
will send you this new treatment free for trial. State
age and all particulars of your disease.

condition of that people. One glance of
your eye will inform you where the Bible is,
and where it is not. Go to Italy: decay,
degradation, suffering, meet you on every
side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens,
the useful arts languish. There is a heav-
iness in the air; you feel cramped by some
invisible power; the people dare not speak
aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldier
is around their dwellings; the armed police
take from the stranger his Bible, before he
enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the
book stores: it is not there, or in a form so
large and expensive as to be beyond the
reach of the common people. The preacher
takes no text from the Bible. Enter the
Vatican and inquire for a Bible, and you
will be pointed to some case where it reposes
among prohibited works, side by side with
the works of Diderot, Bosseau, and Vol-
taire. But pass over the Alps into Switzer-
land, and down the Rhine into Holland, and
over the Channel to England and Scotland,
and what an amazing contrast meets the
eye! Men look with an air of independence;
there are industry, neatness, instruction for
children. Why this difference? There is no
brighter sky; there are no fairer scenes of
nature; but they have the Bible. And happy
are the people in such a case; for it is right-
eousness that exalteth a nation.

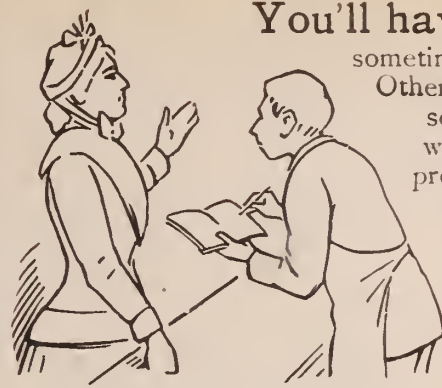
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50; Melissa Mitchell, 25; Mrs. J. P.
Adamson, 25; "Friend," Chester, Ill., 25;
Dr. W. A. Hines, 25; J. Le Grant, 15;
Chas. Reichert, 15; Mrs. S. A. Snyder,
50; Mrs. Eliza J. Cook, 55; M. W. Dun-
kirk, 50; "In His Name," 25; S. M. B.,
Callicoon, N. Y., 15; Rev. D. Thomas, 25;
Mrs. Sol and Mrs. Elias Hartong, 25;
"Friend," Franklin, 25. Previously ack-
nowledged, \$702.25.
For the Bethesda Home for the Reclama-
tion of Fallen Girls: M. W., Dunkirk, 50;
J. W. Bartlett, 25; L. M. H., 25; In
His Name, 25; Friend, Franklin, 54. Pre-
viously acknowledged, \$232.50.
For Foreign Missions: —, \$10.
For the Door of Hope: Friend, Chester,
Ill., 25; In His Name, 25.
For the Permanent Lodging House for Home-
less Women: J. W. Bartlett, 25; L. M.
H., 25; In His Name, 50; Friend, Frank-
lin, 54.

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\$1.25.
Fine underwear, slightly soiled, at half
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Coats and Jackets reduced to \$6.50,
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sometimes, upon getting Pearline.
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some poor imitation of it,
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profit, but which it will not pay
you to use.

It isn't enough to
order Pearline. See that
you get it. It has grown
into favor so rapidly that
it has not only brought out
a host of imitations, but it
has led people to call any powdered soap, washing-powder, or
so-called washing compound—anything in the way of a pow-
der for cleansing purposes—Pearline. This is all very
flattering to Pearline, but if it's these imitations that you've
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It will take some time and trouble, but if you
succeed you are SURE TO WIN A PRIZE.

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used by business houses to secretly inform their sales-
men either the cost of certain articles or the lowest
price the salesman may accept. Taking only such cost
marks as consist of one or more letters, we find it
should consist of ten different letters, one for each
number. Thus:

C U L M I N A T E S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Now suppose an article I sell cost \$2.45; I put on the
tag attached to it, cost UMI; if \$6.20, NUS; if 37 cents,
LA; and so on. A good cost mark, therefore, should
consist of ten letters, all different, forming a word or
words easily remembered.

We offer **CASH PRIZES**
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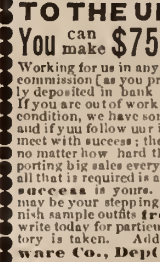
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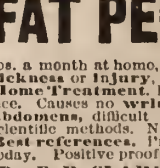
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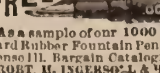
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VOLUME 17.

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EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1894.

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THE FRIEND OF THE HOMELESS.

ev. Stephen Merritt's Great Work Among the Destitute in New York—Feeding Crowds of Famishing Men at the Eighth Avenue Mission Hall before Daylight every Morning, and Supplying the Hungry Mothers and Children in the Afternoon.



THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION.

ast army of the helpless poor, who for weeks to come, must face the blasts of winter, and unhoused.

Among the many agencies now actively engaged in relieving the most urgent form of suffering—the pangs of hunger and cold—that of the Eighth Avenue Mission, established by Rev. Stephen Merritt, at Nos. 208 and 210 Eighth Avenue, New York, is the most unique, and stands as convincing demonstration of the fact that in such times as these, the true principle of charitable work should be “unconditional and immediate relief.” Nearly 2,000 starving souls have been fed daily, for weeks past, and the great tide of hungry humanity is still pouring in, with an appeal upon its lips that cannot be denied. This is a herculean work for one man to undertake, and yet it is what Stephen Merritt has been doing, almost unaided. It is a battle against hunger such as has never before been fought, either in New York or any other city of this Continent, and one to which he has consecrated his own means and trusted to Divine Providence for the result.

Many readers of the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will remember our publication, a year ago, of the history of “The Travelers’ Club,” which had then been recently founded by Mr. Merritt, and which was an outgrowth of his Eighth Avenue Mission in New York City. A long experience in philanthropic work had brought the veteran preacher into

contact with suffering humanity in every stage and degree of wretchedness and destitution. He had been made especially to feel for the thousands of homeless unemployed in our larger cities, who were drifting about like waifs on the great ocean of misery and want, with none to help. At different times, he had been chosen as the instrument, under Providence, of uplifting and restoring many of these down-trodden and helpless souls to a new manhood, and of leading them to Him in whose hands is fullness of blessing, here and hereafter. “The Travelers’ Club,” at the outset, was composed of the poorest, lowest, and most wretched unfortunates, who assembled in the large hall of the Eighth Avenue Mission, between five and seven o’clock every morning, and were refreshed with a wholesome and abundant meal of meat, bread and fragrant coffee. All

were welcome, regardless of nationality, color, or creed; it sufficed that the wanderer was hungry; he needed no other credentials to be admitted to full membership in “The Travelers’ Club.”

Stephen Merritt himself was caterer; he did their own cooking, and cleaning up. “chef” — whose coffee way-worn members unanimously pronounced delicious—was the Club and nothing was there an organization a better feeling prevail and benevolence shone the good-hearted found-



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never-ending search for work, might find an hour or two of solid comfort and catch a bit of sleep after his strengthening meal. While they ate, their genial host talked to them of the better life in such a way that no member of the Club could be offended. Many a forlorn waif there learned to lay his burden of care and despondency upon Him who hath promised to give rest to “the weary and heavily-laden,” if they will only come to Him, and no less than seventy accepted the



W. L. HUDSON.

DESTITUTE WORKINGMEN BREAKFASTING AT 6 A. M. AT THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION, NEW YORK.

invitation during the past month. And so, throughout the whole winter of 1892-93, Rev. Stephen Merritt kept open house at “The Travelers’ Club” for all-comers. It was a hard season on the poor, but it was not to be compared with the present winter

(Continued on page 53.)



THE BARE ARM OF GOD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Isaiah 52: 10: "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm."

IT almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the Jubilate of our planet redeemed, and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land, when a man proposes a special exertion, he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine-shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coat off, and their sleeve rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty; not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder: "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung; more light than he has ever distributed; more blue than that with which he has over-arched the sky; more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass; more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence: from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book, or stop the rufianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked. Hence, all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past, to the dynamo of our electrical manufacturing. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers, and lamps, and fixtures, and wires, and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall pulse! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus; and after all the work, the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fire-flies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

But see how easily God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which

he struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers, and warmth, and light? Out of a word building a fire-place for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fire-place made out of the one word,—"Light." The sun 886,000 miles in diameter. I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know: that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word—"Light."

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm, either robed, or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied, as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the allusion of the Psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry, as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goat's hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas! now no more—you witnessed wondrous things, as you saw the wooden needle or broach, going back and forth in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV. bought it and it became the possession of the throne; and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens, that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds. How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China twenty-eight hundred years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti, astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job under-

stood the refraction of the sun's rays, and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter, and calls it the "Pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad, or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not; but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth; and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached, or Copernicus, or Galileo, or Kepler, or Newton, or Laplace, or Herschel, or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mould the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons, and appointed for all worlds their orbits and decided their color—the white to Sirius; the ruddy to Aldebaran; the yellow to Pollux; the blue to Altair; marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that Herschel observed; administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "The girdle of Andromeda," and the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of Omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he do when he puts out all his strength? And when he unlimbers all the batteries of his Omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text, of the bare arm of God.

My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered forearm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the ship-yards of Liverpool, or Glasgow, or New York, a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabins, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until, with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shatt, and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships. Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of Paradisaical bowers, has been sixty centuries pounding in the Skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of Omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the dry-dock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text, and its comparison with

other texts, that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits, as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which seem to require the bare right arm of Omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmins, or Buddhists, Confucians or Fetish idolaters. At the World's Fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and tinkered robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and Juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world. I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christ-like men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built-up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea, these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaries who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the Gospel among the down-trodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland, and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home, give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness, such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries with their pure and noble households in those heathen ports, is a constant rebuke to such debauches and miscreants. If Satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly, but justly, expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette, or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the Temple of God and the Lamb as a broken-down church, and the House of Many Mansions as a disreputable place, and the Cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like Holiness, and you had better not depend upon Satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel, and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized, there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,

Put on Thy strength, the nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits, he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read to-day by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting So-

dom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place seventy-two wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a Bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh, who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across continents, and now proposes to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey, it would like to do for our nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Blisses and the Van Dykes and the Posts and the Misses Bowens and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman, and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing-presses at Beyrout and Constantinople keep on with their work, and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of Nations!

There stands also the Arch Demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white, and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeisance and worship, Democracy, and on the other side Republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson River, an Ohio, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the Gulf, this mightier flood of sickness, and insanity, and domestic ruin, and crime, and bankruptcy, and woe, empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil, the Hasheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guavo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the rakı of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whiskey of Scotland, the ale of England, the all-drinks of America are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power unless reinforced from the heavens can never extirpate the evils I mention.

Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abyss of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine, and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of High Tariff and Low Tariff, but what about the highest of all Tariffs in this country, the Tariff of nine hundred million dollars which Rum put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us. You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become harden-

ed by statistics and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowhood; or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust; or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation; or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endurged, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum hath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grog-shops all around the world. Down, thou accursed Bottle, from the Throne! Into the dust, thou king of the Demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou Wine

presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done, will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best: when the last reserve force of Omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of Eternal Might leaps from its scabbard. Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannon on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to six o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon of September 2nd, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French Emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills." Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the Cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights, and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries



THE REINHARDT NORMAL COLLEGE AT WALESCE, GA.

cup, with fires that shall never be quenched!

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits, a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath-class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer-meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the Gospel of Smash-up, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out to-day is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's Park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshalled by the Rider on the White Horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe; but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all-conquering step, and halt in the

on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field-glass of prophecy, and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand, and look at it as all done. "Hallelujah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang! Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal Spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the Earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarlet with battle-fields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's

Land, or Beulah, or Millennial Gardens, or Paradise Regained, or Heaven! And to God the only Wise, the only Good, the only Great, be glory forever. Amen.

The Gospel in the Mountains.

Louis Reinhardt's Experiment Among the Poor Whites and Crackers of Georgia, and How it has been Blessed.

HERE is probably no class of people in the United States who enjoy fewer of the advantages of civilization than the poor mountain whites and "Crackers" of some of our Southern states. Philanthropic effort and Gospel crusade alike seem to have overlooked them, and while the energies of Christian churches and other organizations are striving for the evangelization of almost every other section of the country, this particular class has been greatly neglected.

Some years ago, Louis Reinhardt, a pioneer settler in the mountains of Georgia, resolved to attempt the education of his own family. He saw other little ones growing up to manhood and womanhood in ignorance. He began to teach a few young people in a little two-room school and soon other families living on the mountains, hearing of his experiment, begged the privilege of sending their children to be taught. At first there were only seven scholars; but in an amazingly short time, the experiment begun by Reinhardt attained such proportions that the large number of pupils could no longer be taught by a single teacher unaided, so the best available help was secured. The little school has since then branched out to the dimensions of a great institution and now three hundred students are under the educational care of a regular faculty, whose members initiate them into the mysteries of moral and mental science. English literature, Latin and Greek, book-keeping, art, physical culture and all the departments to be found in an ordinary collegiate institution.

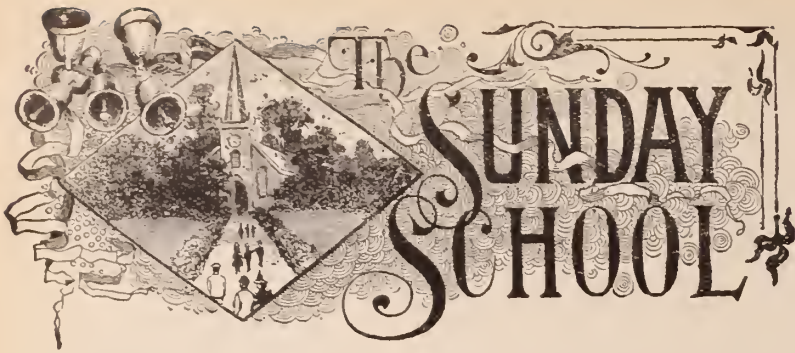
Naturally, the experiment and its success have aroused the interest and attention of the entire state, and many of the leading men and women of Georgia have given it their warmest commendation and support. The Georgia Legislature has chartered the school to do regular collegiate work, and it now gives every promise of becoming a great educational and christianizing influence. Mr. Reinhardt's daughter recently deeded to the college some valuable grounds, and plans have been made for the erection of new buildings. An effort is also being made to raise a fund which will enable the institution still further to extend its operations. It is, at the present time, the only college in eleven counties. The ladies of the State have responded to the appeal for aid, and Governor Northen, who is warmly interested in the work, has given it his strongest commendation, as an agency that promises well for the future of that part of the South.

Besides the educational aspect of the work, the Reinhardt College is exercising a marked religious influence upon a very large section of country, which has hitherto enjoyed very few religious privileges. Many of its students are studying for the ministry and hope some time in the near future to devote themselves to the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ throughout their native State. The "Crackers" of Georgia are people who have been known in the past as exceedingly illiterate and unspiritual, and any work that will bring them within the scope of religious teaching deserves to be commended and sustained. Any of our readers who may feel an interest in this particular work, can address Prof. C. E. Pattillo, President, Walesca, Ga.

To show how very necessary such a work as this is in Georgia, it may be explained that of 604,971 children of six years and upward, in the State, 114,577 cannot read or write, and 10,701 have never been to school. There are thousands of adults and many more thousands of children, who are as ignorant of the Gospel as of books, and the influence of moral and intellectual training on the rising generation is one whose value cannot be estimated.

WHY HOME MISSIONS SUFFER.

The general business depression is affecting the receipts of the religious societies. The Congregational Home Missionary Society states that its receipts for the first nine months of the current year were \$100,000 less than those of the corresponding months of the previous year. This means a decrease of thirty-five per cent. The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions reports that up to December 1st, 1892, receipts were \$125,539 less than for the corresponding period of 1892.



BEGINNING OF THE NATION.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 4. Gen. 12: 1-9. Golden Text, Gen. 12: 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE earth was cleansed by the flood, but man's heart remained the same as before. The descendants of Noah, even in the first generation, went astray from God and failed him. The tendency of fallen man, from the very first, had been to be independent of God. His command to Noah and his sons had been: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth;" but man had another idea. Thinking of their own convenience and satisfaction; of that which was a gratification to themselves, irrespective of how the interests of God might be affected by it, they said one to another: "Let us make bricks and burn them thoroughly . . . let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth" (Gen. 12: 4). That is to say: Let us defend ourselves against the will of God; let us bind ourselves together to frustrate his purpose of bringing the earth under cultivation and subduing it. Our way is better than God's way.

God's purpose is to gather together all things in Christ; man's thought is Association on Selfish Principles.

A coalition of multiplied selfishness. No principle of true unity holds it together. The people of those days had left God out of their reckoning. But in his quiet majesty he came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. It was decided in the councils of heaven that confusion of tongues should be the weapon with which God should defeat the purposes of his rebellious creatures. Without bloodshed, without a blow, but in a way so sure that to this very day the witness of that judgment from God is upon the earth, God gained his victory; and the continuation of man with man, apart from God, was brought to a sudden termination. Witnesses for God were not wanting in those days. Shem was still alive, and was, for about a hundred and thirty years, Abraham's contemporary. Noah lived till within a year or two of the birth of Abraham; the other sons of Noah may have been still in existence, so that the judgment of the flood could hardly have been forgotten. But, safe as they knew they were, by the promise of God, from a future deluge, how could they have anticipated such an inconceivable calamity as to be unable to understand, or to make the person understand with whom they had the freest intercourse only the previous day? God conquered, and sheer necessity made them cease their building operations, and made them anxious now to travel as far off from one another as they could, that they might only have around them the few who could still understand the language which they each spoke.

But What of God's Purpose?

Adam and Eve had failed him, the flood seemed to be a failure in its results, for the posterity of Noah were no better than the posterity of Adam. Yet, "whatever God doeth, it shall be forever" (Eccl. 3: 14), and in each generation he has found one man or one little company of men, who would understand him, and enter into and carry out his purposes. There was a man of the posterity of Shem ten generations removed from Noah (for Shem lived to see nine generations of his posterity) and this man, Abraham, with his father, Terah, and all his family "served other Gods" (Josh. 24: 2), as did most men of their day.

In some way, not detailed in Scripture, God manifested himself to Abraham. It may be that in Abraham's heart had been awakened that intense hunger after God, that unsatisfied something, which is impatient with all would-be religions, which

must have the real thing; a craving which is God-begotten; a something which says: God never called me into being that I might be only like the beasts which perish; if there is a God, where can I find him? It may be that the cry of his heart, moved upon by the Holy Spirit, may have gone up to God, and that consciousness of God speaking for the first time, which some of us will never forget, may have become a fact to this once idolater.

What did God say? That which put to the utmost proof this awakened soul: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land which I will show thee; and I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." (R. V.) It was again

A New Beginning,

but on another line. God would not now destroy all the population of the world, but he would make another, a nearer and a holier covenant with one family, taken out of the population of the world. But for this purpose he must find a man loyally willing to leave all for him, one who would choose God before all else, and continue faithful. Abraham's call included the loss of all which could afford him personal satisfaction; it put him to the proof. Like Noah, he must become a man separated and misunderstood by his generation in responding to this call of God.

We are not told that he even weighed the matter: God had spoken, this was enough for him; and "Abram went as the Lord had spoken to him." Instant.

Unquestioning Obedience

as soon as the will of God is known to them, characterizes the true sons and daughters of Abraham; the generation of the faithful, the true elect of God. God was about to call out one family from among men which should never in any age lose its character, its name, its individuality; and the real as well as typical head of that family, must be a man apart from other men. Nearly four thousand years have elapsed; nations have risen and fallen, races of man have arisen and perished, or been absorbed; but Abraham's seed remains the same. In America, Englishmen, Germans, French, Swedes, Russians after one or two generations become Americans; but the Israelites in America is an American Jew. The nations of Europe absorb those of other lands who intermarry or settle amongst them; but a German Jew, a Polish Jew, a Russian Jew, a Spanish Jew, are household words. "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob the lot of his inheritance." (Deut. 32: 8, 9). From this very chapter, (Gen. 12) which we are now considering the whole book treats of the family of Abraham. The other four books of Moses tell exclusively their history, with God's marvellous interventions and the laws given direct from God to this one chosen race of men. Joshua and Judges, carry on the history, and the book of Ruth, although treating of a Gentile gives her history because she comes into the genealogy of the royal race of David, the books of Samuel, of the Kings and Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther, relate the further history of this same race, and God's dealing with them. Job is an exception; then the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles, were all written by Jewish authors, all the prophets of the Old Testament, and all the writers in the New, were Jews. When the Son of God himself came down on earth, even he took on him the seed of Abraham.

The Jew too, God's first Israel has failed, as Adam's posterity and Noah's had failed,

the Jew did not appreciate his Son; and therefore God has another "remnant according to the election of grace;" and is now taking out from the nations, among whom the Jews failed as a witness, "a people for his name." And when this purpose is accomplished, Christ will come a second time "time to them that look for him without sin unto salvation," and those who have overcome, as he overcame, will sit down with him upon his throne, as he is set down with his Father in his throne. Then the promises of earthly prosperity made to the Jews, shall be fully accomplished; they shall be the head and not the tail; "all the people of the earth shall see that they are called by the name of the Lord, and shall be afraid of them." (Deut. 28: 10, 13).

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE journey of Abraham is believed to have been made about 1921 years before Christ and about 490 years before his descendants, under Moses, crossed the Red Sea. His father, Terah, who was descended from Noah's son, Shem, had been living at Ur of the Chaldees, a city formerly on the shores of the Persian Gulf. The water has receded from the locality now, leaving it nearly a hundred miles from the sea. The city has been uncovered recently, and when the sands which had covered it for centuries were removed, something was learned of the character of its people. They were idolaters of the worst type, their very worship being immorality of the most gross and sensual kind. Terah had two sons beside Abraham. Of these, one, Haran, died there, leaving one son, Lot, and two daughters, Milcah, who married her uncle, Nahor, and Iscah, who is believed to be identical with Sarah, who married Abraham. Terah, with his son, Abraham, and his grandson, Lot, left the city and went to Haran, near the modern Aleppo. Nahor, Terah's other son, is not mentioned in the narrative of the migration. He may have remained behind, but if he did, he followed afterward, for he was in the neighborhood of Haran sixty years later, when Abraham sent his servant to him to get a wife for Isaac. Terah died at Haran and then Abraham quitted the neighborhood with his nephew, Lot, traveled southward three hundred miles, staying for a time near Shechem, at the oak grove of Moreh, and thence to the neighborhood of Luz, afterward called Bethel, about twelve miles north of Jerusalem.

This wandering was not begun in mere restlessness, but in obedience to God's command. How God communicated his will to Abraham we are not told. In whatever form the communication came, whether by audible voice, or by his own sense of duty, Abraham recognized it as a call from God. It meant that he should leave civilization and go into a wild country inhabited by the descendants of Ham. So the Pilgrim Fathers heard the call of God, when they left England 274 years ago to plant their new settlement on this side the Atlantic. So, in all ages, men have heard the call, bidding them quit ease and comfort and pleasant surroundings for some greater duty. So God often calls young people now to separate themselves from friends and old associates that they may serve him without interruption and without evil and contaminating influence. It is a hard and painful thing to do, but those who obey receive the blessing.

Get thee out of thy country. It is said of the Greeks that, at a certain period of their history, when their states were in danger of becoming too densely populated, they adopted an original and characteristic device to avert the evil. A number of youths of a certain age and standing were called out and set apart as the nucleus of a new nation. They were equipped with arms and supplies and were sent out to conquer a new country for themselves. In modern times the departure has been spontaneous and voluntary. America, Australia, and more recently, Africa, have attracted enterprising young men from Europe, who have gone from the crowded avenues of competition in the old world to found new empires in virgin lands. Unhappily, they have not always gone, as Ab-

raham went and as the Pilgrim Fathers went, to serve God, but have carried the vices and passions of the old world into the new.

Departed as the Lord had spoken. To the people at Haran Abraham's course must have seemed very foolish. If asked why he was leaving and where he was going, he would be obliged to answer that he did not know where and that he was simply obeying God. Perhaps to Abraham himself the reason for his going may not have been very clear, but he obeyed implicitly. Such obedience and trust God loves to see in his children. A story is told of Gen. Havelock which illustrates this kind of obedience. Crossing London Bridge one morning with his son he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, requiring him to return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge he told him to wait there for him. He was detained there by business and becoming absorbed forgot about his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home late in the evening his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed upon him that he had forgotten his promise. "Why, Harry is on London Bridge." One of his guests remarked that the boy would come home. "No," said Havelock, "he is a soldier's son," and leaving his guests and hastening to the spot he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited, all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given him the command and the promise, and he simply obeyed.

I will bless thee. Would such a promise be a sufficient compensation to Abraham for all he was called upon to surrender? Abraham appears to have thought so. Many since his day have given up the prizes of the world with no better guarantee and not one has regretted trusting in God. William Moodie tells a story to show that even when men try to oppose God's will, they are thwarted and the blessing goes as he had promised. He says: "There were in Rome two blind men, one of whom cried in the streets of the city, 'He is helped whom God helps.' The other more diplomatically cried, 'He is helped whom the King helps.' This they did every day, and the Emperor heard of it so often, that he caused a loaf of bread to be filled with gold pieces and sent it to the man who had honored him. The beggar felt the bread, noticed how heavy it was, and, concluding that it was indigestible, offered it to the other blind beggar for a few pennies. The latter bought it, took it home, found the treasure and from that day ceased to beg. But the other continuing to beg through the city, the Emperor summoned him to his presence and asked him, 'What hast thou done with the loaf that I lately sent thee?' The man replied, 'I sold it to my friend because it was heavy and did not seem well risen.' Then the Emperor said, 'Truly he whom God helps is helped indeed,' and turned the blind man from him."

A land that I will show thee. The land was not described to Abraham at the time, but God promised to show it to him and that was enough. We know very little of what heaven is to be, but we have the same promise, and everyone who lives for that land is sure of its being a land in which he will be happy. Luther, writing to his son, painted it in colors attractive to a boy. He said, "I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and jump and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were. And he said, 'They are the children who pray and love to learn and are good!' Then I said, 'Dear man! I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these pretty horses?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to pray and learn and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippius and Jost, too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets and flutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows.' And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung fine golden fifes, trumpets and silver cross-bows. And I said to the man, 'Ah, dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my son Johnny and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden.'"

The Friend of the Homeless.

Continued from first page.

When, owing to the universal depression in trade, the idle and destitute have been multiplied a thousand-fold. When the snows of December began to fall, the membership of "The Travelers' Club" swelled to unheard-of proportions. Artisans of every trade, clerks, longshoremen, drivers, salesmen, factory hands, and workers formerly employed in a hundred different callings, but now idle and penniless, came there and were fed. There were many, too, who had once occupied positions of responsibility, and not a few college graduates among the number. Dire poverty, which "makes strange bed-fellows," had brought them to the same level of necessity and the Club's larder was taxed to supply them all. But Mr. Merritt resolved that no matter how many might come to be fed, none should be turned away. He flung wide the Mission doors, opening them several hours earlier than before, to admit the wanderers, and trusted the Lord to sustain the work, he meanwhile paying all the expenses out of his own pocket.

It is impossible to overestimate the good that is accomplished by this broadly Samaritan work in which Mr. Merritt is engaged. As may well be imagined, the task of feed-

many are in garments that have long since seen their best days; a few are warmly and even respectably dressed, but all alike are penniless, homeless, and painfully hungry. There is no noise or clamor as they take their seats in the warm room, and wait patiently for the anticipated meal to be served. Mr. Merritt himself goes round among them as they enter, and with a nod and a kind word, makes all welcome. Most of them doze in their seats, until the call for morning prayer at about 4:30 o'clock.

It is a moving picture, when these five hundred or more destitute wanderers, thus strangely assembled in the middle of the night by one man's kindness, are served with the first food they have probably eaten in twenty-four hours. Our artist has endeavored to portray the scene, as it was photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few mornings ago, but the experience of a personal visit alone can convey a really adequate impression. Every man in the crowd—which is only the advance guard of others—enjoys his piping hot breakfast and each sips his quart of coffee (he can have as many mugs of it as he wishes) and eats till his hunger is satisfied. Or, if he prefers, he may have a few mugs of strong English breakfast tea instead of coffee. It would surprise most people to see the quantity of

the Eighth Avenue Mission, there are hundreds of families, whose wan mothers and pinched babies are suffering for the barest necessities of life. He decided to make an effort to help them and accordingly, some time ago, he established a "Woman's Club"—in many respects the counterpart of "The Travelers' Club" and which has already been productive of much good. In the forenoon the Mission wagons make the round of the markets, the larger restaurants and hotels, and collect such unused food as can be made available. A large supply of meat is laid in daily, the wholesale butchers furnishing it at cost or even below. Every afternoon at three o'clock a crowd of women, usually little short of two hundred, gathers at the Mission—the young and the old, some in faded shawls and bonnets and others without any head-dress, and among them a sprinkling of wan-faced, sickly children. Some bring pails, jugs, decanters and even baskets, to receive the food. A number eat

where would they eat if not at their own club? If they chose to take food home to those who cannot come, they are welcome to do so. We are all fellow human beings, and I cannot sit and see their sufferings unrelieved while I have the power to help it. I have never known a season when there was so much distress in New York as now, and it is growing worse. It is now the sabbath, industrious, intelligent class who are suffering. Behind these crowds who come here daily to be fed at the Eighth Ave. Mission, there is another and far vaster crowd that must inevitably swell their ranks. If we can feed them at two and a half cents a meal, as I have demonstrated, and help them to tide over their troubles temporarily and to avert actual starvation, let us do it, in His name."

The work begun by Mr. Merritt has opened up an appalling vista of human wretchedness and suffering, and has extended far beyond the power of its founder to supply its needs. Believing that a work

so signally deserving should not be permitted to suffer for the lack of proper support, Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has undertaken to render such aid as is needed to relieve the most urgent cases of destitution in the homes of Christian families. It is proposed to search out, with the aid of experienced district visitors, such households as belong to

"God's poor," but which are now temporarily afflicted. In one such home that was visited, the only carpet—a cheap ingrain—had been torn up and sold to procure food and fuel enough to last a few days, and in another, a desperate mother had sold her woolen undergarment that she might buy bread for her children. There are in New York thousands of devout Christian homes similarly situated, where such help would be welcomed. There is no stronger test of the sincerity of a Christian's love for the Master than his sym-

pathy for the destitute. "Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" asks the beloved disciple. (1 John 3: 17.) A love that is real will bear the fruits of cheerful obedience, and the giving in such a cause will become not only a pleasure but a means of rich spiritual blessing. We invite the attention of our readers to this relief work, as one that especially calls for their hearty Christian co-operation. Contributions may be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All gifts will be applied direct to the support of the Mission's Food Fund and duly acknowledged in these columns.

The following have been received:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, \$250; A friend, Paterson, N. J., \$500; Mrs. M. E. Lockwood, \$5; A friend, Phila., \$5; A friend, N.Y., \$25; Mr. C—, \$5; Mr. C—, n. \$5; Mr. McComb, \$500; A. M. F., \$500; Miss Miller, \$5; Friend, B'lyn, \$5; Belle Waidman, Junction, N.J., box clothing.



A 3.30 A. M. BREAKFAST AT THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION, NEW YORK—THE MISSION'S CHEF AT WORK.

(From a Flash-light Photograph, taken for "The Christian Herald.")

bread that is eaten at this morning breakfast. During the meal, Mr. Merritt addresses the gathering, and when all is over, and the guests are rested and satisfied, they are asked to make room for the next relay, who have meanwhile assembled in front of the Mission and are waiting their turn. At 5:30 a. m. they are admitted and the second serving of food to five hundred men begins, all present first joining in repeating the Lord's Prayer. At 6:30 o'clock the third and last, and frequently the largest crowd is admitted and fed, warmed, encouraged, and comforted. When they depart, the work of the Mission as far as they are concerned, is over for the day.

On reaching the Mission Hall about 3 A. M., early as it is the hour, he finds the sidewalk in front of the building crowded with men anxiously waiting to be admitted. Meanwhile, all is activity in the kitchen (situated in the rear of the hall), where the chef and his volunteer aids are busy preparing for the oncoming crowd. Two great cauldrons are steaming over hot fires, and the grateful aroma of tea and coffee fills the air. Huge piles of loaves, fresh and sweet, are built up on either side of the kitchen in appetizing pyramids. There is a clatter as the mugs are ranged in rows, ready to be filled, each mug holding little short of a quart. At last the doors of the Mission swing wide and the waiting crowd surges in. Some are snow-coated or adrip with rain;

But Mr. Merritt's self-imposed task of loving helpfulness is by no means ended, although his morning guests be gone. For months past, his sympathies have gone out to the suffering women and children, whose wants were for the most part, of a nature that could not be supplied in the early morning charity. In the near neighborhood of

fee and bread, but he specially prepares for the "Woman's Club" a great metal pot of "salmagundi" soup, which simmers and boils for hours before the women arrive.

The average daily supply needed for the morning meals and the Woman's Club in the afternoon, is fully 2000 loaves of bread, 400 gallons of tea and coffee and twenty gallons of salmagundi soup. As the latter includes a considerable quantity of good, juicy beef, it is very strengthening and is just what is needed for the women and children. The "Woman's Club" is now widely known on the Westside and will doubtless be adopted as a model for the establishment of similar charities in those parts of the city where the distress is greatest. Thus far, the entire burden of its support has fallen on Mr. Merritt.

"It is not a charity alone, but a club," explained Mr. Merritt, good-humoredly. "They come here, the men in the morning and the women in the afternoon, just as the well-to-do folks go to their big clubs uptown and



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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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SOCIAL MASSACRE.

NO man or woman who was ever created could endure without depletion of vitality the wear and tear of social life in these cities. The demands are at war with the laws that God has established for the welfare of the human race. The hour for assemblage at the modern levee is an outrage. Once at eight o'clock at night, but afterward it was adjourned until 8.30 and then to ten, and there are threats that eleven o'clock at night will be the popular hour. He who goes earlier must pass his time in the hat-room waiting, tilling up the time as he may, while his more interesting counterpart must linger in other quarters in distressing deliberation, and then both descend to the parlors with the fast approaching midnight. Then come the prophecies of nightmare and sick headache and nervous depression in rich viands that bewilder and confound and deplete the stoutest digestive organs. A gentleman writes me for advice, saying: "What shall I do? We have many friends and are invited perpetually. I am on a salary in a large New York business establishment. To meet my engagements I am obliged to rise in the morning at seven o'clock, but I cannot get home from these parties until one in the morning. Then the excitement of the evening keeps me awake for an hour or two after I retire, and the late taking of food disturbs my sleep all night long. I must give up either social life or my business, which is my livelihood? My wife is not willing I should give up social life, for she is very popular, and I have not health to stand it and attend to business. What shall I do?" If I had answered the letter I would have begun by saying:

Dear Sir. If what you say is true your wife is a fool. If she is willing to sacrifice your health and with it the support of the family for the greeting and applause of the midnight saturnalia, I pity you. Use your own judgment, my afflicted correspondent. Once you lose your health and then your business position, and then your income, and see how many levees you will be invited to. All the diamond-laced terrapins at \$5 a dozen, which you are invited to partake after your money is gone will not do you any harm. Society will let you drop so suddenly it will knock the breath out of you. Yours truly, Pastor of Brooklyn Talmage.

Recipe for any one who is tired of life and would like to get out of it without the reputation of suicide: Take chicken salad regularly at twelve o'clock at night, and in large quantities, and wash it down with bottles of toddy, and get to your pillow at one o'clock in the morning, and if the third winter does not bring your obituary, it will be because you are proof against that which has slain a host larger than ever fell on any battle-field of the ages. The Scandinavian warriors thought that in the next world they would sit in the Hall of Odin and

drink wine from the skulls of their enemies, but modern society, by its demand for late hours and conviviality, would make a man drink out of his own skull, first trying to make it brainless. For the suavities and socialities of life we have great admiration, but it is beyond any human capacity to endure what society imposes upon many.

My deepest sympathies are for those who have official courtesies added. What a social martyrdom they endure—presidents and presidents' wives, senators and senators' wives, governors and governors' wives, mayors and mayors' wives. Many of them pass out of office in confirmed invalidism. They have shaken hands and made and received calls and drank other people's health to the disadvantage of their own, and sacrificed so many hours that ought to have been devoted to restorative slumber that their nerve is gone and their patience is gone and their vivacity is gone and their capacity for work is gone, and soon their life will be gone. For the festivities of life I have only words of commendation, if they be within one's means and controlled by good sense. I believe that God made the fruits and harvests of the earth to eat, and I have no patience with those who would have us go with our mouths muzzled. He put the melting pulp into the peach and the pleasant tartness into the apple, and the saccharine juices into the strawberry, and the nectar into a grape cluster, and the savoriness into beef and venison and canvas-back duck, and taught the nations as they advanced in civilization, to cook, boil, stew, bake, seethe, roast, broil, scramble and fry innumerable viands, and turn out from foundries and factories stoves, ovens, kettles, boilers, chafing dishes, furnaces, frying pans and grid-irons. But it is impossible to tell how many physical, mental and moral woes have come from eating at the wrong time, and eating too much, and eating that which is too luxurious. What is needed in all communities is a few of the princes and princesses of society, with enough courage to break through and break down the ruinous regulations of late hours and Belshazzarean festivity. The people who have suddenly come to fortune and are only the accidents of prosperity will not work the reform needed. But let some of the old families that for generations have been at the top of respectability set themselves against the devastating nonsense of social life. What slaughter by convivialities all down the track of time!

As history moves in a circle, I have wondered if society is not swinging round towards the days of German wassail, or even the worst days of Roman conviviality. The princely saloons in those times had revolving ceilings, representing the firmament and fictitious clouds which rained essences and perfumes on the guests, and their tablets of ivory and tortoise shell and benches of gold, and when a new course of food came into the banquet it was preceded by flutes and hautboys and trumpets. Emperor Tiberius passed two whole days and nights at the festal table. In convivialities Rome shouted and sang and blasphemed and perished. The way American society is moving to-day is the way of death. From what potential drawing-room, from what high place, from what kingly or queenly lips shall come the command to right about face?

HELP ALL YOU CAN.

HELP all you can, among the suffering in these hard times, and help them right away. But "Look out," says some one, "lest you help the unworthy." Indeed, indiscriminate charity is a bad thing, but I notice that those persons who write and talk very much about the dangers of indiscriminate charity never give anything. They may give other people's money to charitable objects but none of their own. They do not give twenty cents in twenty years. The most of this talk about indiscriminate charity is to cover up personal stinginess. Are you very much afraid that the "unworthy" will be helped? Do you not know that the very first demand of our religion is to acknowledge our own unworthiness? If all the unworthy were to be shut out from heaven that would

shut us all out. The fear that the stingy Christian expresses about helping the unworthy makes me think of a shipwreck. There they are out in the offing, crew and passengers drowning! On the beach, the lifeboats are got ready, and are about to push out, when some man with great deliberation comes out, and says "Now don't be in a hurry. Let us have this effort for rescuing the drowning carefully organized, or you will save some of those sailors and passengers who are unworthy. Let us first send out a committee in a small boat to examine the wreck, and see which of the unfortunates ought to be brought ashore. Now be careful! Don't let us add to the list of indiscriminate charities!" I say: Fool! stand back! All who will help, get in and pull away for the wreck, and save all you can lift into the lifeboat, and pick up the first fellow you can! Better save fifty unworthy passengers than let one worthy man perish! And applying this principle to the question of relieving destitution, I say better by mistake feed fifty lazy scoundrels, than let one good and worthy man or woman or child, for whom Christ died, freeze or starve.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Harlem, N. Y. I am a clerk in New York, earning moderate wages. I always try to save a little every year to add to my O. A. and E. (Old Age and Emergency) Fund. Now, in considering the prevalent destitution, I am in doubt as to my duty this year. Ought I to add my last year's savings to the O. A. and E. Fund as usual, or ought I to give them to the poor? Christ said "Take no thought for the morrow?" But if I take no thought for the morrow and give away my savings I may become a public charge; if I should lose my position or become unfit for work through sickness or old age? I want to do right. Please tell me what I ought to do?

Thousands of people are in the same position as our correspondent. In view of the prevailing distress among the poor, we should like to hear from as many of our readers as possible, suggesting what they consider the proper course for "Subscriber" to follow.

James Stewart, Langdon, N. Dak. Who is the author of the following lines:

Be brave my brother, fight the good fight of faith,
With weapons proved and true;
Be faithful and unshrinking to the death
Thy God will bear thee through.

M. Flack, Trenton, N. J.: What is the seating capacity of the churches throughout the country?

They are said to be capable of seating nearly 43,000,000, and they are presided over by 111,036 pastors of all creeds and denominations. The figures are not ours, but we believe them to be fairly reliable.

Chas. Fidler, Fredericktown, O.: Can anyone be a good, consistent Christian and vote with either of the old parties?

He can, if he votes conscientiously, selecting those candidates who are of upright character and whose general influence would be in the direction of honest government. The only hope of redeeming our impure politics is by conscientious voting, and the exercise of suffrage, in this view, is therefore to be regarded as a duty.

Mr. C. H. Gillam, Oberlin, Kan. We have started a Sabbath School in this out-of-the-way place; but have no means of procuring reading matter. We would like to get a few library books or papers from some Sunday Schools where they have no further use for them. We have an attendance of about fifty, but we are very poor owing to failure in crops.

Possibly some of our readers may be in a position to help this struggling Sunday School by sending them a few books for the library.

J. A. Mahan, Eustis, Fla. What was typified by the oil in the Parable of the wise and foolish virgins Matt 25: 4?

The inward spiritual grace which is necessary to the support of the divine life in the soul. You will see the meaning more clearly in Luke 12: 35, where Christ enjoins his people to keep their light burning. The five foolish virgins represent worldly Christians who are not living spiritual lives, but retain their name and profession and attend the ordinances, yet whose lives are not controlled and guided by the Holy Spirit.

Mr. A. R. H. Drakeville, In. 1. Who was Pythagoras? A lady who claims to be a great student says he was greater than our Saviour. 2. Who was Pythagoras? 3. She believes that Astrology and Alchemy are the great sciences that will reveal and control all our future destiny.

1. A Greek sage and philosopher who lived 600 years B. C., and who is said to have made claims to supernatural origin and miraculous gifts. His doctrine essentially differed from Christianity. He taught that the soul consists of two parts, the rational and the sensuous or irrational, the former only being immortal, and

that the released spirits intervened in the affairs of men through dreams and otherwise. Souls that had purged themselves of vice if life entered into bliss, while impure souls were tormented for a time and allowed a new trial by being reincarnated in the forms of men or beasts. He held that the air was full of souls undergoing penance. 2. We never heard of him. 3. These twin sciences, neither of them exact or recognized as sciences by the leading minds of the age, are valueless as explaining spiritual things.

Subscriber, Luftonboro, N. H. What did Paul mean by saying, Rom. 1: 14, that he was a debtor to Greeks and barbarians?

That he had converts from among both. Also that he was under obligation to preach the Gospel to both.

Reader, West Rosedale, Wis. Can you tell me when and by whom, alcohol was first discovered? I have heard that it was discovered in Arabia by one seeking the "Elixir of Life."

Paracelsus, the Teutonic scientist of the sixteenth century, is commonly credited with having discovered alcohol in the course of his experiments to find the "elixir of life." Instead of becoming immortal on earth, according to one account, he died drunk. The real discovery of alcohol, however, probably belongs to a much earlier date.

Reader, Durham, Ont., Can. Do you think a regular attendance at a skating rink hurtful to the character of a young man who professes to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ?

The skating rink has been very widely and justly condemned on moral grounds, as a recreation that is apt to become a dissipation. While the mere act of skating is in itself innocent enough, the uniform experience is that vicious associations are readily formed at such places. This is now so generally recognized that it hardly admits of debate. Regular attendance at such places certainly cannot help Christian character, and are very likely to hurt it.

Augusta Baker. — Are Roman Catholic priests justified by the commission to the Apostles (John 20: 23) in giving absolution?

There is a missing link in the chain of argument. Even supposing that they could establish their claim to be successors of the Apostles there is still no evidence that the Apostles had power or authority to endow others with their own privileges. The priests certainly have not inherited the miraculous powers that the Apostles possessed. They can tell you that if you have truly repented of sin and trusted in Christ for salvation, your sins are forgiven, but one does not need to be a priest to tell you that.

A. D. S., Elkhorst, Wis. Can a person be a true Christian and yet be rich? This question came up in our Sunday School a few Sundays ago. It seems to me they would be anxious and count it a great privilege to give, thinking not of themselves, but only that Christ wants them to help, and trusting him for the future.

Yes, riches and Christianity are not inconsistent. The possession of wealth is a stewardship to be accounted for. The mere accumulation of riches for their own sake is a sinful degradation of this stewardship. In the hands of a Christian, wealth is a blessing, as he uses it in accordance with the Divine will in diffusing happiness and helpfulness around him.

Constant Reader, Westminster, Md. 1. What authority have we for saying that the rich man spoken of in the parable in connection with Lazarus was named Dives? 2. Why are so many words in the Bible which apparently need no especial emphasis printed in italics?

1. There is no authority for it. Dives is simply a Latin word signifying rich, and in speaking of Lazarus and Dives, we mean Lazarus and the rich man. It may not have been an actual incident having to do with real persons, but an illustration with typical characters. 2. The italics are not for emphasis; they show that the word is not in the original, but has been inserted by the English translators to render the Hebrew or Greek idiom intelligible to the English reader.

Samuel Mance, Duncreef, Ont., Can. We have not a copy of the hymn now, C. D. Ehle, Whitewater, Wis. Possibly we may do so at some future date.

Mrs. A. Armstrong, and others, De Grasse, N. Y. We are overrun with similar requests from many quarters and cannot comply at present.—Subscriber, Cambridge, Mass. You can obtain the Life of Amanda Smith, the Colored Evangelist from I. E. Jewett, Bookeller, Bible House, N. Y.—Gilbert Green, Richmond, Ind. Mr. Yarnum's evangelistic work is now engrossing his entire time.—Emma J. Smith, Ambria, Tex. Young people should be permitted to have proper amusement. The line should be drawn at vicious companions and sinful amusement, not at innocent recreations.—S. A. Johnston, Leesburg, Va.: Write to the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.—Sadie A. Ryan, Ogallala, Neb. A plan, such as you mention, is now under consideration, and your scholars will have an opportunity to unite in a very pleasant work. It will shortly be explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—R. J. Ferguson, Harrow, Va. Bunyan was a Baptist.

Reader. We have not the words of the hymn: "When you come to Jordan's flood."—Mrs. R. H. McKelvy, Woodruff, S. C. 1. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York. 2. We don't know.

Mrs. Mattie Jones, Danforth, N. C. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 32 Fifth Avenue, New York.—R. A. W. Matthews, Va. Stenography is a fairly popular occupation. Salaries vary according to ability, the average for a competent stenographer being about \$20 per week, while many really clever, well educated stenographers command much more. The most remunerative line of stenographic work is probably law reporting. This requires the ability to make a verbatim record, and a superior education, and training.—Young Girl, Tribes Hill, N. Y. You can procure a suitable list by writing to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, N. Y. City.—Mrs. S. R. Young, Manchester, Ia. The address of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting is No. 113 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE RIOTS IN SICILY.

SICILY has been called the mother of revolutions. Whether she will give another proof of her right to the title remains to be seen, but the riots which have been going on in the island since the beginning of the year are serious enough to threaten it. They are based on real grievances and are fomented, supported, and encouraged by the enemies of the dynasty. The island is one of the largest in the Mediterranean, about the size of the State of Maryland, and is separated from Italy by the Straits of Messina. Its population is about three and a half millions. A picture of Palermo, its chief town, appears on this page. The present troubles originated in resistance to taxation. Italy's obligations, as a member of the Triple Alliance, require her to maintain an army and navy out of all proportion to the size and wealth of the kingdom, and the burden of supporting them has pressed heavily on the people. To raise the amount required, taxes more or less odious have been imposed. In Sicily one tax known as the "Octroi duties" has especially provoked opposition. It consists of a customs duty levied on every article which enters a town or city. Thus the proprietor of a farm in the country, if he happens to live in a town, is required to pay a tax on the fruit sent for his table from his own farm. This, in addition to the land tax on the farm, which is a heavy one. The poor of the towns complain that the Octroi tax is not only unjust in itself, but is unjustly levied, the collectors and assessors discriminating in favor of the rich. They have risen in rebellion against the tax in several towns, and it has required a strong military force to restore order. In one town the rioters seized the tax-collector tried him before a mock-tribunal on the charge of oppression, convicted him and sentenced him to be shot. The sentence was executed before the government forces could arrive to protect him. In other towns the public buildings have been burned and stores pillaged. The rioters in Marineo marched through the streets nine thousand strong, and when ordered to disperse, attacked the military with rifles and revolvers. The Italian Government has placed the whole island under martial law, and is sending a strong force to suppress the disturbances. European statesmen are watching the progress of the outbreak with some uneasiness. They are aware that other people beside the Sicilians are groaning under the burden of supporting a vast army, and they, too, may rise in revolt. If the outcome of such a movement were a general disarmament, it would be a movement to be hailed with joy; but there is no ground for such hope. The era of universal peace and brotherhood among the nations cannot come that way. It can only come by the advent of Him whose right it is to reign. When that takes place men will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and learn war no more. (Isa. 2: 4.)

Digging for a Title.

An interesting excavation is going on in a plot of land in St. Louis, Mo. It is being done in compliance with a suggestion made by a man who died recently. He came to this country from Russia sixteen years ago and settled at St. Louis. He was very poor, but was well educated and of marked re-

finement of language and deportment. He said that he had been obliged to fly from his country for a political offence. He was extremely reticent, and appeared to be in mortal dread of being traced and carried back to Russia. As years passed and he obtained employment, his acute dread subsided, but he could never be induced to speak of his Russian life. He married and settled down contentedly to American life, but not even to his wife would he communicate his real name, or the nature of the political offence which had brought him under the displeasure of the Czar. When he was stricken with his fatal illness and was assured that it was impossible he could live, he broke his silence. He belonged, he said, to a family high in the Russian nobility, and the proofs of his title to his name and estates were in an iron box which he had buried near the place where he worked. He died before he could indicate the exact spot, and the whole plot is being dug over to find the missing proof. A letter received from Russia by the widow since his death corroborates her dead husband's assertion, but, for obvious reasons, gives no clue to his title or that of the writer. Doubtless the search will be a very thorough one, but it may prove valueless if the dead man's

he has forfeited a year of liberty for the sake of five free days. What his enjoyment of those few days was, we are not told, but it surely could not have been enough to compensate him for a year in prison. Everyone perceives the folly of the man, even those who are sacrificing eternity for a few years of worldly pleasure. (Mark 8: 36.)

Trying to Prove Himself Alive.

A young man in business at Terre Haute, Ind., is meeting unexpected difficulties in proving his identity. He is a German tailor, who came to this country as a boy, twenty-two years ago. He obtained work in New York and for some time did well, made friends and corresponded regularly with his parents in Germany. But things changed with him, he fell into bad ways, his friends drifted away from him and he ceased to write home. He left the city and went to Massachusetts, and after a period of wandering, began life anew at Terre Haute, Ind. Shortly after he left New York, a young tailor bearing the same name, committed suicide. The friends of the absent man, concluding that the suicide was their old acquaintance, gave him a decent burial and notified his family in Germany of their bereavement. After settling at Terre Haute, the young man wrote to his family, but they supposed that some impostor was trying to fasten himself upon them and did not answer his letter. Recently he availed himself of an opportunity to come to New York and looked up his old friends, but they refused to receive him. He had changed considerably in appearance and as they declared they had attended his funeral, they ridiculed his claim. From them he learned how it was that his letters were not answered. He

her as she moved around the room. When she spoke, the man's curiosity vanished and a look of shame and humiliation came into his face. He rose to quit the room although his hunger was still unsatisfied, but Mrs. Graham stopped him and asked him if he would not stay for something to eat. Bursting into tears the man clasped her hand and asked her if she did not know him. "I am your brother, John," he said. Mrs. Graham looked at him and recognized him as her only brother who left his home in Scotland many years ago and had not been heard of since. Her joy in the reunion was as great as his own for he is the only member of the family left to her. Although such a reunion is rare there are many who in feeding and helping the poor have found a brother in the Lord of whose existence they would otherwise have been ignorant. (Heb. 13: 2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Boards of Relief in Chicago are working together to raise a million dollars to supply the demands for food and clothing of the destitute in that city.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond, the children's evangelist, has been holding a series of sermons in the People's Central Church of St. Louis, Mo.

It is stated by a New York journal learned in statistics that there is church seating capacity in the United States for 43,000,000 people. There are 111,036 ministers; this would give to each minister a congregation of 387.

A lady in New York who will not allow her name to be stated has given \$71,000 to the Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society to be used for the erection of a building for the benefit of the children on the east side. It is to be called God's Providence Mission and will have accom-

modations for an industrial school, kindergarten, day nursery and lecture room.

The services conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Providence, R. I., were crowded from the beginning. At the first meeting the large Music Hall was thronged as soon as the doors were opened, and the Central Baptist Church was filled with the overflow. Mr. Moody's address was marked by all his old time power, and Mr. Sankey's singing thrilled every hearer as in former days. Major Whittle and Mr. Bliss took charge of the overflow meeting in the Central Church.

The journal of the recent Protestant Episcopal Convention shows a wonderful increase in that church during the past twenty years. The number of communicants has increased from 26,282 in 1873 to 57,639 last year. In 1873 the confirmations were 2,385; last year they numbered 4,373. In the

same period the Sunday School progress has been from 2,081 teachers to 4,164, and from 22,473 scholars to 44,465.

The secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions wish all the churches to understand that the letters of endorsement they have given to the Nestorian lecturer Rabbi Baha were given under a misapprehension and that they are not to be regarded as now valid.

A prayer-meeting for policemen is held at the rooms of the Christian Police Association 235 West Thirtieth St., New York, every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. One of the most regular attendants is a retired policeman who is now blind. Mr. J. L. Spicer, of the American Sunday School Union, is the Secretary of the Association.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions will hold its second annual convention at Detroit, Mich., February 28-March 4. Thirty Missionary Societies have promised to send delegates. It is expected that representatives will be present from upwards of two hundred Colleges, Theological Seminaries, and Medical Schools in this country and Canada.

Benevolent societies in New York are complaining that their work is made heavier by the retrenchment of wealthy families. Several applications for help have come to one society recently from coachmen, hostlers, etc., who have been discharged after years of faithful service, the only reason being that their employers are becoming more economical. It is earnestly hoped that in this time of distress Christian employers will not, unless absolutely compelled, add to the number of unemployed by discharging their servants. Where retrenchment is necessary, the societies hope that it will be made in some other way than the one that involves suffering for others.



PALERMO, THE CAPITAL OF SICILY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RIOTS.

offence was of a nature to involve the confiscation of his estates. Whether it is successful or not, the widow would do well to make a search of another kind. If she will search the word of God she will learn that it is possible for her to attain a title of more value than any of earthly nobility, as the daughter of the Lord Almighty. (John 1: 12.)

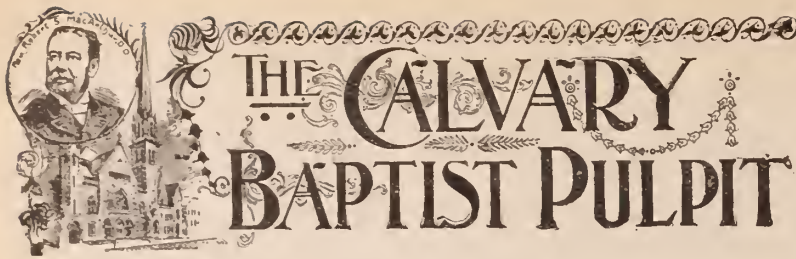
The Cost of a Brief Liberty.

A man who was sent to Sing Sing prison last week, for a year, is deploring the impatience which brought him there. This is not the first time he has been confined in that prison. Some time ago he was convicted of stealing a gold watch and chain from a sleeping-car on the New York Central Railroad and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Sing Sing. By good conduct he had earned a reduction of one year in his term and last June his sentence came within five days of its expiration. As is customary with prisoners about to be released, he was employed outside the prison walls. An opportunity to escape presented itself and although the man knew that in five days he would be liberated, he could not resist the temptation to run away. He succeeded in getting away and since that time has evaded the officers who were searching for him. A few days ago, however, a policeman who knew him saw him in the street and arrested him. He was sent back to Sing Sing to serve out the five days remaining of his term and such time as had been allowed to him for good behavior. As this a full year,

related a number of incidents of their past acquaintance and at last succeeded in convincing one of them that he was the man he professed to be. Through that friend communication was re-opened with his family in Germany and he has received a letter from them inviting him to prove his identity by writing a history of his boyhood and mentioning facts not known to anyone outside the family. It may be hoped, for his sake, that he will succeed in convincing them, as considerable property is involved. It is the converse of this task that awaits one who would be an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ. He has not to prove that he is alive, but that he is dead to the world and his life is hid with Christ in God. (Col. 3: 3.)

A Surprise in a Mission.

There are many people in Newark, N. J., in need of food, as there are in other cities in this time of business depression. Kindly Christian ladies are helping them and, among others, Mrs. Annie Graham who is conducting evangelistic meetings at the Bethel Church, is engaged in the philanthropic work. She gave a dinner in the church on January 6, and her guests belonged to the class which the Saviour said that his followers should invite—"the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind. Among those who accepted the invitation was a hungry man who, although physically sound, was out of work. He looked curiously at his hostess as he entered and his eyes followed



THE DIVINE PETITIONER.

Preached last Sunday morning, Jan. 21, 1894, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Text: John 17: 24, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

THE chapter from which this text is taken is one of the most beautiful and sacred portions of Holy Scripture. It is the holy of holies in the glorious Temple of Revelation. It consists of our Lord's intercessory prayer, the true Lord's prayer. In this prayer the divine Redeemer anticipates his great sacrifice for human guilt, and on the ground of that sacrifice he offers this prayer for his people. His thoughts are now to a great degree withdrawn from the world; already he seems to have entered in the closest communion with the Father; he speaks, indeed, as if his earthly work of suffering and sacrifice was already completed. This prayer followed immediately on the close of the discourse given in the previous chapter. Dr. Owen and others express the opinion that this prayer could scarcely have been offered on the way from the city to the Garden of Gethsemane. One feels in reading these calm and sublime utterances that they must have been spoken in some secluded place. It certainly seems unlikely that they could have been spoken on a great thoroughfare, which even at midnight, during Passover week, would be filled with the strangers then in and about Jerusalem. It is most natural to suppose that it was uttered before Christ and the disciples left the supper-room. At the end of the fourteenth chapter we have read the words: "Arise, let us go hence;" but it seems more probable that although they arose to go, they still lingered around the table, unwilling to break off a discourse so sweet and heavenly. We can readily understand that all that is recorded in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters was spoken in the guest-chamber while the disciples stood about the Master. It is difficult to imagine that our Lord would have uttered these solemn, confidential and sublime words on the street. He could not have spoken to eleven men, making a hasty departure from the city, without speaking in a comparative loud tone; and such a tone would have been inconsistent with the thoughts expressed, and would also have exposed him and his disciples to dangers from their foes. When both the discourse and the prayer were ended we can well believe that then they chanted the appropriate psalm and went forth into the garden in solemn silence.

The Voice of Power.

This is rightly called an intercessory prayer, and yet the term in this connection must have a special meaning. This is not the prayer of an inferior to a superior; it is rather the expression of the will of one who is conscious of equality with him to whom the expression is made. It gives us an illustration of the prayer of our great High Priest now before the throne. All commentators, ancient and modern, have spoken of the tact that the words of this prayer flow on in equal simplicity and sublimity. The words themselves are so plain that the simplest mind may understand them; and yet they are so deep that no finite mind can fathom all their meaning. Bengel says: "This chapter is the most easy in respect to its language and the most profound in respect to its sentiments." When John Knox came to die, he asked for the reading of this precious chapter. We are told that the devout Spenser had it read to him three times when he was on his death-bed. Luther, Tholuck, Olshausen, Stier, Melancthon and others speak of the profound impression which this high-priestly prayer made upon their minds and hearts.

The prayer has been variously divided. We may say that it consists of three main parts. In the first five verses we have the prayer for the glorification of the Son; in verses six to nineteen, intercession for his own, whom he leaves in the world, and beginning with the twentieth verse and going

to the end of the chapter we have a petition with largest range of meaning for the whole Church of God in all times. We may express the thought more briefly by saying that in the first division we have Christ's prayer for himself primarily; and in the second for the apostles specifically, and in the third for believers generally. In studying the text it seemed fitting to say this much about the relation of the chapter to the discourse which preceded it, and on the prayer as a whole.

Let us notice, in the first place,

The Petitioner.

Here our Lord appears with kingly authority blending with priestly intercession. The words "I will," do not so much express increased earnestness as they suggest the Petitioner's essential and conscious equality with the Father. Who is this sublime Petitioner? Is he a man? Did man ever so address God? Did man ever venture to use language of such authority in his approaches to the Deity? This prayer is founded on the conscious right of the Petitioner to present this claim. He recognizes his relationship to the Eternal, his equality with Deity.

It is not so much a petition asking for a favor as it is a declaration of a purpose. He expresses as a king, the purpose that those who are his should share with him in his glory. No Old Testament saint ever so addressed God; Abraham did not so presume in the divine presence; in that presence he spoke of himself as dust and ashes. David did not so presume. Here is a voice conscious of authority not possessed by patriarch or prophet, not by psalmist or apostle. This utterance illustrates the majesty of a sovereign rather than the humility of a subject. These are truly wonderful words. Dare angel or archangel so pray? They prostrate themselves before God and cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts." This petition clearly implies that Christ is equal with God, that he is God. At the same time the prayer reveals his true humanity. Here the divine and human graciously and wonderfully blend; but no skill of man can separate them so as to describe what belongs to the human and what to the divine. This Petitioner is the divine Lord, holding sublime and ineffable communion with his Father. We cannot but feel that here we are standing on holy ground; that here we are in the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies, of gospel history and of divine revelation. We rightly say that the will of the Son and the will of the Father are one; that there is no collision, no contradiction, no contrast. The prayer of the Son, therefore, is the echo of the desire of the Father; the Son's matchless words voiced the Father's eternal love and purpose. Christ is the Word. In him the Father's thought of love finds voice. If we know the Son we know the Father.

In studying this prayer we have, in the next place,

Its Subjects.

"they also whom thou hast given me." The objects of the Father's love were given to Christ, and are now the subjects of his petition. The reference is not to the apostles alone, but to believers in all times and places. Believers in Christ are given to him as the Father's most precious gift; and their love to Christ as his resplendent jewel. There is unspeakable sweetness to every Christian heart in this divine relationship. All who are to be saved are given to Christ in the eternal purpose of God. No one but God knows who these are, but it is certain that there will be a vast number. The glowing prophecy of Isaiah teaches us that the Lord shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied. The description of heaven given in the book of Revelation shows

that the number of the redeemed will be unspeakably great. It will also be of all nations, kindreds, tongues and people. Perhaps the number of the lost will be to the saved in some such proportion as the number now confined in prisons is to those at liberty in all the walks of life.

No question can be more important than this one, "Have we been given to Christ?" Are we clothed in his righteousness, washed in his blood, transformed into his likeness? How can any man know that he has thus been given to Christ? We cannot look into God's secret book; no angel can descend from heaven to make to us announcement regarding this matter. But still a man may know whether or not he is elected to be saved. The answer to

The Perplexing Question

is not to be found by our inquisitive looking into God's secret counsels; it is not to be found in the indulgence of wicked presumption; it is not to be found in the culpable indifference which says, If I am to be saved, I shall be saved; if not, I cannot be. If a man will stop there, he certainly never will be saved. How then can we know that we have been given to Christ? The answer is simple and practical; every essential religious duty is simple and practical. As many are given to Christ by God as have given themselves to God through Christ; as many are elected to be saved as have elected Christ as their Saviour. A man knows that he is elected of God when God is elected by him. We may learn the answer to this great question just as we learn whether or not we are Christians. Your answers to the questions which I now ask will be answers to the questions which I have just asked: "Have you believed on Jesus Christ? Have you accepted him as your only Saviour? Have you committed your soul to his keeping? Can you say now that you trust him and him alone as your Saviour in life, in death, and in eternity? Do you answer humbly but earnestly in the affirmative? Then you are of the number spoken of in this prayer. The question with us is not one of election on God's part so much as it is one of candidacy on our part, for no man is ever elected except he be a candidate. Are you with all your soul a candidate? Then, as God liveth, you are elected to eternal salvation. If we have committed our souls to Christ it is as certain that God has committed us to him as if an angel from heaven should announce that fact by an audible voice at this moment. The commitment of our souls to Christ is just the earthly side of God's eternal commitment of our souls to Christ. If you choose God in Christ you have the best and only evidence possible that God has chosen you in Christ. If you are excluded from those for whom Christ prayed, it is because you exclude yourself. If you are not now with Christ in love and faith, you cannot be with Christ at his glory. Oh, give yourself to-day to the Lord Jesus, and you shall have the blessed evidence that you have been given to him by God as his most precious gift. Commit yourself to his keeping now, and you shall know that he will keep you as his choicest treasure until that day when he shall make up his jewels.

Notice, in the third place,

The Petition

itself—that they may "be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." The first thought in this prayer is that Christ's own may be with him. These are wonderful words. They are high; we cannot attain to them. They are deep; we cannot fathom them. There is here an outpouring of Christ's eternal love. The thought cannot be fully comprehended, far less expressed. This great honor is the result of eternal love. It would be false humility which would lead us to refuse what that love bestows. True humility is seen in doing, being, and having what God's grace gives. This prayer of Christ is very precious; he would have us where he is. Christ's presence is heaven. Anywhere with Jesus is heaven; nowhere without him can his disciples have heaven. Here our Lord conceives of himself as already having finished his life, completed his sacrifice and returned to his Father. He, therefore, presents this claim for the eternal companionship of his disciples. They, like him, are to pass from earthly toil to heavenly glory. His thoughts sweep across the cross and the tomb to the crown and the throne. This part of the petition is in harmony with the sentiment expressed in the 2d and 3d verses of the 14th chapter, where he speaks of his Father's house and the place he was going to prepare.

We behold here the matchless mystery of eternal and ineffable love. Christ longs for our presence; our companionship is sweet to him. This is a marvelous condescension on his part; this is indescribable exaltation for us. Such condescending love is like Christ. We are to be with him, and that not at his feet, but on his throne. As he overcame and is enthroned, so we are to overcome and be enthroned by his side. Further he could not go. Additional exaltation is impossible.

We learn also that we are to behold his glory. While he was upon earth that glory was obscured; to become man he veiled its splendor. Its brightness would dazzle and blind our human eyes. During his earthly life the hidden glory once burst through the veil of flesh, and the disciples were overwhelmed with its splendor. Now we have eyes to see only through a glass darkly; now we have minds able to know only in part; but the life to come shall give us the beatific vision of our Lord. We shall then see the king in his beauty. Many passages of Scripture fully corroborate these statements. The word here translated "behold" implies the open sight of his glory; and it suggests our transformation into his perfect image. He so loved his people that he came to die for them; he so loves them still that he desires them.

To Reign with Him Forever.

He is the head; they are the members of his body. Only when they are together will the glory of both be complete. The exalted occupation of the redeemed will be in beholding the glory of the Redeemer. Probably the glory here meant is that for which he prayed when he said, "Glorify thou me, with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Earlier in his prayer we see his longing to have his saints at his side. We are to be like Christ, because we shall see him as he is; and it is also true that we shall see him as he is because we shall be like him. These two truths cannot be separated. This glory would then include the whole sweep of his eternal perfections and character. Moses prayed, "Show me thy glory," and God made his goodness pass before him. There is material in this part of my text for a volume. We may say with Dr. Cumming, that we shall behold his creative glory, his providential glory, and, most of all, his redemptive glory. This latter is the grandest thought of heaven. To see this glory the angels had strong desire. We already know something of its mystery and majesty; already some drops of the divine love have come into our hearts; but in heaven we shall bathe in an ocean of love. Then we shall know the preciousness of that blood which hath cleansed us; then we shall know the excellence of that righteousness whose robe we wear; then we shall now something of the breadth, height, and depth of that love which passeth all knowledge. Blessed knowledge! Glorious day! Beatific vision! May the prayer of Christ be answered in the experience of us all.

We notice, in the last place, the ground or

The Argument

for this petition "for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." This, at first sight, seems to be strange language. I confess that in studying this passage I did not at once see its relation to the previous parts of the text; but when I did, its meaning was to me unspeakably glorious. We see here that the Father's love is the reason for giving the Son such wonderful glory as that already described. Had the words been, "for thou lovedst them before the foundation of the world," the meaning would seem more apparent. That is also true, for God did so love men. But to understand this great thought we must go deeper into the mystery and beauty of Christ's rhetoric. The ground of our hope is not merely God's love to us, but God's love to Christ. The glory promised is not due to any arbitrary allotment or capricious arrangement. Christ and his people are one, he is in them and they in him; but we advance a step; not only are we Christ's but Christ is God's. God sees his people in his only begotten and well-beloved Son. God's love to Christ antedates the creation of all human beings. It was a love which existed from eternity between the persons of the blessed Godhead. When we are in Christ by faith we share in the Father's love for the divine Son. When Christ's work is completed, he will present us as a glorious people without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Luther said of this text, we should make this sentence our pillow and a bed of down for our souls, and with a glad heart repair to it when the happy

our draws nigh." My highest wish for you, my dear readers, and for myself, is expressed by the apostle Paul when he said of himself, "And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith," you have given your hearts unto Christ when God has given you unto Christ; then you are prayed for in this text: then you shall be with him where he is: then you shall behold his glory, and then you may go on developing in knowledge and character, gazing upon this beatific vision, and so finish this sermon in heaven.

LOOKING TO JESUS.



FROM a missionary in India comes the following beautiful and helpful incident of Christian work in Bombay, India: A young and lovely girl lay dying, surrounded with all the love and care of attached parents. Her religion had hitherto consisted in a round of ritualistic observances, and it had nothing in it to meet her need. The clergyman was sent for, and when he came the family were assembled. He produced a missal. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received Alice's confession and pronounced absolution, administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, he pronounced her a good child of the church. But his poor girl was not satisfied. "Father," she said, "I am going to die. Where am I going?" He gave no reply. "Mother can't you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?" No reply, save tears. "William, you were to be the guide of my life; can you tell me anything of the future?" No response even from her intended husband.

Alice was attended by a little girl who kindly addressed the invalid. "There is a teacher in the village who proclaims salvation through Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept forgiveness offered in the Gospel." "Oh, that I could see him!" exclaimed the dying girl.

He was accordingly sent for. When this man of God entered the room, Alice appealed to him—"Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest for my soul?"

"I fear I cannot," "Alas! is there no hope for me?" "Stay," said he; "though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I can tell you what has been done for you. Jesus has completely finished the work by which lost sinners may be righteously saved. He was 'made sin for us,' He 'bare our sins in his body on the tree,' Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"And have I nothing to do?" "Nothing—but to believe. No doing, working, praying, can give relief to the conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done in you by yourself, but a work done for you by Another, long, long ago. Jesus has completed the work of our redemption. He has said, 'It is finished.' Through faith in him you have pardon. 'God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.' Believe the message which God sends you. Cast yourself in child-like confidence on the atonement made by the blood-shedding of Christ. Look to 'Jesus only.' Look to him who was pierced on Calvary's Cross for your sins. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. The Holy Spirit, through the Word of God revealed Christ to her soul. The glad tidings of salvation fell as balm upon her wounded spirit. The burden of her sin had rolled away forever.

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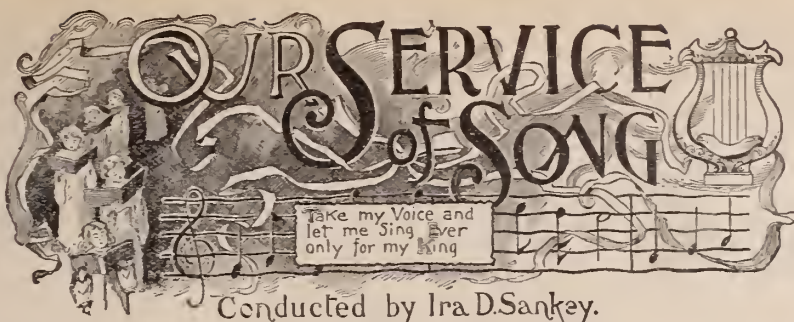
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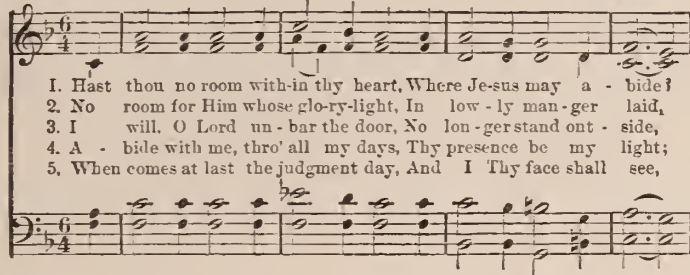
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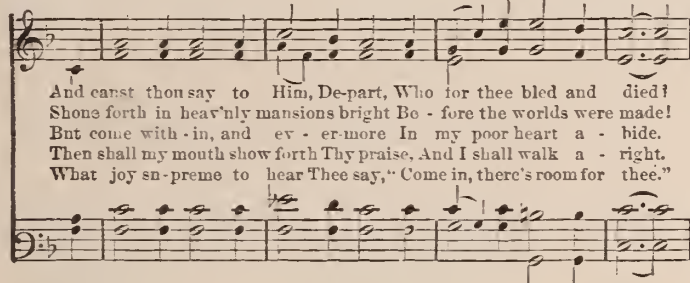
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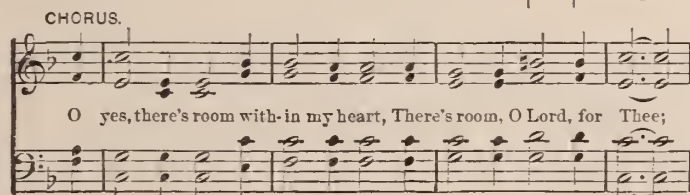
Ira D. Sankey.



1. Hast thou no room with-in thy heart, Where Je-sus may a-bide?
2. No room for Him whose glo-ry-light, In low-ly man-ger laid,
3. I will, O Lord un-bar the door, No lon-ger stand out-side,
4. A-bide with me, thro' all my days, Thy presence be my light;
5. When comes at last the judgment day, And I Thy face shall see,



And canst thou say to Him, De-part, Who for thee bled and died?
Shone forth in heav'nly mansions bright Be-fore the worlds were made!
But come with-in, and ev-er more In my poor heart a-bide.
Then shall my mouth show forth Thy praise, And I shall walk a-right,
What joy sn-preme to hear Thee say, "Come in, there's room for thee."



O yes, there's room with-in my heart, There's room, O Lord, for Thee;



Come in and nev-er more de-part; Come in; a-bide with me.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECURITY.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

EXULTINGLY the Christian sings,
Who sought and found beneath Al-mighty wings,

A covert from life's storms that wildly beat;
To be forever in this safe retreat
An object of divine solicitude,
What soul could ever wish for higher good!

Tho' hell should dare to aim its venom'd dart

He fears no ill, for God's own sacred heart
That covers him, 'twill pierce before a harm
Can come to those within his circling arm.
Locked in that strong embrace he well can boast

His triumphs o'er hell's dark relentless host.

O weary soul, cease here thy wanderings
Beneath the shadow of protecting wings;
The burning noonday's sun shall no more smite

Upon thy head, nor yet the moon by night.
With such a canopy of love o'erhead
A child of God need fear no coming dread.

To him that bides beneath Almighty wings,
The very thought of death no terror brings;
As tired babes by mother hand undressed,
Pillow their heads on the maternal breast,
E'en so our God disrobes his saints for sleep.
And o'er their beds bids angels vigils keep.

And is this death? Oh strange transition
Bright—

From this unfriendly world to realms of light,
This letting down the bars life's dusky e'vn
And stepping into sunny fields of Heav'n.
Sweetest similitude, 'tis entering
The Palace-gate to view the beauteous King.

New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. MARY LUTZ,

AWAKE! HE COMETH!

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WAKE! weary Bride from slumber;
Be watching unto prayer;
With oil thy vessel well supply,
And trim thy lamp with care.
The Bridegroom will not tarry,
Nor lengthen his delay:
The herald trumpet soon will peal,
And summon thee away!

The banquet hall is ready,
With dazzling light aglare;
The table groaning with the weight
Of rich and dainty fare.
The guests are all invited:
The door stands open wide;
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb
Awaits his honored Bride.

Oh! what a joyous ending,
To years of waiting here!
What glorious sunshine after storm:
What peaceful resting near.
Look up! Look up, he cometh!
What comfort in his word,
"I quickly come, and thou shalt be
Forever with thy Lord."

Brighton Heights. —J. VAN TASSELL.

THE BEMA.

The Judgment of Christians as to Degrees of Merit Before the Millennium.

BY DR. MAC KILLIAM.*

OUR subject is the Judgment Seat of Christ, or the Bema. That is a very different thing from the Judgment of the Great White Throne. One is coming in contact, every now and again with true believers, who confound the one with the other. They are, however, two very distinct things. The judgment of the Great White Throne does not take place until after the Millennium, and the Judgment Seat of Christ takes place before the Millennium. The Great White Throne Judgment is only for those who are spoken of as the "wicked dead;" but at the Judgment Seat of Christ only the saints will appear. (II. Cor. 5: 9, 10.) "Wherefore we labor," i. e., we endeavor—this is our great aim and object—"That whether present or absent"—i. e., whether the Lord is present or absent—"we may be accepted of him." The ambition of all who are filled with the power of the Spirit of God, after being saved, is to be accepted of him—or, rather, to be well-pleasing unto Jesus. Unless the Spirit of the Lord has given us, as his children, this great ambition, we can be looking forward with nothing but discomfort to the Judgment-seat of Christ. Have we aspired to this? Is this our great ambition? Then we are looking forward to the Judgment-seat of Christ with earnest longing that, present or absent, we shall be well-pleasing unto him.

Before we enter fully into a description of the Judgment-seat of Christ, or the Bema, let us consider fully the nature of this Judgment. Nobody but a true Christian will stand before the Judgment-seat of Christ. There will be no question raised as to our sins; that question has been raised and settled before this. No one can enter those lists until they have received life. Judgment as to our natural condition is past before we can look forward to the Judgment Seat of Christ: the question as to our natural condition as sinners has been settled previous to our appearance before the Bema. There is the judgment of the Cross; and in the case of every true believer, our judgment, the death for sin, the doom pronounced upon us as to our natural condition—the sentence, has been executed; we have been put to death in the person of the substitute on the Cross of Calvary. It is a grand thing to know that: to have our hearts free from all fear about that. When this question is settled and we know it, then begins our life which leads upward to the Bema.

Most of us, believe that the Rapture of the Saints, the being taken from this present evil world to meet our Lord in the air, is part of the great purpose of God and that Christ will then reward each believer according to his work. We do not differ on that point. The question of the Bema is a question of loss or reward: we shall all be saved, but we shall not all receive the same reward. The definition, the Judgment-seat of Christ, signifies the time when the Lord's own saints will be tested as to their works as the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. And this is an individual thing. I believe that it takes place very soon after the Rapture. It is a question of our works whether he can call them good or bad. As a friend said to me recently speaking on this point, "I am going out to Chicago as a Judge—I am not, however, going to Judge men as malefactors; but I am going to see their works. Some will be excellent and they will be awarded prizes; others will be very good, these will receive certificates; and yet others will be inferior, we shall not be able to give these prizes, we cannot even give them certificates of merit."

At this Judgment-seat of Christ, the whole life, since we became true Christians; all our thoughts and words and actions; all our works whether profitable or unprofitable—shall pass before the eye of our Lord, and the Lord will pronounce whether these works have been in his estimation good or bad. Many of us, perhaps, have been in a ferment of Christian works, and yet the Lord will have to pronounce the work very inferior, because there was so much with us of the flesh; and, so many who are first now shall be last then, and many who now consider themselves very poor, weak things, shall hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

*From his article in the Prophetic News, which contains also other articles on "The Prophetic Forecast of 1894;" "The Next European War;" "Who will be the Next Pope?" etc. Price six cents; seventy cents a year.



BLESSED TO BLESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 4, Gen. 12: 2; Matt. 10: 7, 8.

WHY did not Christ keep his disciples near him during the few years he had at his disposal? He was intrusting them with a commission which would task their powers to the utmost; why, then, did he not have them with him as much as possible, to teach them and thoroughly ground them in the doctrines of the Gospel, which they were to give to the world? A great teacher introducing to the world some new religion in this day would adopt that method. But Christ chose the course which was in harmony with his conception of his kingdom. Having called his twelve disciples, he sent them forth to heal the sick and to cleanse the lepers and as they went, they were to preach the one message, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Their work and their message were in unison. Imagine one of these disciples approaching some poor creature tortured with an incurable disease, such as leprosy. Life to such a sufferer must be a continuous misery. As he saw men whom he knew, gaining wealth and honor, marrying and having family and friends, winning respect and enjoying social pleasures, how must he have mourned over the loathsome malady which shut him out from society and barred his way to all that was pleasant and enjoyable in life! To him existence must be a type of what the preachers describe hell to be. But he meets one of these messengers of Christ and is healed. Now, he can enter society; he is no longer an outcast; the avenues to the prizes of life are open to him. He can understand and realize now the message which the man who has healed him proclaims. For him the kingdom of heaven is indeed at hand. And the messenger, how does he feel? Is he not happier for what he has done? Does he not love and honor and reverence the Being who has given him the power to transform the sufferer's life? Now he perceives why he was sent forth. The thing he has done, by the power given to him, opens his eyes to the principles of Christ's kingdom, as they could never have been opened by teaching. His heart is opened. He loves the man whom he has been the means of blessing. No man can render a real service to another without loving him more after he has rendered it than he did before. It is a law of our nature and it never fails. The messenger returns to his Master full of joy, longing for more power and knowledge. His commission is then enlarged, but only by a little. It becomes threefold. He is to continue his work of healing, relieving and helping, having especial regard to the poor and the outcast who need it most; he is to enlist new recruits into the service, and he is to forgive any who have personally injured him. Those three injunctions are sufficient for the time. He is to love all and to use every opportunity of helping others to the full extent of his power. We have passed beyond these elementary duties now and have largely laid them aside and are concerning ourselves about doctrines and mysteries. We are arguing and dogmatizing as to the nature of the Trinity, as to election and foreordination, as to the final perseverance of the saints and the eternal punishment of the wicked, as to the mode of baptism and the robes that preachers should wear, and innumerable other questions of like importance. Well, we pride ourselves on our wisdom and on the advance we have made in nineteen centuries, but we can imagine Christ looking down from his throne in his church and wishing that his people troubled themselves less about these things and were more anxious to fulfill the three elementary injunctions he gave to his first disciples. The Church would have made more progress in holiness and power and in the evangelization of the

world had it presented to the world a spectacle of a band of men loving Christ, loving each other and eager to help their fellow-men.

YALE UNIVERSITY Y. M. C. A.

Dwight Hall, a picture of which appears on this page, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Yale University. It is very gratifying to know that in these days of prevalent unbelief among the higher classes, fully one-half of the students in this great University are members of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is to the Universities of to-day that we look for the men who in a few years will be leaders in the state, the church and society. It is therefore an augury of good that the young men of this University in so large a proportion have affiliated themselves with a distinctively religious institution. The



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

work of the College Association is necessarily different from that of a city or country association. Its members are within its sphere of influence for only a definite limited period and its constituency is therefore constantly changing. The opportunity for usefulness is consequently short and must be improved promptly and with concentrated effort if it is to be improved at all. It may be inferred from the programme of the Association for this year that its leaders are alive to the responsibility in this particular. Its chief feature is three Bible Classes. The Senior class conducted by Dr. W. L. Phelps is studying the life of the Apostle Paul; the Sophomore class under the leadership of Mr. C. B. Coleman is studying the Parables of Christ; and the Juniors led by Mr. A. P. Stokes, Jr., studying the Life of Christ. In addition to these classes there are devotional meetings, meetings for the training of workers, and lectures by the Professors in turn on Biblical subjects. All these meetings are well attended. It is seldom that those present number less than two hundred.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' CLUB.

A delightful story of a helpful work initiated and developed by a band of King's Daughters in Chicago, is sent to the "Silver Cross." It appears that three years ago a circle of King's Daughters, looking around for some mode of helpfulness, formed a club for the benefit of the wage-earning girls in the city. As a preliminary step, they gave a concert, which proved more successful than was expected. With the funds thus obtained, a cottage in a suitable neighborhood was hired and the club was

formed. The membership at the end of a week was about forty, and it has since increased to two hundred. The small dues and a little outside assistance supplied educational appliances and a corps of teachers was engaged. One of these was paid a salary and seventeen volunteered their services gratuitously. As the club grew in numbers and usefulness the need of a better building was felt, and an effort was made to raise funds for the purpose. In a short time the building fund amounted to \$1,438, and with this sum a plot of land was purchased. A gentleman who sympathized with the work built a suitable edifice on the ground and placed it at the disposal of the club at a low rental with the option to purchase at cost price whenever the club was able to pay for it. Already the club has nearly half the amount required in its treasury and expects soon to have the whole. Besides affording a cheerful meeting-place for the girls, there are classes in millinery, dressmaking, shorthand, typewriting, and other useful branches of work, as well as lectures and literary studies. The girls of the city heartily appreciate the institution and derive practical benefit from it.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A vigorous manifesto against Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor is published by Rev. Julius E. Wright in the "Christian Advocate" of Nashville, Tenn. He expresses grave fears that the Interdenominationalism which such societies would engen-

in Bible readers' work was awarded to the Union at Brookings, S. D. There was some surprise that the coveted distinction should have gone to that town instead of to some city boasting of greater culture. The explanation, however, is a very simple



MISS ABBIE ROSS, BROOKINGS, S. D.

one. Miss Abbie Ross, the Secretary of the Brookings Union, is a lady of singular ability as a teacher and is endowed with the rare faculty of inspiring others with her own enthusiasm. It was largely due to her energy, industry and activity that the studies of the Union were so thorough and successful. Miss Ross, whose portrait appears on this page, is the daughter of a faithful pioneer Baptist minister, and has been a prominent worker in religious circles in South Dakota almost from her childhood.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A monthly devotional meeting of King's Daughters is held in the Broadway Tabernacle, 34th St. and Broadway, New York, the second Friday of the month at 2.30 P.M.

The growth of Christian Endeavor Societies during the last six months has been larger than ever before in the history of the movement.

The Young Men's Christian Associations of New York will hold their State Convention at Jamestown, February 22-25. Delegates will be supplied with tickets of one fare for the round trip.

Recent letters from Australia relate that the Christian Endeavor Society is having a widespread and stimulating influence upon the churches of the colonies, most of the evangelical denominations having adopted the movement.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Brownstown (Ind.) Association, met recently in the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church and assisted in the formation of a B. Y. P. U. there. Twenty young people gave in their names as a commencement and work has been commenced with enthusiasm.

The Board of Managers of the Baptist Young People's Union of Bloomfield Association, Ill., will hold a mid-winter Convention of Associational Union at Paris, Ill., Feb. 23-24, 1894. All Unions and Young People's Societies of the Association are urged to send delegations. The Paris Union will furnish all delegates and visitors free entertainment.

Young Men's Christian Associations are urged to contribute toward the expense of the Association in the City of Mexico. It is doing an aggressive missionary work among the young men of the city, but is hampered by lack of funds. The Secretary is Mr. I. E. Munger, who was formerly Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of Muscatine, Iowa. The pressing need is for \$1,500.

Mr. W. T. Stead, writing to the "Young Men's Era" in favor of the proposal to unite the work of the Young Men's Christian Association with that of the Young Women's Christian Association, says: "To judge from the way in which some good people talk you would think that if they had been God Almighty they would have had all the boys born in one family and all the girls born in another, but somehow the Creator did not fix it up that way, and I think we ought to respect his judgment."

THE WINNER OF A BANNER.

At the convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at Indianapolis, the banner for the union which showed the best progress



The Homes of Turkistan.

Social and Domestic Life in a Comparatively Unknown Corner of the World.

HERE are still many parts of the interior of Asia to which only a few Western travellers have penetrated, and whose customs and civilization are of the most primitive patriarchal order.

Chinese Turkistan is a territory of this character. It is in the heart of Central Asia, and is bounded on three sides by vast mountain ranges, the eastern end lying open to the great Gobi desert. The dwellers in a locality so remote from civilization, so completely hemmed in by natural barriers, and isolated from communication with the outer world, might pass many generations in ignorance of the progress of their fellow-beings.

In recent years, this secluded portion of the globe has been visited by Russian and English military expeditions, some coming by way of the desert, others across the icy and almost inaccessible mountains. An interesting account of a recent journey to Yarkand, the principal town of this strange settlement, is given by Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell in "Black and White." The traveller had taken with him a quantity of printed Scriptures, hoping to be able to distribute these in some of the Turkistan towns and villages, where, he was informed, no printed copy of the Bible had ever been seen. On this mission he visited Kashgar, Yengi, Hissar, Yarkand, Kharghalik, and witnessed many strange and novel sights. The journey was not wholly free from peril, for at least one traveler—Mr. Dalgleish, an Englishman—had been murdered by natives. He was fortunate in securing an insight into the social and domestic life of the people and in taking several photographs, (one of which is reproduced on this page from the original publication). The women were particularly averse to being photographed. He found the men and women of the country, as a whole, utterly depraved. It was not an uncommon thing for a woman of twenty years to have had as many husbands. Marriage has no special binding effect upon the parties and divorces are declared upon the most frivolous pretenses. Woman's position in home life is degrading in the extreme. This is an example of what Mohammedanism has done for a people who have been under its sway for centuries. Schools are rare, and there is not a properly trained physician in the whole country. Thus far, none of the Christian Churches have sent a missionary to these people, whose total number Dr. Lansdell estimates at two millions. In the Middle Ages, Nestorian Christianity had a foothold there, but it was ruthlessly stamped out by the iron heel of the Moslem rulers.

At one town, during his stay in Turkistan, an incident occurred which illustrates the superstitious character of the people. A woman was suspected of having a devil and it was decided to take the necessary steps to cast out the evil spirit. A "mullah," or priest, was sent for, who uttered some prayers in Arabic and a crowd of people gathered around the victim, some with tambourines. A rope was fastened to a stout beam above and to a log below and the woman, who was about sixty years old, was placed at the foot of the rope and various articles passed mysteriously over her head and around the rope. She was then made to stand over a lighted brazier, and was almost enveloped in its smoke. Five men then walked around her, while the crowd banged drums and made a deafening noise with other musical instruments. The woman was next compelled to walk around the

rope, till she fell from sheer exhaustion. This was repeated several times and at last the "mullahs" declared the spirit exorcised.

The Tenement and Home Life.

"The worst of the tenement is that it is a home-destroyer," writes Jacob A. Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives." "Whatever destroys the homes of a people, destroys surely its morals, its character, and in the end the people itself. When Rome became a city of tenements—a city without homes—it fell. How should it be otherwise? No thrift is the typical badge of tenement-house life. The husband escapes to the saloon in search of the cheer his home fails to furnish. For half the drunkenness that disgraces the tenements the ignorance of the wives is to blame. The boys and girls take to the street. It is there they receive their real bringing up, such as it is. It was said once by the superintendent of the house of refuge, who for thirty years had tried to make good boys out of bad, that it was essential to have the play of the children more carefully watched than their work. It is the utter impossibility of

mond ring with which to seal the engagement, and will 'see' the tailor who made his wedding suit 'later.' And so they are launched upon the sea of matrimony amid splendors they cannot afford, loaded with debts they cannot pay; and nothing but death or the grace of God can now save them from a life of mutual recriminations and heartburnings."

A Good Wife's Influence.

A judicious wife is always clipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. The wisest things a man generally does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a good wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about badly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be certain that he is not a married man, for the corners are not rounded off—the little shoots pared away—as in married men.

A Heroic Nurse.

Mrs. J. M. Wetmore of Washington, O., sends us this very interesting sketch of a remarkable woman: "During the war of the rebellion, Miss Lucinda Humphrey left her comfortable home in Iowa City, Ia., and went South as a nurse in a hospital, near Memphis, Tenn. She was an earnest Christian, and took a loving pleasure in reading the Bible, singing and praying for sick and wounded soldiers, and sending messages from the dying to loved ones at home. One sultry afternoon in the summer of 1864, Miss Humphrey had a number of very sick

slates, bits of board and pastboard, with chalk or coal with which to draw letters or figures. Gen. Grant was deeply touched on witnessing the self-sacrificing young woman, in her endeavor to enlighten the minds of these neglected children.

"He gave Miss Humphrey \$200 and requested her to rent a better school-room and buy suitable books and maps. This donation for the education of the colored children was the beginning of the Freedmen's Bureau in the South. Miss Humphrey continued teaching for sometime, then married Captain Hay. After one year of married life, she went back to Iowa and died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Casebere. Just before her death she began preparing for publication her life in the South. Her friends have never completed the work she left unfinished."

A TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

NEVER left my mother in my life but that she said to me, 'I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and to your Saviour,' writes Gen. John L. Swift. "It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she wrote to me in her after life.

"On one occasion I was invited to deliver an address in Tremont Temple. The hall was crowded and the interest intense, and at a certain point the whole audience rose to their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood their alone amid this wild outburst of enthusiasm, I looked into the left gallery and saw one pale unemotional face; it was the face of my mother. She is a little woman, and it seems as if I could lift her in the palm of my hand, but she had great love and faith, and when I met her she said: 'I have given you freely, my son, to the country, but oh, if I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour, I would ask nothing more on this earth.' And when I took my stand I went home directly to that mother.

"I don't know that I can get on with this part of the story, but you will all understand the difficulty. The stars in the skies scarcely outnumbered the prayers she had given to her Father on my behalf, and I was going home, the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour and that her God was my God. We were all there, and unbroken and a redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child. There is a passage in Scripture 'Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' I know what that means. I know what it is to feel as a little child if my hairs are gray with the footfalls of time."

There can be no more blessed consolation for a mother in her closing days on earth than to know that the children whom she has taught at her knee, of the Saviour's love, are true Christians.

Changing Names at Marriage.

It is said that the practice of the wife assuming her husband's name at marriage originated from a Roman custom. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans, "Julia of Pompey" and "Octavia of Cicero," and in the later times, married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stuart (not Seymour). Some people hold that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one.



A FAMILY GROUP IN CHINESE TURKISTAN.

doing that which makes the street so dangerous. It is naturally the physical growth of the children which the tenement stunts. The lack of privacy at home, the lack of home itself, together with the influence of the street that replaces it, are leaving a stamp upon the growing generation of our city poor that is unmistakable."

Young People and Money.

"Until the boy or girl arrives at an age when it becomes necessary to earn and save, the average American youth knows no more about the proper use of money than if he or she had been dropped from the moon. How can one associate that with self-restraint," asks "The Interior," "which has hitherto been supplied only for purposes of indulgence? Many a marriage is 'a failure' just because the earlier years of the young married couple constituted a training wholly in the wrong direction. The girl has never been taught to live within an allowance; the young lover, with the natural hopefulness of youth, gets trusted for a dia-

soldiers under her care. She said: "I know they cannot live through the night, unless I can procure some milk for them. Seeing a cow in a pasture not far from the hospital, she determined to milk it. With pail in hand she started on her errand. The guard said, 'You will be killed if you attempt it!' She said, 'I must go; it is better for me to die in making an effort to save the lives of our sick boys.' The guard sent a number of soldier who surrounded the milkmaid at her perilous task. They went and returned in safety. That pail of delicious milk gave new life to the suffering boys. I wonder if any of the soldiers are living who were under the care of this lovely Christian girl.

"Sometime during the year 1865, or shortly after the war closed, Gen. Grant went to Memphis, Tenn. While there he heard of the opening of a school for colored children. He visited the school taught by Miss Humphrey of Iowa. Gen. Grant found her surrounded by a large class of children who were clothed in rags, and crowded into a small, uncomfortable room with but few books. The teacher was using, instead of



CHAPTER VI.

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art.
That thou may'st consecrate be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much,
Of Christ-like touch. —Anonymous.

WHAT has become of the picture that used to hang there?"

The query, faintly but coherently uttered, called the nurse to the bedside.

Mrs. Paull had slept without stirring for four hours. It was a season of suspense during which nobody but Mrs. Williams was in the room. This was by the doctor's express orders, which none—assuredly not his leal coadjutor—thought of gainsaying.

The house was as silent as the grave, and, although it was not yet noon, shades and curtains tempered the light to the dimness of evening; the woman in the chair that commanded a view of the sleeper's face, was as motionless as she whom she watched. A score of times she hushed her own breath to listen for that which was the only token of life in her patient.

One of her sayings was, "It's a thousand times easier, no matter how lazy you may be, to be up and doing, than down and waiting."

Long practice had made waiting a part of her religion. She had learned, through much tribulation and many lessons, "having done all, to stand." When God said, "Be still!" she moved not. When action no longer availed, she gave herself unto prayer, every sense on the alert for the next word of command. Resting upon her arms did not mean sleeping upon them.

Her practised ear detected instantly the alterations in Mrs. Paull's voice and articulation; the languid legato movement of the words was that of feeble but intelligent speech. Her heart gave a great bound; the hurrying blood beat upon the drums of her ears, but, without rustle or flurry, she arose and moved slowly forward. Mrs. Paull was gazing at a vacant place upon the wall over against her bed.

"We took it away because you were ill, Mrs. Paull. The less furniture there is in a sick-room the better, or so the doctors say now-a-days."

Too weak to be greatly moved by surprise or curiosity, the patient turned her eyes to the unfamiliar face.

"I must have had an unusually bad headache—have I not? It has taken all my strength, I think. Where is Elspeth? And why has she left you to take care of me?"

"Elspeth's busy getting the children's dinner ready, I guess. Shall I call her?"

"Not if she is busy. She has too much to do when I am unable to help her. But I am afraid this is an imposition upon you."

"Not a bit of it. I'm Mrs. Williams, one of your neighbors, and seeing that Elspeth didn't like to leave you alone, I offered to sit with you awhile, in case you might want a drink, or anything. The doctor was here to-day, and left this for you to take when you woke up. You'll do nicely now that the headache has gone off."

She spoke in such an easy, matter-of-course way, and her manner of offering the medicine was so free from concern, that Mrs. Paull swallowed it without remark upon the physician's visit, or his prescription. She closed her eyes and dozed for twenty minutes under the influence of the sedative; then they opened, and the perplexities dreaded by doctors and watchers under such circumstances crept darkly into their depths. She was beginning to piece together straggling thoughts, and to call memory to her help.

"Where are the children?"

"Gone to school as good as kittens—bless their hearts! That is, the boys have.

The baby was carried off by Mrs. Lanier, who wanted her to spend the day with her little girl. I heard something about Central Park, so I think there is a frolic on foot."

"Has anybody been ill except myself."

"Nobody at all! Why should they be? Headaches—even such bad ones as yours—are not catching. And you mustn't think of yourself as ill now. You're a bit tired and weak, and must lie still and eat all the nourishing food the doctor will let you have, and take all the rest the law allows. You'll be astonished to find how soon you'll be up and around."

The homely commonplaces and the smooth, leisurely enunciation of them lulled the listener temporarily. It seemed altogether proper that this comfortable-looking stranger should be there and her custodian, while Elspeth bustled about downstairs. The blackened lips relaxed into something like a smile.

"You are very kind. I am much obliged to you."

The drowsy intonation promised well, but, as before, her mind rebelled against the inertia of the body. Her brows were knitted, the lids contracted like those of a short-sighted person. The next query showed that recollections were tardy in adjusting themselves.

"Have any letters come from Mr. Paull while I was ill?"

"I haven't heard them say. 'Twasn't likely I should, being a comparative stranger although a neighbor and a well-wisher, as all neighbors ought to be, according to my way of thinking. And Mendebars Avenue has the name of being real sociable. Especially when there's sickness or the like. But there! I always say there isn't a truer word in the Bible than that 'He who would have friends, must show himself friendly.'"

She had reduced the knack of talking her patients to sleep to an art. But the pleasant monotone, almost lengthening into a drawl, the non-exciting utterances strung upon a silken string and slipped along at equal distances, failed now of their usual effect.

"Do you know whether or not my brother ordered that picture to be taken down?"

The nurse laughed, a good-humored gurgle of innocent amusement that made her incipient double chin quiver.

"I know for certain that he didn't! He doesn't even know that it is down. There never was a kinder, lovelier, attentiver brother in all the world;—that I'll testify to. He's been over every day, so they tell me, to see how you are, and if there's anything you'd like to have and all that. A great many men haven't but one idea in the world about sick people, and that's—'What'll they have to eat?' And he'd give you all of Washin'ton Market, and Fulton thrown into the bargain, if your room would hold it, and Elspeth would let you have 'em. But he'd no more to do with taking down that picture than the king of the Canary Islands wheresomever they may be. 'Twas Elspeth and me that were all the time brushing up against the frame, and shouldering of it crooked, being neither of us willows, so to speak,—no, nor yet 'syllups.' Soon's you get strong enough to set up, you shall have it back. It's only in the other room—safe's as can be."

She contrived to give this monologue the effect of dropping water, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Paull's eyelids fall slowly and remain closed; the plait between the brows was smoothed out. Another half-hour went by. Mrs. Williams was immovable, a study of charity in gray stone, after the realistic school, abundant in curves, and wise with the tender sagacity of years. Before she dared change her position, the eyes misty with sleep, opened a little way.

"Ernest wouldn't like it, I am sure," she murmured. "He gave it to me one Christmas. Ten years ago, maybe twelve. He hung it there. Where I could see it the first thing in the morning. He said it would be

—the spirit of love—keeping—watch—over—me."

The last syllables were barely audible. The watcher did not move until the soft respiration assured her that slumber had again interposed a merciful screen between the spent, nervous forces and the glare of truth.

With all her natural aptitude for her calling, her tact and her skill, she was not a trained nurse. That is, she had not been graduated from a "Training School," with a diploma that gave her the right to wear kerchief and coil; to snub "unprofessionals" and awe the families of patients. She was stout in her objections to the uniform of the order, maintaining that the apparition of a hired nurse to the vision of an ill and nervous person, was in itself alarming. She would rather be taken for what she accounted herself to be—the volunteer neighbor of the sufferer—until the feeling of strangerhood wore off.

Without going to the length of equivocating to Mrs. Paull, she had succeeded in evading her catechism as to the causes for removing the portrait. It was literally true that she and Elspeth in tending the sick mistress and making the bed had once and again come in contact with the corners of the elaborately-carved and gilded frame, and that both had exclaimed at the discomfort of having it there. But on the eleventh day of her illness Mrs. Paull had conceived a sudden and violent dread of the handsome visage smiling down upon her. She hid herself shudderingly under the bed-clothes, declaring that the eyes hurt her, that the lips said cruel, mocking things, and, worst of all, that the face of a woman sneered at her over her husband's shoulder. Nor would she uncover her eyes until assured by servant and nurse that the picture was no longer there.

Marie had witnessed all this with a horror-stricken countenance, and followed Mrs. Williams as she carried the portrait into the back chamber. When it was deposited carefully upon a table, the back propped by the wall, the girl threw herself upon her knees in front of it, and kissed the pictured face over and over, and laid her cheek against it, the tears raining from her eyes.

"Poor, dear Papa! It would break his heart if he knew of this. O, Mrs. Williams, what does it all mean? Did you hear her say that he was trying to drag her heart out by the roots? He—the gentlest, kindest, most affectionate of human beings, who could never bear to see anything suffer!"

"It's oftener this way than otherwise, dear, when people's wits have been sent away by fever or anything of that sort. It's a very common thing for them to turn against the very ones they love the best. Wait until your mother is herself again, and you'll see that she'll be the first one to insist upon our bringing the portrait back. She will not have the least recollection of what has happened to-day, and we must take care that she never knows it. It would grieve her more than it does you."

The demeanor of the patient upon her return to consciousness fully justified this prediction, but to the nurse's surprise, she made no further reference to the portrait upon her second awakening. Her eyes wandered over the blank space it had once filled as listlessly as over other parts of the room.

To Mrs. Williams's proposal to Elspeth that they would better restore it to its place, the Scotchwoman replied curtly, "Bide a wee! When she asks for it again, it will be time eno' to fetch it."

That time did not come. Mrs. Paull asked for her children, smiled faintly into their awed faces; let them kiss her, and hoped in the changed voice that frightened them into decorum, that they would be "good, and not give Elspeth too much trouble"—then wearily turned away and seemed to sleep. She was composed in appearance when her brother was admitted, and calmly affectionate with her sister-in-law, thanking both for their kindness to the children and herself, but evidently indisposed to converse upon any subject whatsoever. The dull apathy that had taken the place of her natural vivacity increased as time passed, instead of wearing away with the increase of strength. When left alone with the nurse, she would lie, for hours together, staring at the ceiling, her wasted hands laid, one upon the other, over her breast, never speaking, unless directly questioned, and answering in the fewest possible words. But for the settled gloom of the dark eyes, she might have been thought to be in a trance.

Finding and leaving her thus one afternoon, Mr. Lanier signalled to Mrs. Williams

to accompany him when he went downstairs. "This is an unnatural, and to me an alarming state of things," he said in strong emotion. "Surely something can and ought to be done to break it up. Will you ask Dr. Bacon if he would like to have Dr. Jayne or Dr. Steele over again? What does he think of her? What would you suggest?"

She answered the last question first,—a safe rule when the dialogue lies between a calm person and one who is laboring under powerful excitement.

"I have seen other cases, and worse, that came out straight in time. There's nothing to be done, but to wait patiently for what good nursing and tonics will do. So Dr. Bacon says, and the other doctors would agree with him? High-ups must be followed by low-downs, you see, before one gets to a healthy everidge. Mrs. Paull has a fine constitution, and then she has her children to get well for. It's a good sign—her noticing them."

"That is the doctor's opinion, you say. Do you think as he does? I would rather have the judgment of a really competent nurse than that of a whole college of physicians. You have watched Mrs. Paull closely now for nearly three weeks. Has anything occurred to you as likely to be helpful to her? If she goes on as she is now, for a week longer, she will die, or become insane."

"Shall I speak out plain, sir? You'd maybe think me too free."

"I have asked you to speak, haven't I? Excuse me if I seem irritable but I am greatly worried by all this—more than you or anyone else can imagine. I am tormented by the dread that my sister may never rally. I see no signs of convalescence other than were perceptible a week ago,—and"—falteringly,— "we have been much to one another—Alice and I. Next to my wife and children, she is the dearest thing alive to me."

The honest face before him expressed sincere and respectful sympathy. His soul must have been moved to the depths before he could admit a stranger to his confidence. She spoke simply and gravely:

"I think, Mr. Lanier, if I may be so bold, that a letter or a message from her husband would do Mrs. Paull more good than all the medicine in the drug stores in New York and Brooklyn mixed in one tonic. There's a spring broken or a band slipped off the wheel somewhere, that doctors and nurses haven't touched, and can't touch. If Mr. Paull could arrange his business matters so as to hurry home, or if he would write oftener—some men are thoughtless about such things—you'd soon see a blessed change in her."

Something so hot and bitter burst from the lips of the stately gentleman that she actually recoiled. It sounded like "Despicable hound!" but she could not be sure as to the wording of the epithet, gathering the purport more from his emphasis and countenance. He walked up and down the parlors; went into the hall; opened the front door, and stood bare-headed in the frosty air for perhaps two minutes. Then he came back.

"Again I must beg you to excuse me if I appear unreasonably irritable. There are some things which it is difficult to discuss with anybody. Family secrets ought not to be shared with any one except blood relations. And, as a family, we are disposed to be reserved—perhaps we are proud. If so, pride is likely to catch a hard fall."

He had said this, pacing the room recklessly. Now he stopped, tacing her.

"You are a widow, I believe, Mrs. Williams?"

"No, sir. That is—not by death."

The response was so direct and unlooked-for that he was abashed. Her mournful firmness had a touch of the heroic. He felt convicted of wanton cruelty.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I had supposed—"

"Most people do, sir!" interposing to save him further embarrassment. "When asked direct, I can say but the one thing, of course. But, as you say, there are sore spots in every family and every heart that it's best to keep well covered up. Now, sir, as to Mrs. Paull—if there's anything you can think of that I can do to help her—"

He came to an abrupt determination.

"You are a Christian, Mrs. Williams,—and a brave, God-fearing, tender-hearted woman, with great refinement of feeling. You are prudent, too, and, I believe, discreet, beyond the average of your sex."

Excited as he was, he could not but note that she listened as if he were praising somebody else than herself.

(To be continued.)

"Old Adam."*

BY REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L.

OLD Adam had a room to let. He was always called old Adam, though he was still a comparatively young man. "Old" was only a term of familiarity. Adam was handy and capable. He would do many things

which made him a valuable workman and useful neighbor. He occupied the top or but one in the narrow, tall, rickety house in the corner of Abel's Rents.

The man who occupied the lowest floor in the house was a cobbler; he mended shoes for the court, and he did not do much work beyond the court. He had two sons, one of whom he was bringing up in to his trade, and the other was at sea. The son who was at home was a tall, strapping fellow; and a great hero in the eyes of the bevy of small children who inhabited the floor above. These were the six children of the old-faced tailor, who had a consumptive life. Five days in the week things were not so bad, as the six children went to school; but Saturday was a whole holiday, and the noise on the staircase was terrible, for the poor woman had to wash up a bit on Saturday, and the court was the only playground. And the children would carry on their noisiest play on the staircase, using as a kind of a castle, attacking and defending it in mimic war.

On the floor above the tailor there lived two mysterious old ladies. They came and went at odd times; but as the neighbors said, "They kept themselves to themselves." Whether they were in good work or bad, whether they fared well or ill, nobody knew, though several suspected that they were not always as plentifully supplied with food as they ought to be. They certainly looked pale and worn.

The fourth floor was occupied by old Adam; and above him lived an old lady and her daughter. The old lady never went out. She was whispered to be of a fabulous age—old, old—ever so old. Ben Cobbler christened her Grannie Garret, and Grannie Garret was in the eyes of the children a sort of modern "Methoosalem," as Ben said. But however old she was, her daughter was a bright, comely-faced woman, who always inspired the children with awe and affection. These were the inhabitants of No. 5, in Abel's Rents.

Old Adam had a room to let. What did a old bachelor like Adam want with an empty room? The room did not long stand empty. It was soon rumored in the court that it was taken; much curiosity was felt about the new lodger. Some said he was Adam's brother! But that was not the case. Adam was entirely satisfied about his lodger. He had paid him a week's rent in advance, and what more was wanted? Besides the man was regular in his habits, and seemed to have regular work—as regular as old Adam himself.

The windows in No. 5 were at right angles to one another. So it happened that when old Adam flung open his window, leaning to lean out, the new lodger, opening his window at the same moment, came into full view of old Adam, and almost within reach of a handshake.

The new lodger began to unfold a crumpled newspaper.

"Got a paper?" said Adam.

"Yes, I like to read the news."

"Got my favorite paper!" said Adam.

"Always read the 'Hullabaloo,'" said the lodger.

"My paper, too!" said Adam, opening an evening paper.

Then they sat in silence till Adam folded up his newspaper, when the lodger rolled up his paper also.

"Good-night," said Adam, as he closed his window.

"Good-night," said the lodger, closing his. "Sensible man, that!" said old Adam. "Fastes like mine! I think he'll do."

After such a beginning of acquaintance, was not surprising to hear the lodgers be declaring that Adam and his lodger were getting quite friendly.

I do not know that the word was quite right one—but it was certainly not wonderful that the lodgers used it, for old Adam and his lodger moved like clockwork together.

Ben, who was a bit of a rascal, christened the new lodger "Mr. Boswell"—old Adam, being regarded as a Dr. Johnson; his name soon got shortened to "Tom Twinkle Dimes," by Rev. W. B. Carpenter, D.D., pp. 225, cloth, price \$1.00. Macmillan & Co., London and New York, Publishers.

down to "old Boz," and the boys and girls soon whispered to one another "old Boz" as the lodger passed them on the stair; but later, they began to gather courage and to speak with something more than bated breath; "old Boz" was buzzed loudly from lip to lip, till one day a boy, more adventurous than the rest, shouted out, "Well, old Boz, Go to bed, old Boz."

Now no one likes to be called names, and perhaps it is not unreasonable to resent being called "old Boz," especially when one's name is Higginson.

The lodger met old Adam on the landing that night. Old Adam had heard the children's voices and the name "old Boz" shouted after his lodger.

"These children are noisy and troublesome," he said.

"They are toads!" said his lodger. "Just hear them now."

The shouts and laughter of the children were ringing through the court.

"Horrid row they are making," said Adam. "Can hardly hear one's self speak."

"A man ought to keep his brats in order," said the lodger.

"He's no right to let them be a nuisance to decent folk," said Adam.

"Let's get out of the row," said the lodger.

"All right," said Adam. "A stroll will do us good."

But when they got outside there was a chilling drizzle of annoying rain; the night, too, was raw.

An hour or two later, Adam and his lodger were coming home. They walked arm-in-arm and were more affectionate than usual. They gushed in their confidences and exchanged grumbles about the rough work of their life—work was detestable, weather abominable, children were worthless and noisy brats. They were not in the mood to bear things equably; and, alas! the staircase, when they reached their house, was swarming with the children.

On they came, and tiny little things as some of them were, they fairly swept the two men off their feet, and sent them stumbling, rolling, and bumping down the last step or two. It was not much of a fall; had it been worse, however it might have been better. It was not bad enough to sober or to stun; it was just bad enough to anger. Furious, lost to all thought of the children, they rose and flung them in a huddled pile together. In another minute they were launching out their wrath on the poor pale-faced tailor and his paler wife.

When these wild and wrathful men had said their say they bounced out the door, not waiting for a reply. Up the stairs they came, the lodger whispering hoarsely his indignant comments—worthless, miserable creatures—not fit to be allowed room in decent houses—unwholesome lot altogether. On the landing they met old Grannie Garret's daughter. As she passed, she scanned old Adam's face doubtfully, as if she scarcely recognised him, and then swiftly and silently passed on, going down the stairs. Presently all was silent; the children had been gathered in, and the last lodgers had tramped to their rooms, the clouds had passed from the sky, the stars came out, and a gentle moon poured a quiet beam in at the window where old Adam sat.

What was he thinking of, and why did the moonbeams puzzle and trouble him? Does a man like to say that he was wrong? If old Adam had not disliked saying it, I think it was what he might have said. At any rate, the moonbeam, as it stole about the still and silent room, made things seem different. His room was looking shabbier than he thought it was. He had always been proud of his little room. "I am a beast," said old Adam. With that he got up and walked about his little room. "What has come to me?" he asked. "What has come to my room? Why, it's not like the same place! And I am not like the same man. I am an ass," and then as he caught sight of the thorn-crowned head on the mantel, he said, "I'll go downstairs. Poor little brats! they meant no harm. I'd better have brought them up here for a game. That would have been more like what he'd have done. I will. I'll go down."

And downstairs old Adam went, but when he reached the poor tailor's door, he was ashamed to go in. He listened, and all was quiet. Was it? No! there was a sound within, a footstep behind the door, a murmur of voices, then the opening door.

Old Adam fell back into the shadow. The light from the opened door showed him Grannie Garret's daughter. The little tailor was letting her out.

"They are troublesome, I know," the little tailor was saying. "But what can I do? I hardly get enough work as I will, and as for my poor wife—," and here the thin, weary voice broke a little.

But Grannie Garret's daughter was not going to let him give way.

"Well, I'll look in in the morning and see them ready and tidy. Don't you let your wife get up. We'll try and keep them quiet. Poor wee bairns! it's dull enough for them. But they'll be a help to you yet."

"Good-night," said the little tailor, holding the sputtering, wind-waved candle high and looking at her face. "You're a good woman," he said.

"Nonsense," said Grannie Garret's daughter; don't you think anything of that. I don't think anything of the little trouble to-night. Old Adam's a good sort. It's that lodger that has set him wrong. If he has only courage to follow what he knows he might be, he'll shake off old Boz. And anyway, it'll be all right. Don't you be uneasy about the landlord and that."

Good-night was said again, the door was closed, and old Adam saw her pass up the stairs. Then he followed quietly.

He thought she had gone further, but when he reached the next landing he saw her standing and lifting her hand to knock at the door where the two mysterious sisters lived. He was at the top of the stairs when the moon flashed out a beam which fell on his face, and Grannie Garret's daughter saw him. "Don't knock," he said; tell me how they are. I saw you come out. I wanted to know. What a beast I am! What a good woman you are!"

"Nonsense!" said she. The children are all fast asleep. Poor little souls! They cried sadly after their beating. "But there, I must run out again."

"Out again!" cried old Adam. "At this time? What in the world for?"

"Oh!" she said. "It may not need going out, I was going to say, unless you have a loaf of bread you can lend me."

"I have," said old Adam. "You shall have it, and welcome. I'll bring it up to your room."

"No!" she said. "It's downstairs I want it: can you bring it?"

"What, here?" said old Adam.

"Yes, here, sir, if you will—here," she added. "They have had no food all day, I fear. I think things will mend with them after a little, for I've heard of the right work for them. They are wonderfully clever; they can do the most beautiful lace!"

Old Adam fetched the loaf, and as he gave it to her—"Will you give them an order? I want a lace collar. I'll give five dollars for it."

Old Adam looked awkward. She said, "Good-night. I must go. I live higher than you."

"Yes," he said; "nearer heaven, I know."

Her foot was on the stair. She looked back at him. The moonbeams were dancing about the little landing. "You must be very happy!" he said, putting his great foot on the staircase alongside her. "What is the secret of it?"

Then she put out her hand; in the moonlight they joined their hands.

The next morning old Adam found the key of his lodger's door lying outside his own. The lodger had disappeared. There was great joy among the children.

Things mended in Abel's Rents. A little sea-air did a world of good to the tailor's wife: regular work made the faces of the mysterious sisters almost plump; Grannie Garret's daughter went out with her lace collar on one morning, and came back with a gold ring besides. No new lodger was allowed in old Adam's vacant room. It was always useful, for the tailor's children often played there.

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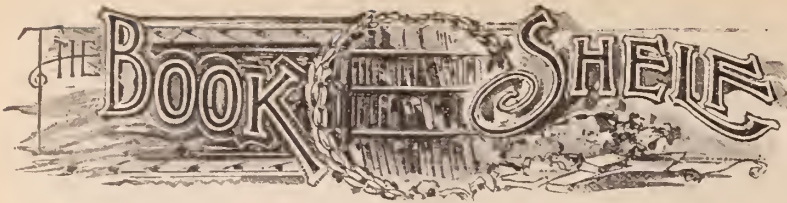


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A MISSIONARY VISIT TO A DIVE.*

ONE rather sultry night in the early spring, May 25, 1891, a little band of Workers accompanied me down to the slums in the lower part of New York. From place to place we went, until we finally found ourselves entering a low sub-cellar in Mulberry street. Upon descending, the room seemed somewhat crowded with a rather disorderly and excited set (mostly men), talking, smoking and swearing. The atmosphere was somewhat dense, and for a moment we did little but stand still and look at the motley group who closed in upon us. Some savage, cruel faces looked into ours, while others less interested stood aloof, or were so occupied with their own wretchedness as to pay little attention to the visitors.

As a rule, we had permission to hold a short service there, but that particular night we were not even allowed to sing; and, in fact, made to understand our presence was not desired for many minutes.

A gang of thieves surrounded us; although unaware of it then, we could not but be forcibly impressed with the one regarded as "the woman of the crowd." She appeared to be spokesman, leader and all. She kept very close to me, and, as I looked upon her poor, bruised face, with those ugly black marks under her eyes, I saw a bad cut on the forehead, and that part of her hair had actually been pulled out by the roots, while the side of her ear showed another bad scar, from a former fight, as she afterward explained. The remainder of her hair was hanging loosely down the back, over a dirty blue cotton dress.

As she stood there, her wild, penetrating eyes were fastened on my face, and something I can never describe drew me to her in such love and pity that then and there I felt she must be saved.

As we turned, somewhat disheartened, to go up the street, she followed very closely behind. The reason I never knew until months later; it was this: That very day two of the gang she belonged to had been arrested, and the remaining ones were so incensed, and, being more or less under the influence of liquor, she feared they might revenge themselves upon some of us. Recognizing that we were Christians, and down there for good purposes, she determined to protect us, and if any one got hurt, as she said, when speaking of that night, they would have to strike her first.

There was a wild look of boldness upon the countenance of the weird-looking girl, mixed with reckless courage. When on the sidewalk, she proposed going with us into some of the opium joints on Mott street. Knowing well it was not customary for even Christian workers to enter such places without detectives, she peered silently into our faces for a moment, awaiting the reply; then, thinking possibly fear might deter us from accepting the proposition, she tossed her head disdainfully, and said: "Ah, come along: I'm neither afraid of man, God nor the devil."

HUMANITY IN WAR.†

That general is the greatest who, careless of his own blood, spares the lives of his men; who, despising the éclat of a bloody field, fights only when he has an object for victory. Measured by the meagre resources available, by the indifferent trust in him, Joseph E. Johnston will be treated in history as equally great in the defense and in the aggressive—as much entitled to be called the sword of the Confederacy as its shield.

He was an utter stranger to that ambition which has actuated so many of the great soldiers of history. He had no ambition, save to do right, and to serve his country to the best of his ability. The only

* From *Deeds, from the Blue Bird of Mulberry Bend*, by Mrs. E. M. Whittmore, paper covers, 146 pages. A true and remarkably interesting story of the universal and Christian labor of a poor, erring child of sin. The *Dance of Hope*, 102 E. Sixty first street, New York, publishers.

† From *General Johnston*, by Robert M. Hughes, uniform with the *Great Commanders* series, p. p. 353, cloth covers, illustrated with maps and portrait frontispiece, price \$1.50, D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

renown which he coveted was the approval of his own conscience, and the good opinion of his countrymen. He sought no opportunity for mere military distinction, apart from the good of his country. He sacrificed no human life for mere glory. When a word from him might have raised such a protest from his army in Georgia, that President Davis could not have disregarded it, he did not speak it. When he was urged, at the last, to continue the war, and might have done so without the responsibility for its continuance, and might have served as a rallying point for those who at least wished to die a glorious death, he took the ground that it would be the highest of human crimes to continue the contest, and relegated himself to private life by his own will, as modestly and as nobly as Washington on surrendering his commission. How incomparably greater is the man who can act thus, than he whose fame is perpetuated by pyramids of human skulls and the ashes of burning cities!

THE MAKER OF THE EYE.‡

It is through concrete examples that the most vivid impression is made of the design exhibited in nature. The human eye and ear furnish familiar and striking illustrations of a preconceived plan. The eye is protected by a lid which moves with great quickness, and is open and shut at our pleasure. This delicate organ is thus defended from harm, as we take care to shield optical instruments from injury. When the eye itself is examined, it is found to be almost spherical in form. It is discovered to be a darkened chamber—a *camera obscura*, having in the anterior part a bi-convex lens, which is named the crystalline lens, by which objects are focussed on the sensitive surface of a membrane called the retina. The eyeball, instead of being in a fixed position, has muscles attached to it; and can be turned in different directions, corresponding to the place of objects in the field of vision—as a photographer's instrument can be turned upward or downward, to the right hand or the left. The requisite refraction of the rays of light, whereby they are brought to a focus and form an image on the retina is effected by their passage through the cornea, the transparent coating of the eyeball, the aqueous humor, the crystalline lens and the vitreous humor. The special use of the lens is in accommodating the eye to objects at different distances, since, when it is removed by an operation for cataract, the power of vision is not lost. The interior of the eye is darkened by the pigmented choroid lining and by the iris, the continuation of it. In the centre of the iris is the pupil, an aperture for admitting the light; and the iris itself, by means of two systems of muscular fibres, contracts or dilates the pupil, according as the light is more or less intense. The retina is so made that it is stimulated by the impact of light upon it, and there ensues an excitation of the fibres of the optic nerve. When waves of light of different lengths infringe on the retina, special effects are produced, giving in sensation the different colors. The apparatus for obtaining images of objects near and far is one of the most curious features in the structure of the eye. In optical instruments, in order to obtain a distinct image, the distance between the lens and the

‡ From *The Manual of Theology*, by Prof. George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., a useful little work showing, as Prof. Fisher is well qualified to do, how the wonderful adaptation of means to ends in the works of creation demonstrate the existence of an infinitely wise Creator. Pp. 94, price, 75 cents, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

Dealers who claim that their preparations are "as good as Hood's Sarsaparilla," by so doing admit that Hood's is the standard and possesses peculiar merit which they try in vain to reach.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

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surface on which the image is to be formed has to be increased or lessened by moving either this surface or the lens forward or backward. In this way the photographer adjusts his instrument. The focal point of the lens is made to correspond with the plate. In the eye there is a peculiar mechanism by which a like result is effected. This mechanism causes the lens to become more convex when a near object is to be looked at. The lens is placed between two layers of suspensory ligament, which is a prolongation of the choroid, one of three interior coats of the eye. With this ligament is connected the ciliary muscle, which, when it is lax, leaves the lens in the compressed state. But when a near object is to be viewed this muscle pulls upon the choroid, relaxes the ligament, and the lens forthwith bulges out. Here is a self-adjusting apparatus, by which the eye accommodates itself to the perception of things not far off.

NIBSY THE NEWSBOY.*

With hook and axes the firemen rushed in; hose was let down through the man-holes, and down there in the depths, the battle was fought and won. The building was saved; but in the midst of the rejoicing over the victory there fell a sudden silence. From the cellar-way, a grimy, helmeted figure arose, with something black and scorched in his arms. A tarpaulin was spread upon the snow and upon it he laid his burden, while the silent crowd made room and word went over to the hospital for the doctor to come quickly.

Very gently they lifted poor little Nibsy—for it was he, caught in his berth by a worse enemy than the "cop" or the watchman of the hay-barge—into the ambulance that bore him off to the hospital cot, too late.

Conscious only of a vague discomfort that had succeeded terror and pain, Nibsy wondered uneasily why they were all so kind. Nobody had taken the trouble to as much as notice him before. When he had thrust his papers into their very faces they had pushed him roughly aside. Nibsy, unhurt and able to fight his way, never had a show. Sick and maimed and sore, he was being made much of, though he had been caught where the boys were forbidden to go. Things were queer, anyhow, and—

The room was getting so dark that he could hardly see the doctor's kindly face, and had to grip his hand tightly to make sure that he was there; almost as dark as the stairs in the alley he had come down in such a hurry.

There was the baby now—poor baby—and mother—and then a great blank, and it was all a mystery to poor Nibsy no longer. For, just as the wild-eyed woman pushed her way through the crowd of nurses and doctors to his bedside, crying for her boy, Nibsy gave up his soul to God.

*From *Nibsy's Christmas*, by Jacob A. Reis, pp. 52; paper; with frontispiece; price 50c. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

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I NEED THY CARE.

O God! how much I need thy care,
Thou knowest more than words can tell;
To guard me from each sinful snare
And save my soul from depths of hell.

need thee with each rising day—
Yes; every hour I need thy hand
To guide my feet o'er life's rough way,
And all thy precepts understand.

will not fail, Lord, nor fall
Whilst thou dost linger by my side;
I'll sing to thee, my all in all,
And in thy promise will abide.

And when upon thy rock at last,
My sinless soul shall anchored be;
Triumphant, with all dangers past,
I'll hail thy blest eternity.

—ARTHUR LINDEN.

LIFE-SAVING DEVICES.

Inventors have been stimulated to increased effort in the production of life-saving devices by the terrible destruction which occurred when the English battle-ship "Victoria" was rammed by her sister ship and sank with nearly all hands. It is quite natural that such calamities should suggest the providing of precautions against them, and it is strange that the most common of all calamities—the loss of the soul, does not lead more people to take the assured and untrailing means provided to prevent the catastrophe in their own case. Among the devices which the English government is being urged to adopt is a raft of novel construction composed of steel in cellular compartments, capable of resisting any amount of rough usage. Even if the air-chambers be damaged, there will still be sufficient floating power to support a number of persons, the surplus buoyancy being so great that it would be impossible to swamp or overturn the craft, even when it is crowded. The invention is especially adapted for the landing of troops, horses, guns, cargoes, etc., and the rafts can be fitted for use on any vessel. Another contrivance which, in the opinion of naval experts, would obviate much of the loss of life which now yearly takes place at sea, is a raft of another kind which might in ordinary circumstances take the place of a captain's bridge. It runs nearly the whole length of the ship, and in case of accident two men, one at each end, by moving a lever could cause the whole construction to glide into the water, where it would constitute a completely fitted raft, equal to the reception of almost any number of passengers, and ready for use. Should, however, a calamity occur in which there was no time to loosen the raft, the construction with all the passengers on it, would float off bodily as the vessel went down.

THE DEPTHS OF THE BIBLE.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the famous evangelist, has a unique way of dealing with sceptical people. He gives the following interesting incident:

"I pity the man who knows all the Bible, for it is a pretty good sign he doesn't know himself. A man came to me with what he thought was a very difficult passage, and he said, 'Mr. Moody, how do you explain it?' I said, 'I don't explain it.' But how do you interpret it?' 'I don't interpret it.' 'Well, how do you understand it?' 'I don't understand it.' 'But what do you do with it?' 'I don't do anything with it.' 'You don't believe it?'"

"Yes, I believe it. There are lots of things that I believe that I do not understand. In the third chapter of John, Christ says to Nicodemus, 'If you do not understand earthly things, how can you understand heavenly things?' There are a great many things about my own body I do not understand; I don't understand nature; it is filled with wonderful things I don't comprehend. Then why should I expect to know everything spiritually?"

"But men ask, 'How can you prove the book is inspired?' I answer, because it inspires me. That is one of the best proofs. It does inspire us."

THE NEW ASSAULT.

In an interesting talk in "McClure's Magazine" on the new religious movements, Dr. John Hall says: There are here and there so-called "new religious movements" being developed, and even organizations formed, in view of which some are despondent as to the future of our evangelical faith. Spiritualism, "Christian Science," and the like, are specimens. I have no fear about the issue,

although troubled over those who are fascinated by these plausible substitutes for the religion of the Bible. Time was when atheism and infidelity stood boldly in front of advancing truth, and tried to throw it back. The prince of this world is cunning enough to know that such policy is now practically useless. He does not assail religion as in other days, but tries to get worthless substitutes for it. The train could not be met and stopped, but ingenuity may put down some new rails and get it off the track. But these revivals of old human speculations will have their day and disappear. This will not be from the inherent energy of the Church, but from the power of God the Holy Spirit working through the truth: and it is not a hope built on the zeal, fidelity, and consecration of our denominations, for we are from being up to the standard fixed by the Church's Head, and are too much inclined to formalism and the teachings of worldly wisdom, but it is based on the infallible truth that "the Lord reigneth."

A PROXY WANTED.

The erroneous idea that it is possible to compound with God for neglected duties by the payment of money, which is common among ourselves, is more openly avowed in Japan. The only difference between the practice in the two lands is the frankness of avowal in the Japanese case. It is so much easier to many men to pay money than to live the life of holiness and helpfulness, which is required of us, that it is not strange that the attempt should be made to reach the same reward by the easier and more pleasant process. It is strange, however, that in America—a land of Bibles and preachers—so many should so misunderstand the character of God as to think that he can be bribed. This is the way the principle is applied in Japan: A Kobe paper publishes this advertisement, inserted by a rich man at Matsuragata, Nagasaki: "When my daughter was sick I prayed the Kompira of Saauki province for her recovery, pledging to let her pay a thanksgiving visit to the temple by creeping on her hands and feet all the way through, in imitation of cattle, if she recovered. The prayer was heard, and she recovered by the miraculous influence of the Almighty Deity. But, after, all, it is impossible for a tender girl to creep several hundreds of miles to Saauki. I should, therefore, like to find a substitute for her, and if any one offering himself or herself for such be found suitable to the task, I will pay such a person 1,000 dollars."

A PROFLIGATE'S FAREWELL.

An English journal reports the finding on the banks of the Thames a hat and a coat with an open letter, and subsequently the body of a suicide. The letter stated that four years previously the writer was living in a country village a quiet, industrious life. Unexpectedly a fortune of a hundred thousand fell into his hands and he went up to London to enjoy himself. Four years sufficed to bring him to the end of his fortune and his life. "Good-bye now," wrote the suicide, "to friends and foes. I have come to the end of my journey. But before I go, let me give one word of warning to young men. Be warned by my fate and avoid betting and the race-courses as you would poison. There are thousands of low-cunning blackguards frequenting the race-course who live upon the stupidity of men like myself. They live to lie, and cheat, and blaspheme, utterly regardless of a hereafter. I have lunched with princesses, dukes and lords, and have assisted to swell their ill-gotten gains."

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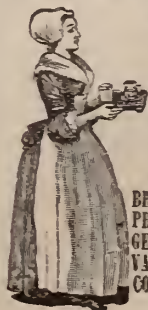
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AN INDIAN BOY'S FESTIVAL.

At the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., a few days ago, a very interesting event occurred, being a festival in the arrangements for which four Circles of King's Daughters co-operated with the Indian boys in the school. It was probably the first occasion of the kind in which the young wards of the nation had ever participated. The people in that section took a most active interest in it, and it was a complete success. The event will furnish the young students with material for many letters to their parents, who are scattered among the different tribes in the West and Southwest.

BEGIN THE DAY.

Begin the day with God!
He is the sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn;
To him address thy lay.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee:
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practised by George Thomas Congreve.

FOURTH INTERVIEW.

With REV. W. JOHNSTONE, Chaplain, East Poor House, Dundee. (This case appeared in the Appendix to Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption, p. 70.)

In August last, I was privileged to have a chat with the Rev. W. Johnstone, Chaplain of the East Poor House, Dundee, and from him I learned something of the class of persons among whom his life was spent. Two facts made a great impression on me. The first, that in this one workhouse the average number of deaths is something between one hundred and sixty, and one hundred and ninety annually; and the other, that in almost every case drink is primarily responsible for the loss of health, friends, and means, which precedes admission into the infirmary.

But I did not find my way to the house of the Rev. W. Johnstone, in Morgan-street, Dundee, merely to talk about the sad nature of his duties as Chaplain to the Poor-house, or the cause which brought so many to seek a shelter within its walls. I was concerned more closely with inquiries as to the reverend gentleman's health, both past and present.

On referring to the case as reported in the Appendix (Case No. 192), there is hereditary tendency to decline in Mr. Johnstone's family—various relatives had died. About the year 1885 he himself broke down in health, and began to take Mr. Congreve's medicine. After a time he decided to come to London for purposes of examination and consultation. The result of this showed that the right lung was diseased.

"Now, Mr. Johnstone, that I may be able to tell it for the advantage of others whose sufferings are similar to your own, please inform me what was the result of your following out the course of treatment prescribed for you by Mr. Congreve?"

"The result was that I was quite cured. I was able, in April, 1887, to write to Mr. Congreve and inform him that I had

passed through the previous winter stronger than I had been for seven years, although it was no uncommon thing for me to take three and sometimes as many as four services each Sabbath. At the same time, in addition to my own duties, I was assisting others engaged in Christian work."

"Then, I suppose, I may take it that you have had no relapse?" was my next question.

"None whatever. I kept quite well, and able to perform all my ministerial duties, and some of them (as we were remarking a few minutes ago) are not of the most pleasant kind."

"Am I right in saying that some years since one of your sons was also under Mr. Congreve for some time?"

"Yes; that was Tom."

"And was the treatment equally efficacious in his case?"

"Oh, yes; I am thankful to say he is all right. After my own experience you will not be surprised to hear that I have recommended Mr. Congreve's treatment very frequently. What astonishes me, however, is the way people seem to postpone applying until the very last—often until all hope is gone. I have a case in my mind at the present moment of a young woman whose father could not be persuaded to try Mr. Congreve's medicine, until the last moment, when his daughter was dying. As a fact, I don't think she lived long enough to take half the first bottle of medicine; but even this man acknowledged that it had relieved her sufferings—that it had greatly mitigated the terrible cough she had."

Mr. Johnstone and I chatted for some few minutes upon this inexplicable reluctance to try, until too late, a remedy which has proved successful in so many thousands of cases, and then we parted—he expressing his thanks for the benefit he and his had derived from Mr. Congreve's treatment. I meanwhile thinking what a blessed thing it was that a life like his—a life devoted to ministering to the out-cast and the suffering—should have been so providentially preserved.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all few lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts. as the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

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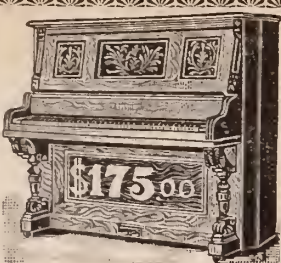
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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OUR "FOOD FUND" AT WORK.

Any Destitute Families Relieved, but Thousands Behind them Appealing for Help—
"The Christian Herald" District Visitors Among the Starving in the West-side
Tenements—A Work in which All may Aid—The Fund Growing Daily.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply:
Angel eyes will watch above it,
You shall find it by and by.

Never has there been a season more replete with opportunities of doing good to others than now, when grim poverty is pinching hard upon the poor. Never a season when the Christian matron, the man of business, and all who are blessed with a sufficiency of the good things of this life, could exercise the virtue of generosity to such advantage. Never a season when even the poor themselves, who have barely what they may need for their own wants, could by a noble self-denial, help one even they may have a crumb to spare, and, like the "widow's mite," the giving of it will be esteemed as

congested metropolis, which, at the present moment, is struggling with the problem of providing not only for its own poor, but for a very large number from other states who, coming here in the expectation of employment, have drifted into the ranks of the destitute. This class is specially worthy of being remembered by our friends in other states, who may feel disposed to help them.

Last week the Food Fund began work in earnest. From its headquarters at No. 208 Eighth Avenue, New York City, where it has established a Relief Station, it sent forth its District Visitors among the tenements of the West-side, and searched out the deserving poor in their own cheerless homes, bringing to them not only words of hope and comfort but substantial assurances of relief as well. Hundreds of families thus visited have been supplied within a few hours after the call, by our Relief wagon, each home receiving enough to last at least three days. Bread, flour in bags, meat, soup-bones, rice, condensed milk, beans, tea, coffee, and sugar are supplied in

the very lowest rates from the wholesale dealers—in some cases, even lower, when the dealer is disposed to be charitable—a dollar's worth of provisions will go very far in the work of relief. A close, practical estimate places the cost of a single meal to one person at less than three cents. For twenty-five cents a family of five can be fed for one day, and one dollar will feed four such families one day, or one family of five for four days. The usual supply for a family of five or more is calculated to last

beans, two pounds of rice, two ounces of tea, half pound sugar, one can condensed milk, one soup-meat bone. Where there is an invalid, a portion of fresh meat or dried fish is added. This food is plain, but wholesome and nourishing,



THE "FOOD FUND" WAGON ON ITS ROUNDS.

and with the simplest cooking can easily be made into half a dozen satisfying meals for the family. Every reader of THE CHRIS-

TIAN HERALD who sends one dollar to the "Food Fund" will have the pleasure of knowing that that dollar feeds parents and babies in a hunger-stricken home for half a week at least. It will be the equivalent of forty meals at 2½ cents a piece. Every half dollar sent to the Fund will purchase twenty meals of the same sort, and every quarter will mean a gift of ten meals to the hungry mothers and children. A single dime will feed four at a sitting! A nickel, in the same providential ratio, will spread a table for two! If every reader of this journal were to contribute the cost of a single meal, the "Food Fund" would be enabled to supply the wants of 420,000 individuals, or 150,000 families for a single day, or over 30,000 families for a whole week, Sunday included.

(Continued on page 67.)



AMONG THE NEW YORK DESTITUTE—A STARVING FAMILY IN A WESTSIDE TENEMENT.

has been widely felt, nowhere are its effects so distressingly apparent as in the great,

suitable proportions. As these are purchased in the first instance by the "Food Fund" at

three days, and consists of six loaves (or one bag of flour, if preferred), a measure of

families for a whole week, Sunday included.



FESTIVITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Luke 14: 17: "Come, for all things are now ready."

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining-hall, the luxuries of which astonished the world; four hundred servants waited upon the guests: the entertainment cost five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen; and then, in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables aglitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and a-blush with the costliest wines; and when the second course of the feast came, it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds, and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords, and princes, and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health, first of the king of England, and next of the king of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels are the cup-bearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plate: and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands tilted with invitations, scattering them everywhere; and oh, that for yourselves, you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come now, for all things are ready."

There have been grand entertainments where a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed; but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that, "All things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast; aye, he has been waiting eighteen hundred and ninety-four years

for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet; he has had his sore hand on his punctured side; or he has been pressing his lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that he has not been impatient, and that he has not said, "Shut the door, and let the laggard stay out;" but he has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing he is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down his cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channelled his brow, and his back, and his hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that he uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike, and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on his brow, and under the Gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That Being standing before you now, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart-break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think he trifles!

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for one hundred and eighty days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you, and I, and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion; so, my Lord Jesus hath wrapped himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair he is! His eye, his brow, his cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, his hand having the omnipotent surgery with which he opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this One altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love:

"J-E-S-U-S." It is this One, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you; waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting for you, as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! O! give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say: "He is waiting as only the all-sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner; come.

Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "holloa?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that Spirit give grapping hooks to a sermon, and lift the prayer, and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That Spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life; or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the three thousand from midnight into noon at the Pentecost. With that power the Spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat-sleeve; and he saw on it the word "eternity;" and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving day, I read for my text: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the Gospel through the Syro-Phœnician woman's cry to Christ: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table."

Do you know that the Holy Spirit almost always uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody; metaphysical sermons never save anybody; philosophical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit, worn out with engagements and the jangling of a frenzied door bell; he has only a text and two or three ideas, but he says: "O Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak thou through my poor lips;" and before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the judgment. The great French orator, when the dead king lay before him, looked up and cried: "God only is great;" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out

of the sick room, white and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In a great day of eternity, it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ, not by the Bossuets, and Massillons, and Bourdaloues, but by humble men who, by the strength of God, and believing in the eternal Spirit, invited men to Jesus. There were wise salves—there were excellent comments, I suppose, in the time of Christ, for blind or inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned his back upon them, and put the tip of his finger to his tongue, and then, with the little that adhered to the finger, he anointed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer-meeting talk, which seems to be the very salve of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind, and pours the sunlight of peace and peace upon the soul. Oh, my friends, wish we could feel it more and more, if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the Scripture I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very truth into your heart: "Come, for all things are now ready."

Again, the Church is ready. Oh, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep, because his head down and his eyes are shut. No, he is praying for your redemption, and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going from Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and from Friday evening prayer-meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just stand toward the door of the Christian Church, how quickly it would fly open. Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl of his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into Christian associations." Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the Shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the Church of God. A great many people, not like the Church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites; but it is a glorious Church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the tale about angels is fanciful. You say it is very good subject for theological student who have just begun to sermonize; but for older men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Why, do not the swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward that they stand before the throne, their face covered up with their wing, while they cry, "Holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the Judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship, the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestial there are here. They crowd the place they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ, and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the gold-

erity! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air: "Come, for all things are now ready!" Angels ready to bring the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves: immortal health, but no invalidism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral tches—eyes that never weep—hands that never blister—heads that never faint—hearts that never break—friendships that are never weakened.

Ready, all of them! Ready thrones, principalities and powers! ready seraphim and cherubim! Ready, Michael the archangel! Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no bet- business than to crawl under a table and hide the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad, because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the Word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption. This Bible says plainly there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and if angels rejoice and know of it, shall not our ends, standing among them, know it? Some of these spirits glory toiled for our redemption. When they came to see, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said: "Meet me in heaven!" and put their hand out from the cover and said: "Good-bye." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewell, Oh, deceitful world! Get thee gone my sin! Fie upon all the follies! Oh, Christ, help me or I perish! I take thy promise, believe thy Word, enter thy service." Suppose you should say and do this? Why, the angel sent to you would shout upward: "He is coming!" and the angel, poising higher in the air, would shout it upward: "He is coming;" and it would roll all up the line of light, from wing to wing, and from trumpet to trumpet, until it reached the gate; and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek, and before you had finished your first prayer, your kindred in glory, would know of it, and another heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! saved! saved!"

If I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the Church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kindred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get in to the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most important invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross, soaked in blood from elbow to finger-tip; two lips quivering in mortal anguish; two eyes beaming with infinite love,

saying: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the Queen came to Kenilworth Castle, they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh! if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying: "Come!" I would like to take every one of you by the hand, and say: "Come!" Old man, who has been wandering seventy or eighty years, thy sun almost gone down, through the dust of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh! that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in his praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard! Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackle. He can restore thy blasted home. Go to Jesus. Libertine! Christ saw thee where thou wert last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet, if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to him this moment, he will throw

Our "Food Fund" at Work.

(Continued from first page.)

Some of the cases of suffering disclosed by our District Visitors are extremely touching. Going into the very heart of the great tenements, some of which have as many as twenty-four families in a single building, these visitors search out hidden cases of destitution—cases that would not reach the public eye otherwise. Indeed, there are many who would rather die than make a public appeal, which might be construed as begging. Among the fathers and grown-up sons and daughters, one hears everywhere the same cry: "Give us work, or we shall starve!" In one case the husband, wife and two oldest children in a family of eight had all been engaged on ready-made clothing. The four together, when times were prosperous, earned less than \$13 a week; but work ceased many weeks ago. Some people who are totally unacquainted with the exigencies of life in a great city may remark that these people should have saved meanwhile; but it is hard to understand how they could do more than live under such circumstances. Rent was \$8 a month, and the wife and younger children needed strengthening food. The baby was but a few months old. The prices received for their labor were such as would appall most people, namely: seventy-five cents per dozen for wrappers, forty cents per dozen for children's underwear, eight cents per pair for finishing trousers, which meant facing, putting in pockets, sewing on buttons and

been earning a dollar a week, and on this they have lived.

Among the many other cases relieved were a husband, wife and child, (no work in six months and all credit gone at the grocer's; a book-keeper three months idle, and with a sick wife and two little ones, all three starving together in a rear room on the top of a tenement; a widower with a thirteen-months' old child, both destitute; and many others, some with large families all more or less ragged and emaciated from long deprivation of food. In one home the Visitor found a machinist, who had been four months idle and whose wife lay in bed sick, with a baby only a few days old, while a bright little 5-year-old prattled and played on the bare floor. They had become desperate, and were about to be dispossessed by their landlord when the relief came, which saved their little home and replenished their table. These are typical cases. It would be impossible to describe the pitiful condition of some of the homes visited, where want had produced sickness, and where the bread, potatoes, milk, tea and coal furnished by the "Food Fund" were accepted with tears of joy and broken words of gratitude.

In many of the homes visited, the children were found almost naked, and their mothers in little better condition. To these the gifts of clothing sent by some of the contributors to the "Food Fund" were specially welcome. One box, forwarded by Miss Belle Waidman of Junction, N. J.,—the contribution of that lady's Sunday School class, was distributed among nearly a dozen poor families, who had not owned a decent-looking garment in many months. Mother looked proudly on their little tots in their comfortable garments and, with faltering lips, blessed the kind-hearted people who had given them so much pleasure.

The first week of the "Food Fund" has accomplished much, but it has only afforded a glimpse of what remains to be done. Every help in the work will be welcomed and even the smallest aid will be the means of bringing happiness to some afflicted family. All contributions of money and clothing should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND, Bible House, New York.

The following are the contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND:

Mrs. C. Comb,	\$100.00
Old Subscriber, Ga.,	20.00
A Friend, Brooklyn,	1.00
P. B. Bromfield,	25.00
Christian H. Lehde, Milford, Pa.,	2.00
Mrs. Mary M. Prentice, Hubbard, Minn.,	2.50
J. S. Latch, Wilcox, Pa.,	5.00
Williamstown, N.Y.,	1.00
Mrs. T. H. Turner, Oxford, N. Y.,	1.00
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Mrs. Lydia E. Wheeler, Oxford, N. Y.,	1.00
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A Friend, New York City,	25.00
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Matthew A. White, Lloyd, Wis.,	.75
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Elizabeth Morehouse, Bourkville,	1.00
Miss Waidman's Sunday School Class Junction,	
N. J., Box of Clothing	
An Old Subscriber, Elroy,	1.00
A. M. F.,	200.00
Willing Workers S. S. Class, Farmersville, N. J.,	2.50
H. K. Deisher, Kutztown Pa., Box of Clothing,	
The Widow's Mite,	1.00
J. M. Drake,	1.00
Mr. Edward H.,	2.00
H. Schneer,	4.00
Mrs. Judd,	1.10
In His Name,	2.00
S. M. Boothby,	2.00
Mrs. S. M. Boothby,	2.00
Mrs. V. H. Lackey,	5.00
From Bread Winners, Portsmouth, N. H.,	20.00
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,	25.00
Total to date,	\$744.15



THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND—FEEDING THE DESTITUTE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

By our Special Artist, after a Photograph from Life.

over it the mantle of his pardon and love. Mercy for thee, O! thou chief of sinners. Harlot! thy feet foul with hell, and thy laughter the horror of the street—oh, Mary Magdalen—look to Jesus. Mercy for thee, poor lost waif of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God. Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited—and the King sits with his guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. It is half-way shut. It is three-fourths shut. It is only just a-jar. Soon it will be shut.

"Come, for all things are now ready." Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption.

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

even making the button-holes besides.

One lady District Visitor having charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund in a populous section of the Westside, in one day visited sixty families and found a very large number in want of immediate relief.

One woman living in a basement on West 21st Street she found with a blind and sick husband and two children, one a boy who gets work irregularly at silk dyeing. He is the sole support of the little home. The mother does what little work she can to help. All bear the marks of privation on their faces. In another house, on the next street, is a man with a wife and one child. He is an expert cabinet-maker, but has been out of work for nearly six months. The condition of this home can be better imagined than described. In a third house, she found that the death angel had preceded her and that the husband had been taken. The Merritt Mission defrayed the cost of the funeral. This poor father literally died of a broken heart, through not being able to get work. He left a widow and five children to the care of the world and the Food Fund is supplying their wants temporarily. In another home, the father, who is an expert gardener, has been out of work six months. He has excellent references but can get no employment anywhere. His wife and child and his mother are dependent on him. His sister, a kind, willing girl, has



THE ABRAHAMIC COVENANT.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 11, Gen. 17:1-9. Golden Text, Gen. 15:6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ABEL, Enoch, and Noah, were all men of faith, but Abraham was not only himself a man of faith, but also a father: "the father of all them that believe." In Noah, the generation of his day came under judgment and the curse; in Abraham and his seed, should all nations of the earth be blest. Abraham was essentially a father. Abraham and his seed are often so mentioned together; God is the God of Abraham, but not Abraham alone; also of Isaac and of Jacob. God's first promise to Abraham was: "Be thou a blessing . . . In thee shall all the families of the earth be blest." God could take Enoch and Noah into his confidence regarding present and future judgment; both these holy men were prophets, but Abraham was a father, truly a kingly and a priestly man in his own tents, but even more a father, a man of the family, a head of the race of Israel, a head of the race of men of faith.

God had made a covenant with Noah; but it included, not only Noah's seed, but also every living creature. Noah's covenant was, exclusively one of giving on God's side and receiving on man's side, and on the side of the animate creation. But God's covenant with Abraham was of another order. God had specially prepared Abraham; when he called him to come out from his country, his kindred and his father's house, it was the call to him to make

A Deliberate Choice

of God before all that was dear to him. Noah knew that if he had taken part with the judged world, he would have perished in the general destruction. No such calamity threatened Abraham had he remained in his country and in his father's house. If he had remained there he might, like the rich man, have received in his lifetime his good things (Luke 26:25), but he deliberately chose God at any cost, at any risk, and made no conditions whatsoever; he "came out not knowing whither he went." There was no intrinsic perfection in Abram; equally with Elijah, he was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he made a terrible mistake when he denied his wife in Egypt and in Gerar (Gen. 12:11-20; 20:2-18), and again in his taking Hagar at his wife's suggestion, but the bent of his life was to consider God before himself, and before all else. God had found in Abraham a heart which responded to his own, something which answered to him. Therefore, this father of them that believe must pass through a severe school in the tests to which his faith should be put, in order that he might become a spiritual progenitor of a spiritual seed, and through his history, incorporated in the living, powerful Word of God, beget a race of men of faith. Thus we can understand how, after his acting on human lines, and yielding to the human pressure of Sarah his wife in taking Hagar to help God to fulfil his promise, thirteen years of silence must take place between him and his God, during which there is no mention of his building an altar, or of God speaking to him. But God knew when this dignified token of his displeasure was enough, and, in his wondrous grace, he was the first to break the silence. It was when Abram was ninety years old and nine that God appeared to him, and said unto him: "I am the Almighty God: walk before Me, and be thou perfect, and I will make My covenant between Me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly." It was a reproof: why should Abraham have tried to help the Almighty? But it was also

A Guarantee of Power

for Abraham to fulfil his side of the covenant. In God's covenant with Noah, man

had no more part than the animal creation, he was a simple recipient of blessing. With Abram it was otherwise. By the very fact of God's Almightyness, revealed to him, God appealed to him to walk before him and be perfect. Enoch and Noah had walked with God, Noah was to walk before him as, later on, Elijah stood before the Lord God of Israel (1 Kings 18:1). Abram was to prove God's Almightyness in respect to his vocation of father, in which, first by denying his wife, and afterward by taking Hagar, he had sinned just in failing to count on God's Almightyness. Oh, how wonderful it is that God does his mighty works just exactly in the place of man's failure! How we see that our weakness and failure—seen by God long before it is clear to us—is no hindrance to him! He only wants to have the ruin in his own hands, and then he can recreate. How could the fallible Abram walk before God after he had so signally failed? Just by the very knowledge of his fallibility which would make him count on God's Almightyness. While he was loyal to God, and walked before him in full sight of his Almightyness,

God would Keep him

in a perfect way. Abram had learned something in those years of silence; he knew now how to be ashamed; he "fell on his face." God can talk with a man who lies upon his face ashamed before the Holy One; Abram was riper for God's purpose now that he lay upon his face than he was when the first glow of enthusiasm lit up his face as he turned his back upon the land and friends of his childhood and youth; something of self-satisfaction might have filled his heart then, but shame and confusion of face now. God talked with him, saying: "As for Me, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations." What then? was the silence of God no token of a change of purpose? No; the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. 11:29.) God may wait until his children are in a condition to receive his promise and to carry out his purpose; but his purpose itself cannot be shaken. What then? Should Abraham still be a father? Yes; and of many nations. And God changed his name as a token that he would fulfil his promise and then he called out Abraham's faith to a much stronger test and said: "For a father of many nations have I made thee." Only God has a right to speak of the future as though it were already. "And Abram believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." And his faith at this point prepared him for the crowning test of his life when he was called to offer up his only son, Isaac, in whom his seed was called.

And I will make thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee. Yes, and not only earthly kings but they who shall reign with Christ are spiritually the children of Abraham. "And I will establish My covenant with thee, and with thy seed after thee, throughout their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." It was worth the stern rebuke of God's silence through all those thirteen years of Ishmael's life, to know now that not only himself but his seed were the chosen of God to whom he bound himself, and pledged himself to be their God. "And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee,

The Land of thy Sojournings"

(R.V.); all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession." Every true son and daughter of Abraham comes into eternal possession of the land of their sojournings. God is always uprooting his children from places, and habits, and positions, where they settle down here on earth. He is ever reminding us that we are pilgrims. But

with every striking of our tent, every break up of family ties, or of the links in Christian work, which we accept joyfully from the hands of God something eternal has taken place. The root torn up from earth is securely planted in heaven; the pilgrim spirit develops the citizen of heaven, and God's purpose to disunite man from earth and from himself and to unite him to himself is being invisibly, but surely, carried out. God would never have said to Noah what he said to Abraham: "As for thee thou shalt keep My covenant." He had drawn nearer to Abraham and he ordained that every male of Abraham's seed should bear a mark in his flesh which should mean: "God is in covenant with me and I with him." It was as a circumcised man that Abraham was to become father of nations, of kings, of the promised Seed, and of all them that believe. Circumcision was to be the token of the covenant "made" by God, but to be "kept" by man." God was bringing out his purposes and preparing Abraham for everlasting companionship with him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ABOUT twenty-four years elapsed between the events of the last lesson and those which we consider this week. During that time, Abram had visited Egypt, being driven out of Canaan by famine. After a painful and humiliating experience, he had returned. Lot was still with him, but on their return, the wealth of the uncle and nephew gave rise to troubles. Their servants quarrelled, probably about pasturage and the use of wells; and Abram, foreseeing the possibility of these quarrels leading to a personal estrangement between himself and Lot, proposed that they should separate, while the quarrels were still confined to their servants. With princely generosity, he gave his nephew the choice of country; and Lot, unable to respond in the same spirit, chose the richer district. It appears to have been about five years after the separation, that Abram heard that Lot and all his property had been captured and carried captive in a war between the kings of the district Lot had chosen for his residence; and Abram promptly gathered his retainers and rescued his nephew. After this he received the assurance that he should have a son, from whom should descend a great nation. Sixteen years passed and there were no signs of the promise being fulfilled. Abram was ninety-nine years old and he was possibly beginning to question in his mind whether he had not been mistaken as to the promise of posterity. To relieve his mind and to strengthen his faith, the promise is repeated in the vision at Hebron, which is the subject of the lesson. He is to continue his righteous life and is assured that there has been no mistake on his part as to the promise. In spite of appearances he will be the father of many nations—a promise fulfilled afterward in the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael—the land of Canaan would be the possession of his posterity and God would be their God as he was the God of Abraham. This new name he was in future to bear, the addition of the two letters changing its signification from "high or exalted father" to that of the "exalted father of a multitude." The chief lesson to dwell upon is that God expects us to believe him and trust him in the face of what seem to us insurmountable difficulties. We are still to believe his promise, even when it seems to us that it is impossible it can be fulfilled. So highly does God value such faith in him that he counts it as righteousness. The wicked man who turns from his wickedness and trusts in God's promise is forgiven and God treats him as if he were righteous. Thus early in the world's history is the New Testament doctrine of justification by faith introduced. Very dear to God is the man who implicitly believes and trusts him.

Walk before me and be thou perfect. He who lives in the consciousness that he is

always in the presence of God and desirous to please him will do nothing mean or selfish. Among the candidates for church membership in a certain church was a girl who was employed as a housemaid. She had some difficulty in satisfying the deacon who talked with her that she had experienced the great change. Her knowledge of doctrine was small and she knew little of the evidences. "Tell us," said the minister kindly, "of anything that makes you think you are born again." The girl hesitated a moment and then said, "It may seem trifling thing to you, sir, but one thing that I sweep under the mats, now."

A father of many nations. That promise has been exactly fulfilled. All Christendom rejoices in the spiritual light which has dawned upon the earth when Abraham separated himself from idolaters and went out to live alone for God. From his descendants, Moses, David, the Prophets, and greatest of all, Christ himself, who was of the seed of Abraham, has come the light and guidance by which the nations walk to this day. Travelers in South America tell us of species of palm, called the Tamai Caps which has the power in a remarkable degree of attracting the atmospheric moisture, which it condenses and drops upon the earth in refreshing dew. In the midst of an arid desert it rises, and around it a luxuriant vegetation soon springs forth. The flood gates of heaven may refuse to open, the flow of the fountains may cease, the rivers may shrink into rivulets, but the life-giving rain-tree is only the more active in winning moisture from the reluctant air, and creating an oasis where the traveler's weary eye shall find delight, and his heated brow a cooling shade. What a type this is of the refreshing dew which have come from the seed of Abraham!

Establish my covenant with you. Of Martin Luther it has been said, that, though generally cheerful and happy in his God there were times when he passed through deep waters, and cried in bitterness of soul "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." Once, when nothing seemed to avail, he was induced to leave home for a few days, in the hope that he might recover his cheerfulness; but he returned with a cloudy and dejected countenance. Great was his surprise, on entering the house, to find his wife seated in the middle of the room, attired in black garments, and with a mourning cloak thrown over her, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, as if bitterly weeping! He eagerly inquired the cause of her distress, which she seemed loath at first to communicate; but, on his again imploring her to speak, she answered, "Only think, dear doctor, our Father in heaven is dead! Judge if I have not cause for my grief." Upon this, immediately comprehending her riddle, he laughed, and embracing her, said, "You are right, dear Kate; I am acting as if there were no God in heaven;" and from that hour his melancholy left him.

Thy seed after thee. The children of a righteous man are benefited by his righteousness. As the sons of a drunkard or a vicious man inherit in their blood a proclivity to the vices of their father, so the children of the good man are predisposed to follow in their father's steps. As a famous writer has said, "The righteous man makes a provident laying by in a double sense for the future. He is blessed after death and his descendants are blessed, too. We do much as the Arabs, who travelling in the desert, bury water in certain fore-planned places that those of the tribe following may find welcome refreshment."

An everlasting Possession. This was a promise none beside God could make. There is no possession on earth so secure that it is free from the danger of loss. A French peasant who had a dread of being poor in his old age saved his money and hoarded it carefully. He feared to trust it to the Government or to a bank, and kept it hidden under the floor of his room in which he lived and worked. There, he felt convinced, it would be safe, and he counted over the precious notes whenever he added another to the store. There came a time of distress and the man was out of work. He could not save anything to add to his hoard and he would not look at it lest he should be tempted to spend one of the notes. It was six weeks since he had seen it and he bore his poverty as well as he could. Hunger at last overcame his avarice and he reluctantly went to the hiding-place to get money for food. To his horror and dismay he found nothing but a heap of feathery fragments. Two rats had chewed up the whole to make their nest.



Martha of Lebanon.

Syrian Housewife at Home—Domestic Affairs—An Oriental Cuisine—Bread-making—A Dish of Pottage.

HE looks up from her washing as we near her home. Her laundry is roofed by a friendly fig-tree; one side is protected from the wind by a wall of loosely-laid stones, picked up in the adjacent fields. Her lute joins this at a right angle. Upon her right hand is a confused heap of baskets, water-pots, sticks



"SHE LOOKS UP FROM HER WASHING."

ad straw. A chicken roosts upon the utmost basket and will probably sleep in tonight. A shapeless garment that may be Martha's own "izzar," or her husband's trousers, is spread upon the heap dry.

The entire furniture of the laundry is in all sight, when we have added to it her sit tub. "I need not remind American housewives of the insistence of Irish help upon this 'convenience' of every well-ordered household. Martha's tub is a great metal bowl, and it is set between her knees, her feet being the earth from which she—and we—sprang. One daughter sits with folded hands beside her; another is lazily stirring lentil pottage in the pot used awhile ago for heating the water required for her mother's morning task. For Martha, be it understood, is as sensible of the desirableness of having both 'hot and cold water' when she is about her washing, as Bridget-of-the-hog. She makes a little go very far, however, and the fire of sticks over which it was heated having burned itself out into a bed of clear coals, she utilizes it and the kettle in the preparation of the family supper.

The family wash is not large. When she has rubbed, rinsed, and wrung a couple of white izzars for herself, a cotton tunic or skirt for her lord, and two or three sheets for the baby, the bulk of the work is disposed of. Those who groan over the heavy wash of a Monday in our more (or less) favored land, can form an idea of the diminution of toil that would be brought about by the absence from the weekly tale of articles, of towels, table-cloths, sheets, napkins, stockings, handkerchiefs and underclothing of all kinds. Martha wears either shoes nor stockings, nor does any member of her flock. Each is habited in at least one garment, for she is a decent body, and scorns the shiftless neighbors who suffer their boys to run abroad with no covering on their supple bodies. When the solitary frock or tunic, or "combination suit" of blouse and trousers drops quite to pieces, a new one is substituted, and the remnants of the former are worked up in some manner. By the time that the washing is spread upon the stones and underbrush to dry, it is time the bread, set to rise this morning in a red earthen pan, should be kneaded. The kitchen is on the other side of the house. Martha has ideas of the fitness of things, and does not "clutter" as the manner of some is. She has all of out-of-doors to work in and uses what she needs. A cloth is laid under the low table which is sprinkled thickly with flour before the risen dough is

cast upon it. What falls from the board during the kneading will thus be saved. With rapid touches she brings the yielding lump into a ball, and tosses it from one hand to the other with incredible swiftness. It grows in size and lightness before your eyes, and when she adjudges it to be light and large enough, is turned to the board and patted into a sheet hardly thicker than stout writing-paper. A round, slightly convex piece of iron, not unlike a shield in form and size, has been heating over coals glowing within a sort of semi-circular fender of red clay. The bread-sheet is laid upon the shield and cooks quickly. As each relay is browned, it is transferred to a wicker tray to cool, and another takes its place. These cakes have a top and bottom crust with a void space between them. They are usually sour. Indeed, most of the bread I have eaten, or tried to eat, in Syria is sour, and my soul loathes it. Martha's cakes are likewise tough, shortening being an unknown quantity in the manufacture.

The family, as a rule, meet at but one meal in the day, and that is supper. Unless it rains, they will partake of this under the fig-tree, and chickens and dogs be in readiness to devour such scraps as may be flung to them. Less careful providers do not get up a hot supper every day of the week, contenting themselves with preparing a great pot of stew of some description on alternate days, and eating what is left over on the morrow. Martha looks well to the ways of her household. Her husband earns a matter of thirty-two cents a day—which goes as far as a dollar-and-a-quarter would in the United States—and deserves a comfortable, orderly meal when he comes home in the evening. Tonight, it will be "that same red pottage," we have seen the daughter stirring in the pot. We would call the lentils composing it brown; Martha knows them as red, and the dish she evolves from them is, we believe, identical with that bought by hungry Esau from his smart brother. The dried lentils are soaked, then boiled and drained, and left to cool and stiffen for awhile. Half-an-hour or so before supper, they will be thrown into boiling oil or fat of some kind, and heated thoroughly, then seasoned and poured into a large crockery or wooden bowl. If she would have it especially savory, she fries an onion in the fat before putting in the lentils.

"You will observe," says our interpreter, "that this is not porridge, nor yet what the French cooks set before us as a 'potage,' or a 'puree.' It is a dish of pottage." It gives forth a goodly smell as it reeks in kettle and bowl. I have eaten it with hearty relish more than once in hotel and private house, and never without a sorrowful thought of the hungry hunter who made an unlucky meal of "bread and pottage of lentils."

He doubtless ate it as Martha's spouse will eat of this, from a bowl set flat upon the earth. The family gather about it, cross-legged, or as our traveler puts it—"sitting upon nothing, as only Orientals can sit." Each tears off a bit of leathery crust from a

round cake of bread, dips it deftly into the pottage, securing enough to envelope in the folded scrap of crust, which is thus conveyed to the mouth. As a fresh bit of bread is used each time the "sop" is dipped, the method is not unclean—provided always that the eater's fingers are clean. In view of the scarcity of water in the land, and the absence of towels, not to mention the various uses to which bowls are put, we do not inquire wisely when we give this point too much consideration.

To-morrow, Martha may serve a stew of potatoes, flavored with onions and unctuous with grease. After the custom of the peasantry of all countries, the lower classes of Northern and Southern Syria are inordinately fond of fat and sweets. Potatoes, although introduced into Syria by missionaries, less than a century ago, have taken kindly to the soil and are a favorite dish. Or, she may pull up a cabbage from the plot of garden behind her hut, or buy it from a neighbor. Chopped cabbage, rice and onions, shining with fat, are not to be despised. There is also what we classify as a species of vegetable marron, but shaped more like a cucumber, that, when shred into the pot, reminds us of the great vessel Elisha ordered his servant to "set on and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets."

"And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds, his lapfull and shred them into the pot of pottage; for they knew them not."

Rice is cooked far better by Martha than by a majority of professional cooks with us. Every grain stands up for itself, and is further encouraged to independence by a crating of olive oil or some kind of gravy. Seasoned with onion, and made more pleasing to the eye by bits of minced tomato, it is palatable and nourishing.

The hostess stands aside, and bows, raising her hand to her forehead, then laying it upon her heart, inviting us to pass into her dwelling before her. The outer walls of heavy stones are laid in sun-dried clay, with which the inner walls are coated. The flat roof is supported by rough boards laid from side to side. Upon these is a layer of sticks and straw, and over these earth



"A BREATHING SPELL."—MARION HARLAND AT JERUSALEM.

is spread to the depth of eight or ten inches, and beaten or rolled flat. As the winter rains come on, the covering of the house must be frequently—sometimes daily—inspected. A crack soon widens into a fissure. "By slothfulness the roof sinketh in, and through idleness of the hands, the home leaketh."

The continual dropping in a rainy day is of muddy water, and the household is fortunate if the whole superstructure of mud, twigs and boards does not give way and overwhelm them, or drive them into the windy storm and tempest.

Our Martha is notable in her generation, and evidently expects us to admire the proofs of the quality offered by the interior of her abode. To appreciate her ingenuity, I must remark that the flooring of clay mixed with chopped straw or stubble is kneaded and spread by the women themselves, and that they keep the inner walls in repair by daubing them with the same mixture. When the floor is badly broken, or very foul from use, the housewife cleans

house by kneading a fresh supply of this untempered mortar and besmearing it anew. Martha has invented a process of combining her mortar with gum gathered laboriously from mountain-trees, which imparts a gloss to walls and floor. She has likewise smoothed the cement with a board instead of contenting herself with patting it level with hands and feet. The only attempt at decoration we have seen in the houses of the Eastern



BREAD-MAKING.

peasants is pathetically prominent in the ten-by-ten room in which we now stand. It is Martha's master-piece and must be duly admired if one desires to secure a reputation for taste in the fine arts. Right in the middle of the room (which is the house) is a rude pillar, about as thick and high as a five o'clock tea-table, constructed of red clay hardened by gum, and really resembling red stone.

Besides the door, there are two small windows upon opposite sides of the apartment. The dead-wall facing us as we enter is the family store-room. The place of honor is given to the barrel of family flour (meal.) Upon the top is the kneading-trough, or pan, in which the dough is mixed and set to rise. A hole near the bottom of the barrel lets out the meal when it is needed for use, and is then plugged up with a rag. The sight corrects our preconceived ideas of the widow of Sarepta's mode of getting the day's supply from her exhaustless barrel. We who have pictured her as leaning far over the edge, scraping up the flour from the echoing bottom, have lost the beauty and the significance of the miracle. The daily dole came from above, as will be seen, and she had no means of estimating how much or how little was left in the barrel, as she drove the plug back into place.

The cruse of oil, by a pleasant coincidence, not of our contrivance, is nearby on the floor, full-bodied and narrow-necked. If faithless, the widow might peer, but unsuccessfully, to guess how long she might depend upon the contents remaining in the bottom.

I cannot leave the widow of Sarepta without relating a little incident that came to me the other day. A party of traders and missionaries visiting Sarepta from Sidon on Thanksgiving day, saw just without what was once the gate of the city, "a woman gathering of sticks" to make a fire.

The commonest events of the lowly life in this country, so strange and yet so familiar to the Bible-student, is an expressive commentary upon the Scriptures. As when, before coming indoors, Martha, perceiving that the fire of coals under the lentil-pot was nearly out, hastily rolled a bunch of dried grass into a wisp, thrust it under the kettle and as it smoked, persuasively blew it into a flame.

"If God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

"Smoking flax shall he not quench." But to our store-room—Strings of onions and peppers hang from the ceiling; smaller barrels of rice and other commodities are in line with that holding the meal; jars, pots and kettles are upon these; a big pestle is suspended alongside a miscellany of baskets, cloths and porringers, each of which has value in Martha's sight. Her cousin of Bethany would hasten to unroll a mat or rug for us to stand upon. It is not easy or convenient for country Martha to get woven matting, and rugs are a city luxury. We can see for ourselves that the broom of twigs set in house-wifely order, with the brush end uppermost, against the wall has been in diligent use to-day. The floor, if hard, is smooth and clean, and her Bethany kinswoman could not offer, with more cordial, hospitality the cushions now brought forward for our accommodation.

MARION HARLAND.

(To be continued.)



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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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EARLY FORESHADOWINGS.

NATURE invariably hints for what she has made a child. Here is a boy cunning at a bargain. At school he is extravagantly fond of trading. He will not come home twice with the same knife, or hoop, or kite. To-morrow morning he will leave the house with an ignominious yarn-ball—a great trial to a boy on the play-ground—but at night will come back with one of India-rubber, which, under the stroke of the bat, will soar almost out of sight, and then come down with long-continued bounce! bounce! Some morning, calculating the lowness of the apple-market, he will take a satchel full to school. Immediately there is a rush in the market. He monopolizes the business. He sells at just the right time. The vigilant school-master, finding him bartering in what are not considered lawful business hours, brings him into port, and he is compelled by this government officer to discharge his cargo in the presence of his fellows, who gape upon him like a company of stevedores. Can you doubt for a moment for what occupation he was designed? He must be a merchant.

Here is a boy of different liking. Across the brook he has thrown a dam, and whirling around is a water-wheel. He can construct anything he chooses—sleds for the winter, wagons for the summer, and boats for the river. His knife is most of the time out on a whittling excursion. Down on your best carpets he plants his muddy tools. You are so pestered on the Saturdays when there is no school, it requires all of Sunday, and sharp sermons at that, to get your patience uncrinkled. Pigeon-coops on the barn and bird houses in the trees attest his ingenuity. Give him a trade. He must be a mechanic.

Here is another boy. You do not know what to do with him. He is always starting an argument. He meets your reproof with a syllogism. He is always at the most inconvenient time asking, "Why?" He is non the opposite side of what you believe, but anything for an argument. If you promised him a flogging, he would file a caveat to stop proceedings, and, dissatisfied with your decisions, he gets out a "certiorari," carrying matters up to the Supreme Court of his own reason. With all this he has a glib tongue, and when fairly started, it rattles like hail on a tin roof. His destiny is plain: he must be a lawyer.

But it you should happen to have under your charge, as guardian or parent, a child not sharp enough to strike a bargain, or ingenious enough to make a sled, not loquacious enough to start an argument, not inquisitive as to the origin of things, always behind in the school, and slow on the play-ground—there is then only this alternative: If he be fat and chubby, of unconquerable

appetite and enormous digestion, and lazy withal, then send him to the city, pull the wires, and make him an alderman. But if he be long and lean, sallow-cheeked, with nerves ever on the twitch, and a digestion that will not go, I know not what you will do with him unless you make him a minister. Alas! for the absurdity rampant among families, that when, because of physical incompetency, a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit to be a "legate of the skies." Religion will never make up for lack of liver and backbone.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

WE have known a young man cross, and sour, and queer, and feeble of body and mean of soul, disgusting every body, under a heavenly touch transformed into a man buoyant and blissful, the earth and the heavens breaking forth into music. "O!" says some one, "I admit that must be a great recreation, doing good, and I would surely employ that mode if I had the means." You have the means. "O," says some one, "my means are extremely limited; you would be surprised how small my means are, and I can't employ that mode of recreation." My brother, have you two hands? "Yes." Have you two feet? "Yes." Do you suppose that during the coming year you could devote ten dollars to charities? "Yes." Will you during the year be able to give twenty-five hundred cheerful looks to the desponding? "Yes." Would you during the coming year have five thousand words of encouragement if you should seek for them? "Yes." Magnificent equipment you have.

To-morrow morning on the way to business you see a case of real destitution, for sometimes there is a call from God in such a case, and you can see right through and know the difference between a sham case and a real case of destitution. You contribute two pennies out of those ten dollars you are going to give during the year, and as the pennies rattle down into the blind man's hat, he hears it and says, "God bless you, thank you, thank you, thank you." You look indifferent. You pass down with cultured indifference for fear some one is looking at you. You look as if you were not elated, but from scalp to heel you feel a thrill. No need of denying it. You feel a great satisfaction in having made that man happy.

Why, the most magnificent recreation on earth, for body, mind, and soul, is doing good. Some of you have tried it. You know it better than I do. There are such men and women in the world, thank God!

The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy. Sympathy in their work. Sympathy in their fatigues. Sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years. Wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ has it. Christ it is that is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

THE REASON WHY.

LET the whole truth be told. In some cases (not all) the chief obstacles to the union of different branches of the ecclesiastical families, are the secretaries and their friends, who have to seek other spheres of usefulness, who could be spared for other work if once the theological seminaries were united. "Where would we go to?" "What will you do with us?" is practically the cry of those who are financially interested in the continued separation. We reply: "Go to work somewhere else!" If the people think you are dull and will not hear you preach, like it for granted that the Lord sometimes calls men out of the ministry as well as calls others into it. The union of such denominations of Christians as are already practically the same, would save to the Church hundreds of thousands of dollars. The

courtship has been going on for some time, and we think the ceremony has already commenced, and there is no need of your standing out there forbidding the banns. On all the organs of Christendom let the "Wedding March" be sounded!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. M. A. Dodge, Trumbull, O., writes in reply to the letter of another correspondent through "The Mail Bag."

The poem of which the third verse begins: "The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale," can be found in "The Sacred Melodion," page 197.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C. Are the premiums for subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD still open?

Yes; you can still secure the International Teachers' Bible or "From Manger to Throne," together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year by forwarding \$2 to this office.

L. P. San Marcos, Tex. We are called to vote for or against the liquor traffic. In view of the command, "We are not to do evil that good may come," can I purchase a vote to be cast for Prohibition and remain, as I profess to be, a consistent Christian?

No; neither lying, bribery, dissimulation, fraud nor deception of any kind, is justifiable or in harmony with the Christian life, which is founded on truth and righteousness. If the righteous ever hopes to "shine forth as the sun," (Matt. 13: 43), it can only be by emulating the example of our Saviour and imploring divine help to making our Christian profession and practice agree throughout.

A. McCune, Perry, Mo. Where were the spirits in prison to whom Christ is represented as preaching (1 Peter 3: 18-20)?

The Apostle is speaking of the Antediluvians to whom Christ preached by the Holy Spirit in the days of Noah. The passage simply implies that these men now in prison (or the abode of the lost) had had their opportunity of repentance, inasmuch as Christ had preached to them by his Spirit.

Mrs. Williams, Fayetteville, Ark. If God is without form as we are told, what did he mean by saying (Gen. 1: 26) "Let us make man in our image?"

Not our physical image but in spiritual capacity. The distinction is in reference to animals who were without spiritual responsibility and the higher faculties. He was about to make a creature of a higher order than any then existing on the earth, more Godlike and capable of more exalted life.

Vulcan, Des Moines, Ia. Which is the oldest book in the Old Testament? Who was the author?

The Book of Job is generally believed by eminent Biblical scholars to be the oldest. The subject of the book is supposed to have lived in Arabia, about 2414 B.C., and to have been contemporary with Peleg. The authorship is unknown but internal evidence points to the conclusion that it was produced by some Arabian writer. It was evidently written by son e one wholly outside of the Hebrew nation, as it contains no reference to the Law which would have been the case had the author been a Hebrew. The figures of speech employed and the scenery described belong rather to Arabia or Egypt than to Palestine.

Subscriber, Venango, Neb. Did Jesus ever attend school as an ordinary boy?

Of the first thirty years of his life little is recorded beyond the incident of his visit to Jerusalem with Joseph and Mary, when he was twelve years old. Usually both parents of a Jewish child took an active part in its early education. It was incumbent on the father to teach his offspring the Law and the other Scriptures, which constituted the essentials of Jewish education. Josephus, the historian, states that, at fourteen, he himself had so thorough a knowledge of the Law that the high priests and first men of the town sought his opinion. Christ's earlier years, after he had passed from the first lessons of Joseph and Mary, were doubtless spent in school, with other children of the little Galilean village.

Ellen R., Pittsburgh, Pa. During the present season, I have been much out in society, and must confess I have had a pleasant time. But I do object to such dancing as I have frequently witnessed, and hold it to be unfit for anyone, especially for young girls, to take part in. Some of my friends pool-pool my scruples and tell me that there is authority in the Scriptures for dancing. Was the dancing mentioned in the Bible of this sort? I would be glad to be informed.

The Bible contains no instances of dancing where the two sexes unite in the exercise, either for worship or amusement. Those ancient dances were mainly religious, although they were sometimes practised on the occasion of national festivals or to celebrate great victories. (Psalm 149: 3.) They were usually performed by maidens only, and in the daytime. Those who perverted dancing from its original use to purposes of pleasure, were everywhere condemned.

P. E. Wood, Daney, Wis. I am anxious to win souls for Christ from my fellow-boarders. I have done everything I can think of. Can you tell me of any way?

The methods you describe in your letter as having been adopted are surely the best. You cannot do better than continue praying for them. The persistent urging of religion upon them under the circumstances you mention might do more harm than good. Your own life must be the silent preacher now. Patience,

forbearance, kindness, helpfulness and all care to avoid sin yourself will eventually win their respect and good will. You will then have better opportunities for pressing the subject of religion on their attention.

Mr. John Lance, Whittlesby, O. How long a pe was occupied with the work of creation?

It is impossible to say. Evidences are for in the world's crust by geologists of the length of enormous periods, the length of which can only guess at. The days mentioned in Genesis may have been separated by great tervals, or may have represented long periods.

O. W. Lashier, Ariadne, Tenn. 1. Is a Christian bidden to take the oath in a Court of Justice elsewhere by Matt. 5: 34-37? 2. In what condition is a man when Christ's words about the finding the house swept and garnished Matt. 43-45 apply to him?

1. It is generally thought that Christ referred to oaths in ordinary conversation when he forbade his followers to swear. The rever taking of the oath as a jurymen or witness is a very different matter from the blasphemous exclamations with which wicked men gain their remarks. It is to these latter probably that Christ referred. 2. Primarily the Lord applies his remark to the Jewish nation who would worse after the temporary reformation under teaching of John the Baptist. Individually man is in danger of falling into that state w aroused and convicted of sin rests satisfied w a moral reformation instead of giving his le into Christ's keeping.

John W. Loogrove, Staunton, Va. 1. Is the undonable sin one that can be committed only by a believer who has received baptism of the Holy Spirit? If not what does Mark 3: 29 mean? What did Christ mean when he said (Luke 9: 42) "let the dead bury the dead?"

1. There is a mystery about the unpardonable sin which has never been satisfactorily solved. The most credible explanation is that it was: tributing to the devil the power by which the Holy Spirit operated. If this is so a man w had received the baptism of the Holy Spi would be about the last man likely to commit it. 2. A man whom Christ called to follow h ought to allow nothing to interpose between him and that duty. A funeral in that land was particularly likely to unsettle him as it would be ceremony at which he would meet all his family. He being spiritually awakened and called mig leave to those who were spiritually dead t duty of burying the dead man.

Subscriber, Elba, Va. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premium book, *From Manger to Throne*, Dr. Talmage speaks of the mummy of Pharaoh in the Museum at Cairo. I would like to ask: w the body was gotten from the Red Sea, and w positive evidence there is of the mummy beu that of Pharaoh?

As we stated in our issue of Dec. 6, last, t body of Menephtah has been found and it h always been supposed by the majority of Egyptologists that he was the Pharaoh whose am was destroyed in the Red Sea. It is certain th he was the son of Rameses II. whose reign at character correspond in many details to th of the Pharaoh of the oppression. Menephtah as shown by the hieroglyphs, had a son great promise, who reigned with him and d mysteriously when a young man, as would h been the case in the slaying of the first-bo if the theory that Menephtah was the Pharaoh of the Exodus be correct. Menephtah is d scribed as a cowardly monarch, who, on mo than one occasion, had some convenient vision or otherwise found a pretext for avoidi personal danger by staying out of the batti and the supposition is reasonable that, in p uing the Israelites, he halted on the verge of the divided sea, and so saved his own life while his army entered and perished.

Lizzie Gage, Manchester, N. H. The Session family, we understand, have all returned from Congo.—Rev. Geo. W. Sargent, Bellevue, Ia. This is none.—Mrs. A. J. Parry, Vineland, N. J. Write to the Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass.—From M. Camp, Rockport, Ill. It is a delusion and to be avoided.—Mrs. M.—We regard them, as a whole as degrading to the Lord's house.—Rev. E. H. Blod Dayton, Wyoming.—Write for information to Brazil Consul, New York City.—C. E. McKee, Des Moines, Ia.—For membership of the Red Cross, address Miss Clara Barton, President, American Red Cross Society, Washington, D. C.—J. A. Gardner, Andrew's Settlement, Pa. We don't know the address.—R. M. Williams, Ashby, Tex., and others.—Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian.—S. H. Long, Florissant, Colo. Joseph Smith is not believed to have been the real author of the Book of Mormon. It is said to have been copied from a book written by minister named Solomon Spaulding, and dealing with the ancient inhabitants of America.—M. New York. Vital Christianity was lost to Syria through the Moslem invasion.—Reader, Lauderdale, Miss. 1. See answer to R. M. Williams in this column. 2. Write to Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia.—Anxious Mother, Lafayette, Ind. No.—Annie Manning, Genesee, N. Y. Send us your proof address.—L. F. S., Philadelphia. Write to some nismatist in your own city.—Mrs. J. M. Belcher East Pepperell, replying to T. P. H., writes: "Honor golden links, are in the closing verse of the poem 'One by One.'" This poem was recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—M. S. B., Allion Write to editor *Boys' Brigade Journal*, Detroit, Mich.—Reader, La Salle, Ill. You can procure the works of Rev. S. Cox, from Whittaker, publisher, Bible House, N. Y.—L. F. Hamerschlund, Lenox, Wash.—Write to the *Review of Reviews*, N. Y. City.—F. W. E. Peshan, Greensburg, Pa. It is a Lutheran Institution.—Subscriber, Worcester, Va. The German Protestant Church in Jerusalem is Lutheran.—Mrs. E. R. Adams, Whitehall, Ill. We have already stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the pretended discovery of the fragments of Noah's Ark was positively contradicted by nearly a score of reputable travelers and writers who had visited the locality.—Mrs. E. F. Olin, Pa., and several others. The address of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting is 113 Fulton Street, N. Y. City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ANCIENT ROCK-CUT IDOLS.

GEOLOGIST, who has lately returned from an exploration of the Bamian Valley, which lies between Afghanistan and Turkestan, has brought back photographs of a remarkable scene in the valley, one which is reproduced on this page. He was invited to witness the evolutions of a strong force of cavalry, which the Ameer of Afghanistan had collected to suppress a rebellion of his subjects, the Hazaras. The exercises took place in a rocky defile, having on one side an ancient Persian city. On the other side is a high precipitous cliff running several miles. The cliff is almost perpendicular and in its side are cut three colossal figures separated only by a few yards. The figures are those of a man, a woman, and a child, and are evidently of remote antiquity. They are roughly done, but considering the hardness of the rock and the primitive tools which must have been in use when they were cut, the carving shows considerable skill. The shape and attitude of the figures indicate that they were the work of the Buddhists, who occupied the valley before its conquest by the Mohammedans. Near each idol is a cavern excavated in the solid rock, and evidently intended for worship. They are now used as arsenals for the store of arms and ammunition. The idols are similarly turned to account. They are hollow and the people use them as store-houses for grain. Whether they were originally used for that purpose, as well as for worship, there is no evidence to show; but a god full of good things would be regarded as no bad object of worship. Even at this late day, worship is too often marred by worldly motives, and men come to God's house and profess to serve him because they look to him as the source of prosperity. The question is still asked, as it was thousands of years ago, "What profit shall we have if we pray?" (Job 21: 15.)

Love in a Pest-house

A dispute between the New Jersey towns of Newark and Elizabeth has brought to light a romantic love story. There was an outbreak of small-pox recently in a boarding-house at Newark, and it was alleged that it was caused by the visit to the house of a girl who is employed as a nurse in the pest-hospital of Elizabeth. The nurse had no difficulty in proving that she had never left the hospital since her engagement. She admitted, however, under pressure, that one of the Newark sufferers from small-pox was her lover, and that he had visited her at the hospital. Her admission caused some surprise, as the Elizabeth authorities keep a guard always on duty at the door of the hospital, who allows no one to go in or out, without a written permit. There is another door to the hospital, but it is surrounded by a swamp, and as no one could reach it from the highway without wading for nearly half a mile through mud and water up to the knees, it was not thought necessary to station a guard there. It was by that door that the ardent lover had gained access. He had passed through the swamp and braved the danger of infection in the hospital that he might see the girl he loved and spend an hour in her society. Probably the young man overlooked, as many do, his responsibility to his associates. Although he might think lightly of the risk to himself of the visit to the pest-hospital and count it small compared with the gratification to be gained, he must regret as he sees others suffer through their personal contact with him. No Christian should forget that none of us liveth unto himself. (Rom. 14: 7.)

A Terrible Patient.

The professors in the College of Veterinary Surgeons in New York have had a thrilling experience in trying to cure a lion belonging to a menagerie now in the city. The lion had been in a difficulty with one of the lionesses in the menagerie and had suffered in the encounter. The lioness had seized his leg in her great jaws and tried to chew it off. She had bitten him once before and the wound had healed, but this time it grew worse and the beast was evidently suffering agony

from his injury. As he was a young lion and worth a great deal of money, his owners decided to submit his case to the College of Veterinary Surgeons. They were somewhat timid, as he was a powerful beast, weighing over four hundred pounds, and although he could use only three legs, was capable of doing a great deal of mischief. However, the surgeons consented to treat him and he was taken into the operating room. In trying to secure him to the table, he bit in two the rope that had held him and bounded to the floor. For some time they were in danger, but his keeper succeeded in calming him, and finally, after administering morphine, he became comatose and was safely bound. He recovered, however, when the doctors began work with their probes, and getting one paw loose, struck a blow at one of them which would have decapitated him had he not retreated in time. A little later he bit savagely at another and

this plant, said Mr. Gibson, were two-lobed, and from the edge of each lobe spike-like processes projected. Very small circular glands, in which there were cells filled with a purple fluid, covered the surface of the lobes. In the centre of the face of each lobe were three sharp-pointed, sensitive filaments, arranged in the shape of a triangle. As soon as the fly touched the filaments the lobes closed in upon it, and began to crush him gradually, until at last he was crushed out of all shape, and his juices taken in by the glands. The nitrogen in the insect juice set the glands in operation, and they formed a stomach, from which were emitted acid secretions, which dissolved what remained of the fly's body. As soon as the fly is digested, the leaves open again in readiness for the next victim. The insect, doubtless, has no means of knowing the dangerous nature of the plant and does not realize it until the fatal leaves close over him. So much cannot be said for men, who, in spite of warning, venture into the snares of Satan, eager to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil and neglect the tree of life whose fruits are for the healing of the nations. (Rev. 22: 2.)

A Prisoner Bargaining with a Judge.

A strange colloquy between the bench and the prisoners' pen took place in Judge Cowling's court in New York a few days ago.



COLOSSAL IDOL CUT IN THE SOLID ROCK IN AFGHANISTAN.

narrowly missed the doctor's arm. After two hours' work the limb was set and bound in splints and bandages, and the beast was taken back to the menagerie. He remained quiet all day, but in the night he tore off the dressing and will have to undergo another operation. The lion of course did not understand, when he resisted the doctors and undid their work, that they were trying to save him from worse pain. The same excuse, however, cannot be made for Christians who repine and rebel under the discipline and chastisement of God. They should know that although for the present it is grievous, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. (Heb. 12: 11.)

Murderous Plants.

A vivid description of insect-eating plants was given a few days ago by Mr. William Hamilton Gibson in a lecture before the New York Kindergarten Association. The plant known as the Venus Flytrap, was taken as a type of the species. The leaves of

The prisoner had been convicted of assault. He had fired a pistol several times at the windows of Delmonico's restaurant and scared the customers and waiters. When arrested he declared that he was a victim in the old quarrel between the rich and the poor. His counsel pleaded with the judge that he was drunk when he committed the crime and it would be better to send him to the Reformatory than to prison. The judge, however, refused and then the prisoner put in a plea on his own account. He asked the judge what the maximum sentence was and the judge told him five years. "Well," said the prisoner, "suppose you send me to prison for five years. When I come out, I shall have a worse grievance against society than I have now, and I shall not be likely to reform. If you suspend sentence I will curb my appetite and never drink any more." The judge seemed surprised at the cool audacity of the man and promptly rejected his offer. "I shall certainly not suspend sentence," he said, and it is not necessary to

send you up for five years. But I will sentence you to two years in prison. You must be punished for your crime and if you commit other crimes when you come out, you will be punished more severely. You and men like you must learn that you cannot bribe justice with offers to reform." The prisoner had forgotten, as men forget in their dealing with God, that reformation of life cannot atone for past offences. Justice requires that the prescribed penalty shall be enforced and no man would escape at God's bar, if Jesus had not borne the penalty in his own person for the sins of the world. (Heb. 2: 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

At the China Inland Mission Station at Hung-tung recently, sixty-six Chinese converts received baptism. The collection from natives alone amounted to \$750.

Miss Annie Taylor, whose Portrait appeared in this journal on Nov. 8, has succeeded in organizing a band of missionaries for work in Tibet. She expects to start about the middle of February.

A Cable Despatch sent to the Coast from Boma on the Congo announces the death of Rev. Charles Ingham of the American Baptist Mission. It states that he was trampled to death by an elephant.

The Complete New Testament in the Congo language has just been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a supply will be taken out by the party of missionaries who are about to return to that country.

The Evangelical Campaign in Brooklyn organized by Rev. A. C. Dixon, is being carried vigorously forward. Rev. George C. Needham, Rev. H. M. Wharton of Baltimore and Rev. Arthur Crain are preaching daily.

At the meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, it was reported that during the month of December 104,270 volumes had been issued from the Bible House, and since April 1, 1893, 802,607 volumes.

Among the Native Evangelists Recently Ordained in Uganda, Equatorial Africa, by Bishop Tucker, the successor of the murdered Bishop Hannington, were two powerful chiefs whose people are numerous and warlike.

The work at the Hebrew-Christian Church, St. Mark's Place, New York, which is now under the control of the City Mission Society, will in future be conducted by Mr. Hermann Warzawiak. Its title will be the American Hebrew-Christian Mission.

The Rev. Dr. Chiniquy, the Famous and Devoted champion of Protestantism, has met with a severe loss in the destruction of his house at Kankakee, Ill., by incendiaries. His library and manuscripts were all burned, and in his eighty-fourth year he is left destitute.

A Lady who was Admitted to Church-Membership in 1804, has just died at Minshall, England, at the age of 105. It is believed that her record of ninety years' membership is not surpassed in any country or church in the world in this generation. She was a Wesleyan Methodist.

Union Revival Meetings have been held in Boston, Mass., by the Tremont Temple Church and the Park Street Church. Drs. Lorimer and Lansing, the pastors, conducted the meetings, which were held every afternoon and evening in the Park Street Church. Some very remarkable conversions have been reported.

The Russian Government has Closed the Depot at Kieff in Southwestern Russia, which was opened by the Bible Society some years ago for the sale of Bibles in the Russian language. The Society was not permitted to remove its stock. An appeal is to be made to the Czar against the action of the Governor of the Province.

The Number of Persons Receiving Relief in London at the end of the year was 104,820. Of this number 65,937 were in the almshouses; the remainder were receiving money and food in their lodgings. Beside these, a number variously estimated at one to five thousand were wholly or partially supported by public or private charity.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has already expended \$205,000 in the fight with the gypsy moth the germs of which were unwittingly imported some time ago. The legislature is asked to appropriate \$165,000 for use this year in the attempt to exterminate the pest. Preachers and Temperance speakers will find this fact useful as an illustration.

Dr. Wilbur C. Chapman's Meetings at Saratoga, N.Y., have been much blessed of God. Rev. H. M. Simpson writing from that town, says that "the results are very great. Seven churches are engaged in the work" and there is a general movement of spiritual interest throughout the neighborhood. Wednesday, Jan. 17, was observed as a mid-week Sabbath through the town.

Major George H. Hilton's Meetings at Pittsburg, Pa., have resulted in the decision of more than three hundred persons to declare for Christ. The Pittsburg Press says that "never before in its history have such scenes awakened the interest and enthusiasm as these have done." The South Side Presbyterian Church has been crowded nightly and on Sundays it was necessary to hold overflow meetings.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Expect to Commence their campaign in Washington, D.C., on Feb. 7. The chorus choir of fifteen hundred voices is well organized and is being thoroughly drilled. Many prominent statesmen and officials connected with the Government are taking a warm interest in the work. Among these, Vice-President Stevenson is conspicuous. In a recent conversation with Mr. Sankey he expressed his earnest hope for the success of the campaign in the city. The meetings will continue through February.

A Welcome Utterance on the Subject of Athletics in Young Men's Christian Associations is made in the *Young Men's Era*, to the effect that the leaders of physical work have from time to time expressed their opinion as against competition between individuals or teams, unless in all-round contests. To this added emphasis was given in the declaration at the physical directors' conference at the Massachusetts Convention, held at Fitchburg, that "competitive athletics do not benefit in proportion to the danger incurred."

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Rom. 2: 7, "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality—Eternal life."

ONE cannot fail to notice the frequency with which our Lord insists upon our abiding in right conditions and appointed duties, as the means of attaining to the highest rewards of discipleship. It is not enough that we be in him; we must abide in him. It is not enough that we know his truth; we must abide in his truth. The word which is generally translated abide is also frequently rendered continue. So that whichever translation is favored, the thought is the same. The highest attainments and rewards of discipleship depend upon our steadfast abiding, our patient continuance. Let us consider at this time some of the things in which we are to continue. In the first place then I exhort you to

1. Continuance in grace. In the 13th of Acts we find Paul and Barnabas persuading the Jews and Proselytes "to continue in the grace of God." I do not know that the persons thus addressed were actually Christians; but they had come under the influences of the Gospel, and the apostles urge them to continue therein. To begin to be a disciple of Christ is one thing; to be a disciple is quite another thing. Thousands stop with the first condition. Therefore Jesus uses this solemn warning, "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." He does not say "no man turning back," or "no man going back," but no man "looking back." The eye is

The Weather-vane of the Soul.

Mark which way this turns and you can know the tendency of the life. If you have made a move toward following Christ, then I beg you do not even look back; for it may be the crisis of your life. That is the point of the Saviour's warning, "Remember Lot's wife." He is speaking of that momentous scene of the coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven. It won't do to take even a backward glance then, lest the opportunity be past. It was so in the day of Sodom. "Up, get thee out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city," was the warning. And Lot's wife when starting to flee, cast a longing look behind her and was turned into a pillar of salt. As an old preacher stated: "In this critical moment Lot's wife looked back and God never gave her an opportunity to look forward." There are times when the Lord bears with our wavering and indecision, forgives our half-heartedness over and over again. But when the crisis of our destiny comes and we falter, then the hardening follows when we are petrified—not into the salt which is good, but into that which has lost its savor and is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden. It is to me the most solemn and most sorrowful fact in human destiny that when one's opportunity comes and is allowed to slip by unimproved, it often turns into a condemnation. Very vivid and serious is the exhortation of the apostle to the Hebrews, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." The words mean exactly "Lest at any time we should float past them." Christ by his death and resurrection has taken us out from the law and brought us under grace. The promises of grace are ours if we will embrace them by faith, the rewards of grace are ours if we will seize them by patient continuance in good works; the victories of grace are ours if we will overcome by prayer and spiritual warfare. And here we are, borne on the stream of time, like a swimmer in the current of Niagara. There is the opportunity of grace, like an overhanging bush or twig. Look out that at the critical moment when you should have lain hold of it, you fail, and float past it into death and doom. There is such a thing as falling from grace, for the

apostle himself uses the expression in his letter to the Galatians. I do not say that those who have been born again can ever be unborn, and from the position of sons of God, fall into a condition of hopeless orphanage. But from the doctrines of grace we may fall, into that cold and self-confident morality that has no need of Christ; from the opportunity of grace we may slip away so that we shall get beyond hope. "Christ is become of none effect unto you whosoever of you is justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace." So writes Paul. And have we not seen this text exemplified in our own experience? One who has seemed to take hold of Christ, letting go, and returning again to his own morality as the ground of acceptance. One who has been convicted by the spirit and made sincerely sorry for his sins, returning to his sins and reliving the life which he had been moved to forsake—this is to fall from grace and to turn away from Christ to self. I exhort you therefore who hear me that you will persevere in the grace of God. Stand fast in the decision for Christ which you have once made; retract not the confession of Christ which has gone forth out of your mouth; turn not from the service of Christ upon which you have once entered; be a disciple as well as begin to be a disciple, and you may be prepared for my next exhortation.

II. Continuance in Knowledge. "If ye continue in my Word, then are ye my disciples indeed." (John 8: 31.) To be a believer is one thing, to be a disciple is quite another thing, and the difference between the two may be the difference between the babe in its mother's arms, and the graduate of the university with the highest honors on his head. A single glance at Christ can save the soul: it takes a lifelong gaze at Christ to satisfy the soul.

Our Lord was speaking to those who had already believed, when he used this language. To believe is to be born of God, but there are many

Venerable Babes

in the Church; old in years, but infantile in spiritual stature. And, I doubt not, that God grieves over dwarfs in his family, even worse than we should if we had such a misfortune in our family. And what is the remedy? He replies: "You have believed the Gospel and so been begotten again by 'the incorruptible Seed of the Word,' continue to feed upon this Gospel so that you may be disciples or students of mine. Feeding upon Holy Scripture, that ye may grow up in all things into him who is the Head." This is God's method of spiritual development. But as for man, he has sought out many inventions. Thousands of Christians depend for their religion on the reciting of the creeds and resting in the confessions of the Church. And what are confessions? The Bible is the sincere milk of the Word, and confessions are condensed milk of the Word: the Gospels are the fruit of the tree of life; and creeds are the canned fruit. And what is the objection to making these creeds and confessions the staple of our religion? The objection is that God does not want us to live on canned fruit. It is not so healthful and nourishing as that which is gathered daily. In the Bible we have the tree of life, "which bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruit every month." Think of that; what variety and freshness, twelve kinds and twelve crops in a year. There is not a question but if you will pick your basket full every day and eat, you will find the Scriptures always sweet and refreshing; that you will not have to complain of the lack of relish in reading the Word of God?

It is here, as with other books. What student would make any real progress in knowledge who should flit from page to page in his studies: picking here a sentence and there a sentence, here a line, and there

a line? Diligent pursuit and patient continuance are absolutely essential to any real growth in knowledge. "If ye abide in my Word then are ye my disciples indeed"—living in it, growing from it—"Ye shall be my disciples"—mastering my secrets, knowing my will, re-living my life and manifesting forth my glory. Be not content, my brother, to be a sinner saved merely; claim and appropriate your privilege of being a disciple sanctified.

III. Continuance in love. "As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." (John 15: 9.) Nothing is here said about continuing in our own love. Now that God has opened his heart to us and given us access to all its fulness he does not set us to pumping affection out of the empty well of our own heart. Here is the mistake of Christians, that they reckon their standing by the warmth and fervor of their own love, instead of resting in the love of God. Christ had one disciple, Simon Peter, who tried three times to tell Jesus that he loved him, and only barely succeeded in doing so. He had another disciple—John—who five times calls himself "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and found no difficulty in doing so. It is an easy thing to bask in the sunshine, but it is quite another thing

To Manufacture Sunshine,

and God does not require the impossible. Under the law we hear him saying: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." He waited for centuries without finding a solitary one who had kept this commandment. Then he spoke to the world in grace. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." As though he had said: "Since you cannot love me with all the heart, I will now love you with all my heart." As the contrast between the old covenant and the new, is that the one demands doing and the other believing, so here. The decalogue of Sinai says: "Thou shalt love;" the decalogue of Calvary says: "Thou shalt be loved." "We have known and believed the love that God hath for us," says John. Oh! wretched man is he who feels the claims of divine love, but has nothing but his own sinful and selfish heart with which to meet them. Nowhere is "the weakness and unprofitableness" of the commandments more strongly revealed than here. To do, with only the lame hands of helpless human nature with which to work were bad enough, but to love with only the fountain of a cold and loveless heart to draw from, were even worse. And God pitying our helplessness, has ceased from this demand; and in Christ Jesus he has given his own love to be the fount and source of ours. There is an old proverb, "Love is the mother of love." I know not that the proverb ever really found its interpretation till Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," starting from the cold stones of Sinai never won the affection of a single human heart so far as I know. For affection cannot be commanded: love cannot be legislated. But when on Golgotha in the fleshly tables of our Redeemer's heart, the new decalogue was written: "God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;" another method was henceforth adopted for

Winning Men.

The new covenant reads: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." This is the law by which human hearts are now to be won for Christ. What an exposition of this law there is in that story of the missionary David Cargill's conquest fifty years ago on the Fiji Islands. When savage cannibals with clubs and knives and spears, advanced to meet him, he spoke with the only two or three words of their language which he had mastered: "My love to you! My love to you!" With this talismanic sentence, he won their attention, disarmed them of their weapons, and in half a century Fiji has become Christianized. Dr. McAlil met the embittered and church-hating Communists of Paris with the only two phrases of French he had mastered. "I love you," "God loves you." And behold what twenty-five years of such preaching wrought! Here is our refuge as believers, here is our weapon as warriors. "But ye, beloved," says Jude, "keep yourselves." Ah! apostle, we cannot keep ourselves; that trinity of foes "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life," is too strong for us! Yes; but hear the whole injunction, "Praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God." I cannot keep in my love to God. Alas! for my unfilial heart! I cannot keep

God's love in me. But I can keep myself in the love of God. I can rest there. I can rejoice there. I can trust there. Lord Jesus weary and dissatisfied as we are with our own love, we will continue in thy love.

IV. Continuance in prayer. "Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving." (Col. 4: 4.) Here is the open secret of spiritual growth and victory. For prayer in its deepest sense is communion—the having in common with God. His strength for our weakness; his life for our death; his love for our selfishness. Therefore the real success of prayer depends upon its unbroken continuance. I think the greatest trouble which beginners in the school of prayer have, is in the fact that the person to whom they speak is unseen, and the power which they invoke is invisible. Oh that I could see him and hear his voice! How easy then it would be for me to make intercession with the Lord. But because we have neither seen his shape nor heard his voice we fall into doubt about the reality of this exercise.

Now I believe that in the triumphs of modern science God has taken pains to give us great object-lessons on this point. Look out upon the avenue yonder at what is constantly occurring. Just above the street there is a current of what we call electricity. Nobody knows what it is, or whence it comes. But there is a car on the track that waits to be moved. It lifts up a long arm and with its finger-tip it touches the trolley-wire, and lo! the car starts off as though the strength of some mighty giant had suddenly seized it. The power which is laid hold of is invisible, but very real. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you," says Jesus. There is the energy that moves the Church! Oh, Christian! Reach up to it! Touch it with the finger of faith! It will move you; it will inspire you; it will lift you! But what is the condition? Unbroken communion! The moment the connection with God is broken, then we begin to feel a slackening of the pace, a weakening of the energy.

A Failure of our Life-Forces.

Amid all the doctrinal defections now apparent in the Church, I contend that the greatest trouble is in the life, not in the creed. Heart-failure is what the Church of God is dying of, not head-failure! And yet there is no need of this weakness; for the heart of the Church is in heaven, and if we only keep our communion with that heart through prayer, we may have the vigor and impulse of the living Christ constantly imparted to us. I believe that it is the breaks in our Christian life, which are the source of our greatest weakness. When it is a question of growth, let us remember that the continuous hold of a child is more effectual than the intermittent grips of a giant. Jesus has wrapped up the whole secret in this principle: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done for you." Great spasms of prayer, violent storms of intercession at the gates of heaven, followed by long stretches of cold and barren praying, this is not the method by which we are to win great riches of grace and glory. The prayers that remain rooted in one place are the prayers that prevail. This petition for blessing fixed here like a plant in the garden of the Lord, to be looked to and tended daily, is the kind of praying which truly enriches the Christian life. I know not why it is, but it does not seem to be God's way to open the door of heaven at the first knock of intercession. If he were to do so, the privileges of the mercy-seat would become so cheapened that they would bring little spiritual enrichment to the soul. So it is, perhaps, that God perseveres in his silence, that he may train us to persevere in seeking. But "our God shall come and shall not keep silence," if only we show him that we are so desperately in earnest that we cannot take denial. Therefore, let me exhort you, my brethren, to renewed watchfulness at this point. "Backsliding always begins at the closet door;" if the sources of spiritual life are neglected, the stream must certainly dry up. Let us not forget it, that our life is not in our own veins and arteries. Our life is hid with Christ in God. Every answered prayer is a pulse beat of the heart of Jesus. Live then in him constantly; pray in him unceasingly. Thus by patient continuance, shall you attain unto eternal life. This is the goal which is set before us. "He that believeth on the Son hath life" indeed; has it in principle, in germ. For this very reason are we exhorted "to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of eternal life," that as life is now in us in its beginnings, we may enter into life in its fulness.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the donors:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Mrs. Jas. R. Young, \$6; S. F. Hale, \$1; —, Elkader, Iowa, \$1; Mrs. H. M. Gipson, \$5; Mrs. A. L. Hopkins, \$1; Mrs. C. M. Kellogg, \$5; Mrs. A. L. Johnson, \$5; Friend, Minneapolis, Minn., 25c.; Friend, Beaver Dam, \$5; Elizabeth Morehouse, \$1; A Sister in the Lord, Jacksonville, \$1; J. M. Lee, \$1; John Baker, \$5; C. C. McBride, \$5; Mrs. M. E. Green, \$1; Mrs. E. Harris, 50c.; Friend, Mechanicsburg, Pa., \$1.50; Mrs. W. H. Ellis, \$2; Mrs. C. J. Denvey, \$1; H. Pofst, \$5; J. L. Demarest, \$2; Miss S. A. Worley, 50c.; Mrs. E. Pantan, \$1.25; Geo. H. F., Cumberland, Ga., 50c.; Mrs. O. Jewett, 50c.; Mrs. Mary B. Allison, \$1; Marilda Smith, \$1; K. M. Herford, Tex., \$1; T. Clark, \$3; S. N., Pittsburg, Pa., \$2; C. J. Dorr and mother, \$3; "Christian Herald" reader, \$1; —, \$1; Friends, Essex, Mass., \$2; Mrs. John Chesnet, \$5; Benj. Nicholson, \$1; Mrs. S. F. Rohrer, \$7; A. McNaughton, \$1; Isabell Kerr, \$1; A. M. Hall, \$1; M. J. McClung, \$1; Mrs. Sarah Mears, \$2; The East Franklin S. S. of Pa., \$2.07; —, Centerville, \$5; Miss Abbie Stinchfield, \$1; Mrs. V. S. Thomson, \$3; Mrs. H. C. Miller, \$1; D. B. K. Van Raalte, \$2; Mrs. A. E. Potte, \$1. Previously acknowledged \$724; Total, \$831.07. Expenses of Missionary for the current year, \$700; balance carried forward, \$131.07.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: E. M. Potter, \$1; Mrs. Ellen Lozar, \$1; "Christian Herald" Reader, \$1; Friend, Butte City, Mont., \$1; M. B., Cazenovia, Wis., \$1; Mrs. C. J. Bradley, \$1; Mrs. M. D. Wrighter, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. James Horn, \$2; —, Louisville, Kan., \$1; —, Henrietta, Tex., \$2; Friend, Newtown, Pa., \$2; Mrs. J. E. D., Sugar Tree, Mo., \$1; Friend, Minneapolis, 25c.; Subscriber, St. Peter, Minn., \$1; —, Brookings, S. Dak., \$5; Friend, Green Grove, Pa., \$2; Old Sub'r, Ga., \$15. Previously acknowledged \$242.25. Total, \$280.50.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women: E. M. Potter, \$1; Mrs. C. J. Bradley, 50c.; A. J. Wilkin, 50c.; Mrs. E. Churchill, \$1; Mrs. M. D. Wrighter, \$1; Friend, Newtown, Pa., \$2; Mrs. J. E. D., Sugar Tree, \$1; Friend, Minneapolis, 25c.; Mrs. E. Leonard, 50c.; Mrs. Alice Maynard, 50c.; Wm. H. Grover, \$3; Mrs. M. E. Green, \$1; Mrs. W. B. Campbell, \$1; Mrs. A. E. Potte, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$1465.55. Total, \$1479.80.

For the Door of Hope: Friend, Newtown, Pa., \$1; Mrs. J. E. D., Sugar Tree, \$1; Kate E. Baldwin, 50c.; J. J. D., Waupaca, \$1; Mrs. Mary M. Prentice, \$2; Annie Waldron, \$1; Mrs. E. Churchill, \$1.

For the Temporary Shelter, Mulberry St. Friend, Phila., Pa., \$1 and \$2.

For the Indian Industrial School. W. Windel, \$1.

For the Mary Washington Fund. Mary B. Clearer, 25c.; Mary E. Potter, 25c.; Mary F. Collier, 25c.; Mary Iva Miller, 25c.; Mary E. Bugg, 25c.; —, 25c.; Mary Mathews Sturges, 25c.; Mary Louise Sturges, 25c.; Mary Mead Sturges, 25c.; Memory of mother and child, 50c.; Mary R. Sudbury, 25c.; James Hutson, 25c.; Mary E. Thompson, 25c.; S. F. Rohrer, \$1; Mary Adaline, 25c.; Mary Luyster, 50c.; Kate Patterson, 25c.; Mary Frey, 25c.; Mary E. W., Marion, Ala., 50c.; Mary D. H., Marion, Ala., 25c.; Mary E. Wright, 25c.; Mary E. Dunn, 25c. Total, \$7.

For the Destitute in the Gulf States: I. H. N., Bridgeton, N. J., \$1; Mrs. H. A. Early, \$3; Friend, Minneapolis, 25c. Total, \$4.25.

For Foreign Missions: I. H. N., Bridgeton, N. J., \$1; Mahala Lyon, \$2; Phila., Pa., \$10; Theodore Lohf, \$5. Total, \$18.

For Tello D'Apery's Bare Foot Mission. Mrs. C. W. Newton, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Green, \$1. Total, \$2.

THE BAY CITY REVIVAL.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Bay City, Mich., are arousing widespread interest through the neighborhood. The Presbyterian Church is not large enough to contain the people and overflow meetings have been held in other churches, even on week-days. On Sunday, January 7, no less than 445 persons made profession of Christ at one service. The Bay City Times-Press says that such scenes as those that take place at the meetings have never been witnessed in that city before.

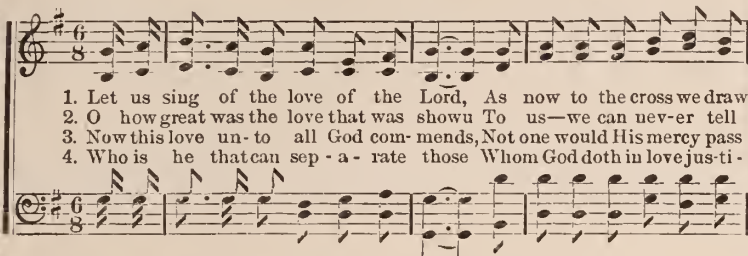


The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

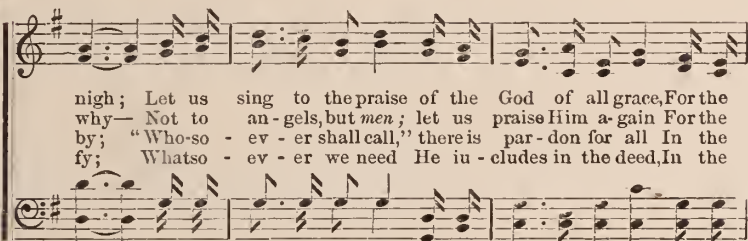
EL. NATHAN.

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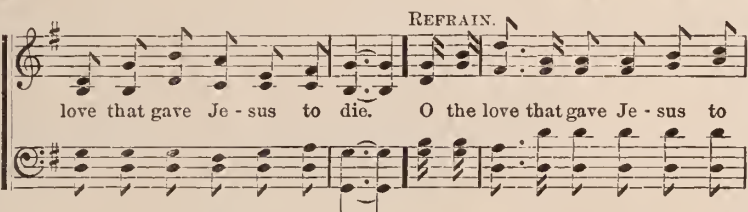
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



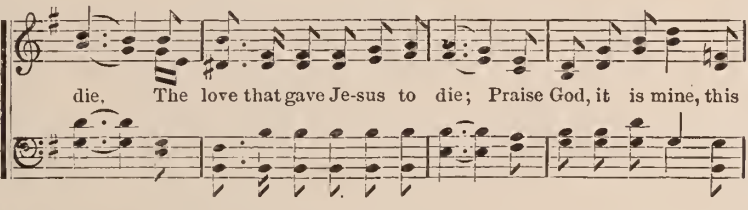
1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can never tell
3. Now this love un- to all God com- mends, Not one would His mercy pass
4. Who is he that can sep- a- rate those Whom God doth in love jus- ti-



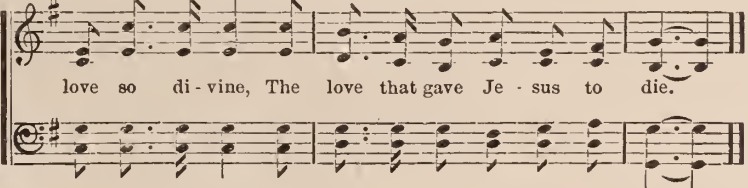
nigh; Let us sing to the praise of the God of all grace, For the why—Not to an- gels, but men; let us praise Him a- gain For the by; "Who-so - ev - er shall call," there is par- don for all In the fy; Whatso - ev - er we need He in- cludes in the deed, In the



love that gave Je- sus to die. O the love that gave Je- sus to



die. The love that gave Je- sus to die; Praise God, it is mine, this



love so di- vine, The love that gave Je- sus to die.

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LINKS TO HEAVEN.

T WAS a beautiful legend, as given of old,
That an angel of mercy placed barriers
of gold [birth,
To shorten the pathway of such as at
[earth.

Their destiny marked for the sorrows of
And the pure deep fount of the angel's love,
Baptised the babe with the dew from above,
Which gathered in gems of crystalline light,
Like beautiful stars on the curtain of night.

Soon the bright babe slept, and the angel fair,
Placed a crown of gold on its sunny hair,
And the silent boatman carried it o'er
To the bright beyond, on the mystical shore,

Where loved ones were waiting to welcome
it in,
Away from life's cares, and troubles, and
sin;

And they led it 'mid scenes of beauty rare—
Sin, sorrow and pain ne'er enter there.

And now, together, they watch and wait,
Close by the side of the beautiful gate,

While the pitying angel still bends in love,
Linking dear hearts to theirs above.
Eureka Springs, Ark. MRS. M. PICKERING.

WHOSE I AM.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood. O spotless lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway;
Now, thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master! I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus! at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my All-in-All!

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

Christians Who Will Be Taken By Sur-
prise When It Sounds and Will Have
No Part in the Rapture.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR.*

BIBLICAL teaching distinctly evi-
dences that Christ's second com-
ing is divided into two stages: the
first, where he descends to the air
only, before the great tribulation;
the dead in Christ arising first,
"then we which are alive at his coming
shall be caught up together with them in
the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so
shall we ever be with the Lord." The sec-
ond portion, after this time of trouble, when
he comes on the clouds of heaven, every
eye shall see him, and all the tribes of the
earth shall mourn when they behold him
coming with the wise virgins and resur-
rected believers, "to the earth," to take
vengeance on wickedness, and rule the
whole world during the millennium.

Here, it seems to the writer, lies the se-
cret and the explanation of that remarkable
passage, "No man knoweth the day or the
hour," which is constantly upheld as a con-
clusive argument that Christians shall not
know the day or the hour.

It is neither possible nor probable, that
we cannot discern the day and the hour
when he comes to earth, because from the
moment that Anti-christ makes a compact
with the Jews, for 'one week' or seven
years, after the ten kingdoms of Daniel
and Revelation are formed out of the terri-
tories of the old Eastern and Western Roman
empires, every prophetic student knows
that from that date to the Saviour's descent
on the earth, with the "chosen, the faithful
and the true," is seven years and neither
more nor less. They are now aware that
when such a compact takes place, it is the
last week of Daniel's prophecy of seventy
weeks, therefore the result is sure. It is the
last week of years, of this æon. There is
further verification in the parable of the ten
virgins of Matt. 25. They went forth to
meet the bridegroom with their lamps, some
with oil, some without, but all Christians,
and believers in him as their Saviour; for
the whole ten are likened to "The Kingdom
of Heaven." "While the Bridegroom tar-
ried, they all slumbered and slept." In this
generation what has happened thus far?
In 1837 Miller began to preach Christ's re-
turn in '44 and roused the attention of the
Christian world, and he and his followers
went out to meet the Bridegroom, but
Christ did not come, and at once the whole
church almost, fell asleep, because the
Bridegroom tarried. There have been other
but less extensive movements since that
date of the same purport, and the Christian
world has continued to slumber and sleep,
though many prophetic students have con-
tinued to write and to warn that the days
draw near.

The parable proceeds: "And at midnight
there was a cry made, Behold the Bride-
groom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then
all those virgins arose"—the whole Chris-
tian Church arose—"and trimmed their
lamps." Now such a cry is arising to-day,
but the whole church or the mass of it, far
from being aroused, seems to very largely
and wholly indifferent to the matter, or im-
patient of it because the cry was not follow-
ed by his coming on previous occasions; or
they believe that when Christ comes the
judgment is the final one, and there is no
such thing as a reign on earth of 1,000
years, etc., etc.; or they are wrapped in
formal worship and do not search the
Scriptures; or they claim the signs to be
vague. This proves that the real midnight
cry has not as yet started, for at that
time all this indifference is to vanish, be-
cause then, they ask the wise virgins for
their oil, and when told where to get it, go
to those who sell; practically to those who
already know the truth. Many may say,
on reading the above, 'Well, I will wait un-
til such an universal interest does take
place, and will then study with the others.'
Very well; but note the consequence. "And
while they [the foolish virgins] went to buy,
the Bridegroom came; and they that were
ready went in with him to the marriage,
and the door was shut. Afterward, came
the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open
to us. But he answered and said, Verily, I
know you not. Watch, therefore, for ye
know not the day nor the hour when the
Son of Man cometh."

* From his article in the *Prophetic News* for Janu-
ary which contains also articles on "The Lord's Com-
ing," by Mrs. M. Baxter; "The Budding of the Fig
Tree," by W. Greene, C. E., etc. Price, six cents,
seventy cents a year.



TRUE POSSESSIONS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 11, Luke 12: 13-34.

NEARLY nineteen centuries have passed since Christ uttered the words which form the basis of the topic, yet the world has not learned the lesson they teach. Even Christ's professing followers, who bear his name, and love him devotedly are slow to accept his teaching in this matter. Yet the Great Teacher's philosophy was sound. True riches are within the man not outside of him. We recognize the soundness of the principle in some matters although we are slow to apply it. We know that a man who has a large library is not necessarily learned; that a miser may have millions and yet be living in poverty; that a man may have many houses but no home. Christ would have us carry the principle further. He would have us think less than we are disposed to do of these outside circumstances. He comes to us to open our eyes to a truer standard of values, as we might go to a man who was vainly and painfully trying to raise a crop on sterile soil, while he neglected a quarry on his farm which contained gold. We should tell him that he is wasting his time and urge him to turn his attention to a field in which his efforts would be better remunerated. So, Christ would have us spend our time to better purpose than that of mere money-getting. Money, he assures us, does not constitute true riches. The man whose riches were so great that the very storage was an embarrassment, Christ characterized as a fool, because he had left his soul impoverished. The rich man, as he conceived of him, was the man whose faith was strong, whose nature was gentle, docile and loving and who had God's approval. Whether he had much or little of this world's goods was a mere incident in his eyes, as little affecting his estimate as the height of his stature, or the color of his hair. Bunyan caught Christ's view of wealth when he drew the picture of a man so intent on raking the straws and stubble together that he did not see the angel who was offering him the golden crown. As to worldly wealth Christ reminds us that it may be lost and in any case must be resigned at death and urges us to seek possessions which can never be taken from us and which will be eternal. His followers were to be men seeking the highest things and the externals would surely be supplied. The fowls of the air and the grass of the field were examples of God's providential care. Men should trust him for these, not in idleness and inactivity, but with a concern for something better, more precious and more enduring.

THE LEAGUE SECRETARY.

Every member of an Epworth League, a Christian Endeavor Society, or a Baptist Young People's Union is aware that much of the organization's success or failure depends on the efficiency or indifference of the officers. The Secretary especially holds a responsible office. Some timely hints, based on experience, as to the best methods of discharging the Secretary's duties, are therefore valuable and may be helpful to Secretaries of any Society. In a lengthy communication on the subject, which the Secretary of an Epworth League in Brooklyn, N. Y., sends to the "Epworth Herald," the following hints are given: First to form a Secretarial Committee, consisting of a Secretary for each department of work. To each of these, beside the charge of the special department, he represents, should be assigned some branch of the general Secretary's duties. One might keep the records; a second the list of members; a third attend to the correspondence; and a fourth look after the statistics. He says: "My idea in having these various Secretaries as my committee is this: They bring me in touch with the workings and plans of their departments;

and when letters of inquiry come asking how you do this or that, the letter is simply referred to that Secretary for reply, if I do not have the material at hand to answer it myself." It is not intended that the committee shall relieve the Secretary of work, but by taking up routine work, leave him free for the performance of special duties.

Next as to correspondence. The Secretary ought to be a valuable aid to each department through the mail. He may aid the Department of Spiritual Work by asking someone in regard to his soul's welfare just with a little note. By writing a note of condolence you are doing part of the work of the Department of Mercy and Help. The sending a programme of your next entertainment, with a cordial invitation to attend, to a stranger, is in the line of social work. What can you do that will come under the Department of Finance? Why, just write and tell that delinquent member that the Treasurer has presented his name to the Cabinet to be discontinued on account of two years' arrearage in dues, and urge him not to neglect this important matter. Just think of what can be done in letter-writing

them to go to the country under the charge of the Country Week Association, and paid their rent while away. For several months past the members have been going to the Woman's Homeopathic Hospital the first Sunday in each month, and have held a service for the patients for which they were very thankful. Though our members are few, we do the work that lies before us in the care of these families."

AN INDIANA ASSOCIATION.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Evansville, Ind., has the credit of possessing the second finest Association building in the State. It is surpassed only by that of Indianapolis where the organization is older than that of Evansville by twenty-two years and is in a city of more than double the population. The handsome building of which we give a picture on this page covers an area of seventy-five by a hundred feet is five stories in height and cost, with the land on which it stands, \$78,500 of which all but about \$10,000 has been paid. The Association was organized in 1876 and has now 585 members about one-half of whom are on the active list. The religious meetings have an unusually large average attendance. Five secular branches are also taught and there is an excellent gymnasium with a competent teacher.

THE BAPTIST BOYS' BRIGADE.

The rapid growth of the Brigade movement is probably unknown to Baptist pastors and churches in country districts. It is well that they should know how it is progressing in the cities, as there are many places in the country where it may be easily

Rev. W. E. Waterbury, of Clinton, Mass., is Secretary or Adjutant.

Mr. Deming suggests that as far as possible, pastors who have companies of the Baptist Boys' Brigade connected with their churches should arrange their plans to attend the national anniversaries at Saratoga next May, and there a meeting will be held to effect a permanent organization for the United States. Mr. Deming will be pleased to supply information to any pastor wishing to form a Brigade.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

During the five-weeks' revival at Aurora, Ind., the Epworth League held a half-hour prayer-meeting each evening previous to the regular service.

A grand rally of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Boston, Mass., is to be held on Feb. 1, in the People's Church. Several officers of the United Society are expected to take part.

One of the most thriving and enthusiastic Baptist Young People's Unions in Missouri is in the southwestern part of the State at Seneca, on the Indian Territory border. There are three other prosperous Unions in the Association.

The mercy and help department of the Epworth League at Mount Vernon, Ind., distributed, at Christmas, a wagon-load of flour, meal, sugar, coffee, potatoes, candies, nuts, toys, and clothing, besides several wagon-loads of coal.

Since the Mills meetings the Y. M. C. A. of Concord, N. H., has flourished as never before. In its two departments, Junior and Senior, its paid memberships now number 576. Its present course of lectures and concerts is largely patronized.

Christian Endeavor Day February 2nd, or some day in the week in which that day occurs, will be observed very generally by societies in all parts of the world this year. The celebration will not be a glorification of Christian Endeavor or its history, but the special features of the day will be a missionary thank offering for the blessings of the year.

Rev. S. E. Lathrop, of Washburn, Wis., has led the Young People's Society in a novel down-town work. Every Sunday evening a song service is held in one of the halls, interspersed with readings and declamations. The children of non-church-goers, Roman Catholic families and some saloon-keepers are reached, and the house is crowded at every service.

It is expected that upwards of 1,500 delegates will attend the Jubilee International Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in London next year. There are upwards of seventy associations in and around London alone. Altogether, in the various countries of the world, the work is carried on in 5158 centres, and has an aggregate registered membership of 467,515.

A Christian Endeavor Society in Spain is in flourishing condition. Its secretary writes: Since the beginning of this school year our society in the Instituto Internacional in San Sebastian has held weekly meetings in addition to those held on the second Sunday of each month. For these we use the uniform topics and Christian Endeavor hymn book, and so feel quite in touch with the Christian Endeavor word in other lands.

In England the growth of Christian Endeavor Societies of late has been remarkable, a thousand societies being enrolled and doubtless many more in existence. English Endeavorers have taken for their motto, "1804 societies in 1894." The next convention of the English societies will be held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's church, and it is expected that its great seating capacity will be taxed to its utmost.

Recognition was paid to the B. Y. P. U. as an efficient auxiliary to missionary work at the recent conference at Lawrence, Kans. Mr. W. H. Keith, the President of the Ottawa Union, was present, and addressed the Kansas Unions, and Rev. W. B. Hutchinson and Rev. G. W. Cassidy followed with earnest presentation of the claims of Foreign Missions. The pastor of the Lawrence Church had his Boys' Brigade on hand, and gave tests of the value of the movement



THE BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF EVANSVILLE, IND.

alone! When it occurred to me I was overwhelmed with the thoughts of what that department could accomplish if it was managed in the right way.

A PHILADELPHIA CIRCLE.

The prevalent distress is proving the value of the Order of King's Daughters. The various circles are doing the very best kind of charitable work in visiting the needy personally investigating their need and giving the kind of help that will help them best. A specimen circle is the Faith, Hope, and Charity Circle of Philadelphia. Miss Ellen S. Humphreys, the Secretary, in her report to headquarters, writes: "The Circle has been helping four families. One consists of two old ladies—sisters—quite poor. One of them is helpless. The members visit them frequently and contribute to their comfort by taking dainties and reading to them. One of the members takes her sewing-school children Saturday afternoons to sing to them. Another family consists of a mother and daughter. The former is blind. She sews carpet rags, and the daughter knits for a living. Last Summer we arranged for

organized and equally beneficial. A few statistics and suggestions from the head of the movement, Rev. M. R. Deming, are published by "The Baptist Union." It appears that there are now on file at the headquarters of the Baptist Boys' Brigade, 501 United Charities Building, New York, the enrolment papers of 139 companies in the United States and one in Canada. Many other companies have reported to headquarters, but have not as yet sent in the enrolment blanks. Sixty-five of the companies are in New York State, and of these, fifty-four are in New York City and Brooklyn. Among them are three companies composed entirely of German boys, two of Italian and one of colored boys. The providence of God in this movement was never so manifest as now. The divine blessing manifested by the conversion of the boys in many of the companies is sufficient proof. The control in New York and Brooklyn is vested in a committee appointed by the Baptist City Mission. The work in New England is well organized by the appointment of a committee by the companies of that section, of which Rev. Alex. Blackburn, D. D., of Cambridge, is the President, and



A Noble Work Recalled.

Aivassovsky, the Famous Russian Painter, immortalizes on Canvas the Generosity of "The Christian Herald" Readers during the Great Famine.



O good deed ever dies with the doing. In some form—it may be as a grateful memory, or as a kindly influence acting upon others—it lives on, and perpetuates itself.

A remarkable illustration of the truth of this beautiful philosophy comes to us from Russia in a most unexpected and agreeable form. Aivassovsky, the famous Russian painter, whose costly canvases of ocean and landscape adorn the walls of royal palaces and public buildings throughout that country, and who occupies an exalted position among European artists—has immortalized on canvas the story of the cargo of food sent by the readers of this journal to the starving peasants of his own country. We are privileged to-day to present on this page, a reproduction of this famous picture, into which the artist has thrown a world of grateful enthusiasm, such as can only be fully appreciated by a sight of the painting itself. The scene is in the famine-stricken province of Riazan. News has just been received by the authorities, of the arrival of the food-laden "Leo" at St. Petersburg, and simultaneously with this intelligence, the first consignment has just reached the village. The poor peasants are wild with delight. Down the village street at headlong pace comes a "droschky," its three spirited horses held well in hand by a sturdy driver, while upon a pile of flour sacks stands a peasant girl, holding aloft an American flag. Flocking out from their quaint-looking, gabled houses, the villagers crowd the dusty street but open a wide lane for the flying "droschky" and its burden. One can imagine the joy in Riazan, that day, when it became known that six carloads of flour had reached the district, and that Count Tolstoi at Klekoti, Mrs. Putilof at Bogoravlenski, Mr. Babin at Hrushchovo, and Mr. Semenov at Astapovo, were sending out supplies to all the starving families. That flag-decked train of 100 cars, laden with flour, potatoes, milk and delicacies, which started from the Nevski dock at St. Petersburg for the interior, brought more joy and gladness to Russian hearts than the generous donors in America can ever know. It is this national spirit of gratitude that M. Aivassovsky has caught and pictured on his great canvas, a tribute that is a fitting recognition of one of the most magnificent examples of self-denial and

broad Christian sympathy ever recorded in the history of our own people or in the experience of Russia. The thousands of subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund of that year will cherish through life the memory of the pleasant and valuable service they were privileged to render, when the food their offerings procured was the means of saving unnumbered lives.

It is a sad and singular coincidence, that at the time when Aivassovsky's noble picture is reproduced in these columns, the readers of this journal should again be engaged in a work of charity, similar in many respects to that which this picture commemorates, but this time at home, instead of in a foreign land. The awful destitution in New York City is exciting the commiseration of the whole country, and it is pleasant to observe the readiness with which those who have been blessed with a degree of material prosperity are responding to our call for help. On another page, THE CHRIS-

only woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and, in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife's or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings in their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, refinement of character and life with the pursuit of gardening. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex, and boldly avows it, she creates only an unfavorable impression against her own self for a sweeping condemnation of a sex which contains innumerable examples of all that is beautiful and worthy in human character.

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Woman's Work in Russia.

In all there are about 700 women doctors in Russia, and many of these occupy important positions in hospitals and work-houses, in educational establishments, in factories and works of various kinds, and in government institutions, while others hold appointments in the service of municipal bodies. The remuneration of these different posts varies from \$1,000 downward. So far as private practice is concerned, there is one woman doctor who makes an income of \$9,000 per annum—a phenomenally good record. But the average income of the woman medical practitioner in private practice is something under \$1,500 a year.

**

The Best Thing in Life.

Here is a spiritual gem, from one of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's letters,

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

SHE had little of earthly beauty,
She had less of earthly lore;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with heart a-trembling
To the warder at Heaven's door.
And said, "There were hearts of heroes;"
She said, "There were hands of might;
I had only my little children,
That call to me day and night;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."
And she bowed her head in silence.
And she hid her face in shame;
When, out from a blaze of glory,
A form majestic came;
And sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, someone called her name!

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SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN.

EACH passing year helps to define more clearly the position woman is to occupy in the industrial and professional world. There has been a great deal said and written of late regarding the possibilities of women crowding men out of employments which till now have been exclusively filled by the sterner sex, but very much of it is absurd and unfounded. The truth is that up to the present moment, women do not crowd men out of proper masculine callings to any appreciable extent; the employments they select are such as are, as a whole, distinctly suited to their sex and physical abilities.

On this subject, an observant writer in a Western journal says:

"It is only the nice, easy, clean, unfruitful employments, the 'light occupations,' that are overcrowded. Effeminate men crowded these before they were invaded by women. It would be a gain for society if women were to fill them entirely, if it can be done by the superfluous women. It is contrary to nature's scheme to set men poring over ledgers, copying briefs, and acting as light indoors salesmen. It not only wastes their labor, but nullifies their brawn, and diminishes their vitality. It is a matter of



BRINGING THE GOOD NEWS OF THE "LEO'S" ARRIVAL TO THE STARVING PEASANTS AT RIAZAN.

(From the Famous Painting by Aivassovsky, commemorative of "The Christian Herald's" Russian Relief Fund.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund opens up an avenue of helpfulness of which all our friends can avail themselves, remembering that in such an urgent cause, even the smallest offering is of service when sent with a willing heart.

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Unlovable Women.

There are three kinds of women who are of doubtful value as acquaintances—those who do not love children, who do not love flowers, and who openly declare that they do not like other women. There is something wanting in them, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait. Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, says a thoughtful writer in "Worthington's Magazine," but, after all, the prattle every wo-

man which may help to inspire some ardent young soul to the higher life: "Hardly anything that could be desired in this life has been withheld from me," wrote the distinguished pastor. "I have had that which many covet and seek for in vain; my life all through has been a very happy one; it may be said, without exception, taking it from beginning to end, to have been a life of extraordinary prosperity and happiness. But there is nothing in this world, it seems to me, that is to be desired for one single moment in comparison with the life beyond. If that life is all that we have been taught it is—and I believe it to be that and abundantly more—then let no man wish to stay here. It is true that the going of one and another leaves a wound in the heart of those that are left behind, but it is true also that God heals such wounds speedily."

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A Little Word.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere.



SYNOPSIS OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

The first scene of the story is a week-evening service in the Jeremy Taylor Memorial Church, Brooklyn. The pastor, Rev. William C. Barnes and his wife notice among the strangers present, a lady whose features seem to Mrs. Barnes strangely familiar. She cannot identify her, but later, as she is sitting at her own window, she sees the same lady pass and recognizes her as Mrs. Alice Paull, an old schoolfellow. She raises the window and calls "Alice, Alice," but there is no reply. Alice Paull, was Alice Lanier, when Mrs. Barnes went to school with her, the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Lanier, who is now dead and his business is in the hands of the son, Mr. Roger Lanier, Mrs. Paull's brother. Her husband, Ernest Paull, whom she married eighteen years before the opening of the story, was an idle, pleasure-loving man, whose neglect and unkindness she had patiently borne. He had lost several business positions and ultimately had embezzled the money of his employers and absconded. He confessed his crime in a letter to his wife's brother, who carried the news to Mrs. Paull. Shocked by the intelligence, she goes out at night, not telling her daughter Marie, or her Scotch servant, Elspeth, where she is going. Wandering aimlessly around, she turns into the church, where Mrs. Barnes sees her. On her return to her home she falls sick of brain fever. Her physician, Dr. Bacon, engages a good Christian woman, Mrs. Williams by name, to nurse her. In conversation with Mr. Roger Lanier, Mrs. Williams admits that she, too, is a deserted wife, and Mr. Lanier is impelled by her sympathy to tell her the story of Mrs. Paull, his sister.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"I WILL be frank with you throughout our discussion of this miserable business," continued Mr. Lanier. "Mr. Paull will never come back to his home and my sister knows it. He has disgraced his children with himself, and deserted a faithful, devoted wife. I brought this news to her on the day she was taken ill. What has happened since then is in consequence of what I was obliged to tell her. You know the whole story now. You see what you meant, without comprehending why it was, when you talked of broken springs and ungeared wheels."

She had borne herself thus far with such equanimity, and she look so strong and steady that he was utterly unprepared to see her sit down as if her knees had given way, and lifting her apron to her eyes began to sob hysterically.

"The poor dear! the poor suffering dear! O, Mr. Lanier! how can any man be so cruel? God forgive him for bringing such sorrow upon her and her innocent babies!" Roger Lanier did not say "Amen!" to that. His face hardened, not relented, at the prayer. His eyes were sternly unmerciful.

The nurse got hold of herself almost immediately.

"It isn't often I give way like that, sir," she pleaded in her quaintly-respectful way. "But I've had a pretty hard strain, lately, you know, and this caught me by surprise. I'm obliged to you for telling me the truth, and proud and thankful that you feel to trust me to hold my tongue. What you've said makes me a grain less hopeful. I won't deny that. But it will move me to great boldness in carrying the dear lady and her grief to the Great Physician, now that I really understand how much she needs him. There's nothing impossible with him, Mr. Lanier, and he is very pitiful and of great mercy to his children. Our extremity is his best opportunity. That's a blessed saying—'most good enough to be in the Bible itself.'"

Elspeth, supposing her mistress to be asleep, had slipped away to attend to her domestic duties, leaving the chamber-door ajar. Mrs. Williams entered soundlessly, cast a glance at the bed, and seeing the occupant quiet, took a seat out of range should she stir, and buried her face in her hands.

This woman, to whom she had been sent to minister, high-born and delicately-nurtured, carried a cross of like form and weight with hers. With home, and kindred and wealth at her call, she had been swept out to sea by waves as rough as those that had overwhelmed her, years ago; had fallen, tainting with thirst, beside the fountains of Marah. Widely separated the two might be by education and social po-

sition, they were sisters in the sorest sorrow that can visit a woman's heart.

God must have meant much in directing her feet to this house. His ways were always wise and always full of meaning to those who cared to study them. He did nothing idly, and he made no mistakes.

She whispered under her breath one of the proverbs of which she had an exhaustless store:

"Whoso will observe the wonderful providences of God, shall have wonderful providences to observe."

She must move warily, for life and death might hang upon her efforts to pour balm into that wounded heart, and to raise the fallen spirit. In all the narrow and critical passes through which she had been mercifully guided, she had known few more perplexing than this.

"And, like a blind, conceited bat, I had it in my mind to hang up that picture to-night, as she was sound asleep, that her eyes might light on it the first thing in the morning, as she said her husband meant they should when he gave it to her. I was that pleased with the idea of giving her something pleasant to think of, that I could hardly wait for night to come. What risky things we short-sighted creatures are let to do, when we get to priding ourselves upon our own smartness! I do declare I've no respect for Mary Williams, if she does set herself up as a 'nurse, &c.,' when I catch her in such conceited ways. Talk of the mercies of the Lord being from everlasting to everlasting! They ain't a circumstance compared with his patience with our foolishness! That's just everlastingest."

A restless movement upon the bed called her to her feet. The gas was low, and she raised it to a cheerful flame on perceiving through the obscurity that Mrs. Paull was looking about her.

"You've had a good sleep, ma'am!" cheerily congratulatory. "In my humble opinion, there's no better time o' the day for dozing than twilight. 'Seems if 'twas made a-purpose for us to catch our breath in after the day's work is done, and before 'the evening shades prevail,' as the hymn says. Do you feel equal to sitting up in bed while you eat your supper?"

"If I must eat it," said the listless voice, "wouldn't it be less trouble to take it as I am? Less fatiguing for you and for me?"

"O, as to me, no way you could contrive would fatigue my tough bones and sinews. But I think appetite comes easier when one is 'n't flat on her back, as if 'twasn't intended that human creatures should eat in that shiftless, lazy way. And come to think of it"—with her jolly little gurgle—"I don't know of any animal that prefers to take his victuals in that position, without 'tis a shark. They do say he has to turn over on his back before he can catch holt of his prey, and that many a swimmer has been saved on account of his being made that way."

"There now! Is that comfortable? Don't say, 'Yes,' without it is entirely right. It will amuse me to keep on trying till I get them so as to suit you. There's as many ways of fixing pillows as there are people to lie upon them. They ought to fit into all the tired hollows and support every bone, and give into every joint, or they are not just as they ought to be."

"They are very comfortable, thank you." Mrs. Paull lay back, with a sigh, in the downy nest arranged by the deft hands. "What time is it?"

"I heard the whistles blow for six, a few minutes ago. I thought maybe that was what woke you."

"Only six! I thought it much later. The night is all to come."

"Time will go twice as fast when once you're up and dressed," said the nurse, blithely over her shoulder, in going into the adjoining room.

CHAPTER VII.

"Be sure that if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily, you will not be left without sufficient help when some mightier occasion arises."

—J. N. Grou.

"Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop."

—Samuel Rutherford.

Upon a table in the room that had been the guest-chamber of the house, Mrs. Williams had arranged medicines, glasses, spirit-lamp and kettle, and other appliances of her profession and specific work she had on hand. She never dropped, or measured, or mixed a dose in the patient's sight or hearing, or arranged a tray, or cut up food in her presence. Aladdin's slaves were not better-drilled in making an appearance all ready for waiting or action, in the precise nick of time than the born New Englander who had not known the discipline of regulation "training."

To protect the polished top of the table from stain, or hot liquid, she had covered it with a folded newspaper, and this with a napkin. The latter was spotted in several places, she noticed, now, and having administered Mrs. Paull's tonic and lighted the lamp under the vessel containing beef-tea, the neat-handed attendant took the moment of leisure for removing the soiled, and spreading in its place clean linen. A like instinct of orderliness caused her to reverse the newspaper. It was a secular sheet of manifold pages, and a Sunday issue. Accordingly two columns of the last conspicuous page were devoted to religious intelligence and moral selections. Right in the middle of one of these columns was an extract headed "Good Advice."

"If I don't need that at this identical minute—good measure, shaken down, pressed together and a-running over, nobody does!" reflected the nurse, and, forthwith and then and there, proceeded to make it her own; standing under the gas-burner, one eye and both ears attent upon the warming beef-tea. Having gone through it, twice, she picked up a pair of scissors, cut out the paragraph, and tucked it for future reference into her Bible that lay on the mantel.

"If that ain't a 'find!'" she ejaculated softly.

The contents of the sauce-pan were simmering. With a look of unwonted abstraction, she poured the liquid into a cup; put with it upon a tray a strip of toast, and took it into the other room. When she brought back the cup and plate, she could not resist the temptation to read the "find" over again.

"Acquire the habit of living by the minute. Take care of this moment now while you have it, the next when it comes, and you will not then neglect any. You can live this minute without sin! Is it not so? Do it then. Never mind what is before you. Do not sin now. When each successive minute comes, do likewise. If you will do this—if you will observe this simple rule, you will not fail, you will not sin at all. Days are made up of minutes; if each one is sinless, the day will be so. Now try this. Nothing is easier, nothing is wiser. Live by the minute. Carry on your business, trade, labor, study, and plan for the future by the minute. Trust in God now; do God's will now; do not offend God now.—BISHOP FOSTER."

"Wouldn't that go straight to Mr. Stevens' heart?" she said inly to her edified self. "I'll send it to Mrs. Barnes, and when she's got her share of honey out of it, I'll mail it to him. I wonder if Bishop Foster is alive or dead? I'd go far to thank him for this brook by the way. It's made me lift up my head—and my heart. There's another of the blessed ones whose feet are set in the Royal Road. Pretty soon they will be a great multitude that no man can number. To come upon this right in the heart of one of them Sunday papers, is like finding a pearl in a stale oyster. It's a lesson in charity, too, if I take it in the right way. There's some good in everything, and after this I'll never say that the Sunday paper mayn't be the means of saving a soul."

"The question for this one of my minutes is why I was led to light upon this at this particular time, when my whole soul is going out in prayer and longing to hit upon some way of comforting her. Nothing happens by chance. Mr. Stevens says the day is as full of guide-posts to duty as a paling fence is of pickets. Is this one of them?"

She took the cutting into the front chamber with her, holding it in her left hand, while the right brushed a minute crumb from the counterpane. In her eyes and lingering about the corners of her mouth, was a happy smile.

Mrs. Paull's languid regards passed from the printed slip to her attendant's face, and an instinct of politeness, rather than curiosity, prompted a question:

"Is that something that you would like me to see?"

"I suppose you wonder why I am carrying it about with me, like the woman in the Bible, with the piece of silver she found by lighting the candle and sweeping out the corners," she said, the happy laugh mellowing yet more the voice already so soothing to the ear. "I made up my mind, a great while ago, that the pleasantness and misery of this world are made up of many littles, and that those are the best-off who make much of the day and hour of small things. We all know that whatever God sends has a meaning, and will accomplish that whereunto it is sent. And, that if we keep our eyes and ears open all the time, we may come to see a great deal more of what he does mean than we're apt to believe, if we haven't tried that plan of living. We've fallen so much into the habit of saying—'What he does we can't know here, but we shall know Hereafter,' that most of us think it is a religious duty to wait for everything until that Hereafter."

"But those were Christ's own words."

A tiny ray of satisfaction kindled at the back of the nurse's eyes.

"If I can once arouse her to argue with me, it will be a sign she's waking up!" she thought.

"Yes—but he said them to Peter, and about an altogether different matter, reproving the poor, rash fellow for over-inquisitiveness. He blames nobody for considering his ways and being guided by them. Now, it seems to me, and I'm sure the Bible backs me up in it—not in so many words of course, but in the spirit of it—it seems to me that that way of taking life is a good deal like a cake, with all the fruit settled at the bottom. 'Taint nice, nor yet wholesome. It's better cooking and better religion to flour the raisins, and citron, and currants, and mix 'em well through the batter, so they won't sink into one heavy streak."

Her prattle was so ingenuous in style, and so brightly delivered that her auditor was beguiled into the reality of listening. For the first time, Mrs. Williams saw the perfect gleam in a spontaneous smile.

"And is that"—looking at the cutting—"a new recipe for insuring success in fruit-cake making?"

Nurse Williams laughed outright.

"You've no idea what a clever guess you've made, ma'am! If it wouldn't bore you to hear me read it, you'd be ready to laugh yourself, to see how exactly you've hit it. I'll hang this banner-screen on the gas-burner to keep the light from your eyes before I begin."

While making arrangements for the other's comfort, she twittered gently on:

"It came about in what some folks would consider an odd way. The oddest things are often the most natural if we see them in the right light. I was in the brownest sort of a study when I happened upon this cutting. 'Twas just as though an angel poked it right under my eyes, and said, 'How is it that you have no faith? Here's what you need.' There's no doubt that such things do happen. And why not, to be sure? He gives them charge to see that we don't stub our toes in our daily walk. I heard a minister say once that passage meant in the language—Hebrew I think it was—it was first written in—'Lest thou touch thy foot against a very little stone.' A pebble, I suppose, and there's different sizes of pebbles."

"But here's my receipt for mixing the fruit even all through the cake."

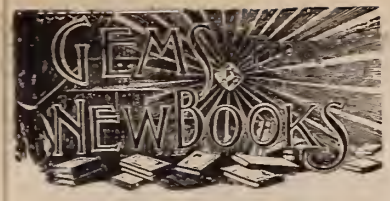
She read better than could have been expected from a woman of her limited education, giving each syllable due consideration, and was heedful of punctuation-points.

"Some sick folks—mostly men—like to be amused by having the newspapers read, and children can be kept still any length of time with nice little stories, and it's surprising what an effect reading the Psalms—the comforting, promising ones—has upon nervous and low-spirited invalids. As for the Gospels—they suit all kinds, I find."

When the article was finished, she saw that Mrs. Paull had turned upon her side, and slipped her hand under her cheek. The gleam of the sunken eyes was dimmed, not quenched. It was something that she had shifted her position voluntarily, but her tone was not encouraging:

"I know just what manner of man wrote that," she said, a slight flavor of scorn in the feeble voice. "A pious, easygoing soul who never had deep experience of any kind. Life had gone upon velvet for him, and he judged other people's trials and temptations by his own."

(To be continued.)



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Build your own shop, manufacture your own patents. You have several. Just where you stand to-day, in possibilities, stood the Governor Randalls of forty years ago. Men prate that times have changed. Yes, because so few men nowadays dare to think out and live their own lives. Every man is forced to belong to some iron-bound association. As for me, I will take no vows but to my country and my church. The land is yet free. The church of the New Testament, if we could only return to it as it was, a simple company of followers of Jesus, moving about where he led—that would be free. Times have changed, say you? The sunlight, the air, the earth, the forces of nature, are the same. God himself breaks the monopolies by giving us electricity when steam is cornered, aluminum when iron is cornered, great Texas and new Canada when land is cornered. It is a beautiful world and a grand age, if the new reformers will let us alone. These quack doctors of the world, who are dosing the age with the new truth—out on them! There is one old truth, the Bible you reject; one great Physician, the Christ in whom you were most of you christened. He loved this world. He called us to admire the lilies which he had created. I want to live here long. To truly and wisely love this life is to make sure of the next.

“If I live I will keep to this old creed. I will wish to do good to many men. I will do good to many men. I will do no willful injury to any man. I will use such means as I have with my own hand, helping one by one other men to live their own lives. I will do this myself, not by machinery. If I were very rich, as I never expect to be, I would still do this—by my own hand, I say, not by aldermen, not by managers, nor by trustees, nor by executors.”

THRIFT IN THE HOME.

Many families would be thrifty and economical if they only knew how; but as they do not they simply go on in the old routine. The end of each year finds them in very nearly the same condition financially and in other respects as the preceding year—perhaps a little more discouraged. Dickens has Micawber solemnly conjure David Copperfield “to take warning by his fate; and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one, he would be miserable.” Living within the income is not impossible, and the following chapters will indicate to those who are willing to try how it may be accomplished. Living beyond the income has been one of the causes of hard times whenever such times exist. Living within the income is the only sure cure for hard times.

*From *None Such*, “There will yet be Thousands,” by E. J. Haynes; pp. 321; price \$1.25; The North Publishing Co., Boston, Publishers.

†From *Domestic Economy, or How to Make Hard Times Good and Good Times Better*; by I. H. Mayer, M.D.; pp. 283; cloth; published by the author at Lancaster, Pa.

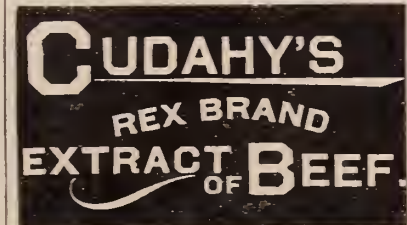
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Living within the income will make hard times good and good times better. By preserving health and making proper use of time the income can be increased.
Wasted time, wasted energy, wasted health, wasted food, wasted clothing, wasted fuel, wasted money, and all the minor wastes accompanying these of resulting therefrom, have impoverished millions of families and resulted in untold misery. Wastefulness in a home is contagious, as it were, and not only children, but other members of a family, are likely to carry the same careless methods of the parents into all their occupations. Because of a lack of proper precept and example having been set before the boys and girls at home, many otherwise bright prospects for a successful career have been ruined.

- BOOKS RECEIVED.**
FROM JAMES B. LYON, STATE PRINTER, ALBANY, N. Y.
Fourth Annual Report of the State Commission in Lunacy, Oct. 1891 to Sept. 1892.
FROM B. B. FUNK, ATHENS, MICH.
Celestial Songs for Religious Worship, by B. B. Funk, board covers, pp. 97, price 30c. Published by the author at Athens, Mich.
FROM LOUIS H. ROSE, BOSTON.
Gilbert's Responses, especially adapted for quartette or chorus choirs; compiled and arranged by J. L. Gilbert; board covers, pp. 66.
FROM F. W. CARSON, WAPPINGER'S FALLS, N. Y.
The Poems of David Moore; a little volume of lyrics on many subjects; pp. 100; cloth. Printed for the author by F. W. Carson, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.
FROM CHESNEY & LITZ, BALTIMORE.
A Daily Manual for Bible Readers, being a series of references to the Sacred Text in Historical and Chronological Order, with introduction by Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D.; F. S. pp. 142; cloth covers; price 75 cents.
FROM ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK.
The First Communion, Before and After, by Henry M. Booth, D. D.; pp. 94; paper covers.
FROM GOSPEL TRUMPET CO., GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.
The Boy's Companion, or a Warning Against Bad Habits, by E. E. Eyrum; illustrated; pp. 92; paper covers; price 25 cents.
FROM FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK, LONDON AND TORONTO.
Humbled Pride: A Story of the Mexican War; being the eleventh volume of the Columbian Historical Series; by John Musick. Pp. 462; cloth binding; price \$1.50; illustrated with half-tone engravings.
Our New Hymnal, for General Use and Special Services; by Philip Phillips. Cloth; pp. 369; price \$1. A Hymnal that can be used by any Christian Congregation; contains 630 hymns, ancient and modern, with topical selections for special occasions.
FROM THE OUTLOOK CO., NEW YORK.
The Plymouth Hymnal for the Church, the Social Meeting and the Home; edited by Lyman Abbott; contains 636 hymns and 471 tunes, selected and classified; 32 of the tunes are written specially for this book.
FROM R. H. WOODWARD & CO., BALTIMORE.
Daily Thoughts, from Phillips Brooks, late Bishop of Massachusetts, with an estimate and tribute by the venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Pp. 190; with frontispiece; price 75 cents.

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Sinner, lift to him thine eye,
Ask him then to lead you through
Ask him then to make you true.

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That to him is upward raised.

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Sinner, now lift up thine eye,
Lift to him thy heart in prayer,
Asking for his guiding care.

—ANNA V. KING.

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MAJOR WILSON.

A LOAN TO THE LORD.

A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately afterward, he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying, "Lord I lent thee three crowns; thou hast not yet returned them, and thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray thee, give them back." The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gasper, his assistant, reached over to Feneberg, saying, "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained two hundred thalers, or about one hundred and fifty dollars, which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the vicar; and the childlike old man, in joyful amazement, cried out, "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of thee, for straightway thou makest one feel so much ashamed."

Marion Harland.

Our readers are familiar with the sprightly writings of Marion Harland. Perhaps, however, they do not know that "Common Sense in the Household," written near the beginning of her career, has been one of her most successful publications. Over 50,000 copies have been sold, and now after 21 years a new edition, happily called "The Majority Edition," has come from the press.

Twenty-one years ago baking powders were not known to any great extent and Marion Harland specified cream of tartar and soda in her recipes. The new edition, however, is up to the times, and we find the use of baking powder is recommended, and on page 264 the following:

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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 REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. OFFICES, Bible House, New York. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1894. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

MISSIONARY PERILS IN PERU.

Pioneer Murdered and a Preacher Imprisoned in an Effort to Plant the Banner of the Cross in the Land of the Incas—Progress of the Work—Proposed Memorial Chapel



AMONG recent reports of progress in missionary work one of the most gratifying is that of Dr. Thos. B. Wood who is laboring in Peru. He was in New York lately and called at the office of this journal to express the gratitude of the brethren in that land for the service rendered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, three years ago, in calling the attention of the Christian world to the valiant struggle they are waging there in the face of fierce opposition. He informed us that the little church in Callao is still holding together, that the converts are themselves preaching the Gospel, that five schools have been opened, and the people, although very poor, are contributing out of their meagre earnings, funds for extending the work. They have also in contemplation the erection of a stone chapel, and Dr. Wood, we understand, secured contributions during his stay in New York to the amount of a thousand dollars for the purchase of a site on the chief street of Callao. Every one who is praying for the advancement of Christ's kingdom must rejoice in this news; for not in Africa, or China, or any heathen land, are there difficulties so stupendous in the way of the progress of the Gospel as there are in this South American republic. Those who join the church have to encounter social ostracism, and those who preach the Gospel are liable to a persecution so fierce that imprisonment and even death itself may be their fate at any time. That converts are being made and that the Gospel is still being preached, are evidence of the devotion and consecration of the workers.

The history of this mission is one of the most thrilling of the many glorious records on the rolls of the Christian Church. It

was planted with intrepid devotion, was watered with the blood of the first pioneer, and cost his successor a long and painful imprisonment. God's people cannot fail to take an interest in a work inaugurated at such a cost, and will surely pray for the success of a church for which one man gave his life and another his liberty. The effort originated in the longing of a colporteur, Jose Mongiardino by name, to carry the Bible into Peru. He had been laboring in Argentina, and had witnessed the triumphs of the Word in that republic. When he declared his intention of extending his work to Peru, he was warned of the dangers which would attend the undertaking. He was told that Roman Catholicism held no country so tightly in its fierce grip as it held Peru. The church was all powerful there, and the politicians who ruled the country were perfectly aware that they held their places by the sufferance of the priests, who could in every district secure the election of their nominees. The masses of the people were ignorant and superstitious, and there were multitudes of desperate and lawless men, ready to engage in any enterprise initiated or countenanced by the priests. Mongiardino was assured that he would never reach Peru, but would fall a victim by the way. With Apostolic ardor he answered as the first great missionary answered, "None

by his success. The people received the Bible with avidity, and heartily welcomed him wherever he went. So much greater was his success than his anticipations, that his stock of Bibles, which he expected to carry into Peru, was exhausted before he could leave Sucre, and he turned back to Argentina to obtain a fresh supply. His work, however, had not escaped the notice of the priests. They were furious against him, and one high ecclesiastical functionary hazarded the safe prediction that Mongiardino would not live to reach Argentina again. The prediction was verified. Two emissaries of the church waylaid the brave colporteur, and his dead body was found on a lonely road near the frontier. As it has ever been in the history of the church, others volunteered to take up the work commenced by the dead. One and another set out on the perilous journey, but none could penetrate beyond Sucre, and they came back to tell of their perils and hair-breadth escapes. Finally

patient, persevering, plodding worker, whose labors had been crowned with success on many a difficult field. One of his companions was Francis Penzotti, a young Italian carpenter, who had been won to the truth by Milne's labors, and was now his ardent follower and fellow-laborer.



REV. FRANCIS PENZOTTI.

The little party found that all that had been told them of priestly power and intolerance was true. It was impossible to remain. Their enemies had their grasp on the government and on the courts, and, at that time, death would have been the inevitable consequence of persistence. Following their Master's directions, they retreated, wisely avoiding the risks of travel, by making the return journey by sea. They had seen enough of the country, however, to satisfy them that if once they could obtain a footing

in Peru, and carry on their work unmolested, much good might be done. The people were ready to receive the Gospel, and many of them were disgusted by priestly tyranny, and were looking eagerly for light. A little later, Penzotti and a colporteur made a second tour as secretly as possible. The earlier impressions were confirmed, and again the daring soldiers of Christ succeeded in escaping with their lives. A third expedition was afterward made by Milne and Penzotti, and this time, in addition to distributing Bibles, religious services were held. They circumnavigated the continent, and returned in safety.

Meanwhile, a change of conditions was developing in Peru, which had a remarkable result, showing how in God's providence evil may be overruled for good. A wave of unbelief swept over the country and the natural rebound from superstition and formalism came in agnosticism and infidelity. It might seem that unbelief was worse than Roman Catholicism, but its prevalence served the cause of truth. An anti-clerical party was formed which checked the

(Continued on page 83.)



A GROUP OF WORKERS IN THE CALLAO MISSION NEAR LIMA, PERU.
 (The Central Standing Figure is Miss Elsie Wood, Daughter of Rev. Dr. Wood; the others are her Native Assistants.)

of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me." He set out, passing through Bolivia. He reached Sucre, the capital of that country, cheered and gratified

a party of three set out, and to their great joy reached the Land of the Incas and unfurled the banner of the Cross. One of these was the Rev. Andrew M. Milne, a



A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Ezekiel 1: 1, "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar, that the heavens were opened and I saw a vision of God."

EXPATRIATED and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seated by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had, or ever will have, seated on the banks of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber, or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past five, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God; a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence, and laughter and light, that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar." There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

I looked in for a few moments at the great Temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. Saint John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of my God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion

in attire and head-dress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save One. And the head-dress was a garland of rose, and lily, and mignonne, mingled with green leaves culled from the Royal Gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing Father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the One who presided in that immense Temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the wine-press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshippers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said, "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear-bottles into which the Orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal, or tear-bottle, instead of earthenware as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear-bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the Psalmist referred in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into Thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth; tears of repentance; tears of bereavement; tears of joy; tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the Temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were

shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said, "Why the setting-up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The Week of Prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as 'golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.'" And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him world without end."

Then we came out, and as the Temple is always open, and some worship at one hour and others at other hours, we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the Great Temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr Place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and flood, and under sword and rack. We saw John Wickliffe, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river; and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water; and Bishop Hooper, and McKail, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses, and Huguenots, and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song Row, and we met some of the old Gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their Gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, O the Joyful Song," and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come we that Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers, and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same Church, The Temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let us Join our Friends Above;" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song Row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marshallled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy, and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I can Read my Title Clear," and, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune, of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It is not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the Church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me." And we met also on Song Row, Newton, and Hastings, and Montgomery, and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth, and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?"

Oh yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor about them. They are all well, and ruddy, and songful, and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek and filled your dreams with their glad faces and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias, or palsies, or dropsies, or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens, compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October; the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies, or jealousies, or hates; but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace, and join with them in the same exploration of planets, and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differeth from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness, will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father, or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites, and all evil propensities, but they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without, and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific, and awful, and prolix, their victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel, "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly-domed residences in all the city, and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two

res." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'" And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the City Directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fitting on the King's Park, and a back lane sloping to the River Clear as Crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white robe of Him who "hath the moon under his feet," champed its bit at their door-way. Finite capsize of earthly conditions! All special life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, of the Red Sea a great sufferer. David, of Absalom's unfilial behavior and Hithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dereliction, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mares Hill prison, and the Mamerne endurment and the whipped back and the madman's ax on the road.

Ostia, a great sufferer. Sea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or ragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of sword, or by exposure on barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers and women more than men, Felicitas, and St. Cecelia, and St. Agnes, and St. Agatha, and St. Lucia, and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the wash-tub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea-table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid. I could not get over it as, in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven, and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven, there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the lustre and I said: "Angel! do tell me who they are?" and the answer was: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers, and bankruptcies, and persecutions, and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last: excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

"But," I said to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth and I must preach to-day and be in my pulpit by half past ten o'clock. Good-bye," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks

for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Good-bye."

Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerors' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoisted for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds, and sapphires and chrysoprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and until through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillow that my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was, and what I had seen, I awoke.

Reflection the first: The superiority of our Heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut to pieces, they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven: As described by the Koran: "There shall be Houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is Paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to

anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's Oyer and Terminer, and of the Calvarean assassination.

What he endured, oh, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell.

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream.

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Reverend Mr. Cook, who for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park out-door meeting, told me that last winter going through a hospital in London he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety. Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously



A STREET IN CALLAO, PERU.

fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say, all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting-grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The Philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog, or an infinite don't-know. But hearken! and behold our Heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics, separation from all that is vile, absence from all that can discomfort: presence of all that can gratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigines' heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's Heaven, of Paul's Heaven, of Christ's Heaven, of your Heaven, of my Heaven!

Reflection the second: You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth since if rightly born they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven, and to move in its best society you must be "perfected through suffering." The only earthly currency worth

burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

"The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

A CHINAMAN'S SELF-DENIAL.

Mr. Graham Brown, of the China Inland Mission, speaking at Glasgow, said: "A Chinaman of high rank in the army became a Christian. He was offered an appointment which would have brought him an income equal to ten thousand pounds a year in our money: it was the command of one of the divisions of the army that was about to occupy Turkestan. I do not know if this was his sole motive, but the reason he gave to me for not accepting it was, that if he went to Turkestan, he could not hear of Christ; and he feared that in that distant part of the land, cut off from all Christian communications, he would not be able to continue in the Christian course, so he sacrificed all, ambition and worldly prospects, that he might keep his soul safe. That man had always, even in his heathen days, been a seeker after truth. One day feeling that he could never hope to improve himself by the course he was then following, he left his room and stepped out into the street. About the first thing which he heard was a 'foreign devil' preaching Christ. He stopped, listened, and became interested. The more he listened, the more interested he became, until at length he concluded that this was the true doctrine for which he had sought so long, and he resolved to hold to it."

Missionary Perils in Peru.

Continued from first page.

power of the priesthood and undermined its influence. Availing himself of the opportunity afforded by this crippling of his chief enemies, Penzotti returned. He was appointed agent of the American Bible Society and established himself at Callao, a suburb of Lima, the capital. After a few months, being unmolested, he opened a small hall where the services were held for the converts whom Penzotti gathered around him. His presence had not been unobserved by the priests and when he opened his hall they secured his arrest under a statute forbidding the holding of public services other than those of the Romish Church. The story of his imprisonment, which lasted over eight months, has already been told in this journal. Eventually, through the friendly offices of Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, and the protest of the Italian minister in Peru, Penzotti was released. He took a brief tour for the recuperation of his health, but was soon back again at Callao, where he is now, prosecuting his beloved work.

During his imprisonment the services in the little hall were not discontinued. Two of the converts ministered to the best of their ability to the little flock and prayer was made continually to God for the release of the beloved Pastor. Menacing words were chalked on the doors and walls of the hall threatening all who attended, with death, but they did not deter the people from coming. The number of converts grew and, as always happens in time of persecution, they were genuine men prepared to make sacrifices for their faith. Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church went to Penzotti's aid and the work was extended.

Dr. Wood, who is at the head of that mission, says that now there is a genuine movement for freedom of religious worship which is growing in popular favor. A congregation has been gathered in Lima itself and five schools have been established for children. Two colporteurs are aiding in the work of Bible distribution and two Bible women are engaged in house to house visitation. Both the colporteurs and Bible women are converts of the mission and they are true and tried Christians. One of the colporteurs named Arancet was recently attacked by a murderous

mob who dragged him away to stone him. Arancet knelt down in their midst and prayed for his would-be murderers. Provisionally the arrival of an officer prevented the commission of the crime. Luisa Hurtado, one of the Bible women, has been threatened with burning and has been reminded that it is not long ago that a priest in northern Peru caused a woman to be burned. But she and her fellow-laborer are fearlessly continuing their work.

The heroism of these devoted men and women is beyond all praise. Although they are aware that they are hated by the priests who are unscrupulous enough to incite the mob to do them a mischief, they shrink from no service which has a promise of usefulness. Dr. Wood says that the outlook is full of promise and every year adds to the force of the movement. The schools, especially, hold out a bright prospect. The children as they grow up will carry the Gospel influence with them into the home and will open the way to other avenues now closed. They belong to many nationalities. Beside the native Peruvians, there are children of European, Indian, African and Chinese parents. Two of the five schools are self-supporting and the others partially so. Eight of the teachers are natives who receive instruction in theology when not engaged in teaching. So much has come under the blessing of God on Penzotti's work.

The project of erecting a chapel in Callao as a memorial to Penzotti's brave stand for truth, is one reflecting great credit on the little band of Christian people. As they are poor, it will necessarily be a slow and arduous work, but should it take definite shape, they will doubtless receive encouragement and help from Christians in America and other lands, whose hearts cannot but be touched by their fidelity to Christ in the face of persecution.



GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 18, Gen. 18:22-33. Golden Text, Gen. 18:25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD had once again, in Abraham, found a man that could understand him, a man who manifested, in the general tone of his life, that consideration for God which overruled all other consideration. With all reverence be it spoken, God had found among men a "friend." Jehoshaphat, in a prayer which God most manifestly answered, calls Israel "the seed of Abraham thy friend" (II. Chron. 20:7), and God does not reprove him. The Lord himself speaking by Isaiah, uses the same words, and James says: "Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness, and he was called

The Friend of God."

God's purpose of uniting man to himself, although among the majority of the human race it was unknown, wilfully ignored, or rejected, yet found its accomplishment in the few, and received its development in increasing measure, where the seeming failure was the greatest. God had conquered Abraham, and now the man of God had, in heart, laid Ishmael upon the altar. There was no more hindrance to communion between God and his beloved servant. He appeared to him in the plains of Mamre and repeated his promise that Sarah should bear him a son. It was no longer difficult for Abraham to trust his God; only Sarah had now to be conquered. But God had another errand; having gained Abraham to his side about the manner in which he would fulfil his promise about his seed, he must proceed to bring Abraham to be of one mind with him about his judgments. There are few of God's children who enter into God's purpose in judgment with true understanding. We are so short-sighted, our natural sympathies go out so much more quickly to man than to God, until he can lead us to the point where we can say with Paul, and our life says it too: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." He who declares

"The End from the Beginning,"

gives something akin to his own foreknowledge as a kind of divine intuition from time to time to those who pay close attention to him, and they see the purpose he has in view in his judgments upon individuals, cities, kingdoms, etc.; they can see that the end he has in view is always consistent with the deepest love. "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" It is almost startling to think that God could speak so of a creature, and surely in the hearts of those who take pains to watch for, and reciprocate, every drawing near of God to them, there must arise an almost overwhelming consciousness of the dignity of our being as man, that even with one member of the human race God could be so intimate. Yet more, there may arise in such hearts an intense longing to know more intimately him whom to know is life eternal; a longing which is never left unsatisfied; it is heaven born, it has its origin and its consummation in God.

Abraham listened and God said: "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous. I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, and if not, I will know." God's commissions of inquiry are personally conducted. He cannot trust into other hands the passing of a sentence which must be executed during ages which God has not numbered, and which therefore man calls eternity, for time which we cannot measure is outside the scope of our human concep-

tions. It is an awful thing for sinners, for sinful lands, and for sinful cities, when God draws near to carry on a scrutiny from which no secret thought or motive can be concealed. Abraham trembled, and used his privilege as a friend to step in and intercede. But Abraham had, in his intercession, a hard lesson before him, the most bitter lesson which God's chosen instruments for evangelizing and teaching often have to learn—that he could not bring his spiritual children up to his own level. Probably Terah, Haran, Lot, Sarah, Hagar, Eleazer, and many, many others were led to know God through Abraham. But Lot, who was now dwelling in Sodom, had been blest, but was not made a blessing, and in his intercession, Abraham must know the truth about Lot.

Abraham drew near and said: "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked. Peradventure there may be fifty righteous within the city," it would not be a very large number for Lot to win for God, "wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It was almost a reproach, but God knew the heart loyal to him in its partial ignorance, and said: "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes." Abraham was not satisfied: he may have put the number too high, and he carried his trouble to the Lord: "If there lack five?" Again Jehovah answered favorably. Abraham was emboldened: he again lowered the number "forty," then "thirty," then "twenty," always with the same result. Can he go farther? "O, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there?"

It was an Awful Revelation

to Abraham when the smoke of the country burnt up as the smoke of a furnace, and he knew that not even the family of Lot could be blest through him; not even ten righteous within the city. But his prayer was not lost; where God—for their own sakes, that their awful sin might not reach even greater proportions, and for the sake of the land, which was becoming contaminated by the men of Sodom, who were known as "wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly"—was obliged to execute judgment upon them and cleanse by fire the earth which they had defiled; God yet spared Lot.

Two of the three men who had appeared unto Abraham turned their faces and went toward Sodom. It was evening, and Lot entreated them to turn into his house for the night. Lot was not accustomed as Abraham was, to heavenly visitations. He was not at ease with the angels as Abraham had been, and they were not at ease with him; they must be constrained to enter his house. Lot sat in the gate, the place of honor, in Sodom. So long as he would live there without bringing God near to the wicked men of Sodom, they gave him honor. But when messengers from God entered in, persecution at once commenced. It is no light thing for a man who has known God, and then for years put business and earthly advantage before God and his glory, to turn round suddenly and seek to honor God. He does not know the strength of the chains which bind him until he attempts to break them. He tried to warn the men of Sodom, but they despised him, he had lost his influence, and he was as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law! The exodus of Lot from Sodom was a piteous, miserable thing! He had, for the sake of personal advantage, preferred such surroundings as he had in the wicked city, to the companionship of Abraham, when, if he had chosen to give away part of his flocks and herds, he might have conserved.

But riches became his master, and then his ruin, and when the heavenly messengers had delivered their terrible message, and Lot knew he was

A Ruined Man,

he never thought to intercede for others as Abraham had done. He had no faith for the men of Sodom, he did not pray even for his own household, but thought only of his miserable self. The angels said: "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain, escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." "O, not so, my Lord," was the almost despairing cry of the wretched man as he saw all that he had lived for slipping from his grasp. Lot got his way, but, as usual with such as seek their own, he was not satisfied, and at last fled to the mountain, having left behind him his reluctant wife and his property.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



SODOM appears to have been situated on the southern borders of the Dead Sea. The theory was formerly disputed by scientific travelers, but Dr. Robinson and other careful explorers now believe that there are evidences that the Dead Sea was originally much smaller than it now is, and that its southern end covers the site of the cities. Traces of volcanic action are found in the neighborhood, which confirm the theory that Sodom perished much as Pompeii perished in the year 79 A. D., except that while Pompeii was smothered with ashes, Sodom was set on fire. The quantity of bitumen and asphaltum or slime-pits (Gen. 14:10), would account for the conflagration when the hot lava fell upon them. After the fire, there was probably an earthquake and a subsidence of the land over which the waters of the Dead Sea flowed, and added the territory permanently to the area of the sea. Sir J. W. Dawson, the Canadian geologist, thinks that the destruction may have been produced in another way. The bituminous country, he believes, would hold reservoirs of inflammable gas along with petroleum and water. "When these are penetrated as by a well, the gas escapes with explosive force, carrying the petroleum with it, and when both have been ignited, as by a flash of lightning, the petroleum rains down in burning showers and floats in flames over the ejected water, while a dense smoke towers high in the air." Through an eruption of this nature, which once happened in Canada, a space of fifteen acres was enveloped in fire and a village was burned. The air flowing toward the eruption caused a whirlwind, which carried the dense smoke high into the air and threw down burning bitumen all around.

The intercession of Abraham is worthy of careful study. At first sight Abraham is shocked at the idea of the righteous perishing with the wicked. The same thought has often occurred to people since, when in some great catastrophe like the wreck of a ship or as in the Johnstown flood good men perish with the wicked; yet few rest, as Abraham did, in his later thought, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Then comes his plea for mercy, rising higher as his faith in the divine goodness increases, until it halts while yet there is no sign of that goodness tailing. Thus we have in the narrative, the thought of God's patience before punishing; of God listening to intercession; and of forbearance being shown to evil men for the sake of a few good associates. Only ten righteous men in the whole city might have averted the punishment. It is the old idea of the remnant or, as Christ expressed it "the salt of the earth."

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Assuredly he will. Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells the story of a dream suggested by a conversation he had with a man who declared that the punishment of the impenitent was inconsistent with God's character. He says he dreamed that he passed through a city where the people stood in knots talking of a horrible outrage and murder. Then he passed the building where the judge was trying the prisoner, whose crime had stirred all the city. After a little he went out of the city, where under a shady tree a maiden of

ten sat arranging a bunch of flowers. Presently a servant came and stood beside maiden, and, as his shadow fell over her said in a harsh voice, "Do you know what your father is going to do?" "No," said sunny maiden, with a smile, "what is going to do?" Then with a dark frown answered, "Going to hang that poor man that he tried in the court to-day." "Him?" she said, as the hands fell down her side and the sunshine died. "Yes, going to have the man killed." "My father never would," the child said indignantly. "You will see," sneered the servant, "heard them say it myself." The child went into the house saying, "My father is going to hang him? Poor man!" And when the judge came home to dinner he found a little daughter in tears. "Have you ordered the cruel executioner to hang that poor man?" she asked, and the judge said he had. Then the child would not kiss him. The judge took the little one on his knee and stroked her fair hair. "Do you not tell your father?" he said, and the child answered that she did. "You think I am kind and good?" The child assented. "Then," he said, "trust me still, and one day you will know."

I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord. When Abraham was so near the Given all good he might have used the opportunity to ask something for himself. But instead of doing so he pleads for others. Such men are always blessed. It is recorded that Oliver Cromwell while proceeding during his protectorate to some state ceremony, was approached by Fox. Cromwell was accustomed to denunciation and wondered what Fox would have to say to him. He fully expected to hear Fox abuse him; but it appeared that Fox had come to plead for some kindness to some poor Quakers. Oliver listened and finally took Fox to the palace. On paring the stern Protector said: "If thou and were but an hour of the day together, I should be nearer one to the other. I wish more harm to thee than I do to my own soul."

Of the same great statesman it is related that he never was attended by John Howe his chaplain, without Howe interceding with him for some one in trouble. Every one who wanted Cromwell to do something for them went to Howe and the clergyman presented their petitions. One day Cromwell said to him: "Mr. Howe you are always asking favors for some one or other and am constantly helping somebody at your request; why do you not ask for some favor for yourself? When will your turn come?" Howe modestly answered, "My Lord, my turn is always come when I can serve another."

I will speak yet but this once. God has given Abraham no reason to think he has reached the limit of concession. Abraham set his own limit. A writer in Revell's "Illustrator," relates that a Christian wife resolved to pray for her infidel husband every day at noon for eighteen months. At the end of that time she saw no change in him. But the limit she had set for herself could not confine her. She resolved to go on praying. Going to her room she said, "Lord, I will pray for him every day and at all hours as long as my life shall last." That day he was saved.

I will not destroy it for ten's sake. A city was actually saved from destruction once by the devotion of seven of its citizens. In the year 1346, King Edward III. of England besieged Calais in France. The garrison made a long defence, but were ultimately starved into surrender. Edward exasperated by the obstinate fight determined to put the whole city to the sword. The greatest concession that could be obtained from him, was that seven of the chief citizens of Calais should voluntarily offer themselves for execution. He would kill them and spare the others. Eustache de St. Pierre no sooner heard the terms, than he offered himself as one of the seven. Six other citizens offered themselves, and the little party bade adieu to their family and friends whose lives were to be saved by their death, and went to the English camp. Edward at once ordered them to be hanged; but the Queen, admiring their noble self-sacrifice, pleaded with her husband for them and they were set at liberty.

Abraham returned unto his place. He had gained all he asked having asked in faith. When David Gray the tuneful poet was asked how it was that he had so much confidence in his prayers being answered, he said simply that there was no wonder about it when two facts were taken into consideration. "Why are you surprised," he asked, "when God has love and I have faith?"

HELPING "THE LORD'S POOR."

"The Christian Herald Food Fund" Preparing to Start Relief Station No. 2—Gifts of Money and Clothing From Many States—A Glorious Work of Christ-like Charity.



VERY noble and generous have been the responses thus far received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to its appeal for the multitude of the deserving destitute in New York. During the past week, the Food Fund has been swelled by contributions from many states, and the total amount of the Fund is now \$1,475. With the contributions there have come hundreds of letters of warm sympathy and cordial approval of the work itself, showing that the hearts of the senders are overflowing with compassion, and their ears ever open to the cry of the needy and distressed. While those who are able have given liberally, even the humblest have found something to spare for the starving mothers and children of the big city which in its own days of prosperity never failed to respond to the call for help from elsewhere. What New York gave to aid the fire, flood and ever sufferers in past years, Chicago, Boston, the West, the South and the Mississippi Valley are now repaying in their practical aid to the thousands of destitute, deserving families in New York, where enforced idleness has produced widespread want and misery. As the relief work has already expanded far beyond the limits originally contemplated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it has been decided to open another Relief Station, to operate in conjunction with "Relief Station No. 1," at 208 Eighth Avenue. "Relief Station No. 2," however, will be located on the East Side of town, in the most thickly populated tenement district to be found anywhere in New York. As at our Westside Relief Station, District Visitors will be employed to search out the really deserving poor, preference being given to Christian families who are in temporary affliction, in consequence of the want of work. As the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND is now thoroughly systematized, in all its branches, no destitute family within the very extensive district now covered by the Fund, need go unaided. Our District Visitors have made a house-to-house visitation in the tenements of the Westside, coming in contact with the poor in their own homes and, by personal investigation, have located hundreds of worthy families, who are absolutely without means of support. In almost every instance, their condition has been such as to call for immediate relief. After a few inquiries, the District Visitor, being satisfied of the genuineness of the case, enters the name and

address on her record book and within a few hours the Relief Wagon is at the door with food supplies. Should fuel and light be also needed (as is frequently the case) the Visitor gives out coal, wood and oil coupons, which are redeemable on presentation at the stores of the Fund at No. 208 Eighth Avenue. These coupons, which are printed together six on a sheet, like a railroad ticket, read thus:

THIS COAL IS FREE.

GOOD FOR 25 POUNDS OF COAL

EVERY DAY THIS WEEK AT

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD 208 and 210

RELIEF STATION No. 1, Eighth Ave.

IF CALLED FOR BETWEEN 9 AND 12 A.M.

BRING A BAG OR PAIL WITH YOU.

The coupons for oil and kindling-wood are similar to the foregoing. For these supplies, the applicant must call at the stores; but the food supplies are delivered by wagon, each family receiving enough to last an the household a week. Every needy fam-

Bread is supplied by the Food Fund fresh every morning, the allowance being one loaf for each person. A contract has been made with one of the largest baking-houses in New York City and the bread is sent direct to the Fund's stores on Eighth Avenue, where it is distributed to any members of the families who may call for it, only those on the Fund's lists, however, being supplied. Care is taken that the charity shall not be diverted from the really needy or that it shall become promiscuous. The distribution now exceeds 1,000 loaves a day. It would be a difficult task to convey to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends an adequate idea of the beneficent results their generous support of the Food Fund and its work has thus far accomplished. Keeping steadily in view the principle that no worthy poor person should be overlooked, the managers of the Fund have endeavored, by personal investigation, to select as recipients of relief, such families as are in absolute want, giving the preference to those that give evidence of being worthy to be regarded as "The Lord's poor." There are thousands of such households on the East and West-sides of New York, where enforced idleness has been followed by want and sickness, and to these houses the District Visitors employed by the Food Fund come like angels of blessing.

unable to visit the Relief Station in person. This woman—a respectable widow—had had a pitiable struggle with cold and starvation for weeks. She had modestly asked for a little help and some underclothing for her children. The District Visitor, on trying to fit vests on the children, found they had absolutely no underclothing at all! Besides, their little feet were on the ground, protruding through the wretched apologies for shoes. They were fitted comfortably, and the bare cupboard was replenished on the arrival of the Relief Wagon.

In another house the visitor found a woman with five children, all very much in need of both food and underclothing. They were supplied with garments from the boxes sent on by contributors to the Fund.

In still another tenement home, a mother was found in the last stages of consumption. Her three children, and her unemployed and discouraged husband—now three months idle—sat around the woman, helpless and apparently dazed with cold and hunger. All credit had long since been refused at the grocer's, and an occasional scrap of food from some kindly neighbor had constituted their entire support for weeks. Clothing and a week's supply of food were furnished by the Fund.

Among the destitute homes visited by Mrs. Louis Klopsch, the wife of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—who is actively aiding in the work of relief—was one of peculiar interest. On East Twenty-fourth Street, in a dingy tenement, she found a family that had been deserted by the wretched father. The mother and her baby were weak from long privation. Some pitying friends had given them a little food occasionally. The infant was supplied with some nice warm garments by Mrs. Klopsch, who has also undertaken the entire support of this family, among others similarly circumstanced.

Thus far, the relief work of the Food Fund has been signally blessed, and it now enters on a wider field of Christian usefulness, where, with the continued co-operation of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends, it will be the means of ministering to the wants of still other hundreds of the deserving poor. Gifts of clothing and money to carry on the good work should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. As this edition goes to press, some dear friend in Mekinock, N. D., who prefers his name to remain unknown, sends his check for \$200. "To buy food for the poor and keep hunger away, these cold winter days. Spend it where it will do the most good, and may God give his blessing," he adds fervently. Another writes that a barrel of corned beef is on the way, and still others send boxes of clothing. It is a work in which none should be unrepresented; and surely, when a dollar, as applied through the Food Fund, will feed a starving family for half a week, and a dime will buy four meals for a hungry man or woman, even the smallest offering in the way of help need not be despised.



THE RELIEF FUND AT WORK—CLOTHING THE RAGGED CHILDREN IN A DESTITUTE HOME.

ily on the Fund's rolls receives the following:

Flour.....3 1-2 pounds	Hominy (or rice) 5 pounds
Sugar.....3 1-2 "	Peas.....5 "
Tea.....1-4 "	Oatmeal.....3 "
Coffee.....1 "	Dried Codfish.....2 "
Condensed Milk.....1 can	Corned Beef.....1 can
Soap.....1 bar	Salt.....1 bag

Our artist has endeavored to grasp the spirit of some of these scenes. In one of his pictures (taken from the life), he shows a District Visitor supplying clothing to an abjectly poor family, whose members, owing to their ragged and shoeless condition, were

be unrepresented; and surely, when a dollar, as applied through the Food Fund, will feed a starving family for half a week, and a dime will buy four meals for a hungry man or woman, even the smallest offering in the way of help need not be despised.

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$744 10
W. H. Scandling.....	5 00
Mrs. S. P. G. Georgetown, Mass.....	1 00
Mrs. J. C. J. Stepnay Depot, Ct.....	10 00
Mrs. John Sherwood, Box of Clothing.....	
Bellefontaine, O., Package of Clothing.....	
Friends on Long Island.....	
Children of —, Hancock St., Brooklyn, Package of Clothing.....	5 00
Woodview, Ohio.....	5 00
Friend, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	7 00
Fred Schoettler.....	25 00
Mrs. J. S. Whitehead.....	2 00
Anonymous.....	1 00
Charles Golden.....	1 00
Robert A. Amitee.....	50 00
Baltimore, Md.....	10 00
Friend, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	5 00
L. Pond.....	3 00
Mrs. C., East Concord, N. H.....	5 00
G. H. Wells.....	5 00
A Shrewsbury friend.....	5 00
W. K. Smith.....	1 00
J. D. Davis.....	50 00
James F. Hooper.....	5 00
S. O. Louis.....	8 00
Ann James Ball.....	2 00
T. M. Curtis.....	5 00
H. L. Williams.....	1 00
Hiram F. Clark.....	10 00
Mrs. John W. Vander.....	5 00
W. Woodside.....	2 00
D. A. Kluts.....	5 00
Phoebe C. Minor.....	1 00
Nathaniel J. Drake.....	1 00
Mrs. L. Currier.....	5 00

King's Daughter, Woodland, Mich.....	5 00
Mrs. W. O. French.....	2 00
Mrs. S. Elwell.....	1 00
Mrs. Albion P. Hodgson.....	1 50
Reader, Stuart, Iowa.....	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Johnson.....	1 00
Anna, Linwood, N. Y.....	5 00
George W. D. Nangle.....	2 00
Thomas Compton.....	1 00
A Subscriber's family, Prattville, N. Y.....	3 00
Friend, Newark, N. J.....	2 00
Ohio.....	10 00
Wilson Stokes.....	5 00
Mrs. T. Shaw.....	5 00
Mrs. R. C. L., Central Valley, N. Y.....	2 00
Newport, R. I.....	5 00
C. E. Helwig.....	2 00
Unknown, Pike's Creek, Pa.....	5 00
Mrs. Sarah T. Hayward.....	5 00
Friend, Savannah, Mo.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Jones.....	2 00
Miss Sadie Agnew.....	1 00
J. W. Clark.....	5 00
W. A. Lanton and family.....	5 00
M. M. K., City.....	1 00
George P. Mall.....	2 00
A Sympathizer.....	3 00
Friend, Mannington, W. Va.....	3 55
M. A. B., Piedmont, W. Va.....	5 00
S. Morganville, N. J.....	5 00
W. A. Farman.....	2 00
Isaac McRae.....	1 00
Win. Tully.....	5 00
Friend, Princeton, Ill.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Gregerson.....	5 00
Friend, Middleport, O.....	1 00
A King's Daughter, Marlboro, N. J.....	2 00

W. J. Young.....	2 00
G. Q., Jersey City.....	1 00
Friend, East Orange, N. J.....	1 00
S. D. S., N. Y. City.....	5 00
Smyma, Pa.....	1 00
Joseph M. Lewis.....	1 00
Friend, Manistee, Mich.....	5 00
C. H., Minnesota.....	5 00
C. George.....	10 00
N. B. Danton.....	1 00
H. A. White.....	1 00
Mrs. Caroline Thomas.....	1 00
Miss Minnie Mills.....	1 00
Mrs. Garney.....	50 00
Friend, Monroe, N. Y.....	2 00
Mrs. C., Wappingers, N. Y.....	2 00
M. S. Mallett.....	5 00
G. W. B. Bradford, N. H.....	1 00
Careful Reader, Saratoga Co., N. Y.....	1 20
Inasmuch.....	2 00
Mrs. K. C. Wisner.....	2 00
Mrs. R. P. Russell.....	1 00
F. W. C., East Orange, N. J.....	2 00
Z. Southard.....	5 00
E. M., Colorado.....	12 00
Linnie Lake.....	2 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa.....	2 00
Frank A. Dutton.....	5 00
S. Rankin.....	5 00
A friend, New York.....	2 00
Mrs. S. E. Rose.....	5 00
D. T. Stevens.....	5 00
A friend.....	5 00
J. Bancroft.....	10 00
A friend and well-wisher.....	1 00
John R. Andrews.....	4 00
To help the poor.....	1 00

Jennie M. Warner.....	1 10
W. K. Deth.....	10 00
W. M. Waller.....	5 00
L. A. Martin.....	5 00
Guilford Peables.....	10 00
Master Royal Peables.....	10 00
Mrs. A. G. Long.....	5 00
M. H. Dickson.....	3 00
Mary Williams.....	1 00
F. Brenton.....	5 00
J. S. Milliter.....	5 00
Miss Laura J. Louchs.....	1 50
M. G., Erie Pa.....	5 00
H. A. Robinson, South New Berlin, N. Y., 1 bbl. corned beef.....	
Helen Watts.....	5 00
Friend, Fondra, N. Y.....	2 00
Turbottville, Pa.....	3 00
Mrs. W. D., Center, Wis.....	5 00
Mrs. Clute.....	2 00
Rev. W. H. Sampell.....	2 00
P., Enfield, Mass.....	2 00
East Orange, N. J.....	5 00
Two Friends, Glenrock, Pa.....	1 00
J. H. Lalkin.....	1 00
Jessie Carter.....	2 00
C. E. Taylor.....	2 50
R. G., Junction City, Kan.....	3 00
Mrs. Thomas Ward.....	1 00
M. A. Beal.....	2 00
G. E. B., Lynnfield Centre, Mass.....	2 00
Ella Schneider.....	25 00
Wm. Schneider and wife.....	3 00
A Subscriber, Mekinock, N. D.....	200 00
And twenty others to be ack'd next week.....	91 21
Total to date.....	\$1475 76

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS.

MANY people write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiring whether indulgence in certain amusements is consistent with a Christian life. There are certain rules by which every person may decide for himself what is right and what is wrong in the way of amusements and recreations. Exhilarant and rebounding spirits are in most peril of going into dangerous amusements. The gayer the horse, the more important to have a stout driver; the swifter the ship, the more important to have a strong helmsman; and all these people who have rebounding and exuberant spirits ought to be very cautious, and discipline themselves into the right style of recreation and amusement. If you come from a place of amusement or recreation so nervous you cannot sleep, and you arise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your pillow, you have been where you ought not. There are amusements that send one to the practical work of life bloodshot and yawning and stupid and nauseated. They are all bad—all that style of amusement. There are amusements that disgust one with the drudgery of everyday life—with tools of trade because they are not swords; with work-aprons because they are not robes; with the cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena.

If any style of amusement gives you a longing for a life of romance and hair-breadth escapes, and love that takes poison and shoots itself, and makes you impractical in the great duties of life—those amusements ought to be obnoxious to you as they are obnoxious to God. Our recreations were intended to build us up, and if they pull us down in our moral or physical health, they are bad amusements.

Money spent for recreation is well spent. They that go into amusements they cannot afford, first borrow what they cannot earn, and then steal what they cannot borrow. First into embarrassment, then into lying, then into theft; and when a man gets as far as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There are thousands of men who have enough salary to support them and support their families, but have not enough salary to support their expensive amusements; and in that direction they perish.

Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing—the days in hunting for sport, the nights in seeking out some gas-lighted foolery! No time to pray, no time to work, no time to read. Always with the sporting-jacket on, hunting game in the mountain or fish in the brook—not half so well off the man as the greyhound that runs at his side, or the fly-bait with which he whips the stream.

Stand clear of all amusements which lead

you into bad company, and all amusements that destroy domestic happiness. If you belong to an organization where you have to meet with the intertemperate, or the unclean, or the dishonest, or the abandoned, in God's name quit it—quit it. I never knew a man yet who could stand evil association and be unhurt—never one. If your duty leads you among bad men, God will take care of you. If your style of work day by day carries you among those who are bad, God knows that, and he will take you through the furnace, and you will be unscorched. But I mean, when a man deliberately chooses bad association because he likes it, that man has started on the road down. The association will despoil your soul.

LIFETIME COMPANIONSHIPS.

A WOMAN ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them.

Avoid affiancing a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite, an eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together.

The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop an express train. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files.

RELIGION A TONIC.

PRACTICAL religion is the friend of long life in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail-train, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor

it is going to run; if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as polite way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject, if put together, would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of the truth. Religion is sunshine; that is healthy. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic—perfect peace now and hereafter.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Detroit, Mich. Will you accept flour or potatoes, if sent for the starving poor of New York? If so, to whom must they be consigned?

All supplies for the destitute in New York should be forwarded to "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND," Bible House, New York. Flour, potatoes, clothing, and money are needed.

W. M. Swallow, Gold Hill, Colo. Mrs. E. G. White, in her book entitled "Patriarchs and Prophets," in speaking of the serpents in the Garden of Eden, the medium that Satan employed to deceive Eve, says: "They had wings and were the most beautiful creatures on the earth, and while flying through the air presented an appearance of dazzling brightness, having the color and brilliancy of burnished gold." Where does she get the authority for such a statement?

There are many heathen legends, traditions and myths concerning the Fall, and she may have availed herself of some of them. There is, however, no authoritative account of the event, save that contained in the Bible itself.

G. H. Fielding, Fishersville, Va. 1. Is there any history of the world from the last date of the Bible to the time Christopher Columbus made his first effort to discover America? 2. Can God convert a man? We are taught that he is an all powerful Being and is able to do anything.

1. Josephus' "Antiquities," and "Wars of the Jews," and "Rollin's Ancient History," supplemented by "Lenormant's History," will fully cover the period indicated. 2. Yes; sacred and secular history are full of instances showing where the Almighty has chosen certain men to be his instruments. The conversion of Saul is one of the most notable cases in point. It certainly was brought about by no voluntary act on the part of Saul.

Nettie, Delta, O. 1. When do we know we have forgiven our enemies? 2. I saw a question in the Mail-Bag asking if it is right to give for charitable purposes and when asked about it, to deny it. Now, if one should say to you: "I know it was you who gave that, wasn't it," and you would say, "No," jokingly, thinking the person knew who it was, would it really be lying?

1. When we feel that the bitterness in our heart toward them has been replaced by love. Even though we may feel that they have merited punishment, we can still feel pity for them, and forgive them. As long as we feel that our enemy deserves humiliation at our hands, we have not forgiven him. 2. There are grades of lying and although the one you mention would be merely what is characterized as a "white lie," it would be a lie none the less, and an offence in the sight of God.

Subscriber, Powderly, Ky. We have prayer-meetings here every Sunday evening and have quite a large attendance and some very anxious souls? We find it difficult to express ourselves as Christians ought to. We have preaching only once a month. Can you suggest anything that would be helpful to us?

In many parts of the Union, there are sections that are remote from churches, and where the people are even worse off in respect to religious privileges than your neighborhood seems to be. In a number of such places where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is regularly received by some one, its sermons are read aloud to the assembled neighbors by some one in the gathering. We would recommend you to adopt this method, and also to encourage one another by taking turns in leading the exercises, in reading, praying, etc. When the tenuity of silence is shaken off, you will progress without much difficulty.

Subscriber, Ishpeming, Mich. 1. If a choir in the church is composed of worldly-minded people, is it proper that it should be continued? 2. Should any but the members of a church join in the singing of God's praises?

1. If the members of the choir permit their worldly-mindedness to interfere with the services or to impair their efficiency as singers, they should be discontinued and a well-behaved choir substituted. Criticisms of the choir are apt to be severe and unreasonable. It is unfortunate that every member of a church, whether in choir or pew, cannot be regarded as an exemplary Christian; but while the world and society remain as now, we must expect to find a few worldly-minded people even in the church. Suppose, instead of disbanding the choir, you make the effort, kindly and prayerfully, to improve it. 2. Even the meanest may have abundant cause for thankfulness and the heart's

expression of gratitude and praise to the Great should not be forbidden. It would be well encourage rather than repress such feelings.

A. S. Terrill, Durham, Ill. Is there any creed in existence on which all denominations agree?

No we think not. The Apostles' creed probably is accepted by more than any other. As working platform, the Christian Endeavor Society's declaration is an excellent model.

J. W. Robinson, Caddo, Tex. 1. What is meant by the directions to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ? 2. What nation crucified Christ—the Jews or the Romans?

1. That a Christian man should not be satisfied to have been accepted and justified, but should seek growth in grace and progress in the divine life. Justification should be the first step, not the end. 2. The Romans crucified Christ at the urgent and importunate demand of the Jews. It was not lawful for the Jews to put any man to death (John 8: 31), but Pilate did it to please them, lest they should complain to Caesar about some misdemeanors of his own.

B. F. Aurandt, Altoona, Pa., replying to "Harlem Subscriber," writes:

For my part I think it would be very convenient to have an Old Age and Emergency Fund laid by it we were living for self alone. But it one wishes to be true Christian, I think that the best way of determining such matters is to ask themselves what Christ would have been likely to do under like circumstances. I could not for the life of me imagine Him hoarding up money for such purposes, when his business was to go about doing good. "Subscriber" quotes: "Take no thought for the morrow." This should settle the matter of it all. And if Christ says "Take no thought for the morrow," how much less should we take thought for old age, which if it comes at all will come to most of us in 30 or 40 years hence. Then taking it into consideration that treasures laid up may take wings (as they often have done), in that case neither "Subscriber" nor the serving poor derive any benefit from them. Where, if the amount of either or both funds were put to relief of the poor, when it is badly needed, as a present, how much good would be done. What does it matter whether we die in the almshouse or not, if for the sake of Him who went about doing good, we do good with our means?

John Boughton, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I assume that your Harlem subscriber is a Christian. If so the Bible teaching is readily accessible and safe and I hold that there are not to be any expediencies admitted in obeying Christ's teachings (Luke 6: 38 and 1 John 3: 17). He who is our Master made no mistakes and we shall be wise if we follow implicitly his teachings leaving all the consequences out of the question.

"Reader," New York, writing on the same subject, says:

The query as to the proper course for "Subscriber" to follow, is one which at this time especially ought to leave in our minds neither room for doubt or perplexity. Will not half, quarter, or even one-tenth of the amount he has, be acceptable to the Lord? When Christ said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow," he did not mean to imply that we must necessarily leave ourselves penniless; but rather, he would have us watching, and attending to our duty, trust the Lord to give us grace sufficient for our trials and food sufficient for our temporal wants; and yet what says Paul the apostle, "I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may, also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus"; and is not the love of money, or rather the change of ownership, the one thing above all other a Christian endures?

A. H. Brayman, Vienna, Fairfax Co., Va., writes:

Noticing the suffering (as mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) among the poor and desiring to contribute my mite in the name of the Master, and in order that it may do as much good as possible, I will offer a barrel of potatoes C. O. D. to the highest bidder, the amount offered to be forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief of the destitute and suffering of God's people. The said barrel of potatoes shall be good, fair eatable potatoes.

P. Nicol, Unionville. One only of his books, *The Way Out*, has been published. Write to Anson F. D. Randolph, publisher, New York. Maggie B. Vernon, Charleston, S. C. Bella Cooke's address is Second avenue, New York City.—John Westerveld, Alba, Mich. 1. The Bible itself contains the only authentic narrative of the Fall. 2. Because they were excluded from Paradise. 3. Yes. 4. That the Lord set his cherubim to prevent their return to Eden. Subscriber, San Lorenzo, Cal. They are wrong in the sense that they are liable to lead to gambling and dissipation. Even in their best aspect, they are inimical to spiritual growth and should be avoided by the Christian.—Subscriber, Yonkers, N. Y. We cannot give the desired information.—Lucy R. Walker, Long Ridge, Conn. These practices crept in among other abuses in the early church and were among those against which the Reformation made protest.—Wm. Philip Ross, Lowell, Mass. Write to American Bible Society, Bible House, N. Y.—Mrs. O. J. Haice, Owasso, Mich. It is a gross delusion, and one which every Christian should denounce and avoid.—W. B. H., Irvington, Cal. Write to Potter & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, for the Apocrypha.—G. G. V. Duet, Bella, Ia. 1. Marion Harland is Mrs. Terhune, the wife of a Brooklyn clergyman. 2. The picture was photographed quite recently.

Arthur K. Sullivan, Fortistoll, Mo. We do not know the concern had no opinion to express.—L. W. Young, Bradford, Pa. See answer to subscriber, Alba, Va., in last week's Mail-Bag.—H. J. Miller, Lykens, Pa. The best are the *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, which you can obtain by sending 50 cents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office.—Friend, Greensboro. Take the whole subject before your pastor and make it a matter of conscience and prayer for both your husband and yourself.—B. F. Sherman, Bass River, Mich. S. R. Birchett, Richmond, Va., and several others. Your question regarding Pharaoh has already been fully answered in the Mail-Bag last week.—Mrs. J. F. Lath, Brockport, N. Y. We cannot give you the information you want.—J. W. Lovegrove, Stanton, Va. Your question was answered in the Mail-Bag in our issue of January 31.—Mary E. Jones, Slocum, Pa. They are all worldly dissipations which a Christian would do well to leave alone.—C. H. Lounsberry, Mich. This has already been repeatedly answered.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

SOUTH AFRICAN WARFARE.

REPORTS of the pacification of Matabeleland are sent by cable from the scene of the recent conflict. It would appear, although it is not explicitly stated, that the country will be included with Mashonaland in the British possessions in South Africa. Lobengula, the king of the country, had not been captured at the time the last dispatches were sent, but through his messengers an offer of terms for his surrender had been sent to him. The British authorities demanded his abdication, and in return promised him a renewal of his pension and a residence with land to be selected by him. It is thought that he will accept these terms unless his young braves, who are bitterly opposed to the British should compel him to reject them. It was they who forced him into the war against his better judgment and they still are beyond his control. The messengers by whom the offer of terms was sent brought the news that Lobengula deeply regretted the attack on Captain Wilson and his party, and that the King had executed summary vengeance on the brave who had incited him to the attack. On this page is a picture showing the methods adopted by the British forces of preparation for a battle. It represents what is called a Laager. It consists of a treble square formed of wagons, each of which is attached to its neighbor by the wheels. The wagons form a cover behind which the troops are drawn up. At each corner is an opening for ingress and egress and there the guns are planted. The position would not be a strong one against a civilized enemy, but is sufficient for such weapons as the Matabeles use. It may be hoped that the occupation of the country will lead to the advance of missionary operations. Having learned that the white man is capable of inflicting dire destruction, the Matabeles ought to learn that he is also able to show them the way of attaining eternal life. (Rom. 10: 14.)

The Sensitive Opal.

A jewellers' journal publishes a scientific article by a noted lapidary on the opal, which in part explains the superstitions which have been associated with the beautiful stone. He says: "There is probably no other stone so susceptible to outside influences as the opal. The stone is a soft stone, compared with other gems, and the flashing of its colors is due to the refraction of light on the tiny scales and almost invisible fissures within the stone, which acts like a prism, dividing the light and throwing out all the varying hues of the rainbow. The play of color is constantly changing. Dulness and brilliancy succeed each other with the regularity of atmospheric variations, moderate warmth having a distinct luminating effect, while much heat is capable of robbing the stone of all its beauty by drying the moisture contained in the minute cells. Many opals when set in rings lose their brilliancy through the wearers washing their hands with the opal ring on. It is a curious fact, too, that there are vapors emitted from the human body in certain diseased conditions that are capable of rendering the stone dull and opaque. And the fading of life and the fading of the opal may be simultaneous, but the stone is the innocent victim of the condition of the wearer, not the cause of the disaster." Thus, if the fading of the opal had been understood aright, the wearer instead of maligning it as a gem of ill omen, would have valued it for giving timely warning of the presence of disease. Many a Christian friend has been similarly maligned and cast off when he has uttered faithful warnings instead of flatteries. There are many people now, as there were in

Isaiah's time, who say "to the seers see not; and to the prophets, prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things." (Isa. 30: 9, 10.)

A Bird's Sagacity.

In an interesting article on the habits of birds, Mr. E. W. Nelson relates an experience he had in Alaska in an attempt to add a specimen of Aleutian terns to his natural history collection for the National Museum. He visited an island which the birds frequented and at length found a flock of them. He noticed one young bird which exactly suited his requirements. He fired at and missed it, and it flew wildly out to sea. There it was joined by an old bird, presumably its parent. Soon it grew tired and turned toward the shore, whereupon the old bird met it and forced it to turn back. Again and again—more than a dozen times—this manoeuvre was repeated, till the young bird was literally forced off to sea out of sight. Doubtless, the young bird thought, if it could think at all, that its parent was cruel in keeping it on the wing when it was tired; but the parent knew that it was better that

niture was brought from her Southern home and was supplemented with articles in harmony with the house, which were purchased from New York dealers. No little time was given to the arranging of portieres and tapestries to make the house beautiful and home-like, and when all was finished the new owner moved in. Then unpleasant discoveries were made. Everything about the building that could be imitation was imitation. Much of the plumbing was false. The pipes did not go beyond the flooring of the rooms and, worse than all, the open fire-places could not be used, because the chimneys were mere ornaments, through which the smoke could not pass. The house was built for ornament, not for use. On consulting an architect, the owner learned that to make it habitable, would involve an outlay of several thousand dollars as a great part of it must be torn down and rebuilt. Her experience will be useful to her if she buys another house. She will not be likely again to assume that beauty is a guarantee of usefulness. The same assumption is unsafe in judging of character. Many a man who has charming manners, and is learned and cultured, is of little use in the world because he is unfit to be a habitation of the Holy Spirit. (II. Peter 2: 17-19.)

Let the Building Burn.

A dispute between two towns in New Jersey has involved a sad loss. Overtures were made some months ago by the citizens of West Orange to the authorities of Orange for an arrangement by which they

it. It would be well if every sinner who rejects the offer of salvation through Christ, when it is made to him, realized this fact. The emergency may soon come and he has no reason to count on God's magnanimity. (Heb. 10: 26, 27.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Gen. Neal Dow will be Ninety Years old on March 20. Miss Frances E. Willard is writing urgent appeals to his friends and admirers in this country to celebrate the event in some suitable manner.

A Successful Evangelistic Campaign has been conducted in the city of Marysville, Mo., by Major Cole. He had the cordial support of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, and not only of the churches but of many business men, including the Mayor, who though not Christians themselves did all they could to make the meetings a success.

A Prisoner in a certain Penitentiary listened so attentively to the chaplain at the beginning of his term that the Chaplain took a special interest in him and presently with a Bible. He appeared to read it diligently during his imprisonment, but on the day before his discharge he took it back to the Chaplain saying that as he was going out he "should have no further use for it."

The American Bible Society Publishes a suggestive contrast in its monthly report. It is the fact that whereas a quarter of a century ago the traveler entering Rome was searched to see if he had a Bible or Testament on him and if either was found it was taken from him, the Methodists are now laying the foundations of a building that is to cost \$100,000, and in it they will soon have three big power presses at work printing Bibles and Testaments by thousands.

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, the Founder of the "Door of Hope," is doing a very excellent work among the outcasts in the New York slums. Mrs. Whittemore's book: *Delia, the Blue-bird of Mulberry Bend*, has awakened widespread interest in her slum work. Her touching story of Delia's rescue, conversion and death deserves to be read everywhere. The book can be had in paper at 50 cents, or cloth at 75 cents, by addressing the author at 102 E. 61 St., N. Y.

Major Whittle, assisted by Mr. George C. Stebbins, is holding revival meetings at Pawtucket and Central Falls, R. I. They commenced in the Congregational Church, but it is intended to hold them in other churches in turn.

The British Opium Commission has completed the Burmah inquiry as to the sale of opium in the country. A new regulation took effect on January 1, forbidding to Burmans the possession and sale of opium, but leaving the sale free to the Chinese and Shans.

According to the "Baptist Handbook of England and Wales," just published, there has been a very general growth. The membership has advanced from 337,499 to 342,507, the Sunday School scholars from 487,801 to 495,284, and the pastors in charge of churches from 1,855 to 1,881.

The Revival Services in Brooklyn are being carried on with increased interest. On Jan. 21, enormous audiences gathered in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church and the Lafayette Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. Wharton of Baltimore, whose services in the Chicago campaign were greatly used of God for the conversion of souls. The daily services have been well attended and the after-meetings scenes of wonderful blessing.

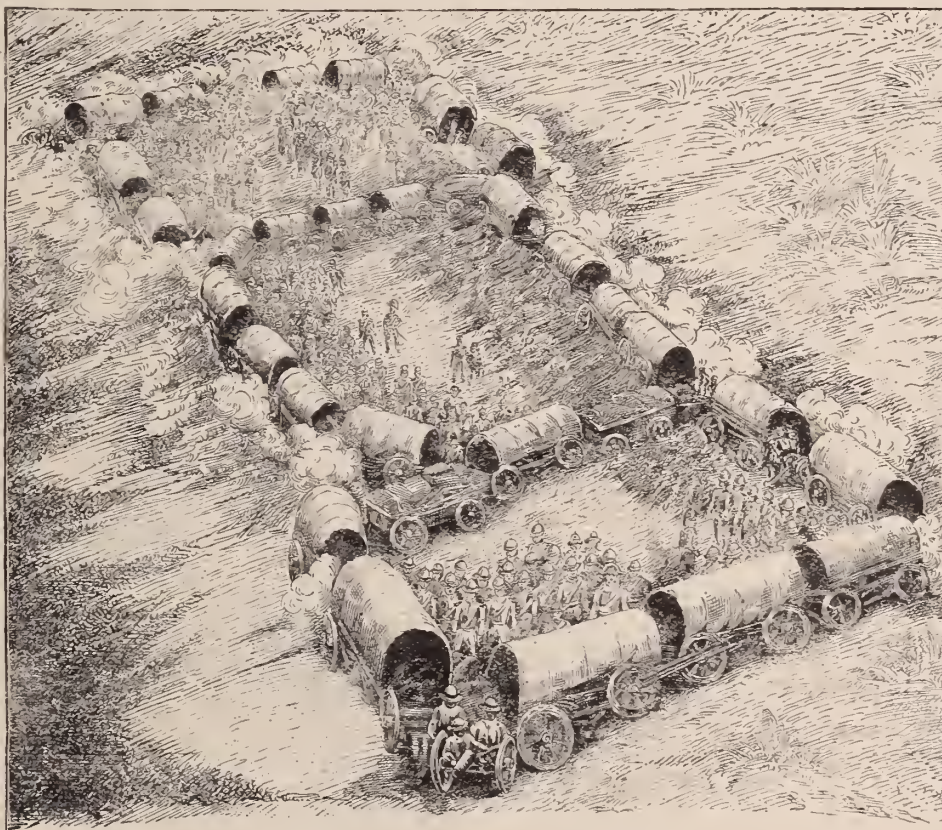
Dr. L. W. Munball commenced meetings at Melton, Pa., on Jan. 25. On the day previous he left Bay City, Mich., amid such a scene as has rarely been witnessed. Three vast audiences assembled in the Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational Churches, to each of which he delivered a farewell address.

He announced that he had secured the names of nearly 1,900 persons who had professed conversion, and he was certain that fully 2,000 had publicly confessed the Saviour, while 1,000 besides had expressed a determination to lead a better life. Of these, 544 had expressed a preference for the Methodist Church, 410 the Presbyterian, 300 the Baptist, 140 the Congregational and 257 scattering.

Dr. Chapman's Work at Saratoga, N. Y., entered on the second week with remarkable success. The *Daily Saratogian* describes the meetings on Jan. 14 as scenes of wonderful power. Early in the morning there was a prayer-meeting for men in the Grand Army Arcade. Then a meeting for men only, led by Mr. Elliott; a Bible Reading for women led by Mrs. Strain of Albany, and services in the various churches by the city ministers at which Dr. Chapman gave addresses. The after-meetings were crowded and many made profession of faith.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday School is doing its share in relieving the distress among the unemployed of that city. Each class is taking full care of some one poor family with the idea of looking after their every want from now until the warm weather sets in. Work is being procured for the unemployed, clothing and shoes are received and distributed through the agency of the Sunday School in the chapel of the church every afternoon and rents are being paid and recently even a funeral was conducted and the expenses of it defrayed by several members of the School.

Major Geo. A. Hilton's work at Pittsburg increased in power from week to week. At the close of the third week the "Leader" said: "Last Sunday there were 1,000 persons in the edifice in the evening. One hundred have already joined the congregation as a result of the revivals. Last Sunday night there were twenty-five conversions, to say nothing of the many who asked for prayers, so that the fourth week of the evangelistic work began with no lack of interest. The vast number of people that have attended the meetings since the beginning demonstrates that great interest has been aroused, and that the time was right for such a work."



THE WAR IN MATABELELAND—THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN COMPANY'S TROOPS IN LAAGER.

its offspring should suffer weariness than incur danger in finding rest. Perhaps, some tried and troubled Christian, buffeted about by financial reverses, or domestic sorrow, or bodily sickness, may some day learn, that, like the young bird, his afflictions were necessary to keep him from rest that would be fatal to his spiritual life. (Heb. 12: 11.)

A House Owner's Disappointment.

The purchaser of a house in New York is seeking redress for an imposition on the part of a builder or vender. It appears that some months ago a lady of artistic tastes and some means came to the city from the South intending to build a house to suit her somewhat fastidious taste. While looking around for an eligible site she saw a new house which appeared to be exactly the dwelling that she desired. It was small, but exquisitely arranged and fitted up. The agent called it a bijou house, and in the lady's eyes it seemed a perfect little gem. There were pretty open fire-places in all the rooms and quaint little cupboards and cosy niches. The agent asked \$35,000 for the house and the lady bought it at that price. Her fur-

could have the services of the Fire Department of the latter town. The Orange people agreed to the proposal and undertook in consideration of a payment of fifteen hundred dollars a year to establish a sub-station at West Orange, and re-fit an old engine for use there. They proposed with the additional income to purchase a chemical engine for the joint service of the two towns. These terms did not seem to the West Orange people fair, so the negotiations were abandoned. On January 10, a large fire occurred and the Fire Department turned out and took an engine to the neighborhood where smoke and flame were rising skyward. A hydrant was found and the hose was being attached, when the discovery was made that the fire was on the West Orange side of the boundary line. This settled the matter as far as the firemen were concerned. The fire-extinguishing apparatus was not used and the building was allowed to burn. Whether the people thought there would be no fires, or that if there were, the Fire Department would be magnanimous and come to their rescue, they were mistaken. Having rejected its terms they have no ground for complaint against



THE CHURCH AND HER CRITICS.

A Sermon Preached last Sunday morning, Feb. 4th, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Luke 6: 26, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

THESE words were spoken by our Lord to his disciples. The Word of God teaches us that the people of God are so to live as to have a good reputation among the people of the world; but it also teaches us that if the children of God are faithful in their high calling, they will often be the subjects of severe criticism. It is their duty to rebuke evil wherever found. Only false prophets can always prophesy smooth things. We should, indeed, desire to have the good opinion of the wise and the good; but we should also be willing to bear reproach for the sake of Christ and his truth. The church of Christ is, therefore, to expect criticism. She must not shrink from it; indeed, she cannot help challenging it. She is a city set on a hill. The church does not fear criticism; she fears nothing but error and sin. Truth seeks the light, comes to the light, rejoices in the light. Error loves darkness, grows in darkness, and reluctantly comes into the light, which at once reveals and rebukes its deformity. A true Christianity knows that correct knowledge, and not ignorance, is the mother of genuine devotion. A true Christianity welcomes truth from whatever quarter it comes and by whatever messenger it is brought. A true Christianity cares more for truth than for the opinions of the greatest men; she says evermore, as Jesus said to those who asked, "Master, where dwellest thou?" and as Philip said to Nathanael, who thought no good thing could come out of Nazareth, "come and see." She submits all her premises, processes and conclusions to the full sunlight of the most critical examination. She has absolutely nothing to conceal.

In the encaustic tiling at the entrance to one of his homes, Lord Tennyson, we are told, had the words, "Truth against the world." A true Christianity will write these words at the head of every sermon, on the first page of every book, and on the heart of every disciple. In this spirit the church ought to go forth to meet her critics. Criticism is the act or art of judging; the judgment is not necessarily unfavorable. But even when unfavorable, the church, as the child and champion of truth, will go forward fearlessly and even joyfully to meet it. Consider, first, the Church and her

Early Heathen Critics.

I do not call them atheistic critics. It is doubtful whether such a phenomenon as an intellectual atheist ever existed; but practical atheists are, and always have been, very common. There are men who live as if there were no God. Could it be authoritatively announced to-morrow that God is dead, they would make no change in their systems of thought or in their methods of life. To them there is no God. Such persons were known to and characterized long ago by the psalmist when he said, "the fool hath said in his heart, no God." It was a fool who uttered the words, and even he said them in his heart rather than in his head; for the head of even a fool knew better. Atheism of whatever kind is a freezing void, an arctic breath, a lifeless life. It is an atmosphere in which no wing can soar, no heart can beat and no soul rejoice. Atheism can transform a rare day in June into a raw day in January.

Atheistic, or more strictly, polytheistic, critics of Christ and the church appeared early in the history of Christianity. They fiercely attacked the church; they created great consternation. No doubt many pious souls thought the ark of God was in danger; and yet most of these critics would now be unknown were it not that Christian writers have perpetuated their names in the books written to oppose their sophistical arguments.

Lucian first comes before us. He was born at Samosata on the Euphrates about the year 120, and he died about the end of

the second century. He was placed with his maternal uncle, who was a sculptor, that he might learn statuary. Later we find him practising law at the bar in Syria and Greece; then as a teacher of rhetoric in Gaul, where he gained pupils and fame; then he appears in Athens as the boon companion of the gay, wealthy and impious circles. There he wrote much, his writings consisting mostly of attacks on philosophy and religion. Toward the latter part of his life he held a lucrative office in Egypt, bestowed upon him by the Emperor Commodus. He has been called the "Voltaire of Grecian literature." He wrote in the form of dialogue and in pure and elegant Greek. His keen wit did good by opposing the quackery of heathen priests, and the shallowness of philosophical charlatans; but he attacked Christianity in common with the false systems of heathenism. He spoke of Jesus Christ as a "crucified sophist," and not as an impostor, as did Celsus. Christianity he treated with a compassionate smile and not with a bitter sneer. He was marked by a general unbelief, was an Epicurean, a worldling, and a fine example, as has been said of the "nil-admirari school."

A Pioneer Critic.

Next comes Celsus. His history is involved in obscurity, but he was born probably early in the second century. His vulgar jibes and ribald criticisms remind us of Thomas Paine of a much later day. He is the reputed author of the work entitled, "A True Discourse," which was written against Judaism and Christianity. We would know almost nothing of his writings were it not for Origen who, though he knew little of Celsus himself, wrote vigorously against his methods and conclusions. In so doing he quoted many parts of his opponent's arguments, and thus has sent them down to succeeding generations. It is almost certain that Celsus was a Platonist, and quite certain that he was a man of much philosophical learning and of equal critical ability. He discovered and declared many of the objections to Christianity which its ablest opponents mention and emphasize to-day. In several important matters he anticipated the theories of Mr. Darwin. Strictly speaking, he was not an atheist; he believed in a supreme God. He believed in original uncreated matter as the source of all evil; but he denied a supernatural will and final aims or courses. There was nothing but involution and evolution of reason and matter. These principles, if they had triumphed, would have been fatal to Christianity.

Origen, more to please friends than to satisfy himself, replied to Celsus in the book entitled "Contra Celsum;" and he has thus preserved his opponent's name. Only as men link their names with the deathless name of Jesus Christ, do their own names become immortal. The names of the three men who were cast into the fiery furnace abide; the names of the mighty men who cast them in are unknown; they were never recorded. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot.

A Philosophical Foe.

Then came the brilliant Porphyry, whose original name was Malchus, the Greek form of the Syro-Phœnician word Melek or King. The word Porphyry is an allusion to the colors of which regal robes generally consisted. He was born at Tyre about the year 233. He was truly a celebrated heathen philosopher; an able expounder of neo-platonism, and a bitter opponent of Christianity. He was without doubt one of the most brilliant and sagacious, one of the most determined and persistent critics Christianity has ever had during all the centuries of its existence. He stands vastly higher in character and ability than either Lucian or Celsus. They were comparatively rude; he was refined and personally noble. They were coarse jesters; he was a philosophical think-

er. They attempted to check the progress of Christianity, he determined utterly to destroy Christianity. They gave Christianity a sneer or a syllogism; he sought to give Christianity its death-blow. He was scholarly and able at every point; he was a peerless heathen polemic. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Christianity never had a more relentless and capable foe. He moved boldly into the arena; he was resolved to dethrone Jesus Christ. He made a tremendous onset against the supernatural in Christianity, endeavoring to disprove the records in which the gospel is taught; this method of opposition he devised. Lucian and Celsus did not attack the gospel records. He anticipated, perhaps he suggested, methods which are common in our own day. About the year 270 in Sicily, having gone there after a fit of deep melancholy during which he attempted to take his own life, he wrote fifteen books against Christianity. He might as well have attempted to climb to the sky and blow out the sun. He simply succeeded in making his name hated by Christians far and near. Thirty defenders leaped into the arena to do battle for Christ and his truth. Jesus Christ, not Porphyry, is King. He wears the royal purple and the crown of glory and bears

The Palm of Victory.

We now come to one of the most interesting and accomplished of the earlier writers of the Church, Julian the Apostate. His full name was Flavius Claudius Julianus. He was born in Constantinople in the year 331. He was the son of Julius Constantius, and the nephew of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor on the throne of the Cæsars. He, too, made a vigorous but ineffectual attempt to destroy Christianity and to establish the Græco-Roman heathenism in power and splendor. It has been said that the Arian Christianity of Constantius, his cousin, produced the anti-Christianity of Julian. He was the last great champion of a dying polytheism. It ought to be remembered also that the heathenism with which he was in love, was idealized by philosophy and purified by Christianity. The culture of that old Hellenic world had for him an irresistible charm; and in giving his love to its culture, he gave also his loyalty to its religion. Christianity was to him almost synonymous with family cruelty. We can all somewhat sympathize with the mitigating circumstances in his case of which Neander speaks. Brilliant and able, though he was, he was ready to believe the most absurd legends of the gods. He apostatized as early as 351, but for purposes of political ambition he concealed for years his real sentiments. In 361 he became emperor. He forbade the Christians to teach or be taught rhetoric, so that their ignorance might weaken their power; he even forbade the use of the name Christian. When his soldiers came to receive gifts they were obliged to throw a handful of incense on the pagan altar. Three times he assisted the Jews in their foolish attempts to rebuild Jerusalem, in order to falsify the predictions of Christ. He, however, showed great ability as a soldier, as he had already showed aptitude as a scholar. But all his efforts to destroy Christianity were in vain; paganism was dying; in Christianity alone all the hopes of humanity were centred. Finally, he found himself, after many brave exploits, in a waterless and desolate country at the hottest season of the year, surrounded by the whole Persian army; an arrow sped through the air; and in a moment more he lay on the ground mortally wounded, June 26th, 363. A later tradition says, that taking up a handful of sand saturated with his own blood, he cast it into the air, exclaiming: "O, Galilee, thou hast conquered." Thank God, the Galilee will conquer every foe!

Attention must be directed, in the second place, to some of the

Scientific Critics.

To a true science no Christian teacher can object, and established truth of science is as much a truth, in its place and for its purpose, as any statement of revelation. All true discoveries of science are revelations of the thought of God. Every truth of mathematics is to be honored as fully in its place as a truth of revelation. This thought gives honor and glory to the study of sines and co-sines of angles and triangles. Many Christians have made most unfortunate opposition to scientific discoveries; all such discoveries are to be honored as revelations of the eternal mind. It is only to a science falsely so-called that we object; truth is one and the revelation of God in science cannot contradict the revelation of God in Scripture. Genesis and Geology, rightly inter-

preted, must teach the same great principles. There may be contradictions between our interpretations of God's book of nature and our interpretations of his book of revelations; but the contradictions are in our interpretations and not in the divine revelations. There are scientific critics who are opposed to Christ and his cause; to the church and Christianity. But, for the most part, they are men who have not profoundly studied either the history or the principles of our holy religion; they have been occupied largely, if not exclusively, with their own scientific investigations.

Darwin

is a melancholy example of men of this class. At one time he was broad in his investigations and varied in his attainments; but he devoted himself so exclusively to his specialties that he became narrow and painfully bigoted. He himself tells us that a page of Shakespeare "nauseated" him, and that music gave him exquisite pain rather than pleasure. To use a word which has become common in certain scientific treatises, many of his nobler faculties became atrophied. There was much in Darwin to admire; he was a man of marvelous industry, of great honesty, and of singular devotion to his studies. But he developed his nature unsymmetrically; and he became narrow instead of broad. This remark applies in part to Spencer, Huxley, and many others of this class. On the other hand, there are scientists who are as famous for their devotion to Christ and their loyalty to the Bible as they were conspicuous for scientific learning, and as they are honored by brother scientists throughout the world. The celebrated Agassiz belongs to this class. He was the son of a Protestant minister, and he studied medical and other sciences at Zurich, Heidelberg and Munich. His first work was a Latin description of the fishes which Martius and Spix brought from Brazil; while visiting in Paris he formed an intimate friendship with Cuvier and Humboldt. In 1848 he accepted a call to the chair of geology at Harvard. He became widely known for his rejection of the Darwinian theory.

Christian Champions.

With the exception of Hugh Miller, no one did more to help science in our day than did Agassiz; perhaps no other introduced and trained so many young and enthusiastic naturalists. Whipple was right when he said of Agassiz: "He was not only a scientific thinker but a scientific force." Similar honor is due to Guyot who honored his native country, Switzerland, and his adopted country, America, alike by his great learning and noble character. He gave honor to Princeton College and to the world of learning on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Gray was to Harvard College what Guyot was to Princeton and more; he also gave honor to America, and to science throughout the world. His name reflects credit upon Christianity as Christianity illumined and ennobled his life. The illustrious Dana was to Yale College what Gray was to Harvard. His name was a synonym for scholarly attainments and for Christian faith. Perhaps the celebrated Dawson is in many respects more illustrious than any scientist already named. Recently he was knighted as an expression of royal appreciation. He gives honor to Canada, to America, to Britain and to the world. These men are remarkable witnesses for Christ and Christianity, and they are as eminent in science as they were loyal in faith. Jesus Christ is King; his throne is in the centre of the great realm of truth; the whole earth is his footstool; it is the incarnation of his thoughts. All chemical forces are revelations of the mind of God; the flowers are God's beautiful thoughts; the mountains his majestic thoughts; the stars his brilliant thoughts. The best student of nature, other things being equal, is he who is most loyal to Jesus Christ, as the God of creation and as the King of truth. No one can be truly loyal to the teachings of nature, as revealed by science, if he is disloyal to the world's Creator and Preserver.

The Literary Critics.

in the third place, also deserve consideration. The two classes sometimes intermingled; but still there is a distinction to be made. There are men who are supposed to be lights in the literary world who are against Christ and Christianity. But, for the most part, they are lights of but little brilliancy; they are but tallow dips or gas lamps compared to the great electric lights, the suns of literature. Who are the great lights of literature? Glance over the centuries; pronounce the names of Homer, Euripides,

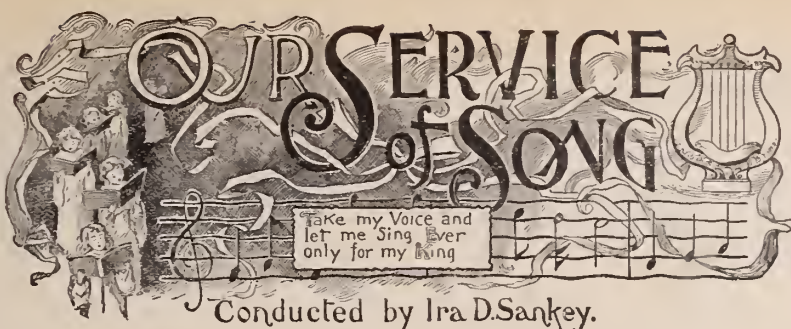
ocrates, Plato, Virgil and a dozen more. You say that these men are heathen; you are quite right. But they were religious according to their light; they caught inspiration from their religion; indeed, this religious element in them gave them power; it made their writings immortal. Rob their works of this religious element and you rob them of the characteristics which have given them enduring fame. Pronounce the names of the great authors in English literature. Such names as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, all the Puritan Divines, and such as Addison, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson and others; differing much among themselves in religious faith, still these men were inspired by religious hope and constrained by divine love. George Eliot never reached her highest possibilities; agnosticism limited her attainments; this world bounded her horizon. Tennyson and Browning, each on his own lofty peak of Parnassus, looked across the valley of the Muses to the other with admiration and affection. They were apostles of purity and of power; they were disciples of truth and Christ.

Champions of this Generation.

It is cause for profoundest congratulation that the greatest minds and the sweetest voices across the Atlantic during the closing years of this century, sang to the praise and glory of Jesus Christ, Son of man and Son of God. Pronounce some of our great American authors; such names as Bryant, Cooper, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Motley, Whittier, and a dozen others. These men differed among themselves touching many matters of faith; but they lived and wrote under the inspiration of Jesus Christ. Pronounce if you can the names of a dozen or so infidels on either side of the Atlantic, who can be for a single moment compared to these writers for intellectual attainment, not to speak of their moral character. Christianity gave us the greatest of poets, John Milton; the greatest of lawyers, Blackstone; and the greatest of politicians, Gladstone. Christianity develops intellectual power and immortalizes native genius. The men of greatest brain, of vastest learning and of most brilliant genius, are found bowing low at the feet of the Christ. The giants have had their day against Christianity, and have utterly failed. Do you think that the pygmies are to do what the giants have failed to accomplish? Do you think that a few poets and novelists are to overthrow the kingdom of God? Do you think a woman's novel, which has for its hero a man who never took a regular course in theology, a man more ignorant of the history of theological questions—according to the author's showing—than a middle man of average attainments in an average theological seminary, a man who excites our pity and justifies our contempt; a man who topples over when confronted with the questions which were answered at least 1500 years before he was born; do you think this novel is to overthrow the Church of the living God? Shades of Lucian, of Celsus, of Porphyry and of Julian is this the fate that befalls you? Climb to yonder moon and draw a curtain over her fair face; climb to yonder sun and blow out its light with your feeble breath—these things you may do as soon as you can put out the light of Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness, or darken the glory of the Church, which is "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Let us stand with Jesus Christ; let us lean on the Rock of Ages; let us glory in the Bible. Pantheism, atheism, every ungodly ism shall go down. But the Word of God and the Christ of God and the Church of God shall stand forever!

A SAMOAN CONVERT'S PRAYER.

The prayer of Teava, a convert of the Hervey Islands, who helped to carry the gospel to the natives of the Samoan group, would do well for any missionary setting forth on his good errand, although the man who offered the prayer had been only nine years before the lowest kind of a heathen; "O Lord, thou art the King of our spirits, thou hast issued orders to thy subjects to do a great work. Thou hast commanded them to preach the gospel to every creature. We are going on that errand now. Let thy presence go with us to persevere in the great work until we die." Even those who stay at home may be better for reading over extracts from such a prayer, especially those who may think that cannibals are scarcely worth saving.



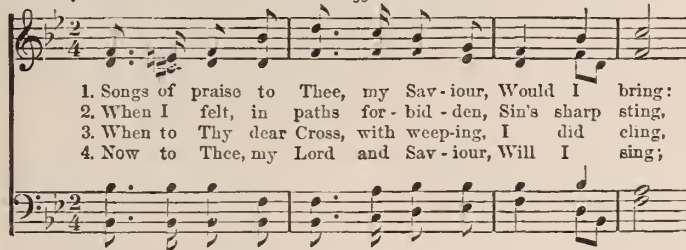
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Christ, My King.

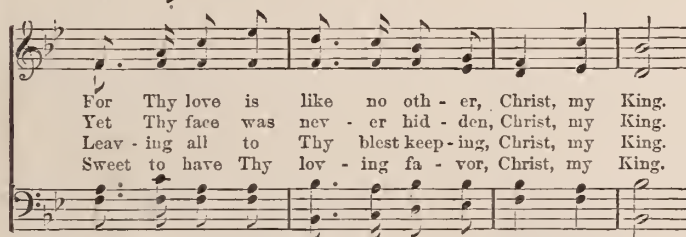
Mary A. Kidder.

Isaiah 33: 22.

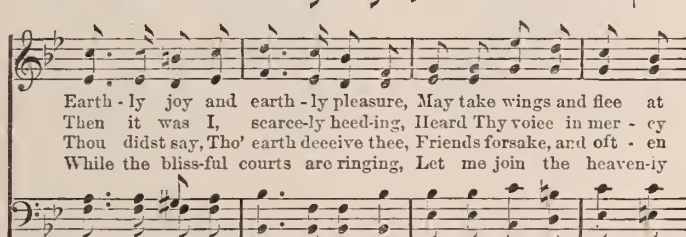
Theo. E. Perkins.



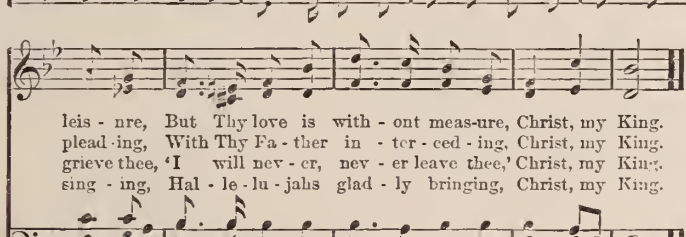
1. Songs of praise to Thee, my Sav-iour, Would I bring:
2. When I felt, in paths for-bid-den, Sin's sharp sting,
3. When to Thy dear Cross, with weep-ing, I did cling,
4. Now to Thee, my Lord and Sav-iour, Will I sing;



For Thy love is like no oth-er, Christ, my King.
Yet Thy face was nev-er hid-den, Christ, my King.
Leav-ing all to Thy blest keep-ing, Christ, my King.
Sweet to have Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Christ, my King.



Earth-ly joy and earth-ly pleasure, May take wings and flee at
Then it was I, scarce-ly heed-ing, Heard Thy voice in mer-cy
Thou didst say, Tho' earth deceive thee, Friends forsake, and oft-en
While the bliss-ful courts are ringing, Let me join the heav-en-ly



leis-nre, But Thy love is with-ont meas-ure, Christ, my King.
plead-ing, With Thy Fa-ther in-ter-ced-ing, Christ, my King.
grieve thee, 'I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee,' Christ, my King.
sing-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs glad-ly bring-ing, Christ, my King.

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THE SHINING SHORE.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WHEN youth and vigor droop away,
And hopes and aims are gone,
When night appears at close of day,
And earthly scenes are flown,—
Then may they look through loving eyes,
And trust in him who bore
Their sins while here, that they might rise
To that fair, shining shore.

The aged ones whose three-score years
And ten are drawing nigh,
Can have no doubts within nor fears,
For Christ is standing by;
"I am the Way," he saith to them,
"For you the Cross I bore;
Look to the Star of Bethlehem,
That shines on yonder shore."

Ah! yes, they're gone, those faithful friends,
We loved to meet while here;—
The angel of the Lord attends
Them in that happy sphere;
They'll circle round the dazzling throne,
And praise forevermore,
And shine as they had never shone,
Safe on the heavenly shore.
Monistiquie, Mich. FRANK A. ROGERS.

WATCH FOR SOULS.

WATCH for souls, for men are dying
They are hurrying to the grave,
Without thought about their future,
Or the Christ that came to save.

Watch for souls my brother, sister—
Live for him who died for thee,
Warn the sinner, point the anxious
To the tomb of Calvary.

Watch for souls. Yea, watch for Jesus
Till the watching time is o'er,
Till we go to be with Jesus
Where we shall go out no more.
Jackson, Cal. JOHN A. GLASSON.

THE ROCK.

LEAD me to the Rock, that is higher
than I,
To thee O my Saviour, my God I would fly.
When my heart is downcast, with sorrow
and woe,
For help and for comfort, to thee I would go.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
When storms of adversity darken my sky,
To find 'neath its shadow, a shelter from ill,
And prove how my God, doth his promise
fulfil.

Lead me to the Rock, that is higher than I,
When the dear ones I love, are passing on
high. [and the dark,
My lone saddened soul, through the mist
Would fly to the rock, as the dove to the Ark.

Lead me to the Rock, that is higher than I,
Hide me in its cleft, till life's trials are by.
O Saviour, the Rock on which all my hopes
rest,

I lay my tired head on thy Infinite breast.
Stayner, Ont. MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

THE MILLENNIAL KINGDOM.

What is Revealed in the Bible about the
Saviour's Reign on Earth.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.

THE Lord Christ, as the Son of man,
is to reign here; on this ransomed
and regenerated earth; for a thousand
years in glory, as its King.
It is written: "The Lord shall
give to him the throne of his father

David." "The government shall be upon
his shoulder; and his name shall be called,
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,
the Father of the future age, the Prince of
Peace. Mighty shall be his dominion, and
of his peace no end. He shall ascend the
throne of David." "At that time they shall
call Jerusalem the Throne of the Lord; and
all nations shall be gathered to it, to the
name of the Lord to Jerusalem." Luke 1: 32;
Is. 9: 6, 7; 24: 23; Jer. 3: 17; Zech. 8: 3, etc.

At the beginning of this millennial reign the
earth is cleared of its ungodly inhabitants.
"Thus shall it be at the consummation of this
present age. The Son of man shall send forth
his angels and they shall gather out of his
kingdom all things that cause stumbling
and them that do iniquity." None of the
rebellious and ungodly are left. Matt. 13:
40-42, 49, 50; 25: 41, 46.

At the beginning of this millennial reign
God's covenant with Israel is revived; they
are gathered from all nations; reunited; and
settled again in prosperity and power with-
in their own land. And this land is to be
henceforth the centre of the world's religion
and its empire. (Jer. 31: 8-15; Isa. 11: 11-16;
12: 6; 60: 1-21; Ezek. 36: 22-35.)

During this millennial reign all the na-
tions shall be taught of God; and he will
pour his spirit upon all flesh. (Isa. 2: 2-4;
66: 23; 11: 9.)

During this millennial reign man's great
enemy is chained and imprisoned. Men
shall not be tempted by him, nor the na-
tions seduced. In this present dispensation,
"We wrestle not against flesh and blood
alone, but against the principalities, against
the powers, against the world rulers of this
darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wick-
edness in the Heavenly places." (Eph. 6: 12.)
But then, in that coming age, "that old
Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, is
bound with a great chain, and cast into the
bottomless pit and shut up there, and a seal
set upon him that he should deceive the na-
tions no more till the thousand years should
be finished" (Rev. 20: 1-3).

Then is to be the reign of peace;—"His
name shall be the Prince of Peace." "Na-
tion shall not lift up sword against nation;
neither shall they learn war any more."
"But they shall sit every man under his
fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid,
for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath
spoken it." (Is. 9: 6; 2: 4; Micah 4: 3, 4.)

Then is the discord of creation to end:—
"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and
the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and
the young lion and the fatling together; and
the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the
suckling child shall play on the hole of the
asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand
in the adder's den. They shall not hurt nor
destroy in all my holy mountain; for the
earth shall be full of the knowledge of the
Lord." (Is. 11: 6-9; comp. Hosea 2: 18-23.)

Then, too, is the earth's fertility to be re-
stored:—"I will open rivers on the bare
heights, and fountains in the midst of the
valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool
of water and the dry land springs of water.
I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the
acacia, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will
set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine and the
box-tree together; that they may see and
know and consider and understand together
that the Hand of the Lord hath done this,
and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."
(Is. 11: 41, 18-20; Ezek. 34: 27, 29; Ps. 75: 12.)

And then also is to be lengthened to its
first duration the life of man:—"I will re-
joice in Jerusalem and joy in my people;
and the voice of weeping shall be no more
heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There
shall be no more one born prematurely, nor
an old man that hath not filled his days; for
the youth shall be an hundred years of age."
(Is. 65: 19-22.)

It is into this Millennial Kingdom the Lord
Christ welcomes as many from the living
nations as have been able, to abide the judg-
ment of the King. He tells them that they
have been long cherished in the mind and
heart of God; that they are blessed of his
Father; that their deeds have been in this
last sifting age approved by him; that it is
for them, as its citizens, this Kingdom and
this new dispensation have been designed.



THE DENOMINATIONS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 18, John 17:21; Luke 9:49,50; I Cor. 1:12,13.

FOR what does our denomination stand? That is the question proposed for consideration this week by the Christian Endeavor Committee. How various the answers will be, may be seen by consulting the list of churches which have Christian Endeavor societies. But the answer should not be a partial one. The peculiarity of each denomination does not represent all that the denomination stands for. It may be the distinction which separates it from other denominations; but it stands for other, and generally more important, matters. For example, the Baptist Church stands for the baptism by immersion of believers only; but it stands for other things, too. Like the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist and many other churches it stands for justification by faith, for sanctification by the Holy Spirit and the cardinal evangelical doctrines. This fact should never be forgotten. There is always a danger of laying too much stress on the minute peculiarity and forgetting the basic truths in which the church has fellowship with other churches. The practical result of the habit is to restrict the fellowship, which ought to be broad and extensive. To refuse to recognize as a brother a man who accepts nineteen out of the twenty articles of our creed, but rejects the twentieth, is to miss the true idea of Christian unity. While it is natural and proper that we should prefer to worship and associate with persons who agree with us as to rites and ceremonies and church government, the preference ought not to debar us from association with others who do not agree with us in those matters, but are one with us in loyalty to Christ. The essential unity of all who own Christ as their King, who are serving him and propagating his kingdom in the world, should never be overshadowed by non-essential divisions. The field is one, the enemy is the same. One is our Master, even Christ and his people should be one in heart and spirit. The war of the sects has been waged long enough. Their time has been spent in quarreling and disputing with each other; it is time now that the weapons that have done deadly mischief on the brethren should be turned against the common enemy. The sin and misery and ignorance and oppression and cruelty in the world should be assailed by a united church. The settlement of vexed questions of doctrine, polity and ceremonial may well be adjourned while so much practical work remains to be done. We have long been loyal to our creeds; let us now try being loyal to Christ. Every one who loves him and is serving him should be enrolled under his banner; mutual jealousies should be laid aside and every Christian count every other Christian as his comrade in the conflict. Therefore the answer to the Committee's question, for what does our denomination stand? should be first of all, Loyalty to Christ.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN ENGLAND.

All denominations are adopting the Christian Endeavor movement in England, and as here they are finding it a source of blessing and helpfulness. In the course of a report of the progress of the movement which Rev. W. Bainbridge of Chester, sends to headquarters, two testimonies are given by distinguished ministers. Dr. Clifford, the eminent Baptist minister, says: "Christian Endeavor societies are growing rapidly amongst Baptists. No other organization combines so many attractive and necessary features. It gives a primary place to the cultivation of the devout life. Prayer and consecration are first, and always first. Personal effort is indispensable. The formation of habits of active sympathy and evangelical usefulness is encouraged. The corporate life of the Christian brotherhood is nourished. Indeed, it is felt to be the one thing

needful to counteract the dissipating influences that abound on every hand in this pleasure-loving age, to evoke sympathy with the church and its institutions, and to promote a robust and useful piety." The Rev. E. C. Gauge, another powerful London Baptist preacher, who succeeded Rev. F. B. Meyer, at Regent's Park Church, speaking recently, said, "I have tried many methods for getting hold of the young people,—cricket clubs, literary societies, debating classes,—but have never found anything which so readily took fire, and brought so much blessing, as the Christian Endeavor. I have gone to their prayer meetings and sat down among them; they have done all the managing, and my witness is that not even at the table of the Lord have I enjoyed sweeter fellowship than when thus associating with about one hundred young people." The Baptists are leading the van in England, having at present the largest number of societies.

FOREIGN C. E. LEADERS.

One of the strongest testimonies to the value of the Christian Endeavor movement



REV. TASUKE HARADA.
(President of the C. E. Society of Japan.)

is the unanimity with which it has been welcomed and adopted by Christian people in lands radically unlike our own and each other. The portraits on this page are of men who illustrate this fact. One of them is President of the Union in New South Wales and the other President of the Union in Japan.

Rev. W. J. L. Closs is a Scotchman by birth, but has spent his life from infancy in the Australian colony. His parents moved thither thirty-four years ago, and after some wanderings settled in New Zealand. With the characteristic love of the Scotch for education their son was sent to the best school in the colony and was well-drilled at home. On attaining majority Mr. Closs was competent to teach, and was appointed master of an important school at Dunedin. His call to the work of the ministry, however, was unmistakable and he yielded prompt obedience. After a theological course at Camden College, Sydney, he settled at Mount Eden, near Auckland, where he held a successful pastorate for two years. At the end of that time he accepted an invitation from the Summer Hill Church near Sydney, where he still is. He was one of the first pastors in New South Wales to organize a Christian Endeavor Society, and when a United Society was formed for the Colony he was elected President. During his year of office the Society trebled its numbers and at its close he was re-elected for a second term.

Tasuke Harada, the President of the United Society of Japan, although not yet thirty years old, is a man of mark in his native land. He is pastor of the Bancho Con-

gregational Church, the largest church in the Capital. Mr. Harada is a man of strong convictions and decisive action. He belongs by birth to the nobility, but with a profound belief in democratic principles, he several years ago deliberately renounced his hereditary privileges to become a commoner. After his conversion to Christianity, he entered the Doshisha University in Kyoto, from which he graduated with honors. His first pastorate was at Hiogo where he labored for seven years. During this period he organized a Congregational Church in the great northern Island of Yezo. Recently he came to this country and took a divinity course at New Haven. At its close he went to Europe, visiting the great universities of England and Germany, and made the acquaintance of eminent scholars and preachers. On his return to Japan, Mr. Harada was urged to become a Professor in the University, but preferring preaching and pastoral work, he declined and accepted the invitation of the Bancho Church in which he is doing successful work. He has strong faith in Christian Endeavor principles and is the best man in Japan for the position he occupies, as President of the United Society.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

A cordial invitation has been sent to the Young Men's Christian Association through the world to attend the general Jubilee Conference in London. It is signed by Mr. George Williams, the President of the British National Council and reads as follows: "The thirteenth International Conference and Jubilee Celebration of Young Men's Christian Associations will, through the kindness of the various National Unions who have accepted our invitation, take place in London, from June 1 to 7, 1894. On behalf of the Jubilee Council, I desire to express to you the great joy we have in the anticipation of welcoming your delegates in our midst. I invite your prayers, and those of the members of the Associations generally in the various countries, that the auspicious and important occasion may, through Divine blessing, be characterized by great spiritual power, and lead to a wide extension of the work of Young Men's



REV. W. J. L. CLOSS.
(President of the C. E. Society of New South Wales.)

Christian Associations throughout the world." Instructions are also sent as to the rights and powers of delegates. Every country may send one voting delegate for every five associations and will have, besides delegates, representing the National Committee, in proportion to the numbers of its associations—five if the number is below a hundred and ten if it is above a hundred. The Cunard Company has agreed to carry delegates at \$135 for the round trip. It will be necessary to sail on or before May 19. Secretaries who know of any of their members intending to be present at the Convention are requested to send their names with those of the delegates to Mr. George A. Hall, at the Y. M. C. A., New York.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL UNION.

It seems impossible to keep the Young People's Societies from association with each other. In spite of the efforts of the ministers and leaders to keep them in separate flocks under their own control with the fences high and in good repair, the young people are so well aware of the advantages of association with others of other denominations who are working for the same object and in the same

spirit, that they are organizing alliances their own account. A typical instance occurred at Ravenswood, Ill. A correspondent of the "Epworth Herald" reports that there are in that city "a Methodist Epworth League, a Congregationalist Endeavor Society, a Baptist Union, and a Unit Presbyterian Christian Union. Each is successful. But the young people desired come into closer sympathy and co-operation. A union meeting was called. It proved regular fellowship meeting. Then an alliance was formed, with a president and secretary. Monthly meetings will be held at different churches to study methods of Christian work and plan for the salvation of the young people of the community. Whether this movement will have the approval of Dr. Schell and Dr. Wilkins, we shall probably soon hear, but to the ordinary observer it would seem as if such an alliance would be effective in promoting Christian brotherhood and influencing the young people in the city who are at present outside the church.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Valjejo, Cal., has opened a reading room at that port for the benefit of sailors.

Dr. Schell, the General Secretary of the Epworth League has removed to Berwyn near Chicago, where personal letters to him should now be addressed.

The Leipzig Young Men's Christian Association has received from the King of Belgium an expression of his best wishes for the prosperity of its work.

Bishop Fitzgerald, before leaving on his tour, signed a number of blank commissions for officers of the Epworth Guards so that each officer might have the Bishop's autograph on his commission.

In the New York Christian Endeavor Union there are English, German, Italian, Hungarian, colored, floating and police societies, and it is the expectation that a French society also will soon be added.

A good example is set by the B. Y. P. U. of Des Moines, Iowa. It asks secretaries in other cities who know of young people going to Des Moines to live, to report to the Union so that they may be welcomed to the city.

Arrangements for the reception of the International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at Toronto next July have already been commenced. The Massey Music Hall in which the Convention will hold its meetings is now in course of construction. It is located at the corner of Shuter and Victoria Streets, in the heart of the city. It is the gift of Mr. H. A. Massey, a wealthy citizen of Toronto.

The Epworth League of Nostrand Avenue Church, Brooklyn, is one of the largest Leagues in the world, having a membership of about 450. Prayer and praise services are held every Sabbath evening. Many of the members also assist in sustaining mission services in the neighborhood, and at the Deaconess' Home. A subscription of \$1,100 to the New Sunday School building has been paid by the League to the trustees.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland, O., has issued two pieces of ribbon to every member. One of the pieces is maroon and the other white. Each member was requested to wear them in his button-hole and salute every man whom he saw wearing them. The object was to make the members acquainted with each other.

The Mercy and Help Department of the Epworth League of Summerfield Church, Baltimore, Md., has appealed to the citizens for contributions of provisions to continue the free meals it is giving to the poor of the city. There has been a generous response.

Young Men's Christian Associations in Europe are meeting various kinds of fortune. The work of the associations of Austria is carried on under very adverse conditions, and the secretary at Noiselay reports that the branch there is strenuously opposed. In Norway, on the other hand, the work flourishes, and one after another the associations are entering suitably equipped premises. Good work is being done amongst soldiers in Switzerland.



In Ancient Philistia.

The People of Gaza and their Customs and Traditions—Decay of a Great City.



CLUSTER of villages, the largest of which lies on the top of a low hill, while the others are on the plain beneath; the houses mean-looking mud-hovels, and the streets narrow has survived of

and filthy—this is all that the once powerful city of Gaza, the pride of the ancient Philistines. Ghuzzeh, as the modern town is called, has probably about thirteen thousand inhabitants, and lies on the great thoroughfare between the head of the Persian Gulf and Hebron. The hill itself appears to be mainly composed of the piled-up ruins of a succession of cities that have stood there, and the debris of massive walls and fragments of columns tell the story of Gaza's departed greatness. Once a strongly fortified city, it has now no walls or defenses and even its inhabitants seem to have retrograded, for they are generally regarded as fierce and lawless, especially in their attitude toward strangers. The illustration on this page represents a family group of Gazites of the better class. Living in an almost tropical climate, where palm-trees, olive-groves, and fruits of many different varieties flourish, and where corn and other cereals grow with slight cultivation, the problem of support becomes a very simple one. So plentiful is the corn crop of Gaza that it is remarked by travelers that the sound of the mill-stones is heard there all day long. It has a few really good bazaars, but its merchants are rapacious. Still, to travelers and caravans both going to and coming from Egypt, a stop at Gaza is indispensable. Here a new stock of provisions and necessities is secured for the journey through the desert, and the water-skins and bottles are filled from the cool, deep wells.

It was probably long before the time of Abraham that the Avim, who were the original inhabitants of the border of Canaan, were conquered by the Philistines. Those Avim were half-nomads, living alternately on the plains and the neighboring desert. Gaza, in after days, was one of the five great Philistine cities which each gave a golden emerald as a trespass-offering to the Lord. It is memorable also as the scene of Samson's exploit, when he took the doors of the city gate and the posts and carried them on his shoulders to the top of a hill near Hebron. His tragic death in the temple of Dagon, in whose wreck he involved "all the lords of the Philistines," is also a part of the history of this strange, old-world town lying amid its ruins on the edge of the Egyptian desert.

Like most other large cities of the East, Gaza has suffered from the various wars that have been waged during the passing centuries. Half a dozen times destroyed and rebuilt, it seems to have maintained its importance until it fell under Moslem domination. The blight of Islamism, which withers whatever it touches, has reduced it to its present dilapidated condition.

A Californian Paradise.

A Santa Barbara, Cal., reader, sends us the following letter: "In reading Marion Harland's description in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of a 'Syrian Paradise,' I hoped that no one would feel that he must cross both ocean and continent to reach one,

our beautiful boulevard, the sunset hues are on the waters and the surrounding mountains and distant islands are robed in purple and mist, one might verily imagine that 'the gates of Paradise here swing ajar.'

"I wish your correspondent could take a trip to California when she returns from the far East, and she can sit out on the piazza in January to write in the sunshine, as I am now doing, listening to the song of birds in the live-oak trees, watching the lights and shadows on the mountains, and catching glimpses of the sea beyond."

A "Conundrum Social."

Here is a good recipe for a pleasant evening among the young folks and their juvenile friends at home: Write out on small strips of paper all the good conundrums you can find, carefully numbering each one, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. You will need from thirty-five to fifty conundrums. The slips of paper are to be pinned around in different places in the house where the social is to be held. Pin them on table covers, window curtains, portieres, drapes, and in different rooms, and at a height easy to read without removing them. Give to the guests pencils and paper, and announce the total number of conundrums they are to find. Search and study begin at once. At an appointed hour all must gather in one place and listen to the correct answers read by someone, each per-

cheeks grow rosy, and his eyes dance with exhilaration. If the baby is given some kind of an outing, the risk of his catching cold will be small.

HELP ME TO LIVE.

LORD, help thou me to live above
The trifles in this life:
To fill my days with works of love—
Lord, lead me through the strife!

When I would wander off in sin,
Restrain me for his sake;
Thy holy paths, oh, keep me in,
Nor let me e'er forsake.

And when I've run my race below,
And let me run it well!
On me eternal life bestow,
That I with thee may dwell.

—MAMIE FRANK EADS.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IMPROVING.

THE manners and customs of society are improving, writes Dr. Talmage. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has vastly improved. I know that there are people who long for the good old times. They say, "Just think of the pride of people at this day!" "Just look at the ladies' hats!" Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day to equal the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say, "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will never equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers rolled up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die with laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a rosebud. Shoes of bespangled white kid and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with coat of sky-blue silk and vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles and hair in a queue. Oh, you modern hairdressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry! The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe ordering sent for the use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours. Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances, that for heartiness and uproar truly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, and redows and breakdowns of the nineteenth century? And as to old-time courtships! Washington Irving describes them. I once said to my father, an aged man: "Are people so much worse now than they used to be?" He made no answer for a minute, for the old people do not like to confess much to the boys. But after awhile his eye twinkled and he said, "Well De Witt, the fact is that people were never any better than they ought to be."



GROUP OF NATIVES OF THE CITY OF GAZA.

From a photograph brought from the East by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

when here in our own land, her descriptions of luxuriant vegetation would equally apply. As I look out of my window in Santa Barbara, I see a poinsettia spreading its broad disks of scarlet in the open lawn on a shrub nearly nine feet in height and close beside it a scarlet passion-vine climbs to the top of a eucalyptus, fully seventy feet high, making the whole tree aflame with its gorgeous beauty. Here, too, are orange trees, laden with their golden fruit, tangerines, mandarines, and lemons, and the roses—the roses grow rankly in every garden; jasmine and ivy drape the stone walls enclosing the lawns; fuchsias climb in at the second-story windows, violets and pansies abound, and hedges of geranium are too common to mention. We look out upon the smiling Pacific: palms, peppers and pines wave in the soft ocean breeze, and when driving on

son marking his own paper. The one having the greatest number of correct answers is honored in some special manner by the host of the evening.

Child Hygiene in Winter.

One of the first rules to be observed in preventing colds in children is to give them plenty of fresh air, even in the colder weather. Dress them warmly and give them air. Of course judgment must be used if the child is not constitutionally strong. Dress him as if going into the street, or wrap him warmly in a shawl and take him into an upper chamber where one window is open. You can carry him briskly up and down in this fresh, clear atmosphere, avoiding draughts, and the little fellow's lungs will be filled with pure air, while his pulse will bound, his

Happy Girlhood.

Be girls while you may. Womanhood with all its privileges and power, its burdens and trials, will come soon enough. Let womanhood come to you. The responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But, oh, do not be so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which wisely spent will brighten all your future life.



SYNOPSIS OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

The first scene of the story is a week-evening service in the Jeremy Taylor Memorial Church, Brooklyn. The pastor, Rev. William C. Barnes and his wife notice among the strangers present, a lady whose features seem to Mrs. Barnes strangely familiar. She cannot identify her, but, later, as she is sitting at her own window, she sees the same lady pass and recognizes her as Mrs. Alice Paull, an old schoolfellow. She raises the window and calls "Alice, Alice," but there is no reply. Alice Paull, was Alice Lanier, when Mrs. Barnes went to school with her, the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Lanier, who is now dead and his business is in the hands of the son, Mr. Roger Lanier. Mrs. Paull's brother, Her husband, Ernest Paull, whom she married eighteen years before the opening of the story, was an idle, pleasure-loving man, whose neglect and unkindness she had patiently borne. He had lost several business positions and ultimately had embezzled the money of his employers and absconded. He confessed his crime in a letter to his wife's brother, who carried the news to Mrs. Paull. Shocked by the intelligence, she goes out at night, not telling her daughter Marie, or her Scotch servant, Elspeth, where she is going. Wandering aimlessly around, she turns into the church, where Mrs. Barnes sees her. On her return to her home she falls sick of brain fever. Her physician, Dr. Bacon, engages a good Christian woman, Mrs. Williams by name, to nurse her. In conversation with Mr. Roger Lanier, Mrs. Williams admits that she, too, is a deserted wife, and Mr. Lanier is impelled by her sympathy to tell her the story of Mrs. Paull, his sister.

CHAPTER VII Continued.

"Do you think so?" said the nurse, looking at the reverse side of the clipping as if hoping there to discover whether or not the criticism were correct. "Now, I was hoping that he had studied the lesson out for himself, and found it so useful that he couldn't help but recommend it to us who had been tried and tempted and had suffered in the same way. It reads to me like, 'O, taste and see!'"

She read the extract over again silently to herself, before resuming her talk.

"I know lots of people who have learned to live by the day, and even hour. But his minute business is spandy new to me. And it does seem to me to fit in splendid with the hairs-of-your-head, and the falling-sparrow and the grass-of-the-field and the young-ravens-when-they-cry doctrine."

"But nobody takes such figures of speech literally. It would be childish to pretend to live in that way in a practical age. An intelligent man or woman must plan, and provide for—and dread—the unknown future. With at least one-half of those who know the uncertainties and terrors of life, it is a fearful looking forward—a fearful looking forward!"

The scorn was sadder, the intonations desolate. She moved uneasily among her pillows. The probe had found the ball. Mrs. Williams had assisted at too many operations not to understand what the flinch meant.

"That fearful looking-forward is a part of the doom of the impenitent," she said, quietly. "When the beloved of the Lord are permitted to look ahead, they are commanded to lift their heads and look up. That's the only use they have for far-sighted eyes."

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

"Look unto Me and be ye saved."

"From Genesis to Revelations it is 'Up! up! It's the only safe and sensible thing to do when you're traveling in dizzy places, whether its with our bodily feet or in spirit. The dear Lord blindfolds us when the road is very dangerous, then lays tight hold of our hands, and his voice—not behind us, but close beside us, oh, so close, and so sweet!—saying: 'This is the way! Walk ye in it! And I will lead them in paths they have not known.' The sheep know his voice and ask nothing better than to follow him. I would be the foolish thing in nature to try to pull off the bandage. Yet that is what the best of us are apt to do."

The conversation was stayed at that for a long while. Mrs. Williams took up her knitting, a shawl of cream-white Saxony wool, intended, although nobody but herself knew this, for a Christmas present to

Mrs. Paull. Her needles did not click, and the fluffy fabric harmonized with her personality in some mysterious way.

"I don't think I took in the full meaning of what you said just now," came at last from her companion. "Existence would be a tame affair if all order their thoughts according to your rule. We might as well have been born short-sighted in soul and mind."

"'T would have been more comfortable, if this was all the life we are to have. My eyes are uncommon strong for a woman of fifty-three, but a year ago this month something or other ailed 'em. When I'd hold a book or my work down this way, I'd see a shadow of a line just above the real one. 'T was a sort of double sight, and it bothered me no end. So I went to an okkerlist. My pastor gave me a letter to him. He flashed a flight way down to the bottom of my eye-balls and went thought all manner of tests with 'em, and then, says he—'what have you been doing to strain your optic muscle?' Have you been reading in bed, or anything like that when you weren't in your usual health?"

"So I had to confess that, being laid up for a couple of weeks with influenza, I had read in bed the whole enduring time, seeing I so seldom get a chance to indulge myself that way, and being awful fond of books. He said when I did that, the angle of vision wasn't right. So I paid for my foolishness and ignorance by being unable to wear civilized peoples' glasses, but must have a pair ground slanting-like to suit the sight I'd twisted from the uprightness in which the Almighty had created it. Now, 't seems to me that's about what we do when we go against God's law of spiritual sight. He gives us one day at a time, and tells to make the best of it. And we are continually peeping 'round, or under, or over it, in a fease to see what's coming next, at an angle he never intended us to use. It's no wonder we get cross-eyed and what not, and lose our clear views of life, and can't see heaven straight without we have gospel glasses, ground expressly to suit what we've made ourselves to be."

Mrs. Paull looked unaffectedly amused, yet thoughtful.

"Still you say there are people who have trained themselves not to look beyond the day. How do they begin the work?"

"By receiving the kingdom of heaven and all belonging to it as little children. When God says a thing, they just simply believe it. That's the whole secret. They believe it as babies believe in their mothers,—take him at his word as Gladys takes all you say for gospel truth. If you were to say to her in a thunder-storm,—'Mamma will keep you safe, dear,' she'd not have another fear."

"Yes! because she sees and hears me. We have no guarantee that God has any especial message for the individual human soul. I am still in the dark as to the first lesson of your faith and practice. Where do you get your certified orders?"

"He says, 'When ye pray, say our Father who art in heaven,' and so on. When you get to 'give us this day'—or as the new Version puts it in the margin, 'day by day our daily bread,'—stop and ask yourself if he hasn't some merciful reason for repeating that 'daily' idea so often. It is a kind of fence he has built about to-day."

"You've got nothing to do with what is going on outside, he says to you by that form of prayer: 'To-day is your business, and there's enough to do to keep you busy. To-morrow belongs to me.'"

"I've got a piece of poetry at home, I'll have copied off for you sometime, if you don't mind, that says how 'from the coming ages' we must 'reverent take the virgin day.' That's the idea! A new day, a clean day,—something made just purposely for each of us, that nobody has even had in all eternity past until this very morning; something to be improved and enjoyed with all our heart, soul and strength, before it is

sealed up and laid away with all the yesterday that have been since creation, and labeled along with God's eternal years."

She wrought industriously at the creamy shawl, knitting one needle out and another in, then looked up, smilingly:

"I shall never forget when I first got hold of that beautiful idea, and what a lovely thing the fresh day seemed to me. Not a thumb-mark, not a spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. I saw a thousand pleasant things to be happy for, and to wonder at, as the hours went by, that I would have missed if I have been thinking about what might happen to-morrow, and knowing it's all I am sure of, I make so much more of little things," unmindful, in her enthusiasm, of the change in her tenses. "By bed-time, when you come to say your prayers"—mixing up persons in like happy confusion—"you are actually afraid of wearying the Lord, if that could be (which it isn't!) with your thanksgivings. And, when you lay your head upon your pillow, you fall asleep like a well baby in its mother's arms. That day is done with—shut and wrapped up carefully and put into God's safe hands."

"Nevertheless I should think you would find life monotonous,—a very tame affair, as I said just now. Just the same story over and over and over to the end of time. The hope that to-morrow may bring a change in their condition is all that keeps miserable people from despair."

"You would swap hope off for faith. I'd better say, perhaps, you would run the two into one grace. 'What man has done, man may do again,' is a saying that people find no difficulty in believing. What God has done in the way of goodness and mercy, God will do again, and keep on doing to all eternity. If he took care of me all day yesterday and every other yesterday I have ever lived and forgave my sins and granted me the joy of his countenance, and healed my sorrows, and strengthened me to do his holy will—he's bound to do as much for me to-day. Why, it's for to-day he promises strength and grace, and our Saviour positively forbids us to worry about to-morrow. Our minister's wife made a real helpful talk on this subject at our last woman's prayer-meeting. In it she told how some good man—John Newton, I think—had said that each day of life is like a stick of wood given us to carry, and how we are promised strength to be able to do it. But, he said, when we lay atop of that to-morrow's stick, and day after to-morrow's, and next week's, it's no wonder that we break down. We are abusing God's long-suffering, and not keeping ourselves back from presumptuous sins. He holds fast to his word. The trouble is we haven't obeyed orders. 'For,' as she said, 'there is nowhere in God's word the promise of grace for faggots.'"

"But there! I ain't going to preach any longer. Dr. Bacon makes lots of fun about that very thing. He says my tongue runs like a mill-race when I get started upon the Royal Road."

"I am not tired—except of myself, and my own thoughts!"

The last words escaped her unguardedly. She tossed her hands out restlessly upon the coverlet.

"It is good in you to talk to me of something else. It all sounds as if it ought to hold a world of comfort—if we only had the key. I can understand—" with a sort of sorrowful archness—"why you have been so patient with me all these dreary days. You took me by the day. Go on with your story. What is this Royal Road at which Dr. Bacon laughs?"

"That's Mr. Stevens' name for it. In the first sermon I ever heard him preach he said, as near as I can recollect:

"'We were told when we were little tots of children, and were so foolish as to think that we could read right off, without learning our A, B, C's, that there is no Royal Road to learning. That is a fact there is no getting around. It's just as truly a fact and a far more glorious one, that there is a Royal Road to Happiness. That's what all the men and women that have lived for the last six thousand years have been trying to find—the certain way to be happy.' Then he went on to describe the hundreds of ways they'd taken, the blood that had been shed, the money that had been wasted, the hearts that had been broken, the souls that had been lost in searching for happiness along the wrong roads. There are as many of them, he told us, as there are stars in the milky way, and folks are all the time opening and laying out new ones."

"At last he said if we'd all come again next Sunday night, he'd tell us how to find

and how to keep in the Royal Road to Happiness. And with that, he gave out a hymn and pronounced the benediction, and sent us home, not knowing whether to laugh or be provoked, but all of a mind about coming again next Sunday night."

"He's all the time doing that sort of thing. Folks call him 'eccentric' and 'sensational,' and harder names than those, but he knows how to 'fetch' the common people. Come to look at his ways, they mayn't after all, be very different from what St. Paul meant by catching his hearers by guile. I shouldn't wonder if the Scribes and Pharisees brought some such railing accusations against the Saviour when they found him telling him stories to the multitude about Prodigal Sons, and Unjust Stewards, and Houses built on the Sand, and Rich Men and Beggars, and calling their attention to lilies-of-the-field and red sunrises."

"Well, you may be sure, we were all on hand next Sunday evening, and it looked like every one of us had fetched his own brother and his own sister to boot. There wasn't room to move, and hardly air enough to breathe with the people packed into the seats and standing in the aisle."

"It's time for your drops again, I see! They're pleasant than the last, ain't they?" when the medicine had been taken. "They're beginning to take hold of you, too, I can see. Your color is better and strength is coming into your body. I've faith in Dr. Bacon, if he does enjoy making game of me."

She broke off at the sound of a tap at the door.

"It's the little ones on their way to their supper," she said tenderly.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, And easy to discern the best

Through memory's mystic glamor;

But wise it were for thee and me,

Ere love is past forgiving,

To take the tender lesson home—

Be patient with the living!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Marie brought in the three children.

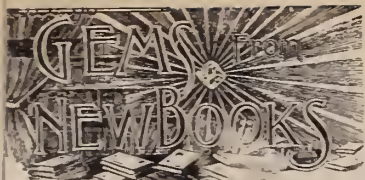
It was Friday afternoon, and she had arrived at four o'clock to pass the Sabbath at home. After sitting for half-an-hour with her mother she had volunteered to look after the children while Elspeth was busy below-stairs. Since Mrs. Williams had been put in charge of the sick-room a sullen change had gradually stolen over the girl's face and demeanor, unperceived, apparently, by the mother, but painful to Elspeth, and perplexing to the hired nurse.

From her birth this daughter had been the father's favorite child. Latterly, the tie between them had been the romantic element in her young life. He had laughed to himself, slyly, sometimes, at certain indications that her devotion to him went to the length of being jealous of the lovely attentions he liked to pay his wife when the fancy seized him to act the exemplary husband. From the time the child could run alone she used to declare that she intended to marry Papa when she was grown; her seat was next his at table, and she was oftentimes selected as his companion in drive or walk. Her vivacious chatter amused the world-weary man; he liked to lie upon the lounge, his head in Marie's lap, her fingers toying with curls from which her own had caught their sunshine, while his wife played plaintive nocturnes and brilliant sonatas for his delectation. Mrs. Paull did not interfere with the display of injudicious favoritism. Whatever helped to keep Ernest at home, and bind him to the children, must be for good. While Marie remained dutiful and affectionate to herself, she found no fault with her greater fondness for her father. It was better that she should idealize him than to learn prematurely, to know him for what he was.

Following what he knew would be his sister's wishes on this head, Roger Lanier had told the girl that troublesome business had called her father abroad for an indefinite period, and enjoined upon her the necessity of avoiding allusions to him in her mother's presence while she remained ill.

"You are old enough to understand, Marie, that there are unpleasant complications in business-life, and that some of these would deprive a man of his good name, in the estimation of some people," he added, awkwardly enough, for the fixed gaze of the blue eyes challenged the correctness of his tale. "I cannot enter into particulars, at present. You must try to believe that I am acting for the best, and be very patient with your mother, until she is strong enough to take control of her own affairs."

(To be continued.)



THE LOST CHILD.*

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live many miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good men.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back and, above all, a doll for our youngest child, Dolly (she never had a hop-doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother made her). Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one."

Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I started off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine, and tea, and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to have stayed until the morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll he was so eagerly expecting.

I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine and, pretty well loaded, started for home. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the midst of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost like doing that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain fell in torrents. I was five, or may be six miles from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again: I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing: all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass: called again, and again was answered.

Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and there to rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away. But once more I heard that piteous cry, and, said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here and die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and he came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as best I could, promising to take it home to mamma.

It seemed tired to death, and soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried. And one said: "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

*From Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer, compiled by S. B. Shaw and published by the author at Dutton, Mich. Pp. 303; price, 5c.

The Best Man Wanted.

"Yes, sir; we want some good men, men of first-class character and ability to represent us. Among our representatives are many of the noblest and best men in America, and parties of that stamp can always find a splendid business opportunity at our establishment." That is the way Mr. B. F. Johnson of the firm of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in reference to their advertisement in this paper.

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly. It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while her mother was at work, and for her they were lamenting as for one dead.

I thanked God on my knees before them all.

It is not much of a story, neighbors; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—"the little baby-cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

Is God less pitiful than man? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

AN OLD LEGEND.*

The old legend was that the clothes of the Israelites, which the Bible said waxed not old upon them in the desert during those forty years, not merely waxed not old during that period, but grew with their growth, so that the little Hebrew who crossed the Red Sea in his boy's clothes, wore the same clothes when he came to the borders of the Promised Land. It is the parable of that which comes to the man who has a true Christian faith, a faith which comes in the personal friendship of Christ, a faith which comes not in the belief of certain things about him, not in the doing slavishly of certain things which it seemed as if it had been said by him that we must do, but in the personal entrance into his nature in a life for him in which he is able to send his life down into us.

How that idea has haunted men in every period of their existence, how it is haunting you, that there is some higher life which it is possible to live. There has never been a religion that has not started there, lifted up its eyes and seen afar off, what it was possible for man to do, from day to day, in contrast with the things which were immediately and presently are. There is not any movement of the human soul which has not rested upon some great conception that man has a nobler being than he has ordinarily conceived himself to be; that he was not destined to the things which were ordinarily occupying his life; that he might be living a greater and nobler life. It is because the Christian Scriptures have laid most earnestly hold of this idea, it was because it was represented not simply in the words which Christ said, but in the very being which Christ was that we go to them to get the inspiration, and the indication, the revelation and enlightenment which we need.

*From "Daily Thoughts," a series of extracts, one for each day of the year, from the works of the late Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks and Prof. Henry Drummond, pp. 120; price 75 cents; published by R. H. Woodward & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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How to Treat Your Own Feet: a treatise on the human foot, with illustrations, by Charles Kahle, Surgeon Chiropractist. A most interesting little book throughout.
FROM THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COMMISSION, ST. PETERSBURG.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893, Catalogue of the Russian Section. A comprehensive showing of the Russian exhibit, with full description of the various arts, industries and manufactures represented.

FROM FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND TORONTO.
None Like It: A Play for the Old Seward; by Rev. Joseph Parker. This exceedingly able and eloquent volume maintains the inspiration and authority of the Bible, from the preacher's point of view. Pp. 270; cloth covers; price \$1.25.
FROM RAND McNALLY & CO., CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
Review of the World's Religious Congress at Chicago, by Rev. P. Mercer of the New Church Temple, Chicago. Paper covers; pp. 334.

FROM THOMAS WHITTAKER, 1 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
God is Love, and other sermons, by the late Rev. Aubrey L. Moore, England. Pp. 280; cloth covers; price \$1.50.

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Has shown by its sudden attacks, its terrible prostration, and its serious, often fatal results, that it is a disease to be feared. For a fully developed case of the Grip, the care of a skilled physician is necessary.

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We confidently recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, keeps the kidneys and liver in healthy action, gives strength where it is needed, and keeps up the health-tone so that the system readily throws off attacks of the Grip or of Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Pneumonia, etc.

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healthy flesh—nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

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A SIBERIAN CROESUS.

IN an official report, issued by the United States Bureau of Education, a detailed account is given of the philanthropic effort to introduce domestic reindeer into Alaska from Siberia, with the object of relieving the destitute condition of the Alaskan Eskimo. At one part of the journey, the steamer anchored off a village known as Indian Point, in Seniavine Straits, on the extreme northeastern coast of Siberia.

The commissioner, Mr. Sheldon Jackson, writes thus of what followed: "Soon a number of natives came on board, among them being Ko-har-ra, the leading man of the



KO-HAR-RA.

The richest man in North-east Siberia.

village. After breakfast the captain and myself had a long conference with him concerning the purchase of reindeer, and a proposition was made to buy his whole herd of one hundred reindeer. He declined our offer, pleading as an excuse that he was keeping his herd for a time of need; that if, any season, the walrus and seal should fail him, he would need his herd to keep the people of the village from starving. In Ko-har-ra's storehouse, which was the only frame house in the village, I counted 200 sacks of flour and 80 boxes of tobacco; also a head of walrus bone, worth from \$5,000 to \$8,000. Another interview was had with Ko-har-ra, which resulted in his refusing to sell any of his deer.

The meeting with this Siberian Croesus was the precursor of similar disappointments in other directions, but at last a supply of deer was secured. Instances of strange superstitions were encountered. It seems a very common practice among some of the tribes, when a person has an incurable disease or becomes too old for further service in procuring the necessities of life, to kill him. The conditions of life are so hard, the difficulties of feeding the well so great, that no supernumeraries can be allowed in those homes.

According to an Alaskan legend, the extermination of deer and the impoverishment of the people of a large section of that bleak country was the result of a tribal feud many generations ago, and long before a single Christian missionary had ever visited either Alaska or Siberia. Under the beneficent influence of the Gospel, tribal feuds have ceased and a better feeling exists between the Siberians and the Alaskans.

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Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Audin-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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You would like the lamp-chimneys that do not amuse themselves by popping at inconvenient times, wouldn't you?

A chimney ought not to break any more than a tumbler. A tumbler breaks when it tumbles.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass"—they don't break from heat, not one in a hundred; a chimney lasts for years sometimes.

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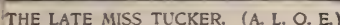
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the death of Miss Tucker, the famous author of many charming stories who wrote under the "nom de plume" of A.L.O.E. (a Lady of England), was briefly announced in our issue of Jan. 17. We are now enabled to publish her portrait. Her life was, like her works, singularly pure and noble. About eighteen years ago, desiring to consecrate the remainder of her life entirely to the Lord's service, she went to India at her own cost and, settling down at the little town of Batala in Northern Punjab, she



lored untiringly among the native women and children until her death. The Rev. J. Clark, who saw much of her work there, in communicating the news of her death, writes: "The story of how she lived and labored and died among the people to whom she was sent at the age of fifty-four, and with whom she remained, without once returning to England, to the age of seventy-two, will be one of the most interesting and inspiring records in the annals of Missions. Her visits to zenanas in both town and village in her little dhoolie, her wonderful influence among the boys at the Baring High School at Batala, and her attachment to them and theirs to her, can never be forgotten. A quarter of a century ago her books were to be found in almost every Christian household. When we consider that she wrote over 150 volumes, some idea may be formed of her industry, apart from her genius. One of her most beautiful stories was published in this journal in 186, under the title "At the Mission."

The famous Hindu god Lingam is now owned by an English gentleman, who paid sum equal to \$13,000 for it at an auction sale of East India relics in 1888. The age stands but twelve and a half inches high; but, small as it is, it is well worth its weight in first-water diamonds. The base of pure hammered gold, and around it are nine gems—a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl, cat's-eye, coral, pearl, hyacinth, garnet, emerald and moonstone. The top, which is in the shape of a pyramid, is encircled with a plinth set with small, but very fine diamonds. The pinnacle is a totem in the shape of a horseshoe, the centre being a cat's-eye of exceeding brilliancy. When the last king of Delhi was exiled to the Andaman Islands his queen secreted this idol, and it was never seen again until recent research brought it to light.

Business depression is affecting the incomes the Missionary Societies. The executive committee of the Baptist Missionary Union reports that of the \$600,000 imperatively necessary for the year's expenses the first eight months have brought only \$62,178.

It is particularly useful in making weak nerves strong, as it contains necessary elements of nutrition for the nervous system, obtained from natural sources.

ed not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over fifty years without an equal.

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola ant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is regarded a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Sporting Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have ch faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT
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Many Old FARMERS require so much fertilizing that farms and gardens **Won't Produce a Profit.** The rich, loamy soil of **Michigan Farms** produces a fine crop without this expense. The near markets, general healthfulness of climate and freedom from cyclones, blizzards, together with good society, churches, etc., make Michigan Farms the best in the world. Write to me and I will tell you how to get the best farms on long time; low rate of interest.

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We want reliable women in every town to sell \$6.00 worth of Teas, Spices and Baking Powder for us, and get a set of Silver Knives and Forks free, or \$12.00 worth, and get a set of China Dishes free. No money required until you deliver goods and get premium.

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 WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Look in attendance for ladies. Send for sample.
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FREE. Send us 10 cents for a sample copy of **INGALLS' MAGAZINE**, and we will send you a "HARD OF POPPIES," in all their Beautiful Colors—FREE. Address **J.F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass. Box A4.**

AGENTS wanted in every town. Something new \$75 a month. Write quick. 185 West 42nd St. New York City.



Saucy Pansies though we be,
We would have you know
That we know a thing or two—
BURPEE'S SEEDS WILL GROW.

In 1892, when we first advertised **THE LATEST FASHIONS IN PANSIES**, five packets for 25 cents, a prominent seedsman said to us: "You are ruining the Seed Trade." Probably other seedsman, equally short sighted, thought the same of last year's advertisement of **SWEET PEAS** are **All the Go**. We now surpass all previous offers in the **FOUR FAVORITE FORDHOOK COLLECTIONS** FOR 1894, advertised on this page.

What will our competitors say to this? But legitimate competition is the life of trade, let them make it still livelier if they can. So long as they do not sell cheap seeds (cheap in quality as well as quantity), it is all to the benefit of horticulture. We only wish other seedsman would join with us in trying to persuade everyone who lives in town or country to learn the delights of gardening. In this new country of ours the trouble is that the struggle for material prosperity is so absorbing, that many are in such a hurry to add dollar to dollar, that they overlook the pleasure (and profit, too, for that matter, to both purse and person) to be derived from a good garden. "Gardening is the first and noblest pursuit of man."

LET US TALK TO YOU

more fully than we can on this single page of **THE HERALD**. You can buy a postal card for a cent, and if on it you write, "I intend to plant seeds this spring," and mention *The Christian Herald*, we will gladly mail you Burpee's **FARM ANNUAL** FOR 1894, a handsome book of 172 pages, which costs us more than ten cents a copy in quarter-million editions. We will try to persuade you to prove for yourself the truth of the well-known motto that

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW

and are
The BEST SEEDS That Grow.

On the "address only" side of the postal write **W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.**, but do not forget to write your own name and address plainly on the reverse side, and remember we trust you. If you have no use for seeds, but want **THE FARM ANNUAL** merely because you are interested in the progress of horticulture or desire the beautiful paintings from nature for framing, we expect that you will send a sealed letter enclosing either a silver dime or five two-cent stamps.



Poppies rare and poppies fair,
Nodding to and fro;
The tiniest seed will show the breed—
BURPEE'S SEEDS WILL GROW.

AMERICAN GARDENING.

The Enterprise of Some of Our Seedsman.

Not the least important source of information is the annual catalogue of the seedsman. Take, for instance, as a good model that of **BURPEE & CO.**, of Philadelphia. The head of the firm, Mr. W. Atlee Burpee, holds a pre-eminent position as an authority in his business, and is a benefactor of his country through his devotion to the interests of American Gardening. What an exhibition does the tasty-looking pamphlet afford of the knowledge, skill, tact, and thorough business talent of its designer and author. It is a vast accomplishment to stand at the head of such a calling.

Consider the enterprise that traverses every country on the face of the earth to give us new and excellent things to delight the eye and to feed the hungry. It was at my house in New York that Mr. Burpee gave instructions to a young Chinaman whom I had introduced to him in regard to a commission to find what there was new in China for us, or to find any vegetable or fruit or flower that would add to human enjoyment. So Russia, and Hungary, and Holland, and France, and all the countries are watched, as well as our own fields, for some rare "sport" or some new "hybrid," that our gardens may be improved. Mr. Burpee has introduced more than seventy new and important varieties in vegetables into general cultivation, which are most valuable acquisitions, and have already contributed vastly to the excellence of our gardens. Some of these are of such pre-eminent quality that they should be in every American garden. The list is too long to enumerate here, but it is well to notice the **BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA BEAN**, which deserves the widest recognition. *Extract from an article by J. S. LINSLEY, M.D., in COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Albany, N. Y., September 25, 1893.*

We're Sweet Peas and, if you please,
We are "all the go,"
But you will need the best of seed—
BURPEE'S SEEDS WILL GROW.



Much for 25 cents Much more for a dollar

Four Favorite Fordhook Collections

That those who do not know us may be forever convinced that

Burpee's seeds grow.

we'll send at less than wholesale price, the **FIRST AND FAMOUS IN VEGETABLES**, the **FASHION AND FANCY IN FLOWERS**—the best varieties known, at merely nominal price. Any one collection for twenty-five cents, all four for a dollar. With the four we give Mrs. Rorer's brand new book, "**How to Cook Vegetables**," the best work in cookdom.

2 Collections of Beautiful Flowers.

FORDHOOK FASHION COLLECTION.



Comprises SIX NOVELTIES in three of the most fashionable flowers of the day, together with a bright booklet, entitled "**PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS**." It contains:—

NEW SWEET PEA—**AMERICAN FELLE**. THE FLORAL NOVELTY FOR 1894. Extremely early, wonderfully free-flowering; bright rose with wings of crystal-white, vividly spotted rich purplish-carmine. See *Colored Plate in Catalogue*.

ECKFORD'S GILT EDGE, or **SURPASSING SWEET PEAS**. This grand strain of New Sweet Peas in mixture is unequalled; new seedlings.

BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES, FINEST MIXED. Magnificent new giant-flowered Pansies, which measure two and one-half to four inches across.

SUPERB NEW IMPERIAL GERMAN PANSIES. All known colors, including the brightest fancy varieties, blotched, veined, mottled, and margined.

NEW CARDINAL POPPY. Glowing cardinal-scarlet flowers, which are uniformly of enormous size and perfectly double; of great profusion and long duration in bloom.

GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. If you already have this superb strain you can give this packet to a friend, to whom the thousands of beautiful flowers will be a constant source of delight.

We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the distinct new **PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS**, which we will mail enclosed flat with our **FARM ANNUAL** for 1894.

The Complete Collection—one packet each of the above six varieties—mailed for 25 CENTS. With each collection we include free a copy of the bright new booklet, "**PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS**," which is beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated, specially written for us by three well-known authors. We have thus an unique combination of the best literature on the subject, together with the choicest seeds.

FORDHOOK FANCY COLLECTION.

This collection embraces seeds of ten easy-growing annuals of real beauty that should be in every garden, it contains one full-sized packet each of all the following:

NEW YELLOW DOLICHOS. Quite unique, not only in color but also in habit of growth. The foliage is very dense, the stems show a hairy growth, and no vine is more quick growing.

ACTERS, CHOICE MIXED. Every color, many distinct types.

BALSAM, BURPEE'S SUPERB CAMELLIA-FLOWERED. Magnificent double flowers of unusual perfection; all colors.

MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Perfect double carnations in full beauty, all colors, in four months after sowing the seed.

CALLIOPSIS CORONATA. Brightest yellow flowers of large size.

DIANTHUS, MIXED. All colors and forms of both double and single Chinese and Japanese Pinks.

NEW ERFURT MIGNONETTE. Flowers of large size, great substance, and delicious fragrance.

FORDHOOK STRAIN OF PHLOX DRUMMONDII GRANDIFLORA. Remarkable not only in brilliancy of colors, but also in extra large size of the flowers.

SALVIA SPLENDENS. The most gorgeous of all plants.

VERBENA HYBRIDA, MIXED. All colors.

The entire collection, one packet each of the above ten varieties, mailed to any address for 25 CENTS, which is less than one-third the regular retail price, if purchased separately. Five Collections for \$1.00.



2 Collections of Choicest Vegetables.

FORDHOOK FIRST COLLECTION.

Most appropriately named, as this collection comprises the five earliest vegetables, those first to mature, and all of which are of Fordhook introduction. Everyone in the spring is especially desirous of getting the first fresh vegetables on the table. This collection contains one full size packet each of:—

EARLY BLACK LIMA BEAN. Bears great ropes of pods in wonderful profusion, two weeks earlier than any other Lima.

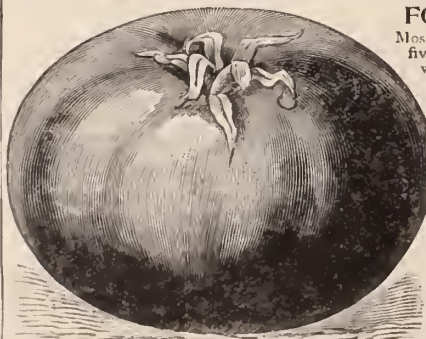
NEW TOMATO—**FORDHOOK FIRST**. Extremely early; the only first early tomato that is always smooth and perfect.

BURPEE'S ALL-HEAD EARLY CABBAGE. Thousands of gardeners testify that this is the most thoroughbred and best Early Cabbage.

COLUMBIA BEET. This distinct new Beet is the earliest of all; of surpassingly fine flavor.

BURPEE'S EARLIEST RADISH. Ready to pull in only 20 days from the time of sowing the seed.

One full-size packet each of the above Five



FORDHOOK FIRST TOMATO.

FORDHOOK FIRST Vegetables mailed for 25 CENTS. Each packet bears an illustration of the variety, our registered trade-mark, and directions for culture. Purchased separately, the five packets would cost 60 cents, but together as a collection they can be had for 25 cents—less than wholesale price.

FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION.

This collection is also appropriately named, as it embraces five of the most famous vegetables introduced from Fordhook Farm. It contains one full-size packet each of:—

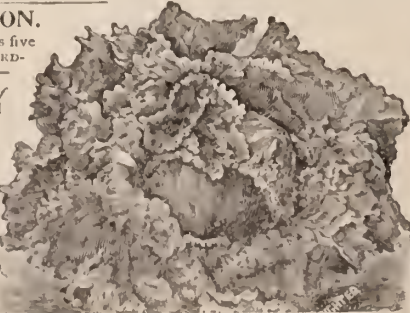
BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA. The only bush form of the true large Lima Bean, and universally pronounced the most remarkable of new vegetables.

BURPEE'S SUREHEAD CABBAGE. See page 52 of the **FARM ANNUAL** for the record of seventeen years' trials of this world-famous Cabbage.

NEW ICEBERG LETTUCE. On our colored plate we show a head painted from nature, and truly tell the decided merits of this rare novelty.

BURPEE'S MELROSE MELON. No other melon is so handsome and none can equal this in delicious flavor. The flesh is quite unique in color, being of a beautiful light green, shading to rich salmon.

WHITE VICTORIA ONION. Famous for the large size it attains, particularly under the new onion culture.



NEW ICEBERG LETTUCE.

One packet each of the above Five FAMOUS FORDHOOK Vegetables would cost 60 cents, if selected at retail, but we include the five packets in our **FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION** for 25 CENTS, postpaid. On each packet is printed an illustration, our registered trade-mark and directions for culture.

There's no profit in it, but it pays us, for we know the quality of our seeds—a trial order means a permanent customer. We can fill the hundreds of thousands of orders we expect from readers of the *Christian Herald* and a few other great publications like it. Not space enough here to describe these varieties; we simply brief them; all about them in

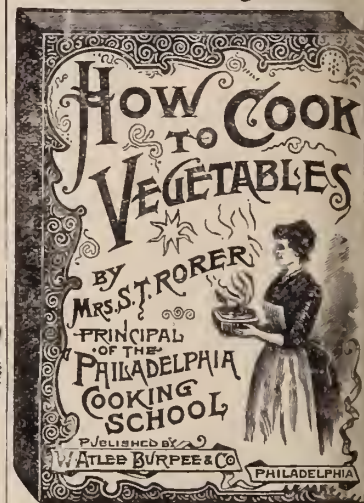
Burpee's Farm Annual

For 1894

the leading American seed catalogue, 172 pages, hundreds of illustrations direct from photographs, beautiful colored plates as bright and true as Nature. New designs for '94, noteworthy novelties nobody else has. The original, interesting, and instructive seed book of the world, valuable to everybody. Mailed free to everyone who plants seeds; to others 10 cents, which is less than cost.

For a Dollar

We will send **ALL FOUR FAVORITE FORDHOOK COLLECTIONS** as advertised, neatly boxed, by mail postpaid together with Mrs. Rorer's New Book, "**How to Cook Vegetables**."



Every housewife wants Mrs. Rorer's New Book, "**How to Cook Vegetables**," and many have written to inquire its price. Although the copyright is owned by us, we are under contract not to sell a single copy, otherwise we could have sold thousands of this book at \$1.00 each during the past two years. So suppose there are some seeds in the four Collections which you do not need, why not purchase a complete set for \$1.00, and thus get this valuable book FREE as a premium? Surely you can give the extra seeds to some friend. If you live in the city and are so unfortunate as to have no garden of your own, what more acceptable present could you send to a friend in the country than these four Collections of FORDHOOK SEEDS, at the same time instructing us to mail the book separately to your own address.

Purchased separately at retail, the 26 packets of seed enumerated on this page, would cost \$2.00, while the cook book of 182 pages is fully worth 50 cents—making in all an actual value of \$3.40 for \$1.00.

If requested, we will include in each complete box with the seeds and book a small sample packet also of the valuable new **WHITE CAP DENT CORN** as described on page 35 of **THE FARM ANNUAL**. This is really the best Field Corn in cultivation to-day, and we desire to introduce it to every farmer.

TO TELL YOU MORE of the great **DOLLAR** offer we must remind you that our new book, "**Selection in Seed Growing**," can be had free with any dollar order, so you are, of course, entitled to this unique book of 112 pages if you ask for it when sending us \$1.00 for this offer. Please mention *Christian Herald*.

Modern Methods of the Seed Trade.

This is the title of a very interesting article by Mr. C. L. ALLEN the well-known agricultural writer of New York. In connection with other articles it describes the methods of seed growing and seed testing at Fordhook, and will be of real interest to all our patrons. But besides these articles on our own operations, the new book, **SELECTION IN SEED GROWING**, gives all the most important papers read before the Seedsman's Session of the World's Horticultural Congress at Chicago.

ORDER TO-DAY and ask for

Burpee's Farm Annual

For 1894

THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE.

A handsome book of 172 pages. It tells all about The Best Seeds That Grow.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 7.

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

AN ORIENTAL MARKET-PLACE.

Jaffa and its Bazaars—The Busy Aspect its Market Presents Before Easter—A Picturesque and Ancient City, Possibly of Ante-diluvian Origin.

JAFFA, Joppa, or Yafa, as it is variously called, is a city with a history that reaches back to remotest antiquity. Pliny, the historian, says it had an existence even in ante-diluvian times, and Rabbinical writers assert that it received its name from Japhet, the son of Noah. Josephus claims for it a Phœnician origin. It has been made the scene and the subject of Greek myth and tradition. No city in the world has had a more eventful experience, for it has been alternately pagan, Jew, Moslem, Arab, Mameluke and Christian, and has been sacked and wasted by war, swept by pestilence, and rebuilt, walled and fortified, only to be again levelled by fire and sword and battering-ram. Around and over it have surged the tides of the wars of the Maccabees of the Vespasian and Pompey, of the Saracens and Crusaders, and of the invading armies of Napoleon. It was last held by the Christians in 1253. The build-

Tabitha to life and baptized the first Gentile household. But the ancient glories of Jaffa have passed away forever, and the city is little more than the shadow of its former splendor. Its towers and minarets are picturesque ruins, its houses mostly poor and dirty, and its winding lanes and alleys uninviting. This aspect is redeemed by the freshness and beauty of its towering palms, its lemon groves, orange orchards and fruit gardens. Since the opening of the railroad to Jerusalem, the city has taken on a somewhat livelier aspect and its dwindling population of Moslems, Syrians, Greeks, Jews, East Indians and Europeans has been augmented considerably. The liveliest spot in the city is the market-place, which is shown in the photograph on this page. Here the vendors spread out their wares and, raising canvas canopies, sit in the shade and wait for custom. Fruit is the staple stock, and the best oranges and pomegranates in the world come from Jaffa's orchards. Turbanned men, veiled women, with here and there a little brown-skinned, bare-footed boy, move in and out among the booths. Purchases are made in a fashion that highly amuses any European or American, who may happen to overhear the buyer and seller. One has to be careful in moving about, to avoid being stepped upon by the heavily-laden camels, or coming into collision with the equally over-burdened donkeys. The principal bazaar, which is outside the city gates, is a source of wonder and entertainment to those who are strangers to Eastern life. For a few piastres one can enjoy a surfeit of the most delicious fruits. The moving panorama of Asiatics in all the different costumes of a score of nationalities the wondering groups of pilgrims,—principally Rus-



A BUSY DAY IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT JAFFA.

(From a photograph brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of The Christian Herald.)

ing of walls on all sides, except that facing the sea, and the erection of twenty-four towers and three great gates cost a fabulous sum; but the Sultans of Egypt, who afterwards conquered it, laid it again in ruins. Its next masters were the Turks, who have held it ever since.

In Biblical story, Jaffa occupies an important place. It was the port of Jerusalem in the times of the early Jewish kings, and it was here that the flotillas of cedar and pine for the building of the Temple were landed. Cyrus, long generations afterward, also used it as a port of entry for material for the second Temple. Here Jonah "took ship to flee from the presence of his Maker." It was here, too, on the housetop of Simon the tanner, that the Apostle Peter saw the wonderful vision, and here he raised the aged

sians—who come here by the thousand about Easter-time on their way to Jerusalem, and the many legendary and historic places in the ancient city, all combine to make Jaffa a centre of interest to the visitor, who, coming to Palestine by sea, there first sets foot upon the soil of the land where the Saviour was born. Within the next few weeks, the venerable seaport town will be filled with strangers from many lands, and its caravanseries will be crowded with devout pilgrims on their way to the Holy City to participate in the Easter celebration of the Passover, which for centuries has attracted the faithful from all parts of the world. At that time, every creed in Christendom is represented at the gathering in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, when the spectacle of the "Holy Fire" is witnessed by the multitudes.



RUBIES SURPASSED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.
Text: Proverbs 8: 11, "Wisdom is better than rubies."

YOU have all seen the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high-priest's breast-plate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the king of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom, or religion, always setting its value as better than Rubies.

The world does not agree as to how the precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that amber was made of drops of perspiration of the goddess Ge. The thunderstone was supposed to have dropped from a storm-cloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the fire-fly. The lapis lazuli was thought to have been born of the cry of an Indian giant. And modern mineralogists say that the precious stones were made of gases and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the setting sun.

The home of the genuine ruby is Burmah, and sixty miles from its capital, where lives and reigns the ruler, called, "Lord of the Rubies." Under a careful governmental guard are these valuable mines of ruby kept. Rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a ruby of large value was discovered it was brought forth with elaborate ceremony, a procession was formed, and with all bannered pomp, military guard and princely attendants, the gem was brought to the king's palace.

Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapidaries and jewelers will tell you. An expert on this subject, writes: "A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth at the present day ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight." It was a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the Battle of Grandson. It was a great affluence when Rudolph the Second of Austria inherited a ruby from his sister, the Queen Dowager. It was thought to have had much to do with the victory of Henry the Fifth, as he wore it into the Battle of Agincourt. It is the pride of the Russian court to own the largest ruby of all the world, presented by Gustavus the Third to the Russian Empress. Wondrous ruby! It has electric characteristics, and there are lightnings compressed in its double six-sided prisms. What shall I call it? It is frozen fire! It is petrified blood! In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and my text makes the comparison: "Wisdom is better than Rubies."

But it is impossible to compare two things together unless there are some points of similarity as well as of difference. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for evening adornment. How the rubies glow, and burn, and flash as the lights lift the darkness! Catherine of Arragon had on her finger a ruby that fairly lanterned the night. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated traveler of four hundred years ago, said that the Emperor of China had a ruby that made the night as bright as the day. The probability is that Solomon under some of the lamps that illumined his cedar palace by

night, noticed the peculiar glow of the ruby as it looked in the hilt of a sword, or hung in some fold of the upholstery, or beautified the lip of some chalice, while he was thinking at the same time of the excellency of our holy Religion as chiefly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries out, "Wisdom is better than rubies."

Oh, yes, it is a good thing to have religion while the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. Yet you can at such time hardly tell how much of it is natural exuberance and how much of it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows avalanche the plain, and the thick darkness of sickness, or poverty, or persecution, or mental exhaustion fill the soul, and fill the house, and fill the world; then you sit down by the lamp of God's Word and under its light the consolations of the Gospel come out; the peace of God which passeth all understanding appears. You never fully appreciated their power until in the deep night of trouble the Divine Lamp revealed their exquisiteness. Pearls and amethysts for the day, but rubies for the night.

All of the books of the Bible attempt in some way the assuagement of misfortune. Of the one hundred and fifty Psalms of David at least ninety allude to trouble. There are sighings in every wind, and tears in every brook, and pangs in every heart. It was originally proposed to call the President's residence at Washington, "The Palace," or "The Executive Mansion," but after it was destroyed in the war of 1814 and rebuilt, it was painted white, to cover up the marks of the smoke and fire that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called, "The White House." Most of the things now white with attractiveness were once black with disaster. What the world most needs is the consolatory, and here it comes, our holy religion, with both hands full of anodynes, and sedatives, and balsams, as in Daniel's time to stop mouths leonine; as in Shadrach's time to cool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time to console captivity; as in St. John's time to unroll an apocalypse over rocky desolations. Hear its soothing voice as it declares: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness shall not depart from you;" "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The most wholesome thing on earth is trouble if met in Christian spirit. To make Paul what he was it took shipwreck, and whipping on the bare back, and penitentiary, and pursuit of wild mobs, and the sword of decapitation. To make David what he was it took all that Ahithophel and Saul and Absalom and Goliath and all the Philistine hosts could do against him. It took Robert Chambers' malformation of feet to make him the literary conqueror. It was bereavement that brought William Haworth of Wesley's time from wickedness to an evangelism that won many thousands for heaven. The world would never have

known what heroic stuff Ridley was made of had not the fires been kindled around his feet, and, not liking their slow work, he cried, "I cannot burn; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn." Thank God that there are gems that unfold their best glories under the lamp-light! Thank God for the Ruby!

Moreover, I am sure that Solomon was right in saying that religion, or wisdom, is better than rubies, from the fact that a thing is worth what it will fetch. Religion will fetch solid happiness, and the ruby will not. In all your observation did you ever find a person thoroughly felicitated by an encrustment of jewels? As you know more of yourself than anyone else, are you happier now with worldly adornments and successes than before you won them? Does the picture that cost you hundreds or thousands of dollars on your wall bring you as much satisfaction as the engraving that at the expense of five dollars was hung upon the wall when you first began to keep house? Do all the cutlery and rare plate that glitter on your extension dining-table surrounded by flattering guests contain more of real bliss than the plain ware of your first table, at which sat only two? Does a wardrobe crowded with costly attire give you more satisfaction than your first clothes-closet with its four or five pegs? Did not the plain ring set on the third finger of your left hand on the day of your betrothal give more gladness than the ruby that is now enthroned on the third finger of your right hand? If in this journey of life we have learned anything, we have learned that this world neither with its emoluments nor gains can satisfy the soul. Why, here come as many witnesses as I wish to call to the stand to testify that before high heaven and the world, in companionship with Jesus Christ and a good hope of heaven, they feel a joy that all the resources of their vocabulary fail to express. Sometimes it evidences itself in ejaculations of hosanna; sometimes in doxology; sometimes in tears. A converted native of India in a letter said: "How I long for my bed, not that I may sleep; I lie awake often and long, but to hold sweet communion with my God." If so mighty is worldly joy that Julius the Second hearing his armies were triumphant, expired; and if Talva hearing that the Roman Senate had decreed him an honor, expired; and if Dionysius and Sophocles overcome of joy, expired, and if a shipwrecked purser waiting on the coast of Guinea in want and starvation at the sight of a vessel bringing relief, fell dead from shock of delight; is it any surprise to you that the joys of pardon and heaven rolling over the soul should sometimes be almost too much for the Christian to endure and live? An aged aunt said to me, "DeWitt, three times I have fainted dead away under too great Christian joy. It was in all three cases at the Holy Communion." An eminent Christian man while in prayer said, "Stop, Lord, I cannot bear any more of this gladness; it is too much for mortal. Withhold! Withhold!" We have heard of poor workmen or workwomen getting a letter suddenly telling them that a fortune had been left them, and how they were almost beside themselves with glee, taking the first ship to claim the estate. But, oh, what it is to wake up out of the stupor of a sinful life and through pardoning grace find that all our earthly existence will be divinely managed for our best welfare, and that then all heaven will roll in upon the soul. Compared with that a Spring morning is stupid, and an August sunset is inane, and an aurora has no pillared splendor, and a diamond has no flash, and a pearl no light, and a beryl no aquamarine, and a ruby no ruddiness. My gracious Lord! My glorious God! My precious Christ! Roll over on us a few billows of that rapture. And now I ask you as fair-minded men and women, accustomed to make comparisons, is not such a joy as that worth more than anything one can have in a jeweled casket? Was not Solomon right when he said, "Wisdom is better than rubies?"

There is also something in the deep carmine of the ruby that suggests the sacrifice

on which our whole system of religion depends. While the emerald suggests the meadows, and the sapphire the skies, and the opal the sea, the ruby suggests the blood of sacrifice. The most emphatic and starling of all colors hath the ruby. Solomon the author of my text, knew all about the sacrifice of lamb and dove on the altars of the temple, and he knew the meaning of sacrificial blood, and what other precious stone could he so well use to symbolize as the ruby? Red, intensely red, red as the blood of the greatest martyr of all time—Jesus of the centuries! Drive the story of the crucifixion out of the Bible and the doctrine of the atonement out of our religion, and there would be nothing of Christianity left for our worship or our admiration. What should it be hard to adopt the Bible theory that our redemption was purchased by blood? What great bridge ever sprung its arches; what temple ever reared its towers what nation ever achieved its independence what mighty good was ever done without sacrifice of life? The great wonder of the world, the bridge that unites these two cities, cost the life of the first architect. As the shipyards of Glasgow and New York how many carpenters went down under accidents before the steamer was launched ask the three great trans-continental railroads how many in their construction were buried under crumbling embankments, or crushed under timbers, or destroyed by the powder-blast. Tabulate the statistics of how many mothers have been martyrs to the cradle of sick children. Tell us how many men sacrificed nerve, and muscle and brain, and life in the effort to support their households. Tell me how many men in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the United States have died for their country. Vicarious suffering is as old as the world, but the most thrilling, the most startling, the most stupendous sacrifice of all time and eternity, was on a bluff back of Jerusalem when one Being took upon himself the sins, the agonies, the perdition of a great multitude that no man can number, between twelve o'clock of a darkened noon and three o'clock in the afternoon, purchasing the ransom of a ruined world. Dive in all the seas; explore all the mines; crowbar all the mountains; view all the crowned jewels of all the emperors and find me any gem that can so overwhelmingly symbolize that martyrdom as the ruby. Mark you, there are many gems that are somewhat like the ruby. So is the cornelian; so is the garnet; so is the spinel; so is the balas; so the gems brought from among the gravels of Ceylon and New South Wales; but there is only one genuine ruby, and that comes from the mine of Burmah. And there is only one Christ, and he comes from heaven. One Redeemer, one Ransom, one Son of God, only "one Name given under heaven among men by which we can be saved." Ten thousand times ten thousand beautiful imitations of that ruby, but only one ruby. Christ had no descendant. Christ had no counterpart. In the lifted-up grandeur, and glory, and love, and sympathy of his character he is the Incomparable, the Infinite One! "The Only Wise God, our Saviour." Let all hearts, all homes, all times, all eternities bow low before him! Let his banner be lifted in all our souls.

In olden times, Scotland was disturbed by freebooters and pirates. To rid the seas and ports of these desperadoes, the hero, William Wallace fitted out a merchant vessel, but filled it with armed men, and put out to sea. The pirates with their flag inscribed of a death's head, thinking they would get an easy prize, bore down upon the Scottish merchantman, when the armed men of Wallace boarded the craft of the pirates and put them in chains, and then sailed for port under the Scotch flag flying. And so our souls assailed of sin and death and hell through Christ are rescued, and the black flag of sin is torn down and the striped flag of the Cross is hoisted. Blessed be God for any sign, for any signal, for any precious stone that brings to mind the price paid for such a rescue!

like the coral, for it seems the solidified form of breakers; and I like the jasper, for it gathers seventeen colors into its bosom; and I like the jet, for it compresses the shadows of many midnights; and I like the chrysolite, for its waves of color which seem on fire. But this morning nothing so impresses me as the ruby, for it depicts, it typifies, it suggests, "The blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin:" "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Yea, Solomon was right when he said, "Wisdom is better than rubies."

To bring out a contrast that will illustrate my text, I put before you two last earthly scenes. The one is in a room with rubies, but no religion; and the other in a room with religion but no rubies. You enter the first room, where an affluent and worldly man is about to quit this life. There is a ruby on the mantel, possibly among the vases. There is a ruby in the head-dress of the queenly wife. On the finger of the young man there is a ruby. The presence of these rubies implies opulence of all kinds. The pictures on the walls are heir-looms, or trophies of European travel. The curtains are from foreign looms. The rugs are from Damascus or Cairo. The rocking-chairs roll backward and forward on lullabys. The pillows are exquisitely embroidered. All the appointments of the room are a peroration of a successful commercial or professional life. But the man has no religion; never has had, and never professed to have. There is not a Bible or one religious book in the room. The departing man feels that his earthly career is ended, and nothing opens beyond. Where he will land stepping off from this life is a mystery, or whether he will land at all, for it may be annihilation. He has no prayer to offer, and he does not know how to pray. No hope of meeting again in another state of existence. He is rough with this life, and is sure of no other. The ruby on the mantel and the ruby in the wasted finger of the departing one typify nothing of the ransoming blood which they so mightily typify. Midnight of utter hopelessness drops on all the scene.

Another room of mortal exit. Religion and no rubies. She never had money enough to buy one of these exquisite. Sometimes she stopped at a jeweler's showwindow and saw rows of them incarnadining the velvet. She had keen taste enough to appreciate those gems, but she never owned one of them. She was not jealous or unhappy because others had rubies while she had none. But she had richer treasure, and that was the grace of God that had comforted her along the way amid bereavements, and temptations, and persecutions, and sicknesses, and privations, and trials of all sorts. Now she is going out of life. The room is bright, not with pictures or statues, not with upholstery, not with any of the gems of mountain or of sea, but there is a strange and vivid glow in the room: not the light of chandelier, or star, or noon-day sun, but something that outshines all of them. It must be the presence of supernaturals. From her illumined face think she must hear sweet voices. Yea, she does hear sweet voices—voices of departed kindred: voices apostolic and prophetic, and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." From her illumined face, I think she must hear rapturous music. Yea, she does hear rapturous music, now soft as a breeze, now thunderous as orchestras: now faintly voice alone, now the hundred and forty and four thousand in concert. From her illumined face, I think she must breathe tenderness. Yea, she does inhale aroma from the gardens whose flowers never wither, and from the blossoms of orchards, every tree of which bears twelve manner of fruit. From her illumined face, I think she must see a glorious sight. Yes, she sees the wall that has jasper at the base, and amethyst at the top, and blood-red rubies between. Good-bye, sweet soul! Why should you linger stay! Your work all done; your burdens all carried; your tears all wept! Forward into the light! Up into the joy! Out into the grandeurs! And after you

have saluted Christ, and your kindred, search out him of the palaces of Lebanon cedar, and tell him that you have found to be gloriously true what thousands of years ago be asserted in this morning's text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." In those burnished palaces of our God may we all meet. For I confess to you that my chief desire for heaven is not the radiance, or to take the suggestion of the text, not the rubescence of the scene. My one idea of heaven is the place to meet old friends, God our best Friend, and our earthly friends already transported. Aye! to meet the millions whom I have never seen, but to whom I have administered in the Gospel week by week through journalism on both sides of the sea, and throughout Christendom, and through many lands yet semi-barbaric. For the last twenty-three years every blast of injustice against me has multiplied my readers all the world over, and the present malignancy printed and uttered because our church is in financial struggle after having two great structures destroyed by fire, and we compelled to build three large churches—I say the present outrageous injustice in some quarters, will multiply my audience in all lands if I can keep in good humor and not fight back. A gentleman tapped me on the shoulder summer before last on a street of Edinburgh, Scotland, and said, "I live in the Shetland Islands, North Scotland, and I read your sermons every Sabbath to an audience of neighbors, and my brother lives in Cape Town, South Africa, and he reads them every Sabbath to an audience of his neighbors." And I here and now say to the



DR R. H. NASSAU'S FIRST STATION AT KANOWE, WEST AFRICA.

forty millions of the earth to whose eyes these words will come, that one of my dearest anticipations is to meet them in heaven. Ah! that will be better than rubies. Coming up from different continents, from different hemispheres, from opposite sides of the earth to greet each other in holy love in the presence of the glorious Christ who made it possible for us to get there. Our sins all pardoned, our sorrows all banished, never to weep, never to part, never to die! I tell you that will be better than rubies. Others may have the crowns, and the thrones, and the sceptres: give us our old friends back again, Christ, "the friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and all the kindred who have gone up from our bereft households, and all our friends whom we have never yet seen, and you may have all the rubies, for that will be "better than rubies." Instead of the dying kiss when they looked so pale and wan and sick, it will be the kiss of welcome on lips jubilant with song, while standing on floors paved with what exquisiteness, under ceilings hung with what glory, bounded by walls facing us with what splendor, amid gladness rolling over us with what Doxology. Far better, infinitely better, everlastingly better than rubies.

The Delayed Harvest of Souls.

Dr. Robert H. Nassau Visits the Station at Talaguga, Africa, Which he Planted Nineteen Years Ago, and sees the Fruits of His Pioneer Work.



scene of his early labors. It is now in the hands of French Protestant Missionaries, who gave him a warm welcome, and gladly showed him in their church the fruits of the seed he had planted years ago in the midst of sorrow and discouragement. Dr Nassau says:

I have been re-visiting my former home, Talaguga, on the Ogove River, two hundred miles from its Cape Lopez mouth. Our mission no longer has any property or duty on that river, we having withdrawn because of the unfriendly and harassing acts of the French Government, on educational and other subjects. But, in so withdrawing, there was no abandonment of our Ogove churches. That portion of our field was, evangelistically, the jewel of our mission. We transferred it to the care of our Protestant brethren of the Paris Evangelical Society, who assumed it only at our urgency; our hope in this transfer being that they as Frenchmen would be able, better than

at Kangeve a flourishing School and church which were still more largely developed during the ten subsequent years by the three efficient brethren who successively followed me. And it fell to my lot in 1882, to resume the role of a pioneer, and survey for a new station at Talaguga, seventy miles farther up river, on the way to (always our objective point) the far Interior.

It must be acknowledged that the path did not then look very hopeful. But it was the only open path in our entire mission-field. Entrances that had been attempted at other points had failed through native monopolist opposition and other causes.

Some of my visitors, who had not taken the wide survey I had, wondered that I located a mission-station at a place where there were no materials for a school or a church! True, there were in the beginning, March 1882, within a mile on each side of the new station, five villages aggregating not more than about five hundred people. Truly, a poor outlook for much direct missionary work! But subsequent events have more than justified me. It was with no sense of disheartenment that, on taking a needed furlough in the beginning of 1891, I handed over the station to my successors, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Bannerman. My only regret was that the church back of me had been unable to give me the new men and the means for advancing fifty or even twenty miles farther into the region of the Rapids.

Roman Catholic missionaries had passed me during those years, and had located hundreds of miles up the rapids. The care of my little motherless babe would not have been a bar to my own going to start a new station, had any one else been provided for that new station, or to take my place at Talaguga. To my successor, Mr. Bannerman, all that I claimed or prophesied for Talaguga, became true. Population crowded around him. The Gospel was welcomed. A school became an organized reality. Under his efficient zeal, distant clans were visited. The seed he and I had sown sprang up. Two years later, the transfer removed Mr. Bannerman from Talaguga, and passed it over to the Rev. E. and Madame Allegret, of the Paris Evangelical Society: under whose wise hands the work is blossoming into success.

It was at this stage of affairs that I made my recent visit. What I saw was this: a school of thirty boys and girls (with applications from more than 100, had there been means, room, and sufficient teaching aid.) I stood in the chapel, now used as school-room my former little school and prayer-room being now entirely too small) and saw the sons of wild Fang, orderly, reading, writing in their copy books, and doing small sums in arithmetic on the blackboard. That chapel, with capacity for only 100 people, which I had built in faith, when as yet sometimes not more than ten Fang were willing to come there, I saw filled at the Sabbath service.

On the one Sabbath which I spent under Brother Allegret's hospitable roof, it was my very great privilege to assist him in the organization of a fifth Ogove church. A church for Fang! With most delicate consideration for me, he recognized my share in the labor preceding these results, and, aware that I intended to make him a visit, he had delayed this ceremony until I could come and take part in it. In the truest of missionary spirit, he felt no jealousy of the welcome his people gave me, nor of the expression of honor they offered me as their first "Father." A large Inquiry Class under his care was being prepared for baptism. The contracted chapel was to be given up entirely to school purposes, and a larger building was to be erected for the use of the new Fifth Ogove Church. The site selected for it was one particularly gratifying to me,—near Mrs. Nassau's grave. She had died, having seen little of the work of her hands. Now the Lord "establishes" it! Brother Allegret awaits the coming from France of an associate lady to enlarge Madame Allegret's Fang Girls' School. The advance to the Interior along the line of the Ogove Rapids is to be made shortly, the Paris Society seeing in the location of Talaguga the very advantages I had claimed for it twelve years ago. They accepted the transfer of it, and Kangeve for this very purpose of an advance declining at the same time to accept also our two Gaboon stations, as having no connection with that advance. That week's visit at Talaguga, in its realization of some of my dreams, and the strengthening of faith for the future, was a blessed, happy time!

Gaboon, West Africa. ROBERT H. NASSAU.

WHEN the Lord has a special work to be done, he never fails to supply the means for its accomplishment. The few contributions forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD three weeks ago by a band of its readers, to be applied as a Food Fund in relieving the sufferings of a few families among the thousands of distressed and destitute homes in New York, have been graciously multiplied, until these gifts flowing in upon us from all parts of the Union, have already reached a point which has made it possible for the Food Fund to supply one thousand poor, deserving families with the daily necessities of life. The blessed example of that Divine benevolence which, on the Galilean mountain-side, flung 5,000 with five barley loaves and two small fishes, has so inspired the generous Christian men and women of America, that they have multiplied the Food Fund's humble basket, until it is now satisfying the hunger of five thousand men, women, and children who, until this relief came, knew not where to look for a meal.

The week just closed has witnessed such an extension of the Fund's territory and operations as must be welcome news to those who have so generously contributed to its support. Instead of opening one new relief station on the East-side, as was proposed, eight new stations have been established. This has been accomplished by arrangement with the pastors of a number of Protestant churches of different denominations, all of which are located in parishes where the poor are greatly preponderate and the distress is most keenly felt. These new stations are as follows:

LOCATION.	FAMILIES FED.
No. 2, 103 Stanton Street (East Side),	100
No. 3, 214 Sullivan St. (West Side),	100
No. 4, 13 Jane Street (West Side),	100
No. 5, 545 E. Eleventh St. (East Side),	100
No. 6, 12 Oliver Street (East Side),	100
No. 7, 144 W. 68th Street, (West Side),	100
No. 8, 307 W. 18th Street, (West Side),	100
No. 9, 492 Second Avenue (East Side),	100

Making in all 800 families, or, with 200 families whose wants are already supplied at relief Station No. 1, a total of 1,000 families, averaging five persons in each, the whole aggregating 5,000 persons who are now recipients of the relief furnished through

FIVE THOUSAND NOW FED DAILY.

Eight New Relief Stations Established by "The Christian Herald Food Fund" and the Work greatly Extended—Protestant Pastors of Different Denominations Co-operating.

the generosity of the contributors to the Food Fund. In this extensive work Rev. R.S. McArthur, D.D., of the Calvary Baptist Church; Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, 18th Street M.E. Church; Rev. J. S. Stone, Asbury M. E. Church, Washington Square; Rev. Dr. Thoms, Mariners' Temple, Oliver street; Rev. Mr. Cox, Eleventh street M. E. Church; Rev. Dr. Stansbury, African M. E. Church, Sullivan street; The Stanton street Helping Hand; Rev. Stephen Merritt and Mrs. Bella Cooke, the story of whose forty years' work for Christ was recently published in these columns, are all actively assisting. Each family receives

experienced in Christian work are now employed in visiting among the homes of the poor. This band is supplemented by the missionaries of the various churches whose pastors are co-operating with the Food Fund, and the spiritual results are thus far most encouraging. No opportunity to impress the lesson of God's care for his children is allowed to pass unimproved.

In many homes where poverty has prevented the parents or children from attending church or Sunday School, the gift of a few garments from the clothing supplies sent by friends of the Fund, has opened a way to the enjoyment of religious privi-



THE FOOD FUND SUPPLYING COAL TO POOR FAMILIES AT A WESTSIDE STATION.

one week's supplies of groceries, to many of them bread, coal, oil and wood are furnished under the same coupon system as has already been introduced at Relief Station No. 1. The force of city missionaries employed as District Visitors by the Food Fund has also been increased and a number of ladies

leges. In the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we shall deal more in detail with the spiritual aspect of the work, which promises to be instrumental in bringing many souls into the Kingdom.

During the coming week, it is proposed to establish a Sewing Circle in connection with

the Fund. A gentleman in Ephrata, Pa., has contributed six sewing machines and these will be operated by a number of sewing girls, now idle, who will make garments for distribution in connection with the Clothing Department of the Fund. All contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, Bible House, N. Y.

Some of the experiences of the District Visitors are most touching. In 17th Street, a woman was found whose baby simply had a table cover around her, and absolutely no other clothing in the house. An aged woman of seventy, who had supported her sick husband for eight years, came for help. Her husband had recently died, and her own work had given out. "I will soon follow him," said she, sadly, "and I shall only want help a very little while."

One of the families relieved consisted of a blind father and four children, the mother being sick at the hospital. In one of the tenement houses two women were found, one seventy-two years of age, hale and hearty, the other her daughter of thirty-five, dying of consumption. The mother, an American Protestant, had pawned a shawl which had been in the family 100 years, the last thing they could pawn. This kept them in food and coal for one week. The Fund paid the rent and supplied the patient with a few delicacies. As the missionary went out, the invalid said pleadingly: "Please come again to-morrow. You are like a ray of sunshine to me."

Four children, their mother and grandmother were found in one room and a closet in a rear house. They had but five cents worth of coal for the day, and the mother had seriously entertained thoughts of suicide. In this, as in many other instances, the Food Fund doubtless was the means of saving a life. The following contributions of clothing, have been received:

Miss J. J. Glen Castle, N. Y., clothing; Kestler Bros., E. Strasburg, Pa., shoes and clothing; No Name, Newark, N. J., clothing; Mrs. Mary R. Baldwin, Bellmore, L. I., clothing; No Name, Gait's Gate Junction, N. Y., clothing; Friend, Norwalk, Ct., clothing; P. B. Damascus, O., clothing; Friends, Rush Road, N. Y., clothing; D. W., Ashland, O., boots; J. D. W., Redwood Falls, Minn., three pairs mittens; Friend, Court Sta., Rome, N. Y., clothing; J. G. Reading, Mass., clothing; Friend, Skillman, N. J., box of clothing; Friends, N. Y. City, package of clothing; Friends, Lynn, Mass., box of clothing; Subscriber, Blawensburg, N. J., box of clothing.

Previously acknowledged \$1475 76

The following were received last week and are now acknowledged in full:

and M. Chamberlain..... 5 00
Mrs. H. L. Hulburt..... 1 00
Mrs. Susie Sylvester and husband..... 2 00
V. B. Woodruff..... 9 00
Friend in Scranton..... 1 00
Friend in Hamlin, Mich..... 1 00
J. Hope..... 1 00
J. M. B., Portsmouth, O..... 8 00
Mrs. Mary Brown..... 1 00
Michael Gebhardt..... 3 00
Friends, Hartsfield..... 5 50
Centralia, Mo..... 1 00
Mrs. B. Bloomer..... 2 50
140 Lancaster St..... 10 00
Mrs. G. W. Boevers..... 2 00
A. M. Ramsay, Mich..... 10 00
Grace Melick..... 1 00
Mrs. E. R. Price..... 1 00
Mrs. E. S. Hopkins..... 1 00
J. L. Westport, Conn..... 2 00
Mrs. N. P. Anderson..... 5 00
Mrs. F. Hokeb..... 3 00
F. A. B. Greenwood, Neb..... 5 00
Mrs. S. M. H., Paterson, N. J..... 5 00

The following new contributions are acknowledged:

E. A. B., Knoxville, N. Y..... 5 00
Lillian, Hartford, Ct..... 2 00
Mrs. L. L. Babbitt..... 2 00
D. I. Ennis..... 12 00
Mrs. M. A. Tyler..... 5 00
Friend, Goshen, Conn..... 1 00
Friend, Fairfield, N. Y..... 1 00
Mrs. R. Martin..... 2 00
Aug. Thue..... 5 00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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OUR "FOOD FUND'S" MISSION.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD congratulates its readers everywhere on their noble and self-sacrificing response to the appeal of the destitute poor of New York. While former experiences led us to anticipate a generous recognition of the call for aid, the result has exceeded our most hopeful anticipations. Through the liberality of our Christian friends, whose sympathies have been enlisted in the effort to help the thousands of worthy, afflicted families in the poverty-stricken sections of the metropolis, we are now enabled to supply food to ONE THOUSAND FAMILIES A DAY! This is an average of five thousand persons to whom, under Divine Providence, the subscribers to the Food Fund have become the daily almoners, during a season of unexampled hardship and distress.

We glory in the appreciation of the fact that it is not needed that we should have to remind our friends of their duty, in this time of very general suffering among the poor. Every mail brings us many letters, showing how quick and warm are their sympathies, how willing the hand they extend to help those in affliction, as though striving, in Christian emulation, for the blessing that comes to those who "consider the poor." What has already been accomplished by the Food Fund may seem insignificant, where so much distress remains, and must for many weeks still remain, unrelieved; but if the effort is made in the right spirit by each Christian household in this land to aid ONE FAMILY, the suffering during the remaining weeks of winter will be greatly reduced, if not altogether relieved. It is through such organized agencies as the Food Fund, where every dime and every dollar reach the mark, and not by indiscriminate charity, that the greatest good is to be accomplished.

FRESHNESS IN RELIGION.

RELIGION, instead of wearing out, is wearing in, and the world which once rejected it now begins to receive it, and all around the earth is heard the song of hosanna and congratulation. Look at this old Bible, composed under divine inspiration so long ago by the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle. If any other book in all the world had been half as much read as that book, it would have become a worn-out story, and been cast from the regard of men. No other book that the world has ever seen could endure so much reading and study without becoming stale and insipid, and positively disgusting. Yet after the studying of this book by the learned men of all ages, and after you have read it in the morning hour and in the evening hour for years and scores of years, and heard its truths preached Sabbath after Sab-

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bath, and its passages quoted day after day, not only in religious books but in secular literature, it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though Ezekiel had just written his prophecies, and Luke the Acts of the Apostles, and Paul his Epistle to Timothy. The promises new. The miracles new. The parables new. The historical portion of the Bible new. Never were there so many people studying it as there are studying it to-day. Never did it pour so much comfort and light and hope and peace upon the nations as it is pouring to-day. A lantern for every dark path. A light-house for every dangerous port. A soft pillow for every dying head

How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

So it is with the Lord Jesus Christ. He is an aged Christ. The Bible represents him as such when it says, "His hair is white like snow." And yet how attractive he is to our souls. We greet him in our homes. We hail him in our religious assemblages. Honored on earth, and praised in heaven. Light for all darkness. Bread for all hunger. Harbor for all storm. Life for all death.

Yes, the whole subject of heaven is old. You have been singing about it all your days, and talking about it, and praying about it, and hearing the subject discussed; and yet that theme has as much rapture for your soul as when, at your mother's knee, you first heard there was any such place as heaven. Though "a great multitude that no man can number" have been standing around about the throne of God, and hallelujahs have been going up through all the ages, you are yourself anticipating, with great rapture of soul, entrance upon that blessed rest; and the story, instead of becoming a worn-out and insipid story, becomes more and more thrilling by so much as you have trials and hardships and persecutions and temptations and sins.

We congratulate you that you have such a fresh religion, and, while you possess it yourselves, commend it to all the people. There are those who have not tasted one of its joys, nor wept one of its sorrows, nor felt the inspiration of one of its promises. Let us pray God that the religion of Jesus Christ may be made so glowingly attrac-

tive to all the world that men will step immediately into the kingdom of God, receiving Christ as their pardon and peace.

AN EVOLUTIONARY FABLE.

ONCE upon a time there was in a natural amphitheatre of the forest a convention of animals, and a gorilla from western Africa came in with his club and pounded "Order!" Then he sat down in a chair of twisted forest roots. The delegation of birds came in and took their position in the galleries of the hills and the tree-tops. And a delegation of reptiles came in, and they took their position in the pit of the valley. And the tiers of rocks were occupied by the delegation of intermediate animals; and there was a great aquarium and a canal leading into it, through which came the monsters of the deep to join the great convention. And on one table of rock there were four or five primal germs under a glass case, and in a cup on another table of rock there was a quantity of protoplasm.

Then this gorilla of the African forest, with his club, pounded again, "Order! order!" and then he cried out: "Oh, you great throng of beasts and birds and reptiles and insects, I have called you together to propose that we move up into the human race, and be beasts no longer; too long already have we been hunted and caged and harnessed; we shall stand it no longer." At that speech the whole convention broke out in roars of enthusiasm like as though there were many menageries being fed by their keepers, and it did seem as if the whole convention would march right up and take possession of the earth and the human race.

But an old lion arose, his mane white with many years, and he uttered his voice; and when that old lion uttered his voice, all the other beasts of the forest were still, and he said: "Peace, brothers and sisters of the forest. I think we have been placed in the spheres for which we were intended; I think our Creator knew the place that was good for us."

He could proceed no further, for the whole convention broke out in an uproar. And, lo! the parliament of wild beasts was prologue and went home to their constituents. Man in his place, the beasts of the earth in their places.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. W. Rapp, Dysart, Pa. Were the disciples converted before the day of Pentecost? Christ's work to Peter (Luke 22:32) appear to imply that conversion was then future.

The word "converted" in the passage which you refer would be more correctly rendered, "restored," or as the Revised Version has it, "turned again." Peter became a backslider, but was brought back. His conversion occurred before that. The descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was not to convert the Apostles, but to give them power for the work before them.

D. L. Terrill, Underhill, Vt. Is a man who has experienced justification by faith a saved man? he commits sin afterward does he need the salvation process again?

He is a saved man if he has truly committed himself to Christ. The new divine life is implanted within him, which strives to keep him from sin. He becomes a child of God and if afterwards falls into sin and sincerely repent and goes to God for pardon, he is forgiven through Christ. (1. John 2:1.) His shame and sorrow are much greater than before his conversion, but he is received as a repentant sinner, not as a stranger and an enemy. Restoration what takes place then, not justification.

T. J. Faulkner, Perry, Fla. Does Heb. 11:1, teach that faith is the evidence itself? Is not faith belief in the evidence?

The passage says that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the proving or test (R.V.) of things not seen. That is, the assured conviction of their existence. The instances given farther on in the chapter show the sense in which the words are to be understood, as Abraham went to live in the land of promise assured that God would give it to his posterity. He who exercises faith, who relies on God's promise and trusts to it has proof in his own soul that it will be fulfilled. Thus faith becomes, brings, evidence.

B. D. Gatton, Mt. Vernon, Mo. 1. Is a Christian under obligation to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord? 2. What constitutes a tenth?

1. There is no command to that effect in the New Testament. The duty of giving, however is enjoined. Under the Old Testament the proportion was one-tenth, but the Christian's greater privileges would seem to suggest a larger proportion. It is left to his conscience. What does he owe to Christ? 2. There are many ways of reckoning it. One of the most reasonable is to deduct from the gross receipts the bare necessary cost of living and give a proportion of the balance. If the gross receipts are taxed, the proportion given by the poor is more onerous than that given by the rich.

Everett Peck, Polk, Wis. 1. Is the rainbow a supernatural phenomenon? 2. Were there rainbows before the flood?

1. No, it is natural, and is caused by the sunlight being reflected and refracted from falling drops of rain. The colors are separated as in a prism. 2. Some scientists hold that there was no rain before the flood, but that a dense cloud, the result of the evaporation from the earth, hid the face of the sun and a mist watered the earth. The general belief, however is that there was rain and therefore rainbows; but a new meaning was attached to them when God promised not to destroy the earth again by a flood and made the rainbow his sign to remind men of the promise.

Replying to Harlem Subscriber's letter in a recent issue:

S. Short, Amboy, Ohio, writes: "As Rev. Stephen Merritt feeds people for two-and-a-half cents a meal, Harlem Subscriber ought to be willing to give a meal or two at any rate, and if his surplus is any larger than it was last year, he ought to give more."

Miss E. A. Goddard, Norwich, Vt., writes: "I consider it my privilege to withdraw my trifle from the savings bank and place it in the bank of heaven as soon as I can get it, and ascertain to my satisfaction where it will be most useful. I know that many persons would say that I am trying to purchase my salvation by good works, but God knows I was saved long ago by the merits of the elder Brother."

W. H. W., Rogersville, O., writes: "If you are under no obligations to the past; if your present need admits of your devoting a part of your income to the relief of 'God's poor,' do not hesitate. The present necessity certainly should outweigh any possible claims of the future. You may never live to enjoy your O.A. and F. Fund; while thousands alive today are pinched and tormented for want of that relief, which it might bring. If you are a Christian they are your brothers in Christ, and can you hoard up wealth and comfort while your brother is a hungry and destitute on the street. Our Master bade him, who had two coats, give one to him who had none; and him who had food to do likewise. Your savings bank may make an assignment, your securities be devoured by quenchless flames. But lay up for yourself treasures in heaven."

Arthur Littleton, Goggansville, Ga. 1. Already answered repeatedly in the Mail-Bag. 2. Supposed to have been red. 3. Methodist. —Will Shearrow, Elliston, Ind. Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian. —Wm. Cooley, Cordova P. O., Minn. 1. Calvin was a member of the council which condemned Servetus to death for what was then pronounced heresy. 2. We never heard of it. —John Windmiller, Sheridan, Mo. Such statements are legendary, the only authoritative narrative being that contained in the New Testament itself. —A. H. M., Laton, Iowa. 1. His own statement gives it. 2. True religion enters into every act of a man's life. —Subscriber, Shearer's Cross Roads, Pa. We believe they are the same. —Mrs. E. A. L., Peckskill, N. Y. 1. Yes, it is reliable. 2 and 3. No. —Mrs. Phoebe Bookwalter, Lisbon, Ia. Address Mrs. Whittemore at the Door of Hope, 101 E. 61st Street, New York. —John S. Peck, Mericourt, N. D. Yes it is published by Fleming H. Revell, New York. —Ella D. Israel, Moundsville, W. Va. We don't know.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ENGLAND'S VETERAN STATESMAN

POLITICAL circles in England were agitated a few days ago by the announcement in an influential journal that Mr. Gladstone, the venerable head of the Government, intended to resign before the assembling of Parliament. The reasons given were that at the age of eighty-four he found the burdens of office oppressive, and that he was greatly discouraged by the rejection in the House of Lords of his two favorite measures. Two communications were evoked by the announcement. One was a statement which had been made last year by Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, shortly before his death. The physician said that notwithstanding the statesman's advanced age, his extraordinary constitution showed no signs of a break down, and that he possessed "a well-preserved force of energy far beyond that of an ordinary man in the prime of life." Dr. Clark added that to Mr. Gladstone, "work was not exhausting, but acted upon him as a restorative," and that inactivity would tend to curtail rather than prolong his life. A more disquieting communication came from Mr. Gladstone himself. After denying the report that he had decided on resigning, but admitting that his age and the condition of his sight and hearing rendered relief from public affairs desirable, he said that he was "ignorant of the course which events important to the nation might take," and therefore he would do nothing to restrain his freedom as to the performance of the arduous duties which might lie before him and his colleagues. The phraseology of the letter was evidently cautious, and the public thought it ominous. There was a general impression that the events to which Mr. Gladstone referred as likely to involve arduous duties, must be menaces of war. No specially important events are known to be impending; but, if there was danger of war, Mr. Gladstone would know of that long before the general public, and might naturally write as he did. On this page we give a portrait of Mr. Gladstone taken from a sketch of him as he appears in his son's church at Hawarden, where it has long been his habit when Parliament is not sitting, to attend daily prayers and read the lessons. Throughout his long career, Mr. Gladstone's unaffected piety has endeared him to religious people. Perhaps, the phenomenon of his extraordinary vigor, to which his physician referred may not be all accounted for on physical grounds. We read that they who wait on the Lord renew their strength. (Isa. 40: 31.)

A Deferred Wedding.

Toronto newspapers published recently a marriage notice which has a remarkable history connected with it. A young lady in Birmingham, England, was visiting the family of a manufacturer, and noticed on the library table a business letter bearing a Canadian post-mark. The address was in handwriting very similar to that of a young man to whom she had been engaged fourteen years before. Some misunderstanding had caused a separation, and she had lost sight of him. She asked her host the name of the writer, and, finding that the letter did come from her former lover, she asked other questions and altogether displayed so much interest that when the manufacturer wrote to his Canadian correspondent, he mentioned the incident and the lady's name, saying how much interest his business letter had aroused. The young man, who had, after many painful experiences, found lucrative employment in Canada, thus learned that the lady was still unmarried and had not forgotten him, so he wrote to her, and after some correspondence, as he could not leave his business to visit her, the lady crossed the ocean and they were married. If they find that in the troubles of life their companionship is mutually helpful to them, they will regret that during the past fourteen years they were without it. Such regret, with infinitely greater cause, those Christians feel who enter late in life into union with Christ. It is often found that they promised themselves

to him in their youth, but were alienated from him by some cherished sin. Then they mourn that the joy and blessedness they enjoy had not been theirs during their whole lives. (Eccles. 12: 1.)

A Life Sacrificed.

A distressing fatality occurred at a ferry in Jersey City, N. J., on Feb. 2. Two brothers whose home is at Ridgewood, N. J., went to the ferry-house to go to their business in New York. The train by which they travelled was late, and when they reached the ferry house the boat was already starting. They ran through, however, eluding the gate-keeper, who tried to stop them, and reached the edge of the slip when the stern of the boat was several feet from the float. The elder of the brothers jumped instantly and landed safely on the boat. The younger hesitated a moment, as if doubting his ability to reach it and then sprang. But in that moment the gap between the boat

and the slip had increased and he missed the boat and fell into the river. His elder brother saw him fall and, throwing off his coat jumped after him. He was an expert swimmer, but the water seemed to chill him, for he was unable to make a stroke and sank without reaching his brother. The younger brother continued to struggle in the water and was drawn out with a rope by the ferry hands, but his brother never rose again. The elder was twenty-five years old and the younger, twenty-one. The young man who was saved will never cease to lament that unhappy morning when he and his brother despised the gate-keeper's warning. Infinitely deeper will be the regret of those who die in their sins that they did not heed the warnings of God's servants who beseech them not to imperil their souls. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

A Morphine Antidote.

Physicians who have been called to treat patients who have accidentally or purposely taken a large dose of morphine are aware that it is extremely difficult to save their lives. They usually sink into a state of coma, from which they are not easily aroused and they generally die of heart failure. The usual course is to administer coffee and stimulants, to apply galvanism or the electric-brush, and to force the patient to con-

tinuous exercise to prevent his going to sleep. The number of cases has rapidly increased of late, owing to the prevalence of the morphine habit and the fact has stimulated physicians to seek an antidote. One has at last been found, which Dr. William Moor, of the German Clinic of New York, declares, after a personal test, to be effective. It is permanganate of Potassium, in doses of one and a half times the quantity of the morphine taken. The tests were made first on dogs and as they were invariably successful, the doctor himself took a fatal dose of morphine and afterward the proportionate dose of the antidote. As in the case of the dogs, the antidote quickly and completely neutralized the effects of the poison. The discovery will probably be the means of saving many lives. That is the function of an antidote; it would be a still greater blessing, however, if it took away the craving for the poison, so that an habitue whose life is saved had no desire for the poison afterward. This is the power that is the glory of God's antidote to the poison of sin. He who is truly saved by Christ's power loathes sin and does not willingly return to its bondage. (Rom. 6: 22.)

A Shrinkage of Values.

A remarkable purchase is reported by the "St. Louis Republic." It was made at the auction sale under foreclosure of a town in Alabama. The property consisted of thirty

thousand acres of land said to contain minerals, two thousand town lots, and various hotels and factories. About five years ago a company was formed to purchase the land and the shares were largely sold in New England. Fully five million dollars were invested privately and by the shareholders. Furnaces, rolling mills and factories were erected and hotels built. A town sprang up rapidly and for a time the prospects were good. But a sudden depression came in the fall of 1890 and more money was needed. A blanket mortgage of three hundred thousand dollars was secured, but it failed to save the town. The mortgage has been foreclosed and the whole property has been sold at auction. The highest price offered was sixty thousand dollars and for that sum the whole property in which five million dollars had been invested was sold. A change of circumstances and conditions had occurred which had affected the value of the property. Men who toil and save to build up a fortune, sometimes sacrificing their souls in the effort, often forget that a much greater change must inevitably occur when all that they now prize so highly will be utterly worthless to them. (James 5: 2, 3.)

Double Restitution.

Secretary Carlisle recently acknowledged the receipt of twenty-five hundred dollars which had been remitted to him under pecu-

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelists Read and Chafer have been conducting successful evangelistic meetings at Akron, O. One church has already received an addition of fifty members.

David Ames, a relative of Bishop Ames, died at Jerseyville, Ill., lately, in his one hundred and second year. He had never known a day's illness in all his life. He had been a member of the Methodist Church seventy-nine years.

Through the Kindness of a Friend of the Fallen in New York, each of the 1100 inmates of the various penal institutions on Blackwell's Island, New York, has been given a copy of the Bible. It is worthy of note that men of every creed and men of no creed accepted the gift gratefully.

More than 100,000 lives were saved in China during the recent famine, by the Famine Relief Fund, provided by Christian people, and distributed largely by the missionaries. It is said that 1,000 persons were converted, whose attention was first drawn to the Gospel by seeing this good work.

A Korean Student has entered Roanoke College, Salem, Va. It has had Japanese, Mexican and Indian students, but this is the first from the "Hermit Nation." He was recommended by the ex-Secretary of the Korean Legation in Washington who has been converted to Christianity. The new student's name is Suh Bennis Kin.

The influence of female suffrage in the purification of politics is seen in New Zealand. An influential journal says: "Every woman over twenty-one years of age was entitled to vote at the last New Zealand election, and it was observed that wherever there was a candidate whose morals were of a dubious standard, they invariably voted against him."

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been holding Special services at Princeton, N. J. Several services were held in the College Chapel and Murray Hall. Many students attended and there were some remarkable conversions. A particularly hopeful feature of the mission was the number of Christian students who sought a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit and consecrated themselves anew to Christ's work.

The large number of converts at the Moody and Sankey meetings in Providence, R. I., prompted a minister to ask a brother minister standing near him whether he thought they would remain faithful. In reply the minister, speaking of his own experience, said: "I have in my church several excellent members who trace their conversion under God to Mr. Moody's ministrations there some 20 years ago."

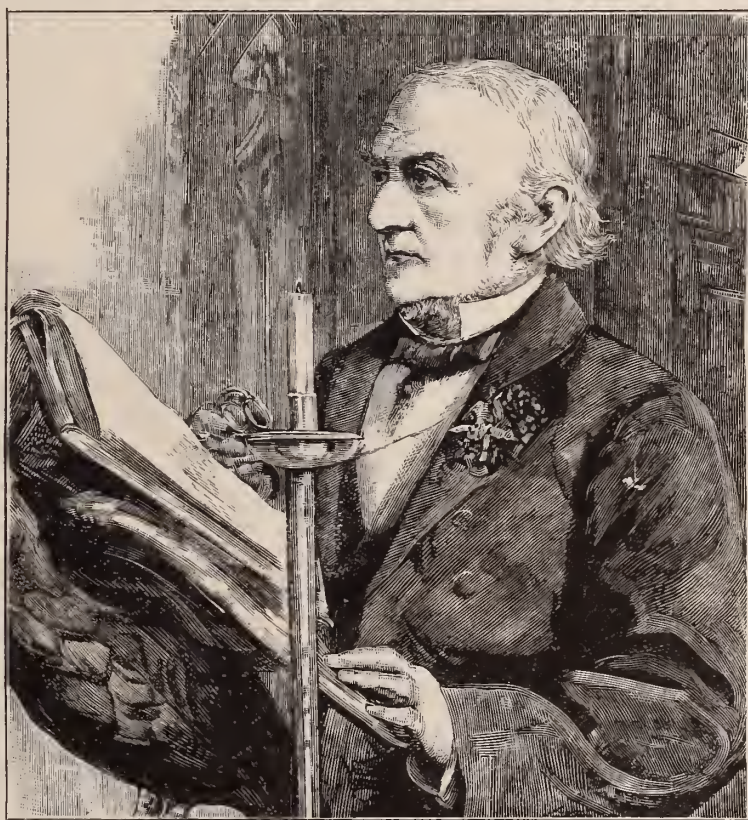
A Historian Examining a Quantity of old documents found the following copy of an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of King Henry V., who reigned from 1413 to 1422: "Whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, catel, lit, and godes, from theyre hevers, for ever; and be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and arrant traitors to the lande."

Major D. W. Whittle has Unhappily Met with a serious accident. He was conducting a series of meetings at Newport, R. I. On Jan. 29, while on his way home from one of the meetings, he slipped on the ice and fell backward. The back of his head struck the ice with great force and he was rendered insensible. He is now recovering, but his physician imperatively forbids his continuing his work and orders him to refrain for some time from reading and writing.

A new Saint is mentioned by the "Congregationalist." Through the generous efforts of Mr. Collins of Newark, N. J., a church has been built in a needy district in the South, where there is a large colored population. The church, which is under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, has done valuable work among the people. As a mark of their gratitude, without consulting any of their Northern friends, they have called their organization "St. Collins Church."

Mr. Quinn the Anti-gambling Evangelist has been traveling through New Jersey and New York during the last three months, staying some time in Buffalo, Elmira, Wilkesbarre, Mauch Chunk and Bethlehem, holding meetings in his railroad car, in churches and Y. M. C. A. Buildings. In Elmira a man who had been a gambler for fifty years was converted. He was over seventy years old. His prayer that God would save him for the sake of his children, was very pathetic. Nearly half of the cost of the car has been raised.

The Evangelistic Campaign in Brooklyn, N. Y., which was inaugurated by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., has extended rapidly under the charge of Dr. Gregg and the committee of ministers. Among the evangelists who have been laboring in the various churches are Rev. George C. Needham and Mrs. Needham, Rev. John F. Carson, Rev. Will McNeill, Rev. Arthur Crane, Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, and Mr. Leonard Weaver. The revival has been helped by the singing of Mrs. M. E. Willson, the sister of the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, Mr. Louis Armstrong and the Creole quartette. Mr. Moody spent Feb. 6th in Brooklyn, while on his way to Washington and preached at Dr. Gregg's church, and Dr. Dixon's church, and held an inquiry meeting.



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE DIVINE TEST.

Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: 1. Thess. 5: 21, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

THIS precept is applicable to everything in philosophy, science, literature, social life, government and religion. We cannot afford to hold on to and burden our lives with anything that is false and hurtful. God made us to search out, believe and practice only what is good. He makes it our duty to investigate the past, and preserve what it produced or discovered that is true and helpful to mankind, and transmit it to posterity. A thing is not necessarily false and worthless because it is old. Sun and moon, and stars, and earth, and air, and water are old, but they are just as real and useful now as when God made them and pronounced them good. Nor should we reject a thing because it is new. There was a time when the best things in our civilization were new. How sad our condition today if these things had been repudiated, upon the principle that "whatever is new is not true." Each generation should gather from the past all that is true and wise, and beautiful and good, and hand it over to the next generation. But it should do more than this. It should add to the treasures gathered from the past, treasures of its own discovery or creation. To advance the world in truth, righteousness and happiness, we must destroy, and conserve, and originate. There are false customs and institutions among us that have their roots in the distant past. They are hoary and venerable with age. But seeing that they were founded in misconception and error, we owe it to God, ourselves, and the generation that shall follow us, to overthrow and destroy them. There are other customs and institutions, born in that remote past, which have stood the test of reason, and revelation, and experience. These we should preserve, and foster, and magnify.

The True Reformer.

The man who "proves all things and holds fast all that which is good," is a reformer. The ideal man in any age or country, is a reformer. He is overturning the false and the bad, and establishes the true and the good. There are some reformers, so-called, who are only destructionists. They would completely dis sever the past from the present. They would consign to oblivion all that former generations believed and practiced, and build new systems on new foundations and with new materials. Descartes, centuries ago, did a work which cannot be repudiated without shattering the whole structure of modern philosophy. He doubted until he reached the point where he could doubt no longer. He could not doubt that he doubted. Here was an indisputable fact—he thought. With that he began his philosophy. "I think, therefore I am." I was not always, "I began to be." This compels me to think of a being that caused me. The being that caused me must himself be uncaused. Moreover, there could not be an uncaused cause without an effect. Creation, then, with which I stand face to face, was the effect of the great first cause. By this method Descartes demonstrated three realities—himself, God and Creation. The man who attempts to reform philosophy, or to build a new system, without accepting Descartes' work, must utterly fail. No sane man would attempt to reconstruct science without accepting the great facts of nature, uncovered by such men as Galileo, Newton and Kepler. There are some things that will stand no matter what progress the world makes. Gravitation, heat and electricity will be realities a hundred million of years hence, if the world should last that long. Then it will be as true as now, that the world revolves upon its axis, and that the planets have their orbits around the sun.

On the sacred ground of religion we find reformers, so-called, who would bury the Old Testament, and eliminate from Christianity all that is true and helpful, everything that be-

longed to the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. But we cannot dis sever Christianity from those dispensations without giving up its most essential truths. These three dispensations are inseparably linked together, making a complete system of revealed truth. The Mosaic dispensation succeeded the Patriarchal, but it did not abolish any of its doctrines, precepts, or prophecies. The Patriarchs taught the personality, unity, and universality of God; and so did Moses. They taught men the duty of absolute obedience to Jehovah's will; and so did Moses. They appointed sacrifices, pointing to the Messiah and his death upon the Cross; and so did Moses. They also instructed the people to prepare themselves for a heavenly country—a home with God in another and a better world; and so did Moses. There was much in the Mosaic period that was new. There were many new statutes and new sacrifices, and new modes of worship. But the old precepts and prophecies were incorporated with all that was new, and preserved as a sacred heritage to be transmitted to coming generations.

The Linked Dispensations.

After Moses and the Prophets came Christ, who established another dispensation, not by abolishing the law and the Prophets, but by fulfilling them. The types and symbols instituted by Moses disappeared, not because they were wrong, but because the things they foreshadowed had come to pass. All that was in the Law written upon tables of stone, and all that was signified by the elaborate ritual of Synagogue and Temple, is preserved and magnified in the Gospel and Kingdom of Jesus Christ. In this trinity of dispensations there is a sublime unity. They cannot be separated. They must stand or fall together. He who rejects one rejects them all, for they three are one.

"Prove all things." This includes the Bible. God is willing to have his Word put upon trial. He is not only willing but he challenges investigation. We may prove the Bible by an honest and intelligent examination both of the external and internal evidences of its divinity. We may prove it as we prove air, and water, and food. It claims to be as useful to our moral natures as these material things are to our bodies. Any man may test this claim by an application of the revelations and precepts of the Bible to the wants of his own soul. The questions propounded to Simonides are the same questions which rise unbidden in the breast of every rational human being. "Who is God? Where is he? What is he?" The Bible gives the only answer to these questions that can satisfy the human mind and soul. It tells us that God is a spirit-invisible, eternal, omnipotent, almighty, omnipresent, infinite in wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness, love and mercy. We prove the truth of this answer whenever we try to add anything to it. The more we think about it, the more we feel and see the completeness of it.

How to Know God's Will.

But we need more than a knowledge of God's being and attributes. As his creatures and upheld by his hand, we instinctively feel that we ought to obey his will. But what is his will? The Bible claims to be a revelation of it. Can I know that it is God's will? Yes. How? By obeying it. No man ever tried it without being constrained to say, "I have found the wisdom and the will of the living God." Standing before the revelation of God's character we will see our own imperfection and unholiness. We see that we are violators of Divine law. Conscious of our guilt and condemnation, we feel our separation from God, and our exposure to his righteous wrath. This makes another problem. How shall we escape the penalty for our disobedience? How can we get forgiveness for our sins? How can we

be freed from guilt, and the pangs of an awakened conscience. With fear and trembling, we cry out in the language of the convicted jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible answers, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It tells us how he who knew no sin was made sin for us, how he bore our sins in his own body on the tree, how he is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins, and how, by believing, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

By a very practical, simple, speedy, and certain method, we may test these doctrines, and determine whether they are

True or False.

"Come and see." Come with your burdened, guilty, aching conscience, and fall at the feet of him who said, "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved," and you will feel the touch of his redeeming might, and know, in your secret soul, "that he hath power on earth to forgive sins." With the hand of faith resting on him, you will experience a quickening and resurrection within you, an opening of faculties hitherto dormant, and a taste of that infinite calm which only God can bestow.

Peter having trusted and followed Jesus, was able to say, "Thou art the Christ—the Son of the living God." Paul having believed on him and obeyed him, could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." To the man who has personally tested the Gospel, God, and Christ, and salvation are as real as his own existence. It is the knowledge of these realities that makes the Christian peaceful in adversity and joyful in tribulation. It was this knowledge that inspired Henry Martyn to say in his last sickness: "Weakness, peril, and pain are but the ministering angels, commissioned of God, to conduct me to glory unspeakable and eternal." It was this knowledge that moved the learned and renowned Joseph Addison, on his death bed, to say to the sceptical and dissipated Warwick, "I have sent for you that you may see in what peace a Christian can die." It was this knowledge that sustained the great and good Dr. Watts, when he wrote, "I thank God that I can lie down at night without the least solicitude as to whether I shall wake in this world or the next." It was this knowledge of things invisible to mortal sense, that gave the joy of assurance to that old Scotch preacher who died with the Bible open before him, and with his finger resting on those

Triumphant Words

of Paul, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." It was this knowledge that made Florence Foster say, as her eyes were closing in death, "I am walking in a valley, but the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak."

If we have proved the Bible and found it to be true, let us stand by it, cling to it, magnify it, and in our thoughts and affections exalt it immeasurably above all other books. Believing the Bible to be divine and infallible, let us subject all things to the light of its teachings, and condemn and repudiate everything that is opposed either to the principles or the spirit of it.

Tried by this book, what becomes of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer which declares that the First Cause is "unknown and unknowable." It "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth!" it from age to age he spoke to the world through such men as Enoch and Noah, and Abraham and Moses and Elijah and Daniel and Isaiah; and if he was incarnated in that wonderful man who said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," he is not the unknown or unknowable.

Tried by this book, what becomes of Unitarianism, which declares that Jesus was only a man? If we believe the Scripture which says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," how can we countenance Unitarianism without contradicting our faith and betraying the Master to whom we have pledged unflinching fealty?

Looking at it in the light of this infallible book, what shall we say of Universalism, which denies the future punishment of the wicked? If you believe that our divine Lord

spoke the truth when he taught that there will come a day when he will judge the world, and condemn the wicked to everlasting punishment, you cannot be a loyal subject to his kingdom and have any fellowship with Universalism.

How can any believer in the Bible look with any degree of favor upon Christian Science, so-called—that last born and most absurd of all the isms, and which declares that nothing exists but God, and that as God is good and only good, there can be no such thing as sin, or sickness, or pain or death? No sane man can believe the Bible and have any sympathy with such unmitigated heresy and nonsense. If Christian Science be true the Bible is the worst book in the universe. From beginning to end it is a deception—an imposition upon human ignorance and credulity. But if the Bible be true, nothing on earth, under the earth, or above the earth is less true than Christian Science—so-called.

I do not question the sincerity and the good intentions of the unfortunate people who cling to this delusion. Neither do I doubt the sincerity and

Good Intentions

of thousands of people who are confined in lunatic asylums. Guitau, the religious crank, who declared that God had told him to kill President Garfield, was just as sincere as the deluded Boston woman and her infatuated followers, who imagine that they can convince the world that the Bible, rightly interpreted, means there is nothing in the universe but God, and that sin, disease, suffering, and death are unreal. It is not sincerity but truth that makes us God's freemen. If we would prove all things by the principles and spirit of this infallible standard what should be our judgment of certain institutions which have entrenched themselves in the midst of our civilization? If we should be loyal to the teaching of this Sacred Volume, which requires us to lay the axe to the root of the trees, and cut down every tree that bringeth forth evil fruit, what would become of those theatres and operas, where multitudes of people gather night after night, merely for the vulgar gratification of looking upon human nudity? And what would be done with the newspapers which expose to larger multitudes pictures of these nude creatures, who for a few dollars have parted with honor, virtue, and decency?

Guided by the teachings and spirit of the Bible, what should be our judgment of some of these city clubs, at whose magnificent rooms hundreds of men spend the Lord's Day in drinking, playing cards, and discussing politics, horse races, and prize-fights?

Guided by the same book, what should be our judgment of that great pet and idol of American politicians—the Bar-room? What fruit has this tree borne? Every vice and crime and sorrow under the sun. By the same standard we should prove men, and elevate to places of honor and authority, only such as can abide the test. It is a fact which excites the admiration of virtuous people in every quarter of this great Republic, that for many years, the three highest offices within the gift of this old Christian Commonwealth of Georgia, have been entrusted to men who love and obeyed the wisdom and requirements of this Book. And I rejoice to say that the present prospect is that these exalted positions will be occupied for the next term by men, who, in this respect will be the equals of their noble predecessors. May God hasten the day when the people of this nation will cling to and honor with their suffrages, only such men as have proved loyal to his truth.

A Personal Test.

In concluding this discussion, let me say that the most practical thing that each one of us can do is to prove himself. Sit down in the quietness of your closet to-day, with the Bible open before you, and in the light of God's eternal truth see yourself. The most practical method of self-examination is to compare yourself with that Man of men—the One altogether lovely—the Lord Jesus Christ. A young artist paints a Madonna, and then he goes to some art gallery and compares it with Raphael's immortal work. Looking at the great masterpiece of the world's greatest painter, and then at his own work, he is made profoundly and painfully conscious of his imperfections. In the four Gospels you have spread out before you the immaculate life of Jesus Christ. Look at that life, and then look up thine own, and thou shalt see how much thou lackest. Some of you have not the courage to do this. Many are afraid to see and know

hat manner of men they are. They shrink from the agony that such a knowledge could beget within their guilty souls. But the wisest thing that you can do is to prove yourself, and find out what you are in God's sight, and what are your prospects for a continuance of blessedness in the unending years that lie beyond the grave.

Prove yourself and if you find that you have built on the sand, correct yourself before the tempest of Judgment comes to sweep into everlasting darkness and horror all that is deceitful and false. Stand by the Cross of Christ, and on the solid and immutable foundation of his atoning work. All other ground is sinking sand. Hold fast to his example, and let your life be a perpetual growth towards his own perfect beauty. Do these things and thou shalt never be moved. Thou shalt dwell in peace, and "the Lord thy God shall be thine everlasting light."

BAPTIST WORK IN BURMAH.

This land, the scene of the labors of the painted Judson, must always be a land of tender associations for the Baptist Church. It is gratifying to learn that progress is being made there. Rev. F. H. Eveleth writes from Sandoway: We are now engaged in making our annual visits to all the villages in these regions, and hope soon to launch out into the depths of darker heathenism in the jungles of Arakan. Pray that divine power and protection may attend us. I have enjoyed the privilege of baptizing three Chins, a Karen, and a Burman from Miss Carr's school; also a well-to-do Arakanese merchant from Gyaing-gauk. The latter related how wonderfully the way had been opened to him to unite with a Christian church. He had believed the gospel of Christ for more than two years, but as his wife and his father had opposed his making public profession of his faith he had refrained. They were both dead and he being alone in the world came to receive baptism. The villagers had tried hard to prevent his professing Christ, but this he has been able to disregard, and his various experiences have made him a ripe Christian. He walked seventy-five miles to receive baptism.

This rainy season's work has been the most satisfactory that I have ever been permitted to do. My class and general work have so completely filled up the time, that I have no spare moments to waste in contemplating the possible intencities of my environments. The preachers' class roll shows thirty-nine names, three of whom were Chin young women who have graduated from our town mission school. About two-thirds of the men were also Chins, the remaining one third being Burmans and Arakanese. This work was continued without interruption five months. Other missionaries wrote in the same hopeful strain.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest*: Sarah Dixon, 10c.; Mrs. S. E. Randall, \$3; Miss L. M. Provost, \$1; Look Out S. S., Chase Co., Grant, \$1; B. M. S., Pittsfield, \$3; Friend, Holliston, Mass., \$5; Mrs. Mary K. Tyler \$5; A subscriber's family, Prattsville, N. Y., 50c. Previously acknowledged, \$131.07. Total, \$149.67.

For the *Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls*: C. O. Diffenbacher, \$1.50; H. L. Williams, \$2; Friend, Burlingame, Kans., \$2; B. M. S., Pittsfield, \$2. Previously acknowledged, \$280.50. Total, \$288.00.

For the *Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women*: —, Springfield, Mass., \$1; Emma J. Smith, \$1.50; M. Cole, 50c.; Wm. Gray, \$4.35; In His Name, Newark, Ohio, \$15. Previously acknowledged, \$1479.80. Total, \$1502.15.

For the *Mary Washington Fund*. Mary E. Tillinghast, 50c.; Mrs. H. A. Houstater, 25c.; Mrs. Mary Neatherton, 25c.; Mary A. Olmstead, Mary S. Wood, Mary L. Garmon, \$1; Mary Ball Greene, 25c.

For the *Door of Hope*: H. L. Williams, \$2; C. O. Diffenbacher, \$1.50; One Who Wants to Help, \$10; Mrs. C. Coatsworth, \$5. For the *Mulberry Street Rescue Mission*: Friends, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.

For *Bella Cook's Work*: G. Verner, \$1; Julius Reinhart, \$2; Mrs. David Rea, Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.

For the *Destitute in the Gulf States*: J. S. M. P., Florence, Mass., \$1.



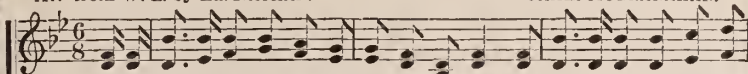
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Believe, and Keep on Believing.

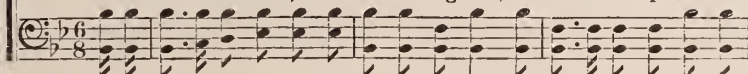
"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 36.

Arr from W. L. by EL. NATHAN.

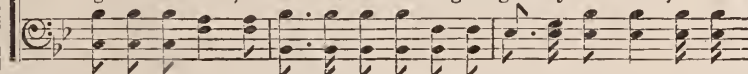
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



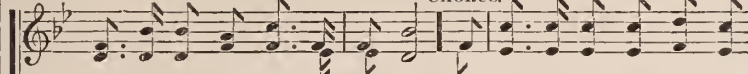
1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru-ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on



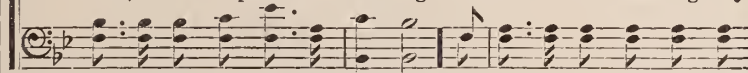
ree-soned face, Believed in His message of par-don and peace; I be-lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trust-ing His word: I be-blest and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-high on the throne, Believed in His com-ing in glo-ry full soon; I be-



CHORUS.



lieved, and I keep on be-liev-ing. Be-lieve! and the feel-ing may



come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ-ten to show That



all who believe, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.



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NOT KNOWING.

Not knowing the things that shall befall me Acts 20: 22.

I KNOW not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And at each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me, comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink.
O, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

So I go on, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord chose;

So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows."

—M. G. BRAINARD.

JUST OBEY.

DO as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you;
Do not say:
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see;"
Just obey!

Do not sulk and do not sigh;
Though it seem in vain to try.
Work away!
All the ends you cannot see.
Do your duty faithfully,
Just obey!

When at length you come to know
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,
You will say:
"Glad am I that when to me
All was dark as dark could be,
I could trust, and faithfully
Just obey!"

THE FINAL SCENE.

The Last Vision in Revelation when Time Merges into Eternity.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE

THE end comes! The triumph of justice and righteousness! Creation prepared for the reign of eternal peace and harmony. The grand conclusion of the Messiah's meditation is shown us; this world a ransomed world, and man a ransomed race; confidence restored and established through the wide ranges of creation; all united in fidelity and devotion under the headship of the Son of Man; and—the commission assigned him as Mediator between the God-head and the creation being thus fulfilled and complete—what remains? That one Great Action which is to come and consummate the whole! The end is come! The Son of Man renders up to the Divine Father a re-united and re-established universe; that so, henceforth and forever, through ages that never darken and never close, the Godhead and the creation may live in immediate union and communion; needing no Mediator and no mediation; the entire reconciled creation within the arms of the Godhead; resting in the freedom of his unveiled presence; in the warmth of his divine love; in the brightness of his divine joy; strong in the strength of God; pure in the purity of God. Then, also, the Son resumes his primal position within the God-head, that "God may be all in all."

This final action of the Christ does not enter with any vivid representation into the prophetic vision of John, but he hears the voice of "Him that sitteth on the Throne" declare aloud:—"It is done; I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end" (Rev. 21: 6). He hears the same voice proclaim:—"Behold! I make all things new;" "and I saw," John says, "heaven new and earth new." There is now, by the immediate fiat of the Almighty Father, a renovation, but, in the essential features of this old world, no change; a heaven forever, this heaven made new; an earth forever, this earth made new.

This ransomed world, being thus renewed and made ready for the Throne of God and for the residence of a race redeemed, John sees a great city descending from its Creator, the New Jerusalem; that city promised and long expected; the city for which the "father of the faithful" looked, while living a stranger here; "the city which hath the foundations;" the twelve foundations of precious stones; "whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. 11: 10; Rev. 21: 19, 20.) It is of celestial origin; the mansion built by God for the eternal residence of the Bride. He is not ashamed to be called her Father, for "He hath prepared this majestic city for her." (Heb. 11: 16.) For the last thousand years she has dwelt in it as the Bride of the Lamb; and, as it now descends to this renovated world, a great excitement is moving the heaven. John is summoned by one of the chief angels to view the sight. "There came to me," he says, "one of the seven angels which had the seven vials laden with the seven last plagues, and he spake with me, saying, 'Come hither, I will shew thee the Bride, the wife of the Lamb;' and he carried me away in the spirit to a mountain great and high, and shewed me the Holy Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God"—bright, rich, radiant—"like a Bride adorned for her husband" (21: 9, 10, 12); the glorious equipage, the state and majesty in which the Bride descends; this her lasting home; the palace and dwelling of the Queen. It is vast in its dimensions; metropolis of the ransomed and risen world.

The city is the palace and residence of the Bride; and God—her God and Father—is to be revealed within it. "I heard," says the prophet, "a great voice out of heaven saying, 'Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men; and he will dwell with them, and they will be his people; and God himself shall be with them; and be their God.'" "It hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, for the glory of God shall lighten it; and the lamp thereof is the Lamb; and the nations of them which are saved shall walk amidst the light of it." Access direct to the God who tabernacles in it and to his Throne will at all times be free to them. Its twelve gates, that face the four quarters of the earth, are never closed. "The kings of the earth shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it; and there shall in no wise enter it anything unclean, nor that doeth abomination and falsehood."



THE BEST GIFTS TO GOD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 25, Mark 12: 28-33; 41-44.

MOTIVES and other considerations, apart from intrinsic worth, have to be taken into account in making a just estimate of the value of a gift. Every man realizes this in his own case. He may receive a gift from a person to whom he has rendered a service, and be hurt and humiliated by it, because he understands that the donor does not wish to be under an obligation to him. A story is told of a poor young man, who after risking his life to save the girl he loved from drowning, refused the gift of a thousand dollars from her father. Although sorely needing the money, he regarded the gift, under the circumstances, as an insult. Or a gift may come from one who expects to receive a more valuable one in return. Or it may be in the nature of a bribe from one who hopes to benefit from dereliction of duty on the part of the recipient—like one by a saloon-keeper to a policeman, or of a suitor to a judge. Or it may be given by one who desires to pose as a patron, and will boast of it. Such a gift as Abraham refused from the King of Sodom, lest he should say, "I have made Abraham rich." The wealth of the donor is also an element in the estimate. The gift of a child who has saved his pocket money for weeks to buy it, or of a poor man who has toiled and denied himself that he may make the offering, or of one who has given time and effort to a search for some particular gift that would be of special value to his friend—any of these would appeal to the recipient's heart much more than the more costly gift of a millionaire who perhaps simply handed a bill to his servant and told him to go and buy some present for such and such a person. The real value of a gift seems to be in what it represents. If it is an expression of affection or the result of self-denial—if the recipient sees in it the heart's love of the giver, then both giver and receiver are drawn nearer together by the gift, and it is valued as a pledge or token, of a value with which its intrinsic cost has nothing to do. All that is revealed to us of God's relations with us indicates that he has the same estimate of our offerings. It is to the heart that he looks. There was no need that Abraham should kill his son when God saw that the patriarch would not withhold anything from him. The widow who cast two mites into the treasury gave more than the rich givers, because her gift cost her more than theirs cost them. The best, therefore, that we can give to God, like the best we can give to our fellow-man, is the supreme love which prompts our gifts, the love that thinks nothing of sacrifice, or toil, or effort in the service of its object. The smallest gift and the smallest service is consecrated by such love and is accepted of God and man, while greater gifts and brilliant services in which love does not speak, lacking the essential element, are rejected.



PRESIDENT CHAPMAN IN THE WEST.

The President of the Baptist Young People's Union is receiving a warm welcome in the Western cities on his tour of which we published a programme recently. His addresses are stimulating and invigorating, and are brightened with touches of humor.

At Helena, Mont., he made a vigorous defence, first, of young people's societies in general, and then of the denominational union individually. On the latter subject he disclaimed antagonism to the Christian Endeavor Society, and also a desire to dictate to the young people of any church the name they should bear, but he held that there was need of denominational union. In illustration of his contention, he mentioned an instance of a young lady in Chicago who had become a Methodist through association with Methodist young people in a choir. He said: "We are not here to pull down any standard, but to raise one of our own. We have a standard upon which is emblazoned principles that we believe are of vital importance, principles that have cost our fathers a sea of blood, principles that Baptists have always upheld before the world. We propose to keep that standard where our young people can see it, and we desire that they should learn to love it and to be proud of all that it means to us and them. We desire that once a year all our young people should meet as Baptists, where we can teach them to take an interest in

The Association has 410 members, who find here a commodious and well-arranged meeting-place, with a gymnasium, library, reading-room and all the appliances necessary for Association work. Three educational branches are conducted there, and the social department is not neglected, but the chief feature is the religious meetings. The Bible classes and devotional meetings have an average attendance of eighty, and much good has resulted from them. A flourishing Boy's Auxiliary is connected with the Association. It has eighty-five members and has regular meetings. A room in the building is set apart for their exclusive use.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS.

Writing on February 2 to the editor of this journal, Dr. F. E. Clark says: On this thirteenth birthday of the Christian Endeavor movement, your readers may like to know something of the progress of the work during the past year. I think it can be truthfully said that the last twelve months has been the best year in all our history. More societies have been formed than in any previous twelve months; the Junior work has had a very large extension, and special efforts for sailors and soldiers, for life-saving stations and for traveling men have been prospered.

There are now in all the world about 30,000 societies with nearly 1,700,000 members. In other lands than ours have Endeavor principles taken deep root. In England the societies have more than doubled; there being now over 1,000. In Australia there are nearly that number, and national organizations for both these countries have been effected.

In Japan and China there are also na-

of Christian young people, that their wide fellowship may grow yet wider, and that their abounding energies may all be devoted to Christ and his church.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

Some Baptist Young People's Societies are supplying the church cupboards by holding a social, the price of admission being a plate or a cup and saucer.



President Chapman of the Baptist Young People's Union received a warm welcome at Spokane, Wash. He gave two addresses in halls in different quarters of the city. In both cases the buildings were crowded to their utmost capacity.

The Elmira, N. Y., Young Men's Christian Association has opened a restaurant on the plan of furnishing lunches at five, seven and ten cents, respectively. The lunches are said to be patronized largely by lawyers, ministers, clerks, merchants and a few laboring men.



The fourteen branches of the New York Young Men's Christian Association held an aggregate of 5218 religious services last year. The total attendance was 219,893. The Association owns seven buildings of an aggregate value of \$1,310,000 on which there are debts amounting to \$149,000.



A Christian Endeavor Society of Australia holds a social meeting once a month to which the members bring delicacies, fruits and flowers. Each member lays his gift on a large table provided for the purpose and on the following day, a city missionary, supported by the Society, carries the gifts to the poor and the sick in the home or the hospital.



At a convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Jamaica, West Indies, recently held at Kingston, every evangelical church was represented. One of the delegates walked fifty miles over the mountains to attend it.



The chapel of the Memorial Church of the Disciples of Christ in Salt Lake City, Utah, has been completed and formally dedicated. The funds were contributed by Christian Endeavor Societies in many States. The Church has 150 members and a flourishing C. E. Society.



An effort is being made by the King's Daughters to establish an office in Brooklyn, N. Y., for a centre of operations. The circles have been organized into a city union and a small contrivance from each would suffice for the cost of a local headquarters.



Rev. George Dana, Boardman, D. D., Pastor of the first Baptist Church, Philadelphia, writes: "I believe in the interdenominational fea-

tures of the Christian Endeavor movement, for the simple reason that they are interdenominational. The kingdom of God is larger than any one denomination or all denomination put together." If this view were more general there would not be so much waste of energy and money as now.



Dr. Vedder the Editor of the "Baptist Review" gives the following reasons for preferring an interdenominational society of young people to a denominational one: The interdenominational features of Christian Endeavor I prize very highly. A Baptist, loyal in every fibre to the distinctive principles of my denomination, and proud of its history, I love all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, and am glad of every opportunity of meeting with them and of joining them in all good works. There is little danger that any of us will forget that he belongs to a church: there is much danger that all of us will forget that we belong to the church, the fellowship of all true believers throughout the world. I believe in my own church, and am loyal to it; I believe in the holy Catholic church not less loyally.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Baptist doings and where our denominational undertakings may be laid before them. God grant that the young people of our beloved denomination may grasp our standard and, moving forward in the front of the battle, be found faithfully serving when the Redeemer shall come." Mr. Chapman's tour will probably result in a large increase in the number of unions, as well as in building up those already organized. The other Departments would be benefited by a visit from him.



A MASSACHUSETTS Y. M. C. A.

The home of the Young Men's Christian Association at Newburyport, Mass., a picture of which appears on this page, is an instance of noble munificence. It is the result of a gift of \$40,000 which Mrs. George H. Corliss and family made a few years ago to the Association. The Association was organized in 1874, but as the town has little more than 15,000 inhabitants, there was not much probability of money being raised to build so handsome a home for the institution. Mrs. Corliss' gift, however, made this possible, and she must feel gratified to see how thoroughly it is appreciated.

tional societies of Christian Endeavor and encouraging news comes in every mail. In India the constitution and other literature has been translated into not less than half a dozen languages, while in Madagascar, Samoa, and in parts of Persia, Turkey and South Africa the work is also flourishing.

Most gratifying of all is the fact that the various evangelical denominations are cultivating more and more fully the Endeavor principles, and the Society is coming to be accepted every month more widely as the young people's society of the world.

In lines of Christian citizenship, American Endeavorers are in many places doing notable service: against the saloon, for the Christian Sabbath, against the Sunday theatre, Sunday base ball games and all forms of lawlessness. Their missionary enthusiasm is rising, too, and it is believed that the Endeavor Societies will give this year at least \$250,000 through their own denominational boards on Christian Endeavor Day.

Much is being done also in great cities for the relief of the destitute by unions and Endeavor societies. May I not ask the prayers of your readers for those increasing hosts



Martha of Lebanon.

The Syrian Housewife's Story Continued—Kitchen and Wardrobe—Children's Joys—The Family Sheep and its Uses.

WE dispose ourselves upon the cushions, my guide and instructor—Syrian by birth, American by education, pure womanly by nature, and earnest Christian by grace—with the ease acquired by years of practice, I more comfortably than before I began the round of visits that has engrossed me of late. The cushions are round, long, stuffed with hay, and covered with Turkey red cotton. While the gentle voice that lends itself musically even to Arabic, goes on with friendly discourse with the mistress of the home, I have opportunity—given me purposely—to inventory the furniture.

I amuse myself with imaginations of how the wife of a New Jersey or Illinois day-laborer in steady employment, would behave if introduced to this place as her abiding-place for the rest of her natural life. On two sides of the room runs a wide shelf of unplanned boards, elevated upon sticks about a foot from the earth which is the floor. On this is piled the family bedding in the shape of "pallets"—two breadths of cotton cloth run together at the edges, and swaddled with hay or cotton or cloth or rags, to the thickness of an inch or so. Upon one of the quilts the would-be sleeper will lie to-night when it is unfolded over the floor, and with another he or she will be covered, the nights being chilly at this season. Father, mother and five children will rest upon these pallets, laid as closely together as they can be put, and having known no other beds, their rest will be sweet in spite of the unyielding floor, the low ceiling and the stuffiness arising from seven pairs of lungs and seven unwashed bodies. Windows and doors will be closed, for the night-air is believed to be unwholesome. Martha would also ask in grave wonderment when she hears of the daily baths of her pale-faced visitors, if they "are not afraid of making themselves ill by so much washing?" She is neat and notable according to her lights, but illumination has never struck athwart the, to us, vital question of much soap and more water.

Before judging her, I recall the reply made to me once, by a New York woman who has thrown talents, energy—all that make up and abound in her grand personality—into the work of elevating working-women to a higher plane of thought and living.

"They might at least, make themselves 'skin-clean,'" I heard said, "even if they have not time for keeping their poor rooms tidy. Bathing costs little."

"You might change your mind if you had to perform your ablutions in a quart of water, brought by hand—and a very tired hand! up four flights of rickety stairs," retorted the practical philanthropist.

Every drop of the water used in Martha's household is brought from the fountain in the village at the foot of the hill, and brought upon her shoulder in a huge jar of baked clay. The recreation she derives from gossip, friendly or mischievous, with other burden-bearers who there do congregate, hardly offsets the bodily fatigue of trudging up the steep and stony path. Her husband stays his labor in the threshing-floor and leaning upon the "fan" in his hand, throws her a kindly word as she passes, the drip from the water-pot mingling with the sweat of her face. He is a model spouse as Moslem spouses go, but he would no sooner think of offering to run up the hill with her load, than Eleazar of Damascus thought of forestalling Rebekah in her hospitable task of "watering all his camels," after she had let down her pitcher from her shoulder and given him to drink.

As for her boys, she spoils them from the beginning, teaching them by object-lessons, if not by precept, the inferiority of her sex to theirs. Sooner than degrade them to the

position of drawers of water, she would fetch and carry every hour of every day of all the days of her life. In due course of time they will marry and each bring his child-wife home for at least one year to be drilled in housework by her mother-in-law. Martha will get her "innings" then, and lives consciously in hope of this consummation.

To-morrow morning, she will hustle the laggards out of bed and out-of-doors that she may roll up the beds and pack them upon the shelf. The cushions keep them company except when a visitor drops in, and besides these, there is absolutely no furniture in the house,—neither table nor chair, not a stool, or anything bearing the faintest resemblance to a chest of drawers. The family wardrobe is upon their backs. If there are extra garments they are in sundry uncouth bundles and a couple of rough boxes tucked under a broad shelf and among the bedding. Her pots and kettles, jars and bowls compose the "plenishing" of the home.

"But when it rains," I ask, "where is the cooking done then?"

Martha brings out a misshapen utensil of clay baked in the coals, which is enough like the braziers in use by tinkers and solderers to make it recognizable as a receptacle for fire. She explains how this is



"HER TURF-ROOFED HUT."

set upon the pillar in the middle of the floor, a fire built within it, and what could be more satisfactory?

"Where does the smoke go?"

A gesture replies—"Anywhere!"

"And the children, who cannot run out of doors in the rain?"

She admits that they are troublesome in such circumstances, but it is the will of God that the rain falls, and she must make the best of it.

I think of the five restless little beings, wild as hawks and wayward as the wind, and the curling smoke under the low rafters, and the dampened roof making dark the interior, and find the only light in the picture in the reflection that real winter and Syrian rains—violent deluges as I know them to be—last, as a rule, but two months a year.

She will have few of the morning tasks to perform that render the day-dawning a bugbear to occidental housewives. When the mats are stowed away, a cup of coffee made for her husband and the

children served with a cake of tough bread apiece to be devoured when and where they please, the day may be said to be fairly upon its feet. Her husband has carried his luncheon to the field with him; the children will be nibbling all day long, but there will be no noon-day meal spread or cooked. It is surprising, by the way, what an amount of various trash those childish stomachs tried to dispose of during the day. Besides the leathery cakes that are the chief of their diet, there are radishes in abundance—big, juicy roots—to be had for the pulling out of the ground, and raw turnips, and onions, and salads, and such homely sweets as the mother compounds. They run about with slices of cold, boiled beets in grimy fingers, devouring them as greedily as if they were candy, and chew and suck bits of purple sugar-cane, and there is a tall jar of "dips," i.e., grape-juice, boiled down to the consistency of treacle—in the corner of the house, to which resort is made when the mother's back is turned.

Candidly, we cannot see what Martha can find to keep her as busy all day long as she assures us she is. That she believes herself overworked is evinced by the worried plaits between her eyes, as deep as the furrows ploughed by ceaseless toil and care in the forehead of a New England farmeress. Yet this is the easy season among the dwellers upon Lebanon slopes, for the silk-worm

work is over for the year, and the eggs that are to be hatched next spring are simply done up in bags and hung up in the church over yonder,—less out of custom or superstition than because the eggs must be kept at an even temperature, and out of the children's way. For these ends there is no safer place than the church. All the neighbors thus utilize the sacred place, and the priest raises no objection. Martha does not know how she could pay the rent of her house and keep the children clothed, but for the blessed worms. From the beginning

of the season, when the eggs are disposed upon boards and hurdles in the hut, to the day when the last cocoon is completed, the family dwell in booths out-of-doors, leaving the quiet dwelling to the voracious feeders upon the mulberry leaves gathered fresh daily for them. They eat the whole of the first crop; a second puts forth for the sheep.

This last word is in the singular number in more than one sense of the adjective, as our illustration will show. The oldest girl of the humble home has her hands full for some hours of each day in collecting food and literally stuffing it down the throat of the animal. It is tied, and could not get away if it would. It soon ceases to frisk and tug at the cord, and is as quiescent under treatment as the Strasbourg goose whose feet are fast to a board, and whose liver distends abnormally in the attempt to digest the matter with which it is surfeited. The sheep belongs to a breed that has very broad tails. As he becomes first plump, then fat, then so unwieldy that he can

hardly breathe, and does not offer to move, the tail grows to an enormous size, often weighing from thirty to forty pounds. To the day of his death which must be a relief



"IT IS QUIESCENT UNDER TREATMENT."

to the ponderous body, the stuffing is kept up, and he must have consumed many times his weight in mulberry leaves. The horrified beholder marvels within his disgusted soul if the creature could not be spun into silk as well as the worms which are monsters of gluttony and corpulence.

Of the skin with the fleece on, Martha has made, about every fifth year, a coat for her husband who sometimes has work further up the mountain in winter. If this be not worn out, she finds a ready market for wool and hide. Every morsel of the precious fat is treasured, "fried out," and clarified, then poured into jars to harden, and used during the winter as butter. Few cows are kept by the peasants in the country, none in towns. When milk must be had, they get it from goats, or buy from better-off neighbors. All classes are fond of what is called "lebben," which is nothing more or less than lopped milk, "turned" into firm blanc-mange-like consistency by adding to sour milk a "lebben" left over from the previous day. This makes the delicacy more sharply acid than our lopped milk, or "bonny clobber," as the Southerners name it. I have seen "lebben" passed with a dish of rice and meat at a hotel-table, and eaten from the same plate as we would a vegetable or sauce.

The bones and meat of the valuable sheep are boiled until the flesh slips off easily, when it is cut into small pieces, seasoned well and packed into jars. Melted suet is "flowed" over the surface, and the jars are set in a cool, dry place. Except when a chicken is killed upon some great holiday, the family have no other meat than this as long as it lasts.

Martha reckons fat of whatever kind as more valuable than lean meat, and next to olive oil, the stored suet from her fatted sheep as most desirable. It is, really, sweeter and more delicate than could be imagined of "mutton-tallow," and should not be confounded with it.

I have rated the thirty-two cents a day which represent the earnings of the head of this Syrian house as equal to a dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half in United States currency. I am told by trustworthy authorities that this is a fair statement in view of the wide disparity between the customs of the two countries, as well as between the needs of the poorer classes here and in America. Martha does not need to lay in coal or wood, or to keep up fires night and day. Charcoal is cheap; sticks may be had for the gathering, and in the lower countries, dried camels' manure is sold at a trifling cost in the markets for fuel. The boys need no flannels, no shoes, no bonnets or caps, no Sunday clothes, no bedsteads, bureaux, washstands, chairs or even tables.

Tea is an unknown luxury, and when she uses coffee, it is of the commonest sort. There is no striving to keep up appearances. So long as she lives as well as her foremothers and her acquaintances, and a little better than the majority of the last-named, she is content. Her world, to our eyes, may be typified by the compass of her turf-roofed hut, but it is all the world she knows, or is likely to know.

MARION HARLAND.



CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

"CAN be patient with her," was Marie Paull's answer to her uncle, "but not with anyone who insinuates that my father is guilty of anything that could injure his reputation if the whole truth were known," she answered, with the haughtiness of an offended princess. "Of course, I shall tell the children, as you advise, that their dear papa will not be home for a long time—just that, and nothing more. And you may depend upon me never to introduce his name in conversation with mamma. Further than this I promise nothing."

Angry, compassionate, yet somewhat amused by what he considered her "ridiculous high-tragedy airs," the uncle next sought an interview with his eldest nephew, who bore the family name and his mother's face. Him he took into fuller confidence. Lanier was over seventeen, a lad of singular sense and discretion, and a Freshman in Yale College. His uncle admitted to him, by tactful degrees, that his father had misapplied trust-funds, intending, no doubt, to put them back into the hands of their lawful owners, when he had made his profit out of them. The failure of a speculation that had promised well, would compel him to remain out of the country until the matter could be adjusted, or should be forgotten.

The young face flushed darkly, the features were set hard in pain and mortification: "Can there be no mistake, Uncle Roger? Have you looked into the affair for yourself?" "My boy! could I rest a day without going to the bottom of it? All that I have told you is unfortunately, fatally true. Your mother, I need not remind so good a son as yourself, Lanier, is the person most seriously affected by your father's error. You are now her mainstay. Care for her as a loving, sorrowing wife should be cared for. It is a sacred charge."

The most shameful part of the story was kept back from all of Ernest Paull's children. It was not a tale for young ears.

Lanier wrote daily to his mother, when she was well enough to read his letters, fondly, and with tenderest solicitude, striving to cheer her without betraying his knowledge of the extent of her grief and need. The brightest hour in the twenty-four for her was that in which she received and read his love-letters, yet Mrs. Williams had marvelled within herself that the effect produced by them was transitory.

Mrs. Paull held out her hand to the baby-est of the quartette, as they tiptoed up to the bed.

"Lift her up, please, Marie!" she said, motioning to the place enclosed by her arm.

When the rosy cheek touched hers upon the pillow, she asked,—

"What has my little Gladys been doing this afternoon?"

Marie's attempt to catch the child's eye, unseen by the mother or Gladys, did not escape Mrs. Williams.

"Marie has been dressing my doll, and talking to us of dear papa," chirped the baby. "I wish he would come home!" heaving a sigh. "We cried two times this evening—Marie and me, both—for him."

"We didn't!" protested the boys, stoutly, nine-year-old Tom adding—"All the same, we want to see him awfully!"

Mrs. Paull pressed her hand over her eyes: the lower part of her face was so ghastly that the nurse came to the front.

"Now, my chickens, your supper is all ready for you downstairs. When I was in the kitchen awhile ago, I was sure that I smelled cookies. Or it may have been gingerbread. Your mother hopes to sit up in her easy-chair a little while to-morrow, if we don't tire her too much to-night. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if she should be strong enough to hold Gladys in her lap in a week. People get well fast after they begin to sit up."

She swung Gladys from the bed, and

tossed her up at the full length of her robust arms, kissed her cheek as she set her upon the floor, and opening the door, bustled the laughing party into the hall.

"If you eat a good supper and don't get your faces and hands sticky, you can peep in at mamma again to say 'Good-night,'" she sent down the stairs after them.

Marie darted a ray of indignant contempt at her; drew up her slight figure, and from her stand at the foot of the bed, surveyed her mother silently, evidently waiting for her to uncover her eyes.

"If I believed in shaking people I should be disposed to try it on her!" was the nurse's first thought, superseded by a kinder second, after a glance at the pale misery of the girl's face. Something must be done before Mrs. Paull met the meaning gaze. She began in desperate cheerfulness:

"You have no idea, Miss Marie, what a difference your coming home makes to us all. I believe those children begin to count the days from the time you leave us on Monday morning, until you are to be with us again, and I had to laugh to-day, to hear Elspeth singing, 'There's nae luck about th' house,' while she was making up your bed."

"She didn't sing the next line, I suppose—being under orders?" struck in Marie, unexpectedly, a sardonic gleam playing over her face. "Can I speak to you in the other room, Mrs. Williams?"

Mr. Paull's portrait was there still, set carefully upon the table, but in a corner out of the reach of possible harm. Marie closed the inner door behind them, and confronted the nurse, head up and nostrils quivering.

"I am forbidden, by my uncle, Mr. Lanier, to speak to my mother upon the subject that lies nearest my heart," she said, frigidly. "It is evident that you, also, are acting under orders. Perhaps you may be authorized to transact business in his absence? It is a singular state of things when a daughter, who has been honored all her life long with the confidence of both parents, must use a comparative stranger as a medium of communication with her mother."

She became more stilted in speech as she went on, bent as she was in her girlish arrogance, upon crushing the presumptuous intruder. She completed the absurdity by a wave of the hand, which, had Mrs. Williams ever known Ernest Paull, would have brought him to her mind.

"But let that pass! My object in asking for a few minutes of your valuable time—for which I suppose my uncle remunerates you—is to inquire if I may take that picture up to my own room. It is but so much rubbish on this floor. Have you the liberty to tell me if my mother has expressed any desire to have it back in the old place—the place my father meant it to hold when he gave it to her?"

"Not yet, Miss Marie. She is, as you can see, extremely weak and nervous—not at all herself, in fact—"

Another wave of the hand, intended to be majestic, but merely impatient.

"I do not care to enter upon the subject of my mother's nerves—or notions. Mrs. Williams, Dr. Bacon and Mr. Lanier are the committee upon them. I have, however, I am proud to say, some claim upon my father. Will you discover at your earliest convenience if I may be allowed the slight consolation in his absence, of having his portrait? At least until his wife's nervous system recovers tone and she can bear the sight of it."

Mrs. Williams was the picture of unruffled benevolence, unconscious of her figurative annihilation at the hands of Ernest Paull's champion.

"There can be no earthly objection to your having the picture whenever you like, I am sure, my dear, and hanging it wherever you think best. Next to your mother's, yours is the best right. I will carry it up for you while you are at supper."

"I want no supper! And I will take it up

myself and now, before the permission is withdrawn."

It was a bulky burden for the slender arms, but with her unfailing tact, Mrs. Williams restrained the impulse to offer assistance beyond holding the door open for her to pass out with the coveted treasure. The habit of close, silent observation showed her that the girl's heart swelled and that she bit her lips in mounting the stairs.

"She is game to the backbone, but she is nothing but a child," she reflected, her throat swelling in sympathy. "He is her idol. There's depths of mercy even for the unthankful and the evil, and that man may yet see the error of his ways."

Mrs. Paull asked no questions when her custodian returned. If she was cognizant of the interview, and gave it a thought, she imagined that Marie had wished to consult Mrs. Williams upon some matter of household economy. She had fallen back into her old attitude; her hands clasped below her chin, her eyes resting upon the ceiling. The nurse resumed her chair and her knitting, and neither spoke until the children looked in for their "Good night" kiss.

Elspeth was directly behind them. She brought up half a broiled quail, a bunch of purple hot-house grapes, and a cluster of La France roses, all of which she set out in order upon a bedside stand.

"Mr. Lanier sent the bonny bird; Mrs. Lanier sent the grapes; the roses are from a leddy who says she was at school with ye lang syne."

The card she presented with the flowers was engraved with the name of "Mrs. William C. Barnes, 106 Wyandotte Avenue." Upon the other side was pencilled: "Have you forgotten Annie Meredith? She sends these with dear love and prayers for your speedy recovery."

"Annie Meredith!" repeated the sick woman wonderingly. "Am I in her part of Brooklyn?"

"Why, that's our minister's wife! And I was talking about her to you only this evening!" cried Mrs. Williams. "Here is something to give you an appetite! I always insist there's no sauce like an agreeable piece of news. I met Dr. Barnes right by your door last night when I ran around to the druggist's, and stopped to tell him that I was nursing you, and that you were getting on comfortably, with never an idea that you knew his wife. I s'pose she put it all together when he got home and spoke of seeing me. Ah! but she is one of the blessed among women, I can tell you!"

"You're another, Elspeth, for cooking this quail to perfection. No!" seeing Mrs. Paull about to speak—"I can't answer a single question about your old friend—though there's lots and lots to tell—until you've done justice to your supper and to Elspeth."

The Scotchwoman's dry smile was somewhat forced. One of her nurslings was missing, and as soon as she could get them out of the room, she marshalled the boys, and, with Gladys in her arms, mounted to the upper story.

The front chamber immediately over Mrs. Paull's was Marie's. The hall-bedroom adjoining was shared by Tom and Edwin; Elspeth had slept in the nursery with Gladys' crib beside her bed since Mrs. Paull fell ill. She undressed the child and put her to bed before looking up the absent and fasting member of her flock. Marie's door was locked on the inside, and half-a-dozen guarded knocks upon the panels were unanswered. Elspeth stooped to put her lips to the key-hole.

"Me bairnie! winna ye open to yer auld nurse?"

Still there was an irresolute pause before the key was turned, and Marie appeared, her eyes swollen and cheeks discolored with crying.

"Cannot even you leave me alone, Elspeth? I would not have let anybody else in."

"That's partly why I am." "Ye'll be ill if ye tak' neither bit nor sup the night."

"I want nothing! I could not eat a mouthful!"

The stiff pose and defiant tone gave way before the sweep of childish emotion. She threw herself sobbing into the Scotchwoman's arms.

"Elspeth! my heart is breaking for my father! Where is he? What terrible thing has driven him from home and lost him everybody's love but mine? Why am I to ask no questions, and why does my mother shudder at the sound of his name as if he were something evil and hateful? He has been gone over three weeks, and not a word has come from him. Is he dead—and Uncle Roger will not let me know?"

"Save and bless the child! what could

put that into your bit head? No, my puir bairnie! no! never that I've been told. Mr. Lanier, he but said to me that Mr. Paull had gone over the sea to furren pairts, on business, and it was likely be quite a while before we'd hear from him. But there's nae sic thing as ye spoke of, my bonnie lassie. Not nearly so close to it as she that lies down-stairs, that's been to the very gate of the dark valley, and is still as like to gae through the one door as th'ither, if the truth were known. It's for your mother I'm on the knees of me heart for, all the day long. Yer father's a man—and healthy and strong, for all ony of us ken to the contrary, and able to fend for himself."

Marie raised her head from the broad shoulder, and pushed herself away from the would-be comforter.

"You are like all the rest of them! He is an angel on earth or in heaven! And there is not one of all those whom he has befriended, or whom he loves, who cares whether he be alive or dead, but only myself. But I'll never forsake him—never! never! Do you see that?"

She pointed to the portrait hung over against the bed, as it had hung by her mother's. Upon a stand below it she had arranged her Bible and several devotional books, and directly under the pictured face was a vase of clouded glass—a "tear vase," as it is called—with a spray of heliotrope.

"It was his favorite flower. Do you recollect how he would come to me every morning for a sprig from my heliotrope bush, and how he always kissed me after I had pinned it upon his coat? I'll say my prayers right there, night and morning when I'm at home—if the house where he is forgotten and his very name blotted out can be called 'home.' Wherever I go, he is my patron saint."

"Humph!" Had her life depended upon her silence, Elspeth could hardly have repressed the homely sniff. "I'm thinking ye'll mak' but a puir Papist if fasting for a matter of sax hours has made ye daft. It's to be hoped the mother will surely get well. The children wad fare ill if they'd nought but a feather-headed bit like ye to look to for clothes and common sense. I've nae time to waste chattering an' hawvering here about heliotropes and patron saints, when there's a living Christian in need of nursing. Ye'll either come down to yer tea like a sane body, or I'll send it to ye by the hand of Mrs. Williams, and myself step around to Dr. Bacon for ye. I doot but he'll clap a blister on the back o' yer heid. Ye're not a' right, there, or somewheers else!"

She looked, and as Marie knew was, altogether capable of carrying out the threat. Dumb with useless wrath, the dejected girl chose the lesser evil of sitting down to the cream-toast and broiled ham prepared for her by the tyrant who waited upon her, as if nothing had occurred to mar their friendly relations.

Sentimentality, which may be defined as fatty degeneration of naturally healthy sympathies, met with no toleration from Elspeth. Just now, she was too much engrossed by actual and pressing anxieties to waste thought upon imaginary or over-wrought grief.

Her tone had a more hopeful ring, but care still sat visibly upon her brow when she met Mr. Lanier at his visit on Saturday forenoon.

"She's sitting up the day, sir," in response to his queries. "She will have it that she is better, and her heart is set upon having a talk with yourself." She tell't me awhile ago that there was important business must be looked after, and she had put it off overlong ready. I'm viftul to be putting a word into yer ear, sir, upon another matter before you see her. Saving your presence, Miss Marie will come to grief unless her mind is made easier the one way or the other."

In fewer words than any other of five hundred women would have used, she narrated the incident of the portrait.

Roger Lanier's clear-cut features were marble as he listened. He had never liked Ernest Paull, when the latter was at his best. At his worst, he detested him as cordially as a Christian man can detest an unrepentant sinner. Marie's impassioned loyalty was but another trail of the serpent over the stirred nest. Elspeth was not supersensitive, but she lost courage to plead the cause she had in mind when she began her story, at sight of his stony visage. Her voice shook a little in concluding with an appeal.

"If she might but write to her father—say once a month, sir—he's that, you know, sir, and unco' fond o' her—'twad mak' her the more content, and wad, mayhap, be blest to his guid—"

(To be continued.)

A Christian Philanthropist Gone.

The Late George W. Childs and His Services for Humanity and Religion.

IN the death of Mr. George W. Childs, the distinguished philanthropist, who passed away in Philadelphia last week, America loses one of its noblest public men, and the Christian church a most devoted servant and supporter. Mr. Childs was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1820, of parents in comparatively humble circumstances. He received but little schooling, but early in life developed strong traits of character which afterward broadened as manhood advanced. At ten years of age



THE LATE GEORGE W. CHILDS.

he became errand boy in a book-store; at thirteen, he entered the United States Navy as an apprentice, remaining there, however, only a year and a half.

While still a very young man, he went to Philadelphia poor and almost friendless, and secured a position in a book store kept by a Quaker, whom he served so well that he was soon advanced to a position of responsibility. In a few years, he had saved several hundred dollars and at the same time had developed marked aptitude for business, being specially methodical, conscientious and observant. With this capital, he embarked in business as a bookseller, and a few years more saw him at the head of one of the oldest book-selling and publishing firms in Philadelphia. In this business his success was remarkable. After 12 years' further experience, he made up his mind to own a newspaper and his ambition was gratified when, in December, 1864, he bought the "Public Ledger." His excellent methods transformed what had been a loss into a phenomenal success, and one of the most profitable as well as most reliable and enterprising journals in the country was built up by Mr. Childs' indefatigable efforts. From that day until the day of his death, he was identified with his paper in every department.

Mr. Childs was one of the few men who, when wealth flowed in upon him as the result of his wonderful business abilities, knew how to employ it to the best advantage. For many years past, he had been in receipt of a princely income, which he employed in a public-spirited and philanthropic way, to the advancement of the best interests of the community in which he lived. He constantly sought opportunities to benefit his fellow-men, and was a benefactor to thousands, giving in secret to many whose self-respect would have been wounded by open benevolence, and helping hundreds of worthy families. Among his many charities we can only mention a few. He was the liberal patron of the newsboys, bootblacks, and valets and strays of Philadelphia; he aided financially and otherwise many projects devised by the workingmen of that city and at all times responded sympathetically and generously to appeals for help.

When a great public calamity visited any section of the country, no one gave more liberally towards the relief of the sufferers. Together with Mr. Drexel, his associate and intimate friend, who died recently, he spent

hundreds of thousands of dollars in various philanthropic schemes in different sections of the country, one of the most notable being the building of the town of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, with a view to the encouragement of home-owning by persons of limited means. His own employees, who were numbered by the hundred, knew him as one of the best of men, considerate and kind, and to serve him became a pleasure as well as a profitable occupation. His mail was burdened with applications for charity every day, and it is estimated that he probably gave away a thousand dollars daily in various causes, for the benefit of others.

A man of sterling Christian principles, a faithful steward of the goods entrusted to him by the Master, a public-spirited and progressive citizen, he was easily one of the foremost representative Americans of his time, and he will be greatly missed by those who have been the recipients of his generosity. A portrait of Mr. Childs is given on this page.

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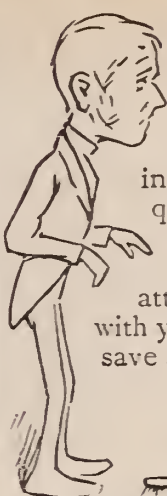
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A Wonderful Discovery—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

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The Duty of Charity.

IN a remarkably interesting article on "The Personal Problem of Charity," published in the "Forum," Rev. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church, says:

"The Church of Christ has a great opportunity before it. Will it see and lay hold upon that opportunity? We have been asking ourselves, Why do not the poor come to church? Now the question is reversed: 'Will the Church go to the poor?' I do not mean in contributions to 'organized charities,' but in personal visitation. In Christ's picture of the judgment he does not say to the righteous, 'I was an hungered, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, and in prison, and ye sent a secretary unto me,' but 'ye fed and clothed and visited me.' Now is the judgment-day of the Church of Christ. And it is not enough for the Church to take care of its own poor. Some unhappy churches have no poor. Every city church ought to fix the geographical limits of a parish, for which it should assume responsibility, and, either alone, or in conjunction with some other church or churches, should undertake to visit the entire district, and ascertain where there is distress to be relieved. In this visiting the object should not be to do detective work,—that is, to discover fraud; nor to do inquisitorial work,—that is, to pry into the history of the family, rake over its past, learn its history, and sit in judgment on its faults. Neither, on the other hand, should its object be the mere distribution of clothes, food, fuel, and money to any one who asks for it, on the principle of giving the most to those who claim the most. It should be sympathetic, kindly, helpful, cautious. It should have experienced supervision, and supplies should be given out with caution. It is better to sell than to give, and to give a little rather than much, and never to give at all except with personal inquiry or personal knowledge, and as the expression of personal sympathy. But if cautious and experienced visitors cannot be secured, I would encourage incautious and inexperienced ones to undertake the work. Inexperienced love is better than none at all. Between sympathy without wisdom and wisdom without sympathy is a hard choice, and we ought not to be driven to it. But if the choice must be made the unwise sympathy is better than the unsympathetic wisdom; wisdom will be acquired in the work, while the suspicious and unsympathetic heart will grow more suspicious and more unsympathetic.

"The various organized efforts for the relief of distress in the great cities of the United States are among the consummate fruits of Christianity. There are many of us who can in the nature of the case do very little personal work among the poor, who must do most of their work through the agency of others. I am myself one of that number. But even the busiest of us can do a little. What little we do can be done in a spirit of really friendly sympathy, not grudgingly, reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Even when we work through others, we can know whom we are helping and what we are doing. The nearer we can get to those we befriend, the better for them and for us. And in our churches we can drop for a little while sitting in judgment on those of our fellow-Christians who doubt whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or who hope that there is sunshine in another world for those who have spent all their lives in darkness in this, and unite with them to carry food to the hungry and fuel to the cold, without confounding the needy with the vicious, or unteaching the lessons of sobriety and thrift to one class while we, who pride ourselves on our thrift, are learning the more important lesson of Christian love."

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We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river in West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial bottles free by mail to sufferers.

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Mr. Quinn, the well-known Anti-Gambling Evangelist, tells a rather remarkable story of his experience with a man during recent revival services in Buffalo. One of the audience came to him after the meeting and talked to him about conversion. The man evidently did not believe in conversion. Mr. Quinn earnestly spoke to him about the matter, and urged him to accept Christ once, but the man "begged off."

"Now," said Mr. Quinn, "suppose we let the matter in this light: Suppose you take up your mind to accept Christ when you are sixty years of age. You are now about twenty-five."

"Ah," said the man reflectively, "that won't do. That is too old. I might probably not live until then."

"Well, then, forty years of age," said Mr. Quinn, "How will that do?"

"No," said the man, hesitatingly, "My brothers died before they reached that age."

"Well, thirty years of age," said Mr. Quinn.

"No," said the man. "My mother died before she was thirty," and tears moistened his eyes as he spoke.

"My friend," said Mr. Quinn, "suppose when you put it off until you are twenty-six, that's a year from now."

"Well," said the man, still hesitating, "I think I might do it sooner than that."

"My friend," said Mr. Quinn, solemnly, "the best thing you can do is to accept Christ to-night."

The man knelt down and gave his heart to Christ before leaving the hall.



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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

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NUMBER 8.

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OVER 12,000 NOW FED DAILY.

The Christian Herald Readers Grandly Extending their Work of Relieving the Destitute Through the "Food Fund"—Thirteen Relief Stations Now Open.

AT the opening of the fifth week of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND, and with the full tide of benevolence still flowing in from every State, it is fitting that we should ask our friends everywhere—and especially those who have, by their generosity, developed the work to its present proportions—to glance over the field in which their gifts are now being distributed. Those contributions have come from men and women of all ages and conditions in life; but all alike imbued with the consecrated Christian spirit of helpfulness and zeal in behalf of those who suffer. In many instances the gifts have been the result of no little sacrifice; but the letters accompanying them bear internal evidence of the firm and abiding faith of the senders in the Divine promise of blessing that follows true giving: "Thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works and in all that thou puttest thy hand unto." (Deut. 10: 12.)

The Police census of the unemployed in New York, which has just been completed, confirms in every way the statements made in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 67,380 men and women are out

with the true spirit of Christian charity, have given so liberally of their own substance to feed the "Lord's poor" in this emergency.

During the week, the Food Fund has still further extended its operations by the opening of four new Relief Stations and the employment of sixteen more city missionaries as District Visitors, making twenty-three in all now at work. The complete list of stations now stands as follows:

LOCATION.	FAMILIES FED.
No. 1. 208, 210 Eighth Ave. West Side.	500
No. 2. 130 Stanton Street, East Side.	100
No. 3. 214 Sullivan Street, West Side.	100
No. 4. 13 Jane Street, West Side.	100
No. 5. 545 E. Eleventh St., East Side.	100
No. 6. 12 Oliver Street, East Side.	100
No. 7. 144 W. 68th Street, West Side.	100
No. 8. 307 W. 15th Street, West Side.	100
No. 9. 492 Second Avenue, East Side.	100
No. 10. Cor. Bedford & Morton, W. Side.	100
No. 11. 126 Forsyth Street, East Side.	100
No. 12. 12 Stuyvesant St., East Side.	200
No. 13. 91 Rivington Street, East Side.	100

Total families fed daily..... 1,500

Or, averaging each family at five persons, an aggregate of 9,000 destitute fed daily in their own homes, through the bounty of the contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund! To these have to be added 2,400 homeless men, who are fed every morning and 500 women and children every

afternoon, at the headquarters at No. 210 Eighth Avenue, and twenty inmates of the Destitute Working-men's Home, established last week at No. 88 Roosevelt St., by Mr. S. S. Hadley, superintendent of the Water Street Rescue Mission, thus making a grand total of 12,020 who are now supplied with food through the Fund.

In a spiritual sense, the work of the Fund has kept pace with the material aid it has been the means of rendering to the destitute. It is a part of the duty of the Fund's missionaries who visit the tenements to ascertain the denominational preferences of the families



A NOOK IN THE "FOOD FUND" STORE-ROOM AT 210 EIGHTH AVE.

receiving relief and to obtain their consent, if possible, to a visit by the nearest pastor of their denomination. As the Fund is co-operating with the city pastors of all the

Protestant denominations, this is readily arranged. The consent of the parents is also asked to have their children attend Sunday School and the superintendent of the nearest Sunday School is communicated with and induced to take an active interest in them. A wonderful transformation has already been noted in many families, whose gratitude has found expression in renewed trust in the Divine Helper and in the leading of better lives. In thousands of such humble homes in New York to-day, amid the aspirations that ascend to the Throne in thankful acknowledgment of the relief afforded, the generous contributors to the Food Fund are not forgotten. "The dear Lord will surely bless and prosper the

kind people who sent food to my babies," said a mother at one of the East Side stations of the Fund. "My husband and I wouldn't a-minded, but we couldn't bear to see them suffer."

Some of the cases met with are pitiable almost beyond description. In one wretched home, four children were found, their only guardian being a blind

father, who, of course, could do nothing to



APPLYING FOR RELIEF—A DAILY SCENE AT THE FOOD FUND'S HEADQUARTERS.

(Sketched from Life by a "Christian Herald" Artist.)

the help rendered, and we are doubly grateful for the kind cooperation of our readers who,

(Continued on page 110.)



LIGHTNING OF THE SEA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Job 41: 32, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

IF for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible there will yet be texts unexpounded, and unexplained, and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken, bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea-monster now extinct. No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text: "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland to an American an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called it The Lightning of the Sea. Returning to my hotel I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he called it "The Lightning of the Sea." Down to the post office I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the sea-coast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea diamonded; it is the inflorescence of the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned, as was the deep after the sea-fight of Lepanto; the waves of the sea on fire. There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor, as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as he walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera cannot be successfully trained to catch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil overawed and powerless. This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animalcules for nearly one hundred and fifty years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God, who puts in his Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to

this phosphorescence, and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past, points out the fact that "he maketh a path to shine after him."

Is that true of us now, and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trail of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of us truthfully as the text says of the leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thresh in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion, and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac, or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other feet may trip, and stumble, and halt, but the feet of not one moment for the last sixty centuries has tripped, or stumbled, or halted. Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Eternity moving on! Therefore, it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine after us? It may be a peculiar question, but my text suggests it. What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices, "we are not one of the immortals. Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it." You are wrong in saying that. I pass down through this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I cannot find. I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history and I find that by a yes or a no he decided some one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some temptation which another, hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way. Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long-reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets, or along that country road, 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific Ocean and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic Ocean? Every man, every woman, stands at a point where words uttered, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities. We see a man planting a tree, and treading the sod firmly on either side of it, and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any

fruit from its bough; but his children will. We are all planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead: orchards of golden fruit, or groves of deadly upas. I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while, and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasms that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as the firefly; not a white scroll of surf; not a taper to illuminate the mighty sepulchres of dead ships; darkness three thousand feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vaster ocean of the great future.

Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery, or business office among clerks, gives himself to jolly scepticism. He laughs at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes, and laughs at revivals as a frolic, and at the passage of a funeral procession, which always solemnizes sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against temptation, and prays night and morning, and reads his Bible, and is asking God for help day by day. But that guffaw against Christianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things and he gives up Sabbath, and Church, and morals, and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipation, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field. Another young man who heard that jolly scepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," began, as a consequence, to purloin. Some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That scoffer who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life, and out of it, and into a future that I am not now going to depict. I do not propose with a searchlight to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the wave; two young men destroyed by reckless scepticism, an unillumined ocean beneath, and on all sides of them. Blackness of darkness. You know what a gloriously good man Rev. John Newton was, the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor and on board the ship "Harwich," instilled infidelity and vice in the mind of a young man, principles which destroyed him. Afterward the two met and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse, and died a profligate, horrifying with his profanities those who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated, and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering but he will try to alleviate it; and never see discouragement but he will try to cheer it; and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting his strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing all the good he can possibly do in one day. Whether standing behind the counter, or talking in the business office with a pen behind his ear, or making a bargain with a fellow-trader, or out in the fields discussing with his next neighbor the wisest rotation of crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding the sole-leather, there is something in his face, and in his phraseology, and in his manner, that demonstrates the grace of God

in his heart. He can talk on religion with out awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. He loves God, and loves the souls of all whom he meets, and is interested in their present and eternal destiny. For fifty or sixty years he lives that kind of life and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into which that ship has entered. I am not going to describe the Pilot who met him outside at the "light ship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of friends who met him on the crystalline wharves up which he goes on steps of chrysoprases. For God in his words to Job calls me to look at the path of foam in the wake of that ship, and I tell you it is all a gleam with splendors of kindness done, and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away, and a dash with congratulations, and clear out to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling flashing, billowing phosphorescence of a Christian life. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

And here I correct one of the mean notions which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of human life. When I bury some very useful man, clerical or lay, in his thirtieth or fortieth year, I say, "What a waste of energies! It was hardly worth while for him to get ready for Christian work, for he had so soon to quit it." But the fact is that I may insure any man or woman who does any good on a large or small scale for a life on earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, trolley-car accidents, death itself can no more destroy his life than they can tear down one of the rings of Saturn. You can start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens never to halt as long as God lives.

There were in the seventeenth century men and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, colleges, churches, nations. You can no more measure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length, and breadth, and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star line 1,500 miles out at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspires us to follow, as a General in the American army, cool amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterwards, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white moustache over his shoulder, and went on." Aye, we are all following somebody, either in right or wrong directions. A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a Gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy, and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender, and beautiful, and impressive that it led me into the kingdom of God, and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be able to realize that it ever existed at all. I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the wake of a "Campania," but of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fishing-smack. God makes thunderbolts out of sparks, and out of the small words and deeds of a small life he can launch a power that will flash, and burn and thunder through the eternities. How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age, by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms seraphic, is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents, and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the opportunity

o those who have especial intellectual, or
sial, or monetary equipment? Have you
a arithmetic capable of estimating the in-
fluence of our good and gracious friend who
aw days ago went up to rest—George W.
Gilds of Philadelphia? From a newspaper
it was printed for thirty years without
of word of defamation, or scurrility, or
sandal, and putting chief emphasis on
vne and charity and clean intelligence, he
rped a fortune for himself and then dis-
tributed a vast amount of it among the poor
ad struggling, putting his invalid and aged
orters on pensions, until his name stands
erywhere for large-heartedness and sym-
phy and help and highest style of Chris-
tian gentleman. In an era which had in
t chairs of its journalism a Horace
Ceely, and a Henry J. Raymond, and
alames Gordon Bennett, and an Erastus
Bocks, and a George William Curtis,
ad an Irenaeus Prime, none of them will
be longer remembered than George W.
Gilds. Staying away from the unveil-
ing of the monument he had reared at
lge expense in our Greenwood in memory
of Professor Proctor, the astronomer, lest I
ould say something in praise of the man
who had paid for the monument. By all ac-
knowledge a representative of the highest
merican journalism. If you would calcu-
late his influence for good you must count
by many sheets of his newspapers have
ten published in the last quarter of a cen-
try, and how many people have read them,
ad the effect not only upon those readers,
it upon all whom they shall influence for
a time, while you add to all that the work
of the churches he helped build, and of the
stitutions of mercy he helped found. Bet-
ter give up before you start the measuring
of the phosphorescence in the wake of that
ep of the Celestial Line. Who can
t the post-mortem influence of a Savona-
ra, a Winklerfeld, a Gutenberg, a Marl-
brough, a Decatur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar,
Clarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlan Page,
who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eighty-four
whom became Christians, and six of them
ministers of the Gospel?

With gratitude, and penitence, and wor-
ship, I mention the grandest Life that was
er lived. That ship of light was launched
in the heavens nearly 1900 years ago,
gelic hosts chanting, and from the cele-
l wharves the ship sprang into the rough-
t sea that ever tossed. Its billows were
ade up of the wrath of men and devils,
erodic and Sanhedrimic persecutions stir-
ing the deep with red wrath, and all the
urricanes of woe smote it, until on the
cks of Golgotha that life struck with a
sound of agony that appalled the earth
ad the heavens. But in the wake of that
e what a phosphorescence of smiles on the
eek of souls pardoned, and lives reformed,
ad nations redeemed. The millennium it
is only one roll of that irradiated wave
gladness and benediction. In the sub-
est of all senses it may be said of him,
He maketh a path to shine after him."

But I cannot look upon that luminosity
at follows ships without realizing how
nd the Lord is of life. That fire of the
epris life, myriads of creatures all a-swim,
ad a-play, and a-romp in parks of marine
auty laid out, and parterred, and roseated,
ad blossomed by Omnipotence. What is
e use of those creatures called by the nat-
alists "crustaceans" and "copepods?"
ot more than one out of hundreds of bil-
ions of which are ever seen by human eye?
od created them for the same reason
at he creates flowers in places where no
uman foot ever makes them tremble, and
o human nostril ever inhales their redol-
nce, and no human eye ever sees their
arm. In the botanical world they prove
at God loves flowers, as in the marine
orld the phosphori prove that he loves
fe, and he loves life in play, life in bril-
lancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that he loves
ur life if we fulfil our mission as fully as
e phosphori fulfil theirs. The Son of
od came "that we might have life, and
ave it more abundantly." But I am glad
o tell you that our God is not the God

sometimes described as a harsh critic at the
head of the universe, or an infinite scold:
or a God that loves funerals better than
weddings; or a God that prefers tears to
laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious
Nana Sahib; but the loveliest Being in the
universe, loving flowers, and life, and play,
whether of phosphori in the wake of the
Majestic, or of the human race keeping a
holiday.

But, mark you, that the phosphorescence
has a glow that the night monopolizes, and
I ask you not only what kind of influence
you are going to leave in the world as you
pass through it, but what light are you go-
ing to throw across the world's night of sin
and sorrow? People who are sailing on
smooth sea and at noon do not need much
sympathy, but what are you going to do
for people in the night of misfortune? Will
you drop on them shadow, or will you
kindle for them phosphorescence? At this
moment there are more people crying than
laughing; more people on the round world
this moment hungry than well-fed; more
households bereft than homes unbroken.
What are you going to do about it? "Well,"
says yonder soul, "I would like to do some-
thing toward illumining the great ocean of
human wretchedness, but I cannot do much."
Can you do as much as one of the phos-
phori in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean,
creatures smaller than the point of a sharp
pin? "Oh, yes," you say. Then do that.
Shine! Stand before the looking-glass and

experiment to see if you cannot get that
scowl off your forehead; that peevish look
out of your lips. Have at least one bright
ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least
one white cord somewhere in the midnight
of your apparel. Do not any longer imper-
sonate a funeral! Shine! Do say some-
thing cheerful about society, and about the
world. Put a few drops of Heaven into
your disposition. Once in awhile substitute
a sweet orange for a sour lemon. Remember
that pessimism is blasphemy, and that op-
timism is Christianity. Throw some light
on the night ocean. If you cannot be a
lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of
the tiny phosphori back of the keel.
Shine! "Let your light so shine before men
that others seeing your good works may
glorify your Father which is in Heaven."
Make one person happy every day and
do that for twenty years and you will have
made seven thousand, three hundred happy.
You know a man who has lost all his
property by an unfortunate investment, or
by putting his name on the back of a
friend's note? After you have taken a brief
nap, which every man and woman is entitled
to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up
that man. You can, if God helps you, say
something that will do him good after both
of you have been dead a thousand years.

Shine! You know of a family with a bad
boy who has run away from home. Go
before night and tell that father and mother
the parable of the prodigal son, and that
some of the illustrious and useful men now
in church and state had a silly passage in
their lives and ran away from home. Shine!
You know of a family that has lost a child,
and the silence of the nursery glooms the
whole house from cellar to garret. Go be-
fore night and tell them how much that
child has happily escaped, since the most
prosperous life on earth is a struggle.
Shine! You know of some one who likes
you, and you like him, and he ought to be
a Christian. Go tell him what religion has
done for you, and ask him if you can pray
for him. Shine! Oh, for a disposition so
charged with sweetness and light that we
cannot help but shine! Remember if you can-
not be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury,
you can be one of the phosphori, doing
your part toward making a path of phos-
phorescence. Then I will tell you what im-
pression you will leave as you pass through
this life and after you are gone. I will tell
you to your face and not leave it for the
minister who officiates at your obsequies.
The failure in all eulogium of the departed
is that they cannot hear it. This, in sub-
stance, is what I or someone else will say
of you on such an occasion: "We gather
for offices of respect to this departed one.
It is impossible to tell how many tears he
wiped away; how many burdens he lifted:



REV. H. T. CROSSLEY AND J. E. HUNTER, EVANGELISTS.

or how many souls he was under God in-
strumental in saving. His influence will
never cease. We are all better for having
known him. That pillow of flowers on the
casket was presented by his Sabbath School
class, all of whom he brought to Christ.
That cross of flowers at the head was pre-
sented by the Orphan Asylum which he be-
friended. Those three single flowers—one
was sent by a poor woman for whom he
bought a ton of coal, and one was by a
waif of the street whom he rescued through
the midnight mission, and the other was
from a prison cell which he had often visited
to encourage repentance in a young man
who had done wrong. Those three loose
flowers mean quite as much as the costly
garlands now breathing their aroma through
this saddened home, crowded with sympa-
thizers. "Blessed are the dead who die in
the Lord; they rest from their labors, and
their works do follow them." Or it if
should be the more solemn burial at sea, let
it be after the sun has gone down, and the
captain has read the appropriate liturgy,
and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are
let down from the stern of the vessel into
the resplendent phosphorescence at the
wake of the ship. Then let some one say,
in the words of my text, "He maketh a path
to shine after him."

Two Consecrated Workers.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, "the Moody
and Sankey" of Canada, and their La-
bors for Christ.

A GREAT revival of religion is now
in progress in the city of Brook-
lyn. Not alone in one church, but
in nearly all of the churches is
there unusual evangelistic zeal
and power. The union services at
the noon-day hour are thronged, and in
the evening, in many of the churches, earn-
est appeals are made to the unsaved to ac-
cept the Saviour. Hanson Place Methodist
Episcopal Church is quite as deeply
stirred as any, and is witnessing nightly
scenes of stranger souls coming home to
God. On Sunday, Jan. 7th, the two Cana-
dian evangelists Revs. H. T. Crossley
and J. E. Hunter began a series of special
services, which have increased in interest
and grown in power until this time. If he
who wins souls is wise, then these devoted
servants of the Master show highest wis-
dom, and are especially favored of God.
Certainly their coming to any church and
community is a blessing and benediction to
all who are privileged to enjoy their minis-
try. Jesus said, "And I if I be lifted up
will draw all men unto me," and from be-
ginning to end these brethren do nothing
else but exhibit Jesus to their hearers.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, whose work
has already been repeatedly mentioned in
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are regularly
ordained and accredited clergymen of the
Methodist Church in Canada. Called of
God to this special work of evangelism, they
not only went themselves, but they were
sent by their brethren to this mission of
saving men. For years they were pastors
in important charges in their own country,
and were working with other pastors in re-
vival services, their own experiences in the
regular work making them valuable as-
sistants to the pastors. Mr. Crossley was
born in Canada in 1830. He was converted
in early life. At 19 he graduated from the
Normal School at Toronto. Thence he went
to the Victoria University. He was ordain-
ed and his pastoral work, in which he was
very successful began. Ingersoll, St. Catha-
rines, Hamilton and Brantford, will attest
the thoroughness of his work. But a new
door was opened, and since then he has de-
voted himself to evangelistic work in com-
pany with Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Hunter was born in Durham county,
Ont., in 1836, was converted at the age of
15, and was a candidate for the ministry at
19. After completing his studies at Victoria
University he was ordained in 1881, and
spent two years in Manitoba as a mission-
ary. On returning to Ontario, ten years
ago, he united with Mr. Crossley in the
revival work. For ten years these brethren
have been true yoke-fellows in the Gospel.
In Canada, where much of their labor has
been performed, they are universally popu-
lar. In Detroit and other American western
cities, and at a number of places on the Pa-
cific coast, their work has been most abun-
dantly blessed of God. In November last
they led a successful revival service in the
Janet Methodist Episcopal Church, one of
the largest of the denomination in Brooklyn.
The Church was greatly quickened, and
hundreds professed faith in Christ and were
added to the Church. They have received
calls from many other eastern churches for
similar work. They are specially fitted for
working together. The masterful preach-
ing and sweet singing of Mr. Crossley, and
the irresistible appeals of Mr. Hunter, serve
to make them indeed "workmen who need
not to be ashamed." They have been called
the "Moody and Sankey of Canada."

In witness of the efficacy of their singing
and preaching it is only necessary to say
that the distinguished Sir John McDonald,
one of the ablest statesmen the Dominion
has ever produced, and one of the best of
men, professed faith in Christ at a great
meeting held by these brethren in Ottawa,
Canada. From every part of Ontario, from
all the larger cities, and scores of the minor
towns comes a record of many who have
been brought into the fold. The same is
true of many American cities.

Both evangelists have done something in
the field of Christian authorship, and are
planning for larger efforts in this direction.
Their entire influence is most wholesome
and spiritually inspiring. Many stars, sure-
ly, will be in the crown of their rejoicing,
for "they that be wise shall shine as the
brightness of the firmament, and they that
turn many to righteousness, as the stars
for ever and ever."

Over 12,000 Now Fed Daily.

(Continued from first page.)

earn money and supply them with food. The mother was lying sick in the hospital. Prospects of better times had seemingly been abandoned, and they accepted relief with tears of joy.

A few figures will serve to furnish an intelligent idea of the far-reaching work now being done by the Food Fund. Its territorial scope includes the most thickly populated sections of the East and West Sides of New York, from the Battery to 68th Street. It distributes 2,000 loaves daily at Relief Station No. 1, 500 at the East Eleventh Street Station, 500 at the Oliver Street Station and 2,000 at the Stuyvesant Street Station, and 1,500 to the homeless men of the Travelers' Club at 210 Eighth Avenue, a total of 6,500 loaves per day, or over 45,000 each week. Four coal, oil and wood stations have been established, viz: at No. 90 W. 3rd Street, where ten tons of coal and 1,000 bundles of wood per week are distributed, No. 210 8th Avenue, twenty tons of coal, 68th Street near Boulevard, ten tons of coal, No 12 Stuyvesant Street, ten tons of coal; at each of the three last named wood and oil are also distributed, the weekly amount of supplies given out at these stations being fifty tons of coal and 4,000 bundles of wood. In a number of cases where the applicants live at a distance from the coal station, coal and wood are ordered from the yard to the home. At the present writing, the weekly supplies for the thirteen relief stations, the four coal and wood station and other avenues of distribution now used by the Fund, are:

Loaves.....	45,000	Soap.....	1 ton
Flour.....	3 tons	Con. Milk, 2000 cns	
Peas.....	5 tons	Bacon.....	4000 lbs
Outmeal.....	5 tons	Codfish.....	4000 lbs
Beans.....	5 tons	Coal.....	50 tons
Coffee.....	1 ton	Wood, 10000 b'ndls	
Ten.....	500 lbs	Ker. Oil, 4000 gals	
Sugar.....	3 tons	Clothing, 8000 pieces	
Honey.....	3 tons	Salt.....	100 lbs.

The father of four children was found in a house on West Seventeenth street, sitting gloomily in the furthest corner of the bare, cheerless room they called "home." Weeks had passed since they had gathered around the table to a regular meal; weary weeks, in which the father had tramped the streets from sunrise till dark, looking for work. When the District Visitor from the Food Fund called, the mother—a woman, prematurely old and haggard through suffering—received her. The husband did not move from his corner, where he sat with his head buried in his hands.

"He is just like that, ma'am, for days past," said the woman, huskily. "He has threatened to kill himself, and oh! I'm afraid poor Joe'll do it. He hasn't been himself for more'n a week past."

A basket of groceries brought a gleam of sunshine into the humble home. Present-

ly, the missionary explained to the sullen man the object of her visit.

"And you mean to tell me," he said gruffly, "that you're goin' to feed the wife and children till I get somethin' to do? You will? God bless you! Bless you!" and he fairly broke down in tears as he reached out and grasped the Visitor's hand. "I've been driven so that I got sick an' tired of it all, and had made up my mind to finish it in th' river. Ah, mum, you don't know what it is to have the little 'uns lookin' at yer every day an' gittin' thinner an' thinner and you can't give them even a bit to eat. It's that as kills the heart in us men, and makes us desp'rate."

Another caller was a former member of Dr. Klopsch's "Children's Class" in Sunday School. Although years had elapsed, recognition was mutual. She was greatly embarrassed at the necessity of asking for relief. "Please lend me three dollars," she pleaded, her face hovering between a smile and a tear, "but, oh, do not tell anybody! I will pay it back soon. We are willing to starve, but we must keep a roof over our darling baby somehow. Our landlady will turn us out unless we pay her to-day." The poor young mother, whose husband had vainly sought work for weeks, was helped by the payment of her rent.

Long continued privation invariably breeds sickness and in many of the homes visited by the Fund's missionaries cases were found that called for the attention of the physician. An experienced city practitioner has placed his services at the disposal of the Food Fund and will visit and prescribe for its patients without charge. It is proposed to engage the services of a medical missionary to devote her entire time to the Fund's work, dealing especially with the women and children. It has been a frequent experience with the Visitors to find some invalid in those workers' homes, lying on a poor, ill-furnished cot, in a room without fire or food, and without the slightest pretence of medical attendance. Where so many are struggling to get a crust to keep in the life or a bit of fuel to thaw out their numbed limbs, the sick have little chance of attention and still less of recovering. A few delicacies from the hand of a sympathetic visitor, a word of cheer, that invites them to renewed reliance upon the Divine Helper, often turn the ebbing tide of vitality. Such people are not likely to forget the Food Fund and its generous patrons.

In one home in West 18th St., a family was found in great need. Their credit was all run out at the grocer's, and the landlord had threatened to dispossess them the very next day, for non-payment of rent. The husband had just broken up the sofa to make a fire. The Fund arranged a payment on account of rent and also furnished some food.

The Death Angel had preceded the Food Fund's Visitor at one poor tenement home,

in West Twenty-sixth street. In the front attic—an apartment with merely a table, a pallet, and stove, for furniture—lay a dead girl. Father, daughter and son had there fought out the battle of hopeless poverty and starvation, until the girl had succumbed. Rev. Stephen Merritt himself defrayed the cost of the funeral and conducted the services, and the Food Fund missionaries supplied the remaining members of the little family with a stock of groceries.

On the next block, West Twenty-seventh street, two sisters were found in a garret, almost famished and frozen. A timely gift of food and coal was undoubtedly the means of saving their lives, as they were too weak to last much longer, and had seemingly given up the fight. They were very grateful and declared that "one supply was enough for both."

In last week's issue, mention was made of the case of an aged mother and her consumptive daughter who were found starving in a tenement and were relieved by the Fund. The invalid, at parting, pleaded with the missionary to come again, adding: "You are like a ray of sunshine to me." When she did call, it was to find the old mother sitting by the lifeless body of the girl whose spirit had passed to that land where "they neither hunger nor thirst any more." The Fund buried the daughter and is caring for the stricken mother.

A touching case was that of a Mrs. H., whose husband was idle, coal out, cupboard bare and the mother very sick. They were threatened with eviction for non-payment of rent. A compromise was effected with the landlord, and coal and food were supplied. The woman, who is a good Christian, shared the supplies with a neighbor opposite who was as needy as herself.

One of the callers for help at the Fund headquarters was an honest mechanic. He would take nothing but bread, and only enough for one day. "I think," said he, "that I may get work by to-morrow, and I do not want to take what somebody else may need more than I. This is the first time in thirty-two years that I have been idle."

One poor widow, whose two little ragged bright-faced boys Mrs. Klopsch had clad, wept tears of gladness as she looked at her children. "It's the first time they've had a decent suit to wear since their father died, poor lads," she said. "Now they can go to Sunday School again. Ah, ma'am! if you knew how we've suffered, and pinched, and starved these weeks past, you would n't wonder at them being so badly off for clothes!" In a rear tenement-room, a mother was found with two pairs of twins, the oldest pair being only a little over two years, and all four, as well as the other members in the household, the mother included, literally famishing. Food was supplied by the Fund, the needs of the twins being specially remembered.

A truly pitiful case, which told more eloquently than words of the sufferings of mother and her babe, came up at Relief Station No. 1. A pale and care-worn mother with a sickly child in her arms, applied for help. When asked by the kindly missionary at the desk what she wanted, she replied, in a voice sunk almost to a whisper: "Ah, ma'am, I need everything! I have nothing at all, my baby and I. See, and she touched her hollow bosom meaningly, "I have nothing to give, even here. My strength is gone, and there is no nourishment, but it keeps the little one quiet."

And her simple story was more than born out by the wasted face and shrunken limb of the infant in her arms, whose supernaturally large eyes turned appealingly to her own as she spoke.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have come to the rescue of the destitute New York with a generosity beyond all precedent. Almost everyone has something to give, no matter how little, either in money, clothing, or other supplies. In some part of the country, money being scarce, farmers, millers, merchants and others have begun to collect corn and wheat, with a view to forwarding it to New York to be distributed through the Food Fund. We have already received by mail from several parts of the country where collections of this kind are in progress. Mr. S. S. Haury, M.D., writes us from Moundridge, Kan.: "Enclosed send you a draft for \$10 to be used for the destitute in your city through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund. I would also ask your advice in reference to sending flour from here to the Food Fund, direct. I think upon short notice, we could make up a carload of flour, say 20,000 pounds, in our little town and vicinity. We can get flour from all the neighboring farmers where we could not get money."

D. C. Sturm, general merchant of Wilkesville, O., writes: "We are to have a meeting next week, and would like to hear from you by that time. We thought we could make up the greater part of a carload of wheat or flour for the Food Fund. Perhaps you can get the railroads to carry it free."

These propositions afford substantial hope for doing a most excellent work through the Fund. We have no doubt that single carloads of flour might be raised in different parts of the country, through the co-operation of the friends of the Fund, each contributing his quota in sacks or barrels. All flour consigned to the Fund, on reaching New York, will be baked into loaves and distributed in that form. Those of our readers who contemplate getting up a carload, would do well to apprise us promptly.

Contributions in money received during the week are acknowledged on this and the following page, and gifts of clothing, etc., on page 119.

Previously ackn'd.....	\$5028 98	Carrollton, Ill 25c, Maud, Walden, N Y 50c, Ethel P Morse 25c, Albert S Morse 25c, Eugene F Morse 25, Lawrence B Morse 25c, H F R, St Mary's, Ga 50c, Friend, Lafayette, Pa 50c, Reader, Chambersburg, Pa 10c, Two Friends, N Y 65c, Miss L K Renfrew 10c, Christian 35c, Brockport, N Y 25c, Mrs H, Otego 50c, Mrs G & B, Otego 50c, G & B 50c, T J M, 50c, S A S, Otego 50c, Mrs A G N 50c, Mrs C D M 25c, Miss O V B 25c, Frank Wentzel 50c, C DeLeemo 50c, Friend, Nicedah 50c, Miss G W, Pine Cottage, Va 25c, M Del, 35c, Mrs Middleton, 50c, Mrs Jenkins 50c, Washburn 25c, C Beattie 50c, W Palmer 50c, J Palmer 40c, Friend, Abhallenburgh, N Y 50c, A Christian Endeavor, Phila, Pa 25c, In His Name, Clay City, Ind 30c, Friend, Cambridge, Mass 10c, Friend, Lancaster, Pa 25c, Theo Satterby 25c, M A Hubbard 25c, A Mother, Fayette City, Pa 30c, C Sybrandt 50c, Henry F Craft 50c, Leighton W Craft 50c, Ernest Forsey 50c, Nelson Campbell, 50c, Mrs D C M, Otego, N Y 50c, Martha J 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h His Name Penn Yan, NY.....	2 00	Monroe, N. C.....	1 00	Albert E Shearer.....	2 00	Friend, Oneida.....	1 00	Mrs W G Fancher.....	1 00	Friends, Ft Ann.....	3 00
" Woodstock, Va.....	1 00	Mrs M E Turner.....	1 00	Subr, Colorado Springs.....	1 00	Thos B Martin.....	2 00	" I H N," Washington, D C.....	1 00	Friend, Orange Valley.....	3 00
riend, Scranton, Pa.....	1 00	M. Lizzie Herr.....	2 00	Constant Reader, Hopkin.....	1 00	Dr Keith.....	1 00	Mrs Belle Clark.....	5 00	Four little children, Orange.....	1 00
rs Arthur J Thomas.....	2 00	Friend W H, Georgetown Fla.....	1 00	town, N. H.....	1 00	Alf Curtiss.....	1 00	C M Beecher.....	5 00	Valley.....	1 00
rs Makala Welch.....	50	Vernon, Vt.....	1 00	C F Langenan.....	2 00	Subr, Woodstock, Ill.....	1 00	Henry Farmer.....	3 00	S S Teacher, Corning.....	1 00
W H Parker & Family.....	5 00	F E S, Three Rivers, Mass.....	1 00	A Sample.....	2 00	Mrs H W Johnson.....	1 00	Sarah E Parker.....	2 00	M J Porter.....	1 00
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Reader, Tracy, Minn.....	30	M Bryson.....	10 00	Friend, Newark, N. J.....	10 00	Atwood Crosby.....	5 00	Mrs Wm N Grover.....	5 00	Constant Reader, New Bed.....	1 00
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Subr, Omaha, Neb.....	2 00	Friends, Hunter Land, N. Y.....	5 00	M E H, Newwalk, Conn.....	3 00	M L, Diller.....	1 00	H A, Glenbeulah, Wis.....	1 00	Lucy A Wallrom.....	7 00
E Richardson.....	1 00	Mrs L Hawks.....	1 00	Friend, Waterbury, Conn.....	1 00	H A, Cedar Bluffs.....	5 00	Hugh Henry.....	1 00	Friend in Charleston.....	1 00
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Reader, Des Moines, Ia.....	1 00	John L Wirth.....	5 00	Wm E Benedict.....	1 00	Andrew Meeks.....	5 00	In His Name, N. Y.....	1 00	Tower City, Pa.....	1 00
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Mrs John MacGregor.....	10 00	Subr, Seck Kill, Pa.....	1 00	Friend, Mamaroneck, N. Y.....	3 00	Willis Nodine.....	5 00	W and M, Brooklyn.....	1 40	E L Needham.....	1 00
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G Maulick.....	2 00	Mrs Wm Forbes.....	1 00	Friend, Bucks Co, Pa.....	25	Friend, Baltimore, Md, soc; A E.....	1 00	J C, Milbank, S D.....	1 00	Subr, Ivy Depot, Va.....	2 00
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Lottie Lutes.....	1 00	Logan, Ia.....	1 00	Samuel Willis.....	5 00	Mrs. Sarah Gordon, soc; W A Mil.....	1 00	J C, Milbank, S D.....	1 00	R Wardop.....	2 00
In His Name, Ill.....	5 00	Mrs Grace Chamberlin.....	1 00	M G, Duluth, Minn.....	1 00	lett, soc; W A Jennings, soc; W.....	1 00	J W K, Brooklyn.....	1 00	Reader, Bayfield, Wis.....	2 50
Friend, Albion, Mich.....	1 00	J L F, Washington, D C.....	1 00	Edith E Jones, Phila, Pa.....	25	Tomins, soc; Mrs H E S Hemen.....	1 00	North Victory, N. Y.....	1 50	Subr, Alexandria, Pa.....	1 00
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Friend, Arlington, Wis.....	2 00	Mrs S E Spaulding.....	5 00	Norton.....	2 00	Belle E Kirkpatrick, soc; R P.....	1 00	Miss Ada Trecatin.....	1 00	Friend, Belair.....	1 00
H K, Marion, Ohio.....	50	Miss Caroline M Sumner.....	5 00	R.....	1 00	Bloomington, Wis, soc; Mr and Mrs.....	1 00	Hannah Short.....	25 00	B H Edmonds.....	1 00
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Friend, Grand Rapids.....	5 00	Mrs and Mrs Graves.....	1 00	Friend and Daughter, Le.....	1 00	Mrs E H, Lake View, Ia.....	5 00	Hill, Ia.....	7 00	Christan Endeavor Society.....	1 00
M. G. Tinkle, Will, more.....	1 00	Mrs Smith.....	1								



SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.

S. S. Lesson for March 4. Gen. 25: 27-34. Golden Text, Luke 12: 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD'S purpose to make man like himself and to unite him with himself received further development in the life of Abraham, the man who takes a greater place than any other in the glorious Heb. 11, in which chapter the men of faith "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father." Abraham had sought a wife for Isaac taken from a far country, and a true type of the "bride, the Lamb's wife." To this marriage God gave two sons, twins, yet Esau was the elder, and the birthright the position of elder son, was his by nature. As descended from Abraham the father of them that believe, as one in the line of which the Seed of the woman and Abraham's Seed should come, Esau's birthright was something more than ordinary, but Esau had no eyes to see it, no spiritual perceptions which would appreciate such a distinction. Esau

Despised his Birthright

is the main thing which recalls his history. Esau was "a cunning hunter, a man of the field." He had inherited from his father a love of good eating. "Isaac loved Esau because he did eat of his venison," and the desires of the flesh in the son superseded all which could have drawn him towards the pilgrim life led by his fathers when God was not ashamed to be called their God. Like the rich man (Luke 16: 19), who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, he lived for the things of time and sense, as though God had created him for nothing higher. "Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents," and Rebekah, his mother, loved him. His tasks were domestic, he was often in his mother's company, and probably as far as her power went, she trained him for God; and the first opportunity he had of prizing what Esau was indifferent to, proved that he had an eye to the unseen, the promises of God.

"And Jacob sold pottage; and Esau came from the field, and he was faint. And Esau said to Jacob: Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage, for I am faint." It would have been only a brotherly thing to do if Jacob had freely given all that he had prepared to his brother, but Jacob had an eye to the birthright, and would secure it at any cost. He saw his opportunity, and, unhandsome, mean as it was, he took advantage of his brother, and said: "Sell me this day thy birthright." Jacob knew whom he had to deal with; he was conscious how little value was that birthright in Esau's eyes, while to him it was more than life, and no doubt there was in his mind the sophistical argument that he could not wrong Esau in taking from him what was worthless in his eyes. Yet Jacob, right as he was in his estimation and appreciation of that which was of value in the eyes of God, set about obtaining it in a purely human way. God had indeed said to Rebekah regarding her sons: "The elder shall serve the younger," and no doubt the fond mother had told this to her son, and awakened in him an ambition to possess the birthright. But

Why Forestall God?

He has always a way to fulfill his promise and to accomplish whatever he has said. All the mean advantage which Jacob took of Esau did not really hasten matters; and it sowed the seed for a disunion in the family which had the gravest results. But it manifested a profane mind in Esau—father as he is of the carnal rationalists of this day—when, in answer to his brother's proposal: "Sell me this day thy birthright," he replied, "Behold I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Are we, "children of God, and if children then heirs,"—awake to the dignity of our birthright? Are we aware of the place God

calls us to in his mighty universe as being the begotten of God; "a kind of firstfruits of his creatures?" (James 1: 18). Do we measure the things of daily life as to whether they are worthy or unworthy of heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ? Or does some red pottage, some thing of earth, some consideration, which has a value only for a moment, outweigh with us the dignity and importance of our near relationship to God? Do we say by our worldly or indifferent lives: "What profit shall this birthright do to me?" Are we alive to the fact that by our birthright and by no other way, do we come into the possession of God's promises? We are exhorted to be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience

Inherit the Promises.

The faith and patience which would have distinguished a true son of Abraham were lacking in Esau. Impatient, impulsive, he could wait for nothing and for nobody, not even for God. He must have his desire in the present moment. If the birthright did not bring him present satisfaction; it was nothing to him. Faith and patience failed him, he got his pottage and lost the birthright. Therefore, while God delights to call himself the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, he never calls himself the God of Esau. And Esau is never called an heir of promise.

There are now, as there were in old time, men and women whose very presence says: "God lives, God is real, God reigns, God keeps his promises." Voluntarily or involuntarily, men are brought near to God by such people. A house, a meeting, a congregation, a railway carriage, feels the effect of their presence, and behind their back, their worst enemies will own that God is with them. But these are such as value their birthright, they account it of more importance, a thousand times, to be born of God than to have royal blood in their veins; they have long-sighted eyes, accustomed to look out upon things eternal, and "God is not ashamed to be called their God," and to constitute them his true witnesses on earth.

But in the Christian Church of our day, are there not many more Esaus than Abrahams? How many there are who, for comforts, position, business or reputation, some messes of pottage, let slip their birthright as Esau did: "For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." (Heb. 12: 17.) Are we aware of

The Conditional Nature

of God's highest calling? We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be, that we suffer with him. If not? "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory while we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." It is possible to despise our birthright: it is possible to come short of the high calling of God, to which we are called; it is possible to be Esaus, and such cannot fail to be "ashamed before the Lord at his coming." When some are taken, they will be left. "Take heed, to yourselves," says our Lord, "lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." (Luke 21: 34, 35.)

Begotten of God, born of incorruptible seed, partakers of the Divine nature! Have we taken in what all this means? Do we understand

Our Birthright

and value our heavenly origin? If so, we shall be "not of the world even as he was not of the world," and the world will know us

not as it knew him not. Form, doctrine, an outside, or a superficially spiritual religion, will satisfy those who have never understood their birthright. But those who are awakened by the Holy Ghost to their divine origin, their real heavenly calling, can afford to leave the "pottage" and "endure hardships;" they can afford to lose the approbation of men; they can afford to walk as Enoch and Noah did, alone with God. Let us take heed, lest in these last days of our dispensation we should, through ignorance of the Scripture, or through love of the world, fail to make our calling and election sure. Esau would have repented, but he had not the opportunity. The foolish virgins went for the oil when it was too late.

It is a poor excuse to make that you live as most Christians live. We have the Word of God, and the example of our Lord, as our true guide. Even Jacob, faulty as he was, saw the birthright, he did appreciate that which Esau had no eyes to see. Let us not wait until we are satisfied with our own holiness before we answer to our vocation.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE LENTIL.

JACOB is supposed to have been about thirty years old when the events of the lesson occurred. Abraham was dead and Isaac was prematurely aged, with none of the vigor of his father. Jacob's character at this time, and for many

years afterwards, was a composite of spirituality and cunning. Such characters still exist, and often bring religion into contempt. The privileges of birthright, which he demanded of his brother Esau, as the price of his savory stew, are better understood in monarchical lands than in our own, and by the ancients than the moderns. The eldest son in a family was treated with marked consideration. He was regarded as the future head of the house. At his father's death, his share of the estate was twice as large as that of any of his brothers, and, if he died before his father, leaving children, his eldest son inherited his place and fortune. They did not pass to his younger brother. There are two characters in the story and two lessons may be learned from each. As to Jacob: It is wrong to take advantage of any man's necessities. Realizing Esau's urgent need of food and having it in his possession, he demanded a fabulous and ruinous price for it. In greater or less degree that is done still; but the practice is not only cruel but immoral. Second: It is not right to adopt wrong measures to bring about good ends. Rebekah had been told that Jacob would be the head of the family and that Esau's descendants would serve those of Jacob. She would not have been the woman she was if she did not tell Jacob of the prediction. Probably, he thought that as it was God's will that he should have the birthright, he was justified in bringing that will to pass. But God did not need his assistance in promoting the fulfillment of the prophecy and especially not so cruel and unbrotherly an expedient as this. In marked contrast to Jacob's conduct was that of David in the cave of Engedi. (1. Sam. 24: 1-6.) When Saul was at his mercy and David knew that the kingdom was to be his, and his men urged him to kill his treacherous enemy, he refused and God worked out the fulfillment of his promise in his own way. Jacob was not so patient and he had to suffer for his presumption. As to Esau: A great loss may come from preferring a present good to a future advantage. People are doing this every day in living for this life and neglecting the life to come—preferring time to eternity. Second: Esau thought more of his body than of his soul. He must have known what great things were promised of God to the family; yet he thought so little of the privilege of being the head of it, that he sold it for a meal. The body is always clamorous for indulgence and the more clamorous the more it is indulged. The wise man brings it into subjection. Every child ought to be encouraged to develop and strengthen the control of the soul over the body. If that were done, he would not be the slave of his appetite when he grows to manhood. His body would not

compel him to drink, or to be vicious, when his spirit bade him refrain and he would not have to make the humiliating confession we so often hear, "I cannot resist." Every one whose life is controlled by his physical nature yields his birthright as a son of God, as foolishly as Esau did.

Pottage of Lentiles. The lentile is an annual plant, with a weak stalk, rising about eighteen inches in height, having pinnate leaves at each joint. Small flowers come out of the sides of the branches on short peduncles and are succeeded by short legumes, containing flat, circular seeds curved in the middle. (The word lens probably is derived from them). These seeds, Dr. Thompson says, easily dissolve in boiling and form a red or chocolate colored pottage, much esteemed in Northern Africa and Western Asia. Dr. Kitto said he had often eaten this pottage or stew and had found it better food than a stranger would imagine. Ezek. 4: 9 indicates that lentiles were often used as bread in times of scarcity. The "Revalenta Arabica," which is still sold in American stores, is the modern form of the Lentile. In some Roman Catholic countries the lentile forms a staple diet during Lent, and it has been suggested that the season derives its name from the practice. An English authority on food-supplies speaks highly of the nourishing quality of the lentile, and says that for ten dollars a person could have the red pottage of Esau every day for a year. It thus appears that Esau made a poor bargain when he sold his birthright for one dish of it.

Sell me thy birthright. It was a selfish and unbrotherly demand. Bishop Burnett used to tell a story in striking contrast to this of Jacob. It was that of Sergeant Glanvil. He said that Glanvil's father left him the whole of his estate in his will, although he was the second son. His reason for doing so was that his eldest son was a scapegrace who was likely to waste the property in riotous living. After the father's death the eldest son reformed. Sergeant Glanvil watched his brother carefully and became convinced that the reformation was genuine and permanent. He then invited friends to a great feast in the old ancestral mansion. The place of honor was reserved for the disinherited elder brother. At the height of the feast, Sergeant Glanvil ordered a special dish of old gold plate to be set before his elder brother and invited him to uncover it. The guests looked in wonder as they saw it full of parchments. The younger brother rose and said: "I am about to do what I am sure my father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change which you all see in my brother. Therefore I freely restore to him the whole estate."

I am at the point to die. To save his life Esau sacrificed his birthright. The alternative of death or renunciation of the heavenly birthright has confronted many since his day and hundreds have proved by choosing death that they valued their birthright more than life itself. The story of one is a type of many others. It is that of Pancratius who was born in Phrygia. He was brought up to worship Jupiter; but he became a convert to Christianity. He inherited a vast fortune from his father and was entitled to high privileges. Diocletian was then persecuting the Christians and when he heard that Pancratius was become a Christian, he sent for him to expostulate with him and by promises of advancement win him back to heathenism. Pancratius went to the palace. The youth replied firmly that none of the things offered him were worthy to be compared with the glories that would be his if he remained faithful. Then the Emperor said that unless he offered incense to Jupiter he should be immediately put to death. "It is hard to die," said the youth; "but I am a Christian and I will not be false to Christ." He was led out to the Aurelian Way and there put to death by the sword.

Thus Esau despised his birthright. So have many done since Esau's day. Cardinal Mazarin was one of them. In the zenith of his power he realized the fact. His physician told him that a fatal disease had developed which in two months would bring him to his grave. Brienne, his attendant, saw him, shortly after he had heard the news, walking up and down his picture gallery wringing his hands and weeping bitterly. Pausing before one masterpiece after another, which had been collected at immense cost, he cried: "How can I leave all these?" As the time of his death drew near, his distress increased. He moaned, "Oh, my poor soul, what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go? Had I my life to live again, I would be a monk instead of a courtier." The favors of the world have undone me.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE GATEWAY OF INDIA.

RUSSIAN forces numbering forty-one thousand men were said recently to be massed near Herat in preparation for an assault on the city. The report was contradicted soon after its publication, but in the interval, it gave rise to some very gloomy forebodings. It was perceived that the great European war so long predicted and dreaded might easily originate in that far-away place. That England would tamely consent to Russia seizing the Afghan city, no one believed; and that Russia, having seized it, would give it up without a hard fight was equally improbable. War between Russia and England seemed inevitable if Herat became a Russian stronghold; and in such a war other Powers might become involved. A glance at the map will show why England should be concerned in the possession of an Afghan city. Herat is called the gateway of India. It stands practically at the head of a defile through which alone India could be invaded on the west side. The frontier is protected by mountains and deserts, but through Herat, an invading army could easily be poured into the valleys of India. Russia has for many years been stealthily pushing her conquests in the direction of the Afghan city, and England has been warned from time to time that its capture could be easily achieved from the Russian advanced posts. So long as Herat remains in possession of the ruler of Afghanistan, she is content, but if it passed into Russian hands the Indian Empire would be in danger. England is well aware of the fact, and therefore the news that the Russians were menacing the city was regarded as the signal for war. This concern for the outposts and the vulnerable points of an empire might be commended to the Christian who is menaced by the great enemy of souls. No man becomes a backslider all at once. It is by indulging in what are called little sins, in adopting worldly principles, and in curtailing and then omitting private prayer, that the believer loses his power to resist when temptation assails his heart. (11. Cor. 2: 11.)

The Expensive Deserter.

The problem of dealing with deserters from the army has, says a despatch from Washington, D. C., received considerable attention from Secretary Lamont. Under the present system the War Department pays a reward for the arrest of a soldier who runs away from the service, and hardly a week passes without some civil authority at a remote place reporting the arrest of a deserter. Sixty dollars is paid for each deserter captured, and those who are serving a term of confinement at Fort Leavenworth cost \$30,000 for their apprehension. There is now a proposition that deserters be allowed to go their way. There are those who think that the \$30,000 spent in arresting them and paying the cost of transportation and their confinement at Leavenworth, might be used to make the army more attractive to the enlisted men. If the Department adopts this view there will probably be many desertions, but those who remain will be men who prefer the soldier's life. It is so in Christ's army. There is no compulsory service in it; but there is this difference that the deserter is invited to return and is assured of forgiveness. (Jer. 3: 12.)

Saved by a Dying Man.

A reminiscence of pioneer days in West Virginia is narrated by a correspondent of the "Youth's Companion." He says that one of the most famous hunters and surveyors of those times was a man named John Weitzel. One day, while returning in a canoe with one companion from an excursion to Middle Island Creek, he was hailed by a large party of Indians, and ordered to put ashore. Without making any reply he headed the boat for the middle of the stream, and with his companion, made every effort to escape. The Indians fired on the instant, and one of the bullets struck Weitzel in the body. Seeing at once that the wound was mortal, he ordered the other man to lie down in the canoe, and then, with renewed vigor,

though his life was ebbing fast, he pulled for the opposite shore. The Indians fired another volley, but without effect, and before they could reload, the boat was out of range. Weitzel expired soon after reaching the bank, and was buried by his companion. Not many men in the presence of death would have been thus concerned about the safety of another. It was such self-forgetfulness that Christ displayed when in the agonies of his crucifixion he provided for the future of his mother, gave comfort to the penitent thief and prayed for his murderers. (Matt. 27: 42.)

A New Identity.

An extraordinary discovery has been made recently by a clerk employed in the Grand Central Depot, New York. He is twenty-four years of age and has been in the service of the company for several years. He believed himself to be an orphan but he finds that he is the son of a wealthy merchant of Oil City, Pa. It appears that at his birth his parents were in grievous trouble and confided him to the care of their nurse,

The Boston 'Traveler' says, that half a century ago one of the brightest and most beautiful of Salem's girls was engaged to a young man who was in prosperous circumstances in the town. He was, however, eager to make a large fortune and determined to go West. He wanted the girl to marry him and go with him, but she was averse to leaving the town. She wished him to remain, as he was doing well, but if he was fully resolved on going, he would be more likely to succeed if he were unmarried. She thought, too, that they were too young to be married then and promised to wait faithfully for his return. The young man could not be persuaded to remain and still urged the girl to marry and go with him. He doubted whether she would be true to him in his absence. The girl was piqued by his doubts and in a hasty moment declared that she would never go out of the house until he came for her. He went away, prospered, and forgetting the girl waiting for him, married a Western lady and did not go back to Salem. The girl kept her vow. Only once in fifty years was she seen outside the house and that was when a fire occurred and she was dragged out by force. A few days ago, she died, having been a voluntary prisoner for over half a century. It is a pity that she should have persisted in keeping her vow after learning that her lover was unworthy of her. Such one-sided devotion is very rare. We are only too familiar with the contrast among those who profess to have given themselves to Christ, yet who are false to

parts of God's universe exists in the monkey world. The inference may therefore be drawn that in that world beyond the grave to which we go, the same principle is in operation and the increased capabilities will be furnished with increased power of movement and expression. Puzzling questions about heaven are often asked, but they need occasion no anxiety to the believer. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appeareth we shall be like him." (1. John 3: 2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Sixty Thousand copies of the Bible were sold last year in the Turkish Empire, in which there are 892 Protestant schools.

Mr. Herman Warszawski, who is now in charge of the Hebrew Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, New York, will be glad to accept invitations to speak in New York or Brooklyn churches on Sunday mornings or week-evenings in the interest of Jewish missions.

The Irish People spent in intoxicating liquor last year a larger sum than they paid for rent. A journal published in Ireland mentions one village in the south of the island which has 1,200 inhabitants, and supports fifty-two saloons. It maintains a force of thirty-two policemen.

A series of Lectures on Timely Religious Topics has been commenced in the Wylie Memorial Church, Philadelphia. The lecturers are the Professors of Princeton University who have been invited to speak by the ministers of the city in the hope of checking the progress of scepticism. The first lecture was by President Patton on "Supernatural Religion." The lectures will be delivered on Sunday afternoons, and will continue till the middle of April.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at Milton, Pa., closed on Feb. 7th. Eight churches united in the work and all have been benefited largely by the meetings. They continued for two weeks increasing from day to day in interest and in the number of inquirers. Dr. Munhall is now at Jamestown, N. Y., where a similar work has begun. The evangelist's methods are well considered and his uniform success wherever he has labored shows that they are owned and used of God.

Rev. J. C. Redding of York, Neb., has been holding very successful meetings at Osage City, Kan. They were held in the Opera House, which seats about 800 persons, but it would not accommodate all who came and an overflow meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church which was also filled. Many persons have made profession of faith as a result of the meetings.

A Cable Dispatch informs us that Mrs. M. Baxter and Pastor, and Mrs. Stockmayer are on their way to this country to hold evangelistic meetings and are expected to arrive Feb. 23rd. Mrs. Baxter's articles on the Sunday School lessons which appear weekly in this journal have already made her known to the American public and will insure her a warm welcome from our readers.

The Report of the Bible Institute of Chicago for 1893, shows that the number of students during the year was 376 of whom one-third were women. No less than thirty-five denominations were represented among the students. Classified by nationality the following countries were represented besides the United States and Canada: Great Britain, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, India, Japan, Persia and Hawaii.

The following contributions of clothing, etc., for the Relief Fund are acknowledged:

No name, Pair of Boots; Reader, Court st., Rome, N. Y., Underwear; Friend, Boston, Mass., Clothing; No name or address, 2 packages clothing; Skillman, N. J., Clothing; S. M. Piercy, Franklin, N. H., Clothing; Friend, Birdsboro, Pa., Clothing; Friend, Middlebush, N. J., Clothing; Mrs. C. A. Campbell, Binghamton, N. Y., Clothing; Reader, Lykens, Pa., Clothing; Reader, Norwich, Conn., Clothing; Mrs. Oram, Clothing; "A Friend who has more hens than dollars," Saugerties, N. Y., box clothing; Friends, at Roseland, Ill., package clothing; M. Tilton, N. H., Clothing; Friend, Westfield, Clothing; No name or address, Clothing; Friend, Chatham, N. J., Clothing; Booth & Bailey, Pine St., N. Y., Clothing; Christian Mother, box of clothing; J. F., Moulton Ridge, Vermont, Child's Cloak; Mrs. M. B. W., Fairview, Pa., pair stockings; Two Friends, Newark, N. J., box clothing; Edna L. Sinclair, Poutney, Vt., Clothing; Friends, Newfield, N. Y., box clothing; Friend, Narrowsburg, N. Y., 1 pkg. of clothing; A few friends, Chatham, N. J., 1 large box of clothing and pretty cards; Clifford Sulzberger, N. Y., Clothing; Mrs. G. Boshart, 1 Ladies Coat; Mrs. G. R. Havens, Shelter Is. Heights, N. Y., pkg. of clothing; Friend, Fall River, Mass., pkg. clothing; Friends in Croton, N. J., Baptist Church, box clothing; E. W., Brooklyn, pkg. of clothing; Mrs. R. H. C., Freehold, N. J., to pair babies shoes; Friends, Cayceville, Vt., 2 boxes clothing, contributors—Mrs. Chas. Whitcomb, Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Chas. Warfield, Mrs. V. Whitcomb, Mrs. J. Weaver and Mrs. Fred. Elliott; Friend, Ellington, Conn., box clothing; "W. C. T. U.," Fillmore, N. Y., barrel clothing; Ruth B. M. Loren, Johnstown, pkg. clothing; Agnes Steinhage, Marshallville, O., sack of clothing; Ten Friends at Ancram, N. Y., barrel of clothing; Subscriber, Hartford, Conn., box of clothing; Mrs. John S., Hess Road Station, Niagara, N. Y., box of clothing; Subscriber, Saugateck, Ct., box of underclothing; J. H. Hall, Centerville, Md., barrel of clothing; Friend, Brockport, N. Y., clothing; "In His Name," Long Branch, clothing.



THE CITY AND FORTRESS OF HERAT, IN AFGHANISTAN, THE MILITARY GATEWAY OF INDIA.

a young widow whose home was in New York. She brought him to this city and took care of him. It is supposed that she became attached to the boy, for when, a year later, she married again, she told her husband that he was her own child by her former marriage. Two years ago she died and about a year afterward her husband, being about to re-marry, sent to the young man a trunk containing her belongings. He examined them and found at the bottom of the trunk a package of old letters, which, to his surprise, concerned himself. From these he learned for the first time, that she was not his mother, and gained a clue to his true parentage. He went to Oil City and after some inquiries discovered his parents who were overjoyed to find that he was still alive. They had searched for him but having failed to find him or the woman to whose care they had confided him, thought he must be dead. If the young man had not read those old letters he would have missed the joy of reunion with his parents and also the improvement in his prospects in life, which the reunion brings him. Infinitely greater are the blessings people miss who neglect to read God's Word. From its pages they might learn that they have a heavenly Father who loves them and longs for them to come to him that he may give them true riches. (Isa. 63: 16.)

A Vow Kept for Fifty Years.

A pathetic story is told in connection with the recent death of a lady, at Salem, Mass.

their vows though he changes not and daily loads them with benefits. (Mal. 3: 6, 7.)

Monkey Language.

On his return from Africa where he went to study the monkeys of the forests, Prof. Garner was asked what were the results of his expedition. He says in reply that he passed several weeks in the heart of a great forest, shut up in a strong cage, which he took with him to protect himself from night attacks of wild beasts. There, he made the acquaintance of gorillas, chimpanzees and other kinds of monkeys, and listened to their talk. He found, as he had expected, that they have a language as much their own as ours and that it is suited to their conditions, but does not resemble human speech any more than the monkey resembles a human being. Some of the sounds they make cannot be represented by any known alphabet, although it would not be difficult to invent signs for them. The monkeys, the Professor says, are not sociable and do not attempt to carry on connected conversation. The brown monkey talks most, but even he expresses himself in the simplest and most direct way. Some persons have said that the monkey can express nothing but emotion and desire. The Professor's experience, however, has convinced him that the monkey is capable of expressing all that he is capable of thinking, which is all that man can do. It is evident from Prof. Garner's story that the wonderful adaptation of means to powers and purposes which exists in all



NEW USES FOR OLD TOOLS.

A Sermon Preached last Sunday morning by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Judges 3: 31. "And after him was Shamgar the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad: and he also delivered Israel."

THE subject to be presented this morning brings before us a strange story of the olden time. It is a story which suggests to us rude manners, fierce conflicts, and cruel conquests. It is a story which shows us how God's people prospered when they were right with God, and how they were defeated when they turned away from God and served the gods of their idolatrous neighbors. It is also a story which illustrates what one man may do for his country, his faith, and his God, when his heart is brave and his arm strong; and chiefly when God is on his side, for "if God be for us, who can be against us?" The condition of the country at this time was sad indeed; the Israelites were greatly oppressed and correspondingly depressed. Their enemies had so overrun the country that it was almost useless to till the soil or to sow seed, as in no case could a profitable harvest be secured. The highways were so infested with robbers that they were well-nigh deserted by all others. The people were obliged to go in by-ways and in the dark and thus stealthily to creep about. They could not in open day go to the public wells, for their enemies had surrounded them; and finally many of the people were obliged to hide in inaccessible dens in the mountains.

God's Chosen Man.

At this sad time Shamgar was the man chosen of God and appointed to be the deliverer of his people. In every crisis God has the right man ready to come forward, perform his work, and honor God's great name. When Israel is to be led out of Egypt God has Moses trained for leadership. So God prepared and called Joshua, David, Solomon, Elijah, and Elisha. In like manner, in due time, he called Paul and Augustine. In later days Calvin and Luther; then Wesley and Whitefield. God has use for the rough mountaineers of Lebanon to hew down the cedars, as truly as for Hiram's cunning Tyrian workmen to mould the brass and to carve the fretwork for the Temple. God calls men who are engaged in lowly work to nobler service; thus he called Moses from the flocks of Jethro to his high commission, and Gideon from the threshing floor to achieve national triumph. God called Peter, John and Andrew from their nets to be fishers of men; and Matthew from the receipt of custom to be an evangelist and an apostle; so God called Shamgar. He seems to have been engaged in ploughing when the grander work was presented.

God puts before us all great possibilities, but he makes greatness in our present calling a necessary preparation for taking advantage of our great opportunities. Doors of opportunity open quickly to the touch of industry. Only as we are faithful in lowly spheres do we show that we are worthy of promotion to higher ranges of duty; our divine Lord formulated this great law when he said: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." God always loves and approves busy and faithful men; and such men are always an inspiration and a benediction. The world is constantly looking for such men; and there is no corner of the universe sufficiently obscure long to hide men of worth and power. God reaches his hand to such men; churches, banks, great corporations, call loudly, winsomely and authoritatively for such men. Great institutions are anxious to promote men whose character and ability make them essential to the highest prosperity of these institutions. But the greatest unkindness that a business house, a corporation, a church, or a nation can do, is to promote to a lofty place, a man who is unfitted for the position. Such a man may hide his defects in private life, but when exalted to a high place his deficiencies become painfully conspicuous.

A good record for faithful service is one of the best diplomas which any young man can possess; years of faithful service become rounds of the ladder up which a man may climb to the highest place. Every man should strive to make himself indispensable to his employer. A man in my study recently said: "I can speak nine languages and I can read thirteen, but I cannot earn my own living; all my diplomas will not make the pot boil, except I were to put them all under it at one time and consume them in a grand conflagration." This man was unfitted by practical experience, by sound common sense, and by years of earnest service for any position requiring varied intellectual and practical abilities. We ought all to strive for that strange something which secures success. There is force in Carlyle's emphasis of the real meaning of the word "king," he is the "canning man"—the man who can do it. He is the able man, whether or not we can analyze and define the subtle elements which constitute his real abilities. Napoleon was accustomed to ask, when applicants for various positions came to him, "What have you done?" and the answer to that question determined to a great degree, the position which the applicant might expect.

We sometimes say that circumstances make men; but as usually understood this statement is incorrect. If circumstances alone made men there would be a great many more men made, for there certainly are circumstances enough. Circumstances make men only as men use their opportunities, as they overcome unfavorable circumstances and take advantage of those which conduce to the highest success. Circumstances are like the laws of gravitation; they may make or unmake us. If we put ourselves in line with these great laws they will bear us on to prosperity; if we oppose them their irresistible momentum will crush us in their onward progress. Work and worth are

The True Standard of Value.

Cost and worth are ever close neighbors. If we want pebbles we can pick them up by the handful almost anywhere, but when possessed they are only pebbles. If we want diamonds we must dig for them. Why is an ounce of gold of more value than an ounce of lead? Simply because it takes more work to get an ounce of gold than it takes to get an ounce of lead. Many men want the honors of wealth and education, but they are not willing to pay the price for both in hard labor; they want noontide honors from men; but they are not willing to pay the price in burning midnight oil. In like manner, there are many who want the blessings of a Christian life but they are not willing to pay the price in self-renunciation and in Christian service; they want the crown, but they will not bear the cross. But no man shall wear yonder crown with its glittering gems, except he take up Christ's cross with its cruel nails. This is an eternal law. Will you to-day take up this cross? If you do one day you shall wear the crown. I would that all who hear me this day feel the force of these plain and homely truths. I am always disheartened when I hear young men talk as if they trusted to luck for success. Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero. Only fools trust in the god of luck. When I hear a young man speak as if he believed himself to be the possessor of genius which relieves him from the necessity of doing hard work, I have little hope for him; and when I find that his mother agrees with him, I have less hope for either him or her. Shamgar was a patient, plodding industrious man. We need such men in the church; men who go on ploughing even though the enemies of Christ are numerous and powerful; even though the friends of Christ are fearful and faithless. Carey, our immortal missionary, when

asked the reason of his success, answered in three words, "I can plod." Plodding, with the blessing of God, made Carey. Plodding and fighting made the ploughman, Shamgar, the judge of Israel.

Bravery as well as Industry.

Shamgar was also a very brave man. His enemies were many and strong; the friends of liberty were few and weak. But he did not lose hope nor turn away from duty. He kept right on performing his duty in his lowly sphere, until God gave him the opportunity for rendering greater service. If he had been a coward he had not been a ploughman in his discouraging circumstances; if he had been a coward when the six hundred Philistines came in sight, he would have been out of sight as fast as his feet could carry him. But no coward was Shamgar the ploughman; he trusted that God would deliver Israel; and he determined to do his part toward securing the deliverance for which he hoped and prayed. It is barely possible that we are not to understand that he attacked these six hundred Philistines alone; perhaps all that is meant by the language here used is that he put himself at the head of a band of peasants armed with ox-goads and other rude implements, and with the help of these won the glorious victory. It is common for us to ascribe to a leader what is accomplished under his leadership. With the help of his associates he made the desperate assault and slew six hundred of his and their enemies. This brave act secured a temporary respite for him and his people, as it struck terror into the hearts of the rebellious Canaanites. We all need similar bravery in

Our Christian Conflicts.

We have foes many and strong which we must destroy or they will destroy us. We must fight against the world, the flesh and the devil; and these three foes will come to us in many forms. They will sometimes come even as angels of light; but we must be quick to recognize real foes under fair faces, and we must cut and hew them without hesitancy or mercy. As much courage is needed in the Christian life as on the field of battle. Many a man could walk boldly to the cannon's mouth who would hesitate to affirm his faith in the presence of jeering men or fair but foolish women. Glorious moral victories are lost for the want of prompt and unwavering courage. We should be as bold for Christ as are the servants of Satan for their cruel master. It is a pity that so many Christians play the coward and the fool, when they should be heroes and victors. We all love a man with the courage of his convictions. Bravery is contagious. We all feel the influence of a brave, noble, consecrated life, the moment we are brought into its atmosphere. I believe with Dr. Holmes that the atmosphere for a considerable distance, perhaps for several feet, around a brave man is charged with inspiration. Science has enabled us to measure the degree of heat which is generated in a firefly's flash; and the time may come when science will enable us to measure the amount of inspiration or of depression generated by the heroes or cowards whom we meet. Whatever we may call this influence, its existence can scarcely be denied. I know of men whose presence cheers, inspires and exalts me. I love to meet them on the street; there are others who take power, life and hope out of you. You might almost as well give them your arm and let them take from you a pint of blood as to give them a portion of your time, and let them take from you your courage and hope. Shamgar seems to have inspired other men to brave and noble deeds; he stimulated them to serve God and to save their native land. He mourned over the deserted villages and the inaccessible wells and the discouraged people of the land. Now he comes forth to be a deliverer. God made his hand strong and his heart brave. God multiply the Shamgars in all our churches.

The Old Tools.

Shamgar was skilful in the use of the weapon which he had. He had only an ox-goad with which to attack the foe. He might have pleaded the inadequacy of his weapon as an excuse for refusing to attack the foe; but he was not that kind of a man. The word translated "ox-goad" is from a root which literally means "an instructor of oxen"; it was an instrument which brought oxen into obedience. Sometimes it has been translated a coulter or a plough-share; and the ox-goad still used in Palestine is a weapon which if wielded by a strong hand may be very destructive. Some of these ox-goads

are from eight to ten feet long, and at the largest end they are often six inches in circumference. The shaft is frequently made of an oak sapling. These goads are armed at the smaller end with a sharp prickle for driving the oxen, and at the other end with a small paddle or spade of iron for cleaning the plough from the clay which often sticks to the share. It was probably with such a goad that Shamgar made his terrible assault.

We are constantly excusing ourselves from doing our duty because we do not, as we claim, possess proper facilities for our work. We charge our failure on our condition, on our partners, on our companions, on anybody or anything except ourselves. This is an old trick. The

Shirking Responsibility

came into the world with sin. "The woman thou gavest me," said Adam in the ungallant and cowardly spirit induced by his heinous sin. It is easy to see that in blaming the woman, Adam really meant to blame God. This is the tendency of sin in every age and country. This tendency reveals itself to-day when men talk unwisely of heredity and environment; there are elements of truth in both, but as often used they are made practically to excuse man and virtually to accuse God for our weakness and sinfulness. We are all following too closely the example of Adam in this respect. A poor carver always has a dull knife. Many a man says, "if my circumstances were different I could easily be a Christian; if I only had large amounts of money I could be generous." We ought at once to stop such weak and wicked speech. If we will not serve God in the circumstances in which we are placed, we would not serve him in changed conditions. If we will not obey God now, we would have disobeyed him in Eden. We may as well discontinue chasing Adam up and down the centuries and turn our thoughts to our own weak disobedience and wicked rebellion against God. We may as well understand at once that for our want of success in the Christian life, we are ourselves to blame. The words of Shakespeare, illustrate, at least to some degree, every man's experience:

Men at some time are masters of their fates,
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Part of our duty in life is to overcome every unfavorable tendency and every inhospitable environment. We ought to develop skill in the use of the instruments, the opportunities, the circumstances with which we stand connected. It is a glorious thing to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat; to make hostile conditions the ground of glorious triumphs; to recast all our circumstances so as to make them the inspiration of heroic struggle and glorious victory. Skill in the use of the weapons that we possess, we ought to study to acquire. I love to see how Shamgar won victory with a comparatively powerless instrument; he found a new use for an old tool. Many of the discoveries in astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, navigation and science generally were made with very imperfect instruments. Dr. Valentine Mott's remarkable surgical skill is the more honorable because of his comparatively poor instruments. True genius shows itself in accomplishing grand results with imperfect tools. In Exodus 4: 2, the Lord said to Moses, "What is in thy hand?" The answer of Moses was, "a rod." This rod became mighty when used by Moses in obedience to the Word of God; stretched out over the Red Sea, it was the symbol of God's power by which the waters were piled up on either side in crystal walls, while the people of God passed through on dry land. What is in thy hand, David? Only a sling. But a sling in the trained hand of David was really a mighty weapon; mightier far at a distance than the sword of Goliath. David in the armor of Saul would have been a powerless antagonist; but David with his sling was more than a match for Goliath. Here are pebbles taken from the brook; a moment more and one of them goes singing through the air, and a new idea enters Goliath's head; there was to him a whole sermon in that stone. What is in thy hand, Dorcas? Only a needle. Is a woman with a needle to be made immortal? God sees that woman's heart; God sees the glistening of that needle as it passes in and out of the garments. That needle is used for the Lord; those garments are made for the Lord's poor. The needle of Dorcas wrought for her an inscription, though not in brass or marble, but with thread on garments for the poor, yet one more durable than either

ass or marble. Her eulogy will be read when the victories of Roman arms and the stories of Grecian arts are forgotten. Her edle served God as truly as does the pen the recording angel. What is in thy hand? A broom. Use it for God. The room of the domestic servant may be as truly used for God as was the sceptre of David or Solomon. What is in thy hand? A trowel, a hammer, an ax, a chisel, a saw, some other mechanical tool? Use it for God. Jesus Christ gave dignity to labor. The sweat-beads of honest toil stood on his brow. You may have the humblest home, a social life, and it may be more resplendent with the glory of an indwelling Christ than as the temple in all its grandeur. The God-carrier's ladder may be trodden by angels' feet, as truly as was the ladder which united heaven and earth in the vision of Jacob, and the God itself may be radiant with the glory of the Lord. What is in thy hand? A pen. A pen is mightier than the sword. The pen of Shakespeare, of Longfellow, of Whittier! Oh, matchless instrument! A pen in the hand of Harriet Beecher Stowe stabbed slavery to the heart. A pen in the hand of George Kennan to tell the story of Darkest Russia is mightier than the sword of the Czar of all the Russias. Have you a pen? Use it for God. Perhaps it is a type-writer. Touch its keys; make sweet music that shall echo around the globe. Lowly duties performed with lofty motive give life its true glory. We are all familiar with George Herbert's admirable expression of this thought:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

The church needs to exalt lowly forms of labor. We have often refused the work of God because we could not do, as we thought, some great thing for God. We need no new tools, but we need to give new uses to old tools. There is no sword like the sword of the Spirit. May God teach us how to use it! There is no hammer like God's Word. May God teach how to strike the irresistible blow! There is no throne of power like the pulpit; may God make his ministers truly kings and spirits! Away with the idea that we need new tools. We need grit and grace to use the old sword, the old hammer, the old fire, the old and always new Gospel. We must do little things for Jesus; must be like Jesus. Jesus did little things. He taught a Bible class; he gave more time to two men on the way from Jerusalem to Emmaus than he ever gave to any others, so far as we know, during the period between his resurrection and his ascension, expounding the Old Testament, teaching a class of two members. Jesus, after healing a poor blind man, went out and found him when he had been cast out of the synagogue and revealed to him his divine name and love. Oh! can you not find some poor soul to-day who does not know Jesus? Can you not tell some wanderer about the Christ? Oh, men and women! Tell the old, old story. You do not want to have starless crowns. God help you to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. What is in thy hand? Wealth. Consecrate it now to God. What is in thy mouth? A tongue of eloquence. Use it for God. The tongue is the mightiest instrument that God ever made. What is in thy hand? A kindly grasp. Give that hand to some sad soul. Let us consecrate everything to him! The office, the plough, the pen, the needle, the tongue, the hands, the feet, and the heart for Jesus' sake! No matter how weak are our weapons if God strengthens our arm. The ox-goad with God's help is mightier than Goliath's sword wielded by an arm of flesh. God often chooses weak things to confound the mighty. God designs that the excellency of his power may reveal itself in the weakness of our instruments. Oh! church of the living God, arise in thy might; put on thy strength; consecrate old tools to new uses. Develop thy latent power; destroy thy foolish conservatism. Use anything; use everything, for God. The pulpit and the pew, the charms of women and the winsomeness of children, the glory of music and the power of eloquence, new methods and old truths to honor God and to bless men, these are to be consecrated to-day. I summon the Shamgars with their ox-goats to-day. We defy, and we shall destroy our Philistine foes. We shall heroically do our part, and then pray God to send his Deborahs and Baraks to complete the deliverance, to sing the song of triumph while we all give the glory unto God's Israel and to Israel's God.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Wake the Song.

Grace J. Frances.

Psalms 95: 1.

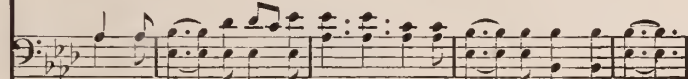
Hubert P. Main.



1. Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, Praise the might-y God a-bove;
2. Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, Je-sus' blood a-vails for sin;
3. Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, Catch from yon-der ra-diant clime,



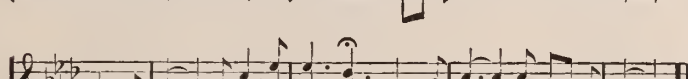
Come be-fore His sa-cred pres-ence With a grate-ful song of love.
Je-sus, at the door of mer-cy, Waits to let the wanderer in.
Strains by ev-er-last-ing a-ges, Echoed back in tones sub-lime.



CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! He is God, and He a-lone;



Wake the song of ad-o-ra-tion, Come with joy be-fore His throne.



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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE HELMSMAN.*

A FAR and afloat on life's treacherous sea
In its buoyant jangada, my spirit sails free,
Though tempests rage round me and billows o'erwhelm,
I mount and I conquer; my Lord's at the helm.

Swept down from the sunlight, engulfed in black night,
I call on my helmsman in agonized fright,
He standeth beside me, his soothing reply
Is balm to my spirit: "Fear not, it is I."

So, whether in darkness when heavy gales blow,
And o'er my jangada the huge billows flow,
Or whether in sunlight, on seas blue and fair,
What matter, my soul, if my Helmsman be there?

Though its bosom be surging, far down in the deep
The ocean lies calm as an infant asleep,
Come storm, then, and cyclone, let loose the wild sea:
"There is peace, perfect peace, for the soul stayed on thee."

—MRS. M. E. THROPP CONE.

*The curious, danger-defying, little catamaran, or Brazilian jangada, is a small, narrow raft, made of a porous palm, and light as cork.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

LAMB of God, dark shadows fall
Thickly o'er my way,
Is it, Lord, the gathering gloom
That precedes the day?
Tell me, Jesus, can it be,
I shall shortly rest with thee?

Satan fain would tell me, Lord,
That my God is dead.
While his poisoned arrows fly
Thickly round my head,
And I only miss each blow
At thy footstool lying low.

Blessed Jesus, hold my hand,
I am very weak;
And the light of thy dear face
Only would I seek;
Let it shine, O, let it shine!
Lighting this dark sight of mine!

Blessed Jesus, thou dost know
How my heart beats high,
When my soul, with love aglow,
Tells me thou art nigh.
Then I sing amid the gloom,
Waiting for the promised noon.

When, the shadow left behind,
In light shall stand;
And behold my "Sun and Shield,"
Crowned at God's right hand.
Then through ages I will sing
Of the beauty of my King.

Victoria, B. C.

E. MCRAE.

JUDGMENT OF SERVICE.

Christians at the Judgment-Seat of Christ on Trial as to their Work.

BY REV. JOHN AVERILL.

WHAT is the character and object of the judgment awaiting believers which is mentioned in II. Cor. 5: 9, 10? This is a question which has often troubled some of the children of God. So little is it understood, that many suppose they will have to be judged as to the salvation of their souls, that they cannot know whether they are saved until they die, and that the issue may remain doubtful until the final judgment.

Do the Scriptures leave the question thus? Do they leave it to that judgment to determine man's final destiny? Is not this "the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son? He that hath the Son hath life." Can this word change or fail?

The Scriptures teach that believers will "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ," but that not one will appear there as a criminal to be tried; that all the judgment upon sin has, for every believer, been visited upon Christ. So completely has sin been judged in the person of our Substitute, that "no condemnation" is left for those who are in him: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my Word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and cometh not into judgment."

The judgment will be the judgment of service. He will judge our walk as his children, and we shall have reward or loss according to the measure of our faithfulness. "The Master of the house" will reckon with his servants, not to determine whether they shall be saved—this question is unalterably decided now by his own Word for every believer—but to give to each according to the measure of his obedience since he was received into his family.

Rules for discipline and service are given to us in his Word; we cannot neglect and break these with impunity: "He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done." Some will be "ashamed before him at his coming;" ashamed of their negligence and disobedience as his servants. To faithful servants it is said, "Your reward shall be great in heaven;" to others, "Ye have no reward of your Father;" some will have the "full reward;" others "suffer loss," their "work shall be burned." Some obtain the crown of faithfulness, others fall short of it. "My reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." The special blessing and highest honor await the "faithful and wise servant."

"That every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done," etc. "Receive"—this is the technical word for receiving wages. In no sense and in no measure can we receive salvation as something due to us: it is of grace, not of debt; but the good and the bad, the well and ill-doing of each servant, he will judge in that day. No real believer can be lost: but if unfaithful—and according to the measure of his unfaithfulness—he may sustain tremendous loss, "he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire," but his work is lost. If as a believer he has been faithful—has been obedient to those instructions, a summary of which is given in II. Peter 1, then "an entrance shall be ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Christ."

St. Paul tells us in this passage how he and his fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus Christ were preparing for this judgment. "Wherefore we labor." What, labor to be saved? Surely not; such must be labor in vain. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy hath he saved us." "We labor," i.e., as saved persons, "that whether present or absent," i.e., whether we are in or out of the body, whether with the sleeping or the living saints at his appearing, our walk and service may meet with his approval. To such laborers he will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

There will be servants whom he cannot thus address. He will not call us faithful if we have not been so.

We must be faithful unto his truth, "holding fast the faithful word"—keeping "the word of his patience;" faithful in service to his body, remembering that not even a cup of water given to a disciple because he belongs to him, can lose a reward; and faithful as his witnesses before the world, in our walk and testimony "holding forth the Word of life."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Jos. M. Baker, Dwight, Ill. 1. When did Thomas Paine, the infidel, die? 2. Give the circumstances of his burial.

1. He died in New York, June 8, 1809. 2. He was refused burial by the Quakers, and was interred in a field on his own estate near New Rochelle. Several years later, Cobbett took the remains to England.

Mrs. G. W. Greenwich, N. Y. I would like to ask through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, how those destitute families get fuel to do their cooking with?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, besides supplying plain food, gives coal, wood, and oil to such destitute families as need these articles. The coal is furnished either in twenty-five pound lots, in bushels, or in quarter tons. Many poor families in tenements have no accommodations for storing more than a basket or a bushel at a time.

J. B. Hardgrave, Balton, Miss. Where was Noah's ark built? How far was it built from Mount Ararat? Has the extreme top of Mount Ararat ever been ascended? Where could I get a full history of Mount Ararat? Did Dr. Talmage publish a book giving his travels in the East?

The ark was built on the plains of Mesopotamia. The distance from the place of its building to Ararat cannot be definitely stated. A number of travelers have ascended Ararat at different times. A comprehensive description of the mountain range is to be found in McClintock & Strong's "Biblical Encyclopedia." Dr. Talmage published a series of sermons on his travels in the East.

Amos Brown, Amsterdam. Is it right for Christian people to read popular novels? What in your opinion is the effect of novel-reading on spiritual growth?

Novel-reading is a mental dissipation which with too frequent indulgence unites the mind for more substantial and useful literature. The "popular novel" is rarely free from this objection. There are some authors whose stories, having a historical or geographical basis, may be read with interest and profit, but they can hardly be classified among the producers of "popular novels," which as a whole are to be avoided, especially by those who desire spiritual and mental growth.

Bible Class Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. Student, Scranton, Pa.: E. Harwood and others. What scientific work would aid me in teaching the Sunday School Lessons of the International Series? I have charge of a class of intelligent young men who want to know if it is possible to reconcile the book of Genesis with scientific facts.

We doubt if scientific works would give you the help you need. Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" might serve your purpose in part. The best work on the subject we have seen, and perhaps the one from which you would most readily derive the special help you need, is the volume on Genesis in the Expositor's Bible. It is by Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D., an eminent scholar and theologian, who has written a plain, lucid treatise in which the difficulties you speak of are fairly stated, examined and solved, so far as it is possible to do so at the present stage of inquiry. The book is published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

Bill Bradley, of South Manchester, Conn., thus poetically pleads the cause of the Food Fund:

Ye rich folk, and poor folk, THE HERALD that read,
As thousands of people are now in great need,
And as many are starving in many a place,
Beseech you, for God's sake, to pity their case.
If not done before, when these lines you have read,
Send a dime, or a dollar, to buy them some bread.
For them I beseech you to feel in your hearts,
And to do some good feeling in some other parts—
In places located away farther down—
In the rent in the breeches and rent in the gown.
In that sensitive part of the man called "the pocket,"
Feel quick for a dime, or a larger deposit.
For when people are empty and whitened with frost,
It is all at all, there's no time to be lost.
Are you so fond of pelf that you will not give aught
To the destitute poor, who, at present, have naught?
Shall you leave them to perish of hunger and cold,
While you of your cash keep tenacious hold?
Shall creatures of God, in his own image made,
Die for lack of the food that you might have conveyed?
May the sick and the poor, the high and the low
Reply with a savor's vociferous, "No!"
With rich HERALD readers I now have got through,
But poor readers, in closing a word more with you,
I may be with you, as with this man of rhymes,
That, while you have neither got dollars or dimes,
You may not be able to forward a mickle,
But there's no one so poor that he can't send a nickel.

George Trindle, Lakesburg, Pa. Education and travel are the best means of storing the mind with knowledge. A good encyclopedia is a great help. —A. R. St. Charles, Ill. No—Constant Reader, Iowa City. They are best left alone—Subscriber, W. C. You can secure the International Teachers' Fine old Bible together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year by forwarding \$2 to this office. —H. Merrill, Merrillville, Ind. Already answered repeatedly in "The Mail-Bag." —I. E. Cambliss, Philadelphia. Address either Scribner's or Whittaker, publishers, N. Y. —E. Williamson, Barrie, Ont. We have the book you published by Scribner's, N. Y. —L. R. G. Stuttgart, Ark. We presume he died in the way the man himself selected. —J. I. J. Feltonville, Tex. Write to American Bible Society, Bible House, N. Y. —L. J. Wood, Springfield, Mass. and some twenty-four others have responded to the inquiry. —A. subscriber in Hudson, O. for the poem "The Power of Prayer." —H. E. Moore, Hot Springs, Ark. We should forgive as we hope to be forgiven. The apology or repentance of the offender should make no difference. —C. H. Wood, Cherry, Kan. The only information on the subject is to be found in the Bible itself. —Mrs. M. M. Joyner, Kilgore, Tex. writes that she and another lady wish to adopt two orphan children. They will receive comfortable home. Any parties writing to these ladies will receive attention.



THE LOST BIRTHRIGHT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Mar. 4, Rom. 8: 12-17; 31-39.

MODERN science has brought new light into our conceptions of ourselves. In teaching us how near akin we are to the beasts in substance and construction, it has taught us how sublime is the distinction which separates us from them. It shows us how the two natures exist within us, one of the earth, earthy, the tendency of which is to sink back into mere animalism; and the other, heavenly, reaching higher and ever higher toward God. The possession of this celestial nature is our birthright, and every man holds it as a sacred trust. In the words of the Apostle, we are debtors, but not to the flesh; we have received the spirit of adoption, and it is to that we are debtors. But the very possession of that spirit involves responsibility. It raises man to a position in which he cannot be treated as an automaton. He is treated as an intelligent creature who has the sense to improve the trust, to let it lie idle or to lose it altogether. Any of these a man may do with the godlike within him. He may choose to give himself to mere physical delights, to live entirely for the body, and may be-

Communion with him, and the power of the Holy Spirit may be had; and with these growth is assured. He who neglects these aids and lives for the gratification of his senses sells his birthright and in the end is poor indeed.

THREE B. Y. P. U. LEADERS.

Among those who have taken part in the movement which has developed into the Baptist Young People's Union, the three leaders whose portraits appear on this page deserve and occupy a prominent place. Miss Alice Boomer is the President of the Union of the State of Kansas. The Union is very strong in that State, there being not less than ten thousand young people of Baptist membership there, among whom the B. Y. P. U. has become a valued means of usefulness. At the recent State Convention at Wichita, when the election of a President was called for, a general wish was expressed that Miss Boomer, one of the Professors in the Hiawatha Academy, should accept the office. The result has justified the choice.

Under Miss Boomer's leadership the Union has made rapid progress, and is growing in numbers and efficiency. Mr. Charles A. Edsall is the President of the Pennsylvania Union. He is an Englishman by birth, but has been twenty-two years on this side of the Atlantic. He now resides at



THREE B. Y. P. U. STATE PRESIDENTS.

Mr. Charles A. Edsall. . . Miss Alice Boomer. . . Mr. Joseph Moody.

come a glutton or a drunkard, or a libertine, ignoring entirely his celestial birthright he becomes degraded and debased and descends in the scale of creation to the level of the brute. Or he may esteem his birthright so highly that he will choose to live for that supremely. Ignoring the appeals of his physical nature, he may seek to develop the spiritual within him and to grow on that side. The issue is put plainly before him with all its consequences: "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the spirit do mortify the body ye shall live." Observation confirms the statement. Men die in life. Numbers all around us have lost all spiritual life. They have no interest in spiritual thoughts. Speak to them of intellectual triumphs, of the nobility of self-sacrifice, of some beautiful example of self-denial and they do not understand it, they are not moved, there is no response. That side of their nature is dead as the affected side of a paralytic. But speak to them of dollars, of a chance to make wealth, or of pleasure and the response is quick and they are on the alert. The man is dead, the brute is alive. He has sold his birthright for something which appeases his appetites. But it must not be forgotten that the growth of the spiritual side of human nature can come only through effort. Make no effort and the animal becomes supreme. As in a garden, culture costs work but to make it a wilderness nothing is necessary but neglect. So God has placed within our reach divine aid.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Testimony is given by many pastors to the valuable help the Epworth League renders in preparing for and conducting revival services.

Extensive preparations are being made at Saginaw, Mich., for the entertainment of the annual Convention of the Epworth Leagues of the State which will take place March 27-29.

President Chapman of the B. Y. P. U., has received a warm welcome at Victoria, B. C. There was a large attendance at his meetings and general enthusiasm was manifested. Mr. Chapman's journey is a continuous ovation.

Five of the seven Christian Endeavor Societies connected with Grace Baptist Church of Philadelphia, the two Junior societies being excepted, are carrying on a mission in that city. Each of the sections takes charge in turn for a week, furnishing the preacher and the prayer-meeting leader, and caring for all the work.

A subscriber at Butte, Mont., writes us that there is a fine opening in that city for a Young Men's Christian Association. There is abundance of material, but no one to organize it and get the movement started. There is also urgent need for such an institution as places of temptation for young men whose evenings are unoccupied are multiplying.

At an enthusiastic meeting of Christian Endeavorers at Bristol, England, recently a Union was formed for Bristol and the District. Over two thousand members of the Societies were present. It was stated at the meeting that the number of British Societies had reached to 1,004 at the end of last year, and since that time the number organized had averaged three a day.

The executive committee of Young Men's Christian Associations in New York State, has issued a prospectus giving, in brief, a review of the work of the past year. It shows that their are 40,000 young men banded together in 150 associations; 9,000 of this number are in 27 railroad associations; 1,400 in college associations; 500 in 4 non-English associations; 4,500 boys in 58 boys' branches.

The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, which recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary, is now at work at seven points, covered by the Central association, Eastern District, Bedford, Prospect Park, Twenty-sixth Ward, German and Long Island College branches. Five localities and two special classes of men are represented in its work.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Newburgh, N. Y., under the leadership of H. J. Wilkins, is holding Sunday afternoon men's meetings in the opera house, with excellent success. On Sunday, January 21, 550 men were present. W. M. Fenno, of the Wagner Sleeping Car Co., Grand Central Depot, New York, made an excellent gospel address, and several arose for prayer.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Pennsylvania is making an aggressive campaign. The Corresponding Secretary has sent to each church the following questions: 1. Have you in your church a Young People's Society? If you have, give its name. 2. If you have not, are you in favor of organizing such a society along the lines and with the purposes of the Baptist Young People's Union? 3. Is your Society connected with other Young People's Societies in other Baptist churches? 4. If it is not, would its members be favorable to such affiliation, and would you promote it?

A Seamen's Home in New York, under the auspices of the Mizpah Circle of King's Daughters, has done great work in moral and spiritual aid to the seamen, which has been most gratefully accepted by them. In this branch of work aid has reached a class of men who are surrounded by bad influences the greater part of their time; but great hopes are entertained that some seeds of kindness may here take root and grow. A Sailors' Library has been started, which provides for boxes of good books for circulation among the various ships, and as the fund grows much good may be accomplished.



An Afternoon Call.

How a Typical High-Class Moslem Lady Entertains—A Pretty Pasha-ess and her Dignified Mother-in-Law.



HAVING due regard to the proprieties it is, perhaps, well that I should not state in which of the larger cities we have visited in Palestine and northern Syria. I availed myself of the invitation through a friend to pay my respects to the wife of a wealthy citizen. In our wanderings we have come upon Boston, New York and Chicago newspapers in such unlikely places that we have grown timid in the use of the names of persons and well-known localities. Some people on this side of the Mediterranean (and on the thither side of the Atlantic) like to be written up. The sight of one's name in print infuses a grateful glow through the moral and mental system, and titillates the self-love which is the one mighty common attribute of humankind from pole to pole. Others shrink honestly from printed publicity, as from the track of red-hot iron, even if the notice be laudatory. Nobody—and this is a rule without exception—enjoys being made ridiculous in the sight of friends or strangers.

In view of these things, the sketch of this one of my visits, if I would report everything as it happened, must go forth undated as to time and place.

We were set down by our coachman at the mouth of a long, rather narrow passage or court, paved with rough stones, and neither light nor clean. In the United States, we should have considered it an unpromising entrance to a factory or warehouse. As the introduction to the abode of one who counts his wealth by millions of dollars, it was simply inexplicable to the mind of the average traveler from the sunset land. As strange seemed the four flights of stone stairs we climbed to reach the drawing-rooms. They were not even marble steps up which we toiled pantingly, but of the yellowish freestone in general use here for the better class of buildings. Staircases borrow new horrors (to those who have left youth and length of wind behind them), from the height of Oriental ceilings. It is not unusual to find these in private residences from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and each staircase conducting to the floor above is double and mercifully broken by a landing. Upon these landings we paused to gather breath and heart, until we beheld at the head of the eighth half-flight, a maid in jacket and short skirt, a veil pinned over her black hair, awaiting us. Taking the right hand of each of us in turn, with both of hers, and courtesying so deeply that one knee must have touched the floor, she raised the back of the hand, first, to her lips, then to her forehead, lastly to her heart, and stepping back as she arose, motioned us to precede her into an open door. A few steps within the threshold of a spacious drawing-room, we were met by the mistress of the house. She is a Circassian, married to a Turkish gentleman, and still bears traces of unusual beauty in her clearly-moulded features, dark eyes and sweet smile. Her attire was a disappointment. I had expected oriental magnificence and found Parisian simplicity in a pale-pink gown, trimmed modestly with native lace. Except that her wrists were loaded with bracelets and that the brooch at her throat was a superb emerald, the largest I ever saw, surrounded by diamonds, I should have sought vainly for tokens of her nationality and her husband's wealth. She greeted us cordially, shaking

hands as an Englishwoman might, and led us through the outermost and largest room of the suite to a smaller where she waved us to arm-chairs. Two little girls, eight and ten years of age, were their mother's aides in making us welcome. Each bent her pretty head to kiss our hands, and each, unbidden unless by the mother's eye, hastened to fetch stools for our feet before withdrawing into the background.

I could speak no Arabic; our hostess neither English nor French. We carried on a sort of three-cornered conversation that would have been dull enough to a listener, the trite nothings of polite society losing what little flavor they might have had at first hand (or mouth) in filtering from English into Arabic and back from Arabic to me in English.

My initial observation that the afternoon had become suddenly warm was made in French under the impression that the handsome Circassian understood that tongue, and at her inquiring look, had to be "done" into English that the interpreter might get hold of it. It was irresistibly funny, but we three kept straight faces and proceeded to pelt one another with cut-and-dried figures of speech, the little daughters regarding us with wide grave eyes, and a maid, a straight dark-eyed woman, a striking figure, standing in the arched doorway of the third drawing-room, never removed her gaze from the hands of her mistress. She had slipped off her sandals upon entering the parlor, and stood now in her white-stockinged feet upon the carpet.

This carpet was another and a sharp dis-



A SYRIAN MAN-SERVANT.

appointment. It was costly in material, but for pattern, might have been selected by a rich vulgarian in Cincinnati or Denver. With the vision before me of certain Persian and Turkish rugs I had seen that day in a city bazaar, the soft harmony of whose colors were a dream of artistic perfection, I resented the glaring flowers ramping over about four hundred yards of white ground. Chairs and sofas from a Parisian upholsterer were pushed stiffly against the walls; satin curtains from the same establishment hung at the dozen windows. The bare walls were the only evidence of Moslem occupation of the vast rooms.

I was beginning to weary of tasteless splendor that had in it hardly a touch of the Oriental element, when another maid, putting her sandals at the entrance, ushered in two more visitors. They were introduced to us in due form as the wife and mother of

the highest Turkish official in the city, and were evidently personages of importance. It presently transpired that they were to remain to dinner. That meal would be served at six o'clock, and it was now a little after four. Three maids removed the new visitors' hoods and wraps, and the wife of the Pasha accepted an arm-chair. Not so with her mother-in-law. Parisian innovations might catch the fancy of the younger generation, and turn aside the very elect from time-honored customs. She would none of them. A couple of maids hastened under the mistress's direction to heap in one corner four red satin cushions, and, when the old woman had crossed her legs upon them, to place other cushions at her back. Thus established, she sighed satisfiedly and smiled around the room. She supplied the "Oriental element" for which I had longed!

Answering the smile and nod bestowed upon me when she learned that I had made a three weeks' journey to see her, I took a mental photograph of her as Moslem and as mother-in-law. The East is the paradise of mothers-in-law, as I shall further demonstrate some day, and this particular specimen of a well-abused class magnified her office. It was plain that she considered herself the most important personage in the room. Her daughter-in-law was languid and looked sickly. Her sallow complexion showed to disadvantage against a Parisian gown of tan-colored stuff, with a vest of creamy silk; her heavy bracelets hung upon her lean wrists like handcuffs; her head was bare, and her hair negligently arranged. After her mother-in-law had interrupted her several times in the middle of a remark indolently uttered in the Turkish dialect, she became silent, leaned back in her arm-chair and lighted a cigarette. A silver stand of cigarettes and matches was brought in just before her arrival.

The "Oriental element" was clad in yellow silk trousers, white silk stockings and yellow slippers, as her attitude allowed us ample opportunities for observing. Above these was a long shapeless sacque of fawn-colored silk, quilted in perpendicular rows. If she had selected color and pattern with an eye to heightening her native homeliness, her success was perfect. The sacque was large in the neck and revealed the dingy wrinkles of the throat. A big diamond on one hand a ruby upon the other, called attention to the thick, yellowish fingers, when she clasped her hands below one knee and swayed gently back and forth. Her head was bound about with a white turban, or loose cap, below which escaped stray gray locks; she had but three teeth, and her lower lip hung loosely. I could compare her to nothing but the hag of childish nightmares and the wicked fairy of folk-lore. Yet she laughed benevolently when the pretty little girls approached her and bowed to kiss her venous hand, and patted them on the head, muttering what sounded like an incantation, and was probably a blessing.

Small gilded tables were now brought in, and upon them were set in array a Sevres tea-service, and silver baskets of biscuits and cakes. The hostess poured out the tea, through a silver tea-strainer—precisely as an American woman serves it on her "At Home" afternoon; the maids passed the refreshments to the guests. The "Oriental element" refused the foreign beverage with an imperious wave of the hand, and looked on rebukingly.

But the oddest performance was still store for my unaccustomed eyes. As the bell in a neighboring tower struck five, the old lady scrambled to her feet like a cat, and without uttering a word, waddled into the third room of the suite. The black-eyed maid who stood, statue-like, in the doorway, followed her, and the hostess, with no sign of surprise, excused herself to us with a slight bend of the head, and went, as we supposed, to see what it all meant. In my Western ignorance, I supposed that the "Oriental element" meditated a nap upon the luxurious divan visible through the wide arch, and when the maid dragged out a rug from beneath the cushioned lounge, was puzzled by seeing her lay it in the exact middle of the apartment. The hostess now produced from the drawer of a cabinet a long white scarf of some thin tissue, and offered it to the "Oriental element." Stepping upon the oblong bit of carpeting which I now saw was what buyers of eastern stuffs know as "a prayer-rug," the crone wrapped the scarf over her head and across her forehead and chin, after the manner of a veil, and folding her hands, first upon her chest, then upon her forehead, raised them and her eyes toward the ceiling.

The maid resumed her station in the door-

way, her dark face as immobile as the Egyptian Sphinx, her eyes again directed to the hands of her mistress, who came back to us, saying tranquilly in Arabic:

"Madame wishes to pray!"

I bent my head involuntarily, feeling and courtesy dictating some token of respect to



AN EASTERN WATER-CARRIER.

an act of devotion, but the daughter-in-law took a fresh cigarette and a handful of sweets from a basket near by, and with the air of one temporarily relieved from an irksome presence, began a lively chat with the lady of the house, into which my friend and interpreter was speedily drawn. While the talk proceeded, I watched furtively, but closely, the proceedings in the adjoining room. It was one of the three times a day at which the devout Moslem must pray with his face toward Mecca. I have been informed since that it is unusual to see a woman Moslem at her devotions, although the faithful of the other sex drop spade, trowel, paint-brush, chisel, awl, plough, even knife and fork, at the appointed season and prostrate themselves as commanded by the Koran. But this particular specimen of the "Oriental element," obviously differing from St. Paul as to the profitableness of bodily exercise, went through the various stages of her orisons with a swing and energy worthy of the most stalwart follower of the Prophet. She bowed seven times toward the holy city, at an angle her apparent infirmity would seem to make impossible; she lifted eyes and clasped hands times without number, and finally went down upon her knees on the prayer-rug, and bumped her head hard upon the spot indicated by the pattern as the proper and edifying point where the faithful forehead should strike. She was still in this attitude, her covered head rising and falling with the regularity of an automatic toy, when we took our leave. The performance, so extraordinary to us, was of no moment whatever to her fellow-religionists. Their gossip went on more smoothly for her absence; their voices were not lowered by so much as a semi-tone. Unless deafened by religious ecstasy, she must have heard every word. The hostess offered no excuse or explanation. Attending us to the outer door of the drawing-room, she thanked us for the honor we had done her by calling, and hoped that we would repeat our visit, then went back to the Pasha-ess, who was helping herself to a third cigarette. The little daughters kissed our hands, and raised them to their foreheads, the three maids courtesied low to us from their several stations; our last glimpse of the "Oriental element" showed her still prostrate, and still smiting the prescribed spot of the prayer-rug with her forehead. The fair Circassian is her husband's only wife, and they have, as we have seen, advanced ideas upon the subject of house-keeping and the entertainment of visitors. Their daughters have a governess—a Parisian—and the sons a tutor. But with the exception of her husband, not a man enters her presence. There was a queer sensation in sitting in social converse with three women whose lives were so rigorously divided from what, in our own land, brings variety and spirit into homes and society, the frank and gracious association of the sexes.

Woman may be said to supply the sugar-and-water at such entertainments, and some people, notably the French, enjoy, "eau sucrée." The American palate—and constitution—give the preference to lemonade.

MARION HARLAND.



CHAPTER VIII. Continued.)

DISCOVERING here that she was drifting into her vernacular, and standing always in awe of her mistress's dignified kinsman, Elspeth lapsed into silence.

Mr. Lanier raised his eyes abruptly from a seemingly minute scrutiny of his patent-leather boots.

"You have been with Mrs. Paull a long time, Elspeth?" he said, mildly, although his face was not softened.

"Sin' five years before she was married, sir."

"You are so well acquainted with our family affairs, it is but just I should take you into full confidence now—" two odd white dents deepening about the nostrils as he talked. "In my judgment, it would be better if the two elder children, at least, were given plainly to understand that Mr. Paull is no longer to be considered their father, or their mother's husband. In all human probability he will never return to America. Not to disguise an ugly truth, he is passing off another woman as his wife and traveling-companion. I beg your pardon for speaking so plainly!" for the upright Scotchwoman uttered a low horrified cry—"But it had to be said. Their mother will not consent that the children shall hear the facts in the case. She thinks that they will gradually forget one whom they never see, and whose name is seldom mentioned. I have paid to his employers the money he stole, and have seen to it that the wretched story did not find its way into the newspapers. I stand prepared to keep my sister above the chance of want, and to help educate her children. All this I have written to Ernest Paull. He is, I have discovered through agents I have on the other side of the Atlantic, living in Nice, France, under the name of "Mr. Paul Morgan," and that he and his companions are already known in that town as gambling adventurers. I have, furthermore, notified him that if he ever shows his face in this country again, I will give him up to the law. As I shall—were he doubly my brother-in-law. He has destroyed my sister's happiness. He shall not hang upon her life like a foul growth that would draw all the strength and sweetness out of it!"

"Does she know—what you have told me, sir?"

The question was whispered; the rugged features were wrung out of their grim impassiveness by the revolting revelation.

"She does! I had to break the news to her in the first place, and three days ago, she sent the nurse out of the room and would know what I had heard since she was struck down by that blow. I had to tell her."

"The wonder is that she isn't dead outright, sir; her that fairly worshipped the very print of his feet in the dust."

She raised a corner of her apron to her eyes.

"If she had not sprung from genuine Lanier stock—if she were one degree less spirited, she would have died," said the brother. "As to Miss Marie—she is an especial pet of yours, I am aware, Elspeth, but she is her father's daughter, within and without. All this rubbish about making a patron saint of a man who is not worthy to black her mother's shoes—this keeping flowers under his portrait, and praying to it!"

"Na! na! Mr. Lanier! I dinna say that, on'y that she was minded to kneel down before it when she prayed."

In the depth of her honest distress, she could not have her nursing misrepresented.

Mr. Lanier smiled indulgent amusement. "It amounts to about the same thing. Marie would be a nice girl but for her likeness in character and face to her father. She may come to something better, now that she will be left entirely to her mother's management. But she is a Paull and must be watched carefully. I shall urge my sister to-day to tell her everything, young as she is, but I have little hope of succeeding in

making her mother see that she owes it to herself to do this. It will be just like the silly little sentimentalist that Marie is to nurse her fancied sorrows, and go on idolizing the rascal who would, by now, be lodged behind prison bars if he had not happened to marry Alice Lanier eighteen years ago—more's the pity!—it would be just like Marie, I say, to add to her mother's trials by disrespectful behavior, and cruel questions, even if she does not defy her authority altogether."

"She'll not do that, sir. She's been too well reared, and she has too good a heart."

He almost laughed now at the anxious deprecation in word and accent.

"I am willing to hope so, if only because she is your favorite, my sister's eldest daughter, and my mother's namesake. All depends upon our success in getting the Paull out of her nature, and the Lanier in. I shall, as I remarked, try to change her mother's mind with respect to the wisdom of telling Lanier and Marie the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Is she ready to see me, now?"

When their footsteps sounded upon the floor of the upper hall, the folds of the half-drawn portiere hanging in the doorway between the parlor and dining-room moved, and Marie stepped into sight.

She was studying in the front parlor, when Elspeth answered the door-bell the young girl had not heard. At the sound of her uncle's voice, she ran behind the curtain, supposing that he would, as was his custom, go directly upstairs. Disappointed in this expectation, she saw no impropriety in remaining in her hiding-place while the talk ran upon her mother's health. He would, undoubtedly, go to see his sister as soon as he had satisfied himself on this point. He had not taken a seat, and the interview would be brief and unimportant. When Elspeth introduced her own (Marie's) name, and entered upon her description of the portrait-scene, anger and shame paralyzed the eavesdropper. Each instant made it more difficult to discover herself; presently she ceased to think of doing it.

They were conspirators, plotting against her happiness; slanderers of him whom she revered and loved beyond all other created things. Self-preservation, and, yet more, jealousy for her father's honor and fair fame, incited her to get all the information she could collect, by any means, of their dastardly scheme. In asserting that she was Ernest Paull's own child in character as in features, her uncle had not specified among the traits they held in common a vanity so sensitive that the mother had often been sick at heart in recognizing the offshoot of a stock too deeply-rooted in the father ever to be killed out. Mr. Lanier's criticisms of herself, so much more disdainful than if he had revealed her faults to her mother, or spoken to herself of them, stung her like spatters of boiling oil. She would have flouted hotly the insinuation that a large proportion of the resentment that carried her beyond the bounds of reason and natural affection for the mother who bore her, was not so much generous indignation over her father's wrongs as the smart of sacrificed self-esteem.

She had never been fond of her Uncle Roger, reflecting, while yet a child, her father's sentiments toward his upright and stately brother-in-law. As she gained in age and intelligence, her father and she exchanged views as to her mother's best-beloved relative, and she sympathized warmly with his wounded pride—he named it "feeling"—when the terms of her grandfather's were known. Ernest Paull was always consciously or mechanically, posing for effect in one character or another. As an affectionate husband, ready and glad to expend his worldly substance for his family, he doubtless sometimes imposed upon himself. Marie's belief in him was absolute. Roger Lanier was sorely tried that day, and spoke

with more warmth than was habitual with him, even under strong provocation. Judgment and language would have been more charitable had he been given more time in which to digest the information sprung upon him by the serving woman. As it was, he carried a more temperate spirit into his sister's presence. Before the stairhead was reached he would, if appealed to, have modified the sentence hastily pronounced upon a young, passionate creature whose chief fault in his eyes was the resemblance for which she was not responsible, to the man he abhorred.

She stood, trembling like an aspen, her palms pressed hard upon her temples, her eyes wild, her face livid from the storm that raged in her soul.

"I don't believe it! It is a lie, an abominable, wicked, wicked lie!" she hissed through locked teeth.

Then, hearing Mrs. Williams coming up the kitchen-stairs, she dashed up to her room, bolted the door, and flung herself, face downward, upon the floor, clutching fiercely at the carpet until the nails fastened themselves in the threads.

"Papa, papa, my wronged, insulted, persecuted darling!" she moaned. "Oh! I could kill them! I could kill them!"

At three o'clock that Saturday afternoon she entered the post-office, a mile and more from her home, and asked for "a French stamp."

"I beg pardon, Miss!" said the clerk.

"I want to send a letter to Nice in France," she answered, coloring as she felt that another customer standing beside her, turned toward her at the words.

"Ah!" Without explanation of her blunder, the servant employed by his Master, the Public, to discharge his nominal duties with the slightest possible outlay of language and courtesy—passed over a five cent stamp.

"Do you think that will take my letter all right?" faltered the novice doubtfully.

"Take it anywhere on the globe."

She affixed it, without further remark, laying the envelope on the counter to do it, the address in bold, black characters, uppermost, and dropped it into the slit over the letter-basket.

She was overtaken at the outer door, by a bright-faced, dark-eyed personage, whose apparel and speech bespoke the lady.

"I beg you to excuse the seeming impertinence, but am I mistaken in supposing you to be Miss Paull?"

"That is my name," civilly curt.

Just now she was disposed to aggressiveness, with or without provocation.

"Your voice is so like your mother's that it startled me, but you have your father's face," resumed the stranger. "Your mother was my school-mate and dear friend. I am Mrs. Barnes. I heard yesterday, for the first time, and then through apparent accident, that she is living in Brooklyn, quite near us, and that she is ill. I could not resist the temptation to follow you when I heard you speak, just now, and caught a glimpse of your face. Will you tell me exactly how she is to-day, and if there is any way in which I can be of service to her?"

CHAPTER IX.

"For patience,—when the rough winds blow.

For patience,—when our hopes are fading.

When visible things all backward go,

And nowhere seems the power of aiding.

God still enfolds thee with his viewless hand

And leads thee surely to the fatherland."

—From the German.

He who knows the Pequod, New Jersey, of to-day has but an imperfect idea of what Pequod township was at the date of which I am writing.

Beautiful for situation it must ever have been, since the hills settled upon their foundations, and the waters found their level at the foot of the range of hills. Right in the centre of the valley lies a lakelet, three miles in length, and less than one mile in breadth at the widest part. The shores are notched boldly by headlands, and curved gracefully by meadows, and grooved at intervals by reedy creeks, and brown, brisk brooks racing down from the mountains to see for themselves what the greater open world is like. Back of the lake, and on all sides of it, are the hills,—mountains, the New Jersey folk call them—proving the correctness of the nomenclature by reference to the map of the United States whereupon they figure as faintly-outlined spurs of the far-stretching Blue Ridge, which forms the ribs upon the right side of our Continent. With over-lapping declivities these eminences encircled Pequod Lake, an Old Guard of honor.

They are friendly mountains, and socially-minded toward the valley they environ; in benignant swells and dips they lie against the sky, looming through mists, and sinking to sleep under the stars. At the date of this humble chronicle, they were the boundary of this sparse settlement bearing the same name as the lake and township.

There were not more than fifteen dwellings within sight of a young girl who sat one June forenoon upon the steps of a church set well towards the base of the tallest wall of the amphitheatre of hills. The building antedated the Revolutionary War, and, although modern vandalism under the disguise of improvement, had done its best—or worst—to spoil it by daubing with white paint bricks reddrown with age, it was still a creditable specimen of Colonial architecture. It stood about twenty yards away from the highway—"street" by courtesy, and by virtue of definite, if unpaved sidewalks. Behind the church was the burying-ground, better kept than the majority of rural cemeteries, and across the side-street to the left the "Academy," alias the district school-house, the junior by fifty years of the sanctuary. The broad thoroughfare was lined with spreading elms, and, sweeping by the church and the white parsonage nestled confidingly under the venerable eaves, divided the church property from the grandest house in the township,—erected by a retired city merchant,—crossed a bridge and rolled along a hundred-yard level; ran over a second bridge built above one of the racing brooks aforesaid, then—past another homestead inferior in size, and superior in age to the former, and, swerving slightly to the left, had an easy time of it until it gained a third bridge which carried it into "the village," situated nearly a measured mile from the church. A woollen mill made the village, and the same corporation ran "the store" and post-office.

The girl who had let herself down wearily in the shade cast by the elms upon the broad, low step of the church, was Marie Paull. As she took off her straw hat and fanned herself with it, one could see that she was sligher in figure and more ethereal of visage than she had been six months before. The lines of cheek and chin were fine to delicacy, the blue eyes were larger and deeper, the corners of the mouth had a dispirited droop. Sanguine observers foretold that she would pick up flesh when she stopped growing. She had "run up like a mullein-stalk or a hop-vine. By-and-by, she would get all her perpendicular inches, and go to work to make bone and flesh."

Pessimistic well-wishers asked solicitously if there were consumption in any branch of the family, and "only hoped that she might weather the next three years. So many girls went out, like the wick of an empty lamp, between seventeen and twenty-one."

The change in her appearance, and her failure in vigor and appetite, together with the hacking cough that wore upon Mrs. Paull's vital forces after she was convalescent from fever, were the alleged causes of the removal of the family to the country in April. Roger Lanier, had come into possession, in the way of an exchange of property, of an old-fashioned farmstead in a retired neighborhood of Northern New Jersey. He offered it to his sister, rent-free, for as long a time as she chose to occupy it, having, as he said, no use for it himself, and preferring to put a good care-taker into it to troubling himself with a farmer-tenant. The location was healthy; it was, by stage and railway, within two hours of New York City; for some years to come the three younger children would be better off in the country.

Mrs. Paull was not hood-winked by the dry, business-like details of the scheme as propounded by her brother. She was too familiar with his style of conferring benefits to embarrass him by voluble gratitude, but when he had gone, she secluded herself in her chamber for an hour before she could trust countenance or voice to make known the purport of Roger's visit to Marie.

She would consult the child, first of all, in the momentous matter of a change of home. It was a golden opportunity for breaking down the thickening wall of reserve of which she had become conscious by the time she left her bed and endeavored to take her old place in the household. Indeed, the change in the once merry, affectionate daughter whose graceful development she had watched with maternal pride, was the means of awakening her from the strange numbness of brain and heart considered by physician and nurse the gravest symptom of her malady.

(To be continued.)

Across the Dark Continent.

How Dr. James Johnston Found "The Christian Herald" in Africa—His Opinion of the Duties of Churches and Missionaries—Khama and Lewanika.

A singular coincidence in connection with his journal was described by Dr. James Johnston, the African explorer, on a visit he recently paid to this office. He said that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would always be associated in his mind with a very pleasant surprise he had during his long African journey. After his weary tramp from the West Coast east and south, he reached Mashonaland, weary and discouraged, and terribly sick with the African fever. It was seven months since he had received news from home, or had seen any newspaper, and a long time since he had looked on a white face. As he lay there, tossing in fever, the longing for some news of civilization grew intolerable. Calling one of his boys to his side he told him to scour the country in

had a special interest for him above all others. Nothing could have cheered and encouraged him so much and that at a time when he was so sorely in need of such help. In reply to a question as to the justice of the criticism called forth by his book on "Romance versus Reality in South Central Africa," which was exhaustively reviewed in this journal on Dec. 6, 1893, Dr. Johnston said that there could be no greater mistake made than to infer from his book that he is an opponent of missionary work in the Dark Continent. He is distinctly and emphatically in favor of missionary effort; and his journey confirmed the belief, with which he set out, that the duty of the Christian Church to prosecute it is imperative. His sole aim and object in writing as he has done was to put before the people a true, accurate and unvarnished description of the field and to state the conditions and describe the methods by which alone, in his opinion, could the work be carried on successfully. He thought it was better for the Church and the missionary and for the consecrated

testify that, if slowly, yet surely the power for good of a mission such as this, conducted on plain practical common sense as well as Christian principles, must in due course become manifest both in lives and homes of the people among whom it is established." King Khama, who helped the British in their conflict with the Matabele, was ill with fever when Dr. Johnston was in his country. Khama is a Christian and a strong temperance man. His rule is absolute and he exercises it to enforce Prohibition. Not only does he drive off his territory any trader who introduces intoxicating liquor, but banishes any native who is caught making native beer. His own brother-in-law was one of the offenders thus punished. Khama, however, does not always exert his authority to so good a purpose. Dr. Johnston found domestic slavery a recognized institution in the land and Khama, of course, the principal slaveholder. There was much immorality also in the country and Khama opposed reforms in social customs which might restrict it. Of Lewanika, the King of the Marotsi, who according to the cable dispatches is now strenuously endeavoring to prevent Lobengula taking refuge in his country, Dr. Johnston has much to say. He made an extended stay there, as Lewanika had considerable sickness in his land and was glad to have a white physician there. So pressing was his hospitality, that Dr. Johnston found himself practically a prisoner until the epidemic abated. A portrait of his majesty in royal costume appeared in our issue of Dec. 6. Lewanika is an enthusiast in music and he likes to have it wherever he goes. His musicians are required to play during the night while he slumbers to soothe him and keep away the spirits of the men he has put to death. A picture of the royal band with their drums appears on this page. Lewanika is opposed to the entrance of missionaries into his land and has kept a Primitive Methodist missionary with his delicate wife and child encamped in a wagon on the borders of his country for many months, refusing them permission to enter. M. Coillard, a French missionary, who has labored in the country successfully for seven years, was refused permission by Lewanika for a whole year before being allowed to settle.

AN UNFOUNDED REPORT.

President Greene of the Princeton Theological Seminary, has written a denial of the statement that two of the students of the Seminary have sought admission in the Roman Catholic Church. He says there is no truth whatever in the report.



THE COURT-BAND OF LEWANIKA, KING OF THE BAROTSE.
(Copyright by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.)

search of some settler who had an English newspaper and to buy it off him for any price he wanted. The boy went away on his errand and was absent a long time. One blazing hot afternoon Dr. Johnston saw him coming back with a paper in the cleft stick in which the African carriers carry letters and papers. He seized it eagerly, while the boy told the story of his search. After many inquiries and many miles of travel he had heard of a man who kept a species of saloon, which also served the purpose of a Post Office, if the office for such postal service as exists in Mashonaland can be dignified by such a title. The man in charge heard the boy's appeal on behalf of the sick traveler and admitted that he had some English papers, but said that they were too rare and precious to be parted with. Looking over them again, he said, "Here is a religious paper in English, I don't suppose we shall have much use for that here. You can take that to your master." Dr. Johnston opened it and saw to his delight that it was a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which he is a regular reader in his Jamaica home. The familiar heading was sufficient for him for the moment, bringing up in his mind a host of tender recollections and as he looked at it, his eyes were dimmed with tears. But a still greater surprise was in store for him. On the first page was his own portrait and a picture of his beloved home in Jamaica. It was the issue of Feb. 3, 1892, in which we told the story of his work in Jamaica and his setting out for Africa with his negro helpers. He did not know of the story having been published and was therefore all the more astonished. It seemed to him like a special intervention of Providence in his behalf that in his sickness and loneliness, fifteen hundred miles from the coast, right up in the heart of Africa, he should meet with his favorite journal and with that number of it which

mer who were intending to become missionaries to know the exact truth. The Church ought to know how dense was the darkness of the African mind, how slow and how difficult is the process of getting the native to comprehend the object of the missionary's coming to Africa and how patient it ought to be in waiting for results of the labors of the men it sends out. The eagerness of missionary societies to receive from the missionaries in Africa news of conversions and of churches being formed, Dr. Johnston believes has led some missionaries to send home statements in which their hopes were expressed rather than the absolute facts and so the church has been unintentionally deceived. The missionary has been so encouraged by the numbers who came to listen to him and to learn to read that he has entertained hopes of conversion which subsequent events have not justified and the men whom he had described in his letters home as on the point of accepting Christ and declaring themselves Christians have grieved and disappointed him by manifesting sordid motives and relapsing into heathenism. As an instance of successful missionary work, Dr. Johnston cites the American Board's station at Celumi which he visited. There he found Revs. Stover, Woodside and Cotton with their wives, and Miss Clark, a Canadian lady, who assists in teaching school. The station has been established twelve years and there are now twenty-four converts in church fellowship. "The marked improvement in the social condition of the natives in the neighborhood, as compared with those met in other parts,

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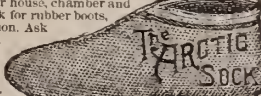
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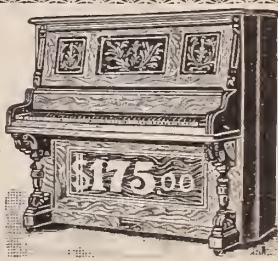
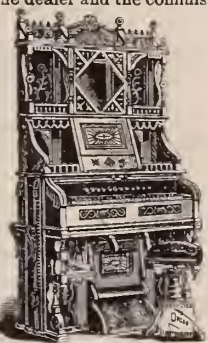
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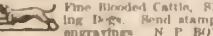
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 9.

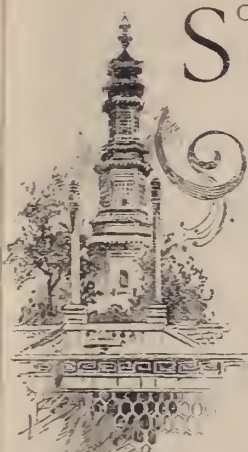
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

How A GREAT MISSION GREW.

The Brilliant Christian Service Performed in the Celestial Empire by the China Inland Mission and its Founder, Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.



SOME years ago a lady who was visiting some relatives about eighty miles from her home, rose from the dinner-table and excusing herself to the party went to her room, and locking the door, threw herself on her knees in earnest prayer. It was evident that it was no slight request that she was presenting, but something

very dear to her heart. She remained there a long time pleading and the shades of night had fallen when she rose, but the shadows had passed from her face and the clear light of faith shone there. She believed that her petition had been granted. She had been praying for the conversion of her beloved son, who had fallen among bad companions and had become practically an infidel. What that meant to this Christian lady and her

husband and none but themselves knew. From his birth they had prayed for him, that he might live to love and serve God. The father had been particularly definite in his petitions. A book by Capt. Basil Hall describing the appalling spiritual darkness of China, had fallen into his hands and as he read of the hundreds of millions of people to whom no missionary was preaching the Gospel, his heart ached, and he prayed that his infant boy might be used to carry the good news to that benighted land. This was the boy who at sixteen years of age was enmeshed in the snares of scepticism. It was for this boy that his mother was pleading through that evening. Eighty miles away the boy was in his home. He had an unoccupied even-

ing and looked around the house for something to read. He took up a magazine and his attention was attracted by a story. As he read on he discovered that the story was merely an introduction to a religious appeal. He thought he would finish the story and put the thing aside when he reached the religious application. But he read on; light broke upon his soul and there and then he knelt down and gave himself to Christ. Out of the answer to that mother's prayer, so quickly granted, has grown the great organization now known in every land by its name of "the China Inland Mission," which has now five hundred and sixty missionaries laboring in that dark land, most of whom have gone to districts where the name of Jesus had never been heard until they spoke it. The name of that boy is J. Hudson Taylor, a name that China will never forget and which multitudes love, because the man who bears it, has been the means of extending Christ's kingdom into regions barred by impenetrable prejudice.

Mr. Taylor's conversion was followed by a solemn consecration. Speaking of it long afterwards, he said: "I put myself, my life, my all upon the altar. . . . For what service I was accepted I knew not; but a deep consciousness that I was no longer my own took possession of me. . . . I was not my own to give myself away; for I knew not when or how he whose alone I was, and for whose disposal I felt I must ever keep my-

and the minister asked him how he proposed to go.

"I suppose," said the lad, "I shall go as the twelve and seventy went in Judaea, without purse or scrip, relying for my needs on him who calls me to the work." This was in 1847 and he was then fifteen years old. The minister told him that he would grow wiser as he grew older. "I have grown older," Mr. Taylor said recently, "but I am not wiser. I have made God my sole reliance these many years."

He had chosen medicine as his profession prior to his conversion, and realizing how helpful that knowledge would be in his work as a missionary, he continued his studies, availing himself of every opportunity for Christian work. It was



REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S., &C.

Evangelization Society willingly accepted the young volunteer, and under its auspices he commenced his labors in China, on March 1, 1854.

His early experiences were most discouraging. His life was frequently in danger and unexpected difficulties were encountered through the disturbed condition of the country. But

what oppressed his mind most was the terrible fact that the proportion of missionaries to the population was only one missionary to three million Chinese. He

toiled on working hard and faithfully. He needed no stimulant, but one came to him in a startling question from a Chinese convert, who was brought to Christ from Buddhism under Mr. Taylor's preaching.

After describing how he and his father had diligently sought the true light in Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, the convert expressed his joy in finding it in Christ and was profuse in his gratitude to the missionary.

"How long," he asked, "have your people had this glorious Gospel?" Mr. Taylor told him it had been known for hundreds of years. "Is it possible?" the convert exclaimed. "My father died without knowing it and you had the glad tidings in your pos-

session so long and have only now come to tell us! Oh, why did you not come earlier?" That question Mr. Taylor found it difficult to answer. He carried it home with him when in 1860 he returned to England

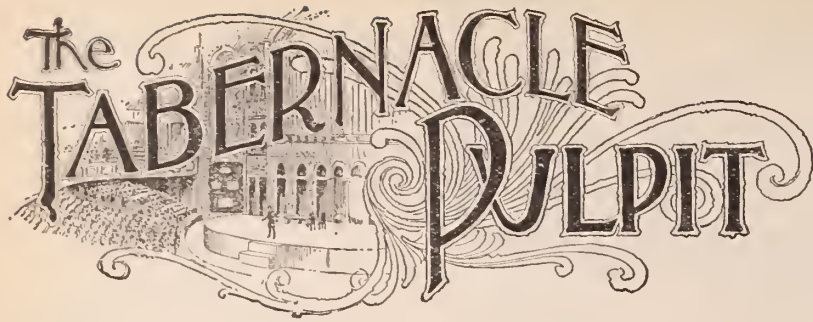
Continued on page 131.



A STREET SCENE IN HANK-HOW, CHINA.

self free, might call for service." Within a few months the call came. The impression was wrought in his soul that it was in China that the Lord wanted him. He acquainted his minister with his conviction

not until 1853 that the way to work in China opened for him. He had declared himself ready to go, though he should have to go as a common sailor. But there was no need for such a method. The Chinese



THE HUMAN FACE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Eccl. 8: 1: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."

THUS a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them; but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances, benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God hath wrought such differences that the sixteen hundred million of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearances. The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battle-field of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenances shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive, because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident, or sickness, or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him, and trust him. Yet, stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indices of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent, there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic, there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits. Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us, we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip, and the spread of the nostril, and the correlation of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid?

Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial, and financial, and social, and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the shining "face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Pharaoh," the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrectionary staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the English Parliament in the time of George II. ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses, and Joshua, and Job, and John, and Paul, as well as of Homer, and Hippocrates, and Galen, and Aristotle, and Socrates, and Plato, and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this theme.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be pre-natally, as the Psalmist declares when he writes: "In thy book all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The sloth, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness.

Now, my text suggests how we may, independent of features, make ourselves agreeable: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity; or by long years of cruel behavior they may have Herodized all the machinery of expression; or by long years of avarice they may have been shylocked until their face is as hard as the precious metal they are hoarding: but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the Presidential Cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he rose

from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney-general for the United States was needed he entered the Presidential Cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia court-room cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement, Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe I was a beautiful blue-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so; but I was one day playing with my sister, when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief, and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression, witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak;" and George Whitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus; and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American Congress with his eloquence; and thousands of invalid preachers, and Sabbath-school teachers, and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious Being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah who described his face bruised, and gashed, and scarified, and said of him, "His visage was so marred more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is Cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a malodor. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation: "All men are liars;" everything is going to ruin. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women, or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal, and state, and national. Somehow, food does not taste as it used to and they wonder why there are no poets, or orators, or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest, and at one time one of the worst, of men, falls into the pessimistic mood, and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features: hence so many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed, and scowled, and lachrymosed, and blasted with the same midnight.

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer-mug, and demijohn, and distillery, and bomb-shell, and rifle-pit, and seventy-four pounders, and roulette-tables, and corrupt book, and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheek and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. Those are the faces I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are Heaven impersonated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are hallelujahs alighted. They are Christ re-incarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father, or your mother, or look like no one under

the heavens—to God and man you are beautiful. Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is to be famous for all time because of its expressiveness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statue was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face, Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of Him "Behold the man!"

Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it Revenge, or Hate, or Malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart it encamps seven devils under the eye-brows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero, and Robespierre, and Diocletian, and thumb-screws, and racks all up and down the features. Infernal artists with murderers' daggers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition in the revengeful countenance. Disfiguration of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is Kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all the children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all a-flash, and mountains of transfiguration and noon-day in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever touched human countenance. No one could wonder at the unusual geniality in the face of William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wine-glass upside down, saying: "I may be doing this offend some, but by not doing it, I might damage many." Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the Gospel of physiognomy.

A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the terrace one morning in his invalidism, he saw a rider flung from a horse into the river, and without thinking of his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time, bore him in safety to the bank, when, glancing into the face of the rescued man, he cried, "My God!

I have saved my own son!" All kindness comes back to us in one way or another; if not in any other way then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him, when by one motion of his paw the monster could have crushed the insignificant disturber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse gnawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you cannot afford to despise a mouse. When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of the White House saying, "They have lied about the President's being homely; he is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that President's rugged face was written the kindness which he so well illustrated when he said: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face to shine while life lasts, and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair, that makes me say sometimes at obsequies, "She seems too beautiful to bury."

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ with one terrific stroke in his Sermon on the Mount described this character: "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy, having taken possession of the soul it immediately appears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are tearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for their breath, and have such general dolefulness that they disgust young people with religion. We had one of them in one of my churches. When he exhorted he always deplored the low state of religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of ohs and ahs that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in that way until we had to expel him from church for stealing the property entrusted to him as administrator, and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from the West saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man cannot have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization.

Here comes another chisel, and that belongs to the old-fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out its sins by the blood of the Lamb and starting heaven right there and then. This done deep down in the heart, Religion says, "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows plowed for the harvests of joy. I will make what we call the 'crow's feet' around his temples suggestive that the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of campaigns won.

"Now," says some one, "I know very

good people who have no such religion in their faces." My friend, the reason probably is that they were not converted until late in life. Worldliness and sin had been at work with their chisels on that face for thirty or forty years, and Grace, the Divine Sculptress, has been busy with her chisel only five or ten years. Do not be surprised that Phidias and Greenough with their fine chisels cannot in a short while remove all the marks of the stone-mason's crowbar which has been busy there for a long while. I say to all the young, if you would have sympathetic face, hopeful face, courageous face, cheerful face, kind face, at the earliest possible moment, by the grace of God, have planted in your soul sympathy, and hope, and courage, and good cheer, and kindness.

Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that though they vanished long ago they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since your child went? "Well," you say, "if she had lived she would have been ten years old now, or twenty, or thirty years." But does not that infant face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an

face in her lap and have a good cry. But I can tell you of a more sympathetic, and more tender, and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus as he was on earth and is now in heaven. What a gentle face it must have been to induce babes to struggle out of their mothers' arms into his arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the Psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of Thine Anointed." What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors, to touch the hem of his garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and his antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands, and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming Judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face

How a Great Mission Grew.

(Continued from first page.)

worn and weary and broken in health by hard labor. He asked the question of the churches and societies at home and asked them for men and money: that such a reproach might exist no longer.

Mr. Taylor severed his connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society before his return to England. His study of the Bible had convinced him that the missionary should go forward in faith, trusting God alone for the means. When, therefore, he spoke for China in any church or in any meeting, he would have no collection taken up, but would describe the need of China and dwell on the duty of meeting it, leaving his hearers to make the application for themselves. And truly he had a terrible story to tell. There were only ninety-one missionaries in China, and with the exception of Hank-how, they were all near the eastern coast. The interior of the country had not been touched. Eleven vast provinces with an aggregate population of one hundred and thirty millions had not a single Protestant missionary. The heart of the religious public was deeply moved by the story. Volunteers offered themselves and funds were placed in Mr. Taylor's hands to send them out. Every volunteer was told that all he could

expect was food and raiment. The Lord had promised those to his servants, but there was no prospect of gain. But none drew back. They came from all denominations and in such numbers that a society was formed with Mr. Taylor as director in China, and a council in England to receive funds and forward supplies to him. Thus the China Inland Mission was formed. After five years incessant labor in presenting the claims of China to the English Christians, Mr. Taylor returned to China taking with him sixteen consecrated workers. Since that time he has returned several times with new demands for men and is now asking for a hundred more. He has now 504 missionaries employed in fourteen provinces, besides 323 native helpers. Of these missionaries, forty-seven have come from the United States and Canada, and thirty-four of them receive their support from their own countries. No less than ninety-five of Mr. Taylor's staff of missionaries are unpaid. Many of them have private property from the proceeds of which they pay their own expenses and draw nothing from the mission. The others are leading lives of faith looking to God alone for the means of subsistence. The income of the mission is derived in the same way. No appeals for funds have ever been made. There have been times of straitsness, but the matter has been laid before God in prayer and

funds have always been supplied in time to meet the need. This plan has commended itself to the people of God in all lands, and auxiliaries have been formed to receive the funds which may be sent in for the use of the mission. There are now offices in London and other English cities, at various places in Europe, in Australia, and one has been opened in Canada for the convenience of American contributors. It is under the charge of Mr. H. W. Frost, Cor. Church and Charles Streets, Toronto, Ont. At all these places money is received as God inclines his stewards to send it, but no one is importuned to give. The money so received at all points during 1892, made an aggregate of \$167,199.20.

The work done by these devoted missionaries is truly astonishing. Of the eleven provinces, which, when Mr. Taylor organized the China Inland Mission, were without a single missionary, ten have already been occupied. From one of the ten, the missionaries have been driven out, but they are doing itinerant work by journeys over the border. Excursions have been made into the eleventh province, and strong hopes are entertained that the way may be opened to plant a station there also. The older Societies also have worked with increased energy; and now the proportion of the missionaries to population in China is one missionary to every half million persons. There are now in China about forty-five thousand native converts, or one Christian to every 5,500 heathen. Much, it is clear remains to be done, but the Christian Church has every reason for encouragement in the progress that has already been made.



SUITS BEFORE THE MANDARIN AT THE YAMEN OR CHINESE COURT-HOUSE.

eventide does it not look at you? In your dreams do you not see it? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life. Or, was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an artist you could put it on canvas, and it would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched. That face though long ago veiled from human sight is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rocking-chair by the stove in the old farm-house. Or, was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a Madonna in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickled down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how sacredly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's smile, your mother's tears! What an overpowering memory! Though you have come on to mid-life, or old age, how you would like just once more to bury your

the earth and the heaven fled away." Oh, Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the Celestial! Once of Cross, but now of Throne! Once crowned with stinging bramble, but now coroneted with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on us thy pardoning face and forgive us; thy sympathetic face and console us; thy suffering face and have thy atonement avail for us; thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing, and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the lustre that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or archangelic; and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which he appeared when he said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come;" and to the poor wail of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee;" and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." And now unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever, Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!

DESTITUTE HOMES GLADDENED.

The "Food Fund" still Extending its Christian Work among the Poor—Some Kind Letters from Contributors—Even the Children want to Share the Blessing of Giving—What it Costs to Feed a Family by "The Christian Herald" Relief Plan.



Such a letter is the following:

FEVERIA MILLS, CAL., Feb. 6, 1894.
DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, Proprietor, Christian Herald.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—Enclosed please find Wells Fargo money orders to the amount of one hundred and ten dollars, to aid in succoring the destitute. I read with deep emotion the touching account of suffering of the poor in New York City which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 25, and of the noble self-sacrifice of Rev. Stephen Merritt. I felt that I wanted to have a part in this grand work; I wanted to share the burden which was resting upon this one man; I wanted to buy a little of the world's sorrow and grief and hunger and wretchedness, so I cried aloud to the Lord in my closet to show me what he would have me to do, and he impressed me by his Spirit to speak to my comrades in the mine and ask their aid. The next day, after we had finished our lunch in the blacksmith shop, I rose in much fear and trembling and told the men what I had read in your paper, and told them I would forward to you any contributions they might feel disposed to give, asking you at the same time to acknowledge the receipt of the money in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, also to write a personal letter to be read to them. My heart has wondered and rejoiced every day since at the hearty responses which came to me from all sides. These men are all poor, they are working long hours, at a low salary; they climb a steep mountain through fiercest snowstorms to get to their work, and most of them have large families to support; but God so touched their hearts that they seemed eager, yea anxious, to give whatever they could afford to relieve this deep distress.

A great many letters come from church and Sunday School societies, Ladies' Aid, Sewing Circles, Christian Endeavor, Mothers' Meetings, King's Daughters, etc., which have made collections for the suffering poor. Many teachers in day schools and similar institutions and not a few classes in colleges have also forwarded subscriptions.

Mrs. Minnie Johnson, Windom, Minn., in enclosing fifty cents, adds, "I only wish it were one hundred times as much." This sentiment is echoed in scores of letters from other readers. "May the blessing of God attend your grand and glorious work," writes Mrs. Robert Hart, Watertown, N. Y. "I thank God for the privilege of his love, and for the ability to help others in their time of trouble" is the fervent expression of A. A. Berry, Herkimer, N. Y. Walter S. and Sister, Sartaria, Mass., write, "I only wish we could do more, but I trust that God will move the hearts of those who are able to give richly so the Fund may increase according as the want increases." Two little boys, C. V., N. Y., contribute fifty cents, "To help the poor and suffering." "Three loving little helpers," Hackensack, N. J., forward fifty cents with the promise to repeat this gift every week. The W. C. T. U., of Chittenango, N. Y., per Alice Carl, Sec., forwards \$5, with the hope that God will bless the good work and open other hearts to give. "I send \$1 for the feeding of a starving family for half a week," sympathetically writes Mr. L. S. Coon, of Cambridge, N. Y.

It has been said that the poor help the poor. A lady writing from Wilbraham, Mass. (enclosing \$1), says, "I have hard times at home, but thank God I and mine have not had to go hungry." Another contributor from Memphis, Tenn. (\$1), says,

"I have a little yet to do with those who are worse off than myself, and am making a small investment with the Lord and he has repaid me a hundred fold. That is how I have managed to live so long without work. It is truly a delightful thing to give in his name."

A lady from Pepin, Wis. (\$2), writes, "Help some poor old widow with the enclosed. I am a poor old widow myself. I wish I could send more." "A Sympathizing woman" (25 cents), writes, "Use the

enclosed silver quarter to buy food for some of the starving in your city."

One of the most beautiful phases of the Food Fund charity, is the deep spiritual interest which the children of Christian families are taking in the work. Many of the letters we receive containing contributions are from those dear little people, who, having comfortable homes and beautiful surroundings of their own, feel sad at heart to contemplate the state of the ragged and hungry little ones in the destitute homes of New York. With pure, childish enthusiasm, they write—many of them straight from the heart—and we have read their letters with admiration and surprise. One mother, from Portland, Me., writing for a group of little ones, says: "As I read and explained to them of the suffering children in your city, their hearts were touched, and they wanted a share in giving some little mouths a good warm meal, and so they dedicated the contents of their money-box to that end."

R. V. McC. from Ryno, Neb., (twenty-five cents) writes:

This is for bread for some hungry little boy. It is my own money. I am a boy seven years old, and have plenty to eat, and am very sorry for those little ones THE CHRISTIAN HERALD speaks about.

H. Buente, Warrensburg, Mo., writes: Little Eldy, who had earned some money for carrying in wood, said: "I will give 25 cents, so that can buy ten meals; then little Lulu, though not old enough to know what it is for, was willing to give up her three bright, new pennies, to buy one meal; Mamma next said she would give \$1 to buy forty meals, and Laura that she would give 25 cents, to buy ten meals. Then our two older boys, Frank and Bismarck, said they would give \$1 apiece to buy eighty meals, and I, as the head of the family, must give \$2. So in five minutes, we made up \$5.53, which I herewith inclose, and pray the Lord may bless it and the noble work."

Subscriber, Spring Grove, Va., writes: "These twenty cents my little son and daughter send for the hungry little boys and girls, they say." "Put before them the



DELIVERING THE WEEK'S SUPPLIES AT "FOOD FUND STATION NO. 12."
(Sketched by a "Christian Herald" Artist, from a photograph.)

bread of eternal life," writes A. E. Conant, Osceola, Mo. "God bless you in the grand work in which you are engaged," is the prayer of the Burlington Y.P.S. C.E. (\$4.)

Mrs. P. R., Licking, Mo., writes:

My dear boy died at the age of fourteen; he had given his heart to God two years before. Among the little things he left was 50 cents. He has been asleep in Jesus twelve years, and many times since then I could have found a use for the 50 cents, but it was one of his treasures to me. I am sure if he were living he would delight in giving his little mite to be used for Jesus now, and so I send it.

J. H. P., Chestertown, N. Y. (\$5), an aged Christian, says very touchingly:

I wish I could send more but I am getting old 74 most done with things here; but want to do all the good I can before I do go.

M. H. K., Lima, N. Y., (representing ten others, sending \$3.99), writes:

I send prayers that the Lord who made Heaven and earth would make the "Food Fund" like the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil.

W. F. Thressen, Danbury, Neb., writes in a most practical way:

After reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, my wife and I feel as if we couldn't place two dollars to any better advantage than to help the poor and needy who are under your care. God bless all who assist.

Mrs. G. R. H., Shelter Island, N. Y., (\$30, and package of clothing), writes:

My little boy of three, on being told about the poor hungry little boys, brought three cents from his bank, saying, "he wanted five cents 'till he had a breakfast."

Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, Manica, Ill., (\$5) send with their gift a prayer that the work of the Food Fund may be spiritually prospered, and add: "God bless the kind and large-hearted lady, Mrs. Louis Klopsch. May God raise up many like her to do this work."

A feature of the Fund which cannot be overlooked, is the extraordinary number of contributions of clothing that have come

from different parts of the country. Barrels, dry-goods boxes, hampers, packages and parcels of all shapes and sizes, by express and as freight, have come pouring in at the rate of a dozen deliveries a day. These have contained supplies of every kind of garments for both men and women; dresses, underwear, hosiery, linen, knit goods, men's coats, trousers, vests, shirts, baby-wear, etc. One kind-hearted contributor—no doubt some thoughtful mother, with little ones of her own—forwarded half a dozen pairs of dainty little baby-knit socks, in different colors, each little shoe tied with the tiniest string of ribbon. Up to the present time it is estimated that nearly five thousand garments of all descriptions in all have been received by the Fund, most of which have been distributed to the best advantage. We might easily fill a page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in describing the gratitude and pleasure of the poor who receive these garments through the Fund. Mothers, in tattered and faded skirts now made to look respectable and unquestionably comfortable; children, shoeless and hatless and ragged enough in all conscience, rendered neat and comfortable for the first time probably in their little lives.

In view of the many offers that have come from friends in the country to send farm produce, potatoes, etc., for the Fund, we would ask those residing within 100 miles of New York, to send us their names and addresses, and bags will be forwarded. The freight on all such contributions will be paid at this end if necessary.

During the week the Food Fund has still further extended its work by the opening of two more Relief Stations, one being at the corner of Washington Square and University

cents per day, receiving, besides, their luncheon and a small supply of groceries.

The spiritual aspect of the relief work of the Food Fund is indicated in the letters received from some of the city pastors who are now co-operating in this charity.

Rev. C. Wright, pastor of Bedford St., M. E. Church, writes: "Only the recipients of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bounty will ever know all the good accomplished by the distribution of the excellent provisions given through your instrumentality. Honest, temperate, hard-working men, who said they never before had taken help, accepted your gift with tearful eyes and thankful expression. Could your readers have heard the earnest 'God bless you,' and seen the tears in many eyes among those who never before appealed for aid, we think it would have been some slight recompense for the aid, God put it into their heart to provide and which has been so graciously and unostentatiously carried into the homes of the poor of this city. I am personally and in behalf of the poor people around me, exceedingly grateful to you and to those who have made these benefactions possible."

Rev. A. B. Stansberry, pastor, African M. E. Church, Sullivan St., writes: "You will not know in this world the good you have done for the destitute poor of God's people and others."

Rev. J. C. Thoms, Pastor Mariner's Temple, Oliver Street, writes: "We have found, among the cases ministered to, a deep gratitude. We give into every basket that comes for groceries, a carefully prepared tract containing Scripture texts, at the same time trying to carry out your wishes as well as our own in teaching that it is through the love of God that they receive these gifts. There have been several cases of conversion, or rather confession, among those who have secretly believed but have been afraid until now to confess Jesus Christ. 'Now,' they say, 'We are convinced that the love of Jesus Christ means something. Those who do not love Jesus, do not care for the poor, and if the love of Christ would lead people to be so kind and good, we desire to believe in Christ.' The work of charity is making a very deep impression on the Hebrews and the Italians."

The missionary in charge of the distribution at Station No. 7 (the mission in connection with Calvary Baptist Church), writes: "I had a strong and willing band of helpers both in the distribution and putting up the packages. The attendance at the meetings at this branch has been greatly increased and our efforts have been wonderfully blessed. On Tuesday last six came forward and on Thursday five, expressing a wish to be prayed for and desiring to give their hearts to Christ."

Mrs. Bella Cooke writes: "To tell you how happy you have made me would I fear be impossible. I have engaged a number of King's Daughters and Sons in the distribution of food to our poor people, who came here to be served, so I can say a word to them for Jesus Christ. It was a most touching sight, and tears filled many eyes as I tried to lead them first to the Giver of all good, and then to our dear friends."

One of the most interesting stations is that established at 128 Forsyth Street, in the Hebrew-Christian Mission, of which Rev. Herman P. Faust is the pastor. This station is in the very heart of the great foreign section of the East Side, with a mixed population of Russians, Poles, Austrians, Hungarians and Hebrews. Among these people the suffering has been almost general, and thousands of humble families have been without bread or fire for days. At the Forsyth Street Station, Dr. Faust gathered the heads of 100 of the most deserving of these destitute families, and they were supplied with a week's provisions by the Food Fund—Hebrews and Christians being served alike, regardless of denomination, for want had made all equally necessitous. Preceding the distribution Dr. Faust read to the assembled applicants the 23d Psalm, and explained the loving character of Christ as manifested in his love for men and his sacrifice on the Cross. Many of these families have given evidence of being deeply touched by the Christian charity of which they are the beneficiaries.

The contributions to the Food Fund received during the week are only partially acknowledged on the next page. Nearly 2,000 names remain to be acknowledged, and in an issue of twenty pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at an early date, four entire pages will be devoted to these acknowledgments. Contributions of clothing, etc., are acknowledged on page 135 of this issue.

Place and the other at No. 176 Franklin St. At each of these, fifty suffering families are being supplied with food. The total cost of the week's supplies of groceries, coal, oil and bread for the various stations is now considerably in excess of the contributions, and the result is that last week, the expense of maintaining the Relief Stations was \$600 in excess of the income from the patrons of the Fund. We are confident, however, that having put their hand to the plough they will not turn back, nor permit the good work they have auspiciously begun and which they have generously supported, to languish at so critical a time. Every dollar thus far contributed has been expended with the most rigid economy, with the view of obtaining the largest supplies of plain, wholesome food of good quality at the lowest price. It will astonish many to know that not only has the original estimate of two and one-half cents per meal been borne out by the result of the experiment, but the actual cost of a meal is even less, being a fraction over 2 cents. The following table shows the actual cost of food, heat and light for a family of five persons for one week, as now supplied through the Food Fund:

3 lbs. Oatmeal at 2c.	6c	1 Bar Soap	2c
5 " Beans " 23-4	13	" Salt	1
5 " Flour " 2	16	" Sugar Bags	1
1 " Coffee " 15	15	7 Buns (See Wood)	11
1 " Sugar " 41-3	13	1 Gallon Oil	8
1 " Cond. Milk " 8	8	7 Pails Coal	25
2 " Bacon " 71-2	15	28 small loaves bread	56
2 " Codfish " 51-2	11		
2 qts. Potatoes " 2	4		
1-4 lb. Tea " 4	5		
		Total cost	\$2 00

At Relief Station No. 12, on Stuyvesant Street, besides the regular food distribution, the Sewing Circle, established last week, is actively at work making garments for the poor. Six sewing girls are employed at 75

Previously ack'd. \$10.41.25	Mrs J S J. Otega. 1 00	T T Jencks. 5 00	Compher, Mrs W F. 1 00	H, Mr. E. A. Prattburg, N Y 1 00	Nash, Mrs H. 1 00
Rev E Van Marter, wife & daughter Elva. 5 00	E J A. N Y C. 30 00	Mrs L A Ordway. 1 00	Christian Endeavor Society, 40 00	Hatch, Mrs A. 1 00	New Subr, Spring Grove, Va. 1 00
Frank French. 5 00	Mrs W C Wiswold. 1 00	J Bancroft. 1 00	Gorman Valley, N J. 1 00	Haig, G. 1 00	Newson, P A. 1 00
J C, Spuyten Duyvil. 2 50	W F, Fall River, Mass. 1 00	J A Smith. 1 00	Christian Endeavor Societies, Stillwater, O T. 1 50	Huff, M A. 1 00	North, Carrie. 1 00
M C, Spuyten Duyvil. 2 50	Carrie Peice. 1 00	Mrs S N Matthews. 1 00	Cook, Mrs S. 1 00	Hegseth, Tarten. 1 00	" H Clay. 3 00
T H Spencer. 10 00	Mrs G S S., Bayfield, Ont. 2 00	A Friend. 1 00	Trouch, R L. 1 00	Haugensen, Nels. 1 00	Nelson, Mrs. 2 00
Chambersburg, Pa. 20 00	Mrs E L Bark. 1 00	A Friend. 1 00	Doll, J. 1 00	Hollis, Sallie E. 1 00	Newman, I. 2 00
J H, Brooklyn, N Y. 15 00	R H Wood. 3 50	A Friend. 1 00	Drake, S B. 1 00	Holmes, E. 1 00	Nickson, C. 1 00
Mr G G Gibson. 5 00	Miss Mattie Kruser. 5 00	A Friend. 1 00	Dalley, S V. 1 00	Harris, Jane. 1 00	New Subr, Alma, Colo. 1 00
Mrs G G Gibson. 5 00	Old Subscriber, Earlville Ill 1 00	A A Baldwin. 15 00	Drake, N B. 3 00	Hunter, Miss Lalette. 1 00	Noyer, Perry F. 1 00
E C, Phila., Pa. 1 00	Augusta A Brown. 1 00	Rev J N Noble & wife. 4 00	DedMott, S. 5 00	Horth, Miss May. 2 00	Nubardt, Mr and Mrs John. 1 50
Mrs R Unangst. 1 00	J H Turner. 1 00	H J Sables and friends. 50 00	Deham, James. 1 00	Hyatt, E. 1 00	Nubring, Mrs H. 2 00
Northwood, N H. 1 00	E Turner. 1 00	Miss H E Hauser. 3 00	Darte, Mrs S. 1 00	Hopkins, Wilson. 2 00	Old Subr, Marysville, Tex. 1 00
E S K, N Y. 1 00	Mrs E Turner. 1 00	T Shanklin. 2 00	Deshut, Mrs B. 1 00	Hurlbut, T. 1 00	Olives, Mr and Mrs A P. 2 00
Subscriber, Morrison, Ill. 2 00	Friend, Lohrville, Iowa. 5 00	B P A. 2 00	Dixon, W F. 1 00	Holmes, Mrs E. 1 00	Old Subr, Longmont, Colo. 5 00
Elizabeth H Bilderback. 3 00	For Jesus sake, Lansingburg N Y. 1 00	Three Friends, Belfast, N Y. 4 25	Donegan, D S. 1 00	Holmes, Mrs E. 1 00	Owens, Julia A. 2 00
Z R I. 1 00	In the Blessed Master's Name, Verona, N Y. 1 00	Subr's Family, Tionesta, Pa. 1 00	Dils, E B. 1 00	Holmes, G M. 1 00	Oquano, Charles, O. 1 00
I H, Hazelton, Pa. 2 00	Mrs Wm Hoover. 2 00	Mrs Susan De Berard. 3 00	Donald, W B. 1 00	Harrison, G M. 1 00	Old Subr, Chapel Hill, Tex. 5 00
Balkston Spar, N Y. 2 00	In His Name, Eastlee, Mass. 2 00	Mrs Mattie Hackett. 1 00	Donald, W B. 1 00	Harrison, Mrs F W. 10 00	Old Subr, Beaver River Corner. 1 00
Shenandoah, Pa. 2 00	Kate Fulton. 1 00	"Willing Workers" Society, Watertown. 3 00	Dryden, B T. 1 00	Holmes, Mrs James. 1 00	Palmer, G H. 2 00
Sympathizer, Springfield, O. 10 00	Subscriber, No Brookfield, N Y. 1 00	Mrs Frank Lougmaid. 1 00	Eugen, O. 1 00	Holzer, C. 1 00	Pierce, Mrs Ira E. 1 00
Sarah T Chittenden. 2 00	C P S N Y City. 1 00	Mrs H Balcom. 1 00	Eddy, Mary Baker. 10 00	Harwell, A H. 1 00	" J C. 1 00
Mrs L M Cerey. 1 00	Friend, Fiskdale, Mass. 2 00	Elba Reader, Elba, N Y. 1 00	Euker, William. 3 05	Hartman, Sarah D. 2 00	Pence, Mrs Wm W. 1 00
G B, Albion, Mich. 1 00	C A Wood. 2 00	Mrs O P Ceark. 1 00	Ellerett, H E. 1 00	Hanson, August. 6 00	Pitts, J C. 1 00
L A Davis. 1 00	Chas N Emery. 1 00	Mr and Mrs Geo W Ball. 1 00	Ellerett, Mrs A M. 1 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Pierce, E E. 1 00
John A Simms. 1 00	Frank N Rydal, Pa. 1 00	Willington Heart, Volney. 1 00	Everson, S A. 1 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Parker, Mrs E. 2 00
Mrs Annie M Hull. 5 00	Syracuse, N Y. 1 00	Friends of the needy, Kirkland, Can. 3 00	Forkett, Mrs R. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Peck, Mrs Family, Mrs Julia. 5 00
Lizzie C Cross. 1 00	Frank N Rydal, Pa. 1 00	Kate M. Bright. 1 00	Fuller, Mrs Lydia M. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Peoples, Martha. 1 00
In His Name, Lynn, Mass. 5 00	Syracuse, N Y. 1 00	A H W, Hermitage. 1 00	Fuller, Edgar. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Poole, Mrs H H. 2 00
F F Vette. 1 00	Mrs A Coates. 1 00	Sympathizer, Lancaster, Pa. 1 00	Fleming, Levis. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Plymouth Presbyter'n Church, North Bend, Neb. 7 00
R P, Plympton, Mass. 1 00	Harriet H Wickens. 2 00	A A Berry. 1 00	Fleming, Levis. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Pope, S S. 3 00
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In His Name, Oswego, N Y. 1 00	Friend, Concord, N H. 5 00	Mrs E Werkheiser. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Prentice, Geo G. 10 00
Mrs Persis Winegar. 1 00	L C Allen. 2 00	Mrs M L McElphatrick. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Parker, Mrs E. 2 00
Mrs H B Stiles. 1 00	Friend, Broad Brook, Conn. 1 00	Armstrong, Mrs L H. 12 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Presley, Rev J. 2 00
F C B, South Oselec, N Y. 2 00	Friend, So Chatham, Mass. 1 00	Ayers, Kate. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Putnam, M. 5 00
M P, Barry, N Y. 1 00	A widow's mite, So Perry, R I. 1 00	Ames, I L. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Pitcher, Mrs R E. 1 00
Mrs A Berry. 1 00	Subscriber, Shenandoah, Pa. 1 00	Anderson, Grace E. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Patterson, Thos G. 1 00
Mrs Curtis Blakely. 1 00	Anon, Elizabeth, W Va. 1 00	Atchison, David. 5 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Prevost, Miss L M. 2 00
In His Name, Port Chester, N Y. 1 00	Friends of the C H, Bridge-water, Mass. 4 00	Althea, Mrs E H. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Pirego, Mrs Hannah N. 1 00
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D Parker. 1 00	Mrs M J Roberts. 1 00	Ask, J M. 2 05	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Proper, Sarah. 1 00
J Dunn. 1 00	Mrs A E Senger. 1 00	Augsburger, Mrs Henry. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Quinn, Mrs R E. 1 00
Mrs Joseph Dunn. 1 00	Friend, Baltimore, Md. 1 00	Anderson, Jas E and mother. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Richter, Mrs E. 1 00
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W R Royce. 4 00	John Lucas. 2 00	Atkins, Mrs L A. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Reed family. 2 50
First Baptist Christ, Brookfield, N Y. 11 10	John Ramage Sr. 2 00	Barnhart, S. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ryan, A J. 3 00
Folsom, N J. 1 00	Subscriber, Roxborough, Pa. 2 00	Bailey, Mrs E. 6 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Robertson, Mary. 1 00
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Mrs C Wright. 1 00	S H B, Mt Vernon, Md. 1 00	Bennett, Mrs John M. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Rockwell, S C. 1 00
Mrs C Sybrandt. 1 00	J M B, Mt Vernon, Md. 1 00	Buente, H. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Rond, E. 1 00
C Wright. 1 00	Friend, Mt Vernon, Md. 1 00	Buente, Bismarck. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Reid, Wm. 2 00
Widow's mite, Sanquett, N Y. 1 00	Carl Peterson. 5 00	Button, Arthur and Ray. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Rousseaux, Mrs S J. 1 00
Mrs Wm Taylor. 2 00	Henry Moore. 1 00	Black, Mrs Agnes. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Rousseaux, Mrs S J. 1 00
Mrs S M Hodge. 1 00	Hickory, Ohio. 1 00	Bearden, Agnes and Annie. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Remington, Springfield, Mass. 1 00
Jno R Miller. 1 00	For Christ's sake, W Chester, Pa. 1 00	Bryson, M. 10 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Romney, Mrs E. 1 00
In His Name, Newark, N J. 1 00	Mrs F A Walsh. 1 00	Benjamin, Mrs C. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Emma Murill. 2 00	Mrs E Severy. 5 00	Benedict, Mrs J. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs J Benjamin. 2 00	S M C Brooks, Mass. 1 00	Butler, Lucy D. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs E M Rogers. 1 00	Friend, Rehoboth, Mass. 1 00	Brown, Mrs A. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
"Judge not Workers," Bridgehampton, N Y. 3 00	Subscriber, Worthington, Ky. 1 00	Brown, P M. 2 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs Geo Ogden. 2 00	A D C, Phila., Pa. 2 00	Beach, F. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
H R Hearne. 1 00	Mr & Mrs D Gardiner. 2 00	Bond, Mrs S E. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
G E Ross. 5 00	Union C E Society, Eaton, N Y. 12 00	Bond, Mrs Jane. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Miss C Ayer. 5 00	W W & L H, Newark, N J. 2 00	Bond, W P M. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Friend, Mantua, N J. 1 00	Mr & Mrs J Boothby. 4 00	Bartlett, Le Verno S. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
N Y. 1 00	Mr C D Bartlett. 2 00	Bartlett, Mrs H L. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Wm Adair. 2 00	A Wyckoff. 1 00	Bliss, Mrs G L. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Subr, Randallville, N Y. 1 00	M B R, Tionesta, Pa. 1 00	Boyd, Foster. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs A C Williams. 5 00	Reader, Holloway, Mich. 1 00	Brown, M J. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs A C Williams. 5 00	M C Murdagh. 1 00	Brown, Samuel W. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Friend, Medford Centre, Me. 1 00	Dr B W Whitefield. 1 00	Brough, M. 5 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mary E. 1 00	S E Blanchard. 1 00	Buiff, Mrs Ann. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs J L Dinsler. 1 00	Mrs H Renwick Copp. 1 00	Briggs, Mrs L C. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Miss Hattie Hodges. 1 00	D J Keen. 5 00	Brooks, Mrs Ida M. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs A N Langdon. 1 00	Mrs E H Behmer. 1 00	Brown, M J. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Rockland, Me. 5 00	L P, Westbury, N Y. 2 00	Brown, P M. 2 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
R D R, Cumberland, Me. 2 00	Miss Jessie Clark. 1 00	Beach, F. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Wm E Atherton. 3 00	Mrs C E Frost. 1 00	Bond, Mrs S E. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Two friends, Middleboro, Mass. 1 00	E W, Ada, Mich. 1 00	Bond, W P M. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
J Rushton. 2 00	E B B, Deansville, N Y. 5 00	Bartlett, Le Verno S. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Daniel Magee. 1 00	Subscriber, Binghamton, N Y. 1 00	Bartlett, Mrs H L. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
M E, Alabastro, Mass. 1 00	Mrs A Knauer, Gallatin, Mo. 1 00	Bliss, Mrs G L. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
In His Name, Phila., Pa. 1 00	Friend, Zehnople, Pa. 1 00	Boyd, Foster. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
J F, Gettysburg, Pa. 1 00	Hattie Devore. 1 00	Brown, M J. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs E J Solt. 1 00	Subscriber. 1 00	Brown, Samuel W. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Lizzie N Tylor. 1 00	Mrs Andrew Peterson. 2 00	Brough, M. 5 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs W J Woodward. 1 00	Subscriber, Seneca, Kan. 2 00	Buiff, Mrs Ann. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
C H K, Asbury Park N J. 1 00	F B D C, Jersey City. 1 00	Briggs, Mrs L C. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Widows Mite, Susquehanna, Conn. 2 00	C W Austin. 1 00	Brown, M J. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
New Subscriber, Totoket, Conn. 1 00	Friend E, Middleboro, Mass. 1 00	Brown, P M. 2 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Old Lady, Auburn, Me. 1 00	J C Hall. 1 00	Beattie J F. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Friend, Hampton, N H. 2 00	Mr & Mrs W A Ingram. 8 00	B, Mrs C E Altamont N Y. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs J W Akin. 1 00	S A B & T G E, Evanston, Ill. 1 00	Burlington Union S S, North. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Reader, New Concord, N Y. 1 00	Maggie Garland. 1 00	Branch, Mich. 1 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs O S True. 6 50	In His Name, Spirit Lake, Ia. 1 00	Bradshaw, Mrs L N. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
R Clark. 5 50	Friends, Gap, Pa. 1 00	Brown, O. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Friend, Guilford, Conn. 3 00	Mrs J Little. 1 00	Bennet O E. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Jane McDaniel. 1 00	Benjamin Stafford. 1 00	Baptist Church, Croton, N J. 2 75	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Widow's mite, Clinton, Ct. 1 00	E L T Moore. 1 00	Becker, Mrs J. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs M P Wood. 1 00	E L H, Chippewa Bay, N Y. 1 00	Brown, Mrs M J. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Two friends, Worcester, Mass. 1 00	Subscriber, Holland, Mich. 1 00	Brown, P M. 2 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
E H Spur. 1 00	Mrs L B Bassett. 1 00	Beach, F. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs C Sommet. 1 00	Friend, Kempton, Ill. 1 00	Bond, Mrs S E. 2 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Reader, New Bedford, Mass. 1 00	Mrs J N Tourtelotte. 1 00	Bond, W P M. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Friend, Albany, N Y. 1 00	Mrs N A M, Normal, Ill. 2 00	Bartlett, Le Verno S. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Wm Friend, Plainville, Kan. 1 00	Subr, Cooperstown, N Y. 2 00	Bartlett, Mrs H L. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
M C Culbertson. 5 00	H E Wheeler. 1 00	Bliss, Mrs G L. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
H Layman. 1 00	Reader, Millville, N J. 1 00	Boyd, Foster. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Two friends, B'klyn, N Y. 1 00	P R Richmond, Va. 2 00	Brown, M J. 3 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mi s H, Wilmington, Del. 5 00	Mrs D Brooklyn, N Y. 1 00	Brown, P M. 2 50	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Mrs Lizzie Avireth. 5 00	F W Mills. 2 00	Beattie J F. 25 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Miss Bessie Robinson. 1 00	Subscriber, Montreal, Can. 1 00	B, Mrs C E Altamont N Y. 1 00	Friend, Prospect, Va. 2 00	Hartman, August. 6 00	Ross, Mrs F C. 1 00
Miss Alice Robinson. 1 00	Henry Willard. 2 00	Burlington Union S S			



JACOB AT BETHEL.

S. S. Lesson for March 11. Gen. 28: 10-22. Golden Text, Gen. 28: 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JACOB is the type of a large number of such as are true believers, so far as they go, but whose lives are not of the Abraham type. They are as the "heir" in a state of childhood who differs nothing from a bondservant, though he be lord of all; but is under guardians and stewards until the time appointed of the father. R.V. Jacob partly trusted God, and partly trusted himself, he partly sought the glory of God and partly his own interests. God could not have trusted Jacob with the tests to which he could call an Abraham. While Abraham carried out God's purpose, voluntarily, and at a cost to himself, so manifesting God's likeness in his walk and conversation—Jacob served God's purpose in spite of himself by calling forth the faithfulness of God to his covenant and his patience and forbearance in bearing with one who understood and honored him so little.

God will be Glorified

through all his children, if not in all his children. A wayward, heartless son who sets himself against all the tender holy influence of a godly mother, nevertheless serves God's purpose in educating that mother, and so giving him the opportunity to manifest his grace in her in almost impossible circumstances. Jacob had obtained the birthright from his brother, but how should he get his father's consent to this shameful transaction? Once off the lines of true rectitude, a child of God must meet with all kinds of hindrances. God is against the way which he takes. Knowing that God had foretold to Rebekah, his mother, that he should take precedence of his brother, Jacob nevertheless had not confidence enough in God to trust him that he would accomplish this purpose unless he himself had a hand in bringing it about. In the depth of his heart, he trusted himself more than God. How far may his mother have been responsible for this! It was a pitiable step for a mother to take when Rebekah made her plan for her darling son to deceive his blind and aged father. She was sowing the seed in her son for a life of crookedness; she was saying to him practically: "God is not to be fully trusted; by foul means, if fair means will not succeed, we must secure to ourselves what he has promised." Thus the mother and the son dishonored God by unbelief, sowing want of confidence in the heart of Isaac, who could never again trust his wife as he had done before. They set the example of duplicity before their household, and showed that people who believe in God and set a value on his Word of promise, can yet be double in their dealings! They made the conversion of the high-spirited but comparatively upright Esau almost impossible, and they broke up the peace of the family.

God Must Interpose

when his children thus wrong him. Such things could not go on unrebuked. God hates sin, while he loves the sinner. The love was strong between the mother and the son, and it was just on this point that trial must come. Esau, unconverted as he was, despised and hated his brother Jacob. Inconsistent believers are held in the utmost contempt by those of the unconverted who have something of natural nobility about them. It was a sad time for this family. The father had wrought his own way, and not God's, in giving the blessing, and had thwarted him in the most painful way. All the three who were on God's side had failed, and the most religious in the family was the unconverted son! How often this happens where God's children are not of the true Abraham types; not fully entering into God's purpose to make man like himself! There was but one solution to the situa-

tion. Jacob the home-loving and mother-loving man must go out from home, and know the bitter pangs of a separation which his own sin and his mother's had made necessary. He must go forth, truly with his father's blessing, but without his father's confidence or esteem, he must go, with the bitter remorse that he had hearkened to his mother, and knowing that his brother had thought of murder against him in his heart! Oh, the bitterness of that farewell! Oh, the loneliness of that journey with a bleeding, broken heart! Yet God had bruised Jacob in love, and where the failure of the child was greatest, there the love of the heavenly Father could be most manifest.

Isaac awoke in these terrible circumstances to a sense of his calling as a son of Abraham; he recognized the hand of God in the blessing coming to Jacob, and in sending him away, he set before him as an object in his journey that he should go to his mother's family and take a wife, and by faith in God, he added: "And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a multitude of people; and give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee and to thy seed with thee." He awoke to

His Position

as Jacob's father. Shame, remorse, loneliness and bitter regret might lead his son to despair, if he had not some object set before him, and in this first step which was in accordance with the will of God, Jacob's parents were united. The way of the Lord is the point of unity for his children; it extricated from every difficulty. And now Jacob was alone. It is a blessed thing for one who has sinned to get alone. Free from the influences and the circumstances which have led to his fall, a child of God who has gone wrong is in a position to listen to the voice of God. Probably Jacob's sense of misery and humiliation was at its culminating point when, exhausted in mind and body, he lay down in a certain place because the sun was set, "and took of the stones of that place and set them for his pillows." All was so different to his home. But, may be the old family custom of gathering together for prayer may have been the last thing upon his mind, and a real cry to God, perhaps the most real which his heart had ever breathed, went up to heaven and a sense of being not quite alone may have been the result.

In any case, he dreamed. When the Bible was still unwritten, God spoke to his people in dreams and visions. No doubt that Jacob's last dreary impression from external things, as he lost himself in sleep, was the weary terrible sense of distance and separation. Far away from home, far away from God, far away from the faith of his grandfather Abraham. And, in his dream he saw just what he needed—a ladder. It was "set up on the earth" where he lay, the sinful miserable Jacob, and as his eyes became accustomed to its light, he traced it higher and higher, and "the top of it reached to heaven." Heaven had never before been opened to Jacob, could it be, that to him the liar and the outcast, the deceiver of his poor blind father, the supplanter of his only brother—could it be that

Heaven was Open to him?

This was more crushing than all his shame and Jacob knew God as a God of love. From the first, and even all through his sin, Jacob had valued the heavenly and he did not get weary, after the first glimpse of the heavenly vision. As his eyes rested upon the ladder, he saw angels ascending and descending and he learned that there was a way by which even he could have to do with God, and God with him. Had he understood all God was ready to reveal to him, Jacob might have led an Abraham life from that time, but Jacob did not learn to yield himself up without reserve.

"Behold, the Lord God stood above it, and said: I am the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac, the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed, and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth (not as the stars of heaven); and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again to this land, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Could it then be possible that God would renew his covenant with one so unworthy? Even so, for "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." How humiliated Jacob must have felt; yet how joyful as he realized that in spite of all he had done, in spite of all his deceit and untruthfulness, God had not changed. He was no longer alone. God was with him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



BETHEL.

whom he loves. Much sanctity was attached to the blessing of a father, and Isaac wishes Esau to have it. Therefore, knowing that death might come to him suddenly, when Esau was absent on one of his hunting expeditions, he resolves to anticipate the usual time for giving his blessing and arranges with Esau to have the solemn ceremony at once. But first he must have his favorite venison. How many a time a man has been thwarted in some plan by insisting that first of all he must indulge himself once more! Isaac was dull as well as blind, otherwise he might have had some presentiment of what a clever woman and a cunning son might do. Before the time of the ceremony, which was to take place in the evening, after Isaac had feasted, Rebekah makes her plot and confides it to Jacob. There seems to have been no compunction in either of them about deceiving the blind old man. The only objection Jacob raises is as to the danger of discovery. Rebekah provides for that, and Jacob when challenged is ready with his blasphemous lie about God bringing the venison to him. Rebekah is soon in fear for the safety of her favorite. Esau will kill him and she wants him out of the way. Even then, she cannot choose the straight course, but goes to Isaac with a story about Jacob needing a wife, and secures his absence in that way. To Jacob she tells the real reason for his journey and bids him stay with her brother a few days. Thus Jacob starts and is away for forty years, instead of only a few days, and we may suppose that she never sees him again. That was her punishment for her sin. She had forgotten that Laban was as accomplished a deceiver as herself and that her son, who so far had prospered by plots, might now suffer by plots. Little did she foresee that, all his life long, Jacob would suffer so, that he would be deceived by his sons as he had deceived his father.

Jacob's journey led him northward to the borders of Chaldea, about four hundred and fifty miles. At the end of the second or third day he arrives at that sublime scene which travelers have so often described. Mountain above mountain raises its head like a gigantic stairway until in the far distance the highest mountain penetrates the clouds. As Jacob, accustomed to the level plain around Beersheba, looks upon the scene, illuminated by the setting sun, it would make a deep impression on his mind. It naturally recurs in his dream, when having found a suitable stone for a pillow, he

throws himself on the ground for the night's sleep of the tired traveler. But, as it seems to him in his dream, the mountain range is no longer solitary. Angels are using the stairway and a voice is speaking to him the familiar words which he had doubtless heard many times from his grandfather, Abraham, and his father, Isaac. He wakes up in surprise. God is here and he knew it not. He probably thought that only at Beersheba, where Abraham and Isaac lived, could God be found. The fugitive was afraid. It was a dreadful place to him. He was in the presence of God though he had not been aware of it. He calls the place Beth-el, the house of God. When he recovers, his natural instinct asserts itself and he offers God a bargain. If God will keep his promise then Jacob will give him a tenth of all that he gets. Jacob has learned much of God by the time he resumes his journey, but he has still much to learn.

The Lord is in this place and I knew it not. Tolstoi tells a beautiful story of a cobbler who read much of Christ and wished he had lived in his day. He read late one night and fell asleep directly he retired. He had a vivid dream in which he thought he heard Christ telling him that he would visit him the next day. The cobbler awoke full of joy. He cleaned up the dingy basement in which he slept and worked, and looking around wondered what he could do make it fit for the reception of the divine Guest. He waited all morning, but no one came. Looking up at the window anxiously he saw an old man shovelling snow. He was very feeble and the work seemed too much for him. The cobbler looked at him pityingly and finally called him in to share his tea with him. The man came and was cheered and refreshed. A little later he saw a poor woman with a sick child. Them too he invited in and gave them soup. It was getting toward evening and still Christ did not come. The cobbler was too restless to remain in the basement. He went up the steps to the street and looked this way and that for his expected guest. There was a disturbance outside and the cobbler looked. A boy was being dragged to prison by a woman from whom he had stolen an apple. The cobbler interceded for him and paid the woman for the apple he had stolen. Then he went back to his basement and opened his New Testament to read as his habit was. Again he fell asleep. He heard a voice calling him by name. The cobbler answered and the voice said reproachfully, "did you not recognize me?" He looked around and saw in a kind of haze the old man to whom he had given the tea. "And me?" said the voice again. The cobbler saw the woman and child. "And me?" and he saw the boy whom he had saved from prison. The cobbler was wide awake now and returned wondering to his reading. The pages had blown over and were open at a new place. The cobbler read, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Set it up for a pillar. Mr. Morier, describing his journey through Persia, says that on approaching Istakhar he noticed his guide carefully selecting a stone which he placed on the top of another. Asking the reason of this proceeding, he was informed that stones so set up indicated that a traveller had there made a prayer for safe return, or made a vow, or thanksgiving. Nothing was more common at this day, the guide said, than for a solitary weary traveler to sit himself down and raising such a stone as a witness make the vow that Jacob did.

I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Oberlin reading in the Old Testament the rule of the tenths said, "If the Jew gave a tenth surely I who have so many more blessings than the Jew cannot be satisfied with a tenth; I will give three tenths. He continued to do so and when he received hundreds of dollars where he had received tens before he gave thirty dollars out of every hundred.

Thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the East. In 1866 at a gathering of four students of Williams College under lee of a hay-stack, where they had taken refuge from a thunder-storm, one of the number, Samuel S. Mills, proposed that they attempt to send the Gospel to the heathen, and said: "We can do it if we will." The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which now has over three thousand laborers in the field grew out of this incident four years later. A monument commemorates the event of its origin through the simple beginning of the "hay-stack" prayer-meeting.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE KING OF BELLS.

RECENT complaints from residents in the neighborhood of a certain church in New York, of the ringing of bells have aroused a discussion as to the value of bells as adjuncts of worship. The bells of the church in question are now rung by electricity, and the persons complaining of them aver that they are inharmonious, and that the electricity in attempting to strike a double chord produces a discord which has a distressing effect on the nerves of the listeners. A point of interest in relation to this discussion is the fact that the greatest bell in the world has been silent since its birth. It is the Tsar Kolokol or King of Bells, which is in the Kremlin at Moscow in Russia. A picture of this enormous bell appears on this page. The Russians regard it with great veneration. It was originally cast in the fourteenth century, but it fell and was broken. The Empress Anne had it recast in 1733, and the occasion was one of great solemnity. While the immense mass of metal was in a molten condition the Empress and her nobles cast in money and silver-plate to add to the richness of its sound. Before it could be hung, there was a fire in the cathedral of the Assumption, where it was to be placed, and some heavy timbers fell upon the bell and broke a piece, weighing eleven tons, out of it. The bell itself weighs over two hundred tons. It is two feet thick, nineteen feet high and sixty feet in circumference. It has been placed on a granite pedestal and its interior is used as a chapel. About forty persons can be accommodated under it. It is extraordinary that a bell so large and so rich in metal should never have uttered a note, or have been used for the purpose for which it was designed. There is, however, a similar apparent waste of material in humanity. Some of the most gifted men, whose natural talents and acquirements fit them for doing conspicuous service for their Maker, are through some flaw in their moral character rendered silent and useless. (Matt. 11: 25.)

The Farmers' Enemies.

Reports have been in circulation for some weeks past of certain foreign pests of the weevil species having been introduced into our country, among the foreign grain exhibits at the World's Fair. The reports having caused widespread alarm among farmers, Prof. C. V. Riley, of the Department of Agriculture, has written an open letter of a reassuring character. He says that the foreign grain exhibits were carefully watched all through the summer, and several species of the dreaded insect were found, but they were all such as are already common among us. It was not until the middle of September that any new species were detected. Specimens were sent to the Entomological experts, and it was found that four of them were unknown here. The Professor says, however, that they all came from tropical countries and could not live in the North. They might thrive in some parts of our extreme Southern States, but care was taken that none of them should be carried thither. He therefore assures the farmers that their apprehensions are groundless and that no additions have been made to the number of their enemies. Unhappily, the same assurance cannot be given as to our spiritual foes. Foreign follies and vices will thrive in any climate, and although they are more ruinous than the insects, we are less on guard against them. (Ps. 106:35.)

A Curious Clue to a Thief.

A detective of Lewiston, Me., has had the satisfaction recently of solving a difficult criminal problem. A burglary was committed in the city at the beginning of last year, the perpetrator of which was not discovered. He took a quantity of money and jewelry and some papers of a private nature which the owner was very anxious to recover. He was concerned about them more than about the valuables. He had given up hope of every getting them back, when, a few days ago, a detective placed them in his hands. The story of their recovery was a strange one. In examining

the premises after the robbery the detective had found only one clue. It was a pan of molasses candy which the family had put out of doors to cool on the night of the burglary. There was a curious indentation in the candy, which the detective believed was made by a hammer, which the burglar had laid upon it while breaking in. The hammer must have been of peculiar shape and there was a fracture on one side of it. The detective kept a sharp look-out for that hammer, but did not find it anywhere in the city. He was in a junk-shop recently and saw it in a heap of rubbish. The junk-dealer told him that he had purchased it from a widow. The detective found her out, and she said that the tool had belonged to her husband, who died a week or two before. Asking if the man had left any papers, the detective was told that he had, and on examining them he found the missing package. The criminal probably died in the belief that his crime would never be traced to him, as he would not be

the mine well so that he avoided several projections which might have proved fatal. But, near the bottom of the slope, he stumbled over one of the side-beams and fell. He expected to be instantly crushed to death, but the beam arrested the progress of the coal. It was twisted aside and held fast and the man was saved. Thus the obstacle over which he stumbled and which he thought would be the cause of his death, really saved his life; for had the race continued he would probably have been overtaken. It is often so in spiritual experience. Many a man has found salvation when he has been overthrown and feels himself defeated, who could not find it when he was making desperate efforts to save himself. (Rom. 4: 5.)

An Hour Over a Precipice.

A messenger boy had a thrilling experience on Feb. 17, which he is never likely to forget. A dispatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says that the boy was sent to Duquesne Heights to deliver a letter. On the way back he thought he would save car-fare by walking down the incline. He struck across the bluff, stepping carefully through the unbroken snow. After following the track for some distance he took a short cut across the hill. He had not proceeded many yards when the snow gave way beneath him and he felt himself sliding down the side of the cliff. He clutched at everything that

of life. He was not like those who having fallen while wandering on the mountains of unbelief and are in peril of eternal death need to be urged to accept the salvation Christ won for them at the cost of his life. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Seven Churches in Brooklyn have Reported an aggregate of two hundred conversions during the present series of special meetings.

Prebendary Pulling, who died in England the other day, at the age of eighty-six years, was the last survivor of the small council of clergymen who arranged the original publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

The American Seamen's Friend Society has just sent out its ten thousandth library. For thirty-five years the average has been 285 libraries a year. The books comprise the writings of the best authors, both secular and religious, including Spurgeon, Moody, Haverlag, Bouar, Hale, Longfellow, Kingsley, etc.

One of the Results of the Recent Labors of Rev. B. Fay Mills in Princeton has been the formation of a society among the students of the senior class of the Seminary, whose object it is to raise volunteers for home mission work. Large delegations of students are now regularly going to the surrounding villages every Sunday to hold evangelistic service.

The Congregational Ministers of Northern New Jersey have adopted the Ritualists' idea of a "Retreat," but with a higher and more practical plan. They spent two days in prayer and meditation on spiritual themes, preparatory to the work before them during Lent. This "retreat" was held in the town of Westfield. The following subjects occupied the attention of those present: "The Realization of God," "The Central Teaching of Christ," "The Way of the Cross," "Helps to the Devout Life," "Our Special Work."

The Strange Accusations against the Professors and pupils of the College of Marsovan, of burning their own college, is now explained. It appears that the Turkish governors use the torture. The Christians are brought into the torture chamber one by one, and are beaten with sticks whilst forcibly held down on their backs and feet. That kind of torture is repeated day after day and night after night until some poor, agonized creature accuses himself and others. The persons thus accused are in turn thrown into prison and tortured after the like manner.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor whose Portrait Appears in this issue sailed for this country on Feb. 14. At a meeting held in London, to bid him farewell, he said that during the past year eighty-six new missionaries had been added to the field in China, and that one hundred are still needed. There had never been a year when the proportion of deaths had been so small, when more members had been baptized, or when a greater number of candidates had applied for admission. The income of the year had also exceeded that of 1892 by \$37,500. Despite all the antagonism they had experienced from the Chinese mobs the lives of all the missionaries had been preserved from violence and injury.

The Moody and Sankey meetings in Washington, D.C., opened with such scenes as have never before been witnessed in the city. The great Convention hall was crowded at the first service half an hour before the time set for opening, and fully seven thousand persons were unable to gain admission. An overflow meeting was held in Assembly Presbyterian Church. The Washington Star says: "It was the greatest religious gathering that has ever been held in the city. It was purely undenominational, Episcopalians sitting next to Presbyterians, and beyond them Methodists, and then Baptists, and so on through all the varieties of sects and creeds. All agreed that if the success of the night is to be continued Washington will experience the greatest religious awakening that it has ever known."

The following contributions of clothing, etc., for the Relief Fund are acknowledged:

In His Name, Lee, Mass., package of clothing; L. P. M., Montrose, N. J., clothing; Mrs. J. Benedict, Katonah, N. Y., clothing; Friends, Chatam, N. J., clothing; W. H. W., Atlantic City, N. J., clothing; Herald Reader, Bakers, N. Y., clothing; Fred. Keeley, Staten Island, N. Y., clothing; Mrs. G. S. Bergen, Princeton, N. J., box of clothing; No name or address, 1 bag of dried apples and bag of dried peaches; Friends, Long Island, box of clothing; Reader, Plainfield, N. J., box clothing; Mrs. E. Cole, Pawling, N. Y., box clothing; Central Baptist Church, Pawling, N. Y., box of clothing; Friend, by Hudson River R. R., 1 large box of clothing; J. D. Winn, 2 pair of mittens; Friend, Hancock, 1 bbl. clothing; Readers, N. Bloomfield, large box clothing; S. W. Testel, Malden, N. Y., box clothing; Mrs. Davis, Spanish Flats, city, 2 package clothing; W. C. Sayre, N. Y. City, bundle clothing; Brookport, N. Y., package clothing; Mrs. Davis, city, flannel underwear; Mrs. Lewis Roberts, city, clothing; Second Primary Department, Junction Public School, Junction, N. J., large box clothing; Anonymous, package tea; A. H. Lane, New Germantown, N. J., large box clothing; Chas. D. Krause, Atlantic City, N. J., case shoes; H. A. Robinson, S. New Berlin, N. Y., bbl. clothing; Sangers, N. Y., box clothing; 5 chickens; Mrs. W. H. Buchanan, Plainfield, N. J., box clothing; Mrs. M. F. Pratt, N. Bloomfield, O., bbl. clothing; Friends, Granby, Conn., bundle clothing; Mrs. W. I. Allen, Henvellton, N. Y., 2 boxes clothing; 2 bundles clothing; Mrs. Francis J. Snow, Greenfield, Mass., bbl. clothing; Mrs. M. A. Kierman, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass., box clothing; Cornelia Lyon, Doylestown, O., bundle clothing; South Kortright, N. Y., bundle clothing; Mrs. J. S. Reinhard, Independence, O., bundle clothing; Friend, Belleville, bundle clothing; Assiniboine, Mont., bundle clothing; Mrs. J. G. R., bundle clothing; Friend, N. Y. City, bundle clothing; Sunday School Class and others, Hewlett, L. I., bbl. clothing. Gifts of clothing have been received also from the following: Blone St., Neb.; Sowden Hill, N. Y.; Dover, N. J.; Newport, N. H.; Hattie H. Stone, Havana, N. Y.; 2640 Alleghen Ave., Phila.; unknown barrel; U. P. Brown; 711 Boylston, Boston, Mass.; Syracuse, N. Y.; W. A. Barston, Canaan Corners, N. Y.; G. Decker, South Deerfield, Mass.; unknown; Wm. Swan, A. Benson, Clinton, Ia.; Harvelton, N. Y.; unknown barrel; Epworth League, Liberty, N. Y.; unknown barrel; Wm. W. Allen, Hamilton, N. Y.; Brainbridge, N. Y.; Brattleborough, N. Y.; Oneida, N. Y.; Missionary Society, Methodist Ch. Cleveland, Cincinnati; Second Primary Department of Junction Public School, Junction, N. J.; Rosendale, Pa.



THE TSAR KOLOKOL OR KING OF BELLS IN THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

likely to know of the clue he left behind in the impression of his hammer on the candy. Neither do men who sin secretly against God realize that their steps are traced by him who "has set a print on the heels of their feet." (Job 13: 27.)

A Race for Life.

The "Post-Intelligencer" of Seattle, Wash., reports a remarkable escape of a miner from a shocking death. He was working half-way down a slope in the Franklin mine when a huge piece of coal weighing more than a ton became detached and began slowly slipping down the slope. The miner realized that his only escape from being crushed by it lay in outrunning it. He flung down his pick and ran at his utmost speed. It was a race for life for the coal increased its speed at every second and the terrified miner could hear it coming closer and closer to him. To add to his danger his wild rush extinguished the light in his cap and he had to run on in the dark. Fortunately he knew

he saw, to save himself from rolling down, but he fell seventy-five feet before his course was checked. He caught a projecting rock with one hand and some tough weeds growing from the side of the precipice with the other. A railroad man saw him suspended in this perilous position and shouted to him to hold on until he could get help. The boy clung desperately, knowing that if he fell he would be dashed to pieces on the rocks two hundred feet below. The railroad man telephoned to the police-station and a squad of men equipped with ropes and tackle came quickly to the scene. A brave man, named Wright, volunteered to go down. A rope was fastened around him and he began the perilous descent. Several times he would have fallen if the rope had not held him. When he reached the boy he put the rope around him and both were safely drawn up. It was a narrow escape, for the boy could not have held on much longer. When his brave rescuer reached him he showed no hesitation in availing himself of his chance

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE ALTERNATE ATTRIBUTES.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Rev. A.

J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Nahum 1: 2: "The Lord is slow to anger and great in power, and will not acquit the wicked: the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm and the clouds are the dust of his feet."

IT is a constant habit of the prophets to alternate between judgment and mercy in their utterance of revelation. As though the prolonged dwelling upon God's sterner attributes would put too great a strain upon the heart, they change the tone after a little and so relieve the tension. "God is jealous and the Lord revengeth," says the prophet in the opening of his prophecy and in the next section we read: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." Thus like a revolving light-house which throws forth a flash of brightness and then a blank of darkness, prophecy manifests to us alternately the love and the justice, and the tenderness and severity of God, that we may not forget the one while contemplating the other. Consider: I. The slowness and strength of

God's Anger:

"He is slow to anger but of great power." This is grandly characteristic of God. A quick temper is a mark of smallness of nature. A misstep on the side of an Indian's canoe will capsize and swamp it; but it will not affect a great ocean steamer in the slightest. And if you tread on the dignity of small and selfish people they immediately get angry and lose their temper; but a calm, selfpossessed person is not disturbed by any such affront. And so I think it a very sublime saying concerning Jehovah that he is slow to anger. The majesty of omnipotent restraint, holds him in calmness and self-possession while sinners insult and provoke him to wrath. Why does not God blast and consume the infidel blasphemer with the lightning of his indignation? we ask. When a noted atheist once lecturing before a Boston audience, took out his watch and holding it in his hand, said, "If there be a God let him prove it by striking me dead in five minutes," some Christians wondered why the Lord did not do it. As well wonder why Queen Victoria does not halt the royal procession in which she is riding, to cuff the ears of some rude boy, who because he has imbibed anarchistic notions, has come out to mock and make faces at his sovereign. There is a sublime fitness in the divine delay to punish sin. And when unbelievers taunt you with the word of Scripture—"God is angry with the wicked every day"—saying, "Then your God is a quick-tempered Deity, is he?" you may reply, "Though our God is sometimes angry, he is neither hot-headed nor passionate. And so far from divine wrath being something out of harmony with the character of a righteous God it is absolutely necessary to our conception of such a being. For in the first place, every attribute must have its counter-part. As there can be no light without darkness, so there can be no mercy without judgment. God is not a hemisphere with a single pole—love, on which all his being revolves. If he were, then he would be imperfect. Nay! there are two poles to his nature—justice and mercy: and it is because of these that a zone in which warmth of love is modulated by the severity of justice, so making a climate that is bracing as well as balmy."

Love and Anger.

Therefore, what does God, who requires us to be like himself, enjoin upon us? "Love your enemies?" Yes, and also, "Be ye angry and sin not." And what is the high commendation which he puts upon his Son as he returns victorious from the redemption-battle? "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." This combination of opposite attributes is absolutely necessary so long as good and evil are found side by side in the world. For anger is the repulsion of holiness, of truth from error, of light from darkness, of right from

wrong. The peril is always upon us that in our weak toleration, we allow these antagonistic elements to become reconciled. Therefore God is very emphatic, saying, "Ye that love the Lord hate evil." God approves a good hater as strongly as he condemns a bad lover. And when sin and false doctrine are courting our favor it will be a high commendation if he may say to us, as he did to the church of Ephesus: "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitans which I also hate."

But I must remind you that the righteous hatred enjoined, discriminates between sin and the sinner. God may punish a sin with his right hand while he offers pardon to the sinner who did it with his left. Indeed I conceive that this is exactly what he does in the work of redemption. On the Cross Christ extends a nail-pierced hand toward God, bearing in it full satisfaction for a broken law, while he reaches down a nail-pierced hand to us, proffering a full forgiveness for our sin. It is just this which gives such strength and security to the believer in Christ. Such an one is not simply forgiven, but he is justified: that is to say judgment and mercy concur in his release from punishment, and both unite in pronouncing him free from condemnation. If you have been forgiven, O believer, it is not that you have been let off on your good behaviour, God's justice reluctantly consenting to the arrangement, with the proviso that on your first offence you may be re-arrested and remanded back to condemnation. No. Ours is a both-handed forgiveness, thank God. Behold the goodness and the severity of God entering into covenant to deliver our souls from death—the goodness that pities and the severity that condemns both satisfied and co-operating in the great transaction. Truly in Christ on the Cross "mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." The tree lends shade to the woodman who cuts it down, says an Oriental proverb. Most true is the saying of that tree on Calvary. They who crucified the Son of God were themselves covered by his Cross. Justice there learned to forgive, and our great sinbearer who looked to the law with its judgments and penalties, and cried, "It is finished," looked also to the sinners, and said, "Father, forgive them."

The slowness and sureness of

God's Judgments.

"He is slow to anger and will not acquit the wicked." God does not pay at the end of the week, but he pays at last. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," says the Scripture. We may be sure, therefore, that when the work of sin is done, the wages of sin will be paid. And yet because God does not declare a dividend every year on investments of wrong-doing, men conclude that there is nothing likely to accrue. The truth is very graphically set forth in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone, in the place of the holy; and he was forgotten in the place where he had done so. Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. That is to say, men reason thus: 'Here was my neighbor who was selfish, penurious, and self-indulgent. He went to church every Sunday, but instead of bearing the cross and enduring hardness, as good soldiers of Christ are commanded to do, he had both hands full of the world, and was dissatisfied that he could not get more. And this man lived happily and died easily. I am sure it is that the way things go it does not pay to practice self-denial and to forsake all to follow Christ.' Then fool! Have not you read the Scripture enough to know that this present time is not God's pay-day? And are you so short-sighted as not to un-

derstand that because you cannot immediately cut the coupons of blessing from the bonds of self-denial, therefore there is no interest to come to you? O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have written. 'Ye shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just,' says Jesus. 'Behold I come quickly and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his work shall be,' he says again. The time of our Lord's return is the day of our reaping and recompense—not now. Miserable proverb of this world it is, that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' I will let the bird fly out of my hands though its wings be covered with silver, and it is ready to lay me eggs of gold, if I can have the bird in the bush—even the bird of Paradise that sings among the branches of the tree of life which grows by the river of water of life. In other words, I would rather have a heart that sorrows with the sorrowful now, if I may have a heart that can sing with the blessed hereafter. Therefore, let us remember these two things, viz., first: The slowness of God is not slackness. When we see how judgment is perverted in the world: evil crowned, and goodness crucified,

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,"

we cry out in impatience for judgment, saying with the martyrs under the altar: "How long, O Lord, holy and just, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood upon them that dwell upon the earth?" But the calm and reassuring word that breaks upon our ears, as uttered by Peter: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness, but

Is Long-suffering

to usward, not willing that any man should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "At twelve o'clock," says a father to his disobedient son, "the limit will be reached. If you do not repent and confess your wrong before that hour, the punishment which I have threatened must come upon you." And yet his heart yearns for his boy, and every instinct of parental affection relents from inflicting chastisement. How he holds his eyes away from the clock that he may not see that the fatal hour has come. How he persuades himself that its time is fast, that he may give a few minutes' grace. He even lets the hand slip by a little, hoping that he may hear the longed-for word of penitence. So, my hearers, God lets the dial-hands on the plate of eternity move by, and holds back the bell from striking, that he may yet give space for repentance. Slackness, do you say in your presumption? Nay, it is the slowness of tender compassion—it is the reluctance of fatherly tenderness. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

And will you make the fact the occasion for provoking him to anger? Shall your feet be only the swifter to run into sin, because his are so slow to overtake you with judgment? And remember that silence is not forgetfulness. That youth who stole out at midnight to commit some wanton sin is encouraged because God seemed to take no notice of his wrong-doing. That clerk who has been pilfering from his employer is emboldened because his plan for concealment has prospered. That respectable man congratulates himself because though practising secret sins he is just as greatly respected as ever. But listen to the warning of the Son of God: "There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested neither is there anything kept secret which shall not come abroad." Turn on the lights, and all that was unseen in the room becomes instantly visible. And when "the Lord shall descend from heaven in flaming fire taking vengeance on all them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" illumination as well as judgment will come, revelation as well as retribution will begin; and next to the terror of punishment, will be the terror of having all our sins laid bare and exposed to the gaze of the whole world. Oh, my hearers, are your sins under the blood?

III. The slowness and swiftness of

God's Vindications.

"The Lord is slow to anger, the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind." To this correspond the words of Christ: "And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him?" The whirlwind is not merely a symbol of sudden wrath, but of sudden vindication. Do you not remember how it was with Job? After the miserable prophesying and criticisms of his three friends, in which they added this in-

jury to all his other injuries that of disparaging his character, and showing how richly he had deserved all that had come to him, suddenly we read: "And the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said." Then followed that sublime dialogue with the patriarch which ended in his complete vindication and the confounding and rebuking of his sanctimonious friends.

Here is a wonderful lesson for our faith. It is the darkest just before day; and so it is calmest just before a storm. They say that there is a strange and unwonted stillness when a whirlwind or a cyclone is about to break upon the earth. Pray on Christian who hast asked great things of God, knowing that he is able to do great things even exceeding abundantly above all that we are able to ask or think. Instead of being swift to hear and mighty to save it seems as if his ear was closed and the heavens were shut up as brass over your head.

Fear Not.

God hath his way in the whirlwind. Oft-times when the trial of our faith has reached its limit, when a dead calm prevails in which the soul is ready to faint and swoon away into utter hopelessness, the Lord breaks forth in vindication and astonishes us by the greatness of his mercies. Therefore, O Christian, interceding with God for father or mother, for son or daughter—pray on. He is near and not afar off. He shall avenge you speedily. But as sure and swift as our vindication is so sure is our punishment if we are found unprepared for the appearing of our Lord. How swiftly judgment comes at last! "As the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of man be." O be admonished any of you who are living in unrepented sin! This world has been long confederate against God: sin has become organized and thoroughly compacted, and evil-doers congratulate themselves that they can transgress with impunity. Doth God know? Doth the Almighty see? they ask. Because no immediate retribution comes the evil-doer says that there is no Judge of all the earth, or if there is, that he takes no notice of their conduct. Not so: "For God shall bring every work unto judgment with every secret thing whether it be good or evil," says the Scripture. He has long indeed been silent, and no audible voice has been heard from heaven. Tyrants have shed oceans of blood and he has been silent; the public poisoners have slain their thousands through strong drink, and he has been silent; and the Christian nations have brought ruin and death to millions through their opium traffic, and he has been silent; the betrayers of innocence and the destroyers of virtue have ruined other thousands, and he has been silent. But listen to the words of scripture: "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him and it shall be very tempestuous around about him." Be afraid therefore, O sinner, to sin and flee from it: be afraid of God and run to his arms.

THE CHAINED PILGRIM.

In the course of a recent missionary address, Dr. Byron A. Woods said: Not long ago, we are told, a man came down to Bombay from Northern India. He was a strange-looking object. On the way down, traveling by train, his transportation was charged for partly as a passenger and partly as freight. The man was a Mohammedan on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Arrived at the steamer, the astonished captain refused to allow him to go on board of his ship. He had loaded himself down with chains, weighing in all six hundred pounds. In the chains were iron pegs and a heavy mallet. These were used in fastening him, when he wished to remain in a particular spot. They asked him the meaning of it all. He replied that when he was a young man he had been exceedingly wicked, but finally had determined to put away his sins. So he put on the first chain. Failing to keep his resolution, he added another, and then another, in the vain effort, until his burden had increased to its present dimensions.

That man represents the thousands to whom our missionaries go. Appetites, habits, passions, customs, sinful hearts and sinful lives—these have made the burden of guilt grow heavier and heavier, until men are bound down, crushed, and destroyed beneath the awful load. To such the missionary goes, in the spirit of his Master, to preach deliverance to captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. In our vocabulary, to the sweet and sacred words of "mother" and "home," we add "liberty."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

D. M. E. Altoona, Pa. Who was the first foreign missionary in America and of what denomination?
 Rev. Adoniram Judson, Baptist.
 R. H. Eppert, Coal Bluff, Ind. Who was the mother of David?
 His mother's name is unknown. (See II. Sam. 17: 25.)
 C. E. C. Will vegetables be serviceable for the Food Fund?

Cabbages, potatoes and such vegetables are least liable to perish in the handling would be very acceptable. It is useless, however, to send them from long distances.

Mrs. C. H. Gillam, Oberlin, Kan., writes:
 Allow me to thank those CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who have so kindly and liberally responded to our call for literature. It is impossible to answer them all personally. We now have all the papers arranged for to see us through the present year. A great many have sent us books, those we acknowledge personally.

B. Wing, Lawrenceville, Pa., apropos of the destitution in New York and the suffering among the poor in many places, writes:

Want and woe go hand in hand,
 Sickness and death are o'er the land.
 The cry for bread, the mourners' wail,
 The icy breath of winter's gale.
 Proclaim the darkness of despair;
 And yet the ear of God is near.
 For he who formed the human eye,
 Will he not see and hear the cry?

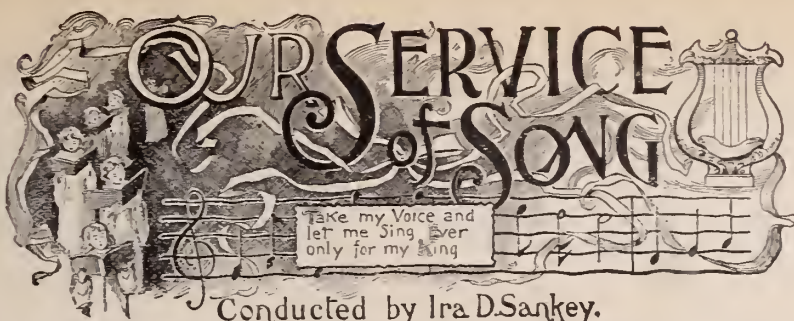
D. N. Freeman, Cardington, O. 1. Was Cairo the capital of Egypt in the days of Moses? 2. At what place did he lead his people through the Red Sea? 3. What is the width of the sea at that place? 4. How long were they in marching through? 5. In what direction did they march from the sea? 6. In what direction did they cross the Jordan, at what place and what is its width at the place of crossing?

1. No; the capital at that time was Thebes-Zoan, Tami or San, as it is now called. It was thirty miles from Goshen, where the Israelites were located. The Israelites set out from the two "treasure cities," Pithom and Rameses. 2. They crossed at Migdol. 3. From shore to shore estimated at about five miles. 4. The best Biblical scholars say that a body of troops could have passed in a few hours, but it probably took the host of the Israelites the greater part of the night. 5. South-south-east. 6. They crossed the river at a point opposite Jericho, proceeding about due west to that city. It is probably a sixteenth of a mile wide at that point.

Subscriber, Black Horse, Pa. If a Christian undertakes to give a tenth of his income to the Lord, can he legitimately reckon as part of the tenth, his pew-rent, the cost of religious books, expenses of going to religious meetings, etc.

When the undertaking to give a tenth was settled by the Christian in question, he should have decided what he meant by giving it to the Lord. There is no law on the subject, binding on Christians. A safe general principle which the individual conscience can apply to all such cases is that what is spent in personal gratification cannot be considered as given to the Lord. The motive has to be taken into account. If the man pays a certain sum as pew-rent, he may do so to secure a comfortable or conspicuous pew, or he may do it to provide support for the pastor. The purchase of religious books, similarly, may be a matter of pride in their possession, or may be for equipment for religious work.

R., Jersey City, N. J. Write to the U. S. Pension Bureau, Washington, for full information.—E. E. S., Newfoundland. We have heard of it before and believe it to be spurious. Such is the judgment of the best scholars and commentators.—A. F. Frue, Boston, Mass. It is published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 24.—W. Kirkland, Chapelville, N. C. Miss Jessie De Vie is now taking a course of study, to prepare her for her mission work among her fallen sisters.—Pearl W. Barton, South Shaftesbury, Mass. Address Rev. A. B. Simpson, 602 Eighth Ave., N. Y.—A. J. Keeler, Boneville, Ind. No; fox-hunting at best is a cruel sport.—Eliza Dickinson, Mo. We believe it to be reliable.—Subscriber, Felda, Minn. The matter mentioned in your letter must be determined by the individual conscience. We cannot undertake to advise.—Emma Pruett, Duffton, Mo. The phenomenon of the rainbow has already been discussed in "The Mail Bag," in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—M. N. J. Write to Wilbur F. Keitchan, Cooper Union, N. Y., for the Presbyterian Year-Book, in which you will find the names of clergymen in the districts mentioned in your letter. They will doubtless be able to supply the names of Presbyterian families.—Subscriber, Marmaduke Military Academy, Potter & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, have Bibles with the Apocrypha.—Reader, Boyertown, Pa. Send back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Chaplain, Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.—Subscriber, Minn. We can see no objection to the music you mention.—Reader, Haverhill, Mass. Estimated at about five hundred thousand.—Subscriber, Miss. Armenia is supposed to have been the cradle of the human race, and the original color to have been ruddy or red. The complexion of the Caucasian and the African are modifications, resulting from long generations of residence in tropical and temperate climates.—R. C. Hatcher, Telfairville, Ga. Already answered in "The Mail Bag" recently.—W. P. Denny, Fairview, La. Presbyterian.—Subscriber, Arcana, Ind. Write to Biglow & Main, music publishers, Ninth St., N. Y.—Ella Reidy, Wallacetown, Pa. Write to Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Society, Hartford, Conn.—John A. Bell, Beacon, Ia. Australia is the largest island continent of Australasia, being bounded on the west by the Indian Ocean and on the east by the South Pacific.—Louie Green, Centreville, Md. N. where.—Mrs. W. D. Ross, Worcester, Mass. We never heard of him.—C. Address Rev. C. H. Mead, Hornellsville, N. Y. Subscriber, Mr. Moody's address at present is Providence, R. I. The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting is N. 113, Fulton St., N. Y.—L. S., Brooklyn. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 602 Eighth Ave., N. Y. S. M. Davidson, Bell's Valley, Va. Yes, he will continue in any event.—Reader, Sturgeon Bay, Wis. The cost was in the neighborhood of \$325,000.



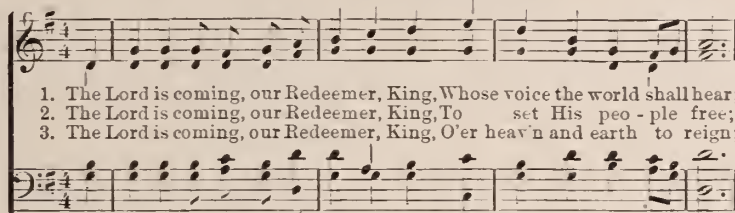
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey.

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

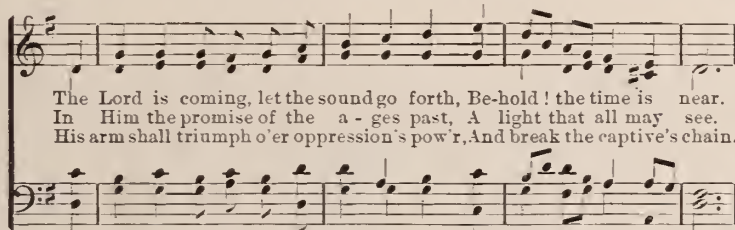
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Isa. 40: 3.

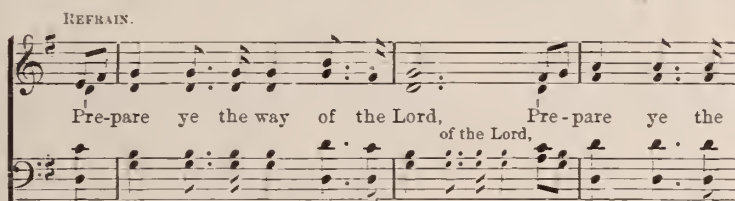
W. H. DOANE.



1. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, Whose voice the world shall hear;
2. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, To set His people free;
3. The Lord is coming, our Redeemer, King, O'er heav'n and earth to reign;

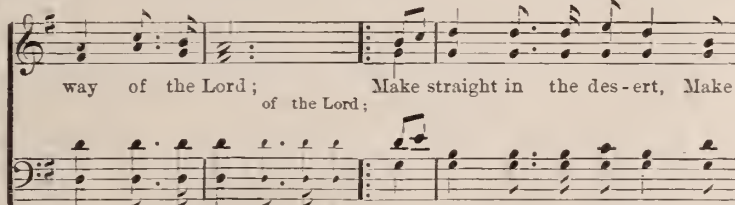


The Lord is coming, let the sound go forth, Be-hold! the time is near.
 In Him the promise of the ages past, A light that all may see.
 His arm shall triumph o'er oppression's power, And break the captive's chain.

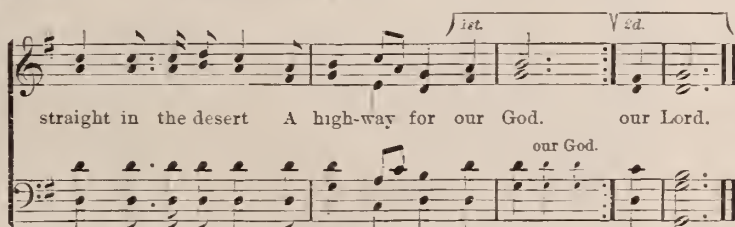


REFRAIN.

Pre-prepare ye the way of the Lord, Pre-prepare ye the way of the Lord,



way of the Lord; Make straight in the desert, Make straight in the desert, our God, our God.



straight in the desert A high-way for our God, our Lord.

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE NIGHT WANES.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WATCH! For the night is coming!
 Morn holds her gates ajar;
 Light on the gloom is stealing,
 Watch for the Morning Star.

Wait! Till with golden banners
 Hung on the glowing sky,
 Gleams with celestial brightness,
 The Dayspring from on high.

Hope! For the working shadows,
 E'en now are on the wing;
 Hope! The Sun of righteousness,
 The Glory-day will bring,

Pray! Lest the wily tempter,
 Woo thee to careless sleep!
 Day must succeed this twilight;
 Yield not, but vigil keep.

Watch for the Lord's appearing!
 Wait for his welcome call!
 Hope for the glorious Rapture!
 Wait for the tempter's fall!

Brighton Heights, S. I.

J. VAN TASSELL.

LONGING FOR JESUS' COMING.

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. 22: 20.

DEAR Jesus, we love thee, thou knowest how well,
 We long to be with thee forever to dwell;
 We long to behold thee, thou loved One so fair,
 And in yon bright mansions thy glory to share.

How precious the thought to be parted no more,
 From him we have loved on this sin-stricken shore!
 How strong is the union no power can divide,
 Forever united the Bridegroom and Bride.

Then let us be faithful and watch unto prayer,
 That no one may take our bright crown over there;
 Now don the whole armor of God's blessed Son,
 And live for his glory till life's work is done.

—EVA A. NORTHROP.

THE SEVENTH TRUMPET.

The Mystery—The Two Women—The Mystic Babylon and its Doom.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.

THE scene described in the first seven verses of the seventeenth chapter of Revelation does not refer to a literal woman or a literal city. It refers to a symbol full of deep, dark historic significance. It is the symbol of that spiritual power which has been, through all the ages, seducing man from the faith and worship of the one true God; the mystic parent from whom have sprung the false religions, the superstitions, the idolatries which have prevailed in all lands, and by whose active agencies they have been nursed and maintained till this latest time, even in the midst of civilized and evangelized nations.

Of this symbolic character there is distinct intimation in that word—"a mystery"—inscribed on her brow. Now in the spiritual world there are two mysteries. The Bible speaks of both: "the mystery of godliness," and "the mystery of iniquity;" that is, two mighty issues in long and mystic preparation. Out of "the mystery of godliness" there rose, we know, in complete revelation, after being long foreshadowed in type and symbol, the Messiah, God's incarnate Son, "God manifested in the flesh." So, too, out of this—"the mystery of iniquity"—in which, as represented by this Woman and her magic spells, the nations have been educating so long, is to rise at length in full revelation, the Anti-messiah, the Dragon incarnate, Satan manifested in the flesh.

The Woman. Again, in this Book two women are presented in sign and symbol; the one here; the other in the twelfth chapter. There "a great sign" is seen by the prophet "in the Heaven"—a woman; here it is in the wilderness—"the angel carried me away in spirit into the wilderness," and there I saw a woman. Both stand out in magnificent attire. The first in robes celestial; clothed with the Sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. The second in the flash and splendor of a fallen world, "in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones and pearls." Both are symbolic. The first is God's presentation of the Church of Israel; restored to her covenant position; the mother of the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles; of this woman, the man child she bears "is caught up to God and to his throne" (12: 1, 5). In contrast to that pure woman is the woman here. This is "the Harlot, having in her hand a cup full of abominations, and unclean things;" the Mistress of all the dark rulers who have headed the world-empire; "the Mother of the abominations of the earth."

Here, then, we have the key. It opens the mystery. It tells that this foul woman is a great symbol, representing in figurative and living form the organized Antichurch of all the ages. Each of these terms employed in describing her has in the Scripture a plain, specific, spiritual signification and usage; and, taken together, they leave no doubt as to what she is, and what she is doing among men. A church, fallen from God into idolatry and superstition and devoting its homage to the worship of demons, is rejected by him and repudiated.

Now "the Woman" of this prediction is the mother of all the superstitious forces, religious ceremonials and dark idolatries, which, in so many kindred forms, have been rooted in all lands; and it is "with the wine fermented and drugged and held to their lips by her and her race of daughters, that all the kindreds of fallen men have been made drunk, and are kept intoxicated and maddened to the end.

This Woman is named Babylon:—that great city which is ruling the kings with a regal sway." And why Babylon? Because this city is the birthplace of the apostasy; the original city in which the rebellion against heaven, inspired by this mystic Seducer, first rose in organized form; and, since then, the source and centre whence have issued all the idolatries, superstitions, abominations, and sacerdotal oppressions by which the kings of the earth have been swayed and the nations enslaved.

It is a mistake to suppose that idolatrous and demon worship was gradual in its emergence; a religious evolution; the effort of men striving after God. Its rise was sudden; its birth gigantic; conceived in deliberate rebellion; the invention of a proud ambition at war with God, and intended to displace and counteract his will.

(To be continued.)



SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 11, Mat. 3: 7-12.

PAUL'S direction to the Corinthian Christians supplies the rule of conduct to be observed in this matter of giving. They were to lay by them in store, as God had prospered them. The proportion of gifts to income was not fixed, but the amount of the gift was clearly to be proportioned to the income. This proportion, therefore, every Christian should fix for himself. His gifts should not be spasmodic, or impulsive, but well-considered and deliberate. The Lord's money should be a sacred trust, provided for and intelligently expended. It ought to be set apart, so that the giver sees that it really is expended; for it often happens that a man does not give, in the course of a year, so much as he thinks he gives. This deliberate provision, also, has the advantage of furnishing an opportunity for classifying the gifts. Obviously, the various branches of the Lord's work are entitled to a share. There are times when one branch is in greater need than another. In some years, the claim of the Lord's poor, or of Foreign Missions, or of denominational support, may be more urgent than other claims and this fact should be taken into account. It is a stewardship and should be exercised with discrimination. As to the amount to be laid aside, conscience should dictate. The Jewish proportion of a tenth is not obligatory, although the Christian would be strangely oblivious of his higher privileges and blessings if under ordinary circumstances he gave less. No man ought to give so lavishly that he incapacitates himself for paying his just debts. The very first idea of such a store as the Lord's money presupposes that the giver is living within his income; otherwise he may be laying aside money that does not belong to him, but to his creditors. With such a gift we may be sure God is not pleased. It is the gift which is the result of self-denial that is most acceptable. The man who will give up some expensive habit, who will deny himself some luxury that he may lay upon the altar the money he would have spent on it, is the man whose gift is valued. Whether the money so saved is given to the poor, or to the Lord's work, the giver is blessed in his soul by the act. It has cost him something and he is drawn heavenward by the gift.

It is remarkable how often liberal givers are blessed of God. He endows with greater means of giving those who can be trusted to do good with their means. Luther used to tell a story in illustration. He said there was in Austria a monastery noted for its gifts to the poor. The monastery prospered and was famous for its wealth. But the monks began to hoard the money, instead of giving it to the poor. Soon the monastery became poor. One day a saint, in the guise of a mendicant, went to the monastery and asked for alms. The monks told him they had none to give. "Do you know why the treasury is empty?" he asked. The monks gave several reasons. "None of these is the real reason," said the saint. "You once had two brothers in your monastery named Date and Dabitur. You thrust out Date and then, when Dabitur felt lonely without his brother, he left of his own accord." The monks protested that they had never had such inmates. "Have you forgotten your Latin, too?" asked the saint. "Date means give and Dabitur, it shall be given to you. When Date is again an inmate of your house, Dabitur will return and your treasury will no longer be empty."

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

A conference of Northern and Southern Leagues was held recently at St. Louis in the Union Church. The subjects considered were: "The Condition of the Suffering Poor;" "The Responsibility of the Individ-

ual for his Share of the Lord's Work;" and "The Best Method of Conducting the Social and Literary Department." As a result of the consideration of the first subject, a substantial sum was added to the treasury of the Young People's Relief Society. At no time has the help of the Leagues been more efficient than in the revival services of this winter. The first company of Epworth League Guards in Colorado has been formed in connection with the Grant Avenue Church of Denver. The church has a flourishing Junior League, and the idea of the Guards has been welcomed with enthusiasm. A novel feature of League work which would interest Chapters in other cities has been adopted at Cleveland, O. One member has been appointed editor of a Chapter magazine. It is his duty to obtain short literary articles from other members,

these, there were old books and many other interesting articles. Short talks about each of the exhibits made up a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

THE BAPTIST BOYS' BRIGADE.

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 31, was published an account of the organization of the Baptist Boys' Brigade, of which about one hundred and fifty companies have been formed. We are now enabled to publish a picture, taken from a photograph of a group of officers of the First Regiment of the Brigade. The uniforms and accoutrements are a distinct attraction to the boys and, as we learn from Rev. W.R. Deming, who is at the head of the movement, the number of new companies is growing rapidly. On Feb. 22, grand reviews were held in Boston, Brooklyn and New York. The New York boys were delighted with the honor of an address from the distinguished veteran, Gen. O. O. Howard, who reviewed the regiments. Mr. Deming writes: "Those who doubt the wisdom of this work are chiefly those who have never engaged in it, and are not really acquainted with it. We have yet to find a single pastor who has organized a company according to the directions laid down in the Manual and been disappointed in the result. Many of our correspondents in different parts of the country have asked if there were any organization of the Baptist Boys' Brigade for

that he was not setting his children a proper example overcame him, and before the sermon he rose and said, 'Pray for me that I may be a Christian, and a true father to my boys.' The result was that last Sunday he, with his wife and two sons, was baptized. Again it is true that 'a little child may lead them.'"



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Endeavorers at Aston, a suburb of Birmingham, England, lately gave a poor children's treat, when about two hundred children were present.

Mr. Stanley Newcombe, secretary of the Auckland Provincial Union of New Zealand, writes, that on Sept. 30 there were thirty-two societies of Christian Endeavor in the Union.

The Building Fund of the Philadelphia Women's Christian Association has reached \$19,000. The Association has met with many reverses, but seems now to be on the high road to prosperity.

Subscribers who have written us asking instructions as to the formation of Christian Endeavor Societies should address Mr. William Shaw, 645 Washington street, Boston, Mass., from whom they can obtain badges, pledge-cards and all appliances.

The Melbourne Young Women's Christian Association has been celebrating its eleventh anniversary. The secretary says: "For the Y.W.C.A. these have been happy and busy years. The Lord has blessed the work abundantly, and has crowned it with his rich blessing. The new building is a monument of answered prayer."

The Damascus and Jerusalem Young Men's Christian Associations send very encouraging accounts of their work. At Cairo and Alexandria the branches have an excellent sphere for service, but are limited in their operations by the need in each case of an officer who could give his whole time to the work. The Damascus Association has fifty-three active members.

During the past year, sixteen members of the Foreign Missionary Society in connection with the Glasgow Young Men's Christian Association have gone abroad to different parts of the world, but special interest attaches to the departure of Mr. Gilbert Ritchie, who is to be supported by the Glasgow Association, in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Mrs. J. P. Burkholder, of the Free Baptist Mission to the Santals, writes: "We live in the jungles of India among the Santals, who are supposed to be one of the aboriginal tribes of the country. This year we have organized a Christian Endeavor Society among our young people, and also a Junior Society for the children. Both are well attended. The people are very poor; but we hope with our Father's help, to train up a good band of workers."

The Epworth League Annual for 1894 is just out. It includes prayer-meeting topics for the entire year, Junior prayer-meeting topics, benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, official publications, important dates in Methodism, a brief account of the organization of the League, and the newest and completest available Epworth League statistics.

A lady at Bozeman, Mont., writes to the "Epworth Herald" that an organization has been formed there similar to the one at Ravenswood, Ill., recently described in these columns. She says: We have in Bozeman an Epworth League and three Endeavor Societies—Presbyterian, Baptist, and Campbellite. All these hold monthly united meetings under the name of "The Christian Union of Young People."

Coffee

Is rendered more wholesome and palatable if instead of using milk or cream you use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, or if you prefer it unsweetened, then Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

Notice to Church Societies.

A new and easy plan for raising Money, Books, Carpets, etc., for Churches, Sunday Schools and Parsonages is offered by the Consumers' Wholesale Tea & Spice Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Churches in need should write them for particulars; also ladies who would like to secure beautiful premiums for themselves.



OFFICERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF THE BAPTIST BOYS' BRIGADE, NEW YORK.

to edit and arrange them, and have the whole neatly type-written for reading on a stated evening once a month. The articles need not be exclusively on League topics, but are expected to be of a moral or religious character. After the magazine has been read at the meeting it is deposited in the library, and is called for quite as often as books by eminent writers. A correspondent of the "Epworth Herald" at Ellsworth, Kan., describes an interesting social which was recently held by the League in that town. It was held in response to the call for the exhibition of souvenirs and resulted in the production of more of these articles than anyone supposed were in existence in the town. One member exhibited two Indian arrows which had been shot at him by Nebraska Indians. Another had a package of fused nails which he had picked up among the debris of the great Chicago fire. A third had an autograph letter from Abraham Lincoln. A war veteran exhibited a china cup which he carried with him all through the war. Another relic was a china bowl once used by John Wesley. Besides

the United States. There is none as yet, because organization implies concerted action. The Baptist Boys' Brigade movement is only a year old, and is growing so rapidly that no such action has been possible, except in localities.

Dr. R. B. Hull of the Greenwood Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has devoted much attention to the Brigade connected with his church and has been gratified by seeing distinct spiritual results from it. In a letter to the "Examiner," he says: "The influence of the Boys' Brigade was effectively shown last Sunday in the Greenwood Church. A member of the Brigade was converted at the summer camp—Camp Holly. His brother was converted in the Brigade prayer-meetings in the church. The committee appointed to visit the boys at their home talked faithfully with their mother. She gave herself to the Lord, and asked the two brethren to speak to her husband. They did so. At first he gave no sign of yielding to the truth. He attended the church services, however, and as he saw the Brigade with his boys march into the church the thought



A Syrian Baby.

Our Traveler describes Child-life in the East—A Rough Infancy.

IN a former paper I described a home in which I found one Syrian girl-baby, and the housekeeping which went on about her. The object of my present visit being to see another, I had eyes for little else until I had inspected her immediate surroundings and learned all there was to hear of her little life.

Three months before our call the news that a birth was impending drew about the one-roomed hut in which parents and three children already lived, a crowd of friendly neighbors. Outside, the men smoked and talked with the father to while away the period of suspense. Within, their wives thronged the chamber to suffocation, also, smoking and talking, all at once. The mother lay upon a mat at the far side of the floor, with just enough room between her and the wall to allow the passage of the loudly-officious matrons who hovered about her.

Dr. William G. Schauffler, the beloved physician to many natives in Beirut, once told me how he had charged into the midst of such a rabble, upon being called to take charge of "a dangerous case."

"There were fifty women in a twelve-by-twelve room," he said. "The air was stifling; the hubbub indescribable. I wasted no words. Two strong sentences in Arabic, with gestures to match, sent them scurrying to the door, and I could at least see the patient."

When the sex of our particular baby was reluctantly announced, there was a general falling away of solicitous friends. A dead silence followed the unwelcome phrase—accentuated, presently, by the groans of the nearest of feminine kindred and the sobs of the poor mother. The men emptied their pipes upon the ground and stalked off, mercifully forbearing to look at the father, disgraced by the appearance of still another daughter.

The women departed in like manner, without speaking to him, or to his wife. Often the husband approaches the mat upon which the unhappy woman is left alone with her new-born child, and scolds her vehemently for the disappointment she has caused him. Sometimes he actually strikes her in his fury. My guide told me of one instance that had come under his personal observation in which the mother had beaten her head and breast with her fists in a frenzied attempt to commit suicide. Life under the shame that had come to her was insupportable.

Had our baby been a boy, a turmoil of congratulations would have ensued upon the proclamation at the door of the hut. The happy father would have been embraced with tears of joy by his comrades, drums would have been beaten and trumpets blown, and such humble gifts as the poor can make to one another been sent in to the mother, already overwhelmed by the caresses and praises of her gossips.

The little intruder upon a domestic circle and community thus organized had had few visitors and no presents when we made our call.

"I wish," said an indignant woman-missionary, who has labored in the East for

thirty-odd years, "that not another girl would be born to you Syrians for half a century, that you might know the real value of women in the world!"

The cradle of roughly-cut, unpainted wood stood in the middle of the floor. Upon slats nailed over the tall rockers was tacked a mattress stuffed with straw. Directly upon this, the child, clad in a single calico garment, was strapped by means of strips of cotton cloth, six inches in width, attached to the framework of the cradle. The only pillow was placed exactly beneath the shoulder-blades, the head sagging forlornly upon the lower level of the mattress. The baby's arms were laid close to its sides, its legs were stretched as straight as though the bed were its coffin; a sort of "duvet"

It stopped whining when she lifted it to display the construction of the cradle and the mysteries of the long strips of cloth, depositing the late occupant upon the mat beside her. The brown legs were kicked eagerly into the air, the arms tossed wildly in true baby-style, and the gurgling coo which is the natural language of infantile humanity the world around, testified to its relief and pleasure. A four-year-old sister laughed gleefully in reply, and grabbing the baby, hitched it up to her hip in Syrian fashion; the tiny head wobbling frightfully.

"She will surely drop it!" gasped I, with a glance at the pitiless floor, a concrete of clay and stones.

The mother smiled; the interpreter reassured me.

"Oh! the older children carry the babies—when they are carried—from their birth, even when just able to toddle about themselves. She has probably had that little one in her arms four or five times a day, ever since it was born. The boys never touch them of course. The girls are burden-bearers from the first."

The baby's head was already one-sided, the soft skull yielding readily to the pressure of the straw mattress. For twenty hours out of twenty-four it is bound down in the way I have described, and as the mother always kneels on the right-hand side of the cradle to nurse it, the head is habitually turned in that direction.

While talking, the mother—a Druse—squatted upon the bare floor, having laid cushions for us. She was comely with her black eyes, white teeth and ready smile. Her dress consisted of pink calico trousers, very wide and full, a short jacket of the same material, of a deeper red, and a veil of coarse white cotton, pinned tightly around her forehead and falling down her back. The sale of red calico of every conceivable shade, must be immense in this country, almost as large as that of blue cloth of which the men's jackets and trousers are made. While we chatted of the baby, a third was brought upon the scene, of course in the arms of an older sister. Few of the babies I have seen are plump, and fewer are robust with the rollicking elasticity of muscle and joints manifest in healthy American babies. Yet the much-described "state of artificial civilization" is as far removed from them as if they were creatures of a different genus from our rosy, well-fed darlings. Those who advocate bringing up children in absolute obedience to natural laws and instincts, would have few suggestions to offer to the Syrian mother, except in the matter of binding her baby in the cradle. As soon as he can creep, he is tossed upon the bosom of Mother Earth, and left to "hustle" for himself among his fellows. When drowsy, he crawls into a corner and goes to sleep like a little brown dog; if hungry, he eats whatever comes within reach

of his dirty hands that commends itself to his judgment as possibly eatable. At night, he huddles down in the one garment he has worn all day, close to brothers and sisters, to gain warmth through the sunless hours from their bodies.

When his mother is in a good humor she strokes and pats him and flings a fig or morsel of sweet cake to him; when she is busy, she kicks him out of her path; when angry—and this is often with the ignorant, untrained woman who was married at twelve years of age—she takes a stick to him and swears volubly, cursing the day in which he was born and invoking the vengeance of heaven upon his undutiful soul. The immature soul that is in this state of nature and natural development, gets even less washing than his body.

"How clean your baby looks!" said my guide to the mother of still another baby.

It was a boy, and almost the only infant we had seen whose skin was clear, and whose hair had the appearance of growing upon a healthy scalp. The proud parent showed her white teeth in a gleam of childish gratification.

"Yes! He should be clean. He had his first bath to-day. He is four months old, quite old enough to be taken to the baths."

The home washing is an unknown luxury. Four times in a year, parents and children treat themselves to a plunge at the public baths,

where a cleansing can be had for an absurdly small sum. For three months thereafter, soap and towels, comb and brush—belonging to the "state of artificial civilization"—have no place in the unsophisticated household. While we still sat about the swinging cradle, the rush of naked feet was heard, and three little girls from five to ten years of age, halted upon the threshold, at sight of the clean new matting the mother had unrolled at our entrance, and one after the other, stepped into an earthen bowl of dirty water standing outside; dabbled their toes in it, rubbed one bare foot hastily over the other and entered. They left wet tracks upon the uncovered strip of concrete flooring, and muddy marks upon the "company" matting, but complacent in the conviction that they had done all which decency and etiquette demanded, they tucked their dripping feet under them, and composed themselves to get their share of the enjoyment of our visit. Of the unmarried girl of Northern Syria and Palestine I will talk at some future day. MARION HARLAND,



A SYRIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

(From a photograph forwarded by Marion Harland to "The Christian Herald.")

or quilt—was spread above it, and over all the straps were passed, smooth and level, under the slats and up again on the other side to be tied with tape strings to a rude framework above the head of the tiny mummy. She could not stir finger or foot, or roll over by so much as a quarter-inch of space. When she cried, the mother knelt upon the floor and nursed her.

"She does not like it—no!" she answered, smiling at the query whether or not the baby relished the strapping process.

Nevertheless, whenever the small prisoner cries, it is assumed that she is hungry and whatever the mother is doing, she leaves everything to feed her. The custom of regular meal-time practised by most intelligent mothers and nurses in America and England is considered barbarous.

"But it may be that the mothers in those countries do not pity the poor little things, as we do?" said our hostess, tentative, but courteous, as she responded for the third time within half-an-hour to her nursing's fretful appeal.

"There is hardly one well-shaped skull among the hundreds of Syrian boys and men in our preparatory school and college," said one of the Beirut professors to me. "They are all flattened at the back, or on the side, before the first year of infancy is over. They wear the fez indoors and out. When it is removed the deformity is seen."

If the effect of the much-dreaded evil eye be, as is supposed, a mysterious wasting away of flesh and loss of vigor, some former visitor may have exercised it upon the wee creature in the swinging cot. She was so fragile in frame, so ethereal in her pale prettiness that I asked out of the fullness of common-sense experience and observation, upon what diet she was fed.

"She is not yet weaned," was the unexpected answer, "but she eats anything, potatoes, garlic, radishes, green almonds, cucumbers, bananas, cactus-figs"—the fruit of the wild prickly pear that flourishes rankly everywhere—"everything in fact, that grown people like. Why not? she has twelve teeth."



CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

MARIE'S very features were altering into premature sedateness; she was alternately petulant and moodily reserved when she was not feverishly gay, and as the weeks wore on, had an air of nervous expectancy unaccounted for by any clue of information, or of suspicion at the mother's command, until Elspeth offered one.

"The bairnie is mayhap fretting for her father," she felt constrained to say to her mistress, lest she might discover the secret by other and less gentle means. "His name never passes her lips, and I'm thinking that's a sign she thinks of him the mair."

Marie was in her third-story room where she spent at least two-thirds of her time when she was at home. The door was locked. Elspeth could have told her how common an occurrence this was, but her mother was surprised when her knock was answered by the turn of the key.

"Why do you lock yourself in, my love?" she asked. "I hope the children do not annoy you by running in and out? I have charged them not to disturb you when you are busy with your studies."

"O, no! they are good little things, and never come unless they are called. But it is cosier to sit on the right side of a locked door."

The flippant tone and studied indifference of behavior continued while her mother unfolded the particulars of the news she had brought, until, out of the fullness of her gratitude, she dwelt upon her brother's generosity.

He intends, he says, to put the house in perfect repair, to have a furnace built in the cellar, and a bath-room in the second story, and hot and cold water throughout the house. All this, he would have me believe, is not contingent upon our removal to Pequod, but I know better. There will not be another dwelling in the region so luxuriously appointed. That is Uncle Roger's way. He dreads being thanked as much as ever Mr. Jarndyce could have dreaded acknowledgments. I anticipate your scruples in this matter, my darling. You feel with me, that we are already under such heavy obligations to your uncle—surely the noblest, tenderest counsellor ever given to a woman in the hour of need!—that you hesitate to make further drafts upon his goodness."

Marie smiled sarcastically.

"On the contrary, mother, I have no scruples on that score. You have read me wrong, for once. Uncle Roger is a pattern of truthfulness, as of liberality. When he declares that he is spending some thousands of the money he does not know what to do with, upon a new toy for his own personal gratification, without a thought of pauperizing us, we are bound to believe him. As to our share in his project, I cannot understand why you should go through the form of consulting me. While I am a minor and dependent upon you—and Uncle Roger—I am at your disposal, to come or to go, or to starve, as you shall decide. One place is as good as another to me, since we cannot go back to New York to live. I cannot dislike this country place with an Indian name more than I dislike Brooklyn. I suppose we cannot go into society anywhere. So—what difference does it make what I say or think, or feel, when you and Elspeth and Uncle Roger are adequate to manage everything?"

"You misjudge me and your uncle," returned Mrs. Paull with no sign of the cruel pain this reception of her story had cost her. "If I did not believe that your health would be improved by the removal to higher, drier air, and by the out-door life you could enjoy in Pequod, all the other considerations you have named would have no weight with me. As to my advisers, we will leave our faithful Elspeth out of the question entirely. She does not deserve to be introduced into such a connection. While I depend upon your

uncle in business affairs, as he has given me abundant reason for doing, I am strong enough to trust to my own judgment in whatever concerns my children and my home and theirs. You ought not to require me to assure you of that."

Marie was cold and still; her eyes were downcast, her lips were a straight, stubborn line.

The mother's voice changed from argument to entreaty.

"What has come between us lately, my daughter? We used to be such dear and intimate friends who believed in each other's affection and trusted each other's motives. What have I done to grieve or to alienate you?"

Another long, dumb interval, growing more oppressive as the seconds ticked themselves into minutes upon the tiny clock upon the desk. Marie had wheeled her chair around to receive her mother, and sat under her father's portrait. The tear-vase with its spray of purple heliotrope was in its place, lightly perfuming the air of the room. A pale purple scarf of soft silk, given to Marie at Christmas, was knotted across one corner of the gilded frame.

Suddenly the girl raised her eyes abruptly, light in them that confounded her companion as they blazed into hers, then passed to the portrait hanging between them.

The handsome, sunny face with the crowning curls, and golden chestnut mustache and half-smile of content with himself and good will toward his fellow-men that won his way everywhere. The lover of Alice Lanier's gloriously happy girlhood, the husband she had idolized—now the banned refugee from her, and home, and native land!

Without the utterance of a syllable, the daughter arraigned one parent for irreparable wrong done to the other.

"You affect ignorance of your offence against me!" said feature and gesture. "Can you answer to me, his child and yours, for what you have done to him?"

For an instant Mrs. Paull was deathly white; her features were sharpened, and the dull, hopeless misery was again in her eyes. The next, she rallied her native powers, and her glance followed Marie's to the pictured face.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, although I could have wished that the charge had been brought out in a different way. You would accuse me of injustice to your father, and unkindness to you, because I do not talk of him to you and the children, or give you any news of him. Perhaps I have erred in my silence. My brother thinks so. Had I been led as blindly by him as you intimate, you would have had the whole story before this. But I hoped that you had faith in your mother's love. I wished to spare you pain—and there are things which it is not easy for me to say to any one. Your father loved you very dearly."

"If it gives you pain to tell me that, you may leave it unsaid!" interrupted harsh, husky accents. "I know it better—a thousand times better than you can ever tell me. He said to me—and I would believe him in opposition to all the canting uncles in Christendom—he said the last time I saw him, that I was the dearest thing to him on earth or in heaven. How that would shock Uncle Roger! I never told you—I shall never tell your brother that my father came to see me that Thursday evening and said 'Good-bye' to me. He expected then to go to New Orleans the next day on business—business that worried him exceedingly. He took me in his arms and kissed me twenty times, and asked me never to believe anything his enemies might bring up against him when he was not here to defend himself. He had battled a long time with them, he said, and they might get the better of him for a while, but I was never to doubt his innocence or his love for me, never! never!"

Her vehemence did not lessen the fond compassion with which her mother looked at her defiant face.

"You say that this was on Thursday? the 21st of November?"

"It was. I came home on Saturday, my heart so full of grief and wonder that I would have rushed up to tell you all, and cry myself quiet in your arms, and found you ill."

"He said that he was setting out for New Orleans?"

"He did. He was dressed for traveling then."

"Yet his passage was already taken for Havre! Have you ever thought to compare statement and fact?"

"No. I had his word, which was absolute truth to me. Something unforeseen changed his plans. I suppose you know what. His passage must—it was taken after he saw me. He said—oh, so sadly, mamma!—that you often misjudged him, and undervalued his love; that the day would come when you would see that you were mistaken, and, maybe, regret the devotion you had thrown away. He longed to know that he had the love of one true heart, and so came to me; I would never desert him. I promised solemnly, my arms about his neck, his dear cheek (there were tears on it, mamma!) against mine, that I would always love him and believe in him, and no cunning slanders that other people may persuade you into crediting will ever make me break my word. If he were to send for me to-morrow to come to him at the ends of the earth, I would go, if I had to steal the money to take me there. I would rather starve with him than live in luxury upon Uncle Roger's money!" cried the child, terrible, dry sobs breaking up the torrent of confession.

She sat erect, her fingers interlocked upon the desk, and talked fast; blood and brain at fever-heat.

"My poor, loyal darling!" with tears running down her own cheeks, Mrs. Paull would have drawn herself to her, but she eluded the embrace by setting her chair further away. "My love! do you imagine that what you have said can make your mother love you less? If anything could draw a man to his home and hold him there, it would be such devotion and such faith as yours. Wherever your father may be—and, Marie! you must believe me when I say that I have not had one line from him since he wrote to your uncle on the day he sailed from America, saying that he was obliged by business misfortunes to go abroad,—wherever and whatever he may be—"

"He is the purest and noblest of men, always and everywhere!"

"I do not contradict it, dear. I was about to say that I hope and pray he may always remember how his daughter loves him. For myself, I have no complaint to make in his children's ears. I have insisted upon this to your uncle—"

"My uncle!" broke in Marie, fiercely. "My uncle who is rich enough to rectify any 'business misfortunes' my father could have met with, without feeling it, the purse-proud Pharisee who cheats him out of the first place in his wife's affections—"

"My daughter!"

"I mean it—every word of it! And drives him out of the country that he may the better blacken his good name. The high-bred gentleman who stoops to gossip with sympathizing servant-women over the ruin he has caused. Oh, how I loathe that man's very name, and his sneering smile and plausible lies!"

"Marie! shame!"

She raved on.

"Shame! yes! to him for saying such things, and to Elspeth for listening to him, and to you for not turning both of them out of your house, instead of believing their horrible slanders! No, mother! you have complained of my reserve, and I shall leave you without excuse for finding any such fault again with me. I am a Paull, through and through, and there is no hypocrisy in that strain. If I knew in what vein of mine runs the Lanier blood, I would cut it this minute, and let the false black drops out—here, before the blessed angel's picture! It would be a sweet savor in his nostrils if he could know that I had done it!"

She laughed wildly, as the listener, aghast, raised her hands imploringly. There was unholy triumph in the mirth. In the defenceless woman before her she saw the impetuousness of the evil influences that had ruined and exiled her father.

"Don't stare and gasp as if you believed me crazy! I have my father's head and I

can think out things without Mr. Roger Lanier's assistance. I know just how it all happened. My father, always generous and trusting to his own hurt—wanted to borrow money of his rich brother-in-law, who had prevailed upon his father (and yours) to leave all your property in your dear brother's hands, and the immaculate Roger would not lend him a dollar, although aware how cruelly crippled were his finances, and hunted him into exile. Or, perhaps he was obliged to go away from unmerciful creditors, and when he was gone, Mr. Millionaire Lanier, to cover up his own crooked dealings and inhumanity, fabricated a story which I would not believe if all the Laniers who ever lived were to swear to it on a pile of Bibles as high as the Brooklyn Bridge!"

"God give me patience!" murmured the unhappy mother, rising so feebly that had not her child been half-frenzied, she must have been moved to pity.

Instead, the perverse devil that was driving her onward prompted a final thrust. She became all at once, apparently as cool as she had been hot.

"So, you see, mother," also rising, and assuming a judicial air that pierced the wife with a new sense of familiarity, so faithfully was it copied from her father—"you are wasting your time and strength in trying to bring me around to my dear relative's ways of thinking in anything. If he has set his heart upon hiding his poor relations in the country where they will not disgrace him and his fine-lady wife, why he will do it. Where is the use of my opposing him? On the side of the oppressor there is power. I am amazed at discovering that he has a vulnerable place left in his conscience, and can be made uncomfortable by the sight of his victims. I am glad that my face reminds him of the man he has injured."

"We need never go all over this ground again, mother, now that we have it all out. By all means, let Uncle Roger salve his conscience with furnaces and water-works, and all the other luxuries he may choose to put into his farm-house. Unless my father should send for me, or gives me other orders, I must, for propriety's sake, live in your house until I can support myself, which will be in a couple of years at the farthest. I had a talk with Mrs. Marcy yesterday in which she promised that she would make a place for me in the primary department by the time I am graduated."

There are but two classes of beings in civilized society whom one may maltreat with a refinement of barbarity, without fear of reprisals. These are mothers and wives. Ernest Paull had discovered for himself this cardinal truth. The instinct of heredity had revealed it to his daughter, and his teachings emboldened her to avail herself of it. When anger had burned down, she could create sparkles among the ashes by reminding herself that he was partially avenged.

Decidedly, Alice Paull had enough pressing upon her shoulders and spirit to drive her into her grave, or into a mad-house by April fifteenth, the day on which she turned the key for the last time in No. 363 Mendebras avenue, and departed with Elspeth and the two boys—Gladys being left with Mrs. Lanier—to unpack and settle her household goods in the rambling homestead, red-brick in front and back, rough, hewn stone at the gable ends, upon the western bank of Pequod Lake.

Marie's vacation had begun a week before the long walk that stranded her upon the church-steps.

Elspeth would have it that she had studied herself pale and thin, and built many hopes upon the system of feeding and general bracing that must go into effect, now, that books were laid aside for two months and a half. The "puir bairnie" must walk, row and drive abroad in air which the Highland-born woman sniffed eagerly as "a maist as sweet and strang" as that of her native heaths. Accordingly, errands were manufactured for her by the score. There were wild strawberries to be gathered wild flowers to be transplanted into the garden, and fish to be caught for the table. Mrs. Paull had found in the stable upon her arrival, a stout roadster, young enough to be lively, and good looking and old enough to be well-broken and safe, and a neat, light carriage and after Marie's arrival, she was elected charioteer-in-chief.

She listened with a smile—always joyless, sometimes sadder than tears, to the various schemes for luring back light and color to her thin face. She was willing to try them all, she said, obediently, but proposed none of her own accord, with a single exception.

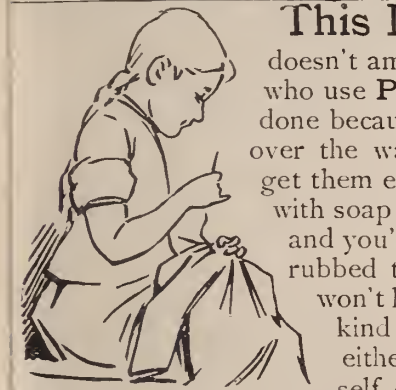
(To be Continued.)

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TAPE-WORM
Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no charge. Send 2c stamp for circular. **Dr. M. Ney Smith, Specialist, 721 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.**

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

GENISTA. "Shower of Gold."
As a plant for rare beauty, delightful fragrance, and ease of culture, it has no superior, and should adorn every home. Some idea of its beauty and profusion of bloom may be had by closely observing the cut here shown. It is an accurate reproduction from a photograph of a plant which bloomed in our greenhouses last spring. Five plants for blooming this spring, 25c. each; 5 for \$1.

DAYBREAK CARNATION. Too much cannot be said in praise of this grand Carnation. The color is exquisite, a charming shade of flesh pink. Price 25c. each; 5 for \$1.

NEW DOUBLE WHITE GERANIUM—LA FAVORITE. This is without any doubt whatever the last double white Geranium ever introduced. It is so far ahead of all others that a comparison is not necessary. Price 25c. each.

CENTROSEMA GRANDIFLORA—SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW. A hardy perennial vine of rare and exquisite beauty. Seeds 15c. per packet.

PALM FILIFERA. This magnificent palm is easily grown from seed and sure to please. Per packet, 10c.

BLUE ZANZIBAR WATER LILY. Flowers lovely shades of light and dark blue; numerous golden yellow tipped with blue. Seeds, 15c. per packet.

RED ZANZIBAR WATER LILY. Exquisite shades of rich pink, deep rose or almost crimson; golden yellow stamens tipped with red; superb. Per packet, 15c.

A GREAT OFFER. For only 50c. we will send, by mail, post-paid, all of the above magnificent new plants and seeds. These rare plants and seeds are worth \$1.50, and we send them for only 50c. Order at once. Catalogue sent free.

J. J. BRADY & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

SPRAY YOUR FRUIT TREES & VINES
Stahl's Double Acting Excelsior Spraying Outfit prevents Leaf Blight & Wormy Fruit. Insures a heavy yield of all Fruit and Vegetable crops. Thousands in use. Send 6c. for catalogue and full treatise on spraying. Circulars free.
WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

SLOAN'S Liniment
CURES RHEUMATISM
And all Aches & Pains.
25 cts.
ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.
MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY.
DR. E. S. SLOAN CO. - BOSTON, MASS.

FAT PEOPLE
You can reduce your weight permanently from 10 to 15 lbs. a month at home, secretly, without starving, sickness or injury, by the use of **Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment**. Perfected in many years' practice. Causes no wrinkles or flabbiness. **Stout abdomens**, difficult breathing, relieved by sure scientific methods. No experiments. Guaranteed. **Best references.** Price within reach of all. Write today. Positive proofs and testimonials free.
Dr. F. B. CLARKE, Drawer 133, Chicago, Ill.



The Yellow Jessamine.

Almost everyone has either read or heard of the famous Southern Yellow Jessamine—a pot grown plant of which is here shown. Tourists go into ecstasies over it, and carefully press sprays of the exquisite blooms to carry to their Northern homes as mementoes of a Winter spent in "The Land of Flowers." There is not an easier grown or more beautiful climber in cultivation, either for the window, or for the open ground, succeeding in almost any soil or situation. It is quick growing, has beautiful shining evergreen foliage, and completely loads itself with its beautiful golden-yellow, exquisitely sweet-scented funnel-shaped flowers, containing near 40 buds and open flowers. A well-grown vine in full bloom is a sight never to be forgotten, and beyond the power of pen to describe. As a trellis plant for the window, nothing can be more desirable, as it flowers in February and March—when flowers are so scarce—begins blooming while very young and is always ornamental. Fine pot-grown plants, sure to live and grow off rapidly, only 15c. each. **Amaryllis Equestris.** One of the most beautiful and easiest grown Amaryllis in cultivation. Flowers five inches across, bright, sparkling orange-red, with a most beautiful green and white star in the centre. Potted now will flower at Easter. Bulbs 15c. each. **Australian Silk Oak (Grevillea robusta),** a splendid Fern-leaved pot shrub, beautiful as a Fern, stately as a Palm, and endures drought, heat, gas, and dust equally as well as the Rubber Plant. You can grow nothing more striking and graceful. Fine pot-grown plants, 15c. each. **Russelia Juncea,** a lovely pot or basket plant, covered almost the year round with masses of tubular, bright scarlet flowers like coral drops. 15c. each. **Special Offer.** All of the above, amounting to one, and a **Free Gift of a Cattleya Guava plant, carefully wrapped in long strands of the beautiful Spanish Moss or Cray Beard** which is so fine for decorating rooms, to hang over pictures, etc., and mailed to any address for only 50c., and safe delivery guaranteed.

Beautiful Shells from the Gulf of Mexico. These shells we have collected from beneath the shadow of the Light House on Egmont Key, an island off the west coast of Florida. It is not generally known that there lie buried on this Key about 100 Union soldiers of the late war, and an almost impenetrable thicket has grown up over their graves. The shells embrace all the varied forms and exquisite beauties for which these "gems of the ocean bed" are noted, and are beautiful for shell work or mantle ornaments, and exceedingly interesting additions to cabinet collections of "curios" or "specimens." We will send a wide variety of shapes and sizes, postpaid, at the following prices: 6 for 20c., 15 for 40c., 25 for 60c., 50 for \$1.00.

Our Catalogue of Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits for '94, contains 64 pages, elegant colored plate, department of Florida Curios, quantities of fine illustrations, etc., tells all about everything offered in this advertisement and hundreds of other choice plants, all offered at "hard times prices." Also tells how we are able to offer plants at such low prices. Copy sent **Free** with every order, and also to every one asking for it. **Don't buy elsewhere until you see it, for we will save you money.**

PIKE & ELLSWORTH, Jessamine, Florida.

The California "Grape Cure."
Delicious as a Bunch of FRESH GRAPES.
The Purest Medicinal Fruit Food and the finest non-alcoholic beverage ever placed before the people.

SANITAS GRAPE JUICE.
Concentrated, Unfermented and Pure.

A valuable dietetic and curative agent in cases of Consumption, Gastric Fever, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Constipation and kindred complaints. Forms a superior food tonic for nursing women. Without an equal as a system-builder for weak and pallid children. A safe and successful reconstructor for fever patients during the convalescent period.

SANITAS CONCENTRATED, UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE
IS BOTTLED ONLY BY
THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE FOOD CO.,
AT LOS GATOS, CAL.,
in pint bottles containing a HALF GALLON of JUICE, and is for sale by leading DRUGGISTS and GROCERS at **sixty-five cents** per bottle. Send your address to Los Gatos, Cal., and receive, post paid, a booklet telling all about Grape Juice.
NEW YORK--145 Broadway. SAN FRANCISCO--408 Sutter St.
NORMAN BARBOUR, Selling Agent, 77 Warren St., N. Y.

GREEN'S Fruit Guide and Catalogue
80 PAGES, 9 COLORS, ILLUSTRATED. Free to all who Apply. Trees, Plants, Vines, Small Fruits, Roses, Ornamentals.
SIXTY THOUSAND PATRONS. ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS. 2 NURSERIES.
See Green's Monthly—"Fruit Grower"—Sample Free. 100,000 Readers. 50 cts. a Year. Address **GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.**

THE LITTLE DARKEY and his love **Dixey Watermelon** are fully illustrated in our unique and beautiful Seed Manual for 1894. If you are an up-to-date Gardener you should be familiar with its pages. It is free if you are a buyer of **SEEDS.**
JOHNSON & STOKES, 217 and 219 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ELEGANT PALMS
From India and the Isles of the Sea. 5 Glorious Plants, different sorts, post paid, 60c. These will grow and flourish everywhere.
PALM SEED.
It is child's-play to make them grow. Send 5c. postage for our great catalogue, (130 pages) or catalogue and one large package of different kinds of Palm seed, free for 20c. postage. 100 packages \$10. A child can sell 100 packages in two evenings after school and make \$5.00.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED & LA GROSSE WIS.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY
FOR TRIAL. I have found that the best way to advertise good Seeds is to give away sample for trial. You will send me a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. I will mail free one package, your selection, of either Cabbage, Carrot, Celery, Cucumber, Lettuce, Musk or Water Melon, Onion, Parsnip, Pepper, Pumpkin, Radish, Spinach, Squash, Tomato, Turnip, or of Flower Seeds—Aster, Balsam, Cosmos, Carnation, Mignonette, Pansy, Phlox, Poppy, Sweet Pea, Zinnia, or Verbena, and one of my 1894 Catalogues. Under any circumstances do not buy my Seeds until you see it, for I can save you money. I 200,000 people say my seeds are the cheapest and best. I have earliest vegetables on record. Discount and large prizes to agents, 50c. worth of Seeds free with \$1.00 order. Write to-day. **F. B. MILLER, Box 57, Rose Hill, N. Y.**

SEEDS. For 10c. I will send 5 pkts. of either flower or vegetable plants and a copy of *Ten's Seed Almanac*, or *Almanac* free. Best seed book out.
H. E. TWEEDE, Box 38, Ripley, O.

INVINCIBLE HATCHER
\$17 for 100 Eggs Size
Send 4c. In stamps for No. 60 Catalog, testimonials & treatise.
BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

SCOTT'S FLOWERS 45th YEAR

Novelty Collection of Flower Seeds. Six Sterling Novelties For 25cts. Post-Paid.

The quality of our Flower Seeds cannot be excelled; and to introduce them into thousands of homes, we have grouped together six of our best Novelties and offer them at so low a price that everyone can plant them:

NEW NANKEEN YELLOW POPPY. A grand novelty; the nearest approach to yellow.

BURPEES DEFANCE PETUNIAS. The most superb stem of Petunias in existence.

SCOTT'S MAMMOTH BELGIAN PANSIES (see illustration). The largest flowering and most perfect strain ever offered.

NEW GOLDEN MIGNONETTE. Deliciously fragrant, none better for cutting.

ECKFORD'S GILT-EDGE SWEET PEAS. The finest mixture of novelties in Sweet Peas ever offered.

BEGONIA VERNON. Flowers from early summer until frost; color intensely deep red, set off by rich glossy foliage.

ONE PKT. EACH OF THE ABOVE SIX SUPERB NOVELTIES FOR 25 CTS. POST-PAID.

Penrose Collection of Seeds, 15 POPULAR ANNUALS, For 25 Cts.

NEW SWEET PEAS MIXED. Per pkt. 10 cts.

NEW DOUBLE CORN FLOWER. Fully 80 per cent. of the flowers are double and semi-double. Per pkt. 10 cts.

LITTLE GEN SWEET ALYSSUM. The plants are very dwarf and remarkably uniform in growth. Per pkt. 10 cts.

ASTER, GERMAN QUILL. Fine varieties of all colors. Per pkt. 5 cts.

BALSA, SUPERB CAMELLIA-FLOWERED. Fine mixed; embraces all the best named varieties. Per pkt. 10 cts.

CALENDULA ORIOLE. This is surpassingly grand and brilliant, far eclipsing any Calendula hitherto known. Per pkt. 10 cts.

MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Produce perfect double carnations in four months after sowing the seed. Per pkt. 10 cts.

FOR 25 Cts. we will send, postpaid, all the above 15 pkts. of the choicest Flower Seeds. When the quality of our seeds is considered, this is the Best Collection of Flower Seeds ever offered and would be cheap at double the price.

The Plants and Flower Seeds in this advertisement are offered at OUR LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES TO ADVERTISE THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF OUR FLOWERS.. TRY THEM!



SCOTT'S MAMMOTH BELGIAN PANSY.

A ROSE OFFER.

Scott's Quality and Quantity Collections.

For 50 Cents we will send, postpaid, SCOTT'S QUALITY COLLECTION, embracing one strong plant each of MAD. ELIE LAMBERT, carnation-rose of a delicate freshness; CLOTILDE SOUPERT, pearly-white; COMTESSE RIZA DU PARC, bright coppery-rose; METEOR, dark velvety-crimson; MARIE GUILLOT, pure white; CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, bright coral-pink; WHITE LA FRANCE.

The 7 ROSES as above are all "THOROUGHbred," and are remarkable for beautiful buds and well-formed flowers.

For \$1.00 we will send SCOTT'S QUANTITY COLLECTION, 20 FREE FLOWERING ROSES, FOR \$1.00, POSTPAID, embracing SNOWFLAKE, pure white; J. B. VARONNE, bright crimson; MAD. PERNET DUCHER, a new yellow; DUCHESS DE BRABANT, soft rosy-pink; ETOILE DE LYON, rich golden-yellow, and 15 other choice sorts, our selection.

For \$1.00 we will send postpaid one strong plant each of MAMAN COCHET (see illustration) CLIMBING LA FRANCE, COMTESSE DE BRETEUIL, AUGUSTA VICTORIA, LEO XIII, and SOUVENIR DE MAD. HENNEVEU. SIX NEW ROSES in all for \$1.00. This collection embraces the very best of the New Roses for 1894. Full descriptions are in our catalogue for 1894.

SEVEN GRAND GERANIUMS FOR 50 CENTS.

Please note the varieties; some of them are old favorites, and others are scarce and valuable. The price is so low that everyone can have the best Geraniums at less cost than for standard sorts.

BRUANTIL. Light vermilion-red. Single florets are the size of a silver dollar.

LE CID. Brilliant crimson-red.

GEOFFREY DE ST. HILARE. Large trusses of scarlet, rayed with intense violet-crimson.

MADAME CHEVRELIERE. The best double-white Geranium in cultivation.

MRS. E. G. HILL. A pleasing shade of salmon with light shading at the center.

MONTESQUILU. A new French variety of dwarf, compact growth; color, rose mauve.

BEAUTY OF RAMSGATE. A new English variety; color, bright pink.

The 7 superb Geraniums described above for only 50 cents, postpaid.

FOR \$1.00 we will send, postpaid, the seven Geraniums as above, and also 8 other choice sorts,—15 plants in all,—sent, postpaid for \$1.00. When the quality of the stock is considered, that is, without exception, the best offer of new and rare Geraniums ever made.

SIX PRIZE-WINNING CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR 50 CENTS.

These plants produced flowers last fall that sold in our city for \$4 and \$5 a dozen blooms.

HICKS ARNOLD. Large full, double flowers, of an old gold color, lighting up wonderfully by artificial light. The flower is almost spherical. 20 cents each.

MRS. J. G. WHILDIN. A handsome yellow variety of light tint, splendid in size and form, and a magnificent addition to the scarce, very early, large flowering varieties. 20 cents each.

ADVANCE. A perfectly double flower, with petals reflexed; very heavy in substance, and produced on long, stiff stems; color light pink, shading toward the center to deep pink; petals tipped with bronze. A general favorite. 15 cents each.

ROSLYN. A superb, clear, Mermet, rose pink petals, thick and heavy; immense in size, having been exhibited eight inches in diameter, awarded the silver medal by Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, and certificate of merit at Madison Square.

MISS FANNIE WANAFAKER. Pure snow-white incurved and perfectly double, with a breadth of petal and grandeur of build that is only found in the best varieties. Secured the silver medal at Philadelphia. 15 cents each.

MRS. A. J. DREXEL. An early flowering variety, with immense blooms and long, twisted petals; color, crimson-lake. 20 cents each.

One strong plant each of the six varieties described above for 50 cents, postpaid.

For \$4

we will send post paid everything on this page—54 plants and 21 Pkts of the choicest Flower Seeds. Purchased separately at our moderate prices they would cost \$9.50.

MAMAN COCHET.

Order Now

as this advertisement will not appear again, and ask for SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS. It fully describes the grandest novelties in Plants, Seeds and Bulbs, and is mailed free.

Nineteenth & Catherine Sts.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Penn.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 10.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

The Washington Revival.

The Wonderful Work now in Progress
under the Leadership of Messrs. Moody
and Sankey in the National Capital.

NEVER before in its history, has the National Capital witnessed scenes of religious enthusiasm, so general or so profound, as those in the Moody and Sankey campaign, which commenced on February 7. From the first meeting to the present time, the vast auditorium has been crowded with eager audiences every time its doors have been opened, and thousands have been unable to gain admission, while the overflow meetings at the Mt. Vernon M. E. Church and the Assembly Presbyterian Church have also been thronged. The Washington "Post" at the end of the second week of the meetings, evidently puzzled by the phenomenon of the enormous numbers who, day after day and night after night, in the most unfavorable weather, struggled to get into the building, tried to analyze the situation to discover the cause. It declared that the attraction could not be Mr. Moody's preaching, for many preachers more eloquent than he might be heard on any Sunday in the city. It could not be Mr. Sankey's almost supernatural sweetness of song, for other world-famed singers had never drawn crowds so great. "There must therefore," it says, "be something else besides Moody and Sankey and the massed hundreds of chorus which impels the men and women of Washington to hurry through with their dinners every evening and rush pell-mell toward Convention Hall, and if one could look down into their souls they would be found full of the strange fervor that men call by different names. Some call it fanatical excitement; others deprecate it under the name of religious insanity; in heaven the angels sing about it and call it the grace of God."

The meetings are held in the great Convention Hall, a picture of which appears on this page. It stands on Third Street, between K and L Streets, is one hundred by three hundred feet, and is lighted by a thousand electric lamps. It has 4,000 numbered seats, every one of which is filled at each meeting and every available inch of standing ground is occupied, the patience and energy of the ushers being taxed to keep the aisles clear. Four weeks before the arrival of the Evangelists preparations for their coming were begun. Every Evangelical Church in the city was interested in the movement. Committees were formed covering all points of organization and it is noteworthy, as showing the fundamental unity of the churches underlying their differing names and creeds, that no less than forty-five congregations were represented on these Committees. The choir under the leadership of Mr. Percy



MR. DWIGHT L. MOODY

MR. IRA D. SANKEY.

S. Foster is, Mr. Sankey says, the largest and best the Evangelists have ever had either here or in England. It has eighteen hundred trained voices to draw upon and at

and on the first night, finding that the vast audience was content to listen, he asked the choir to be silent during the singing of one hymn, in order that the people might find

the volume of sound. But it is to Mr. Sankey's wonderful solos that the people listen with the greatest delight. With his head thrown back and a heavenly light beaming in his face, accompanying himself on his little organ, that voice, which has lost none of its old time power and pathos, and which has thrilled hundreds of thousands of hearers during his marvellous career, goes up in a glorious volume of sound, penetrating to the remotest corners of the great hall and touching every heart. Then follows the great chorus from all lips, but those whose voices are choked by tears.

Mr. Moody has received the cordial assistance and co-operation of the pastors and church-members of the city. Among the large number who have participated in the services are Rev. Teunis Hamlin, D. D., Bishop Hurst, Rev. E. D. Bailey, Ex-Judge Strong, Senator Pepper, Congressman Morse, Judge I. G. Kimball, Dr. J. J. Muir, Rev. Hugh Johnson, Rev. Dr. Todd, Rev. Joseph T. Kelly, Rev. I. W. Cantor, Dr. R. H. McKim, Dr. W. A. Bartlett, Dr. Luther B. Wilson, Rev. G. O. Little, Dr. Mackey Smith and Rev. S. H. Greene.

A noticeable feature, which impressed even the reporters of the secular journals, was the change in the manner of the audiences, which was visible as the meetings progressed. "At first," says the "Evening Star," "it seemed to be a crowd of the curious; then it became a congregation of the convinced,

earnestness being the pronounced and prevalent expression on all faces; and it is now fast becoming a communion of joyful converts. There is a light of gladness now on countenances, which probably never before had borne anything but a scornful smile when the subject of Christianity was broached." Those who were present when on a recent evening Mr. Moody asked all who were resolved in Christ's strength to begin a new life to say "I will," are never likely to forget the resounding response which sprang from thousands of throats. Cards have been distributed to those who have been impressed, which they will fill up with their names and addresses, so that the pastors of the city may continue personal work after the meetings are concluded. The movement is in the truest sense of the word a revival. The value of the work done is not to be measured by the number of converts, although, even so measured, the result is enormous. Mr. Moody has had much to say to believers. At some of the meetings his remarks have been addressed to them almost exclusively. He has strong faith in the power of personal influence and personal effort. His appeals have been very earnest to Christian people to work for Christ in their homes, in their business relations, among their acquaintances and friends. Probably the most stirring words he has spoken have been those addressed to Christians, and already

(Continued on page 154.)



CONVENTION HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C., IN WHICH THE MEETINGS ARE HELD.

no meeting has there been less than a thousand present. Mr. Moody, however, has no idea of singing being left to the choir,

their voices. The hymn was well sung, and afterward there was no difficulty in getting the great multitude to do its part in swelling

most stirring words he has spoken have been those addressed to Christians, and already



CHRIST THE CONQUEROR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Isaiah 63: 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

EDOM and Bozrah, having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible, they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and a sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men load the cannon, and the train starts amidst a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have foreseen the siege that would be laid to him, and the maltreatment he would suffer, and the burdens he would have to carry, and the battles he would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in heaven who would have insisted on coming along with him; but no, they only accompanied him to the gate, their last shout heard clear down to the earth, the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna. You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets unangled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. So it was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give him a warm-hearted greeting, there was a gentle mother who folded him in her arms; and a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and camel-drivers. As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world, it was amidst angelic shouts in the galleries and amidst the kindest maternal ministrations. But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the Sanhedrin. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Caesarean castles. The vagabonds in the street joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and in long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly-arrived one from heaven. Jesus now seeing the battle gathering, lifted his own standard; but who gathered about it? How feeble the recruits! A few shaven men, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites, and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to his standard. What chance was there for him? Nazareth against him. Bethlehem against him. Capernaum against him. Jerusalem against him. Galilee against him. The courts against him. The army against him. The throne against him. The world against him. All hell against him. No wonder they asked him to surrender. But he could not surrender, he could not apologize, he could not

take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and he must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch him. They saw in what house he went, and when he came out. They watched what he ate, and who with; what he drank, and how much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not but that behind him there might be a reinforcement that was not seen. But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five thousand millions of the slain be accurate. The day was Friday. The hour was between twelve and three o'clock. The field was a slight hillock north-west of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and heaven, represented by a solitary inhabitant, on the other.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple, and could get conveyance of wing or chariot, came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up; and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven battle! Two worlds armed on one side; an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusalem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army of all the world. With spears glittering in the sun, they charged up the hill. The horses prance and rear amidst the excitement of the populace—the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on. The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint he looks! There the blood starts, and there and there. If he is to have reinforcements, let him call them up now. No; he must do this work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feeble. Feel under the arm: the warmth is less. He is dying. Ay, they pronounce him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounced him dead he rallied, and from his wounds he unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill, and hurled the Satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love—infinite love, all-conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of earth and hell! The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make a line, that he may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the warrior's steed, and the tramping of a great multitude! for he has many friends now. The Hero of earth and heaven advances. Cheer! cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of his strength?"

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and startling fact. People talk of Christ as though he were going to do something grand for us after a while. He has

done it. People talk as though, ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life, or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950, as to speak of Christ as though he were going to achieve our salvation in the future. He did it in the year of our Lord 33, eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago, on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for you and my emancipation. All we have to do is to accept that fact in our heart of hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But, lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here to-day, "traveling in the greatness of his strength," not to tell you that he is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought, and the victory already won.

You have noticed that, when soldiers come home from the wars, they carry on their flags the names of the battle-fields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkermann and Balaklava; the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on the banner he carries as conqueror the names of ten thousand battle-fields he won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement—by the door-bell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our strength. Come out and greet him to-day, O, ye people! See the names of all the battle-passes on his flag. Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased him from his first breath to his last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balm your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." Though his horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual toes, he comes up now, not exhausted from the battle, but fresh as when he went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength."

You know that when Augustus, and Constantine, and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars, what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Beneventum, Rimini and Rome, still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our Conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy? Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot-wheels; but Christ, our Lord, takes those who once were captives and invites them into his chariot to ride, while he puts around them the arm of his strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this Conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust him? Oh! do you not feel under this Gospel your griefs falling back, and your tears drying up, as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the Conqueror from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling, in the greatness of his strength?"

On that Friday which the Episcopal Church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good-Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell; and when the lances struck him, he gathered them up into a sheaf, as a reaper gathers the grain, and he stacked them. Mounting the horse

of the Apocalypse, he rode down through the ages, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." On that day your sin and mine perished, if we will only believe it.

There may be some one here who may say, "I don't like the color of this Conqueror's garments. You tell me that his garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also that they were soaked, that they were saturated, that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote to you two passages of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was his own. Not only enough to redden his garments and to redden his horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh the blood on his brow, the blood on his hands, the blood on his feet, the blood on his side! It seems as if an artery must have been cut.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering him every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dis-

sition, nurses him till he gets well and sets him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going in and attendants, bending over her pillow, as if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-four years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in now-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs set away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their requies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back! For their country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a cirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls sick, and is weaker and weaker, and dies of people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution! Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world, tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit, and hurl him back on his haunches, and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out, lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse; lest ye go down under the sword of this Conqueror from Bozrah! What meant the blood of the dragons in the old dispensation? the blood of the bullock? the blood of the heifer? the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood, the healing blood of this Conqueror who comes up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." I catch a handful of the red torrent that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over my audience, hoping that one drop of its

cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus! in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept thy sacrifice! Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way! We fall into line! Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling, traveling is the greatness of thy strength."

But after awhile, the returning Conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with him. I hope you will be there, and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number"—all heaven can tell without asking, right away, which one is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of his face, but because, while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white—saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—his robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly, I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this, "Unto him who hath washed us in his blood!"

Missionary Hardships.

Our Sunday School Missionary Records his Experiences during a Recent Tour.

REV. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary of the American Sunday School Union in the Southwest, writes an interesting letter describing a recent journey to the most remote

parts of the State, during which he succeeded in organizing several Sunday Schools in new territory. After various adventures (in one of which his valise was washed away while he was fording a stream, and recovered with difficulty), he rode up in front of a farmhouse and asked if he could be accommodated there for the night, offering of course to pay for the privilege. Although man and horse were evidently tired and night coming on, shelter was refused and the wearied missionary was compelled to move forward. At his next stopping-place—the house of a German farmer—he was more successful and was cheerfully accommodated. "After a humble repast," he writes, "I was conducted to an upper room. That night, the rain poured down in a torrent, and poured in abundantly; for, when morning came, it seemed that the water was an inch or two deep on the floor, but none had fallen on my bed."

At the end of eighteen days, Mr. Sharp returned home, "having organized five schools, visited and addressed others, preached in several country churches, visited many families, and traveled I suppose, near 500 miles and distributed Gospel literature." During the whole tour he had only one serious attack of illness, the result of a severe chill from being wet through.

In a former letter, our missionary wrote of several new church houses having been erected where he had organized Sunday Schools in the common school houses, for want of a church. "The good news now comes of a precious meeting there," he writes of one place, "the conversions including some influential persons in the neighborhood. At another place I preached where the community were enjoying a meeting that overshadowed any other in public interest. The Lord was giving showers of blessings. While there I met a man from another neighborhood, distant probably six miles, at whose house I had lodged when I organized in a school house. He told me that their Sunday School now meets in a church recently erected. Thus from time to time, as I travel, I hear of the erection of houses of worship where there was none when I organized Sunday Schools."

Friendless Women Helped.

The Day-Star Industrial Home and its Benevolent Mission among the Unemployed and Destitute.

IN the history of Christian work in New York, there are many instances where brave and consecrated women, poor in this world's goods, yet in the love of Christ possessing all things, have become instrumental in the establishment of noble philanthropies in behalf of the moral and social elevation of their own sex. Such women as Bella Cooke, the bedridden missionary, Mrs. Josephine Williamson, long of the Florence Mission, and now foundress of the Permanent Home for Fallen Women, Mrs. Whittemore of the Door of Hope, who have given a lifetime of self-sacrificing work for their sisters, are already wellknown to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One of the most devoted and effective workers in this particular field is Mrs. E. G. Draper, better known as "Sister Charlotte," whose labors among women during the last few years have been the means of reclaiming many from lives of sin to careers of Christian usefulness.

Within a very recent period, Sister Charlotte has succeeded in founding a new institution of a most worthy character in New York City—The Day-Star Industrial Home for Friendless and Destitute Women. As its name implies, the Home is designed to furnish temporary employment to women, by which they may earn shelter, food and clothing, until suitable outside work can be

found for them. It surrounds them with the sweet influences of the Gospel and seeks to awaken in their hearts the love of a pure and useful life, and especially to elevate to honorable self-support those who, through misfortune or dis-solute associations, have become degraded and discouraged. The Home is located at No. 213 West 24th St., and is a plain, substantial building, with sufficient accommodations for a comfortably large household. It is conducted by a Committee of Management consisting of Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., Calvary Baptist Church; Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., Dutch Reformed Church; Mr. C. N. Crittenton, found-

er of the Forence Missions, and Messrs J. S. Huyler, A. S. Hatch, John H. Prall, and S. H. Hadley, the three first-named all active Christian philanthropists and the last the Superintendent of the Jervy McAuley Mission in New York. Sister Charlotte is manager of the Home, which, at the present time, has something over a dozen inmates, although it has frequently had more. Since it was opened, nearly eighty-five have passed through, of whom sixty-five have been placed in situations in good homes in different parts of the county. There are twenty beds for the use of inmates, five of them, together with full equipment, having been the donation of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

It is a peculiarity of most Homes for women that they are reserved only for the dis-solute and fallen; but the Day-Star opens its door to friendless, destitute women of all classes who are willing to come under its conditions. It is the only institution in New York where a respectable but penniless woman can go and be admitted. It is neither a hospital for the invalid nor a refuge for the idle, the lazy or the vicious, but it gives a ready welcome to those who are willing to work or reform. Many of the women who apply have references from former employers. New inmates are taught housework or sewing, and positions are found for them as soon as they are qualified. Many who have been received and trained in the Home are now filling positions as companions, dress-makers, general houseworkers, cooks, laundresses, housecleaners, etc. Employers fre-

quently send to the Home for various classes of labor to fill demands, and as no woman is sent out who has not proved herself capable and fairly reliable, besides having shown an improvement in character such as never was achieved, the



A. S. HATCH. JOHN H. PRALL. REV. J. D. BURRELL. JOHN S. HUYLER.

result is generally satisfactory.

Like all similar institutions, the Home is feeling the effects of the prevailing "hard times." Its principal patrons, Messrs. Crittenton, Prall, and Huyler, together with Mr. A. M. Dennett, have all given liberally toward it, but as the expenses are in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty dollars a month, it is liable, in the absence of other support, to be embarrassed for the want of resources. Originally established for helping middle-aged destitute women, so many young women applied that Sister Charlotte, in pure goodness of heart, after listening to their stories and finding that most of them had good references, could not turn them away. Any woman in need is accepted, unless the Home happens to be crowded to its full capacity at the time. Lately, on account of diminished resources, the Manager was compelled, greatly against her inclination, to turn applicants away. The Home holds twenty inmates and she has never sent a woman away when she had an empty bed if she thought she could help her; but owing to the hard times, all the rooms are now crowded and she is compelled to send sometimes as many as eight or ten away in a day.

Religious services of an undenominational character are held regularly in the Home. One of the interesting features is the Bible Reading which takes place in the parlor, at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon, when four prominent Christian ladies well known in society—Mrs. Ruggles, Mrs. Glen Taylor, Mrs. Gwindon, and one other—conduct the exercises. There is a full attendance of the inmates and much good has been done.

Any reader desiring to further this deserving work may address Sister Charlotte at No. 213 W. 24th St., New York City.

A REPENTANT BIBLE-BURNER.

A society of men, most of whom had enjoyed a liberal education and were persons of polished manners, but had unappily imbibed infidel principles, used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures, and of hardening one another in their unbelief. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible, and so to be troubled no more with a book so hostile to their principles and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon arrived; a large fire was prepared, a Bible was laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dregs.

For the execution of their plan they fixed upon a young man of high birth, brilliant vivacity and elegant manners. He undertook the task, and, after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking leisurely forward to put it into the fire; but, happening to give it a look, he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table, and, laying down the Bible, said with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn that Book till we can get a better." Soon after, this same gay and lively young man died, and on his death-bed was led to true repentance, and derived hopes of forgiveness and of future blessedness from that Book which he was once about to burn.



"SISTER CHARLOTTE," (MRS. E. G. DRAPER.)
Founder of the Day-Star Industrial Home.

FIRST CAR-LOAD FOR THE FOOD FUND.

It Carries 41,680 Pounds of Flour and is the Gift of Friends in Kansas—Contributions and Prayers still Flowing in—The Fund is now \$15,000.

If a sceptic, who is disposed to doubt the existence of practical Christianity in the world, were privileged to peruse some of the hundreds of letters that are received every day by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, he would be confronted by such an overwhelming volume of testimony to the goodness of God and the strong faith of his people as would compel a pause in his unbelief. Every letter is a benediction. They reach us by every mail, laden with gifts and prayers from God's people in every part of this continent, who have been stirred to deeds of kindness by the knowledge of the sufferings of New York's poor. No religion, save that of Jesus, could have opened the fountain-springs for such a swelling tide of charity as this, which flows straight from the hearts of His followers. It is one of the highest evidences of their fellowship with Him, who, while on earth, had His lot among the lowly and never turned a deaf ear to their petitions, or forbore to relieve their distresses.

Praying and giving, illustrating in the most practical manner the faith that is productive of good works, is the universal theme of these letters. Each offering is sent with a prayer which multiplies its value fourfold; prayers for the work, for the work-

loaves of bread. This is practically a whole week's bread supply for the Fund—the consumption on Saturday last being 6,800 loaves.

It is a magnificent tribute of sympathy from the generous-hearted people of the West, and is bestowed in a worthy cause and at a time when it cannot fail to do the greatest good. The flour was shipped by the Missouri Pacific Railway, which kindly agreed to carry it on its road at half tariff rates. These are the contributors of the "Pioneer Car-load."

C B and T Krehbiel	\$5.00	David Lohman	\$1.80
Mrs S S Haury	5.00	C A Lehman	25
Dr S S Haury	90.00	Abt Dettweiler	50
P C Schmidt	5.00	P S Krehbiel	2.00
M R Milling Co	50.00	John Stauffer	1.50
J H Krehbiel	4.50	Jacob C Krehbiel	1.00
John Dettweiler	1.80	J W Ruth and family	5.00
P C Schowalter	5.00	Mrs John Krauer	5.00
Wm Galle and family	8.10	Dan Haury	9.00
H Schmidt	4.50	Chr Lattschar	50
Dan Ruth	16.00	J Landes	10
J S Dester	25.00	P Bachman	50
J J Eymann	1.80	Dan Bachman	1.00
C F Eberle	1.80	H Boehr	35
J J Rupp	10.00	Dav Vogt	1.00
Dan E Schmidt	9.00	Jacob Vogt	5.00
Peter Beutler	2.70	Cash	1.00
H G Ruth	5.00	Jacob Rupp	4.50
D Auerheimer	1.00	West Zion Sunday	
Mary Dyck	1.00	School as follows:	
Jacob Lichti	3.00	Elsie Haury	1.00
F Meyer	1.50	Walter Haury	1.25
H A Dester	1.00	Dora Haury	1.80
Mrs Schmidt	1.00	J J Schmidt	.90
H E Haury	4.50	D H Schmidt	.50
Jacob Haury	3.00	John Haury	50

destitute even more urgent than before. At the two principal stations, No. 210 Eighth Avenue and No. 12 Stuyvesant Street, the applications for relief are daily increasing. If the contributors to the Fund could only visit either of these stations and see for themselves the gaunt and almost spectral-looking beings, whose sad eyes and hollow cheeks tell of long vigils of fasting and penury, they would be filled with the spirit of thankfulness that the Lord had moved them to send on a mite to help.

Some of the cases now being relieved at the Stuyvesant Street station are peculiarly touching. In a tenement in East 11th Street, the District Visitor found an American Protestant widow, with three children—one an idiot and utterly helpless. Neither fire nor food were in the cheerless home, and the sick child lay on the floor, rolled up in an old quilt. In vain the mother had sought for work, and when the Fund came to her rescue, hope had almost died out.

Another pitiful case was that of a German Protestant widow who was discovered living with her children in a basement on East 12th Street, which was little better than a cellar. Two of the little ones were sick of measles and lay on a bundle of rags on the floor. The third—a boy—had picked up a few coals on the street and made a fire whose titful flame only served to reveal the poverty of the surroundings. Medicines, fuel and food were furnished.

At the Stuyvesant Street Station, a man called and appealed for help for his starving family. His wife had died a few days be-

operating with the Food Fund, write most encouragingly of the spiritual results in their several districts. Rev. J. C. Thoms, of the Mariner's Temple, writes of the destitute in his parish who are receiving relief: "The supply has been a God-send. One and another of our poor have borne testimony to their faith in Jesus Christ, to whom they were led by the kindness shown to them in the distribution of food which came to them through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Five were received into the church last night, and three of them testified that they were led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ through the kindness of Christian friends ministering to their physical necessities and then pointing them to the love of Jesus Christ as the only way of salvation to fallen men."

Rev. J. B. Stansberry, Sullivan Street Church, writes: "Those families who have been cared for and fed and warmed through your influence, pray God's blessing upon all of your efforts that are good in his sight. They received the aid with thankful hearts, and departed with rejoicing and praise to their benefactors."

Those who have supported the Food Fund up to the present time, have the satisfaction of knowing that the example of Christian liberality they have shown has not been in vain. Since the Fund began its operations six weeks ago, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lifted the veil that hid a part of the silent suffering of the uncomplaining thousands, a great wave of public sympathy has risen in behalf of the desti-

tute poor. A good example is contagious and movements have been multiplied for the supplying of free bread and clothing to the needy. In some cases this has been done irregularly and spasmodically; in others with something approaching to system and with excellent results. The revelation of the phenomenal suffering among the really worthy and industrious poor has stirred up the churches of all denominations alike to energetic measures and many relief committees are now hard at work. Among others, the Catholic churches have been aroused to unwonted activity and the Hebrew charities have also awakened to the fact that they have an urgent duty to perform in extending aid to thousands of destitute Jewish families. A large amount of money has been raised by a committee composed of the Mayor and a number of leading bankers and merchants, to buy food for the hungry.

But, although New York has at last realized that want has invaded the homes of a very large portion of the industrial class, the relief measures thus far adopted are far from being adequate for such an emergency. Meanwhile, the distress seems to be nowise diminished, except in those sections of the city where the relief offered has been systematic and continuous.

The Food Fund is now over \$15,000. Its progress and expansion during the few weeks of its existence have been phenomenal, and the results accomplished are widespread and beneficent. The same Divine impulse that led our readers to send in their offerings to begin this Christ-like work of charity, will doubtless continue to supply the means until the end shall have been reached. All who desire to share the burden and the blessing of the work, should send their mites to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND, Bible House, New York.

The contributions during the week are acknowledged below in part only—many names being unavoidably delayed till next week. During the week over 3,000 garments have been received by the Clothing Department of the Fund, and these are acknowledged on page 149 of this issue.



"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FOOD FUND—RELIEF WORK AT THE STUYVESANT STREET STATION. Sketched from life by a "Christian Herald" artist.

When the Pioneer Car reaches New York, its contents will immediately be baked into loaves, and the kind donors in Kansas will have the satisfaction of knowing that their Christian generosity is the means of supplying the "staff of life," to nearly 1,200 destitute families for an entire week. The good people of Moundridge have set a splendid example of generosity for others to follow.

During the week, the relief work has steadily progressed at the various stations established by the Fund. Bitter cold and heavy snows have added to the sufferings of the poor, and rendered the duty of assisting the

Jacob A Schmidt	4.50	Mary Haury	10
Hiram Scott	1.00	Celia Krehbiel	1.00
J C Schmidt	5.00	Karl Krehbiel	25
B H Unruh	5.00	Emma Eymann	25
Peter Galle	1.00	Helene Eymann	25
Jacob Galle	5.00	Chr Eymann	25
Jacob Lattschar	1.00	Edgar Eymann	25
Dav Bechtel	1.00	Herman Eymann	25
O P Ruth	50	Anna Eymann	25
Daniel Krehbiel	5.00	Irene Eymann	25
S S Baumgartner	1.50	Evaus Dalke	50
Jacob A Haury	1.00	Herman Dalke	90
G O Harmon	1.00	Mary Dalke	1.80
D M Vogt	2.00	Henry Dalke	9.00
M S Hege	1.80	F Dyck	25
D T Eymann	5.00	Homer, Alga, and	
Chr Goebel	6.00	Bertha Krehbiel	25
P J Schmidt	2.00		
P Lichte	1.00		
D B Lehman	50		

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fore, leaving to her little babe a legacy of poverty and hunger. "The child keeps crying for food," said the father. "I and the others can wait for something to eat, but oh, I can't stand the baby's cry. In God's name, give me some condensed milk, won't you?" His request was granted and other food was also given and the Fund sent its physician to prescribe and care for the tiny patient who had come into the world in such troublous times.

Nearly four hundred families, representing about twenty-two hundred persons, are now relieved every day at the Stuyvesant Street Station. One of the saddest features of the work is the inability to help all who apply. Each family is visited by the Fund's missionaries at least once a week, and thus spiritual as well as temporal food, is given, and they are led to look to the Giver of all good whose kind providence has supplied their wants in so wonderful a manner, through the generosity of his people. Many families now receiving relief, have been spiritually enlightened and have connected themselves with nearby churches, and come under the spiritual care of some neighboring pastor.

All the city pastors who have been co-

Total \$375.00
306 bags—41,680 lbs.

Previously acknowledged. \$12,336.62	125 Nelson, Elizabeth	100 Smith, Mrs J.	100 Westaby, Mrs Chas	200 W. Wis.	100
Friend, Huntington N.Y.	500 Nichols, Mrs Emeline H.	350 Steele, Claude.	100 Watters, Mrs L.V.	100 C.A.G. Clarence Centre, N.Y.	100
Friend, from Norway N.Y.	500 Old Shn. Rockland N.Y.	100 Shaver, Mrs S.N.	200 Weber, H.A.	100 W.H.G. Sonris, Man.	100
Friend, Brewster N.Y.	100 O. Mrs H. Santa Ana Cal.	100 Scott, Edith K.	100 Wood, Mrs J.	100 M.M.K. Springfield, N.S.	100
Friend of the needy, Ohio	300 Old Shn. Wales Mass.	500 Sistrunk, Mrs T.P.	100 W. Mrs L.P. Jamestown, N.Y.	100 J.R.K. Mr and Mrs. Bloomington, Ind.	200
Friend to the poor, Newark N.Y.	200 Ogden, Geo.	200 Smith, Roanna	100 Williams, C.S.	100 S.G. Mrs. Mount Morris	500
Friends, Harrisville Ind.	450 O. Mrs A. Etana N.Y.	100 S. Mrs L.V.	200 Williams, Mrs A.W.C.	100 H.N. Plattville, Wis.	500
Friend, Canon City Colo	100 Owen, Kate and W.E.	100 Suley children	100 Walsh, Chas.	100 R.S.D. Springfield, Mo	100
Friend, Brimley, N.Y.	100 Patterson, Mrs Josie	200 Smith, Mrs W.H.	100 Wilkinson, Etta.	100 F.L.Y. San Marcos, Tex	500
Friends, Brighton Ohio	100 Pettigres, Mrs M.A.	200 Strait, B.	300 Wesley, Mrs J.T.	100 J.K. Jersey City	500
Friends, Voss N. Dak	500 Prontz, John T.	100 Strong, H.E.	700 Wesley, Mrs S.E.	300 E.M.W. N.J.	200
Friends, Greenwich Conn	300 Patterson, Mrs Nettie	100 Shannon and wife, Rev Taylor	100 Wing, B.	100 L.C. Orange, N.J.	100
Friend, Williamston N.Y.	100 Prude, J.D.	100 Swift, Mrs A.W.	200 W. Mrs M.E. Eau Claire Wis.	100 G.B.F. East Westmoreland.	100
Friend from Canada	300 Perkins, F.O.	100 Seeley, Mrs J.P.	100 W. Mrs M.B. N.Y.C.	100 E.R.B. Amherst, Mass	100
Friend, Bradley S. Dak.	500 Perkins, Mrs C.E.	100 Selzer, Mrs E.	100 White, D.C.	100 C.M.B. Mrs. Amherst, Mass	100
Friend, Wm. E.	100 Penninger, Mrs C.L. Howard.	500 Shaw, C.W.	100 Williams, Harry and Elwin	200 J.F.G. Mrs.	100
Friend, Patrick, Mrs	100 Pier, A.S.	200 Strong, James.	100 Woodruff, B.T.	500 M.C. N.Y.C.	500
Francis, Mrs W.R.	100 Patchin, Mrs E.B.	100 Smith, F.W.	100 Wilkinson, S.E.	100 M.C. Mich.	200
Finlayson, C.W.	250 Park, James	100 Strickland, Mrs J.E.	100 Wallace, Mrs E.	100 N.J. C. Del.	200
Fitts, Mrs A.J.	100 Pruett, C.A.	100 S. Mrs R.S. Lexington Ky	200 W. Mrs E. E. A.	100 N.W. Mrs. Arbor, Mich.	200
Fraser, James	300 Payne, I.C.	200 Saxton, L.	200 Waterbury, Joseph	100 W.V.D. Farmington, N.Y.	125
Frederick, James M.	100 Pike, Rev Clarence	500 Sprague, Eliza A.	350 Wright, Mrs R.H.	100 W.M. Mrs. Milwaukee, Wis	100
Frederick, Maria	100 Pollock, R. and family	350 Smith, Mrs Clarence	100 Way, Mrs E.T.	100 A.M. Beverly, Mass	100
Friend, S.F.	200 Reader, Calvert Neb	100 Smith, Mrs Thalia E.	100 Weltmer, Mrs Anna	150 B.T.G. Upper Montclair	150
G—E. W. Dime La	100 Reader, Worcester Mass	100 Smoker, Jacob and daughter	725 Ware, Della, Del.	500 J.S.B. Queen City, Mo	450
Griffin, W.	100 Readers of C.H. Merrimack	300 Shrom, Jacob	100 Woodman, Mrs Bessie	100 G. S. and mother, Chas	200
Geissler, Miss L.M.	100 Reader, N.Y.C. Highland N.Y.	100 Sney, C.H.	100 Y.P.S.C.E. Burlington, N.Y.	400 Falls.	200
Green, Bessie and Jennie	100 Reader, Johnstown N.Y.	100 Sympathizer, San Francisco	100 " Adairville, Ky	315 M.M.P. Placerville, Cal.	200
Gray, Mrs J.E.	100 Reader, No Kotturbt	100 Stewart, Mrs E.B.	100 " Robeson, Pa	630 A.G.B. Drakula, S.D.	200
Goodspeed, Mrs J.C.	100 Reader, Octagon Ind	200 Stewart, E.B.	100 " Bradford, N.H.	500 C.T.O. Milton, N.Y.	100
Graves, I.A.	100 Reader, Tomhannock N.Y.	100 Selcer, George	200 " 1st Baptist Church.	100 W.P. Band and others, Coleman	200
Gainer, J.P.	100 Reader of C.H. Shellsburg	100 Scott, W.M.	500 Tarrytown, N.Y.	100 A.D. Clinton Springs, N.Y.	200
G. Mrs W.C. Melmore Ohio.	100 Reader of Coila	100 Secktopf, Louis	100 Young, Wm H.	100 J.T.C. Jordan Valley, Ore.	200
Griffith, Elizabeth	200 Reader, C.H. W.	100 Subr, Rev Collins	500 Yule, Mrs Josephine	500 W.S.S. Brooklyn	1000
Grant, Mrs Pheba A.	100 Reader, R. Mrs L.L. New Brighton Pa.	100 " Boone Ia.	100 Young, Mrs L.	100 K.M.S. Easthampton, Mass	100
Grove, Liza M.	200 Reinhard, Julius	100 " Doland S.D.	200 Young, Louise	100 L.A.W. N.Y. City	200
Gibson, Mrs Mary	500 Richardson, Mrs E.E.	100 " Scranton Pa	100 Young, George	100 W.C.T.U. Chittenango, N.Y.	500
Haish, C.W.	100 Ratliff, Susan	100 " N.Y.	200 Y. Mrs C.N.	100 S.A.D. San Diego, Cal	500
Henderson, Miss A.	500 Rockwell, J.W.	1500 " Medicine Lodge Kas.	100 Y.P.S.C.E. Silver Creek N.Y.	100 L.S.C. W. Cambridge, N.Y.	200
Houghton, James J.	350 Roberts, Mr and Mrs J.H.	200 " San Antonio Tex	100 Y.P.S.C.E. Fair Grove Mich.	200 M.A. and S. A. Noank, Conn.	200
Hunter, James H.	100 Rickard, Augustay	100 " Kansas City	100 " Salisbury Vt.	470 P.M.R. Webster, Mass	100
Harris, Mrs W.J.	500 Ransom, Eliza E.	100 " Miami Mo	200 " E Canton Pa	100 J.H.M. Ashfield, Mass	100
Hayes, L.E.	300 Ramsey, R.E.	100 " Head Tide Me	200 " Baptist Church	500 J.K. Saxton's River, Vt	500
Hasty, Alvina	100 Reed, Mr A.M.	100 " Jackson Mich	500 Grpym N.Y.	100 R. Woodman, Wis	100
Hood, Mr A.	100 Reed, Jessie E.	200 " Emerson Ill	100 Y.P.S.C.E. Poke Run church	100 L.A.R. Milford, N.J.	100
Higdon, Mr and Mrs W.B.	100 Runnells, Mrs M.J.	100 " Jamaica Plain Mass	100 " Oakland X Roads	100 C.R. Weimar, Tex	500
H. Mrs W.G. Ludington Mich	100 Rogers, Hattie E.	100 " Lenox Mass	250 Y.P.S.C.E. Reformed Church.	250 H.C.K. Montgomery, Mass	100
H. Mrs W.G. Ludington Mich	100 Hall, Mrs J.E.	135 " Keachie Ia.	100 Y.P.S.C.E. Reformed Church.	375 E.A.M. Helena, Tex	100
Hand, Bayard R.	100 Bessler, Aaron O.	100 " Lima O.	100 Young, S.F.	100 J.S.R. St Louis, Mo	200
Hammond, J.D.	100 Reader, Spring Creek, Pa.	100 " Nashua N.H.	100 Zeigler, Miss Sadie J.	100 E.J.L. Melbourne Beach, Fla	100
Hall, Mrs J.E.	100 Reader of "Christian Herald"	500 " Randolph N.Y.	100 Zeilber, Emma	200 J.R.R.	100
Hall, Mrs J.E.	100 " Richmond, Ohio	500 " Erie Pa.	100 Zampa	100 A.W. Warren, R.I.	100
Herrick, Mrs J.	100 Reader, Hudson N.H.	500 " Winterset Ia.	200 " Pittsburg Pa Subr.	200 G.S.B. Princeton, N.J.	200
Hill, Mrs Isaac	125 R. Rushin, Mass	200 " St Paul, Minn.	200 " Two fairs, Baldwinville	200 F.A.B. Oakdale, Mass	100
Hover, J.W.	100 Reader, Augusta Ky	100 " Scales Monnd Ill.	500 Circle of Loving Service, Concord, N.H.	200 J.L.H. Fort Scott, Neb	500
Hurlbut, M.F.	250 Reader, Bonny Eagle, Me.	100 " Tripoli Ia.	200 Bertie, Georgie and Mama Danbury, Conn.	100 S.M. Huntley, Minn	500
Hotchkiss, Mrs A.C.	100 Reader of the C.H. Deer Lodge	120 " Marshall Mo	500 Lady in Harris Co. Tex.	200 M.C.N. No Falmonth, Mass	500
Hotchkiss, A.C.	100 Subr. South Evansville, Pa.	100 " Lorn Cal	100 Trust in God, Leivasy, W.Va.	100 G.F. and L.F. Rye, N.Y.	100
Holcomb, Mrs H.C.	100 Subr. Guss, Ia.	100 " Rockland Me.	100 Christian friend, N.Y.	200 M.F. N.Y. City	200
Hartzell, V.B.	200 Subr. Newark, N.J.	100 " California Mo	100 Three friends, Mapleville	300 A.S.M. Darien, Ga	100
Hess, C.L.	110 Subr. Clare Mich	100 " K. Flomast, Mo	200 Seymour, R.E.	200 T.N.T. Phila.	100
Hower, W.T.	100 Subr. Madison Ind	100 " Stewart, Herberta	100 Selma, Bertha and teacher	210 A.G.K. Glasco, N.Y.	100
Hoffmeyer, G.	500 Subr. Heisterville, N.J.	100 " Seymour, R.E.	100 The Right Hand Society, Aurora, Ill	100 L.M. Monticello, N.J	200
Heindrich, Julius	500 Subr. Perry, Mo.	100 " Swift, J.M.	100 " From the poor for the poorer.	100 W.S.H. Mrs. Otego, R.I.	100
Hindley, J.T.	100 Subr. Stoneham, Mass	100 " Thomas, Samuel	100 " Poynton, Wis.	100 Towanda, Pa	100
Husted, Mrs N.S.	100 Subr. Banning, Cal	200 " T. Mrs E. Howardsville Va	100 " N.Y. City.	100 Lodge Pole, Neb	100
Hawkes, Mrs G.M.	100 Subr. and well-wisher, Moline	200 " Tolol, Wash	200 " N.C.	100 " N.Y.	100
Hallman, Mrs W.S.	100 Subr. Ragsdale, Utah	100 " Town, Key S.B.	200 Lord's money, Garland, Me.	200 " Donaglas, Neb	200
Hall, Mrs W.S.	200 Subr. Oregana, Ill	100 " Towns, Jerome	200 " Towns of Harwich Port, Harwich Centre and Brewster, Mass	100 " Liberty, Ky	200
Hindman, Mrs N.G.	200 Subr. Vicksburg, Miss	100 " Townsend, Thomas	500 " Unwed but smelling of camphor Ia.	500 " Baltimore	100
In His Name, Monica Ill	200 Subr. Henderson, Md	100 " Terwilliger, W.	300 " St. Paul's Woman Society Pile Grove, Mo.	300 " Pocono, Pa	100
" Rye Forest Home N.Y.	164 Subr. Phila, Pa	100 " Tim and wife, Cedar Rapids.	200 " A Widow, Jewell City, Kan.	200 " Caivert, Tex	200
" Forest Home N.Y.	100 Subr. Mass.	100 " Tomlinson, Wm	200 " 39. " Clinton Kan.	200 " Caivert, Tex	325
" Piedmont W Va	500 Subr. Moncton	100 " Tim and wife, Cedar Rapids.	200 " The Ladies' Union Aid Society, Thatcher, Samt, Ind	200 " West Charlston, N.Y	500
" Prophetstown	350 Subr. Iowa, Ia.	200 " Tober, Rev and Mrs B.F.	100 " Little Florence, Holt Wyatt	500 " Sndersville, Md	500
" Pa	100 Subr. Burns, Kans	200 " Tucker, Miss	100 " One who wants to help, Lowell, Fla	200 " Bannetts Mills, Va.	200
" Salmon City Idaho.	100 Subr. Titusville, Pa	300 " Templeton, Wm	100 " Mother and daughter, Blue Rapids, Kan.	100 " Cascade, Iowa	100
" South Bend Neb.	100 Subr. Athen, Pa	100 " Trousdale, R.I.	100 " "Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth."	100 " Candia, N.H.	100
" Santa Barbara Cal.	200 Subr. Richmond, Va.	100 " Tryon, Mrs D.C.	200 " Melrose, Fla.	500 " Dahlgren, Ill	100
" Germantown Pa.	200 Subr. Culbertson, Neb	100 " Thiessen, Wm and O.S.	200 " Baptists and Methodist Churches, North Hector, N.Y.	100 " Deedsville, Ind	100
" Wheeler Ia.	500 Subr. Colfax, Ia.	100 " Turner, Duncan	100 " Christian friends, New Germantown, N.J.	100 " Titusville, Pa	100
" Lake Forest Ill.	100 Subr. Savage, Va.	100 " Turner, Duncan	500 " 3 friends of the poor	100 " Wick, O.	100
" Ithaca N.Y.	200 Subr. Central Valley, N.Y.	200 " Thomas, Mrs L.N.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.	200 " Dayton, Wis	200
" Oxboro Can.	100 Subr. Frenchtown, N.J.	100 " Trimty Reformed Church, Thornville O.	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.	100 " Sargent, Colo	200
" Humbolt Ill.	200 Subr. Harrisville, N.H.	200 " Thornville O.	200 " "An old widow"	100 " Glenwood, Md	100
" Jericho I.I.	100 Subr. Woodbury, N.J.	200 " Thomson, R.D.	200 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind	100 " South Gibson, Pa	100
" Mechanicsburg Ind	200 Subr. Mt Vernon, N.Y.	100 " Tinklepangh, W.N.	200 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.	100 " Springfield	100
" Sand Spring Ia.	100 Subr. Plainfield, N.J.	100 " Tober, Rev and Mrs B.F.	200 " Sara and Will, Brooklyn	200 " Roslyn, Wash	500
" Albany N.Y.	100 Subr. Reynolds, N.Y.	200 " Tucker, Miss	100 " A few readers of the C.H. and other friends, Brookshire.	100 " Littleton, N.H.	100
" Dwtzler Mo.	100 Subr. and friend, Herndon Pa.	250 " Thomas, Geo	100 " amite, Anstin, Tex.	100 " Manheim, Pa	200
Ives, Mrs W. Minnie	100 Sympathizer, Montezuma, Ga	100 " Thomas, Mrs C.M.	100 " One of the Marys in Pa.	100 " Valentine, Tex	300
Ingralls, Mrs Laura	100 " Ponghekeepsie N.Y.	200 " Thomas, Ernest	100 " Father, mother and two little children, Wash R.I.	200 " Wareham, Mass	500
Johnson, C.R.	100 Stackhouse, Kate	100 " Turner, Clara L.	100 " A little praying band, Binghamton, N.Y.	200 " E. Mrs. Abnurn Ill 25c; Mobern, Peter 50c; Matson, Lars 25c; McCall, Rae 25c; Macomber, Eliza 50c; Mahan, Peter 10c; Murphy, Mrs M.E. 10c; Moyer, Alice 25c; Moyer, Aaron 25c; Moyer, E.F. May, Mrs Molly 25c.	
Johnston, Helen A.	100 Stewart, R.A.	100 " Turner, Clara L.	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Jeter, John R.	100 Stapleton, Mrs Elizabeth	100 " Thomas, Mrs W.S.	100 " Society of United Workers.		
Jackson, Will L.	500 Steele, W.H.	100 " Truce, Theo.	100 " Vagnor's Church, Mehoopany		
Johnson, Mrs C.	100 Sly, E.	100 " Upham, T.	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Jagnow, A.A.	500 Springer, M.E.	100 " Upham, L.M.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
Johnson, Mrs W.G.	100 Snell, S. and son	100 " Van Pelt, Miss Irene	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Jayne, Mrs J.A.	100 Snow, Ida	100 " Vassel, Mrs	100 " 2 friends, Washington, D.C.		
Jackson, J.H.	100 Smith, Mrs H.C.	100 " Vinton, A.L.	100 " "An old widow"		
Johnson, Mrs Carrie	200 Southey, Mrs Lydia	500 " Vanner's Mrs W.E. S.S. class.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
King's Daughter, Lawrence	500 Snyder, S.P.	100 " Villinger, R.E.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
Kimball, Mary E.	800 Schreifer, Mrs C.E.	100 " Vandervelde, Susie	100 " Sara and Will, Brooklyn		
Ketchum, Mrs C.W.	100 Schmier, A.M.	100 " Vandewater, Mrs I.R.	100 " A few readers of the C.H. and other friends, Brookshire.		
Kimble, Mrs Mary	150 Sberwood, Justice	100 " Voioie, Mrs B.	100 " amite, Anstin, Tex.		
Koch, Barbara	100 Single, Rev John	200 " Van Alstyne, F. Bion	100 " One of the Marys in Pa.		
Kearney, Thomas	100 Smith, Mrs Louise	100 " Vark, Mrs Bella	100 " Father, mother and two little children, Wash R.I.		
Kistler, M.G.	100 Stream, R.W.	200 " Walson, J. J.	100 " A little praying band, Binghamton, N.Y.		
Knowlton, Mr and Mrs G.F.	100 Smith, Mrs A.E. and sister.	200 " Weddell, Mrs Jane	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Kiefer, Mrs John	100 Scott, George P.	100 " Williams, R.H.	100 " Society of United Workers.		
King's Sons and Daughters	100 Spencer, G.H. and C.E.	200 " Wilson and family, Mrs L.H.	100 " Vagnor's Church, Mehoopany		
Sandersville Miss.	500 Stetson, Ruth S.	100 " Webster, Mrs S.C.	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Kindermann, H.	400 Smith, Mrs Samuel	200 " Wolcott, Mr and Mrs L.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
Leathers, Miss M.A.	300 S. Association, Dix and	100 " Volcott, Mr and Mrs L.	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Lee, Mrs A.E.	300 " Orange, N.Y.	100 " Wagner, G.W.	100 " "An old widow"		
Lord, Mrs Lucius	500 Sawyer, G.W.	100 " White, Mrs L.H.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
Lane, Gore Ont Can	100 Sears, A.	500 " Winslow, Mrs C.A.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
Leadbetter & daughter, Mrs A	200 Stewart, M.	100 " Waterbury, S.A.	100 " Sara and Will, Brooklyn		
Lowe, John M.	200 Sterling, Miss E.A.	200 " Wood, Thos J.	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Leak, E.B.	250 Stauffer, Mr and Mrs F.G.	200 " Wright, Mrs R.S.	100 " Society of United Workers.		
Lewis, Maggie	500 Somerville, Miss J.B.	200 " Winter, Emanuel	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Lawrence, Mrs Loren	200 Somerville, Miss J.G.	500 " Webster Freshy Church, Webster Kan	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
Le Brokan, Ada	500 S.S. Class, Robeson, Pa.	100 " Wright, Mrs R.J.	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Le, Mrs G. Ont Can	500 Stinger, Mother	100 " Westover, D.	100 " "An old widow"		
Miller and others, S.H.	800 Sinclair, Edna L.	100 " Webster, Mrs J.S.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
Merry, Mrs N.E.	500 Simpson, Mrs Mary	100 " Walker, Mrs E.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
M. Mrs N.E. Orange N.J.	100 S. Mrs A. and wife, and Mrs	100 " Warner, G.W.	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Moore, Mrs H.C.	100 L.M. Frost	750 " Woods, Agnes E.	100 " Society of United Workers.		
Materson, W.B.	100 Smallwood, T.H.	200 " Wycoff, James E.	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Mills, Mrs A.	100 S. Miss M.L. Newton, Mass	200 " Wycoff, James E.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
Moore, Letta	100 Smith, Mrs A.E. Pepin, Wis	200 " Wilcox, E.V.	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Thomson, Mrs	200 Snay, Mrs O.J.	100 " Wheeler, Mrs Louisa A.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
Wesley, Wm	100 Stander, Mrs	200 " Waynot West, Sheldon Ia.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
Meyer, Mrs J.B.	100 Snyder, S.D.	200 " W. Mrs R.W. No Bennington	100 " Sara and Will, Brooklyn		
Morgan, Lettie A.	300 S. Canastota, N.Y.	100 " Witter, Susie E.	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Meier, H.W.	100 Stone, Sarah E.	100 " Williams, Mrs Jennie	100 " Society of United Workers.		
Michall, C.	100 Swenson, Adolph	100 " Worth, J.B.	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Moseley, S.I.	100 S. Mrs T.J. Iron Mt.	300 " West, C.S.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
McEwen and family John	100 S. Mrs T.J. Iron Mt.	300 " Working people, Lebanon N.Y.	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Macomber, A.W.	500 Sargent, Olive	100 " Whitehouse, Mrs J.J.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
Mac Tavish, A.	250 Smith, Mrs C.R.	500 " Whitenack, Mrs Thos.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
McClurkin, Rev S.R.	100 Smith, Mr and Mrs David	250 " Weimer, Ella M.	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
McClurkin, Mrs Jennie	100 Sellens, Mrs E.H.	100 " Williams, Miss	100 " Society of United Workers.		
McKinney, Jean	100 Stewart, Pebecca	100 " Walker and N. daughter, Mrs	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
Morrison, Mrs J.	498 Shook, Mrs	200 " Wylie, J.M.	100 " a working woman, Calumet, Tenn.		
Miller, C.H.	200 Smith and Callis	200 " Wilson, Rosa	100 " The lovers of the poor, Gallatin, Tenn.		
Merch, Mrs Ang H.	500 Stewart, Mrs D.R.	100 " West R.A.	100 " Little circle of King's Daughters, Philadelphia, Ind		
Miller, Miss A.T.	200 Smith, Sne T.	100 " West, Mrs S.A.	100 " A helping hand, Leyden, N.Y.		
McCone, R.	200 Stephens, Mrs S.S. class.	100 " Wilme, Edward	100 " Through LeCoutre, Miss		
Mott, H.H.	100 St. Stephens, Geo H.	200 " Wright, Mrs E. O. Pa.	100 " Society of United Workers.		
Moss, Marie C.	100 Saunders, J.L.	500 " Wood, R.G.	100 " 2 friends, Melvale, Ind		
McCowan, Mary	200				
Mott, Ann	190				
N. Mrs N.P. Randolph Kan	100				
Nelson, I.M.	100				
Nichols, Mrs Ira	200				



A BLESSING TO ALL NATIONS.

S. S. Lesson for Mar. 18, Gen. 18:17-21. Golden Text, Matt. 28:19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD dealt with Israel as a nation and a people, and so with Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, etc.: as a people they were blest or chastened. It is true that in all times of their history there has been in Israel a "remnant according to the election of grace" composed of individuals who were foreknown by him and who, in special way, responded to his call as it reached them. The present Gentile dispensation is of another order as we have seen already. It is not like Israel "a nation taken from the midst of another nation," but a people for his name taken out from the nations or the Gentiles. His purpose to have in Israel a people for his name who should be to him "for a people, and for a name and for a praise, and for a glory," conspicuously failed in its accomplishment; but only that he might do a mightier thing, to take out of diverse people of many languages, customs, habits, etc., "a people [of individuals] for his name" to be

"One in Christ Jesus,"

and so intensely one that all the distinctions of Jew and Gentile, bond or free, male or female should fail to interrupt or hinder this unity. It is close as the stones of a building "fitted together," "built together" or the members of a body, fitted joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth." When once the body of Christ is fully developed, and Christ can take his Bride to himself, God will return to his former order of things and deal again with nations as such.

God's promise to Abraham was that in him and in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed." In this prospect Abraham was to be like God, and God opened his heart to him as to a friend. But this promise has never yet been literally fulfilled. Neither in the time of her glory in the days of David and Solomon, nor yet in the time of her humiliation in the days of the Lord Jesus, has Israel been a blessing to the nations. David, the "man after God's own heart" had a grievous fall, which left a stain on the name of his God, and hindered the full flow of blessing to the nations which might have come through such a man, who could write such Psalms. And Solomon, who began so well, soon relapsed into the love of strange women, blighting not only his own glory, but the reputation of his God, by uncleanness! Indirectly, Israel has always been a blessing, because to the Jews "were committed the oracles of God;" but directly, Israel has been a curse among the nations; ye shall be an execration, and an astonishment, and a curse and a reproach," has been literally fulfilled. Because of their financial power, all the nations have sought after the Jews, but also for this very reason all the nations have hated them when any found themselves in their power.

But the promises as well as the gifts and calling of God, are

"Without Repentance;"

not one word which he has spoken shall fail to the ground. The Jews had not yet rejected their Messiah when, through his prophet Zechariah he said in the days just following this captivity in Babylon: "I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called a city of truth; and the mountains of the Lord of hosts, the holy mountains." (Zech. 8:3.) And again: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, behold I will save My people from the east country and from the west country; and I will bring them and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem and they shall be my people and I will be their God in truth and righteousness." Zech. 8:7, 8.) This prophecy has never yet been

fulfilled; the Jews are yet scattered; but they are on the move throughout the earth, the nations are trying to shake them off: their tenure of property and of residence among the nations is becoming more and more uncertain, and they themselves are broaching in their own journals the subject of their national return to the land of their fathers, when this shall become an accomplished fact, then and only then, can they be made, in a direct manner, a blessing among all nations.

But the Time is at Hand.

Since the destruction of Jerusalem, the land of the Jew has been very largely a desert; but the promise of the Lord for the latter days is: "But now I will not be unto the residue of this people as in the former days, saith the Lord of hosts; for the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things." This is being fulfilled in Palestine at the present time. And it will follow, how soon we know not, but it cannot be long: "It shall come to pass that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing." (Zech. 8:11-13.)

Indirectly the children of Israel are being made a blessing every time the Word of God is opened. In the law of Moses, in the historical, poetical and practical books of the Old Testament, and in the Gospel Epistles and Revelations in the new, we are reading the inspired writings of Israelitish authors, while the bulk of their people who live among us set little or no value upon the treasure which they have thus given to us! Now it is the Gentile who seeks to bring blessing to the Jews through the very Scriptures which have been preserved by the Jews, and it is a remarkable fact that at the present time almost all the educated, and many uneducated, poor have read the New Testament. But tables will be turned ere long, and when our Master shall have succeeded in conforming unto himself a people for his name from among the Gentiles, then "darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people" in the time of the "tribulation," but the Lord shall arise upon Zion and his glory shall be seen upon her. "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." Then it is that the nations shall be blessed through the seed of Abraham, for God says: "I will send those that escape of them unto the nations, and they shall declare my glory among the Gentiles" (Isa. 46:10). That will be indeed a time of missionary enterprise when God himself shall send forth those whom he has prepared. They need to learn no languages; the Jews have those among them who know every language that is spoken; no consideration of climate will hinder them; there are Jews who have traveled in every clime; the work will not be crippled for lack of funds; when the wealthy Jews are filled with missionary zeal, nothing shall stand in the way; a nation shall be "born in one day." (Isa. 46:8 R. V.)

Meanwhile, during the little time which intervenes, we have our Lord's charge to us. While "the fullness of the Gentiles" is not yet come in, while we are waiting for the Lord's return, while the future missionaries of the world are yet blind and deaf to this calling,

Go Ye.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore." Until the mighty national movement of the Jews to convert the world takes place, don't be afraid to go in ones and twos and dozens to preach the Gospel among all nations, "All power" to open the door, "all power" with governments, "all power" to shed

light and conviction into the morally obtuse heathen mind "is given unto me," and ye "heirs of God and joint heirs with me." If ye suffer with me come into your inheritance of thy power, in fitting up my ministry, I send you no warfare on your own charges. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"They which are of faith are the children of Abraham, and may claim with him, as starry seed, to be blest and to be a blessing. True, we cannot look for the world to be evangelized until the seed of Abraham recognize their calling. But how many of the "people for his name" yet remain to be called out! How many might yet turn to God from idols to serve the living and the true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. Unbelief speaks of the difficulties in missionary work, much more than the guarantee of "all power," which the Lord has given us. But those whom he sends out to the nations he sends with the same equipment with which he was sent on earth: "As my Father hath sent me, even so, send I you. . . Receive ye (as I have received for my ministry) the Holy Ghost."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



The International Lesson Committee gives the teacher this week the option of taking a Temperance or a Missionary lesson, and as Mrs. Baxter's remarks are based on the latter, it may be helpful to teachers if this column is devoted to the former subject. The passage selected by the Committee, as the basis of the lesson, is Prov. 20:1-7, with the first verse as a Golden Text. There can be no question as to the importance of the subject. Of all the evils that afflict our country none does so much mischief or produces so much misery as the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor. Not only does the annual consumption entail a heavy expenditure, which is increasing at an enormous rate, but the poverty and crime which result from drunkenness are appalling in extent. The hope of the country for deliverance lies with the young people. If they can be induced to abstain, the next generation will see the evil abated. The teacher may be able to exert a most valuable influence in this direction, by pointing out the insidious danger of the habit of drinking intoxicating beverages, the almost imperceptible stages by which the habit is acquired and drawing a picture of the evil that results from it. Unhappily, illustrations are only too common; there is no community without them. Any child knows that drunkenness is a disgrace and an evil, but he should be made to realize that the danger lies in the first glass and that the man whom he sees drunk was once as far from it as he is and never expected to become a drunkard. In short, that like a poisonous snake, intoxicating drink should be avoided as a dangerous thing to meddle with.

Wine is a mocker. Many have found it so. The first few times of moderate indulgence may be pleasant, and the young man may think that he is adding safely to the joys of life. It is a vain dream from which he will wake to find himself a slave in bonds he cannot break. In Texas, recently, an old lady met her death in a remarkable and sad way. On board a train running at a high rate of speed, she arose from her couch while asleep and deliberately walked to the door, stepped off the platform, and was instantly dashed to death. Doubtless, in her dreams, she thought she was walking in a path of safety, and maybe in those of pleasure and joy. But such imaginations did not alter the great laws of gravitation, and momentum and concussion, which resulted in her death when she stepped off the rapidly moving train. There are ways that seem right and safe and pleasant, but which nevertheless suddenly end in death.

Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. There is an old Greek fable which illustrates the insidious nature of the drinking habit, which is so easy to acquire and so difficult to break. They said that Hercules desired a beautiful white garment for use on a special occasion. Such a garment was sent to him by his enemy, who had previously anointed it with poison. Hercules

arrayed himself in it and admired his own appearance; but as he became warm the poison in the garment began to take effect. Soon Hercules became tortured with pain. He tried to take off the garment, but it adhered to his flesh, and the more he struggled, the firmer it held. At last, in his agony, he tore off the garment and his flesh came with it. Then, in a paroxysm of suffering, he flung himself on a pyre and was burned to death.

Whoso provoketh him. An English publication reports a tragedy in the Zoological Gardens in London. It says that a party of sailors in the course of their tour through the various rooms entered the snake-house. They were cautioned against intermingling with the reptiles, as bites of some of them were deadly. One of the sailors, however, prided himself on his knowledge of snakes and on his ability to handle them with impunity. He explained to his companions how it might be done, and then gave a practical exhibition of his power. He seized one of the most venomous snakes by the neck and held it up at arm's length, showing that it was impossible for any snake to bite, if held in that position. But as he talked, the snake coiled itself around his arm and gave a mighty grip to it, taking by the motion another turn around the limb. One more convulsive effort and the man's arm cracked and his muscles lost their power. He could no longer retain his grip on the snake's neck, and as he loosed it, the angry reptile turned around, and, a moment, its fangs were in his wrist, and the fatal poison went coursing through his body. In less than an hour the man was dead. "There is no need for me to abstain," says a young man. "I can control myself I know when to stop." He would not be so confident if he knew the power of the enemy. It has the trick of paralyzing the will power, so that the man cannot stop when he wishes to do so.

Smeth against his own soul. Shakespeare's words are often literally true that he who drinks intoxicants takes an enemy into his mouth that steals away his brains. The crazy man and the suicide often become so by way of the bottle. "In the forest," says a preacher, "I saw a beautiful tall tree slowly dying, strangled by great coils of ivy. There is no possibility of untwisting the folds, they are too giant-like and fast fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber are sucking the life out of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny aspirant, only asking a little aid in its climbing; had it been denied then the tree had never become its victim, but degrees the humble weakling grew in strength and arrogance, and at last it assumed the mastery, and the tall tree became the prey of the creeping, insinuating destroyer. The moral is too obvious. Sorrowfully do we remember many, many noble characters which have been ruined little and little by insinuating habits. Drink has been the ivy in many cases."

Therefore shall he beg. Drunkenness is a fruitful cause of poverty. It leads to idleness and waste. A physician, walking in the country, met a man who was hurrying along the path. The man accosted the physician, as they passed, with the question, "Is this the way to the poorhouse?" The kind, hearted doctor looked the man over sympathetically and putting his hand on the top of a bottle of whiskey, which protruded from his pocket, replied, "No, but this is."

His children are blessed after him. An incident was related by Rev. Charles Garrett in the course of his reply to one who contended that every man had a right to drink if he did not go to excess. Mr. Garrett argued that the influence of example should weigh in coming to a decision on the subject. He said: "I am very fond of mountain climbing. I think I have a steadier foot and a cooler head than most men and never feel fear, no matter how dizzy is the height on which I stand. Last summer was one of a party in Switzerland and one of our excursions I left the party to climb a precipice, which was very dangerous. I had full confidence of being able to hold on, although even my nerves were tried by the precipitous height. When about half-way up I heard a voice behind me, glanced around and saw in the distance my little boy following me. I turned sick with dismay and returned as quickly as I could and took the safer path. So it is, my friend, with the moderate drinker; you may be able to keep from falling, but can you be sure that the boys and young men who are following you, perhaps without your knowledge, can tread that path with safety?"

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS.

RADICALS in the English Parliament have, during the past few weeks, begun an active crusade against the power of the house of Lords. Their recent grievance consists chiefly in the amendments the House of Peers has made to several of the bills passed by the House of Commons. This interference, added to the fact that the bill for Irish self-government was rejected by them, has provoked a demand from the extreme section of the Liberal Party that the House of Lords shall be abolished altogether, or, as a more moderate change, that the Upper House shall be debarred from rejecting or altering, a measure which has passed the Lower House by a large majority. Mr. Gladstone was expected to make a declaration on Feb. 20th, pledging his party to such a change, but he contented himself with pointing out the effect of the interference of the Lords without suggesting any constitutional change. It is probable, however, that a proposal to curtail the power of the Lords will be incorporated into the Radical platform. It will have a rational basis in the recent flagrant misconduct of several members of the Upper House. These men, notorious for their profligacy and stupidity, have the right to vote on all questions of legislation and to help make laws while themselves being lawbreakers. The Radicals contend that the anomaly would cease if the members did not sit and vote by right of their birth, but could obtain their seats only by popular election. It is doubtful, however, whether public opinion is as yet prepared for the change, the English people being reluctant to make radical alterations in their constitution. That the question has been raised and that it has obtained so much support as it has, is due to the fact that so many of the Lords, like other rulers, hereditary and elected alike, have forgotten that God has said, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." (II. Samuel 23: 3.)

The Value of an Arm.

Three arbitrators were engaged on Feb. 14th in assessing the sum which should be awarded a man residing at Lancaster, Pa., as compensation for the loss of an arm. Some months ago while walking on the turnpike road an accident occurred to the cable which is used as a safeguard for the electric cars. The cable snapped under a sudden strain and the end caught the man around the body and dragged him to the ground. His right arm was twisted and injured so severely that it had to be amputated. On his recovery he made a claim against the Traction Company which was submitted to arbitration. The arbitrators having heard the man's statement of his suffering and of the loss he would suffer in his business through his being maimed, decided on awarding him twenty thousand dollars as compensation. The company deems the amount excessive, although it is much less than the injured man claimed. It may be hoped that as he places so high a value on one member of his body he has not failed to realize the value of his soul. Some men think so lightly of that, that they are willing to barter it for temporary gain or pleasure. (Matt. 16: 26.)

A Subterranean Lake.

An interesting discovery has been made recently by engineers connected with the Government Geographical Department. It has long been a mystery where the water came from which supplies the South Dakota artesian basin. It has been tapped during the past few years at various parts of the State and a large quantity of water has been found. Not long ago the Government ordered a survey of the Missouri River, no survey having been made since 1878. Measurements have accordingly been made of the volume of water at certain intervals between Great Falls, Mont., and Sioux City, Iowa. The engineers were surprised to find that the quantity of water at Fort Benton was smaller than the quantity at Great Falls, which is twenty-five miles farther up the river. Between Fort Benton and

Sioux City there was a gradually increasing volume of water, but between Fort Benton and Great Falls the difference was 445 cubic feet per second. The question arose of what became of that enormous quantity of water which the river lost in that course of twenty-five miles. A clue to the mystery was found in the fact that in a pool midway between the two towns eyeless fishes have been caught, which are only found in subterranean water courses. From the two facts one of the engineers has deduced the inference that there is an outlet somewhere in the bed of the Missouri which connects with the South Dakota basin and it is in supplying that basin that the Missouri loses its water. The people of South Dakota have thus learned the origin of the precious water that they draw from their artesian wells. The origin of many of the spiritual and material blessings we enjoy is not generally recognized; but the time will come when it will be realized by all that, like the river clear as crystal which John saw, they proceed from the Throne of God. (Rev. 22: 1.)

Held by a Spell.

The immigration commissioners had a remarkable case under discussion in New

York last week. The question was as to the admission of a man and woman, who had arrived from Berlin by the steamer "Augusta Victoria." The woman admitted that she was the wife of a wealthy merchant in the German capital, but declared that she intended to marry her companion, who is fifteen years her junior. She has known him from childhood and has always exerted a strange influence over him. His parents sent him here to escape it, but at her bidding, he resigned a good position which he obtained in Philadelphia and returned to Berlin. Finding that the infatuation made their lives unpleasant there, they came last week to this country. The commissioners, therefore, had to decide whether they should admit persons who were avowedly immoral. Ultimately, as the facts of the case were disclosed, they decided to admit the man and released him, pending their decision about the woman. During the hearing of her case, although the man was free to go where he would, he seemed unable to leave the court. The woman kept him at her side and, if he moved away, she made some mesmeric passes with her hands, which brought him helplessly back to her. He ap-

A Claim for Beautifying.

A referee in New York is engaged in hearing testimony in an extraordinary suit. It appears from the plaintiff's testimony that three years ago a fashionable dressmaker in the city went to her to be made beautiful forever. The dressmaker was then over fifty years of age and her face, being deeply wrinkled, indicated her age pretty clearly. The plaintiff, who makes a profession of beautifying plain and elderly ladies, undertook her case, the patient agreeing to pay her two hundred and fifty dollars for the service. The treatment continued for six weeks, at the end of which time, according to the plaintiff's statement, every wrinkle had disappeared and the patient looked not more than thirty years old. But last year, the dressmaker died, without having paid her the fee agreed upon. On presenting her claim the executors refused to pay it and thereupon a suit was begun, which the court turned over to a referee who is hearing testimony, preparatory to making his report. He is concerned only in ascertaining whether the patient agreed to pay the amount claimed, not in estimating the benefit she derived from the operation. Probably

peared to be completely under her power and to have no will of his own. Whether her power over him is really occult, cannot be known, but it is certain that it is one he obeys. There are many who thus yield to Satanic influence until they lose their will power and "do the things that they would not." For all such there is no hope of deliverance in themselves, but they may be delivered as others have been who appeal to God through Jesus Christ. (Rom. 7: 19-25.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Bishop Stuart, of New Zealand, has resigned his see to devote the remainder of his life to missionary work in Persia.

Incomplete returns from Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church indicate a total membership of 127,491, against 122,213 last year.

The number of Lutheran Ministers in the world, according to the Rev. J. N. Lenker's new book, *Lutherans in All Lands*, is 30,346, with 42,827 churches and 53,080,000 baptized members. Of the churches, 9,727 are credited to America, 23,500 to Germany, 2,514 to Sweden, 960 to Norway and 1,909 to Denmark.

Rev. William Arthur, the veteran author of "The Tongue of Fire," has now taken up his abode at Cannes and is much improved in health. He devotes his leisure to literary pursuits, but takes deep interest in all religious matters. Mr. Arthur is now seventy-five years of age.

From all quarters come reports of a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The *Congregationalist* quoting from returns published by a St. Louis journal, estimates that during the past four or five weeks in five central and southwestern States, not less than forty-nine thousand persons have united with the churches.

A Church in Ohio, now without a Pastor, seems to be in need of a faithful, persevering man to fill its pulpit. We infer this from the following observation which the retiring minister made in his farewell sermon: "I am willing to relinquish my charge to my unknown successor and may God have mercy on his soul. If he stays long enough, the Philistines are sure to get him."

The number of Women Pastors in the Congregational Church has received an addition by the ordination of Mrs. Frost to be co-pastor with her husband, Rev. George E. Frost over the church at Littleton, Mass. Her examination and her successful labors as a supply show her to be an able theologian and a faithful, powerful preacher.

An excellent work among the poor is being done in Chicago by Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg makes the rooms of the Pacific Mission in Van Buren street his headquarters, where he sees patients free of charge and afterward goes from house to house in the slums prescribing for the sick. He has a large class of women who are preparing for Foreign Mission work and a number of these have volunteered to go as nurses into the Chicago slums. Altogether Dr. Kellogg has thirty-six trained nurses now at work in Chicago.

Special Services are being held every night in Calvary Baptist Church and Mount Morris Baptist Church, New York and a daily noon service in Association Hall in Twenty-third street. Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn, Dr. H. M. Wharton of Baltimore and Rev. George C. Needham are among the eminent preachers who conduct the services. It is hoped that these may be the beginning of as successful a work in New York as resulted a few weeks ago from a similar effort in Brooklyn.

The following contributions of clothing, etc., for the Relief Fund are acknowledged:

Friends, Grangeville, N. Y.; Miss Ellen Chase, Winsted, Conn.; "Friend of the Poor," East Brady, Pa.; Mrs. W. R. Monroe, Coscob, Conn.; Mrs. Westcott, Subscriber, Miss Addie Davis, Cavendish, Vt.; Fred N. Wills, Lansingville, N. Y.; "Marguerite," Dunellen, N. J.; G. R. Havens, Jr., Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Cascaden, N. Y.; Four Women "In His Name," Pottersville, N. J.; Mrs. J. J. Fox, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Friends, Hancock Street, Brooklyn; Subscriber, Arlington, N. J.; Jacksonville, Florida; Bremen Co., Iowa; J. F. Brodusius, Jackson, Mo.; "I. H. N." King's Daughters; Mrs. G. E. Van Deusen, Claverack, N. Y.; R. Kennebeck, Maine; Miss J. Leitch, Glen Cove, L. I.; Friends, Greenwich, Conn.; A Friend, Sanford, Fla.; Mrs. P. Schalz, Morristown, N. J.; E. J. N. Albany, N. Y.; E. K. T. E. Orange, N. J.; S. A. Demarest, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. Best, Charlton, Id.; Dover, N. J.; Doylestown, Pa.; Bristol, Vt.; Cynthia, Perley, Lebanon, N. H.; A. E. S., Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Clyde, N. Y.; J. P. Hull, Hempstead, L. I.; Auburndale, Wis.; Mentchen, N. J.; Dexter, Maine; Tally, Miss; Mrs. B. A. Bassell, Subscriber, Lakeport, N. Y.; Great Neck M. E. Sunday School; Friends, N. Shefford, 3 bags of beans and 2 boxes; Dexter, Maine, Odessa, N. Y.; O. J. Oliver, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. E. A. Sprague and Mrs. E. H. Nichols, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.; Letta Brown, Eaton, N. Y.; Unknown, bag of beans; Huntley, Minn.; Mrs. V. H. Miko, Knoxville, Pa.; New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. S. G. Dewsnap, Middletown, N. Y.; A Friend, Durham, N. Y.; Mrs. J. G. Stewart, Plainfield, N. J.; Flemington, N. J.; Subscriber, Lake George, N. Y.; Mrs. Beaver and daughters, Pottersville; Mrs. E. Blaven, Pottersville, N. J.; E. H. Ward, Moravia, N. Y.; Mrs. S. Potter, Little Neck, L. I.; Mrs. L. N. Cummings, Storksboro, Vt.; C. O. Moore, Greenport, L. I.; New Bedford, Mass.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Lyons, Pa.; Miss Browne, Mass.; Jackson, Summit, Pa.; Newark, N. J.; Glasgow, Iowa; W. H. Spalter, Keene, N. H.; Friend, N. Shefford, Vt.; Mrs. Hartman and Mrs. Heffner, Lyons, N. Y. Twelve packages from unknown friends in different places, also five packages of dried apples from an unknown donor.



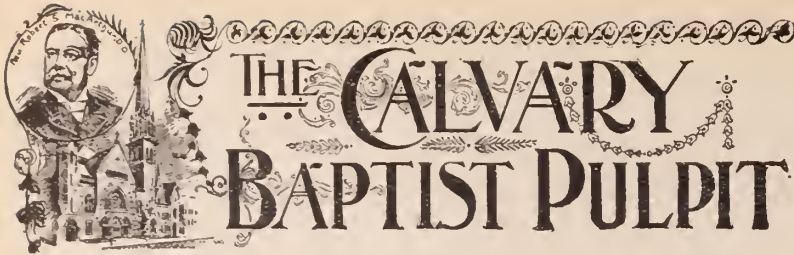
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ADDRESSING THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

York last week. The question was as to the admission of a man and woman, who had arrived from Berlin by the steamer "Augusta Victoria." The woman admitted that she was the wife of a wealthy merchant in the German capital, but declared that she intended to marry her companion, who is fifteen years her junior. She has known him from childhood and has always exerted a strange influence over him. His parents sent him here to escape it, but at her bidding, he resigned a good position which he obtained in Philadelphia and returned to Berlin. Finding that the infatuation made their lives unpleasant there, they came last week to this country. The commissioners, therefore, had to decide whether they should admit persons who were avowedly immoral. Ultimately, as the facts of the case were disclosed, they decided to admit the man and released him, pending their decision about the woman. During the hearing of her case, although the man was free to go where he would, he seemed unable to leave the court. The woman kept him at her side and, if he moved away, she made some mesmeric passes with her hands, which brought him helplessly back to her. He ap-

that was little as the interval was so short between the restoration of her beauty and her death. If the poor lady had known she was to die so soon she might have sought that beauty which really lasts forever, at the hands of Him who has assured those who love him that they shall have neither spot nor wrinkle nor any such thing, but be without blemish. (Eph. 5: 27.)

A Fish From the Sky.

A sportsman living near Lancaster, Pa., had a genuine surprise a few days ago. He observed a large bird, which he supposed was a buzzard, hovering at a considerable height over a plantation. It appeared to have difficulty in rising and after a few moments it began to descend. Then the sportsman saw that it was a large bald eagle. He fired at it, but did not kill it. He thinks, however, that the bird was wounded, for it dropped something from its talons and being relieved of the weight soared away out of sight. He went to see what it had dropped and, to his amazement, found that it was a fish weighing nearly three pounds. It had not been long out of water and the sportsman thinks the eagle must have



THE BIBLE AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

A Sermon Preached last Sunday morning by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text:

1. Thess. 5: 21, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

THE apostle here exhorts us to submit all forms of faith to their appropriate test. The word which is translated prove is a very strong expression; it literally means to test by the art of the assayer; it is the word which would be applied to the testing of metals or similar substances. The apostle warns the Thessalonians against receiving statements regarding religious truths on mere assertion. They are exhorted to apply fitting tests, and then to reject whatever is false and to adopt what is true. The same exhortation is appropriate still. God makes a direct appeal to our reason in regard to the subjects of our faith. Reason and revelation, when both are properly understood, are not contradictory. God through the prophet Isaiah distinctly says: "Come now, and let us reason together." The decisions of synods and councils are not necessarily authoritative. Christianity always and everywhere is the friend of free and fair inquiry. But we must remember that it is quite as important to hold fast good things as it is to prove all things.

Our knowledge of the Bible is necessarily progressive. It is evermore true that there is more light to spring forth from the Word of God.

The Bible as a Revelation

of God must evermore be beyond the full comprehension of finite men. We can apprehend its truths; we cannot comprehend them in all their significance. Each generation may be expected to make advances in the apprehension of the Bible over the preceding generation. What science has absolutely proved is a truth of God in its sphere as really as what revelation has affirmed. God is one; truth is one. God cannot contradict himself. What he has taught in Genesis must harmonize with what he has taught in geology, when both are rightly interpreted. Between a true science and a divine revelation there must be entire harmony. Our contention is only against a science falsely so called. Science and philosophy are necessary factors in all religious thought. Theologians who speak derogatively of the influences of philosophy really only oppose one system of philosophy against another. This scientific spirit is in the atmosphere to-day, and can neither be denied nor despised. A true theologian will not attempt to do the one or the other. As well might he resist the law of gravitation, or the movements of the tide. But our holy religion is never the enemy of truth wherever found. A true science is the handmaid of Christianity; it is the minister of truth and God. We need have no fear of the "higher criticism," as it has been called. Whatever discovers and declares

Truth is of God,

and is welcomed by his Church. We are concerned only to know that this or any other form of criticism does really discover and declare the truth. That is the whole matter regarding which we should be concerned. We welcome all forms of right examination. The Bible asks no favors and tears no appropriate tests. Reason and conscience have their sphere of authority; but revelation is higher than either or both. Where Scripture plainly speaks, human reason must bow in submission. God as the revealer and the supreme source of authority is back of the revelation which is the channel of that authority.

The Bible should be studied on scientific principles. These principles now dominate in other departments of inquiry, and have their sphere also as applied to the Bible. All investigators of the Bible should bear in mind what is its supreme object and design. Many critics greatly err at this point; they forget the real object of divine revelation. The Bible is not intended to be a treatise on philosophy, science, or history; it is not a text-book on astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, or geography; it is not an encyclo-

pædia or universal dictionary. It does allude to these subjects, and that with an accuracy, eloquence, and beauty that are simply surprising. Its avoidance of the dangers into which heathen cosmologies have fallen is inexplicable if we deny its divine inspiration; the cosmogony of Pentateuch receives the confirmation of the science of our own century. It has been well said that "there is in the book of Psalms alone more loving descriptions of nature than in all Greek and Roman literature;" and yet such descriptions and allusions are merely incidental. Some of these, however, anticipate many of

The Discoveries of Science.

The great design of the Bible is to teach religious truth; it is to supply man's religious necessities. This design is ever paramount. Baronius long ago said: "The scriptures were given to teach men how to rise to heaven, not how the heavens were made." Forgetting these simple facts, ignorant scientists and equally ignorant ecclesiastics have waged a foolish warfare. As a result astronomy, geology, and many other sciences have had to fight their way against the opposition of priests, cardinals, and popes. Thank God! a brighter day has dawned. We are learning that all lovers of truth are in many senses pupils in the one school—the school of Christ, which is the noblest university. The Bible is designed to reveal God and man in their mutual relations; it declares man's religious necessities and reveals the divine provision for these necessities. It makes allusion to nations only as they stood related to the development of this spiritual purpose. It thus comes to pass that what Voltaire called an "insignificant Syrian tribe" fills so large a space on the inspired page; that Egypt is scarcely mentioned between the time of Moses and Solomon; that Assyria, after a single passage in the Book of Genesis, is passed over in silence for fifteen hundred years!

Many criticize the Bible because it is not, and never proposed to be what they imagined it ought to be. It is not a universal encyclopædia, although it is wonderfully encyclopædic; not a universal history, although it is

The Oldest and Noblest History.

Within its own sphere it is authoritative and infallible. To insist upon its historical and scientific inerrancy is to mistake its true design and controlling purpose. We do not admit its errancy as many have affirmed it; but neither ought we to allow ourselves to believe that if errancy, historical or scientific, can be proved, the Bible is therefore errant and unauthoritative on religious subjects. Those who say that an error is found in the date of some ancient king or kingdom, or in the number engaged or killed in some ancient battle, that therefore we must give up the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of the Lord, are guilty of illogical reasoning and of a foolish surrender to the toes of revelation. They ought not to stake the defense of the citadel on maintaining an unimportant outpost. In harmony in the details of testimony in our courts is not construed by judges and juries as necessarily a contradiction of the main fact, if on that point the witnesses harmonize. I have heard officers who were in the battle of Gettysburg contradict one another regarding some details of that historic conflict; but this discrepancy regarding unimportant facts would surely not justify a man in affirming that there never was a battle of Gettysburg. The Bible is absolutely authoritative on matters of our spiritual life and faith. This is its chosen sphere; this is its divine design. We do not admit that important errors have yet been proved either of an historical or scientific kind. On this point "a bill of particulars" is properly demanded of those who make the affirmation. They wisely refrain from meeting this demand; their modesty at this point is sur-

prisingly in contrast with their omniscience at many other points. We simply affirm that all allusions in the Bible to matters of that kind are merely incidental, and do not touch nor affect the main purpose of the revelation.

The critic of the Bible should be sympathetic. This demand is scientific. No man can appreciate the hills except he have mountains in his brain; no man can enjoy the sea except he have oceans in his soul; no one can judge music except his training and nature be musical. The mathematician who asked, after reading Milton's "Paradise Lost," "What does that prove?" was an utterly incompetent judge of that immortal epic. Sir Isaac Newton was right when he said to Dr. Halley, "When you speak about astronomy or mathematics, I am glad to hear you, for you have studied and understand these subjects; but you should not talk of Christianity for you have not studied it." Dr. Halley was

A Competent Witness

on science, but utterly incompetent on matters of religion. To demand that critics of the Bible shall be sympathetic is to demand only that which we require in critics of science, philosophy or aesthetics. The cold-hearted, unsympathetic, irreligious critic of the Bible is a monstrosity. He is no more fitted to judge of its truths than a deaf man is to pronounce on music, or a blind man on the merits of a painting.

We have a right also to demand that all investigations of the Bible shall be practical—shall be affirmative or constructive, and not merely negative or destructive. The Higher Criticism might fairly be called general criticism. It discusses not merely the text, but its general relations; its relations to the chapter in which it is found, to the book of which it is a part, to the times to which it is referred, and to its entire environment. "It is," as Professor Stevens, of Rochester, has recently said, "history engaged in verifying the facts of the past." Mere textual criticism is lower criticism; but the investigation which takes up a book, its history, its structure, its credentials, this is called the Higher Criticism. When this kind of examination is applied to the Bible, it is properly called

"Biblical Criticism."

Let no one fear such criticism, if conducted in the spirit which we have described. Let no one denounce men inspired by this spirit and working for the discovery of truth; let no one deprecate the results secured, nor unfairly oppose the methods employed. If the investigation be in a humble and candid spirit, it will but reflect an additional honor on God and his Word. It will, without doubt, when so conducted, give fairer conceptions alike of the Bible and its divine Author. If it shall destroy some of the unsightly scaffolds which traditional interpretations, and which some human creeds and confessions, have erected about the majestic temple of truth, marring its symmetry and robbing it of its divine glory, we shall have cause to rejoice. The Word of God shall stand forever; that is as certain as that God lives and reigns.

Many men have entered the arena to tilt against Moses and the Pentateuch. Pharaoh strove against Moses, and he sank like lead into the Red Sea. Jannes and Jambres, the Egyptian magicians, withstood Moses, and they are named only to show their defeat and humiliation. It has been well said that the Bible is like a cube; when it is overturned, as its foes have thought, it is as high as before. The great scholars of the early centuries attempted to overthrow Christianity and the Bible; but the names of most of them are now utterly forgotten, except as they stand in some way related to the Bible which they vainly attempted to overthrow. Lucian, Celsus, Porphyry and Julian the Apostate were

The Leaders of the Opposition

to the Lord Jesus Christ and his Church in their respective generations. Porphyry was, without doubt, one of the most brilliant opponents which Christianity has ever had. He was a peerless heathen polemic. He moved boldly into the arena; he was resolved to dethrone Jesus Christ. He anticipated many of the critical methods which are common in our day; but these men would be utterly forgotten were it not that they linked their names, even in opposition, with that Name which is above every other name. Jesus Christ is King. From his watchtower in the heavens he rules this world. His pierced hand is on the helm of the universe. Men have, in their own opinion, been constantly engaged in overthrowing

the Bible; but the work has to be constantly repeated. Never did any other book have such vitality. It constantly confronts its foes with new elements of power. It never was mightier than it is to-day. It has overthrown many forms of heathenism, and is now moving forward with head erect and step triumphant to the conquest of the world.

The critics have long been giving their opinion on Moses. It would be interesting to have the opinion of Moses on some of his critics. Those who confronted Moses alive, whether in the court of Pharaoh, on the field of battle, or in the councils of nations, found him a foeman worthy of their steel. Were he not dead his critics would be likely to speak more modestly of their own attainments, and more wisely of his achievements.

Destructive Criticism.

Mere destructive criticism is worthy of but little respect. In no other sphere can the minimum of talent so certainly secure the maximum of notice. A child or an idiot with a knife or a hammer, let loose in a gallery of paintings or a hall of statuary, can destroy more in an hour than Angelo or Raphael could create in a lifetime. Destructive criticism requires but little ability and has but little utility. At times it may have a mission. It may awaken curiosity; it may evoke inquiry. Many a minister can attract no attention by earnestly expounding the Gospel; but the same man by attacking the Gospel and denouncing recognized beliefs will have a brief notoriety in the secular and religious press. By once hurling a hymn-book from his pulpit at the windows of his church, many a pastor would attract more notice than by ordinary preaching for a score of years. But mere destruction is unworthy the ambition of a noble man and the attainments of a broad scholar. God often overrules destructive work, however, for the establishment of his truth. The opposition of Porphyry in his day called into the arena

Many Defenders

of Christ and his Gospel. The attacks upon Christianity in our day have only served to show the solidity of its deep foundations. Let no believer be alarmed; let no one feel obliged to steady the ark of God; God will care for his word and his work. The business of the pulpit is to preach the truth and not to apologize for God and the Bible. A pastor is engaged in a sorry labor when he is simply unsettling the beliefs of men, and robbing the Bible of its authority and beauty. A man of this character may have some sphere of usefulness, but it is certainly not in the pulpit or church of God.

It is fair to ask what the higher criticism has accomplished. This question we have a right to ask. Once more the Bible is on trial. Many of those who sought its life, as we have already said, are dead, as were those who sought the life of the Child Jesus; but other opponents have arisen in their place. What really has the higher criticism accomplished? It has shown, we will admit, that Moses did not write all the Pentateuch. But who, of any intelligence, ever believed that he did? Certainly no reasonable student could suppose that he wrote the account of his own death. The higher criticism has shown, we will admit, that in the writing of

The Pentateuch

various documents were employed. But the critics contradict themselves constantly as to the points of union and cleavage in these documents. One might, before passing judgment on their work, wait until they had gotten through with destroying one another; for the higher critics of one generation spend much of their time in denouncing their brethren of a preceding generation. All the rest of us might be contented to wait until they are through with one another, and then we might gather up the fragments of critics and criticisms which may remain; but we need not take refuge behind these warring critics. Surely no intelligent reader, even though he is not a higher critic, doubts or doubted that various documents entered into the preparations of the Pentateuch. Surely we may give Moses credit for being a man of common sense; his wonderful achievements entitle him, even in the judgment of his harshest critics, to at least this much praise. Even an average historian would take advantage of documents and annals to which he had access in preparing his history. Hume, Macaulay, Motley, Bancroft did likewise; so also do the historians of our day. We could name a widely known ecclesiastical historian who not only has the assistance of other writings, but, it

is said, of many writers in preparing his volumes on the history of the Church. They are not less his because of this method of preparation. Representative higher critics admit that the Pentateuch is written under the influence and guidance of Moses. More we do not need; more we neither claim nor desire. It is, in a special and beautiful sense, a glorious and

Divine Mosaic.

What if the accounts of creation are but a series of grand panoramic views? They may be none the less true. We know that the language is not scientific but scenic; that it is not philosophic but poetic, as Dr. Boardman has suggested. Is it not, therefore, the more natural and accurate? We have no difficulty with the conception that in these glowing chapters we have unrolled before us, as before Moses, successive events in great spiritual visions. We did not need the wisdom of the latter-day higher critics to teach us these acknowledged truths. They have told us that Isaiah did not write all the book which bears his name—that there were at least two Isaiahs. Perhaps they are right, perhaps they are not. Internal evidence is not conclusive. We cannot decide such questions in the case of Junius and others of a comparatively recent date. The matter is not important. Personally, I should be glad to know that there were twenty-two Isaiahs instead of two. He is exactly the kind of man whom we should like to see greatly multiplied. Recent criticism may yet shed some light on the interpretation of the Song of Solomon and on predictive prophecy; but as yet it has given us an uncertain twilight.

The Test of Value.

Has this criticism deepened the piety of the Church? Has it quickened its zeal? Has it led to a greater consecration to work and a stronger desire to live for the glory of Christ and the salvation of men? No positive answer can yet be given to these questions; but this criticism has done good just so far as it has discovered truth; but not when it has simply dealt in mere destruction and has forgotten that divine charity, which "vaunteth not itself," and "is not puffed up." The true position for the church to take is that of appreciation of truth wherever found, and by whatsoever messenger brought; that of patient waiting until undigested theories are verified and vain speculations are conclusively proved. It is needless to oppose unverified theories; and it is wicked to cling to old prejudices when new truths are proved. What we want is neither the old theology, nor the new theology, but the true theology. God will not leave us in doubt. His Word is not a system of cunningly devised fables. It is my firm conviction that the Higher Criticism has not thus far achieved practical results sufficient to justify its exaggerated claims; neither has it so opposed truths previously held as to justify the opposition of some conservative and orthodox theologians. It is itself on trial; let us calmly wait; let us be open, frank and fair; let us not denounce the motives of earnest scholars who, with us, are seeking after truth.

Basal Truths.

There are great basal truths which must forever abide. Human sin and sorrow are terrific facts. The birth, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ are eternal verities. There is a science of salvation. God's sovereign and eternal love, God's gracious Fatherhood and forgiving mercy are eternal verities. Christ lives, and he himself said, in his matchless intercessory prayer, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." With undaunted heart we stand beside the Cross to-day. In this sign we shall conquer the world; that Cross is still the power and the wisdom of God; it is still the mightiest magnet to draw men from self and sin to holiness and heaven. We want the blessed Gospel, old as as eternity and new as the last rays of sunshine which flooded the earth with the light and glory of heaven. Nothing but the bread of heaven can feed the hungry soul; nothing but the blessed balm of Gilead can heal the heart's sorrow. Blessed be God, his Gospel will never lose its power until Satan is crushed beneath our feet and Christ is worshipped as Lord over all, blessed forever.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietors, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

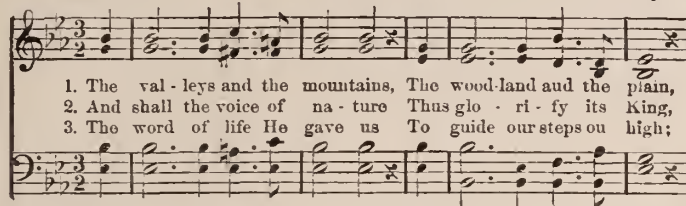


The Valleys and the Mountains.

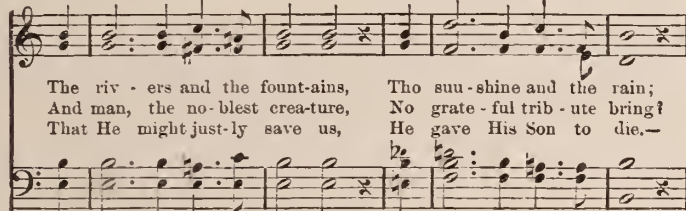
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Psalm 14 : 8, 9.

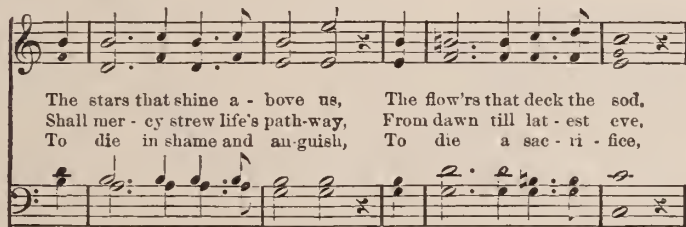
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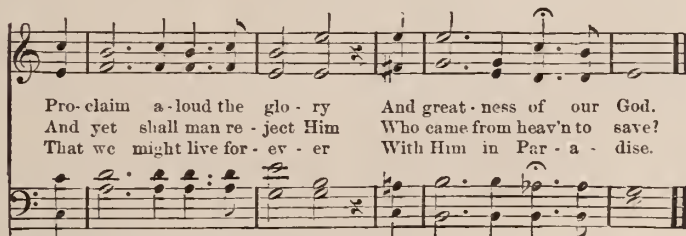
1. The val - leys and the mountains, The wood-land and the plain,
2. And shall the voice of na - ture Thus glo - ri - fy its King,
3. Tho word of life He gave us To guide our steps on high;



The riv - ers and the fount-ains, Tho sun-shine and the rain;
And man, the no - blest crea-ture, No grate - ful trib - ute bring?
That He might just-ly save us, He gave His Son to die.—



The stars that shine a - bove us, The flow'rs that deck the sod,
Shall mer - cy strew life's path-way, From dawn till lat - est eve,
To die in shame and an-guish, To die a sac - ri - fice,



Pro - claim a - loud the glo - ry And great - ness of our God.
And yet shall man re - ject Him Who came from heav'n to save?
That we might live for - ev - er With Him in Par - a - dise.

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From JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

SORROWS THAT CANNOT BE TOLD.

THE world knoweth many a sorrow—
'Tis smitten with grief to the core;
It counteth full many a heart-break,
And soon will count multitudes more.
Perchance we may share some heart's bur-
den—

While tears of sweet sympathy flow,
But ah! who shall comfort the weeper,
Whose sorrow no other must know?

Sometimes 'tis the heart that is saddest,
Which prompts to the merriest jest,
And sometimes the face that seems glad-
dest

Is masking a cruel unrest.
The life that seems gayest and freest,
Unspeakable anguish may hold,
And souls may grow faint in their struggles
With sorrows that cannot be told.

Be tender with nature's unlovely,
Whose lives shed no blessed perfume,
Whose words breathe not patience and
courage—

Whose faces are shadowed with gloom.
Deal gently in judging thy brother—
Oh! call him not heartless and cold,
It may be his spirit is battling
With sorrows that cannot be told.

Yes, always be tender and loving,
Be patient with all you may know,
Lest you add some pain to the heartache
That maybe is lurking below.

Oh, tell of the Christ, whose compassion
And infinite love will uphold;
He has sounded the depths of all sorrow—
To him may all sorrows be told.

Vineland, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

SAFE AT HOME.

(JOHN 5: 24.)

TELL me not a Christian dieth
When his spirit takes its flight,
'Tis but going home to heaven
To the land of pure delight;
Death hath lost its power o'er us,
For, amid earth's cares and strife,
If we're trusting Christ the Saviour
We have "passed from death to life."

It is hard to part with dear ones,
Whom we've known and loved so long,
But, if we are true and faithful
We will join that happy throng:
We'll be welcomed home to glory
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
By the loved ones gone before us—
Safe at home forever more.

Is it right to grieve for loved ones
Who have reached the glory land,
And are safe from all temptations,
With the happy ransomed band?
No; we'll bow in sweet submission
To our heavenly Father's will,
For he doeth all things wisely,
And we'll serve and love him still.
Joliet, Ill. CARLOS F. LONG.

THE SEVENTH TRUMPET.

The Mystery—The Two Women—The
Mystic Babylon and its Doom.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.

Continued from page 137.)

BABYLON was thus the fruitful source of Demon Worship, the organized opposition to God, which has raised its head in varied forms and times in the history of the world.

It originated in that old Babylon and in Babylon's first king. In defiance of the known will of heaven, that city was built in the plain of Shinar; and built as the centre of a revolted kingdom and the seat of a worship, sensual, idolatrous, and proud—the worship of the fallen Angel and his demon host. They named the city Babel, that is, "The Gate of God"—of the new god they intended to establish. The man, who headed this apostasy and this body of rebels, was Nimrod, whose very name means a rebellious panther. In Genesis it is said that "he was a mighty hunter before the Lord;" as one Heb. Targum reads it, "a mighty rebel before the Lord."

In this ancient Babylon and in this early apostasy first rose the names and the adoration of false gods; the worship of the sun as the God of Day, and of the dark powers of night; the worship of the mother and child; the doctrine of the immaculate conception; the assumption; the deification of the woman; the coronation and session of this great harlot on the throne of heaven; and here, too, were first established the licentious orgies connected with the worship of Astarte and then of Venus.

In this Babylon began the consecration, the deification, the worship of images and sacred relics, and idolatries of every form; the use of holy waters; the sacred mysteries; the belief in purgatorial purifications; and all the instruments and appendages of demon worship.

In this Babylon was first established a priestly caste, claiming to represent the Deity, to be depositaries of the true faith, to interpret the Divine will, to avert the Divine judgment, to sit in the confessional, and there, with delegated authority from heaven, to search into the passions and weaknesses of the soul and the crimes and vices of the past life, and to absolve or refuse absolution.

In fact from this Babylonian birthplace, spread through all lands the abominations and pollutions of worship. In Egypt, in Phœnicia, in Asia Minor, in Persia, in India, as far East as China, Thibet, Japan, the inhabitants of the earth were made "drunk with her wine." The daughters of this mother invaded Greece and Rome. They kindled the Druid fires in Britain; even in Scandinavia and Iceland the early inhabitants drunk of her cup; and as far as Mexico in the West was the legend of Nimrod borne from Babylon; and, with that legend, Babylon's poisoned faith. "Thus saith the Lord, . . . Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand that made all the nations drunken. . . . The nations have drunk of her wine. Therefore are the nations mad."

Her seats of Power. She has two; the Beast, and the waters (17:3, 15). She is seated on the Beast:—"I saw a woman sitting upon a scarlet Beast, . . . having seven heads, and, on each head, the name of blasphemy." This Beast is that same world Empire, fierce, strong and oppressive—the subject of so many predictions—which is to rise in seven periods of power, under the special inspiration of him who is the prince of this fallen world, each headed by a great Anti-Christian monarch in close allegiance with him. In each successive period of its predominance, the Imperial Head of this world Empire has yielded, and is to yield, to the corrupting influence of this great harlot, Babylon; and sustains her in ecclesiastical pride and dominion as his own spiritual mistress.

These seven Imperial Heads are symbolized here as "Seven Mountains," massive, strong, immovable. Such are they to the eye of sense, and such to this woman in her infatuated pride. On these she sits enthroned, as if resting upon the foundation of the eternal hills. She rides on through the ages and through the nations, in the majesty and glory of her spell-bound monarchs; inspires their fanaticism; rules them with her sorceries; sways their administration; uses their strength to put down all resistance to her dark and idolatrous control; and saith in her heart, "I sit as a Queen; I am no widow; I shall see no mourning."

(To be Concluded.)



TAMING THE TONGUE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week beginning March 18. James 3: 2-12.

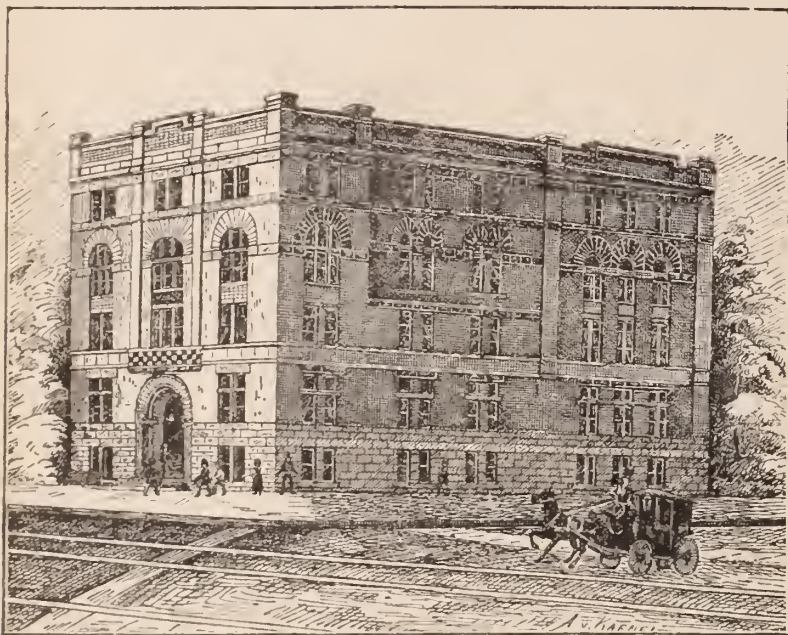
CT first sight the idea of any member of the body needing to be tamed, as if it were a wild beast, seems absurd. Yet the need exists and the inspired writer in describing the evils that come from the tongue, when it is untamed, does not exaggerate. Who is there that has not at some time suffered from reckless speech? The sneer, the taunt, the slander and the lie have ruined many a life. It is true that the source of the mischief lies back of that, in the unkind and malicious spirit, but the harm would not be active if the tongue did not give it utterance. The silent malice would corrupt the soul and poison the mind, but others would not be hurt by it. The

gotten it. The inspired writer knew whereof he wrote when he described the tongue as unruly and did not overestimate the achievement of bringing it under subjection when he said that he who could do it was "able to bridle the whole body also." But the statement is not made to discourage us, but rather to stimulate us to the effort. No man can tame it, as he says; but they who have committed their whole being to God, to be re-made find that what is impossible with man is possible with God.



AN OHIO Y. M. C. A.

The substantial and commodious building, a picture of which appears on this page, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Canton, Ohio. Although the Association is only eight years old, having been organized in 1886, there appears to be no lack of energy on the part



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, CANTON, OHIO.

spoken evil goes forth wounding and slaying and cannot be recalled. The cruel jest, the heartless scoff sinks into some soul, and like a heavy weight, lies there, preventing its rise Godward. It is often lightly spoken, with no thought of mischief, but effects are not controlled by intentions and the wound is as deadly as if it had been caused by a shaft deliberately aimed. Looking back over our past lives, we can all see how large a portion of our sorrow and suffering has been caused by words. Even our temptations and sins have received added power from the same source. The unclean story, the ribald jest on sacred subjects, the witty epigram which makes evil seem good, may lie in some mind inactive until, in some struggle with temptation, it recurs to the memory and opens the vulnerable place by which the enemy may enter. The tongue, then, must be tamed. It must be brought into subjection. It must be trained to avoid hasty and foolish and passionate utterances. It must be the servant of the soul, acting only under deliberate command. The Christian ought never to have to say, "Forgive me, I spoke hastily, I meant no harm;" or "I was carried away by excitement, I did not mean what I said." Such humiliating confessions may be made and ought to be made more frequently than they are. Husbands and wives, parents and children suffer and inflict suffering in this way on each other that years of devotion do not erase from the memory. The loving heart quivers under the stroke as if it had been a blow and the lifted shaft rankles there long after he who has winged it has for-

of its members. That in a town of about thirty thousand population a building like this, costing fifty thousand dollars should have been erected for the use of the Association implies a degree of enterprise of no mean order. The Association has 300 members, of whom two-thirds are on the active list. It has a large gymnasium with the most modern appliances, and an organized system of secular classes in which four branches are taught. It is also gratifying to see from its annual report that the religious department is in a flourishing condition. The average attendance at the Bible classes and devotional meetings last year was over fifty.



The Brooklyn, N. Y., Christian Endeavor Union held its monthly meeting Feb. 23 in the People's Church on Chauncey Street. It has adopted the custom of making the first part of these monthly meetings an Open Parliament, and the plan is found to be very enjoyable. After the Parliament, the Rev. Doremus Scudder addressed the meeting.



The Juniors of the Baptist Young People's Union of San Jose gave an interesting exhibition of proficiency in Bible study at the meeting held to welcome President Chapman recently. The children gave the names of all the books of the Bible and classified them, reciting Scripture verses as each division was made. The whole exercise showed that they had given intelligent and diligent study to the Bible.

The Washington Revival.

(Continued from first page.)

there is proof that they have not been spoken in vain. Numbers of men and women whose lives gave no evidence except their church connection of their belonging to Christ, have gained new power and new will and they are now active in bringing their friends to the meetings, and in going from one to another of their acquaintance in the Convention Hall to pray with them or to direct them to Christ. This has not been accomplished by scolding or denunciation, but by the simple, manly, kindly expostulation of the great Evangelist, who has shown them that they are not living up to their privileges, and are not enjoying the blessings that come to all who work for Christ. Mr. Moody possesses remarkable tact in dealing with such people, and indeed with people of all classes. His sermons do not seem so much like sermons as like a friendly, personal talk of a man of strong common-sense who wants to show his friend good points which perhaps have before escaped his notice. Yet his utterances are epigrammatic and incisive to a remarkable degree. That those of our readers who have never heard this word-famed preacher may understand something of his pulpit power, we append the following nuggets extracted from his recent sermons in Washington:

"I once heard a Scotchman say that there wasn't a man in all Saul's army who did not believe God could give him the power to overcome Goliath, but there was a boy outside of the army who believed God would give it to him. That is the kind of faith needed."

"What we want to do is to make the heart pure. Don't do as the man did who imagined he could purify the water in the well by painting the pump white. Purify the heart, my friend, that is all that needs to be done."

"Some one once surmised that Noah must have been a deaf man, or he could not have stood all the scoffings and derision heaped upon him. Yet he was not so deaf that he could not hear the Lord when he told him to build his ark."

"I heard an old Scotchman say one time that it had taken two people to accomplish his salvation. I asked him who they were, and he said, 'Miesel' an' the Lord, I did all I could against it, and he did the rest.' That is just about the amount of help the most people give the Lord when he tries to save them."

"God wants to do something for you instead of your doing something for him when it comes to the question of salvation." You must just stop trying and striving with yourself to make yourself all right before you go and offer yourself to God. Give yourself up to him and let him redeem you, and then all those worldly attractions and pleasures which seem so sweet and so hard for you to get rid of by yourself will just naturally fade out of sight, and you will cease to long for them and so cease to strive to be rid of them."

"Why, suppose I should tell you I had lost a very valuable diamond here in this hall to-night, and that I would give \$10,000 to the one who found it. Do you think I could get any other idea into you to-night? Not much. Why, every man of you, and every woman and child, too, would get down on the floor searching for that diamond, and not all of the police here in Washington could get you out of the hall until it was found. You laugh at it, but it is so. Now, my friends, isn't eternal life worth more than \$10,000?"

Speaking of Christians who were not able to direct a sinner to Christ or did not care to try to do so, Mr. Moody said: "It is very much like one of those signs you see in the window of a building that is for rent. 'This building to rent with power so much; without power so much.' There is an engine hidden away down in the basement there, and if you get the room with the power you have to pay for it. Without power it comes cheaper. That's the way with a lot of Christians. They rent their premises without power."

Referring to sinners who want to try to reform and get rid of sin before accepting Christ, Mr. Moody said: "What nonsense. Suppose I want to get this glass filled with water and say, 'Oh, it's filled with air; I

must get the air out of it before I can fill it.' How do you suppose I would get along trying to pour the air out? Here is the way I would do it," picking up the pitcher that stood on the desk beside him and pouring the water into the glass. "I'd get the water into it and that would take care of the air. Get your hearts filled with righteousness and the love of God and there will not be any room in them for sin."

"Many a man and woman won't come to a church where they know they are going to hear the truth, because they know they will be made uncomfortable. They are like a man I heard say once that he liked to go to a church where they did not preach politics or religion. Yes, of course he did. Then he did not have anything to disturb him, but could sleep right on. I have had lots of people get mad when I was preaching and get up and stamp right out and slam the door after them. But, bless you, that is not a very bad sign. When you get a man mad and ready to take issue with you there is some hope of convincing him. It is these people who are always agreeing with you and then going out and agreeing with the first ungodly scuffer that they may meet with that are the ones hard to reach."

"I tell you, we are all of us a mighty poor lot. I hear folks speak of naturally good people. But that kind of people is mighty scarce. Suppose a fellow should come to Washington and say he could photograph the human heart. How many people in the city do you suppose would dare to have theirs taken? Mighty few, I tell you. Why? Because we don't like to see ourselves shown up in true colors. But when we primp up, look very fine, and get a good picture, why, then, we order about fourteen dozen. The truth of the matter is, we try to whitewash our bodies, but leave our hearts as black as ever."

"I hear people talking about culture, but I tell you I have heard so much talk about it that I am sick and tired of it. Suppose I should take an acre lot and plough it this way and that way, day in and day out, pretty soon some one would want to know what I was planting, and when I would tell them that I wasn't planting anything, just cultivating it, they'd be very apt to say that it was about time for me to begin planting some seeds. They'd be right, too. Don't wait until it is too late. Begin at once; stop cultivating. The soil is ripe. Think, think—it is thinking of what we are and what we should be that saves us."

"A mother brought her little child to one of my meetings one night and became separated from her in the crowd. She was distracted and went about calling 'Mary, Mary,' but could get no reply. At last when she was almost crazy she found her daughter sitting demurely in the front seat. She asked the child why she had not answered her call and the baby replied, 'Oh, I wasn't lost. I didn't know you were calling me!' That's the way with a good many professing Christians. They listen to what I say and remark to themselves, 'That doesn't mean me; he means John Brown. I've noticed those things about Brown myself.'"

PREPARED FOR DEATH.

An aged man was an enthusiastic zoologist, and from youth had spent much of his time in collecting by the sea-shore, shells and other objects of natural history. On this last occasion he had gone to a quiet secluded spot, where he had hoped to gather some rare specimens, and was successful; but in his intentness he wandered out to a little mound which, though quite dry when the tide was out, was covered with water when the tide was in. While busily engaged collecting shells and weeds, he did not notice that the tide had turned, until he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was completely surrounded by water, and all escape cut off. The water was two deep for him to ford, and he was too frail to even attempt to swim. There was no person within a mile of him, who could come to his aid, and he saw he must die: so taking out his notebook he wrote down how he came to that place, and how the accident had occurred, and added: "Tell my brothers and sisters that I am quite happy, and die rejoicing and trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ." That veteran was prepared for death, and though it came upon him suddenly, he did not quail. He knew in whom he believed, and was persuaded that Christ was able to keep that which was trusted to him.



In David's Camp.

Tent Life among the Bedouins and its Delights—A Surprising Cuisine—Our Arab Cook and his Wonderful Art.

AS when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He sees his home, though distant still.

I repeat the lines wistfully, from a "height" so lofty and crowning a descent so steep that all have alighted from their horses to walk down.

David Jamal has lifted his hand to point down the valley lying at foot of the range: "There is our camp!"

According to custom, the mule-train was sent on early this morning to make all ready for our coming. The little encampment is always a goodly sight. It was never more inviting than as we see it now, nestled among olive trees and backed by a green plain. We give hardly a glance to the range beyond, which must be passed to-morrow. Visions of precipitous defiles and sudden "drops" in the road, and hills full of rolling stones, to me most formidable of all, where the formula, "I believe I will walk up this!" excites the good-humored smiles of the escort—none of these things mar the pleasure which warms our hearts at the first glimpse of the white tents that by now mean home to the wanderers. We walk cheerily down the rugged slope, and more cheerily traverse the stony level at the bottom, a river in the rainy season, and now filled with pebbles and boulders brought down by freshets; blithely we climb the knoll on which smiles our encampment.

David and the Bedouin sheik, who is our safe conduct through the country, have spurred forward, and the former stands ready to lift me down at the door of "the lady's tent." Within, water and towels await me, and a bed as comfortable as I have found in any hotel, should I care to rest until "afternoon tea" is served. By David's wise management, we are seldom if ever too late in arriving for this refreshment. By the time I have washed face and hands, and brushed my hair and garments, Imbarah, tall and serene, has set the tray in order, our camp-chairs beside it, and awaits further orders. The tea is swallowed and our hearts are "revived" into actual joyousness.

"The jolliest life in the world!" sighs Alcides, in blissful content. "Don't get out your note-book. It is enough to be alive on an evening like this—and here!"

We never weary of the incidents and scenes of camp-life, and continually discern new and picturesque features in it. Opposite the door of my tent is the luncheon-booth, different in shape from the rest, with an awning above the entrance, never let down to close up the interior, except when rain overtakes us on the road, for it accompanies us everywhere, and is the only tent pitched at noon. Like the others, it is lined with a vari-colored fabric of Cairene needlework, the outside being waterproof and "wind-tight." To the right, as we sit, yawns the cooking-tent. In fine weather, the construction, I cannot yet dignify it by the name of "range," stands outside. It is a series of holes with a slight sheet of iron built about them, and each glows with a charcoal fire. At this hour, the cook—Johannes Johanan ("Yohanan")—or as we prefer to know him, plain John—presides over these craters, like a burly priest above sacrificial fires. Before I had learned wisdom by experience, I used to watch doubtfully processes so unlike any other methods of cookery with which I was acquainted as to awaken apprehensions as to the outcome. That, without other utensils than two or three pots, a couple of kettles, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a chopping-tray and knife, and a few spoons, he could get up a decent meal might well tax the credulity of a Middle States housewife. That from the enchanted craters or retorts, will be sent to our table at six o'clock,

a six-course dinner, as well-cooked and as daintily garnished and served as if furnished by Delmonico's chef, is a fact stated upon the authority of all who have partaken of these magical repasts. Excellent soup is the first course; two dishes of meat, always chickens or partridges, a "made dish" or "entree," salad, pudding, or tart or custard, or blanc mange, fruit, nuts and raisins and black coffee—is a bill-of-fare that represents our every-day family dinner. When a holiday intervenes, or distinguished guests are expected—ah, then John of many names buckles on his armor of proof and spreads a table in the wilderness that would have made David the Royal open his eyes in amazed delight.

Next to the kitchen comes the dining-tent, furnished with table, and jointed or camp-chairs of Jamal's own design, having each four stout legs, perpendicular and trustworthy, and a good back of its own. Besides these, are camp-stools that may be used as foot-rests, and steamer-chairs or lounging-chairs for lazy and weary hours. The table-furniture is that of an elegantly-appointed home: the invariable brightness

of the silver is a despair to one housewife who, after many years of patient effort, confesses herself unequal to the task of training hirelings to keep urn and teapot and spoons up to looking-glass lustre.

Imbarah dwarfs the tent every time he enters, by his slim attitude of six-feet-three. He serves each course faithfully, omitting not one jot or tittle of the waiter's duty, and moves like a long-drawn-out shadow.

The number of sleeping-tents is regulated by the size and material of the party. That allotted to the only lady of the present company is in nothing more luxurious than that occupied by Alcides. It is spacious, and I can stand upright in any part of it. On one side is a dressing-table and behind it hangs a mirror. The cot-bed is most comfortable, supplied with feather pillows, clean linen, white counterpane and warm blankets. The floor of earth beaten hard and smooth, has two coverings of carpet, the uppermost being Oriental rugs, soft and pretty. The polished pole in the centre is set about with hooks and rings on which wraps and extra clothing are hung.

I am the more explicit as to the details of our present abode because of letters lately received from friends over the sea, sympathizing with me in the hardships of camp-life, and fearing that I may be permanently injured by the experience. One dear friend writes:

"I cannot express my admiration of your courage in undertaking to dwell in tents for whole nights together. It is well enough for men, especially the young and healthy. For women, and those who are well—to say the least, not as young as they once were—it is, in my way of thinking, imprudent and hazardous."

There are hundreds in America who would echo her sentiments, who, but for dread of the difficulty and discomfort attending Palestine camp-life, would gladly extend

their journeyings to the oldest and most interesting of lands. For the benefit of such, I am describing our encampment just as I see it, this hour. In rainy weather, if we are caught abroad, we find our quarters snug and dry, if somewhat confined as to sitting-room space. If the torrents are heavy, trenches are dug about the tent to lead the water off. The floors never become wet.

Dinner over—and we discuss it as leisurely as we like, time being no object in the evening—our lounging chairs are set—if the night be dry—without my tent-door. To our left, the mules, eight or ten in number, and the horses, are pitched on the extreme verge of the encampment. Nearer to us, the muleteers, "the boy," (thirty or thereabouts) whose name ought to be spelled as it is pronounced—but probably is not—"Serkess" and the grave-eyed, gentle-voiced sheik (pronounced "Shake,") sit upon the earth about the camp-fire, where they will sleep to-night. We wish vainly for an artist, or for a camera warranted to report by fire-light, that might preserve for us the picture made by the unconscious group. The red light flames fitfully upon the bearded faces framed by the silken handkerchiefs (kafeyahs), wound over their caps and under their chins; touching the gilt embroidery of the sheik's vest and the butt of his sword, bringing out the red scarf of one man, the yellow "kafeyah" of another, and showing the intent eyes fastened upon the narrator.

We call up David to translate a few sentences of the story. He laughs in indulgent amusement at seeing that Serkess is the speaker, and bends an attentive ear to the tale. It is, we learn presently, a story of a Sultan's son and a fairy who is enraged because he has broken her water-jar. "I cannot punish you because you are the son of my Sultan," she says, "but you shall fall in love with a beautiful woman who lives seven mountains away." "It is a scene right out of the Arabian nights!" cries Alcides, delightedly, and we fall anew to watching the countenances of the auditors.

Serkess uses his hands freely as he goes on: sometimes he is very animated; the attention of the listeners never wanders from him; now and then a low exclamation evinces the feeling aroused by the simple—to us childish—recital of love and adventures, of dangers many and miraculous deliverances. Men fifty years old will hang upon the utterance of such until midnight, occasionally they hearken immovable all night long.

We have our own talk in the dimly-lighted background, while the hands of Orion glitter in the zenith and the nebulous glow of the Pleiades brightens in the darkening night, and the sacred mountains keep watch and ward upon the horizon. Often we ask David to join us and tell us stories of real life; of Bedouin prowess and Bedouin thievery; of Arab love and Arab murders; of Moslem manners and customs and superstitions. He has them all at his tongue's end, and if urged, will give us, less freely, incidents of his own early adventures, when travel in the Holy Land was another name for peril. It was not possible, then, for foreigners, or natives, for that matter—to go from Dan to Beersheba with no other protection than a mounted sheik as a pledge of nomadic tribes that all is right, and, according to their tribal code, lawful. Armed men by the score attended the travelers, and attack, in certain regions, might be expected at any instant.

"What has made the change?" we ask him. The loyal Syrian draws himself up proudly.

"The present Government, madam!" We laugh, having anticipated the reply.

"Why, David, you will convince us, by and by, that your Sultan is a pretty good sort of fellow."

"We never had a better ruler, madam. Look at the improvement in our roads, and how it is so much safer to go from place to



JOHN OF MANY NAMES.

place, and what he is doing for the poor. He is most merciful and tender-hearted, moreover. He has given from his own purse twenty thousand pounds toward rebuilding the mosque that was burned at Damascus.

"Then, too, there is Abraham Hakee Pacha, Governor of Jerusalem, who gives much attention to the condition of the city and the poor and needy. A very just and upright man in all his dealings. And El-Haj Saleem-Effendi-el-Husane, head of the municipality of Jerusalem, gives all facilities for the welfare and comfort of the inhabitants. A noble gentleman is he. His parents are of the oldest house in Jerusalem. I cannot but speak well of our rulers and governors, madam. They are doing their best for us. And madam must see that there is much to be done."

He is so much in earnest that we refrain from expressing our gratification that the sheik of the neighboring village has sent a guard to patrol our camp to-night. Whenever it can be done, the encampment is within a few minutes' walk of a hamlet or town, whence a guard of two men is drawn to be guarantee to the government for the safety of the travelers. So secure does this precaution make us that we lay us down to sleep as tranquilly as if we were behind walls and bolts at home. If additional surety were required, we have the knowledge that David Jamal makes the rounds in person twice during the dark hours to assure his faithful soul that all is well with his charges. I have never slept more soundly and healthfully than in his tents. If we awake once in a while to hear the queer cry of jackals over their prey, or are startled by the weird laugh of a hyena and the bark of a wolf, we smile at the oddity of the situation and turn us again to our pillows with renewed consciousness of safety in our guarded nest.

Morning comes all too soon. Usually, the first knowledge we have of the return of the light is brought through the scratch that serves as a knock at the door of the tent, and the civil sentence in Arabic that signifies "hot water" in English. The smoking can for our toilet stands at the entrance.

No refinement of civilization that thought and pains can secure is lacking. Ours is the universal continental breakfast, also in vogue at the East—coffee and tea, bread-and-butter, eggs in some form, and marmalade, honey, or jam. While we eat it, all the tents except that in which we sit, are quietly "struck" and packed. When we come out, horses and men are ready, and the gravely-courteous morning salutation of our incomparable dragoman is coupled with the reverent,—"By God's will we will see" such-and-such a place "before the sun sets again."

The sheik swings into his saddle, and leads the way in the direction taken by the mule-train; Massoud, the wiry gray ridden by Alcides, curvets and kicks, like a merry colt in falling into line; Serkess rides briskly by, a grotesque figure upon his perch atop of the roll of luncheon booth and hampers; before we have gone a hundred yards, David, who has tarried to issue a parting order to the three men engaged in clearing up the debris of the camp, gallops to my side, his mettled charger, Dervish, brave with embroidered saddle-cloth and fringed housings, and we are fairly started on the march.

MARION HARLAND.



CHAPTER IX Continued.

MARIE walked, unbidden, every morning down the two hills grading the half-mile slope lying between the hill-side farmhouse and the village post-office. She had to-day taken quite a batch of letters with other mail from the freckled hand of the social young clerk who inquired, in giving it, if her folks kept pretty well. She sorted the "mail" hastily in the long porch of the "store."

Three letters for her mother—one in uncle Roger's hand-writing; one with a New York grocer's letter-head upon the envelope, for Elspeth; one for herself from Lanier, and one other which she tore open hastily.

Four pages were covered with the fiercely-pronounced chirography peculiar to some fifty thousand-and-odd young women of the modern school, and which, until this fact is recognized, leaves one unprepared for the very small beer of ladylike correspondence.

Marie did not pause to read it. A glance showed her that the envelope contained nothing besides this epistle from Carrie Storrs, her bosom-friend and class-mate at Mrs. Marcy's school. She tucked it back into the cover, dropped it with the rest of the letters, the daily paper and a magazine, into the flat satchel on her arm, and instead of going home, set off, at a swift gait, across the bridge and up the broad highway beyond. It was shadeless for a quarter of a mile, but the city-bred girl did not raise her parasol. The air breathed freely over acres of hay-meadows and corn-fields, and there were no brick walls to absorb and radiate heat.

She did not heed or care whither her brisk pace would take her.

CHAPTER X.

"The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven."—F. B. Robertson.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Oh lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for thee. —Faber.

Carrie Storrs was the one confidante of the tremendous secret that Marie Paull had been trying, since the middle of last December, to open communication with her father. She had easily convinced her friend that Ernest Paull was foully maligned by his enemies, and persecuted by his relations-in-law. In each of the letters Marie had dispatched, at first, hopefully, of late, desperately, to "Mr. Paul Morgan, Nice, France," she had instructed her father to reply under cover to Carrie, whose parents were too well disciplined, according to free American ethics, to inquire into their daughter's correspondence. Not a line had rewarded her filial fidelity, yet the sight of Carrie's handwriting upon the outside of an envelope would set her pulses to galloping and check her breath until inspection of the contents brought a sickening revulsion of feeling.

As she had walked down the hemlock-and-cedar-shaded road to the post-office twenty minutes ago, the lake one side, the woods upon the other, the plunge of the waters at the lower end of the pretty sheet over a thirty-feet-high dam, booming upon the rocks that threshed them into clouds of fleecy spray—an inspiration as refreshing as the cool breath of the falls and the spicy incense of the evergreens, had stolen into her soul.

She recalled bitterly in her way-side musings the stages of her lapse from exaltation to despondency. For one quarter of an hour she had permitted herself to feel sure that to-day's mail would yield up for her the news from a far-country for which she really believed she was slowly pining to death. While she waited in the dark low-browed "store," redolent with soap, cheese, brown sugar and molasses; new shoes, new woolen and new gingham, watching with interest that flattered the clerk, the freckled fingers that manipulated the contents of the mail-bag, the hope assumed the proportions of certainty. The clerk was airily arrayed

in dust-colored corduroy trousers and a loose linen coat of indescribable hue; his hair would have been exactly the color of ground ginger had it been less heavily greased. It hung straight behind, and was parted so low upon the left side that the comb laying out the line must have grazed the hem of his prominent red ear. His hands were red, too, where the great brown freckles let out glimpses of the background; his fingers were stubby, with square tips, and flat nails edged with black.

She noticed all these things as senses, over-stained by excitement, become sensitized plates for the repetition of the minutest particular of environment. She recollected that she had prayed with especial fervor at rising that morning, for the coming of the letter. For one second her fingers tingled, prophetically, in closing upon Carrie's envelope—

It was all over, now! As she forged up the shadeless turnpike, she registered a mental vow never to let herself be sanguine again in expectation of the coveted good. It was a daily death. By the time she reached the elm-shadowed portion of the road, she had arrived at the conclusion that it would be folly to commit any more bread to the waste of unknown waters. If her father had cared to hear from her, why had not he, ready-witted as he was, devised some method of communication? Could there be a minute grain of truth in the version of his flight so coarsely retailed by Uncle Roger to Elspeth?

This, the first doubt of him that had ever assailed her, fairly beat the breath out of her lungs, the light out of her eyes. She felt herself grow sick and giddy—a leaf in a whirlwind of horror and despair. Then it was that she groped, rather than saw her way to the broad stone step and sank down.

She sat there so still that the Phœbe-birds, whose forbears had for many generations built mud-nests in the church-tower, hopped upon the stones within arm's length of her to peck the crumbs dropped yesterday by the school-children who had come across from the academy at recess to eat their lunch in the shade.

She sat there so long that a child, playing in the parsonage-garden, after staring at her himself unperceived until his nose took the impress of the two palings between which it had protruded, ran in to report to his mother upon the pretty lady who had gone to sleep upon the church-steps.

She moved stiffly at last; her head was light; her tongue had a queer, rough taste as if she had been dosed with calisaya or quassia. Automatically she fumbled in her satchel for Lanier's letter. She was not nearly rested yet. When she should be, she must go home. It was getting on toward noon. She would not think any longer. Thinking only made her pain the harder to bear, and did no good. For six months one idea had been the centre about which thought, affection, desire and hope had revolved. She had fixed her eyes upon it until when she tried to force them away, she saw nothing but whirling darkness everywhere else. Yet she had resolved to hope and expect no longer. In very idleness of misery she would see what Lanier had to say. She loved her brother, but there was little sympathy between them now-a-days. She had not seen him since Christmas, and then he was as plainly averse to speaking of the altered conditions of their home as even Uncle Roger could desire. All his thought seemed to be centred in their mother. He had not remarked upon his sister's rejection and reserve; probably had not observed them. That was another debt she owed to Uncle Roger. But he wrote entertaining letters—full of college news.

Instead of drawing out a sealed envelope, she had lighted again upon Carrie's. She opened it indifferently. Carrie's affluence of spirits jarred upon her friend occasionally. She carried no cross of personal sorrow and others' misfortune.

The opening paragraph of the unfolded letter set her teeth together as might the scratch of a pin upon glass.

MY MARY-BUD: Open your pretty eyes and read what a transcendently delightful, and yet comical happening has come to me. I cannot wait a minute longer without calling upon you to admire the cleverness of your usually-ever-so-much-less-bright-than-yourself friend and admirer.

Mr. Maynard, a friend of papa's, dined here this evening, and he and papa were speaking of the appointment of "Dick Oliver" as United States Consul at Nice. Of course, I pricked up my ears, and when there was a gap in the talk, I put in an oar.

"Papa! what are the duties of a consul?"

"To see that national interests are protected in foreign towns, Puss."

"What, for instance, could Mr. Oliver do for me if I were in Nice?" was my next advance.

"If you got into any trouble or needed any information, he would help you out."

"Suppose, then, I had run away from home, and was living in Nice, and calling myself, 'Sarah Jane Johnson,' and you wanted to ferret me out, could he find me for you?"

Well, they all laughed, and papa said I was a goose, but in the end I found out what I wanted to know. The thing for you to do is to direct your next foreign letter in care of "Mr. Richard Hurst Oliver, U. S. Consul, Nice, France," and put in it a note to Mr. Oliver, asking him to see that it reaches the person to whom it is addressed, etc., etc.

When both these letters are written, enclose them to me and let me mail them in New York. Country postmasters are the veriest gossips everywhere, and the official at Pequod (horrid name! why isn't it Avondale, or Rosemont, or Cedar Grove?) will have it all over the neighborhood that "that eldest girl of the Pauls sent off a funny letter to-day." Of course the reply, you'll be sure to get it now, my beauty! will be enclosed to me.

I rush this off that you may get it by to-morrow's mail.

Ever and forever yours,

CARRIE.

"Excuse me, but can I be of any service to you?"

Marie had sat motionless for ten rapturous minutes, her elbows upon her knees, her forehead upon her hands, tears of which she was unconscious, falling upon the letter in her lap. She flushed rosily at the query uttered in a pleasant, manly voice, her startled eyes, large with happy dew, were lifted to the countenance of a man in a strait-breasted black coat who had approached unheard across the turf. It was a genial visage, with regular, refined features, and she knew him for a clergyman before he added:

"I am Mr. Morse, the pastor of this church. My wife saw you sitting here and feared that you were ill, or that you had lost your way. Will you step into the Parsonage and rest, or, as I am just going out in my buggy, will you allow me to take you home?"

Marie arose, self-possessed and lady-like. In her lately-born happiness she showed at her best, and she had inherited much of her father's magnetic charm of manner.

"You are very kind, but I am quite rested now. I have walked a little too far in the hot sun, I think. I am Marie Paull, the daughter of Mrs. Paull who has taken the house on the other side of the lake. She has had the pleasure of hearing you preach several times, I think. I have just come home from my school in New York."

The frank reply pleased and attracted him. He held out his hand and removed his hat.

"I am happy to meet you, and esteem it a fortunate coincidence that I was just setting out to call upon Mrs. Paull. Will it be convenient for her to receive a visit in the forenoon?"

"She will be glad to see you at any hour of the day, Mr. Morse, and I accept gratefully the offer of a seat in your carriage if you are really going to call upon my mother." She was like the Marie Paull of by-gone days in the radiance and warmth of her new hope.

"A thorough little lady from crown to toe!" Mr. Morse informed his wife when he went around to the side-door of the Parsonage for his carriage and horse, Marie preferring to await his return at the church. "Judging from her behavior and from the mother's appearance, the family will be an acquisition to the church and to the neighborhood."

Mrs. Paull held long and weighty counsel with Elspeth while Marie was absent that morning.

To not more than one housewife in one hundred thousand is it appointed to be served as long and faithfully as this woman was by the sturdy Highlander. Without demur, or so much as the deepening of a furrow in a forehead criss-crossed by years of care-taking for others, she had gathered up such "stuff" as she could call her own and followed the family into a region as unknown to her as the Promised Land to Abraham. Country housekeeping was a vastly different matter than in this era, when hot and cold water, stationary tubs, bath-rooms and gasoline are insisted upon as essentials by "our girls" existence in rural districts as in the city.

Elspeth's kitchen occupied, with her chamber overhead, a whole wing of the old farmstead. By Mr. Lanier's orders, a modern range was set into the wide fireplace, but the brick oven still yawned in the wall to the right of this, and in the rafters ridging the ceiling were hooks where festoons of onions, dried apples and peppers used to hang. A wooden floor was laid upon the bricks worn by the tread of four generations of busy Marthas, and another window, let in at the back, made the room lighter and sweeter. The building was substantial and weather-tight; the walls of solid stone kept it warm in winter and cool in summer; a hipped Dutch roof gave the upper rooms a loftier pitch than would have been afforded by a story-and-a-half frontage, had the decline from combing to eaves been unbroken. There were seven bed-chambers above stairs, and four spacious rooms on the ground-floor, exclusive of the kitchen and store-closets. A dry cellar under-ran the whole house.

The consultation between mistress and maid was held in the long porch on the lakeward side. The flooring of this was of brick; white columns, small and frequent, upheld the roof, and honeysuckles of the old fashioned varieties, hardy and prodigal of bloom and scent, curtained this open-air sitting room of the present inmates. Clumps of such roses as our mothers loved to plant and tend—red and white damask, and many-flowering cinnamon, now a mass of pink fragrance—grew lushly upon the lawn. To the left of Mrs. Paull, as she sat beside her basket-work-stand, were garden and orchard; to her right, a row of tall pines broke the northern winds in winter. Beyond, and right in front of her, were the lake and the wooded hills she was learning to love—calm, restful and full of hopeful uplifting—abiding forever.

Elspeth was shelling peas into a brown bowl, sitting as straight as a ramrod upon her kitchen chair. The three children were at play in the grove of native woods—oak, hickory and tulip-poplar—that separated the house by several hundred yards from the high road.

"I feel virtue enter into me, day by day," Mrs. Paull had written to her brother the night before. "I am like a shipwrecked man, who thrown upon a friendly shore, sits in the shade, gathering his forces and recounting over to himself how much he has for which to thank God."

In like strain she had opened the dialogue with Elspeth. Nevertheless, there were certain matters that gave her serious and perplexing thought, she said.

"To begin with, I cannot let Mr. Lanier do anything more for us. Under his management, my income ought to support the children and myself. He is rich, and he is generous to a fault, but he has a family of his own, and you will understand me when I say that we cannot afford—nobody can afford—to be paupers."

Elspeth nodded in grim sympathy. She seldom spoke until a case was laid fully before her.

"We cannot get along without a horse and carriage, but I propose, when Lanier's vacation begins, to dismiss Aleck Sands, and let my big boy learn how to take care of a horse. He will have to make his way in the world, and the experience will be of service to him. One day's work from Aleck in each week will keep the garden in order with such weeding as Tom and Edwin must be taught to do. The two cows in your hands will supply us with milk and butter, and the poultry-yard will be my affair. I shall enjoy the open-air life and diversion it will give me."

"Elspeth!" coming to the point of the discourse—"we must, in one way or another, manage to live upon nine hundred dollars a year—the children's schooling and all. I know that I can depend upon you to help me do it."

"Ye may."

Whatever might be the spring of her mistress's earnestness she answered her as the helm the pilot's grasp.

(To be Continued.)

A Great Secret
underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

Things are Looking Better.
Yes, every day shows cheering signs of improvement in every branch of business. If you are out of employment, or have spare time occasionally, write without delay to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., who can make suggestions that will be worth your consideration.

A MISSIONARY SHIP.

In England recently a missionary steamship was launched which was built mainly by the contributions of children. The young people were asked to pay for this steamer as a centenary offering, the cost of which was about \$85,000. It is 180 feet in length, 31 feet, 8 inches in breadth and 16 feet in depth. It will have cabin accommodations for twelve European missionaries and thirty native teachers. The usual voyage of a missionary in the South Seas covers fully 18,000 miles. The steamer is fully rigged with sails which can be used when the wind is favorable. She is to be named the "John Williams," in honor of that grand South Sea Island missionary, and is the fourth ship which has borne his name.

Weak and Nervous

Hood's Sarsaparilla Made Her Feel Like a Different Person.

"I was thoroughly disgusted with life for I felt certain there was no relief for me. I had been to many different doctors but they did nothing for that

Weak, Nervous Feeling.

I was greatly run down. I did not get any better, but rather seemed to grow worse and was troubled a great deal with bleeding spells at the nose. My blood was poor and my features were pallid. I

Hood's Cures

finally got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla thinking that if it would do me no good it would do me no harm. I have now taken only three bottles but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I

Feel Like a Different Person

altogether. Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully and I gladly recommend it." Mrs. W. E. HURLBURT, 739 E. 8th St., New York City.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.



SOOTHING HEALING, PENETRATING For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will cure Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts. Six bottles, \$2.00. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



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We have secured a set of superb photographic reproductions in half-tone of the entire World's Columbian Exposition. This beautiful Art Portfolio will be issued in fourteen parts, each part containing sixteen engravings, or 224 in all. The complete work will contain engravings of every Main Building, every State and Territorial Building, every Foreign Building, Interior Views, Lagoons, Statuary, Grounds, Fountains, and about fifty views of the Midway Plaisance. These grand pictures, each one of which is a work of art, are printed from copper plates on the finest quality of cream-enameled paper. The original photographs of which these are reproductions, were sold for fifty cents each on the Fair Grounds. In order to secure any one of the fourteen parts, it will only be necessary for you to send six cents in postage stamps (to cover cost of mailing). Order by number.

We send free our illustrated booklet from "Ranch to Table," and interesting write-up of the cattle industry, from the "branding of the Maverick" to the "round-up" of the prime steer into delicious Beef Extract. Sample jar sent free for 6c. to pay postage.

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No local dealer can compete with us

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Beautiful Gold Paper, 5c. per Roll.

We carry the largest stock in the country, and can save you 50 per cent. on every roll of paper you buy. No matter where you live, if you have any use for wall paper, send 10c. to nearest address to pay postage on a large package of samples. One good agent or paper hanger wanted in each town to sell from sample books, price \$1.00.

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GRAY HAIR RESTORED to youthful color by Dr. Hays' Hair Restorer. Removes dandruff. Don't stain. 50c. Send to London Supply Co. 533 Broadway, N. Y. For Hair Book and Best Hair Care, Best Cure Cure, both FREE

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys are carefully made of clear tough glass; they fit, and get the utmost light from the lamp, and they last until some accident breaks them. "Pearl top" and "pearl glass" are trade-marks. Look out for them and you needn't be an expert.

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Thin Children Grow Fat

on Scott's Emulsion, because fat foods make fat children. They are



thin, and remain thin just in proportion to their inability to assimilate food rich in fat.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is especially adaptable to those of weak digestion—it is partly digested already. Astonishing how quickly a thin person gains solid flesh by its use!

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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FLORIDA. March 13th and 27th. Two weeks in the Land of Flowers on the first tour, while tickets for last tour are good to return until May 31st. Special trains of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars. Rate from New York \$50.00, from Philadelphia \$48.00. Proportionate rates from other points.

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For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to Tourist Agent, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; 1136 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

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Style Machine. \$19.38 buys Highest Grade modern style machine in the world. 25 different styles at intermediate prices. Warranted Ten Years.

We are the only manufacturers selling sewing machines direct. Liberal terms for securing a Sewing Machine FREE.

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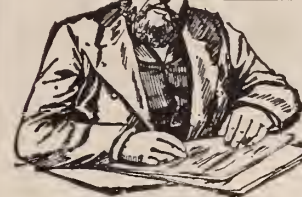
Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing, by one who was deaf for 30 years. Address John Garmore, Hammond Bldg. 4th & Vine, Cincinnati, O.

2c. WALL PAPER. Give paper 3 1/2 cts. pp. Embossed golds 10 cts. to 12 1/2 cts. per roll. 100 New Samples mailed FREE for 8c. postage. Good Quality. Fair Dealings.

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"DEAR MR. CONGREVE: As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your remedy. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man."



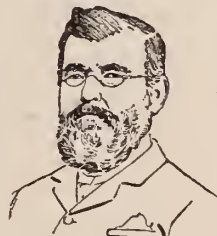
REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation." "Yours heartily,"

(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON, WESTWOOD, B-ulah Hill, England."

G. T. Congreve's Message to America.

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my Balsamic Elixir, which not only cures consumption but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza and all Chest affections.



GEO. THOS. CONGREVE.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, I have been able to extend my organization so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all citizens of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American Depot a cure for Consumption which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of us it lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75 or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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Druggists supplied by C. N. CRITTENTON CO., NEW YORK, OR

John D. Park & Sons Co., Cincinnati. Mention this paper.

Swiss Lozenges, For curing Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, &c. Price, 25 cts. a Box Mailed.

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Best for Health, Economy and Beauty. BUTTONS at front instead of CLASPS. RING BUCKLE at hip for Hose Supporters. Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off. Cord-edge Button Holes, won't wear out. FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults. All shapes. Full or slim busts. Long or short waists.

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Because it heals all skin affections and allays irritation. It will positively cure

Eczema, Itching, Chafing, Erysipelas, Burns, Bed Sores, A Chafing Baby, Tender Feet, Irritation under Truss. It ensures a Clear Complexion.

Sold by druggists, 50 cents per box, postage paid. COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN. Send 2 two-cent stamps for liberal sample and book.

Use COMFORT SOAP. The Finest Medicated Toilet Soap for the Hands, the Face, and Complexion, 25c. cake.

FREE — A Grand Offer — FREE.

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Mme. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c., silver or stamps."

In every case of freckles, pimples, moles, sallowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT (Dept. V), No. 6 E 14th St., New York.

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The cent watch represents our new 1894 American Lever Watch and Chain. It is not an imported watch, but entirely an American produced in this country by the best skilled mechanics. Neither is it a clock, but a perfect watch of ordinary size, 2 1/2 inches in diameter, 1 1/4 larger than cut. It is perfect in mechanism and we furnish with each a POSITIVE GUARANTEE as an accurate time-keeper for one year. Our factory produced last year nearly 500,000 watches and we have proven beyond doubt that America can make not only the BEST but the CHEAPEST watches. Do not be deceived by its low price or your past experience with other watches. Though cheap, it is good. The publisher of this paper will tell you that our guarantee may be relied on. DESCRIPTION: The movement is regular American Lever; Lantern pinion, 240 beats to minute; keyless (or stem) wind and set; 4 turns runs 24 hours; steel pinions, all parts of great durability and perfectly adjusted; patent escapement and regulator; dust proof case, handsomely finished in nickel or gilt; weight of watch 3 3/4 oz. diameter 2 1/2 in.; fully GUARANTEED one year—same as an Elgin or Waltham. SAMPLE post-paid with HANDBOOK CHAIN & catalogue \$1.50; 3 for \$4.00; 12 for \$15.00 by Express. AGENTS and Storekeepers apply at once. Mention Paper. R. H. INCERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLAND ST., N. Y. CITY

WAITING.

WHEN life's hours of toil are ended,
And my day draws to a close:
When the bells of evening, chiming,
Call me to my long repose,
Eagerly my feet shall hasten,
And my eyes shall look to see,
Standing close to heaven's portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

They who long for that far country
Watched me as I faltered on,
In earth's weary round of labor,
Strength and courage almost gone.
When they see me drop life's burdens
And to heaven's refuge flee,
Swift will gather round the portals
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

And when on their silver hinges
Wide the gates of pearl shall swing,
And by grace of him who loved me
I am suffered to come in.
First of heaven's joys so greet me
In that joyful hour shall be,
As I pass those shining portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a valuable medicine for the Grip. First as a preventive, preparing the system to resist the attack, and secondly, to assist convalescence by building up the system.

Every reason why it should

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For Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets are made in 25 styles—modelled to fit every variety of form.

Wear the one that fits
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and one Diploma for Beauty, Strength and Cheapness. Over 50,000 of these vehicles have been sold direct to the people. Send at once for our complete catalogue. In every kind of vehicle & harness, also book of testimonials they are free.
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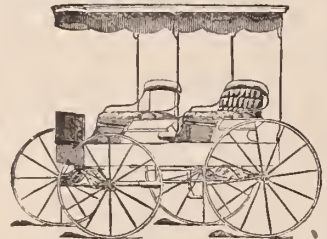
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New & beautiful ring, made of two twisted bands of Rolled Gold and Silver. Turn it—the band is never to part! Lay it down—they seem to fall apart. Inspect it—you have a perfect ring! All the rage, over 1,000,000 sold in 2 months at 75c. We send sample with large retail for 25c postpaid. 1 box \$2.50.
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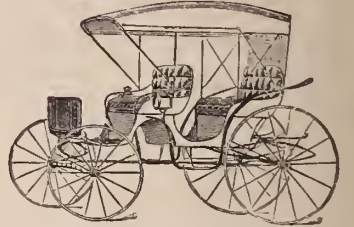
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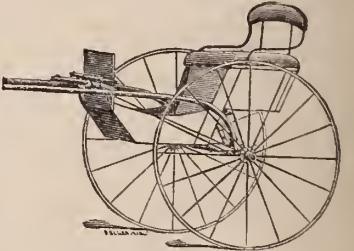
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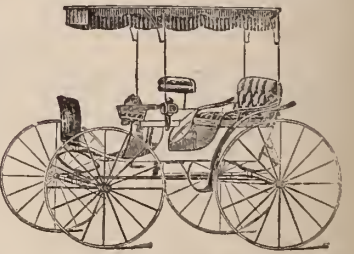
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FRUIT TREES
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Stahl's Double Acting Excelsior Spraying Outlets prevent Leaf Blight & Wormy Fruit. Insures a heavy yield of all Fruit and Vegetable crops. Thousands in use. Send 6 cts. for catalogue and full treatise on spraying. Circulars free.
WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Prov. 22: 6, Lynchburg, Va., \$1; Sub'r in New Jersey, \$5; Samuel Thatcher, \$1; Friend, Scotland, Mass., \$3; M. G., \$1; Herald Sub'r, Washington, Pa., \$1; L. A. P., Greenwich Village, \$1; James Alexander, \$25. Previously acknowledged, \$149.67. Total, \$187.67.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: M. G., \$1; Herald Sub'r., Washington, Pa., \$1; L. A. P., Greenwich Village, \$1; Mrs. C. Bailey, \$1; Lucy A. Wall-ran, \$5; R. P., Bloomington, Wis., \$5; S. F. Young, \$5; James Alexander, \$25. Previously acknowledged, \$288. Total, \$323.

For the Permanent Lodging House for Home-less Women: Mrs. C. Bailey, \$1.50; M. G., \$1; Herald Sub'r, Washington, Pa., \$1; L. A. P., Greenwich Village, \$2; Friend, \$1; S. F. Young, \$5; J. Alexander, \$25. Previously acknowledged, \$1502.15. Total, \$1534.15.

For the Mary Washington Fund: Mary MacColl, 25c.; S. F. Young, 25c.; Mary Evalena Wright, 25c.; Mary Colbert, 25c.; Mary Lilleston, 25c.; Mary A. Gill, 25c.; Mary C. Rice, 25c.; Mary A. Colgan, 25c.; Mary V. Trahern, 25c.

For the Door of Hope: Mrs. C. Bailey, Darien, Ga., \$1.50; M. G., \$1; L. A. P., Greenwich Village, \$1; Mattie Roberts, Rose Point, Pa., 1; James Alexander, \$25. Total, \$29.50.

For Bella Cook's Work: A Friend to the Poor, Sunbury, Pa., \$1; Mrs. Alice Messer, Brockton, Mass., \$1; B. Augspurger, Overpeck, Ohio, \$5; G. H. Wells, Greenwich, \$5. Total, \$12.

For the Indian Industrial School: Mrs. C. Bailey, \$1.50.

For Tello D'Aper's Bare Foot Mission: Mrs. C. Bailey, \$1.50; "C," \$2.

For Foreign Missions: Mrs. L. C. Briggs, \$1.

For Cape Colony Mission: "C," \$1.

For the Children's Hospital in Jerusalem: "C," \$5.

For the Freedmen's Mission: E. A. Russell, \$5.

The Jerry McAuley Mission: Henry J. Shrapnell, \$5.

For Nervous Exhaustion
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. EDWIN F. VOSE, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

Arnold Constable & Co.
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SILK & WOOL STUFFS
VELOUTINE BARRE,
VELOUTINE FACONNE,
ARMURE POINTILLE,
SOLID COLORED VELOUTINE
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FOR EVENING WEAR.

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Our New Easter Service
By the REV. R. LOWRY,
Will be mailed on receipt of 5 cents.

Our New Easter Carols
By Six Popular Composers,
Will be mailed on receipt of 5 cents.

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"I was Raised on Mellin's Food,"

The only perfect substitute for mother's milk. Our book for mothers, — "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed free to any address, upon request. Doliber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

The New French Challies.
An "All Novelty" Stock.

Now ready, extra choice lines of best French Challies, in designs made expressly for this house.

Satin Stripe Challies, blossom patterns, light and dark grounds.

Shaded Challies, with ring, dot and diamond figures.

Cheviot Challies, with braid border.

Novelty Mourning Challies.

Special styles for Children, wild-flower patterns, with narrow ribbon edge to serve as trimming.

300 pieces finest all wool Challies, just received, black, red and dark blue grounds, printed in dots, stripes and small figures, at 50 cents per yard.

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BROADWAY & 11th STREET, -
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\$5.00 WORTH FOR \$1.00
"The Cream of New Chrysanth." PRES. SMITH, MAUD DEAN, KATE BROWN, G. W. CHILDS, NIVEUS, MRS. F. L. AMES, HUCKS ARNOLD, GOLDEN WEDDING.

This set of 8 Gems \$1.00. 6 sets \$5.00. By mail. Mention this paper, and we will give you free with each set, two choice Carnations.

Gladioli, 25c. doz. Tuberoses, 35c. doz. One doz. each 50c.

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FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS
No child should learn to walk without them. Recommended by physicians as best appliance for weak or deformed ankles.
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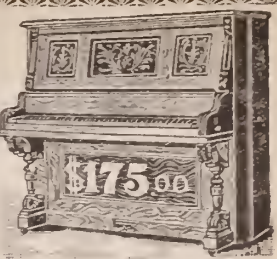
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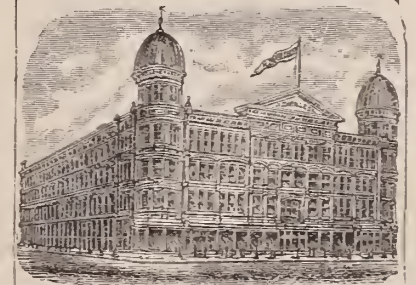
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This Entire Page

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 11.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

THE "FOOD FUND'S" MISSION BAND.

A Corps of Trained and Consecrated Women who Minister to the Needs of the Destitute—Their Hearts in the Work—The Fund now nearing \$20,000.

At the opening of the eighth week of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, the condition of the thirty-nine thousand destitute families in New York, is still such as to call for earnest sympathy. Much has been done in these weeks toward relieving their sufferings, and it is certain that, if the Christian people of America had not responded so nobly and generously to their appeal, through the Food Fund and other charitable channels, the record of want, misery and death in the crowded tenement sections of the metropolis would have been something appalling. As it is, the crowds

wretchedness has been already relieved through the spontaneous generosity of those who have contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund cannot be estimated in words. It is a record of voluntary service, cheerfully rendered in the Master's name, and without hope or expectation of earthly recompense; but the precious lives that their charity has been the means of saving, the many hundreds of homes that have been brightened, and the thousands of hearts that have been cheered and strengthened and led to look upward, constitute in themselves a higher reward than the world can give. How widespread and comprehensive

ing the phenomenal progress of this relief work:

No. of Stations.	Families Supplied.	Individuals.	No. of Meals.
1st week, 1	100	500	10,500
2d " 1	250	1,250	26,250
3d " 2	400	2,000	42,000
4th " 10	1,000	5,000	105,000
5th " 13	2,400	12,000	252,000
6th " 15	2,500	12,500	262,500
	6,650	33,250	698,250

Besides the foregoing, which constitutes the regular Station work of the Food Fund, an average of seventeen hundred men have been supplied every morning with breakfast at the "Travellers' Club," attached to the Eighth Avenue Station, and an average attendance of 950 women and children have been fed every afternoon, six days in the week, at the same place. Thus the record of the Food Fund's work during the first six weeks, complete, shows a grand total of

needy over 9,000 garments, the gifts of thoughtful patrons in different states. Work has been procured for a limited number of the unemployed through the applications of out-of-town families and others requiring help. During the week just ended, the Food Fund has found itself restricted by diminished contributions from further extending its operations. This is due probably to some extent to the heavy snowstorms, south and west. As a consequence, supplies to some of the stations were reduced. This, although unavoidable, was unquestionably a real hardship for many destitute families between whom and starvation the Food Fund has stood for weeks past; but even the reduced supply is gratefully welcomed. At no time has the need been more urgent than now, when the last resources of the thirty poor have been exhausted and the numbers of the helpless have been increasing,



of hungry men, women and children that gather daily at the Relief Stations show the crying need of continued help, until the season of sharpest suffering be over at least. How much of this great burden of human

MISSIONARIES IN THE SERVICE OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND."
1. Annie A. Smith. 4. James Klein. 7. Minnie Condit. 10. Mrs. L. Kloppe. 13. Mrs. C. C. Gifford. 16. Miss Carter.
2. Mrs. H. Barber. 5. Florence A. Perrie. 8. Mary A. Johnson. 11. Matilda C. Paulhaber. 14. Isabel Montgomery. 17. Miss Collins.
3. Mrs. Witten. 6. Mrs. Lemley. 9. Mrs. Gayer. 12. Mrs. C. L. Penning. 15. Miss Thompson.

the Food Fund charity has been, may be gathered from the following figures, showing 793,650 meals supplied. During the same period, the Fund has distributed among the

rather than diminishing. With the destitute and the unemployed it is the eleventh hour of their sufferings—the hour when the strain of hunger and privation is the hardest and

(Continued on page 16.)

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

UNAPPRECIATED SERVICES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at Mobile, Ala. Text: II. Cor. 11: 33, "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

DAMASCUS is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is, "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a crowd of clenched fists, and sometimes he secrets himself on the house-top. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and at once alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew now much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnifi-

cent missionary work in Pamphylia, Capadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But the rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

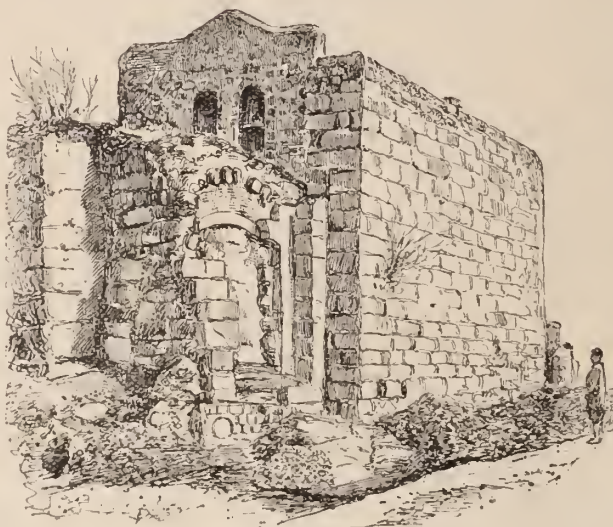
Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterpool by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasant's shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there,

and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of



TRADITIONAL HOUSE IN DAMASCUS FROM WHICH PAUL ESCAPED.

the Church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earth-

quake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment-seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy! It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

O, men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills or from Western prairies, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowl him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from them! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who

] WOULD not have a hand to guide
 But thine ;
 For thou hast trod where sinners stray.
 And knowest well life's troubled way,
 And mine.

I would not have a will to rule
 But thine ;
 For thou art wise as thou art good,
 And none can better choose what should
 Be mine.

Oh, I would tread the sorest path
 For thee ;
 For thou canst make the roughest plain,
 Give joy for grief and calm the pain
 For me.

The "Food Fund's" Mission Band.

(Continued from first page.)

sores. At such a time, genuine Christian sympathy, of the prompt and practical sort, is most urgently needed and most highly valued. That this is well understood by the friends of the Food Fund is apparent from the fact that their offerings continue to pour in from every quarter, affording encouragement to hope that the usefulness of the work they have entered upon "In His Name," may be prolonged until the emergency has passed.

Believing that the thousands of contributors to the Food Fund have a direct personal interest in all that relates to the management of the great work of Christian charity which they have established, we publish to-day the portraits of a group of CHRISTIAN HERALD missionaries, who have been engaged in the work up to the present time. From a modest beginning with a few missionaries as District Visitors, the Fund gradually extended its operations as the means multiplied, until twenty-seven missionaries and assistants were engaged in house-to-house visitation among the destitute poor, making all necessary investigation into the genuineness of the applications for relief, which soon began to pour in from every part of the city. Throughout the entire work, Mrs. Louis Klopsch bore an active part, co-operating with the missionaries in their duties, and personally visiting many destitute homes where hunger and despair had shut out hope, until the Food Fund's welcome arrival turned the gloom to sunshine. Her tact and ready sympathy endeared her to the missionaries and were exceedingly helpful to them in their labors. Mrs. E. Cater (No. 9), who sits to the right of Mrs. Klopsch (No. 10), in the

group, is a South Carolina lady with a long experience in Christian work. For ten years she taught the children of the poor and ignorant factory hands in Atlanta, Ga., and for several years past she has been engaged as a missionary in Brooklyn, visiting among the poor and afflicted. Mrs. Cater was the first missionary engaged in the Food Fund's work and has rendered faithful and efficient service. Miss Matilda C. Faulhaber (No. 11 in the group), is another experienced missionary, having passed sixteen years in the Master's service, working among the poor in the most densely populated parts of New York city. For eleven years she was connected with the missionary work of the late Rev. Howard Crosby's church, and for the last five years she has been the private missionary of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. A majority of others in the group are women of Christian training and with some degree of missionary experience. Miss Collins (No. 17), and Miss Thompson (No. 15), are students at the Christian Alliance Missionary College, New York, and the latter contemplates making Africa her field of lifework; Miss Carter (No. 16), a graduate of the same institution, is a missionary medical student, who will soon devote her energies to Christian work in India; Miss Klein (No. 4), has had a long experience among the East-side poor; Mrs. Witten (No. 3), has charge of the Diet Kitchen of the New York Maternity Hospital; Mrs. Charlotte L. Fanning is a recent addition to the missionary field, but has already proved herself efficient and thorough; Miss Margaret A. Johnson (No. 8), is also engaged in her first year of this work, but her gentle nature, Christian character and perseverance fit her admirably for it; Miss Isabel Montgomery (No. 14), a native of Boston, has cherished missionary

aspirations for years, and is now a student at the New York Missionary College; Miss Minnie Condit (No. 7), has already had experience in missionary work and loves it better than all others; Miss Blanche A. Petrie (No. 5), a graduate of the New York Missionary Training College, is looking forward eagerly to beginning missionary work soon in India; Mrs. C. Curtis Guilford (No. 13), has been a student at Rev. A. B. Simpson's Training College, and is warmly devoted to Christian work; Miss Annie A. Seasholtz (No. 1), is now in her second year at the same institution and is preparing for work in foreign lands; Mrs. H. Harder (No. 2), and Mrs. H. M. Lemberg (No. 6), have both had previous experience in the home missionary field and are doing good service for the Food Fund. As a whole, the members of the missionary staff can be truthfully characterized as true, devoted Christian women, full of sympathy and consecration to the work in which they are engaged, and which under their hands, has been faithfully administered.

Very faithful and energetic coadjutors in the work have been the pastors of the various city churches, in whose districts relief stations were opened several weeks ago. Rev. J. A. B. Wilson of the West Eighteenth M. E. Church, where a relief station was established, writes as follows:

"This winter has been one of the saddest and most terrible for the poor ever seen in New York city. Foreseeing the suffering which must come, many agencies were opened with a view of relieving the hungry and naked. This church held two donation days early in the winter and great quantities of clothing, groceries, etc., were sent in. There came a time, however, when it was difficult to tell what to do next. The pastor's door was continually besieged with

callers for relief—often a hundred per day. All the resources of his church were inadequate to meet the case.

"Just when the question 'What are these among so many?' was wringing the heart of those concerned, like a life-boat to a stranded vessel came THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the most complete relief movement of the century. Its appeal to the multiplied thousands of its constituents made possible a systematic and mammoth relief method never before equaled.

"May God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this splendid conception and the contributions for the means of relief afforded. Their bounty is not for New Yorkers alone, but from all parts of the country stranded people have poured in this city in the vain hope of finding employment and they have been unable to get out. Thousands of families of strangers are being helped."

From many cities, towns and villages come offers of generous aid to the Food Fund. Mr. Hugo Keller, general merchant of Durhamville, N. Y., who has already sent a substantial cash contribution to the Food Fund, writes:

I see in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other papers that you have stations to distribute to poor people all kinds of eatables, groceries, etc. Now since I really have no such poor people right here in my county as there are in New York city, I am willing and will gladly send you a lot of potatoes, onions, cheese, rice and tea. If you will designate the stations to which you will have them sent in New York either via N. Y. C. R. R., or N. Y. O. and W. I have worked in New York right after the war, and know what poverty is, but the Lord has blessed me since I came here, and now I wish to thank him by helping the poor all I can.

Contributions to the Fund received during the week are partially acknowledged below and on the next page. Gifts of clothing, etc., are acknowledged on page 163 this issue.

Previously acknowledged \$15,268 85	Belts, Fred	1.00	Doolittle, F. G.	1.00	Friends in Phila. Pa.	100.00	Hine, Mrs. D.	5.00	Jones, E. N.	1.00	
Adams, Della	1.00	Bryant, J. W.	2.00	De Swarte, Cornelius	1.00	Friends in Holland G. Co. Ia.	2.80	Hickman, Miss Bessie	1.00	Jagger, Mrs. J. M.	10.00
Aldrich, Mrs. N. C.	1.00	Burkett, Mrs. M. I.	1.50	Decker, W.	1.00	A friend of the friendless		Hickley, Mrs. E.	1.00	James, Mrs. E. A.	5.00
Armstrong, Mrs. S.	2.00	Baldwin, L.	1.00	Daskau, Mrs. J. E.	1.00	Bethlehem, Pa.	2.00	Higley, Mrs. S. F.	10.00	Johnson, Mrs. B. Jr.	1.00
Arnsperg, Mattie	2.50	Baker, Miss Matilda C.	5.00	Dando, Helen	1.00	Friend of the poor, Orange City, Ia.	1.65	Hayward, Mrs. B. F.	1.00	Johnstone, Miss Mary	1.00
Arnold, L.	5.00	Bradley, Paul T.	1.00	De Waal, D. G.	1.00	Friend and subscriber, Brant Lake, S. D.	1.00	Hayes, Mrs. Wm.	1.30	Jones, L.	1.00
Arthur, R.	2.00	Beck, Mrs. Agnes	1.00	Douglas, Mrs. C. S.	1.50	Friend to the poor, East Barnard, Vt.	1.00	Harvey, Mrs. M. A.	1.00	Jones, Mrs. E. C. F.	1.00
Austin, Jane	1.00	Beck, Mr. Alfred	1.00	Dorley, Mrs. Maria E.	1.00	Friend of the needy, Pittsfield, Mass.	1.00	Hart, Mrs. G. W.	1.00	Jones, Wm.	1.00
Auten, James	1.00	Calhoun, Margaret	1.00	Dand, E.	1.00	Friend of the needy, Pittsfield, Mass.	2.50	Haugen, Mrs. J.	1.00	Jones, E.	1.00
Andrews, Mrs. J. R.	1.00	Campbell, S. L.	1.00	David, E. W.	2.00	Friend and well-wisher, Elgin, Ill.	1.00	Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs.	2.00	Jenney, Mrs. W. B.	2.00
Adams, W. H.	1.00	Campbell, Colin	1.00	Edwards, W.	2.00	Friend of the poor, Marion, Ct.	5.00	Harter, Mrs. L. J.	1.00	James, Ida	1.00
Abbott, Mrs.	1.00	Carpenter, Mrs. Emily	1.00	Emmert, J. F.	1.00	Friends near Maxwell, Tenn.	1.00	Hansen, C. B. P.	50.00	Johnson, G. W.	1.00
Atwood, Mrs. H. L.	1.00	Caywood, Mrs. J.	2.00	Evans, Mrs. E. L.	1.00	Friends in Quadra, Thompson, Ont.	8.00	Haynes, A.	1.05	Jamerson, G. W.	1.00
Austin, Mrs. J. S.	1.00	Chambers, H. D.	1.00	Evans, Thomas	2.00	Friend of the poor, Marion, Ct.	1.00	Humphrey, Louise	2.00	Jensen, H.	1.00
Adams, L. R.	3.00	Chempion, Mrs. J.	1.00	Eynon, Wm.	1.00	Friend of the poor, Marion, Ct.	1.00	Hunter, J. A.	1.00	Johnston, Rohd	1.00
Anderson, John	1.00	Clark, Mrs. C.	1.00	Eddy and others, G. W.	6.50	Friendly family, Auburn, Kan.	1.00	Hanson, Joseph	1.00	Jennings, E. D.	1.00
Averill, Edw. and wife	5.00	Clark, C. T.	2.00	Elliott, M. and wife	5.00	Friends near Maxwell, Tenn.	1.00	Howard, Senella M.	2.00	Joslin, E. S.	1.00
Ayres, Miss Hester	5.00	Cleveland, W. H.	5.00	Eastman, J.	2.00	Friends in Quadra, Thompson, Ont.	8.00	Hause, Mrs. L.	1.00	Jordan, J.	1.00
Axford, Mrs. Wm.	1.00	Cochran, S. A.	1.00	Elliott, Mrs. Jane	3.00	Conn	8.00	Hawes, H. R.	1.00	Jones, C. A.	1.00
Atkinson, Mrs. R.	5.00	Coffin, Mrs. B. H.	1.00	Eldridge, Mrs. E.	1.00	Fruit, Mrs. J.	1.00	Hanna, W. N. and R. B.	2.00	Kelly, P.	1.00
Allen, Mrs. E. F.	1.00	Coffin, Miss Mary	1.00	Eagle, Mrs. L.	1.00	Fry, Charles W.	1.00	Hathaway, Mary E.	1.00	Kennel, Alex.	1.00
Abland, Chas.	1.00	Collected by Bertha, Culver and Lulu Race	4.00	Earhart, Mrs. Delia S.	1.00	Fletcher, A. J.	1.00	Hoof, Lewis	5.00	Kidd, George	1.00
Abland, Mrs. Nellie, school-mates and teacher	1.75	Courad, Marie W.	1.00	Flagg, Mrs. E. H.	1.00	Funk, Miss C. E.	1.00	Hopkins, Mrs. B.	2.00	King's daughter, Media, Pa.	5.00
Appel, Julia	1.00	Conde, Mrs. O.	1.00	Forbes, Mrs. A. H.	2.00	Foster, M. A.	2.00	Hilton, Mrs. S. A.	1.00	Kline, Mrs. Henry	1.00
Amnden, Mrs. A.	1.00	Courtney, David	1.00	Forbes, F. E.	1.00	Fuller, Mrs. Ann	10.00	Hastings, Robt. F.	1.00	Kuster, Mrs. R. O.	1.00
Allard, Frank H.	5.00	Corbett, Mr. Albert	3.00	Friend, Terrell, Tex.	1.00	Fuller, Mrs. Ann	10.00	Hastings, Chas. H.	1.00	Kendall, Harry	1.00
Aldrich, H.	2.00	Cranford, Ed. S.	2.00	Grenport, N. Y.	2.00	Gibbons, A. W.	2.00	Hunt, Wm. J.	2.00	Konyn, Mrs. W. G.	1.00
Atwood, J. W.	1.00	Creavens, Mrs. E. C.	1.00	Wabunsee, Kas.	1.00	Frost, Mrs. G. M.	1.00	Hoyt, Mrs. N. E.	1.00	Kirkpatrick, A. J.	14.00
Ashworth, J. T.	5.00	Conrad, D. E.	1.30	Worcester, Mass.	10.00	Farron, G. T.	5.00	Henderson, Florence M.	1.00	Kelsey, W. W.	1.00
Ashen, F.	2.00	Crawgill, Jno. F.	2.00	Sandusky, O.	1.00	Fuller, Miss Anna	3.00	Hopper, Frank F.	1.00	Kile, John	5.00
Abramson, Mrs.	1.00	Crisp, A. and S. S.	2.00	Newport, N. H.	1.00	Ferguson, Mrs. J. C.	2.00	Hoffine, S. M.	1.00	Kelso, Chas. E. and wife	2.00
Allen, Mrs. P. Jr.	1.00	Clyde, Mr. and Mrs.	2.00	Bridgeton, N. J.	2.00	Ferguson, Mrs. John S.	10.00	Houser, Mrs. John S.	2.00	Kern, Wm. H.	2.00
Atwood, E. A.	1.00	Cowan, Mrs. C.	2.00	Wessington Springs	1.00	Fellows, John	1.00	Harris, Mrs. Jane	1.00	Kirkman, Frederick	1.00
Aid Society of the M. E. Church	1.10	Carter, Mrs. J. E.	2.00	Bath, Mo.	2.00	Fuhrer, Rev. C.	1.50	Hill, Mrs. S. J.	1.00	Kilpatrick, Geo.	1.00
Marcellus, N. Y.	1.10	Clemson, Eliza A. and A. E.	2.00	Liberal, Kan.	1.00	Finney, Mr. and Mrs. H. C.	1.00	Husband, J.	1.00	Krause, Edward	1.00
Bowker, E. H.	1.00	Chapman, Mrs. A. G.	1.00	New Bloomfield, Pa.	1.00	Foot, Mrs. A. D.	1.00	Hallowell	1.00	King's daughter, Decatur, Ill.	1.00
Bailey, Mrs. M. P.	1.00	Croft, W.	5.00	Pokepsie, N. Y.	2.00	Falconer, Mrs. H. C.	1.00	Himmern, Caroline C.	5.00	King's daughter, Edgewood, Pa.	1.00
Burbridge, Wm.	5.00	Cruikshank, Mrs. J.	1.50	Barren Springs, Va.	1.00	Fraser, M. A.	2.00	Hoff, W.	1.00	King's daughter, Anburn, N. Y.	12.00
Baird, Elliott	2.00	Clark, A. S.	3.00	W. Brattleboro, Vt.	1.00	Graham and family, C. F.	5.00	Heale, Ellen S.	1.00	King's daughter, Batavia, Ia.	1.00
Beach, Mary C.	2.00	Clark, Emma D.	1.00	Hamilton, N. Y.	1.00	Grandma, L. Cal	3.50	Hutchinson, Frank	40.00	King's daughter, Mich.	2.00
Bigham, R. T.	2.00	Cox, Mrs. G. C.	1.00	Brewer, Me.	1.00	Green, J. J.	2.00	Hopes, Miss S.	1.00	King's daughter, Hokah, Minn.	1.00
Brown, Mania	2.00	Culver, Mrs. B. L.	2.00	Batesville, O.	1.00	Green and wife, G. L.	5.00	Hines, W. A.	1.00	La Dow, P. J.	1.00
Bett, Samuel	2.00	Chatterton, Mrs. M. E.	1.50	Milton, Mass.	1.00	Grimesey, L. P.	1.25	Henry, Wm.	4.00	Lajord, O. E.	1.00
Boyd, Mrs. May	1.00	Coskery, Mr. and Mrs. James	1.00	Colfax, N. D.	1.16	Grobb, Eva	1.00	Henricks, F. P.	1.00	Lane, W. P.	1.00
Bartholomew, Mrs. G. W.	1.00	Corr, Olive B.	5.00	Sanford, Fla.	2.00	Gruver, Mrs. Jacob	1.50	Hughes, John S.	2.00	Lane, Oliver	5.00
Barclay Literary Society, Jesup	10.50	Crosby, Nau E.	1.00	Brownville, Pa.	5.00	Gray, Mrs. James	2.00	Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H.	5.00	Lee, Geo. W.	3.00
Iowa	10.50	Coby, O. J.	1.00	Burgess, City, Kas.	1.00	Gager, K. A.	3.00	Inasmuch, Owensville, O.	2.00	Le, Geo. W.	3.00
Botdorf, John H.	10.00	Chabot, T. T.	1.50	Leites Mt. Can.	1.00	Giles, Mrs. D. V.	1.00	In His Name, Granville	2.00	Le Grant, I.	2.00
Bacon, S. D.	5.00	Christensen, N.	1.00	Keene, N. H.	1.00	Gerard, Mrs.	1.00	New Brunswick	1.00	Lefferts, W. H.	2.00
Baker, Mrs. G. W.	1.00	Chittenden, Mrs. C. C.	2.00	Washington, D. C.	1.00	Gerard, Mrs.	1.00	Wurten, Pa.	1.00	Lautsack, R. J.	2.00
Bailey, F. M.	1.00	Connors, Mrs. John	1.00	Wilson's Crossing	1.00	Guise, John A.	1.00	Lewis, Wm. Cal.	1.00	Laudis, D. M.	2.00
Baldwin, Edwin	8.00	Crain, Mrs. B. J.	1.00	Ottawa, Kan.	5.00	Garrison, Wm. A.	1.00	Rutland, O.	1.00	Lautsack, Mrs. J. H.	1.00
Burney, M. J.	1.00	Chaplin, Mr. Wm.	5.00	Esmond, Ill.	5.00	Gregorio, Mrs. E.	1.00	Palmyra, Wis.	1.00	Lath, Mrs. J. F.	1.00
Barrett, Jennie	2.00	Collins, J. H.	1.00	Farmington, N. H.	1.00	Gordon, Mrs. D. C.	1.00	Clark, Mrs. E. L.	2.00	Laurie, Mrs. E. S.	1.00
Bates, Mr. and Mrs. E. L.	1.00	Collins, Fred	1.00	Novada, Ia.	1.00	Gibbons, A. W.	1.00	Richfield, N. Y.	1.00	Laws, J. C.	10.00
Bostar, S. E.	1.00	Crandall, Mrs. G. H.	1.00	Dover, N. H.	1.00	Groat, Josie E.	1.00	El Paso, Cal.	5.00	Leo, Mrs. M. H.	2.00
Boughton, J.	1.00	Case, S. L.	1.00	Webster, N. Y.	2.00	Griffin, Eva H.	1.00	Charlotte, Mich.	1.00	Lorimer, Mrs. Maria	1.00
Boston subscriber	1.00	Culman, E.	1.00	Ind.	1.00	Gray, Mrs. E. P.	1.00	Baltimore, Md.	2.00	Lawrence, Mrs. O. A.	1.00
Boyle, John F.	1.00	Cousens, W. F.	1.00	Sparta, Ill.	1.00	Gould, Mrs. J. E.	1.00	Highland Mills	1.00	Linn, Mrs. Alex.	5.00
Brainerd, Samuel	1.00	Cramer, Ella M.	1.00	Albany, N. Y.	1.00	Gambell, Mrs. E. M.	1.00	N. Y.	1.00	Light, R. G.	1.00
Brainerd, E. M.	1.00	Chapin, S. H.	1.00	Doylston, Pa.	1.00	Griffin, Mary E.	1.00	In His Name, New Bedford	1.00	Long, Mrs. John B.	1.00
Brainerd, Mrs. F. O.	3.00	Come, Julia E.	1.00	Alameda, Cal.	2.00	Gordon, H. D.	1.00	In His Name, New Bedford	1.00	Leonard, Mrs. B. W.	1.00
Briggs, Mrs. C.	1.00	Chase, B. P.	1.00	Woodson, Ill.	1.25	Gurnise, Mrs. Sarah S.	1.00	In the Master's Name, Leonia, N. J.	1.00	Lyon, Mrs. E. J.	2.00
Brooksbury, A.	1.55	Clark, Rev. Mrs. Geo. S.	2.00	Belleville, Ill.	1.00	Grunow, Mrs. Wm.	1.00	N. J.	1.00	Lacey, L. B.	1.00
Brooke, Mrs. H. A.	25.00	Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar	10.00	Wellsville, O.	5.00	Gruver, Frank S.	2.00	Irvin, Miss Frank	1.00	Lacey, A. B.	1.00
Brown, S. M.	1.00	Crittenden, M. E.	1.00	Ont, Can.	1.00	Graham, Wm. F.	1.00	In His Name, Phila. Pa.	2.00	Lacey, A. F. and son	5.00
Brown, T. H.	1.00	Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. H. and daughter	2.00	Centre Sandwich, N. H.	1.00	Groff, Geo.	1.00	Peloe Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Brown, Mrs. Susan	1.00	Cole, N. E.	2.00	Woodson, Ill.	1.25	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Buck, W. R.	3.00	Cole, N. E.	2.00	Belleville, Ill.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Burnside, Mrs. M. B.	1.00	Collins, Rev. Q. J.	1.00	Burgess, City, Kas.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bair, Mrs. A. A.	1.00	Como, Libbie	1.00	Wellsville, O.	5.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bent, L. and M.	2.00	Chilcott, Mrs. A. K.	3.00	Ont, Can.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Born, I. and M.	1.00	Culley, Geo. W.	1.00	Centre Sandwich, N. H.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Beaton, Mrs. John N.	1.00	Carter, Mrs. Wm.	2.16	Greenwich, N. Y.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Baas, Amelia	1.00	Coop, Miss Annie	2.20	Orient, N. Y.	5.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bauter, F.	2.00	Cunnings, Mrs. L. W.	1.00	Turin, N. Y.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Brecht, Mrs. Henry	1.00	Cure, Mr. J. W.	1.00	Stouben, N. Y.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Barker, M.	2.00	Chandler, Ettie A.	2.00	Pokagon, Mich.	2.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Buckleton, Mrs. Alfred J.	1.00	Clarke, A. N.	2.00	Gastoor, Ore.	2.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Brainerd, S. S.	1.00	Cook, Mrs. F. M.	5.00	Fremont, N. H.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Baldwin, S. H.	3.00	Cook, Mrs. L. W.	2.00	Providence, R. I.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Berndt, E. L.	1.00	Dikeman, A. A. and C. L.	100.00	Ridgebury	3.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Blankenbakes, Mr. & Mrs. A. S.	2.00	Denton, Mary A.	1.00	Frich, Mo.	2.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Barton, W. A.	1.00	Dimmick, E. G.	1.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Barker, J. A.	1.00	Divoll, Henry A.	2.00	Rumney, N. H.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Byard, Russel	1.00	Dix, Mary	2.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bradshaw, Geo.	1.00	Ditz, Bessie P.	1.00	Rumney, N. H.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bennett, Henry A.	1.00	Donglas, Freula	1.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Balecom, P. W.	1.00	Dunkley, T. A.	2.00	Rumney, N. H.	1.00	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bull, Mattie	1.00	Durfee, Mrs. E.	1.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Burke, T. A.	1.00	Darling, L. A.	1.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Barton, Mrs. Eva	1.00	Dawly, H. F.	5.00	Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Bell, Mrs. J. D.	1.00			Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00
Brown, Cora.	1.00			Belleville, Pa.	1.50	Grove, Wm. H.	2.00	Pelee Island, Can	2.00	McCollum, Lizzie	2.00

[illegible]



FULFILLING THE WORD.

S.S. Lesson for Mar. 25. Col. 1:25. Golden Text, John 19:28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

THE very name of our blessed Lord was "the Word" (John 1:1). He came down from heaven, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, and this will he learned from Old Testament Scripture. Even as a child the Lord Jesus must have studied the Scriptures in the synagogue at Nazareth, that in his understanding, as a child of man, he might know his Father's will about every minute thing in his earthly life. He "grew in wisdom and in stature." What wisdom? Was it not in the Word of his Father, in which the doctors at Jerusalem found him so well read as a boy of twelve years old, that they were "astonished at his understanding and answers." May he not have recognized his birth, his being carried down into Egypt, his dwelling at Nazareth, etc., as the fulfilment of the Scripture? The Word was his continuous link with and means of intercourse between him and his Father, for he "emptied himself," and, though always divine, led his human life, as we do ours, under the direction of the Word of God, enlightened by his Spirit. He was baptized, as he himself said, to John the Baptist, "to fulfil all righteousness." He met the temptations of Satan, not by any divine power which he possessed from the beginning, but with the same weapon which he has given to us all. "It is written" was enough for him, and it is enough for us, to repel all the fiery darts of the wicked one. He changed his dwelling place, not from choice or for the sake of convenience, but "that it

Might be Fulfilled

which was spoken by Esaias the prophet." He cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick for the very same purpose: "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying: Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." He saw in the rejection of his ministry the fulfilment of Isaiah 6:9, and was not astonished nor discouraged by the hardened hearts and dull ears he met with. He knew that his death would do what his life alone could not. He understood Isaiah 53, and again and again broached the subject of his coming sufferings, death, and resurrection to his disciples, but they were not ready for it, and he must hide in his heart what he knew was coming, until the Holy Spirit should take possession of them and then they should understand. He knew that all which was written of him must come to pass.

Again and again, in his teaching, he sought to bring his hearers in contact with the Word. When the priests were offended because the children cried Hosanna, he said:

"Have ye not Read:

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" He had just before cleansed the temple from the buyers and sellers, giving, as his authority for so doing: "It is written: My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." When the Sadducees came to him with the question of a woman who should marry seven brothers in succession, he met them with the Scripture: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." To many of us might he not say the same? How can those who are ignorant of the Scripture know the power of God? Are we beginning to recognize that the Scripture, which formed the life and the ministry of our Lord, is meant to fill a much larger place in our lives than it ever yet has done, if we, like Paul, see it to be our vocation "to fulfil the Word of God."

* The International Lesson for March 25th is either Psalm 139 or the Chapter's Lesson, Golden Text, Matt. 23:32 or the Resurrection of Christ, Mark 16:7, Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15:20.

Jesus was prepared for all that should come upon him by the study of the Word. He knew his disciples would forsake him and flee. He had read it in Zech. 13:7, and so he did not lose patience with them. He had kept step with his Father, all through his life, wakened morning by morning to hear and to know his will, never doing anything till his hour was come. But the light on that which was beyond the agony in the garden, beyond the cross and the grave, broke upon him. And he knew that those into whose hands he was delivered could do no more than was written of him. But all that was written must be fulfilled. He could say to Pilate: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above." But all which was written had such weight with him, that when he hung upon the cross he knowing that all things were now accomplished that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, "I thirst." Not so much as two little words which were prophesied of him must remain unfulfilled. He could not die until his life's work in all its details was accomplished.

And we? God is visiting the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name, whose vocation it is to fulfil the New Testament in their lives, as Christ fulfilled the Old Testament in his life; who shall be the living word to this generation, as he was the Living Word when on earth, and as the risen One is the Living Word still; he has, in a way, left us in his place to occupy till he comes. It is our recognized and accepted vocation to fulfil in our lives all which is written of him? What about our conversion? Has it been a conversion, not only out of sin, but out of the world and out of self into Christ? Is it true that being in Christ we are new creations, old things have passed away and all things are become new, and all things are of God?" (II. Cor. 5:17, 18)? Thus it is written of us:

Are we Fulfilling it?

"They are not of the world even as I am of not of the world." Thus it is written of us: do we in our life and conversation illustrate this distinct declaration of our Lord's? He said of himself: "No man hath ascended into heaven save he which came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven. He was in heaven while he was yet on earth." It is written of us: "Our citizenship is in heaven from whence we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able to subject all things unto himself." And this because he who died for us has raised us up together with Christ, and made us sit together with Christ in heavenly places in Jesus. Is this true? Is it a fact that we are actually, and not ideally, citizens of heaven? Is it real, and not only an empty aspiration, that we look for, wait for, prepare for, a Saviour who is coming, and that we really expect him to transform our bodies into the likeness of his glorified body? If this is really so, how is it possible to have our hearts set on any other thing down here than the accomplishment of the will of God! If this is real, it will also be accomplished in us: "As he is, so are we in this world."

But do we see the dignity of our calling? There is one name which is only given to our Lord after the marriage of the Lamb. When he has his bride with him; his Name is called:

"The Word of God."

(Rev. 19:13.) "The Word" from the beginning; now "The Word of God." Did Paul see something of this from afar when he understood that his stewardship was to fulfil, accomplish, fill up to its full measure, the Word of God? When our Lord in his last great prayer, speaks to his Father about those whom that Father had given him, he

says, "I have given them thy Word; it was the choicest gift he could give; it was a kind of betrothal gift. In all his life on earth nothing had been to him like the Word; it was spirit and life to him as his words are to us.

But do we really follow our Master in searching the Word that we may discover what he wills about our habits of life, about our Christian work, about our family life, about the occupation of our time, about our words and thoughts? Do we know when the Word of God speaks of us? When it distinguishes between different classes, do we know which we belong to? Have we found our place in the word as our Master found his? Do we know how much or how little we can claim or possess here, so that the loss of our property, our earthly hopes, our reputation with men, our opinions, our friends, etc., ceases to be a grief to us; we have found in the Word that only such as forsake all that they have can be Christ's disciples; we accept discipleship on these terms to fulfil the Word of God.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



HIS day we celebrate the resurrection of Christ from the dead. The New Testament writers deal with the subject not as a doctrine but as a fact. They perceive

ed that in rising from the dead, Christ had proved himself to be the Son of God. They built the superstructure of Christianity on the fact. On a previous occasion we presented the evidence of the historical truth of Christ's resurrection, showing that in the face of the hostility of the Jews and the Romans, fraud could not have been practised. Paul, writing about twenty-five years after the event, does not argue about it, but appeals to the five hundred persons who had actually seen Christ after his resurrection, the greater part of whom, he said, were still alive. The importance of emphasizing the fact cannot be exaggerated, for the truth of historical Christianity has never been assailed more bitterly in any age of the world than in this. The children in our schools should not be left with any doubts on the subject, but should be thoroughly convinced, so that when in future years they meet sceptics, they may be prepared for the objection that will be raised. There is, however, another and a practical view of the resurrection which should be presented. Christ should live in the world to-day in the spirit of his people. Every Christian boy and girl may make the resurrection of Christ a potent fact by doing, as far as possible, what Christ would have done. Thus, Christ will live again, not in body, but, as he wished to live, in spirit, when those who love him carry on his work, helping the poor, visiting the sick and the bereaved, cheering the disconsolate, and ministering to all who are in need. "Christ is dead." "Oh no," one who is thus helped may say, "he is not dead, I have seen him; he came to me in the person of one of his followers." We are not concerned about the physical appearance of Christ, the mere bodily presence. It is his spirit, his love, his sweet compassion that have touched the world's heart. In these he rises again in every act of love that is done for his sake. Thus may the world realize that Christ is risen indeed.

When the Sabbath was past. The three women had doubtless observed that Sabbath, but it is not likely that they ever observed another. A brighter and better day was to be hallowed through all time by the followers of Christ. The Jew clung and still clings to the Sabbath as the day of rest; but that morning, when the women came to that rock-hewn tomb at sunrise, a new era dawned for every lover of the Master. He ceased to celebrate the day of creative

rest, and celebrated the day of greater portance to him when the seal was set to work of redemption. No longer did he one day of the week to rest, but filled day, which was rescued from world and occupations, with spiritual activity the Lord's service. The Sabbath was and the Lord's Day took its place. A motive prompted the observance and perfunctory obedience to law was superseded. The Lord's Day thus becomes a day and more delightful day than the Sabbath ever was, because the Christian feels in keeping it holy he is honoring his Lord. The conscientious observance of the day the subject of many anecdotes. Of these is the following: An Englishman was having some repairs made to one of his palaces. Every day the king came to the progress of the work and watch the workmen. One Monday morning he there as usual, and missing one of the whose activity had attracted his attention inquired where he was. He was at first answered evasively by the workmen; at however, they said that not being able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night they had returned to finish it on Sunday morning, and that as this man had refused to accompany them, he had dismissed from his employment. "Send back immediately," said the king. "The man who refuses to work on the Lord's Day is the man for me."

The stone was rolled away. The Evangelist says it was a very great stone. Probably it was like a mill-stone, and three women thought that their own strength would not be sufficient to roll it from before the opening. But the stone had already been rolled away and the stone had gone forth. The same principle which moved that stone can open all graves. One who doubted the existence of power lies buried in the Garden Churchyard of the city of Hanover. She left instructions that her tomb should be covered with heavy granite slabs which should be strongly bound together with iron clamps and over all should be a stone bearing inscription to the effect that the tomb was secured for all eternity, and should not be opened. But the monument which was erected in 1782 is now in ruins. A beetle must have fallen into the soil beneath the stones, for in a short time a tiny insect appeared between them which grew larger and larger. The stones and clamps could not resist the pressure of the tree which constantly demanding room for its growth and they fell apart. The beech went growing, and the monument lies scattered at its foot. So will all devices to oppose God's will fail, and his word declaring that the dead shall come from the graves judgment shall be fulfilled.

There shall ye see him. An Indian legend recorded by Mr. Schoolcraft to the effect that a young Indian warrior was overwhelmed with grief because his beautiful young wife was dead. He forsook the council and chase and spent his time mourning over her grave. One day a white haired old man came to him leave the grave and, if he so loved his wife, seek her in the land of souls. The man told him in which direction it lay and the Indian set out. For some distance the land was familiar to him, but by and by he came to the brow of a hill from which he could see but little as there was a haze over the prospect. But what little he could see he chanted him. Where he stood was wintry but before him it seemed to be spring. Passing through a lodge which was the entrance to the country, he was bidden lay down his club and bow and arrows and go to sleep. He obeyed and found himself passing mysteriously over an enchanted land. He was not walking but apparently floating over it as if with his body. He came to a lake and there a canoe was his lost bride. He embraced her and floated beside her on the bosom of the lake. Gladly would he have remained with her perpetually, but she said, "Not yet." She took him to the mother of life, who told him that work remained for him to do in the world. His wife would love him better and be prouder of him if he left her and went back to do his duty. This interview had been granted him that he might gain strength and courage for his duty. When that was done he would be welcome and he would find his bride waiting for him in the canoe and would never have to leave her again. He obeyed, and as he returned to the lodge he saw himself still sleeping there, and he entered again to his body and went back to his tribe comforted and invigorated.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

GIBRALTAR'S AERIAL ROAD.

ONE of the most interesting aerial railroads in Europe is that which has just been completed at Gibraltar, a picture of which appears on this page. The English have been adding to the means of defence ever since they secured possession of this fortress nearly two hundred years ago and this railway is the latest, and one of the most important, additions. The top of the crag, which stands like a giant sentinel at the Western end of the Mediterranean, rears its head fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Spaniards many centuries ago used it for a signal station and called it El Hacho, which means, a torch. Hitherto, the only way to reach the summit from the town, has been by a tortuous and circuitous path up the face of the cliff. But easy and quick communication with the signal station was long ago seen to be essential to a vigorous defence, in the event of an attack on the precious fortress. The problem of constructing such a means of communication was, however, not easy to solve. Success appears now to have been attained. Two cables are stretched, without support, from the north end of the town to the side of the cliff, a distance of nine hundred feet. Thence they are carried to the summit, being supported by huge trestles. Two cars are attached to the cables and connected by strong hawsers with a powerful horizontal engine, near the town anchorage of the cables. One is pulled up and the other is drawn down simultaneously. The journey is made in five minutes. To the observer from the ground the passage seems to be full of peril, but as a matter of fact, it is perfectly safe. A simple mechanical device makes it impossible for the cars to overturn and, as the cables are capable of resisting a strain of seventy-two tons, there is no danger of their breaking. The circuitous zigzag road up the cliff is likely to be little used in future. It may be that some sceptical, or nervous people, will refuse to trust their lives to the aerial road, but no one will have much respect for their intelligence. They will be few in number—not nearly so many as those who, desiring to climb heavenward, are not to be convinced by preachers and Christian workers that they can do so by trusting themselves to Christ, but insist on taking their own course of self reformation and good works. (Rom. 4:5)

A Surgeon's Mistake.

A curious blunder was made recently in Boston, Mass. It occurred in the vaccination station which was opened two or three months ago in the offices which were formerly occupied by the official who issues licenses to peddlers. One morning there was a large number of persons waiting their turn to be vaccinated. The surgeons passed quickly from one applicant to another doing their work promptly. In the crowd was a Hebrew apparently not long arrived from Russia. He watched the proceedings with some surprise and curiosity, such as a foreigner might reasonably show. After a short time the surgeon came to him and rather unceremoniously bade him take off his coat and roll up his shirt-sleeve. The Jew did not seem to understand and the surgeon thinking he did not know English showed him what to do. The arm bared, the surgeon performed the operation and entered the man's name in his book. As the Jew put his coat on, he said, "I can peddle milk now, ain't it?" Then the surgeon perceived the mistake. "Did you want a milk license, my man?" he asked. The Jew nodded. Then he was directed where to go for his license and informed that the operation to which he had submitted was of no service to him for the purpose he had in view. He had been directed to the building by some one who was not aware that the office for issuing licenses had been moved to another building. Doubtless the Jew felt aggrieved and he would feel worse afterward when the virus began to take effect. Had he been more familiar with our customs he would have been aware that the granting of a license depended on his character and not on his submitting to an operation. Persons

who ought to know better often make a similar mistake as to religion. They imagine that being baptized, or joining a church, secures their salvation and are not concerned about their character. (Gal. 6:15.)

A Believer in Planchette.

A farmer on Long Island who does not like to spend his money or take much trouble was recently induced to do both in the hope of acquiring a treasure. He sank a well in his cellar, which in his part of the country is usually an easy business. But contrary to the experience of his neighbors, he encountered an obstacle before reaching the water-bearing stratum. When the pipes had reached a considerable distance down they struck something very hard. Heavy driving, however, finally overcame the difficulty and water was secured. But it was found that the pipes had not penetrated the obstacle, but had been deflected and gone down by its side. The



NEW AERIAL RAILROAD TO THE SIGNAL STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CLIFF AT GIBRALTAR.

farmer became curious about this obstacle, as all along the district there are old legends of buried treasure. Finally he decided to consult planchette, the little heart-shaped board running on wheels, which superstitious people believe is used by the spirits to reveal secrets. From planchette he received a message, deciphered in the usual way, purporting to come from his dead brother. It informed him that the obstacle was a treasure chest and advised him to dig it up. The farmer sent for a gang of Italians and set them to the work of excavating. It was a long job, but at last they reached the obstacle, and found that it was not a treasure chest, but a pocket of hard gravel. Never again is that farmer likely to heed planchette, or seek buried treasure on its advice. It may be hoped, however, that his experience will not lead him to distrust communications which really did come from heaven. One of these tells him of that "kingdom of God which is like treasure hid in a field." (Matt. 13:44.)

The Enemy in Stone.

A scientific journal commends to builders the use of the microscope, which, it says, may save them annoyance as well as loss. It is often found that a block of stone after it has been put in place in a building is disfigured by a black stain which gradually becomes larger and after some time becomes a centre of disintegration of the stone. If the stone had been examined under the microscope, it would have been noticed that a small crystal of pyrites was imbedded on the surface of the stone at the spot where the stain afterward appeared. The crystals are too small to be seen by the naked eye, but are easily detected by the microscope. These minute crystals are considered the

most destructive enemies of the quarryman and constructor, as they not only lead to permanent disfigurement, but cause the stone to decompose. It is consequently important to find out before placing a stone in a conspicuous part of a building, whether any pyrites were on its surface. There is infinitely greater cause for examination of the living stones who are to be parts of Christ's temple. There should not only be self-examination, but the prayer of the Psalmist for God's scrutiny should be offered. (Ps. 129:23, 24.)

The Discovery of a Name.

The almost delirious joy of a patient in the Grady Hospital of Atlanta, Ga., caused some excitement among the physicians and patients a few days ago. The man had been three weeks in the hospital. He was found lying unconscious in a lonely road in the outskirts of the city, where he had evidently been beaten and robbed. The most serious of his injuries was one at the back of his head, which appeared to have been caused by a heavy blow from a club. The doctors at first had little hope of saving his life, but all they could do for him was done and the man slowly crawled back to life. But his memory was completely gone. He could not remember his own name nor where he lived. In other respects he was rational and answered the questions of doctors and nurses as to his condition and the events of

her right course. He perceived that the compass must be wrong. He therefore sent the quartermaster to call the captain. After the quartermaster went on his errand the needle quivered for a moment and then swung around in the right direction. In a short time the quartermaster returned with the captain, and as the former approached the compass, the needle was again deflected. The captain being informed of the strange phenomenon, questioned the quartermaster, and insisted on knowing what he had about him that could affect the compass. At last the man said that he was wearing an electric belt. This explained the perturbation and the mystery was solved. The inconsistencies in the course of some professing Christians often have an analogous cause. A defect in early training, the existence of some strong propensity or some cherished secret sin perverts the conscience and leads them to call evil good. (Acts 26:9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Our Readers will be Glad to Learn that Dr. Talmage will remain at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On Sunday, March 4, he announced that, yielding to the urgent appeals of his officers and members of his church and to the counsels of other influential friends, he had consented to withdraw his resignation and would continue to labor among his attached people. He had been deeply touched by the evidences of affection which had been evoked by the prospect of separation at the close of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate. A spontaneous outburst of applause, rarely heard in a place of worship on the Lord's Day, showed how welcome the announcement was to the vast audience.

The Methodist Protestant Church at Pinston, Pa., has received large accessions of membership through God's blessing on the labors of Mrs. W. E. Blandy of Brooklyn, N.Y. Other churches in the town have also received additions of members who ascribe their conversion to impressions received at the meetings.

Rev. E. W. Oakes has been holding meetings at Charlotte, N. C. An article on his preaching and work from the pen of Rev. R. T. Pritchard, D.D., appears in the local press expressing in strong terms the writer's appreciation of his labors and the benefit that is resulting from them to his congregation.

Rev. Solomon L. Ginsburg, Writing on Jan. 24, from Campos, Brazil, says: "Last Saturday I returned from Niteroy, where I was kept in prison nine days for preaching the Gospel. I had baptized four persons, and the police induced the police magistrate to prohibit my preaching."

Among the Audience at the Moody and Sankey meeting at Washington on Feb. 27, was Mrs. Cleveland, who was accompanied by Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Bissell. When Mr. Moody asked all to stand up who were not ashamed to confess Christ before the vast assemblage, it was gratifying to notice that all four ladies promptly arose in response.

The Daily Evangelistic Services in New York at Association Hall, Calvary Baptist Church, Mount Morris Baptist Church, Second Street M. E. Church, and several other places in the city have all been fruitful in conversions. Dr. Wharton, Rev. George C.

Needham, Dr. John Hall and other eminent preachers assisted Dr. A. C. Dixon in the noon meetings at Association Hall, beside preaching at the various churches in rotation in the evening. The meetings last week showed no decrease in attendance or interest.

Dr. H. Loomis, Writing from Japan, Tells a remarkable incident of the devotion of a Bible-seller. He says: "Mr. Yamashita suffered heavily in the recent flood. His home was destroyed and his private property nearly ruined. The poor fellow lost about everything he had; but like the real Christian hero that he is, as soon as he got his mother put in a safe place he rushed into relief work with our evangelist, Mr. Misunobu, without stopping to collect his own things together."

The American Bible Society at the recent meeting of its Board of Managers made grants of Bibles and Bible portions to the amount of \$2,674, which included Spanish Scriptures for distribution by the Society's colporteurs in Yucatan, of Zulu Testaments to the Mission of the American Board in South Africa, and of the Scriptures in Bengali to the Gaboon and Corisco Mission of the Presbyterian Board for West Africa. Funds to the amount of \$3,000 were also granted for work in Russia.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Meetings at Jamestown, N.Y., have led to a deep religious movement throughout the whole neighborhood. Large numbers of people have been coming in every day from the surrounding districts to attend them. The largest hall in the town has been thronged to overflowing. On Sunday, Feb. 18, over two hundred persons made profession of faith. On Tuesday, Feb. 20, ninety-one factories, stores and offices were closed by arrangement during the early part of the day, in order to afford an opportunity for all to attend the services.

We deeply regret to hear of the death of Mr. Carl W. Knudsen of South Norwalk, Conn., which occurred on Feb. 26. Mr. Knudsen was widely known by his literary work, but still more for his Christian labor and his extensive philanthropy. His uniform kindness, loving disposition and purity of life endeared him to a large circle of friends, who now with his devoted widow mourn his irreparable loss. Mr. Knudsen was a native of Denmark, but had been in this country since the year 1850. He was not connected with any denomination, but gave his best years to the propagation of the simple Gospel, and built a chapel in Norwalk where all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ were cordially welcomed regardless of creed. Mr. Knudsen was a warm friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and used it extensively in his work.

A Disturbed Compass.

A naval officer recently back from a long cruise relates a remarkable experience. He says that one morning it was discovered that the ship was a long way out of her course. The quartermaster was questioned, but he insisted that he had accurately followed his instructions. The captain lectured him sharply and impressed upon all the men the need of greater care. The next night there was a similar deviation. The officers became alarmed, and their perplexity increased. On the third night the course was given out as usual, but the captain waking up in the night was horrified by seeing that the ship was evidently out of her course again. He rushed on deck, almost overturning the quartermaster at the wheel, and there saw to his surprise that the compass indicated that the ship was on

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

STONES FLUNG FROM GLASS HOUSES.

Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: John 8: 7, "He that is without sin among you; let him first cast a stone at her."

THE Scribes and Pharisees, offended by many exhibitions of our Lord's compassion for degraded and despised classes of society, seized an adulterous woman, dragged her into his presence, and said, "Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?" This they did to tempt him into saying something for which they could bring a charge against him before the Sanhedrim. Knowing what manner of men they were, looking down into their hearts, and back over their lives, he replied, "He that is without sin among you; let him first cast a stone at her." These words pricked their consciences, and constrained them to sit in judgment upon themselves. Self-condemned, with sealed lips and drooping heads, they retired from his presence.

If we will look at ourselves, and at society, in the light of the moral law of God, as interpreted by Jesus Christ, we shall find that the criminal classes include millions of people, besides those whose conduct is condemned by human law and reprobated by public sentiment. In taking such a view of ourselves, we shall discover that we are chargeable before God with some of the very offenses, for which others have been punished by the State, and loaded with the curses of society. Such a discovery would humble our hearts, open our eyes to our own need of God's forgiving and cleansing grace, and also soften our feelings toward those who are not more guilty than we, but less fortunate. Christ teaches that adulteries, thefts, and murders, have their genesis in the hearts of men. Whoever harbors the desire to do these things, is already guilty of them. Apply this test, and you will see how few of us could look God in the face, and say, "I am innocent."

Developed Depravity.

The naturally depraved heart is the source of every social evil; but natural depravity is stimulated and developed by a man's environment. Unless a new principle of life is implanted in him by the spirit and truth of God, and the bad influences, which he must of necessity encounter, are neutralized by wholesome influences, the evil that is in him will show itself in open transgression, and he will go from vice to vice, and crime to crime, until he is hopelessly wrecked. Look at that loathsome outcast from society—that old vulture, fragrant with the sickening stench of his last feast of filth. He was not always a vulture. His childhood and youth were as clean, as fair, and as full of promise as ours. He is the victim of parental neglect, and of evil thoughts and passions that were put into his mind and heart before he left the parental root. He is like the sun rising through the gates of morning, undimmed by any veil of mist gilding all the mountain tops, and giving promise of a glorious day, and then hiding his visage behind the foulest clouds, to the end of his journey. I am not mad, but speak the words of soberness and truth when I say, that many of our homes are schools of vice and crime. The influences which fill them and surround them, train the children to false conceptions of life, and feed their imaginations with pictures that breed a longing for unlawful and ruinous gratifications.

Mischief in the Home.

Who can doubt the evil effects of the greater part of the literature which comes into the average American home? Fathers and mothers read, and permit their children to read books, in which sensuality is invested with a drapery that is fascinating and bewitching to the last degree. Go to these parents, and say to them, "Do you desire your sons and daughters to live such lives as are portrayed in the romances which you encourage them to read?" and they indignantly answer, "No." Here is an incon-

sistency that is criminal, because it is deliberate, willful, and deprives the parent of all power to lead his children in the ways of truth and righteousness. If it be true that every home influence works its way into the heart of childhood, and then works itself out again, in the subsequent development of character, what can be expected of persons whose childhood and youth were spent in a home, where the intellectual diet consisted chiefly of novels, in which religion and morality are sneered at, and the heroes and heroines are men and women, who illustrate their lack of virtue and faith in God, by living only for sensuous and evanescent pleasures.

Evil in Art.

We all know the fondness of children for pictures and statuary; and we know also, that art has much to do with the formation of a child's taste, and in giving moral tone and color to his mind. The sentiment of Robert Ingersoll, borrowed from the infidel sensualists of Europe, that in criticizing art, all ethical principles must be ignored, is rapidly becoming a dominant sentiment in thousands of American homes. There are immoral books, and there are immoral pictures; and the latter are often more hurtful to character than the former. The display of undraped human figures on canvas, is disgusting to refinement and virtue and sensibility, and to make our children familiar with such indecency, is to corrupt their minds and degrade their lives. If you want to see the effects of eliminating ethical principles both from art and literature, go to France. Go to Paris, which is aptly called "the Corinth of Modern Europe." There you will find a people, who, though polite, intelligent, witty and brilliant, have no faith in God and moral government—a people whose only creed is social libertinism, and whose supreme aim seems to be, to find amusement. While I concede that there are numerous exceptions to the rule among them, and that there are no higher illustrations of Christian faith and virtue than can be found even in the very heart of Paris, I confidently and unhesitatingly affirm that it is the most immoral city in the civilized world. These are the people who rule

The World of Fashion;

these are the people whom our society circles allow to teach them home-decoration, and what to read, and how to amuse themselves; these are the people who teach American women how to dress, and how to dance; these are the people who furnish ballet-girls for our operas, and all the obscene features of our theatrical entertainments. These are generally the people from whom we get such dramas as "Camille," whose chief attraction is its refined sensualism. Following the example of such a people, filling out homes and flooding society with influences that poison the minds and corrupt the hearts of the young, we should not wonder at the rapid growth of vice and crime in our country.

In view of these things, we have no right to look with scorn and contempt upon those who fall, and wallow in mire and filth, because it was our example that hurried them to ruin, and under God's law, we are as guilty as they. If Christ were on earth to-day, he would stand up in these society circles, where Parisian ideas, sentiments and fashions prevail, and pointing to some house of shame, he would say, "He that is without sin; let him cast a stone at it." It humiliates me to know that there are men and women in our country, who are too refined, clean, and prudish, to countenance the erection of a home for the reformation of harlots, but whose sensibilities are not at all disturbed by the sentiments and customs which promote the growth of harlotry, and all its attendant abominations.

If those Pharisees had gone out and

caught a thief, and brought him to Jesus, saying, "Master, here is one whom we caught in the act of taking another man's property," I think the Master would have made the same reply that he gave them in the case of the unclean woman: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at him." If we apply the law, "Thou shalt not steal," as interpreted by Christ and his apostles, how few men among us could honestly say, "I have never violated that commandment." When Paul exhorts the Romans to be honest in the sight of God and men, he is simply interpreting and enforcing the old law, which said, "Thou shalt not steal." In the New Testament, honest means honorable, but in the ethical code of modern commerce, it means simply conformity to the letter of a bargain. To be honest in the truest and noblest sense, is to be true to the largest spirit of social duty. The honest man considers an unwritten obligation just as sacred and binding as one that is written, signed, sealed, and delivered. He is just as careful to pay a debt of ten cents as one of a thousand dollars.

Dishonest Bargains.

I have a tract of land, on which my neighbor discovers a rich vein of gold. Knowing me to be ignorant of the real value of the property, he makes me an offer for it, which I accept. For a thousand dollars he gets from me something which he knows is worth a hundred thousand dollars. In this transaction, while he violates no law of the state, he transgresses the divine code, which says, "Thou shalt not steal." "Provide things honest." Under the laws of the state he is not chargeable with theft, but according to the law of God as understood and accepted by honest men, he is no less a thief than the man who runs away with the contents of a bank-vault.

A man makes a piece of counterfeit money, and buys something with it; or, he signs the name of some merchant to a commercial note, which he afterwards gets discounted in a bank. Is that man a thief? Yes. What is it that makes him a thief in the eyes of the law? It is the one simple fact, that he got another man's property without paying for it. Apply the same principle to other transactions, and you will convict thousands of men whom no court has ever indicted. According to this principle, every gambler is a thief. Every seller of fraudulent goods, is a thief. Every corporation that gives a fictitious value to its stock, is a combination of thieves. And the great commercial wreckers, who combine their capital to depress markets, and to get other men's property for half its value, are monumental thieves. Every form of

Deception

by which men get the advantage of each other in business, is theft. The biggest, most persistent, remorseless, and incurable thieves, are not in the convict-camp, but in mansions, where they fare sumptuously every day. If all the thieves were put into the chain-gang to-morrow, it would make gaps in the business world too fearful to contemplate. It would almost wipe out Wall Street; it would annihilate the whiskey-rings; it would destroy half of the manufacturing, and shut up two-thirds of the brokerage offices; it would suspend half of the city water-works, cancel a majority of street-paving contracts, and ruin many men in the plumbing business. It would thin the ranks of the legal and the medical fraternities, and so reduce the representation in Congress that no quorum could be obtained until after the next election.

In view of these facts, when we look upon a young man convicted of embezzlement or forgery, and about to be sent away to a felon's prison, we cannot afford to spurn him and anathematize him, because his crime is the product of corrupting influences which pervade the whole commercial world, and for which every one of us is in some degree responsible. Tried by

God's Standard

of honesty, that young man is not more a criminal than thousands, who stand high commercially and socially. Let him among you who never planned anything crooked in his business, or winked at crookedness in others, and who is no way responsible for the spirit of dishonesty in the world of trade, step forward, and hurl the first anathema at that young man, who stands before the tribunal of human justice convicted of theft.

I stand aghast to-day, not as I look on a criminal like that, but as I look upon the great army of colossal thieves, who walk abroad unwhipped of justice, and whose

example and influence have led thousands of people to think, that dishonesty is disreputable and despicable, only when it is punished by the State. It is the conduct of these imperial rogues, that is spreading and strengthening the doctrine of the Anarchists, that "all property is theft," and that is hastening a revolution which will make the bloodiest picture in the book of time.

If that adulterous woman had been a murderer, Christ would have said just what he did say to those Pharisees—"He that is without sin among you; let him first cast a stone at her." Why would he have said it? Because he looked into their hearts, and saw that the spirit of murder was there. That spirit made them murderers, under the law of God, long before they laid wicked hands upon him, and crucified him between two thieves. The act of taking a human life, is not, in every instance, murder. It is what is in the heart,

The Motive of the Slayer,

that gives character to his deed. If then we take Christ's interpretation of the law, which says, "Thou shalt do no murder," and in the light of it, look into our own hearts, we shall have grave doubts of our own innocence, and regard with less scorn, and more compassion, the man who is about to be executed for murder.

War, may be a just and sacred necessity, in some instances. Christianity does not annul the right of self-defense. But war inspired by revenge, or the lust of conquest and spoils, is murder. Every man who falls in battle, defending his home and country against an unrighteous invasion, is a murdered man; and the crime of taking his life, belongs to all who either joined or encouraged the invasion.

Look, too, at the victims of the polished deviltries of men, who are still allowed to move in what are called, "the highest circles of society." The world is dotted all over with the graves of deceived women—women who were robbed of virtue and deserted, and who, in the madness of their despair, sought refuge in the arms of death. The destroyers of these women are murderers, and yet, they are neither punished by the State, nor criticised by people who claim to be the very cream of our social life.

The Victims of Avarice.

Look also at the human lives that are sacrificed by men to gratify their greed of gold. Go into a great factory, the property of a millionaire, who revels in luxury, and you will find frail women and delicate children, standing all the day long in a room whose atmosphere is laden with poisonous impurities, and patiently, but painfully, toiling for wages, that are barely sufficient to prevent starvation. In God's record-book, the name for such cruelty and inhumanity, is murder.

I would not fail to mention that class of men and women to be found in every community, whose characteristic wickedness is slander. Their purpose is to elevate themselves on the ruin of others. Where they are too cowardly for open assault, they secretly beslime and blacken the reputations of their political or commercial or social competitors. When you destroy the good name of a good man, you destroy him; and such destruction is murder.

If there be one among you, in the light of the principles and facts presented in this discussion, feels that he is absolutely innocent of the sins which I have named, he, and only he, can afford to cast stones at those who have stumbled and fallen in the race of life. Seeing how much of

The Essence of Sin

and crime there is in our own hearts and lives; seeing how we have tolerated and even honored and exalted men, who, according to divine law, are as guilty as those upon whom the State has laid its iron hand and dragged to the bar of justice; and knowing how feebly we have opposed the agencies and influences which corrupt the minds and lives of men, and hurry them to disgrace and ruin, what ought to be our spirit and attitude towards those who have been branded as criminals and outcasts? What treatment of them does Christianity require of us? And what do the interests of society and the State demand? These are very practical questions, because the class referred to is large very large, and rapidly increasing. I am sure that Christianity does not require us to apologize for their offenses, or to shield them from punishment by the State. It would be hurtful to them, and a wrong to society, to persuade them that they do not deserve punishment. There is a sickly sentimentalism, in regard to crime

all criminals, that is foreign to true religion as it is to common sense. The Author of Christianity is a God of law. He upholds the majesty of his own government, and promotes the welfare of his creatures throughout the universe, by the rigid enforcement of law. God hates sin, and all sin is punished, either in the sinner, or in his divine Substitute. The dignity and stability of the State, and the peace and security of its subjects, require the punishment of those who violate its laws.

But while we uphold the State, our attitude toward those who have fallen into the disgrace of vice and crime, should be one of sympathy and helpfulness. A sense of our own sinfulness, and the consciousness that we are in a large degree responsible for their downfall, should remove from us every vestige of Phariseism. We should remember, too, that though wretched, degraded and disgraced, they are still human beings, still our fellow-men, still children of the same God to whom we look up, and say, "Our Father who art in heaven." The same Christ who died for us, shed his blood for them; the same mercy through which we look for salvation from the wrath to come, can save them; and the same divine Spirit that made us new creatures, is able to transform them into lovers of truth, virtue, and God.

We should go to these poor creatures, who are fettered by sin and immersed in doom, and show them

The Helpful Side
The divine nature, should tell them that God, in Christ, is a tender and pitying Father, able and willing to save unto the uttermost, and that he has a royal welcome for every prodigal who will come home. We should tell them the compassionate and mighty Saviour, who snatched the dying thief from the jaws of hell, and opened the gates of Paradise to his departing spirit, is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever; and that he who forgave the despised harlot, and made her one of the truest and noblest of women, will forgive them, and exalt them to usefulness, and honor, and happiness, if they will cast themselves on his mercy and power.

There is no more appropriate and hopeful missionary field, for the churches of Jesus Christ, than the jail and the convict-camp. Our obvious neglect of this department of Christian beneficence, is a disgrace which has furnished current infidelity with one of its most successful weapons. There are ex-convicts in this community, who when released from prison, were like the discharged galley-slave in Victor Hugo's "Misérables." Every door was closed against them. No human voice uttered a note of cheer or sympathy. But after awhile, pitying eyes were turned toward them. God gave them friends true and loyal as the old Bishop in Victor Hugo's story—friends through whom they have regained the respect, confidence, and happiness, which they had forfeited by their misdeeds. Upon these

Friends of the Friendless,
God's richest blessings will surely descend. They will be the special objects of his loving and guiding care. His angels will sing along their pathway, and his rod and staff will comfort them in the valley and shadow of death.

When those two notorious young criminals have served out the term of imprisonment and labor to which they were recently sentenced by the court, what will the Christian people of Atlanta do for them? Will they treat them with Pharisaic scorn? Will they say to them, "You are hopelessly inhuman, and shall not return to us." God forbid!

Let us, in the spirit of him who on the Cross prayed for the mob that murdered him, and who bore a penitent thief upon his breast through the gates of Paradise, say to these young men, when they emerge from bondage, "Young men, come back, come back. As God is merciful to us, we will be merciful to you. Come back, and begin earnestly and hopefully to regain our lost estate, and we will be to you friends and brothers.

That is the charity of our Gospel. Charity hopeth all things; endureth all things; and never faileth. Charity, the queen of virtues, is eternal. It is like the cathedral tower, which rises so high above foundation, and wall, and parapet, that the huge razed cross upon its summit, shines like a star of evening, when all beneath it is hemmed by the deepening shadows of approaching night.

OUR SERVICE of SONG

Take my Voice and let me Sing ever only for my King

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Thy Word is a Lamp.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet."—Ps. 119: 105.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, Thy word is a
2. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, And, trust-ing in
3. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, And O, when Thy

light to my way; It shines in my soul like a star by night, And
Thee as my all, What-ev-er of e-vil may cross my path, I
glo-ry I see, For all the rich blessings its truth has brought, The

com-forts and cheers me by day. } O won-der-ful, won-der-ful
nev-er, no, nev-er can fall. Thee.

word, My treas-ure, my hope, and my stay; Each prom-ise re-

cord-ed shall stand as now, When time and the world pass a-way.

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LIFE'S VOYAGE.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

WE are sailing o'er an ocean,
Braving tempest more and more;
And we hear the wild commotion
Sounding on the distant shore.

Turn, O sinner! why this sorrow?
When he gave his life for you;
Put not off until to-morrow,
What the Saviour bids you do.

Through life's voyage lurking danger
Fills our pathway here on earth;
But we see the lowly manger,
Where the Saviour had his birth.

Crystal fountains never ceasing,
Burst for those who love the Lord;
And they'll ever keep increasing,
If we bide his gracious Word.

Then we'll anchor sure and steadfast,
If through faith we hold the chart;
Safely entering port at last,
Where the ransomed never part!

Manistique, Mich. F. A. ROGERS.

TRUST.

WHAT fills the soul with perfect peace?
What breathes a tranquil joy?
What makes doubt's weary troubles
cease?

The tongue with praise employ?
What gives us grace to follow on
In paths the saints have trod?
Naught but the love of Christ the Son,
With steadfast trust in God.

What lightens up the darkest heart,
As with the sun's bright beam,
And life and love within upstart,
Lit by the yawning gleam?

What gives us grace to follow on,
The heavenward path to plod?
Naught but the love of Christ the Son,
With earnest trust in God.

O troubled soul! would you have balm,
Your sin's deep wound to cure?
In Christ there is a heavenly calm,
And healing ever sure,

Then pray for grace to follow on
The path that he has trod,
Pray for deep love to Christ the Son,
And perfect trust in God. E. E. Williamson.

THE SEVENTH TRUMPET.

The Mystery—The Two Women—The Mystic Babylon and its Doom.

BY REV. JOHN STORIE.

(Concluded from page 153.)
THE seven mountains on which the woman sitteth are mortal. They are only men. "They are seven kings," (ver. 10.) Five had already at the time of this vision, lived and fallen. The sixth was then alive and reigning (17: 9, 10.) He too is now fallen. The seventh has not come; nor has he risen yet. The six have been already named—Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Antiochus, Caligula, Nero, Domitian. But this woman lives on; and when the last, the Seventh Head, is risen, she will rule him also for a time; and, in the first stages of his advance, excite and madden him with the power of her sorceries and with the cup of her fornication.

Again, we read that this woman "sitteth upon the many waters" (ver. 1.) This too is symbolic; and is explained in ver. 15, "The waters which thou sawest where the woman sitteth are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." So immense is the spiritual sway this woman exerts. As the race of man has spread through the world, the life and spirit of the great Babylonian harlot has gone with it; the corrupt and corrupting mistress not of one nation, but of every tribe and tongue; seducing them from God; leading them to worship in his stead abominations and evil powers; ruling with her mystic spells their immortal nature; and even in these latest ages so perplexing the spiritual sense, so stimulating the pride of reason, and so intoxicating men with the passion of her cup, that there is a growing tendency, even in nominally Christian lands, to resist the Gospel.

The woman's condition: As seen by the Prophet in that proud seat, she is drunk; drunk with blood! "I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." She is then not only the mother of all the abominations that, in the name of religion, have defiled the earth; but the one Jezebel who has inspired and impelled persecution in all time. The deliberate determination to put down by fire and blood the pure worship of God began in that early day in Babylon; and, since then, in whatever land and in whatever period of the world's history there has been active persecution—whether among Jews, or Pagans, or Mohammedans, or nominal Christians—is she making her persecuting agents drunk with her own fierce and intoxicating passion.

In the very height of her pride and triumph, and by the hand of those who had sustained her with a devoted adhesion, she is now to fall. "The ten horns which thou sawest and the Beast, these shall hate her and make her desolate and naked; and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire." (Rev. 17: 16.) This her judgment is from God, but he uses them to execute it. "He has now put it into the heart of these kings to fulfil his will" in this woman's rejection, degradation and destruction, though they mean it not so.

What then moves them to this decided action? And why is it taken now? The course of events, it would seem, is this. These ten kings meet with the Man of Sin in the valley of Megiddo for consultation and decision. "They make one mind" with him. They agree to act together on one defined plan. First, with unanimous consent, they make him their head. "They give their power and strength to the Beast." They with one accord lay their crowns at his feet and proclaim him King of kings, the world's King." They proclaim his divinity. King of the earth, he is also to be its God; its one and only Deity." It is decreed with the unanimous consent of the ten kings. The Man of Sin is seated in the Temple: on its altar; on its throne. No man is to be permitted to live in this new generation who refuses to conform and to obey the mandates of the established power.

This done, the consecration and dedication of the Antichrist completed, the next inevitable act of these ten kings is to dethrone and despoil the Harlot. They are now animated by a hatred and contempt equal to that old infatuation. "They shall hate the Harlot, and make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and shall burn her with fire." These words are strong, but they express with striking effect the tremendous revolution which, by the united action of these ten Kings and the Beast, has, like a sudden earthquake, convulsed the religious aspect of the world.



RESURRECTION LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing March 5, 11. Timothy 2: 1-13.

THE idea of resurrection life lies at the basis of all spiritual growth. It has a two-fold aspect; one affecting the Christian himself and the other influencing the world. One who has died in Christ, who has so completely identified himself with his Lord that his flesh has been crucified with its affections and lusts, is in truth a new man, in a new resurrection life. His past is set far behind him and his connection with it is one of memory only. If any question of the supernatural origin of Christianity were mooted to such a man, he need look no farther than his own soul for the proof. There is no human power, no power in circumstances, that could work the change in him that has been worked. It must be of God. Certain studies and pursuits may awaken new kinds of enthusiasm and turn the intellectual life into new channels; new conditions of life, such as the sudden acquisition of fortune, may give new standards of taste and feeling, but they do not change the man. They do not make him feel different toward his fellows; they do not give him new motives or new ideals. The spiritual change does these. The man who has experienced it lives a new life. The things which were formerly his delight are now tasteless and insipid. His love goes out to every one. He strives after attainments which were formerly meaningless to him, and his hopes are centred on higher objects. The life of the animal, content with the sunshine and abundance of food, is not farther from him than his old life of fleshly pleasure. The man is born again, he has died to his past and is living a resurrection life.

The change within, has an outward manifestation. Resurrection life is recognized by the world. Explorers like Livingstone, philosophers like Newton, philanthropists like Peabody, shed their light far forward to succeeding generations. Their spirit is in their successors, who carry on their work. Their bodies die, but their spirit lives on in the men that follow them. Elisha inherits the spirit of Elijah, and works like wonders. So, in infinitely higher degree, is it with Christ's spirit. "The works that I do," Christ said, "shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." The life that he puts in his followers is a mighty force. It is ever finding new outlets and new spheres of operation. Christ's resurrection may be doubted by the sceptic, but he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that Christ's spirit is working in the world. He sees it everywhere, in the efforts to relieve suffering, in the kindness which goes to the rescue of affliction, in the condemnation of cruelty and oppression, in the ever growing hatred of selfishness. Christ rises anew in every generation; and his people show him in their lives. The savage wonders at the kindness of the missionary, at his loving disposition, and at his self-denial. It is Christ in the missionary, that he sees and admires and, though he knows him not, he is prepared, by what he sees, to recognize the Master in the servant. It is the resurrection life, Christ risen again in his people. So, in the daily life of the humble Christian, Christ may live in acts of helpfulness and mercy and magnanimity.

THE B. Y. P. U. PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

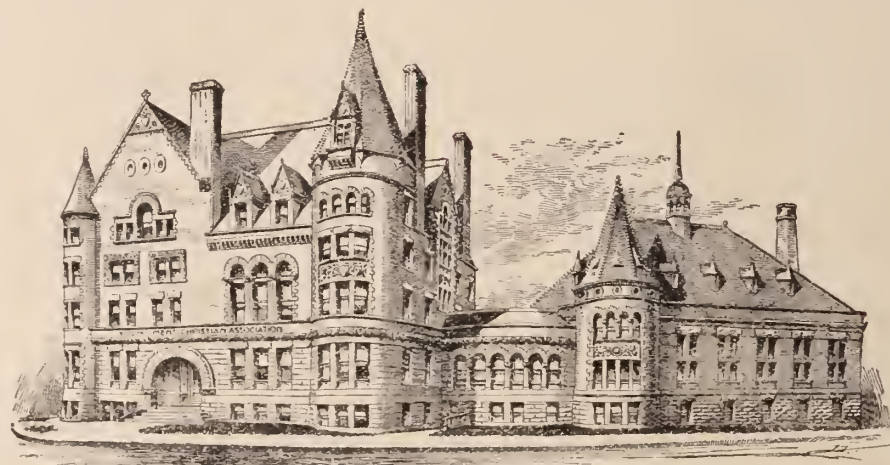
The warm welcome President Chapman is receiving from Baptist Young People's Unions on his Western tour indicates how firm a hold the movement has on the churches. Mr. Chapman has found the churches on the Pacific coast in no way less responsive than those nearer home. Mr. L. T. Bush of Oakland, Cal., writing to the "Standard" about the President's visit says: The First Baptist Church here has

been highly honored of late in the visit of our President. Mr. Chapman was the guest of the B. Y. P. U. of San Francisco and Alameda counties in their quarterly meeting. Knowing that Mr. Chapman was to be present the young people rallied in great numbers to greet their national president. His address was able, timely and very helpful to the large audience of young people present. Mr. Chapman's six weeks' trip through the Western field will have a great unifying and uplifting influence and will greatly strengthen our Baptist young people's movement, and our whole Baptist cause. Mr. Chapman is making hosts of friends on the coast. The Sunday preceding this Monday evening meeting in Oakland, Mr. Chapman gave a full day's service to the San Francisco churches speaking in the morning at the Emmanuel, in the afternoon at the Hamilton Square, and in the evening occupying Pastor Henry's pulpit in the First church. All these addresses were spoken of in terms of high praise by those who attended them. Monday forenoon the Ministers' Conference of Oakland and San Francisco and vicinity listened to an address from Mr. Chapman of very great excellence and profit. His

— A practical piece of advice which Leagues may find valuable in a delicate position in which tact is needed, is given by Mr. Charles H. McKeon in a symposium in "Zion's Herald." It refers to the difficulty of training inexperienced members to be leaders, the object being to prevent inexperience having a detrimental effect on the meetings. Mr. Keonon says: "Try this plan: Put the leadership of the meetings into the hands of four or five good leaders and one inexperienced but promising one. Drop one of the best leaders once in six months, putting another inexperienced one in his place. Then have two or three leaders to sit at the desk to help your least experienced when they lead. This plan, which has worked very successfully, provides for the training of new leaders without defeating the other and more important object of the meeting."

THE HARTFORD BUILDING.

Our friends of the Young Men's Christian Association of Hartford, Conn., are now rejoicing in entering on possession of their new building to which reference has already been made in these columns. The first impetus to the movement for the possession of a home of its own by the Association came six years ago, when the late Gen. Charles T. Hillyer, who during his life was a warm friend of the institution, bequeathed to it a magnificent site in the best part of the city. Gen. Hillyer was a shrewd buyer and the lot which cost him thirty thousand dollars was well worth the money. It lies on the corner of Pearl, Ford and Jewell streets, in the midst of a population from which most of the members came and where five lines of cars converge. On this lot the beautiful building, of which we give a picture on this page, has been erected. It is of brick with stone facing and has been



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S NEW BUILDING, HARTFORD, CONN.

visit has in it something more than a holiday vacation or sight-seeing.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES.

At the united conference of the Kentucky Leagues at Louisville, Dr. Walter R. Lambuth who has labored in China and Japan, stirred the missionary enthusiasm of the delegates by recounting incidents from his experience. The League elected, as State President, Judge Joseph M. Carroll of Hopkinsville. A proposition to associate with the Christian Endeavor movement was almost unanimously rejected. The "Christian Advocate" says that it has received reports from the wide field of "remarkable success in the work of visitation by young Leaguers among the young people of their communities. In some cases nearly all the youth of the neighborhood have been brought by this means not only into a most friendly acquaintance with the visitors, but also into practical sympathy with the League work. In one instance fifty-three young men and women were found outside of church attendance and brought under Gospel training, and most of them into a conscious Christian experience." The League is making rapid progress in the South. The "Epworth News" has been established to give intelligence of the movement and form the medium of communication. It states that in the Asheville, N. C. District there are now ten Leagues, with an aggregate membership of seven hundred.

so planned as to accommodate every branch of the work. The gymnasium, which is one of the best-equipped in the country is separate from the main building, an artistic curved corridor giving access from one to the other. The main-room has an unobstructed space of over five thousand square feet and is fifty feet high. In the main building beside the usual offices is a parlor, recreation-rooms, a coffee-room and a large hall, besides library, reading-room and class-rooms. About \$110,000 was raised before the foundation was laid. The Association enters its new home in the sixteenth year of its age, as it was organized in 1878. It has 905 members and a flourishing boys' auxiliary.

The Cape Town Y. M. C. A. Committee, earnestly call the attention of young men in other countries to the over-crowded condition of the labor market in South Africa, with the view of dissuading emigration on their part.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is receiving a fund for the erection of a Christian Endeavor Technical School in Japan. It is to be in connection with the Earthquake Orphanage of Yokohama, in which two hundred of the children orphaned by the terrible earthquake are being sheltered. The work of feeding, clothing and educating the children is conducted on faith like the Bristol Orphanage, which Geo. Muller founded.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

S. M. Beach, Chicago, Ill. In common with thousands of others among your readers, I have had a humble share in the glorious work that is being done by the Food Fund. It is a work that realizes the highest conception of practical Christian helpfulness, reaching the mark promptly and affording instant aid, where such delays as are the usual accompaniment of organized philanthropy would be almost criminal. To thousands of earnest Christian people, it has opened a welcome door to serve the Master, and many a head has found its pillow softer and rest sweeter since helping the Food Fund. Like your noble contributor in Eureka, Cal., we were glad to "buy a little of the world's sorrow," and to be able to lighten some one's burden. The true Christianity is best exemplified in lives that are poured out in sacrifice and helpfulness, and those who have given to the Food Fund, as well as those who aided the Russian Relief Fund two summers ago, are better men and women for the blessed experience.

These two Funds have shown what a tremendous moral and material agency God's people are, when banded together for a common purpose. If his servants, all over this Union, could be organized as a permanent philanthropic force, there need be no such thing as suffering among "God's poor" for the actual necessities of life. Why not organize, then? The CHRISTIAN HERALD has already demonstrated that it possesses the faculty of organizing them for an emergency. Let it organize all who will as a permanent army of relief, and under the generous influence of such a host, such conditions as destitution and starvation among our Christian poor would be unheard of. Personally, I would most gladly send my name to be enrolled in such a movement, and I feel assured that I am but a unit among thousands who, like myself, believe it would be a blessing to us all. China, it is said, has no beggars within her borders. If a heathen land can point to such a state of affairs, it is surely not too much to venture the hope that united Christian America may be able and willing to secure her Christian poor against absolute want. We will always have the poor with us, as Scripture itself affirms, but we can, if we are so minded, fully realize the Psalmist's experience when he declared that in his time, in the happy, prosperous days of Israel's godliness, he had "never seen the righteous forsaken nor their seed begging bread."

The suggestion of our Chicago subscriber is a novel and striking one, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be pleased to have a full expression of its readers' views on the subject, through the Mail-Bag. This is an age of Christian progress and the proposition is certainly one that merits the careful attention of all who are interested in the advancement of Christian principles.

Reader, Mill Creek, Ill. Did the crucifixion of Christ occur in the same place where Abraham was about to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice unto the Lord? No; the scene of Abraham's attempted sacrifice of his son was on Mount Moriah which afterward became the site of the temple.

Mrs. M. L. M., Granville, Ill. Years ago I consecrated myself and all I have to the Master. For many years I have worked in the church, prayer meeting and Sabbath School, as superintendent and teacher. I want to do more Christian work. What can I do, so that I can at the same time pay my expenses?

We know of no field in which better work can be done by consecrated women than among the poor in our great cities. Write to Rev. R. A. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.

"In God's Name." Boyertown, Pa. 1. Write to the Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, N. Y. 2. Yes, your contribution to the Food Fund was received. 3. Send back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.—A. Chaplain, Williston, Vt. It is certainly not consistent with the profession of Christianity to indulge in profane language; for a minister of God to use such language, is totally inexcusable.—Old Subscriber, Rahway, N. J. In some cases it may be beneficial, and in others injurious. In the great majority of cases, it is doubtless a sinful waste of means that might be applied to better purpose.—Geo. Watts, Floral Park, L. I. No, as a rule they are not truthful, and it is a sheer waste of time to read them. They belong to the cheapest class of fiction, and represent a sort of literature which enfeebles and debases the mind. There is so much good, helpful, ennobling literature within reach, that it is a pity anyone should waste time on the poorer sort.—Reader, Ladonia, Ia. You can procure a copy of "Helps to the Study of the Bible" by sending fifty cents to this office.—Will Sechrist, Peabody, O. Address Rev. A. B. Simpson, 492 Eighth Ave., N. Y.—F. M. K., St. Louis, Mo. Write to the Chiefs of Police of the cities mentioned in your letter, stating all the facts as fully as you know them, and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.—Mrs. J. F. Lath, Brockport, N. Y. Yes, they will continue to appear regularly.—Win Denton, Hickley, Ga. If you can give us the year and month, we may be able to find it.—Mrs. Abbott, Kansas City, Mo. We do not approve of them, and have already expressed such opinion.—W. A. D. C., Middleboro, Mass. and Mrs. C. A. Cook, Montclair, N. J. The premium offer still holds good. Send \$2 and you will receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and the Teachers' Bible.—Subscriber, Dysart, Ia. It is impossible to discuss so great a problem in the limited space allowed by "The Mail Bag."—May L. Joy, Sunderland, Mass. Write to Harper Brothers for it.—S. P. Giddings, Washington, D. C. You are unquestionably right. Newell and Judson went out simultaneously.

Keep Up with the Times.

don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast table? Then you need cream. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.



The Native Girl.

"Lala's" Untrained Childhood—The Sad Lot of Syrian Women—Mrs. Jamal's Class—A Plea for Syrian Girlhood.

At my first interview with her, I for awhile, mistook her for a boy. She sat flat upon the floor, her legs crossed under her, and her head uncovered. Her body was clothed in a pair of cotton trousers, and a blouse of the same, belted at the waist. Besides these, she had on not another garment. Her eyes were black, her face expressive; her gestures were animated and she talked a great deal. She was, apparently, about ten years old, and well-grown for her age.

"A lively little fellow!" said I to my interpreter, after watching her for some amused minutes.

"She is a girl, and the terror of the neighborhood," was the rejoinder. "One who in your country would be a brilliant woman in time, maybe, with progressive ideas. Here—poor child!"

It was needless to finish the sentence. I knew enough already of the life of a girl in the East to be able to lay in the shadows of the scene.

"Can she read?" I asked.

"Not a word—and never will know her letters."

"What training has she in housework?"

"None. Her mother will tell you that she is lazy. She carried the baby—there is usually one every year—until a younger sister was big enough to shoulder the load. Then our little friend here, 'struck,' playing nursery-maid. She cannot sew a stitch, or knit, or cook, or wash, or iron. She runs wild all day long; she can outwear her brothers—and there is nothing that should be hidden from a young girl that she has not known since she was four years old."

The speaker was gentle of speech and of judgment, but I was inclined to hope that she was severe upon the subject of the unflattering sketch. Subsequently I learned to know Lala well, and recognized the fidelity of the portraiture.

I have told my far-off audiences how unwelcome our baby girl was when she first made herself heard, in the one-roomed abode of her wedded parents. It is doubtful if Lala's father has ever given her an affectionate word. If not actively unkind to her, he submits to her presence in his household as an inevitable disgrace. It matters less than nothing to him that she grows up like a weed, or like a "tramp" dog or cat. If passably good-looking, she will be married soon and out of his way.

She stands within sight of me as I pen these lines. To be fleshy is considered an attraction in a woman by her countrymen, but Lala (Lai-la) is as yet slim. She is also straight and well-formed, in spite of the circumstance that the eight-month-old brother she carries upon her own hip, encircled by her arm, is her charge when out of the cradle. Upon the back of her head is pinned a white veil—cotton and coarse. This she has been compelled to wear in the street from her eighth year. Seeing more babies with veils on, which they coquettishly pulled

over their faces at meeting men or strange boys, I for some time supposed that they were worn of choice, as little girls with us masquerade in grown people's clothes. I discovered later that every prudent Moslem mother insists upon thus early investing her daughter with the badge of womanhood. When we come to comprehend what womanhood is in this land, we feel that the badge should be crape or sackcloth.

"Do you love your little brother, Lala?" is the beginning of my dialogue with her.

She laughs—the childish, half-bashful, half-pleased laugh, one often hears here from the mother of several children—women who never mature in intellect, and whose physical maternity is that of summer fruit that has a worm at the core. "I don't know." "Is he heavy?" "Oh, a little—some-

She laughs three or four times, and nods twice as often, then explains complacently that when she is a bride she will have a pair of stockings—perhaps several pairs—and sandals, besides other fine things.—new gowns and bracelets—holding out slender wrists encircled by strings of beads, blue and white.

The word "bride" is talismanic. When a baby-girl falls down, or hurts herself in any other way, the mother or neighbor checks her lamentations by calling her "little bride," as nurses in America "tie" their charges with, "Little ladies ought not to cry!" If the mother would cajole the unruly daughter she has never controlled by reasoning, she wheedles her with, "Come now, little bride, do so and so." Her narrow, pitifully starved life has but one ambition—to be married. She knows no other game than playing "bride," when her hair is dressed with flowers, herself covered with a veil, and a play-fellow takes the part of bride-groom. For this end she was created and has breath and being. I put up notebook and pencil and look at her, as she is—a type of tens of thousands in this so-called Holy Land—in the sight of women who have, all their lives (as have their mothers and great-great grandmothers before them) enjoyed the gifts of Christianity to our sex, without appreciating the depth and height, the length and breadth, the unspeakable value of what we owe to it. Pity for the ignorance I cannot enlighten, the degrada-

diligent housewife, she, some years ago, collected in her own home a class of native girls and began to give them instruction in plain sewing, knitting, crocheting, embroidery, and in all departments of housework. Twice a week, she has presided over what in her humility, she never thought of calling "an industrial school," the attendance varying from thirteen to eighteen. She can accommodate no more than eighteen, and has always applications on hand from ten or twelve who wish to join the class, and cannot, for want of room.

Mrs. Jamal gives her time and house, and, up to this time, the expenses of materials for the work and the luncheon cooked twice a week by the girls under her supervision have been met by the sale of articles manufactured by the class, and an allowance of twenty dollars a month made by a benevolent man, a sojourner for some years in Jerusalem. He has now left Syria, and other circumstances make it impracticable for him to continue the appropriation to this branch of mission work. Unless help comes from other sources, this most sensible and practical enterprise of a Syrian woman for the benefit of her sex will have to be abandoned.

I wish it were possible for some of the societies represented by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to take up the cause of this Industrial Class. Twelve "circles," contributing each twenty dollars a year, would enable Mrs. Jamal to carry it on and to receive a large number of pupils. I may add that, steadily and tactfully, she infuses religious teaching with instruction in handiwork and housewifery.

Upon a grander scale, and aiming steadily to accomplish the end—the elevation of Syrian women from fellowship with the beasts that perish to the plane of rational, immortal beings—are such schools as Miss Everett's in Beirut; that at Sidon, in which Miss Dale, the daughter of Dr. Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College, is an efficient laborer; and others at Nazareth, Haifa and Bethlehem under the care of English societies.

One and all, find a serious impediment to their work in the infamous system that gives children of ten, eleven and twelve years of age to men whose conceptions of the nuptial relation are of the lowest order. Still, there are parents who through ambition, or natural affection, desire that their girls should be educated like European and American women, and allow them to remain under the care of Christian instructors up to sixteen or seventeen before transferring them to their

father's or husband's houses. For every such exception, we thank God and take courage.

My pen was in place to affix the signature to the above when the sound of chanting in the street drew me to the balcony. Down the middle of the muddy thoroughfare walked a short procession of men in striped "abieh's" (native cloaks made of coarse camel's hair), chanting intermittently and listlessly, followed by a troop of ragged boys. The foremost man bore in his arms the unconfined body of a baby. It was wrapped in a white cotton shroud; the waxen face and closed eyes were pretty and peaceful. The sight of a dead infant always wrings my heart to breaking, and the old, sadly-familiar ache forced from me an ejaculation of pain. "O, the dear little baby! and the poor, poor mother!"

"It is a girl!" said a voice in my ear. "Thank God it is dead!" An American woman, whose nature is all sweetness, and her guest, an English teacher in the Bethlehem school, were in the adjoining balcony.

"It is taken from the evil to come," pursued the speaker, answering my look of inquiry. "If you knew, as we do, the almost certain doom from which that little creature has been saved by death, you would say, 'Amen!'"

MARION HARLAND.



MRS. DAVID JAMAL'S "INDUSTRIAL CLASS" OF SYRIAN GIRLS.

(From a photograph forwarded by Marion Harland to "The Christian Herald.")

tion which nothing but the religion of the Christ who humbled himself to be born of a woman among the Bethlehem hills over yonder, can relieve.

Hampered, as I am by the absolute impossibility of putting into print that which might make the very paper on which I write blush for shame, I write, as in bondage, because our wisest and best American Christians are not familiar with so much as the general features of a woman's life here and elsewhere in Eastern countries. What I cannot write, and what you, my sisters, would not let your daughters read, is a part—and a large part—of the everyday life going on under my eyes. Our home-missionaries see much of what is popularly termed, "the seamy side" of human living. The missionary in the foreign field might cry out in bitter disgust of spirit that he sees nothing but seams, and darns, and patches in garments stiff with filth.

Mrs. David Jamal, the sensible Christian wife of our dragoman and guide, was educated in a Beirut school for girls, and went to Jerusalem as a native helper in a school there. Since her marriage, as before, the condition of her fellow-countrywomen has been a sore weight upon her mind, and although the mother of a large family and a

"Would you like to wear shoes and stockings, Lala?"



CHAPTER X. Continued.)

ELSPETH had, in early life, subsisted and thriven upon oatmeal porridge and milk, bannocks and tough cheese, and was not now to be terrified by talk of hardship. "T'wull likely come hard upon Master Lanier and the bit laddies for awhile," she subjoined, tentatively.

"Lanier will understand. He has become a man in the last few months, and is not ashamed to do a man's work. I shall keep nothing back from him. I know what his answer will be."

She folded the pair of Tom's socks she had mended; picked up one of Gladys's stockings, ran her hand into the toe, and, detecting a thin spot, threaded her needle. The rattle of the shelled peas, falling from Elspeth's fingers, the singing of the birds in the grove, and the distant voices of the children, made a summer song to the murmured accompaniment of the breeze in the pines. Elspeth did not steal so much as a glimpse at the face which, she divined, took on a graver thoughtfulness before the mistress spoke again.

"Nor do I intend to conceal from you why we must work hard and save all we can by simple living. There was a debt of three thousand dollars which Mr. Paul had not paid before he went abroad. Mr. Lanier paid it. While I live, the interest upon that money must be met regularly by me, or by my children, whatever Mr. Lanier may say to the contrary. My husband had no claim upon him. I have made my will. It orders, that, before my property is divided among my heirs, the sum of three thousand dollars shall be paid to Mr. Roger Lanier, or his heirs. It is a debt of honor and of conscience."

Again Elspeth gave her confirmatory nod. "Three thousand dollars! The interest on that 'wad be one hunder' an eighty."

"At six per cent—yes!"

"Where there's a will there's a way, barring the interference o' Providence, which ye have nae call to expect. What I have on my mind now goes to show that the leaning o' Providence is quite in the contrary direction."

She plunged both bony hands into the basket of peas at her side, brought up a bounteous supply which she bestowed in her aproned lap, and, eyes intent upon her task, proceeded to empty her budget.

She had spent a day in the city a week ago, and lunched with an old friend and fellow-countrywoman whose husband kept a grocery upon Sixth Avenue. In conversation with him at dinner, she had learned that he would pay eighteen cents a piece for half-pint tumblers of currant-jelly of really excellent quality, and stood prepared to take all she could send to market. He would pay sixteen cents per glass for grape and the same for quince jelly; fifteen cents for marmalade and for nice preserves; for chow-chow, picklette, and good mixed pickles, a dollar a gallon; fifteen cents a pint for catsup and chilli sauce of the best quality.

At this point of the narrative, Elspeth brought from her pocket a paper on which the same long-headed Scot had computed the cost of jars, glasses and bottles at wholesale and the freight to New York, delivered at the dock. He would do the hauling up-town with his own wagons.

"I've put down in me own figures, the wholesale price o' sugar, vinegar, spice and the like," added Elspeth. "The fruit ye have on yer own land for the picking. Thanks to Mr. Lanier, there's wood in the shed over vonder, to last a full year, so there's no expense of fuel. If me figures are correct ye should clear ten cents a glass on the jellies; ten cents on the jam, and eight on the preserves; ye can buy butter-tubs from the grocers for yer pickles for fifteen cents apiece, and new ones wholesale for thirty cents. Ye suld mak' on a' everedge from fifty to sixty cents a gallon, and eight

on every bottle of catsup. There's no nicer pickles in America than yours, and self praise gaes leetle ways, I know, but the mither wha' tached me to mak' marmalade wad not hae been fashed had she heard that hers was on the Queen's table."

Mrs. Paul's hands, with stocking darning-ball and needle had fallen upon her lap; she stared bewildered at her lieutenant, as she returned the paper to her pocket, and dived for another double handful of peas.

"You take my breath away!" the lady found the strength to ejaculate, at length. "Do you really believe that you and I could make and send enough of such things to market to make it worth our while to undertake the work? With all the rest that you have to do?"

"We could put up enough in a year by working three days of each week in the summer, to more than half-pay yer interest money," declared the parent of the astounding scheme. "We'd mak' that our work. Just as a man goes into carpentering or blacksmithing or whatnot-ing, or"—her mouth twitching—"making marmalade for his leevings. I've had a-many serious thought o' late months ma'am. We've passed through that that sets folks' wits to working. And it's come to me—I don't believe from the de'il either—that one o' God's ways helping us when we are sair put about, and cast down in spirit, is to give us some one particular thing that we must do. Not to leave us to our own devices with leeberty to pick a bit at this duty an' a wee bit at that, as suits our notions."

"I can't but believe the needcessity o' working day by day, because that one peticklar thing has to be done, and done then, would do more for you than all the doctors on baith sides o' the sea, or even the sweet air of these blessed hills. There's all the differ betwixt this sort of work-a-day living and that done by most ladies that there was betwixt the ploughing done once upon a time by my twa brothers. Jem had his eyne on the ground, on the sky or anywhere, and Rab took tent o' one tree at the other end of the field, and never took his eyne off of it. One furrow was like the wriggle of a snake, and the other straight as a bow-string."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you have said. The same thought has been with me often, lately. I have found my mind swinging back to what I most wish to forget, as soon as I sit down quietly to my sewing, and, now and then, when I awake early in the morning, the old question comes in upon my mind—'Is life worth getting up for?'"

She was looking across the lake at a certain obtuse peak in the second range of hills. It had reminded her, when she first saw it, she could not have told why or how—of the "Old Hoary-head" of Jacob Abbott's ever-delightful book of that name. Into the midst of thoughts excited by what they had been talking of, recurred to her now, the proposition by Gilbert's mother on the evening of the day in which they had heard that they could not have the house they had hoped to buy:

"Cannot we do something to keep us from thinking about it?"

Gilbert had answered—"We might make maple candy."

While they were busied in the manufacture of the maple candy, came the news that the home they desired was to be theirs after all.

A sharp pain caught and sobered the dawning smile with which she recalled the story. Nothing could reverse the current of her life. Streams diverted from their course by earthquakes, do not flow back into the old channels. The river-beds are themselves riven and upheaved.

Yet Elspeth was wise in her generation. There is wisdom in every age in the pursuit of a specific line of labor as a balm for bruised hearts and bleeding sensibilities. "Something to take our thoughts off of ourselves,"

is the homely phrase for the conditions in which work is most truly God's medicine for his smitten ones.

"The idea gains upon me," she continued, after a thoughtful pause. "We are a colony in ourselves—a community with few ties to that which lies about us. Why not establish an industry of our own? be a hive of working-bees, and not drones or butterflies?"

Elspeth caught at one word:

"I had thought of bees for Miss Marie—after awhile, when her schooling is done. There's acres of white clover, and buckwheat and linden-trees yon by the lake. If she could fasten so much as one thought upon something near her home, it would be mair halesome for her. Mr. Cameron had his word to say about bees, as well as the preserves and pickles. He tellt me of one man who spent twenty-five dollars in hives and bees, and the very next year, he gathered fifteen hunder' pounds of honey. Bees are friendly, lovin' creatures, and if Miss Marie wad hearken to the notion, she'd tak' kindly to them at the end. But, it's not to be gainsaid that she is a very determined lassie."

Did the loving nurse suspect how "determined," or the deadly sinking of the mother's heart at the mention of the wilful child, who, of all her brood, held her eyes waking into the far watches of the night? Vigils in which one query was rung like a warning knell through the chambers of thought—"What will be the end of it all?" Labor for a definite and desired end might bring temporary relief from the wearing burden, but the cross would settle back into its place as soon as she let herself think of her love for her girl, and the gulf that gaped between them more widely every day.

"A determined lassie!" Her repetition of the words was an inward groan.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is the duty of all to be firm in that which they certainly know is right for them to do."

John Woolman.

"He often acts unjustly who does not do a certain thing: not only he who does a certain thing."

Marcus Antoninus.

"Evil, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil. There is generous battle-hope in place of dead, passive misery. The evil itself has become a kind of good."

Thomas Carlyle.

Mr. Morse was a model country pastor, whom the appellation, always respectful, sometimes affectionate, of "Dominie," fitted as naturally as his skin. His sermons, as Mrs. Paul had already discovered, would never be brilliant or striking in originality. They would never be dull or devoid of spiritual instruction. Out of the pulpit, he was leader, teacher and brother. All this his people knew and appreciated without a glimmer of a suspicion that he was (for their good it is true), as very an autocrat in the hill township as was ever a Leo or a Gregory in his papal see.

He met Mrs. Paul, introduced by her daughter, with the easy free-masonry of one who had been at home in the world she had left. A reader of men, rather than of books, he had many acquaintances in New York, and he had kept step mentally with the advanced line of workers in church and letters. Of the Laniers, father and son, he had heard through those who were his personal friends and theirs. He asked not one word of her husband, a circumstance that might be significant, or unimportant. He might imagine that she was a widow; it was possible that through some of these same personal friends, he had become cognizant of what she had hoped to leave behind her when she had quitted the city. In either case he was a gentleman, and spared her needless pain.

"You have come into a quiet, orderly, God-fearing and kindly neighborhood," Mr. Morse was saying when she shook herself free from the haunting thought. "Primitive in their mode of living, and, you may think narrow in many ways, but should you ever be in trouble, they will show themselves to be made of the right stuff. I have lived among them for ten years, happily, and, I hope, not uselessly. They are a peculiar people in some respects—these New Jersey tarming folk. The New England yeoman is not more sturdy in his independence and pride of ancestry. Many of them live upon the very lands granted to their forefathers by the English crown, yet there was not a Tory in the Pequod Valley when Washington pitched his camp upon the beetling cliff you see over there. More than one bloody skirmish took place upon the road on which I found this young lady today,"—smiling at Marie.

He and she were friends already. Mrs.

Paul was surprised and gratified that the smile was brightly returned, and yet more when the girl joined in the talk, asking questions as to local traditions; the names of their nearer neighbors and the make-up of families, and engaging readily to take a class in the Sunday School, should her services be needed during her vacation. It was plain that she had taken an unusual liking to the frank-faced clergyman, and that his society, or the walk or drive had aroused her out of the morose apathy that had enveloped her for so long.

Yet when he took leave, she was flying off to her own room, without word or sign to her mother.

"Marie, love! come and sit out here with me!" called the latter from the porch. "I have something which I wish to talk over with you."

Feigning not to observe the partial scowl upon the fair young face, she pulled a chair close to her own, and motioned her daughter into it.

"Elspeth has broached an extraordinary scheme to me this morning," she went on to say. "Since your co-operation will be an important factor in our plans, I am impatient to see how it will impress you."

Elspeth, passing from kitchen to dining-room in preparation for the early country dinner, marvelled secretly at the mixture of wisdom and simplicity in the manner of the mother's communication. That which had commended the novel undertaking to the wife must be withheld from the defaulter's daughter, and in the place of reimbursement of the stolen funds, the hope of retrieving in some degree the fallen fortunes of the family must be made much of.

"We shall never be rich, dear," said the refined tones, wondrously gentle and cordial in the ear of one who had seen the speaker held persistently at arm's length during the period when physical infirmity and heartache should have commended her to her child's tenderest sympathy. "While we live in this retired quarter of the world we cannot expect to be 'society people.' But we can be a busy, happy, self-supporting community, working harmoniously together for one and the same end. There is a sort of Swiss Family Robinsonish flavor in the scheme that makes it inviting to me. I see, already in imagination, that long store-room on the north side of the dining-room filled with jars and glasses ready to be shipped to market. Don't that sound important? There are literally bushels of currants, red, white and black, in the garden that will be ripe in a week or so; raspberries, wild and cultivated, will be ready for picking by the time the strawberries are gone; the quince-hedge at the bottom of the orchard is loaded with fruit, and there are four large Siberian crab-trees, not to speak of other apple and pear-trees—oh! and plenty of grapes in the garden and woods, for jelly. The fruit on this place would seem to have been a hobby with the former owner. Elspeth sees a special providence in this."

Her manner was the livelier for the effort she was compelled to make to ignore the forbidding silence with which her remarks were received, and not to betray the failure in courage it caused. She was by temperament, and in practice brave beyond the average of her sex, but she had discovered lately that she was actually afraid of Marie.

In nearly every household where there are several members, there is to be found almost invariably one who has a Temper (with a capital T). As invariably this member is the object of more consideration than any or all of the rest. Let temper take on what guise it may, it demands, expects and receives solicitous conciliation. The owner may be "sensitive," and her tender-heartedness express itself in tears as softly abundant as the flow of Sweet Afton. It may choose to be classed as Moods, many and varying in intensity and duration. There is the Dynamite Mood, around which friends and kindred step with stockinged feet and cautious respiration. It may be the Slow Combustion Mood, low and dull, like ignited subterranean coals, betrayed only by a puff of smoke through an occasional fissure, until, all at once, everything gives way before the heat, and lives are wrecked in an abyss of vindictiveness. In all phases these are Temper (with a capital T). Not necessarily the child of the devil. Rather like fire, a good servant, but the worst of masters. Finally, I may observe that the most effectual way of nursing it into masterful proportions is by showing it the respect I have alluded to as the practice of many Christian folk who have to do with it.

(To be Continued.)

LET ME WALK WITH THEE.
FATHER, let me feel thy presence;
 Come, dear Lord, abide with me.
 I am thirsting for thy guidance,
 Let me daily walk with thee.
 Father, guide me, lest I perish,
 Lead me, Jesus, evermore;
 To the living fount of waters,
 For my feet are bruised and sore.

Off the ills of life o'erwhelm me
 As I journey to that rest,
 But sweet service I would render.
 Come, abide within my breast;
 Oh! I hunger for thee daily.
 Cleanse my heart from crimson stain;
 Wash me, and I shall be pure,
 When thou comest soon to reign.

Bring me to those heavenly mansions,
 May my name be there enrolled.
 Let me walk with thee, my Father,
 Just as Enoch walked of old.
 Robe my heart as with a garment
 In thy likeness evermore;
 Lord, I hear thee gently knocking,
 I will open wide the door.

Vernon, Mich. MRS. ALICE M. A. HARPER.

RESTLESS CHILDREN.

Children often become restless and trouble-some because they have nothing to interest them and it needs some tact to keep them employed oftentimes during the last hours of the afternoon. A busy mother, who had bravely dismissed her servant that her husband might spend the amount of her wages on a specialist for his illness, found the hour before tea-time the most trying in the day. She taught the older children to set the tea

table while the little one was given the smaller articles to carry. The chairs were placed at the table and all was made ready for tea. The children were thus kept quiet and happy because employed and the weary mother was saved many steps. The boys as well as the girls assisted in the work. Even the mischievous propensity of the two-year-old boy was utilized and the roguish hands that pulled off the clean towels from the frame were made to lay them neatly in the basket. Some mother may think that it would be more care to watch children at work than to do the work herself, and it certainly would be, but a mother should be willing to sacrifice her own feelings for the peace and quiet of the household.

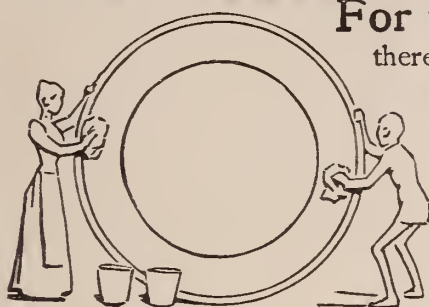
If you look at a dozen common lamp-chimneys, and then at Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," you will see the differences—all but one—they break from heat; these don't; you can't see that.

Common glass is misty, milky, dusty; you can't see through it; Macbeth's is clear.

Tough, clear glass is worth fine work; and a perfect chimney of fine tough glass is worth a hundred such as you hear, pop, clash on the least provocation.

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Why don't you begin the use of it in that way, if you're one of the timid sisters who still think that Pearline "eats the clothes?" Then you can soak things in it for a year or two, and test it in

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Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

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CUDAHY'S REX BRAND EXTRACT OF BEEF.

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A LESSON FROM A CHILD.

In one of his sermons the late Pastor Spurgeon told the following anecdote: "A little girl was once asked in a Sunday School about her father, who never went to any place of worship: 'Is your father a Christian?' 'Yes,' she said, 'father's a Christian, but he has not worked at it much lately.' Well, there is a good deal of that about many. They have not worked much at it lately. They are very much like certain tradesmen who hang up a board announcing that that they are of a certain trade; but at the same time there is a little notice hung up on the door to say that they have gone out of town for a fortnight."

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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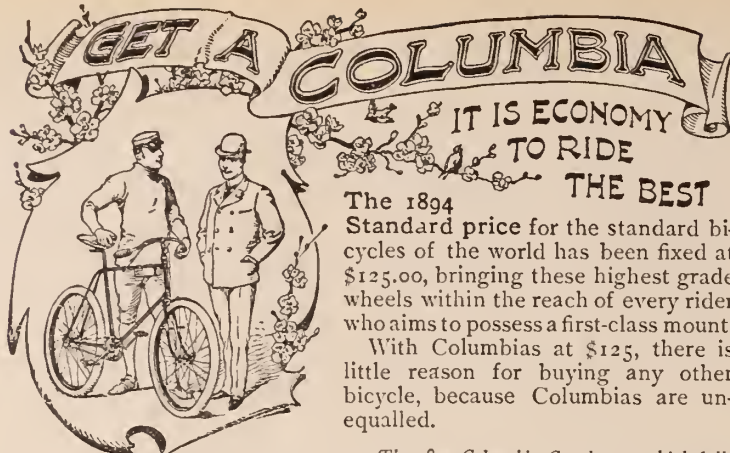
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New and Beautiful Colorings.

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We are deeply impressed with the wonderful confidence bestowed upon our house; North, East, South and West the current of good will flows with increasing force each year. The leading newspapers have been pleased to call our business a remarkable success—upward of one thousand highly complimentary notices being printed last year.

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FORDHOOK FASHION COLLECTION.

Comprises SIX NOVELTIES in three of the most fashionable flowers of the day, together with a bright booklet, entitled "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS." It contains:—
NEW SWEET PEA, AMERICAN BELLE. The floral novelty for 1894. Extremely early, wonderfully free-flowering; bright rose with wings of crystal-white, vividly spotted rich purplish-carmine. See Colored Plate in Catalogue.

ECKFORD'S GILT EDGE, or SURPASSING SWEET PEAS.

This grand strain of New Sweet Peas in mixture is unequalled; new seedlings.
BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES, FINEST MIXED. Magnificent new giant-flowered Pansies, which measure two and one-half to four inches across.

SUPERB NEW IMPERIAL GERMAN PANSIES. All known colors, including the brightest fancy varieties, blotched, veined, mottled, and margined.

NEW CARDINAL POPPY. Glowing cardinal-scarlet flowers, which are uniformly of enormous size and perfectly double; of great profusion and long duration in bloom.

GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. If you already have this superb strain you can give this packet to a friend, to whom the thousands of beautiful flowers will be a constant source of delight.

We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the distinct new PANSIES, POPPIES, and SWEET PEAS, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1894.

The Complete Collection—one packet each of the above six varieties—mailed for 25 CENTS. With each collection we include free a copy of the bright new booklet, "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS," which is beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated, specially written for us by three well-known authors. We have thus an unique combination of the best literature on the subject, together with the choicest seeds.

FORDHOOK FANCY COLLECTION.

This collection embraces seeds of ten easy-growing annuals of real beauty that should be in every garden,—it contains one full-sized packet each of all the following:—

NEW YELLOW DOLICHOS. Quite unique, not only in color but also in habit of growth. The foliage is very dense, the stems show a hairy growth, and no vine is more quick growing.

ASTERS, CHOICE MIXED. Every color, many distinct types.

BALSAM BURPEE'S SUPERB CAMELLIA-FLOWERED. Magnificent double flowers of unusual perfection; all colors.

MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Perfect double carnations in full beauty, all colors, in four months after sowing the seed.

CALLIOPSIS CORONATA. Brightest yellow flowers of large size.

DIANTHUS, MIXED. All colors and forms of both double and single Chinese and Japanese Pinks.

NEW ERFURT MIGNONETTE. Flowers of large size, great substance, and delicious fragrance.

FORDHOOK STRAIN OF PHLOX DRUMMONDII GRANDIFLORA. Remarkable not only in brilliancy of colors, but also in extra large size of the flowers.

SALVIA SPLENDENS. The most gorgeous of all plants.

VERBENA HYBRIDA, MIXED. All colors.

The entire collection, one packet each of the above ten varieties, mailed to any address for 25 CTS., which is less than one-third the regular retail price, if purchased separately. Five Collections for \$1.00.



2 Collections of Choicest Vegetables.

FORDHOOK FIRST COLLECTION.

Most appropriately named, as this collection comprises the five earliest vegetables, those first to mature, all of which are of Fordhook introduction. Every one in the Spring is especially desirous of getting first fresh vegetables on the table. This collection contains one full size packet each of:—

EARLY BLACK LIMA BEAN. Be great ropes of pods in wonderful profusion, weeks earlier than any other Lima.

NEW TOMATO, FORDHOOK FIRST. Extremely early; the only first early tomato that is always smooth and perfect.

BURPEE'S ALL-HEAD EARLY CARBAGE. Thousands of gardeners testify that this is the most thoroughbred and best Early Cabbage.

COLUMBIA BEET. This distinct new Beet the earliest of all; of surpassingly fine flavor.

BURPEE'S EARLIEST RADISH. Ready pull in only 20 days from the time of sowing the seed.



FORDHOOK FIRST TOMATO.

FORDHOOK FIRST Vegetables mailed for 25 CENTS. Each packet bears an illustration of the variety, our registered trade-mark, and directions for culture. Purchased separately, the five packets would cost 60 cents, but together as a collection they can be had for 25 cents,—less than wholesale price.

FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION.

This collection is also appropriately named, as it embraces five of the most famous vegetables introduced from Fordhook Farm. It contains one full-size packet each of:—

BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA. The only bush form of the true large Lima Bean, and universally pronounced the most remarkable of new vegetables.

BURPEE'S SURE-HEAD CABBAGE. See page 52 of the FARM ANNUAL for the record of seventeen years' trials of this world-famous Cabbage.

NEW ICEBERG LETTUCE. On our colored plate we show a head painted from nature, and truly tell the decided merits of this rare novelty.

BURPEE'S MELROSE MELON. No other melon is so handsome and none can equal this in delicious flavor. The flesh is quite unique in color, being of a beautiful light green, shading to rich salmon.

WHITE VICTORIA ONION. Famous for the large size it attains, particularly under the new onion culture.

One packet each of the above FIVE FAMOUS FORDHOOK Vegetables would cost 60 cts., if sent at retail, but we include the five packets in our FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION for 25 Cents postpaid. On each packet is printed an illustration, our registered trade-mark and directions for culture.

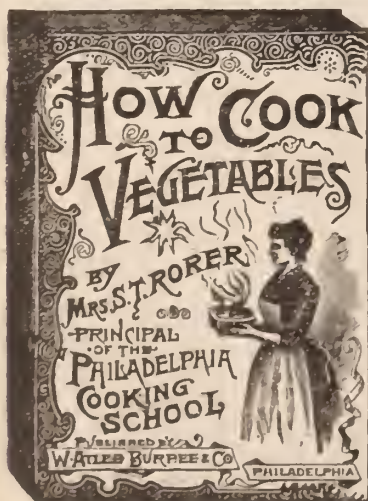


NEW ICEBERG LETTUCE.

All Four Favorite Fordhook Collections for ONE DOLLAR

NEATLY BOXED together with

Two New Books, "How to Cook Vegetables," 182 pages, and "Selection in Seed Growing" 112 pages



Every housewife wants Mrs. Rorer's new book, "HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES," and many have written to inquire its price. Although the copyright is owned by us, we are under contract not to sell a single copy, otherwise we could have sold thousands of this book at \$1.00 each during the past two years. So suppose there are some seeds in the four Collections which you do not need, why not purchase a complete set for \$1.00, and thus get this valuable book FREE as a premium? Surely you can give the extra seeds to some friend. If you live in the city and are so unfortunate as to have no garden of your own, what more acceptable present could you send to a friend in the country than these four Collections of Fordhook Seeds, at the same time instructing us to mail the book separately to your own address?

If you are a customer of ours, and have already secured the Cook Book as a premium, you can instead select any five of the above Collections for \$1.00, keep four for yourself, and have one mailed to a separate address for a friend. If requested, we will gladly write your name on the outside of the package, preceded by the word "From," so that your friend may know whom to thank for the present.

Are we mistaken in thinking that out of appreciation many purchasers of this offer will upon receipt write to thank us, stating that they never before realized the full purchasing power of a dollar. Purchased separately at retail, the 26 packets of seed enumerated above would cost \$2.90. "Selection in Seed Growing," 112 pages, and "How to Cook Vegetables," 182 pages, are worth as general books, 60 cts.—\$3.50 for your dollar. We want you for a customer, and we're willing to meet you more than half way at the start. We guarantee that you will be more than satisfied.

If requested, we will include in each complete box with the seeds and book, a small sample packet also of the valuable new WHITE CAP DENT CORN as described on page 35 of THE FARM ANNUAL. This is really the best Field Corn in cultivation to-day, and we desire to introduce it to every farmer.



ORDER TO-DAY, Burpee's Farm Annual for 1894 and ask for

The leading American Seed Catalogue, a handsome book of 172 pages. It tells all about the best SEEDS that grow. If you desire copy before you order, send a postal card, and it will go forward by return mail. Any seed buyer can have a copy free; if you are not a seed buyer, but merely want a nice book—and it is a nice book, you should send a sealed letter enclosing a silver dime or five two-cent stamp.

When you write mention **W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 12.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

THE CITY OF THE PATRIARCHS.

Hebron and its Illustrious History—The Cave of Machpelah, with its Famous Dead—
One of the Oldest Cities of the World.

FEW places, even in Bible lands, are invested with more tender and beautiful patriarchal memories than Hebron. One of the most ancient cities in the world, it was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt, and is mentioned in Scripture prior to Damascus. Its earliest name appears to have been Mamre, probably so-called from the name of Abraham's Amorite ally,

burying-place and they conveyed to him the field and cave of Machpelah for four hundred shekels of silver. The cave is still shown to travelers, and is enclosed within a mosque, whose massive walls are the most prominent object in the whole city. In Hebron, a large part of the lifetime of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was spent, and there they are entombed with their wives. The body of Jacob, who was embalmed in

Israel. The "Castle of Abraham"—as the peculiar-looking structure which encloses the patriarchal tombs is called—was erected many centuries after the death of "El Khalil," ("the Friend of God"), as the Moslems delight to designate the father of the patriarchs. Hebron has remained in Mohammedan hands ever since 1187.

In this season of charity, when so many are suffering from hunger and distress, it will interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to learn that Hebron is the scene of one of the oldest and greatest charities in the world. For hundreds of years it was visited by multitudes of pilgrims on their way

refreshed. Twelve hundred loaves were distributed each day, besides great quantities of other food, condiments and oil, all who needed help being supplied with equal generosity, regardless of race, age, or creed.

As shown in the illustration on this page, Hebron lies on a slope which leads down to the Valley of Mamre, believed by some to be the "Valley of Eshcol," whence the Hebrew spies brought the grapes. (Numbers 13: 25.) Its orchards, vineyards and olive groves are among the finest in Palestine. Near the city formerly stood a large tree, which tradition declared had stood "from the beginning of the world." The Hebron



THE CITY OF HEBRON, IN PALESTINE.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

and it was the scene of not a few of the most tragic passages in the lives of the patriarchs. There Sara died, and there Abraham came to mourn for her, when he stood up before the sons of Heth, a stranger and sojourner, and pleaded with them for a

Egypt by the king's embalmers, may still be in existence. Hebron was David's royal capital when he reigned as King of Judah, and he was there anointed as King over all

from Sinai to Jerusalem. The compassionate people of Hebron expended \$45,000 annually on an institution or hospital, at which the pilgrims and other wayfarers were fed and

of to-day has nine mosques and about 5,000 population. For many generations, devout Hebrews from distant parts of the globe have migrated to Hebron, so that their mortal remains might rest near the sepulchres of their illustrious ancestors.



FROM CONQUEST TO CONQUEST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Amos 9: 13: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper."

PICTURE of a tropical clime with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the swarthy husbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plough preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper." When is that? That is now. That is this day when hardly have you done reaping one harvest before the ploughman is getting ready for another.

I know that many declare that Christianity has collapsed, that the Bible is an obsolete book, that the Christian Church is on the retreat. I will here and now show that the opposite of that is true.

An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across a desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the French infidel, and after awhile as the Arab got up from one of his prayers the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" and the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along our tent last night? I know it by the footprints in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God. Look at that sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this Book is the footstep of a God.

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the Church of God is in a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens, and haversacks strewn all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney, as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century, 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians; in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000 Christians; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians. Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lonesome it must be. Who will take it out of the poor-house? Poor Christianity! Three hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of the year 1881 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament distributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with

twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,750,000 converts from heathendom. There is not a sea-coast on the planet but the battery of the Gospel is planted and ready to march on, north, south, east, west. You all know that the chief work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all their work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the sea-coasts and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in a day.

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk, I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in Brooklyn? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is nearly gone and as there have been more Bibles published in the latter part of the century than in the former part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the next six years? I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy, not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America, and no more Bibles read. If there are forty million grown people in the United States, there would be forty million people in an army to put down such a law and defend their right to read the Bible. But suppose the Congress of the United States should make a law against the reading or the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such a crusade? Could you get forty million people to go out and risk their lives in defence of Shakespeare's tragedies or Gladstone's tracts, or Macaulay's History of England? You know that there are a thousand men who would die in defence of this book, where there is not more than one man who would die in defence of any other book. You try to insult my common-sense by telling me the Bible is fading out from the world. It is the most popular book of the century. How do I know it? I know it just as I know in regard to other books. How many volumes of that book are published? Well, you say, five thousand. How many copies of that book are published? A hundred thousand. Which is the more popular? Why of course the one that has a hundred thousand circulation. And if this book has more copies abroad in the world, if there are five times as many Bibles abroad as any other book, does not

that show you that the most popular book on the planet to-day is the Word of God?

"Oh," say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power and it is fading out from the world." Is it? A bishop of the Methodist Church told me that that denomination averages two new churches every day of the year. There are at least fifteen hundred new Christian churches built in America every year. Does that look as though the church were fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? Which institution stands nearest the hearts of the people of America to-day? I do not care in what village or in what city, or what neighborhood you go. Which institution is it? Is it the post-office? Is it the hotel? Is it the lecturing hall? Ah, you know it is not. You know that the institution which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is the Christian church. If you have ever seen a church burn down, you have seen thousands of people standing and looking at it—people who never go into a church—the tears raining down their cheeks. The whole story is told.

You may talk about the church being a collection of hypocrites, but when the diphtheria sweeps your children off, whom do you send for? The post-master? the attorney-general? the hotel-keeper? the alderman? No, you send for a minister of this Bible-religion. And if you have not a room in your house for the obsequies, what building do you solicit? Do you say: "Give me the finest room in the hotel?" Do you say: "Give me that theatre?" Do you say: "Give me a place in that public building, where can I lay my dead for a little while until we say a prayer over it?" No; you say: "Give us the house of God." And if there is a song to be sung at the obsequies what do you want? What does anybody want? The Marseillaise Hymn? God Save the Queen? Our own grand national air? No. They want the hymn with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want sung the Sabbath School hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth, the most popular institution on earth to-day, is the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The infidels say: "Infidelity shows its successes from the fact that it is everywhere accepted, and it can say what it will." Why, my friends, infidelity is not half so blatant in our day as it was in the days of our fathers. Do you know that in the days of our fathers there were pronounced infidels in public authority and they could get any political position? Let a man to-day declare himself antagonistic to the Christian religion, and what city wants him for mayor, what State wants him for governor, what nation wants him for president or for king? Let a man openly proclaim himself the enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he cannot get a majority of votes in any State, in any city, in any county, in any ward of America.

Do you think that such a scene could be enacted now as was enacted in the days of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was elevated as a goddess, and was carried in a golden chair to a cathedral where incense was burned to her and people bowed down before her as a divine being, she taking the place of the Bible and God Almighty, while in the corridor of that cathedral were enacted such scenes of drunkenness and debauchery and obscenity as have never been witnessed? Do you believe such a thing could possibly occur in Christendom to-day? No, sir. The police, whether of Paris, or New York, would swoop on it.

They say, these men, that science is overcoming religion in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scientists, and they say: "It is impossible that this book can be true; people are finding it out; the Bible has got to go overboard; science is going to throw it overboard." Do you believe that the Bible account of the origin

of life will be overthrown by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life? If they should come up solid phalanx, all agreeing on one sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christian might be damaged; but there are not many differences of opinion inside the Church as outside the Church. People used to say, "there are so many different denominations of Christians—that shows there is nothing in religion." I have to tell you that all denominations agree on the two or three or four radical doctrines of the Christian religion. They are unanimous in regard to Jesus Christ, and they are unanimous in regard to the divinity of the Scriptures. How is it on the other side? All split up, you cannot find two of them alike. The men warring with each other: Darwin warring against Lamarck, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson. They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the gradation of the species. What do they agree on? Herschel wrote a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares that the moon was put in the right place. He says that it had been put four times further from the earth than it is, and there would be more harmony in the universe; but Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right place. How many colors woven into light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the Aurora Borealis? Two and a half miles, says Lias. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says Twining. How far is the sun from the earth? Seventy-six million miles, says Lacalle. Eighty-two million miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight million miles! All split among themselves—not agreeing on anything. They come and say that the churches of Jesus Christ are divided on great doctrines. All united they are, Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the Scriptures; while they come up and propose to render their verdict, no two of them agree on that verdict. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court or the clerk of the jury as they come after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury say, "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is recorded; but suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of murder," and another says, "I think he was guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another says, "I think he was guilty of assault with a battery with intent to kill," the judge would say, "Go back to your room and bring a verdict; agree on something; that is the verdict."

Here these infidel scientists have empanelled themselves as a jury to decide this case between infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then back for another five hundred years a deliberate and agree on something. This is not a poor miserable wretch in the Tom court to-morrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict and yet you expect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who cannot agree on anything.

Ah! my friends, the church of Jesus Christ, instead of falling back, is on the advance. I am certain it is on the advance. O Lord God, take thy sword from the thigh and ride forth to the victory.

I am mightily encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded for centuries infidelity has not destroyed one church, crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Bible. The church all the time getting the victory, and the shell of its enemies nearly exhausted. I have been examining their ammunition lately; I have looked all through their cartridge-boxes. They have not in the la-

we have advanced one new idea. They have utterly exhausted their ammunition in the battle against the church and against the scriptures, while the sword of the Lord Almighty is as keen as it ever was.

Bide that, have you noticed that during the last few years every one of the doctrines of the Bible came under discussion in the secular press? Do you not remember a few years ago—when every paper in the United States had an editorial on the subject—"Is there such a thing as future punishment?" It was the strangest thing that there should be a discussion in the secular papers on that subject, but every paper in the United States and in Christendom discussed: "Is there such a thing as retribution?" I know there were small who made sport of the discussion, but there was not an intelligent man on earth who as the result of that discussion did not ask himself the question: "What is going to be my eternal destiny?" So it was in regard to Tyndal's prayer guage. About five years ago you remember the secular

papers discussed that, and with just as much earnestness as the religious papers, and there was not a man in Christendom who did not ask himself the question: "Is there anything in prayer?" "What the creature imprints the Creator?" "Oh what a mighty fact what a glorious fact the secular printing press and the pulpit of the Church of Jesus Christ harnessed the same team."

Then look at the International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Do you know that every Sabbath between three and five o'clock, there are five million children studying the same lesson, a lesson prepared by the leading minds of the country, and printed in the papers, and then the subjects are discussed and given over to the teachers, who give them over to the children: so whereas once—and within our memory—the children nibbled here and there at story in the Bible, now they are taken through from Genesis to Revelation, and we shall have five million children forestalled for Christianity. My soul is full of exultation. I feel as if I could shout—I will shout, "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

When you notice a more significant fact, if you have talked with people on the subject that they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the home. They tell you, when they were sick at the door of the future seemed opening, they found comfort they could find was in the Gospel. People are having demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solace the trouble and woes of the world, and they want some other religion, and they are taking Christianity, the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world. You just take your scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children. That is your "survival of the fittest." Go to that dying man and tell him to pluck up courage for the future. Use your transcendental phraseology upon him. Tell him he ought to be confident in

"the great to be," and the "everlasting now," and the "eternal what-is-it." Just try your transcendentalism and your philosophy and your science on him. Go to that widowed soul, and tell her it was a geological necessity that her companion should be taken away from her, just as in the course of the world's history the megatherium had to pass out of existence; and then you go on in your scientific consolation until you get to the sublime fact that fifty million years from now we ourselves may be scientific specimens on a geological shelf, petrified specimens of an extinct human race. And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not crazed by it, I will send forth from this church the plainest Christian we have, and with one half hour of prayer and reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be wiped away, and the house from floor to cupola will be flooded with the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There is where I see the triumph of Christianity. People are dissatisfied with every-

say in time of sickness it is very useful. I deny it. Morphine never puts anybody to sleep, it never alleviates pain. You ask me why I say that. I have never tried it, I never took it. I deny that morphine is any soothing to the nerves, or any quiet in times of sickness. I deny that morphine ever put anybody to sleep; but here are twenty persons who say they have all felt the soothing effects of a physician's prescribing morphine. Whose testimony will you take? Those who took the medicine, or my testimony, I never having taken the medicine. Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an antidote for all trouble, the mightiest medicine that ever came down to earth. Here is a man who says: "I don't believe in it; there is no power in it." Here are other people who say, "We have found out its power and know its soothing influence; it has cured us." Whose testimony will you take in regard to this healing medicine?

I feel that I have convinced every man in this house that it is utter folly to take the testimony of those who have never tried the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own heart and life. We have tens of thousands of witnesses. I believe you are ready to take their testimony. Young man, do not be ashamed to be a friend of the Bible. Do not put your thumb in your vest, as young men sometimes do, and swagger about, talking of the glorious light of the nineteenth cen-

Convicts Seeking Christ.

The Revival in Sing Sing Prison and the Wonderful Change it has Wrought.

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mention was made briefly of a revival now in progress in Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y. So many inquiries have been received regarding this work of the Spirit that an effort has been made to secure further and accurate details, which are given below. It is a revival in the real sense of the word: the spiritually dead are brought to life and the lost are found—and yet it is not characterized by any excitement. It is a quiet and remarkably persistent work, having commenced almost a year ago and gradually increased in power until, to-day, more than three score men are striving to lead Christian lives. Besides the Sunday services and personal entreaty, religious literature has aided the work. For some time, each Sunday morning, as the men have gone from the chapel, a copy of some religious paper has been placed in the hands of each man. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other journals in large numbers have been distributed and are eagerly sought after and afford good and attractive reading for the day.

The present chaplain, Rev. Mr. Weills, came to the chaplaincy recommended and supported by such men as Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Brown of St. Thomas Church, N. Y., Dr. Ziegenfuss, the late Archdeacon of Dutchess and others and is devoted to the work. He is thoroughly respected by the prisoners. His preaching is practical, Scriptural and impressive, and he holds the attention of his large audience, although that audience is made up mostly of men who never entered a church outside of prison. He

began his labors about Jan. 1st, 1893. One of his first acts was to ascertain who were professing Christians, and after careful inquiry and preparation he invited them to unite in Holy Communion. Thirteen prisoners partook of this communion and one prisoner was baptized. This was on Easter day, April 2d, 1893. It probably is the first time on record where a regular Protestant communion service has been established in a prison.

Next day, April 3d, three men met by appointment at 11:35 A. M., and, in a quiet corner of the shop, organized a Daily Noon Meeting, for prayer and Bible reading. These meetings have been continued daily since. The membership increased to nine. Then

came changes which removed some to other shops, but their places were filled by new converts, so that the number is eight again. Others are laboring along the same lines in other shops while others, locked in their cells, have organized a daily prayer-meeting.

The eagerness of these men to learn of Jesus is evidenced by the fact that a number of them, having no friends outside and no money except their scanty earnings here—about three cents a day—have used these earnings to purchase the Teacher's Bibles which have been placed within their reach by the grand offer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Each one of these young Christians is a worker. Their plan is that of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews: 1st. A daily prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom. 2d. A personal attempt to bring at least one sinner a week to hear about the Saviour.

How greatly God has blessed the work here is shown by the increasing number who appear for baptism and communion each time the service is held. On the eighth day of October fifty-two men appeared at the Lord's table, and here, in this stronghold of Satan, seven of them were baptized and made their first brave profession of love to Christ. The next communion held Dec. 24th, showed another gain. Over sixty communicants knelt at the altar, and there was another candidate for baptism. The good work is still progressing.



THE SING SING PRISON REVIVAL—A SCENE IN THE PRISON CHAPEL.

thing else. They want God. You tell me that two and two make four. I do not dispute it, but it is not so plain that two and two make four as that the Lord God Almighty made this world and for man, the sinner, he sent his only begotten Son to die.

I put on the witness stand to testify in behalf of Christianity the Church on earth and all the Church in heaven. Not fifty, not a thousand, not a million, but all of the Church on earth and all the redeemed in heaven.

Yonder is an aged Christian after fifty years' experience of the power of godliness in his soul. Ask this man whether, when he buried his dead, the religion of Jesus Christ was not a consolation. Ask him if through the long years of his pilgrimage the Lord ever forsook him. Ask him when he looks forward to the future, if he has not a peace and a joy and a consolation the world cannot take away. Put his testimony of what he has seen and what he has felt opposite to the testimony of a man who says he has not seen anything on the subject or felt anything on the subject. Will you take the testimony of people who have not seen, or people who have seen?

You say morphia puts one to sleep. You

tury, and of there being no need of a Bible. They have the light of nature in India and China and in all the dark places on earth. Did you ever hear that the light of nature gave them comfort for their trouble? They have lancets to cut and juggernauts to crush, but no comfort. Ah! my friends, you had better stop your scepticism. Suppose you are put in this crisis. O father! Your child is dying. What are you going to say to her?

Colonel Ethan Allen was a famous infidel in his day. His wife was a very consecrated woman. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father: "Father, shall I take your instruction? or shall I take mother's instruction? I am going to die now; I must have this matter decided." That man, who had been loud in his infidelity, said to his dying daughter: "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." My advice is the same to you, O young man, you had better take your mother's religion. You know how it comforted her. You know what she said to you when she was dying. You had better take your mother's religion.

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Roy, John F	500	Scott, J A	100	Thank offering, Easton, Pa	100	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Miss E V, Albany, N Y	100	Mallory, Mrs Ann 50c; Beckea, Mrs
Roy, Mrs W	100	Scott, J A	100	The Judge, Springfield, Mass	100	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	J D W, Kirkville	100	Frederick, Mrs, 50c; Moore, J, 25c;
Rear, Frankline, N Y	100	Schlicher, C	100	Two M E Sunday Schools, W	520	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	G S S F, Fishersville, Va	200	Mr W H, 50c; Meeker, A N, 50c;
Rear, Anburn, Me	100	Schlicher, H	100	Hampton, L I	520	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Flackville, N Y	100	Miller, Inis H 50c; Miller, Lucy 150c;
Rear, Greenleafon, Minn	200	Stalter, Mrs D	350	Teacher, Sandwich, Ill	300	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Orbisnia, Pa	100	Marble, Josia, 50c; Moore, E 50c;
Rear, of the C H, Massilon		Slason, M	100	Two friends, Sandukman, Me	500	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Stockbridge, Mich	100	Merz, Stella and Walter 50c; Mer-
Refn, Glenwood, C H	100	Spackman, Mrs E	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Louisville, Ky	300	riell, Bessie 13c; Myers, Mrs H 50c;
Refn, F B	300	Saville, Wm H	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Sycamore, Ill	200	Mcroy, J, 50c; McKay, Ernest
Refn, of the C H, Harper, Ks	125	Secor, Mrs A	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Toby, Pa	200	30c; Myers, Titus M 40c; Morrill,
Refn, Collinsville, Tex	150	Smith, Thos H	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	South Bretler, N Y	100	Frank 20c.
Refn, Mt Clemens, Mich	200	Sub, Prospectville, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Topeka, Kan	300	Nay, F, 25c; Nochtirb, C 25c.
Refn, Mrs W	200	Sub, Colter, Ia	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Perndale, Cal	200	Olsen, Cora, 50c; Osborn, V D, 75c;
Refn, Mrs M, Mary	200	Sub, McDonough, Del	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Westfield, Mass	100	Osborn, Nora, 15c; Osborn, Myron,
Ril, Mrs Rose	100	Sub, Concord, N H	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	Ticonderoga, N Y	100	25c; O'Neil, Miss E, 10c.
Rird, S O	100	Sub, and well wisher, Gap, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Prentwood, J, 50c; Perry,
Rird, Mr and Mrs C C	100	Sub, Sinnamon, Va	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Perry, C, 25c; Potter, Mrs Frank 25c;
Rirdford, Mrs A	100	Sub, Gurnee, Ill	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Pogue, Eumia M, 50c; Palmer,
Rird, Mrs Henry	100	Sub, Tiro, N S	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Emory, 50c; Pritchard, Mrs Jane A,
Rird, Mrs G C	200	Sub, Calver, Md	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; Patterson, Mrs A 50c; Perry,
Ro E	300	Sub, W Dover, Vt	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Mrs H L 50c.
Reae Miss n, Watertown, NY	400	Sub, Yankee, Ia	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Rummel, L, 50c; Rignin, Daga-
Reer, Ashboro, N C	100	Sub, Guilford	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	bord, Del, 50c; Robinson, J R, 25c;
Reer, Denver, Colo	100	Sub, Bloomville, N Y	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Redfield, J, 50c; Reed, Maggie, 25c;
Reer, Worcester, Mass	100	Sub, Sydney Mines, N S	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Rennie, Mrs G T, 50c; Reader, New
Reer, Harlewood, N Y	100	Sub, Hamburg, Miss	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Vineyard, Me, 25c; Ruic, Allie E
Reer, West Chester, Iowa	100	Sub, Goshen, Conn	500	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	25c; Rule, Mrs E W 25c; Reader of
Reer, Carbondale, Pa	200	Sub, Elizabeth, N Y	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	the C H, Myer's Valley, Kan 50c.
Reer, Cerro Gordo, Ill	100	Sub, to the C H, Paducah, Ky	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Schermer, M T, 30c; Spiny, M L,
Reer, of the C H, N Warren		Sub, Baltimore, Md	300	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	25c; Sherman, Anna 50c; Schelling,
Ruell, Mrs S	100	Sub, Fairfield, Iowa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Miss Mary 25c; Schelling, Miss
Ruell, F B	100	Sub, Greenup, Ill	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Ann, 25c; Schelling, Miss Sadie,
Ruell, Millie	100	Sub, Harpersville, Pa	500	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	25c; Schelling, Miss Edna, 10c;
Ruell, Ada	100	Sub, and friend, Riley, Wis	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Skinner, Miss Millie, 50c; Senter
Ruell, Ad	100	Sub, Princeton, Ill	500	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Family, 50c; Sub, Boulder, Colo, 25c;
Ruand, M	100	Sub, La Grange, Ill	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Sub, Olathe, Kan, 50c; Sub, Fram-
Ruf, Edward	500	Sub, Pomona, Cal	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	ingham, Mass, 20c; Sub, Reading,
Ruf, Mrs S D	500	Sub, Tecumseh, Mich	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Pa, 25c; Smith, Mrs A, 50c; Spier,
Ruf, Miss	500	Sub, San Jose, Cal	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; Stealey, A 25c; Sub, Pa
Ruf, Mrs M	500	Sub, Chesterfield, Ia	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; Sub, Meriden, N H
Ruf, Mr and Mrs J E	100	Sub, Easton, Md	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	20c; Sub, Arapahoe, Neb 20c; Sub,
Ruf, E W	100	Sub, and interested reader,	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Auburn, N H 20c; Sub, Berwick, O
Ruf, H B	100	Sub, Waterloo, Ia	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; Sub, New Market, Ia, 50c; Sub
Ruf, H B	100	Sub, Red Jacket, Mich	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Kan, 50c; Sub, Mills, N Y
Ruf, Hiram	100	Sub, Taylorstown, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	30c; Sub, Trenton, N Y 50c.
Ruf, B P	100	Sub, Steward's Mill, Tex	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Traver, Mrs A R, 50c; Thurston,
Ruf, Battle Creek, Mich	100	Sub, Racine, Wis	500	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Frank, 25c; Tingley, Mrs, 35c;
Ruf, Anora, Ill	150	Sub, Urbana, O	500	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Thompson, Emma, 25c; Thompson,
Ruf, Johnston, N Y	100	Sub, N Bedford, Mass	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Clara, 25c; Thompson, Bella, 25c;
Ruf, Linden Hall	100	Sub, Wood Lake, Neb	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Thompson, Gerty, 25c; Taylor, Mrs
Ruf, Washington, D C	100	Sub, Valley Stream, N Y	200	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	25c; Taylor, Mrs, 25c; Thervah,
Ruf, Can	200	Sub, Union, N Y	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Robt L 25c; Tabbarrow, Rati P 25c;
Ruf, Madoc, Can	200	Sub, Can	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Tabbarrow, Rose 50c; Timmerman,
Ruf, Malyna, Mo	200	Sub, Elwood, N J	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Baron 25c.
Ruf, Riverside, Cal	100	Sub, Ranson, N Y	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Wood, Albert, 75c; Wall, Frank,
Ruf, Alice	200	Sub, Carroll, O	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; Wyckgram, Miss N, 50c; White,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Hillsboro, N J	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	E J, 25c; Weaver, Grace, 10c;
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Wainscott, N Y	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Wendy, J, 50c; West, Mrs H A,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; White, Bob, 10c; Wism, J P,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	A 60c; Winsom, H, 50c; Warfield,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Mrs, 50c; Welch, Mrs R, 16c;
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Woody, Gertrude, 10c; Widow,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Braintree, Vt, 50c; Walter, Laura
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	10c; Wilcox, W R 50c; Wells, H Y
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	50c; When, Y 50c; White, Mrs
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Miss Ella L 50c; Whitcomb, Robt
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	S 25c; Wenwick, Elizabeth 50c; Wil-
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	liams, Priscilla 25c; Widow, Roch-
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	ester, Minn 25c.
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Zimmermann, M 25c.
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	J B, Dumont, Iowa, 10c; H N P,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Oakland, N Y 50c; B G Kirk-
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	vile, Ia, 50c; C S, Milton, O 10c;
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Hudson, N Y 50c; H M, Waymart,
Ruf, Mrs R M	200	Sub, Altona, Pa	100	Two friends, Pen Arayl, Pa	150	Y P S C E, Loomis, N Y	150	W Randolph, Va	100	Pa, 20c; A H M, Morgantown, Pa,



JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for April 1. Gen. 32. Golden Text, Gen. 32: 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JACOB never arrived at fully understanding God. He believed, and yet his faith had always an "if" in it, which implied some measure of unrest and suspicion. The calm dignity of Abraham's faith, which believed that what God had promised he was able to perform, was altogether lacking in that of Jacob. The tests to which Abraham's faith was put were far greater than any to which Jacob was called, yet Jacob failed, whereas Abraham stood firm. Abraham believed in the Lord and he counted it unto him for righteousness. The very same thing was said in prophecy of the Lord Jesus. "He trusted in the Lord." Abraham's habit was to look at everything from God's standpoint, from what God was, what he said, what he did. Jacob, on the contrary, looked first to the natural and the human; to himself and to other men; what they said and what they did. The majority of God's children are of the Jacob, not of the Abraham type.

The Abraham Type.

Therefore their life is full of unrest, full of disappointment, full of failure; the sad song of their lives is: "All these things are against me." They are under the delusion that circumstances and people cause their failure, and seeing God "through a glass darkly," they are unaware how much in their hearts they blame God, under whose unlimited control is every person on earth, and every circumstance which happens. True sons and daughters of Abraham love God enough to trust him, and they know that to them that love God "all things work together for good," and that in all things which God permits to come upon them, knowing that God is for them, they are "more than conquerors through him that loved them," and therefore nothing, and nobody can be really against them. "Nothing shall, by any means, hurt you."

God had given to Isaac, his father his wife Rebekah, but Jacob, who set his heart on Rachel, Laban's daughter, must himself serve seven years in order to obtain her, and when the seven years were ended, Laban deceived him, and gave him Leah instead of Rachel, and he must serve seven years for Rachel. He served six years also for possessions of flocks and herds and then Laban ten times changed his wages. This is the history of all God's children who are occupied with men and things more than they are occupied with God. God gave to Abraham what Jacob labored hard to obtain. We always reap what we sow. Jacob dealt with Laban

On Human Lines

instead of divine: he tried to lay Laban under an obligation to him by his hard labor, but after all it amounted to very little, and had no influence upon the selfish heart of Laban. Abraham, wherever he was, was the recognized superior: in Egypt, in Gerar, among the children of Heth, he was honored; but there was no sign that Laban acknowledged such superiority in Jacob, nor have we any reason to suppose that his life had been a power in Laban's as Abraham's had been in his father's house, or as Joseph's afterwards was in Potiphar's.

And God's purpose—was it abandoned or suspended? No, Jacob was God's child, heaven had been opened to him, he was heir with Abraham and Isaac of the same

promise (Heb. 11: 9); and through all his life of failure, God's wondrous faithfulness shines out so that that very failure was made to work together for good in manifesting what God is, and how true he is to his promises. It was twenty years since he had appeared to Jacob at Bethel, and Jacob, who had deceived his father, had served a hard apprenticeship to Laban, who turned out more deceitful than himself. He had not forgotten his God. God was known in Jacob's tents, but idols were known too, and it was a very half-and-half worship which was offered there, just as in many a semi-godly family now. And

God Had Not Forgotten

Jacob. Had it been otherwise, his weak faith would have been early lost in the

Would this throw Jacob wholly upon God? Would he now, at last, really believe that the Lord was with him, and would not leave him, and would he begin at last to live a life of real confidence in his God? Alas! no. Although he had communion with his God as never before, and angels met him on his way, yet he could not trust God to undertake in regard to his relations with Esau, but he must needs make his own plans. First he sent messengers to tell Esau of his return to the land of Canaan (ver. 3), and when the messengers brought word that Esau was marching to meet him with a force four hundred strong, he took for granted that his brother meant mischief, although God had told him at Bethel: "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee." Even his very fears did not drive him to rely upon God, he was greatly afraid and distressed; but he began with his usual scheming and divided all his family and possessions into two bands, with the avowed intention of saving either one or the other, in case Esau should make an attack.

He had no Confidence

which would stand a test in God's care for him. Perhaps he felt unworthy of it; in any case he acted as having all the responsibility on himself, and as though everything must devolve on him; this is the essence of unbelief. "We which have believed do enter into rest." Abraham's life



CONVEYING FLOCKS OF SHEEP ACROSS THE JORDAN NEAR JACOB'S HALTING PLACE.

worldly atmosphere of Laban's household. Jacob had attempted to outwit Laban, instead of trusting God to deal with him, and when, after twenty years of hard service, God allowed things to come to a crisis between the two kinsmen, and Laban's countenance was not towards Jacob as before, God took the opportunity to step in and draw Jacob's attention to himself. "Return unto the land of thy fathers and to thy kindred, and I will be with thee." Once before God had said at Bethel: "Behold I am with thee," but Jacob's unbelief had questioned it: "It God will be with me." Now God comes down to his imperfect apprehension of him, and says: "I will be with thee." Yet even this, the chief part of God's communication, was left out by him when he told Leah and Rachel of the vision. And it did not prevent him from his accustomed habit of outwitting Laban; he must needs steal away unawares to Laban. And God did not permit that this plan should answer, and he had the humbling experience of Laban's overtaking him, reproaching him, and of his farewells, leaving their last interview one in which he, Jacob, appeared to little advantage, and left no mark for God behind him.

was a life of rest even in his trials, and so was Joseph's; while poor, doubting Jacob was always in trouble and vexation.

After, not before he had made his plans, Jacob went to prayer,—Jacob first, God second; and yet the long suffering of God held out in his patience towards him. It is now that he is brought to the point of doubting whether even his plans will answer that he recalls the word of God: Thou "saidst unto me Return unto thy country and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant." Now Jacob is becoming broken and is beginning at last, in some adequate manner, to appreciate his God. "Deliver me, he says, "I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau," for two reasons. 1st, "I fear him." 2nd, "Thou saidst"—now he is looking at God. If God suffers him to be slain with his children, what will become of the promise? After prayer he make a different disposition of his property, sent on a present to Esau and then he sent over the brook Jabbok before him all his family and remaining possessions.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for Use of Sunday School Teachers.

OUR study returns this week to the life of Jacob, whom we left, one morning after his wonderful dream, setting out from Bethel to seek home among his mother's relatives at Padan-aram. We find him

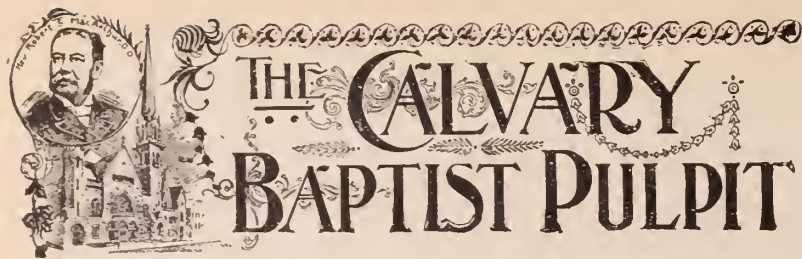
after forty years, returning to the place where his father still lived, and which his descendants were to possess. He is rich in flocks and herds, and is the father of twelve children. He is yet in the land of Gilead, some distance east of the Jordan when he hears news that his brother Esau, to whom he had sent a conciliatory message, is coming to meet him with four hundred men. Evidently Esau's purpose is hostile and Jacob's heart sinks. Like a prudent general, Jacob takes the worst course open to him, dividing his company and sending Esau a present. He sends his flocks and the women and children forward and remains behind, alone to pray. All human skill and foresight can do by way of precaution, has been done, and now Jacob looks up to God in whose hand the future lies. Looking back over his past life, he realizes how unworthy he is of God's protection, but he pleads that he is in the line of duty and reminds God of his promise. It is an awful crisis and Jacob spends the whole night in prayer. How earnest a prayer was we can imagine. Writing, afterwards, of that night's spiritual conflict the sacred chronicler compares it to the struggle of a wrestler. Charles Wesley finely embodied the same idea in a famous hymn. The ancient myth of the struggle of Hercules, from which he went away limping, is based on a similar conception. Jacob conceals his victory comes through reliance on God and faith. His own strength fails. Under the figure of the shriveling of the sciatic nerve, his helplessness is imaged. He can no longer contend, but he can plead the promises of God. He clings to him and to them until day breaks, and then he has triumphed. He learned that night was necessary to him. He learned, as we have done since, who have trusted their strength and cunning to gain ends, that the blessing comes when they cease to depend on themselves and lying helpless and faint, trust only in God.

I am not worthy. That confession is the basis of all appeals. The man who approaches God with the thought that he deserves the blessing is unlikely to get it. After a certain defeat the defeated general was brought prisoner into the tent of his successful enemy. Before the war they had fought and the prisoner held out his hands to shake hands. "Give your sword first," said the conqueror. He could hold no relations with the vanquished until an acknowledgment was made of defeat.

Deliver me, I pray thee. A British clergyman relates an incident that he heard from the lips of a judge. The judge was trying a case in which the parties were too poor to employ counsel. He was a very pious man and full confidence in the justice of his cause and his ability to present it clearly, took charge of his own case. But when opposing counsel had made his speech the man's courage failed. It was a very plausible speech and it put him where he was wrong. The judge called on him for his defense and he hesitated and stammered all the power of argument that he thought possessed seemed to desert him. He asked the judge if he might pray. Counsel was given and the man knelt down. "Seest, O Lord," he said, "how this law has misrepresented the facts. I thought I could explain all; but I cannot. De vindicate me." And he went on to tell what he had been unable to tell the judge. To the surprise of all he won his case.

My life is preserved. A Scotch keeper relates that while going through a meadow near Elgin, he became interested in the effort of a lark to escape the pursuit of a hawk. To his astonishment, the lark, in desperation made a sudden dive into the water where it cowered palpitating and quivering. He sheltered it until the hawk was away, when he released it and the lark flew upward with a song of joy.

An illustration of the power of maternal affection is furnished by an incident reported in a journal of Kansas City, Mo. I say that a woman and a boy sixteen years old are there awaiting the arrival of three children from St. John, Kans., before setting out for Detroit, Mich. They lived in the last mentioned city until last September, when the mother, hearing of the opening of the Cherokee Strip, stowed her household goods in a wagon and drove there to take up land. She did not understand the formalities to be observed and was easily outwitted. Her claim passed out of her hands and she was compelled to seek a home elsewhere. She did not know where to go.



THE MUTILATED MESSAGE.

A Sermon Preached last Sunday morning by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Jeremiah 36: 23. "And it came to pass when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with a penknife, and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed in the fire that was on the hearth."

THE period of Jewish history with which the text stands connected is, even to some intelligent Christians, largely a "terra incognita." Let us strive to get a clear idea of the character of it. The Kingdom of Judah was a kingdom only in name at this time; it was really in a state of alternate vassalage between Egypt and Assyria. The kings of Judah were kings only in name; they were retained or dismissed according to the whims or political exigencies of their masters. It was a time of misrule and imbecility on the part of the king, and of suffering and despair on the part of the people. Enormous taxes were raised from the people to satisfy the demand of foreign powers, and also to gratify the pride and folly of the nominal king. Foreign oppression was matched by home cruelty. The state of the country was indescribably bad, and it was constantly growing worse. The distant mutterings of

The Coming Storm

were heard. The cup of God's wrath was fast filling; and its fearful contents would soon be poured out in fury upon the people. At this crisis one man stands before the people with majestic pose, and utters the voice of authoritative warning. It is none other than Jeremiah, the great, noble and suffering prophet of the most high God. He was very young and timid when the word of the Lord, in the thirteenth year of Josiah, came to him while he lived at Anathoth. Protected in his earlier years by the influence of the pious Josiah, he became under Jehoiakim the object of fierce attack, and his prophetic ministry was opposed alike by the king, the priests, the prophets and the populace. He was brought before the civil authorities and they were urged to inflict capital punishment upon him because of his threatening prophecy. Nevertheless, all through this dark period, he strove to avert, or at least, to lessen the force of the blow, which he saw must soon fall upon the land. That tremendous empire, the Assyrian, was then in great power, splendor and glory; and Babylon was its capital instead of Nineveh. Nebuchadnezzar was associated with his father in ruling over the kingdoms, and he was in command of the forces of Assyria. It was a time when the very earth seemed to tremble beneath the tread of these mighty armies. They were advancing with irresistible power; and carnage and triumph marked every step of their progress. Most clearly did the prophetic eye of Jeremiah see the coming storm. Long had he striven to bring the people back to their allegiance to God; in royal palace and in sacred temple he fearlessly, patriotically and piously lifted up his warning voice. But his words were unheeded by the infatuated people; they were deaf alike to warning and entreaty.

The King's Death.

The long threatened storm is now near; the cyclonic destruction is at hand. Long ago would its fury have burst upon the people, but for the virtues of the good King Josiah. But he was wounded by a random arrow in the battle near Megiddo, was removed by his attendants from the war chariot, and was finally borne in sorrow to Jerusalem, where he died after a reign of thirty-one years. Deeply was he lamented by all his subjects. So sad a death had never been known in Jewish history; and Jeremiah composed an elegiac ode on the occasion, an ode which was long preserved in the memory of the minstrels as a national lamentation. But Jehoiakim will learn nothing from the warnings of God's prophet, or the inflictions of God's providence. He hastens blindly and madly to certain destruction; he is given over to every

form of vice among men and of impiety toward God.

It is possible for us now to get the immediate surroundings of the story so that its facts and lessons may be the more fully impressed upon our minds. It is now the 4th year of the reign of Jehoiakim, and about the year 605 B. C. God's word came to Jeremiah, commanding him to write a summary of all the sermons which he had preached since the 3rd year of Josiah; and the hope is expressed that the people will hear

The Voice of God

and the instructions of his prophet. But Jeremiah had not the pen of a ready writer; in this respect Baruch, the scribe, the son of Neriah, excelled; he is, therefore, employed as Jeremiah's amanuensis. There had been confidential relations between these two men previous to this time. It seems likely that Jeremiah was now "shut up" in some such sense that he could not himself go into the house of the Lord. Baruch, therefore, wrote the predictions on pieces of parchment; these pieces were joined together, the top of one to the bottom of the other, thus making a long scroll, which would naturally be rolled on a staff prepared for the purpose. Jeremiah was at this time in some sort a prisoner; perhaps he was not in close confinement, but he was at least forbidden by Jehoiakim the king, from appearing in the temple. By silencing the prophet of God, Jehoiakim thought he could defeat the purpose of God. Jeremiah, therefore, deputed Baruch to go and to read the prediction publicly on the fast day. A year passes, either in preparing the book or in other readings of it, before this great and formal presentation. The government seems to be somewhat alarmed, as a fast day has been appointed. Perhaps the hostile armies are now near, the famine, slavery, and death, with all the other horrors of war, stare the people in the face. It is now, as many suppose, about the year 600 B. C., and Baruch, the amanuensis of Jeremiah, and the sharer of his dungeon, appeared in the chamber of Gemariah, the son of Shaphan, who was friendly to the cause, and standing in the window or balcony, or, as Dean Stanley suggests, on the platform or pillar on which the king stood on solemn occasions, he repeated

The Sad Lamentations

and fearful prophecies to the people assembled for the national fast. Micaiah descended the Temple hill and informed the princes; they were met in council in the palace, in the apartments of the chief secretary, as was the custom during these troublous times. They summoned the people to the house of the Lord, although they do not seem to have come themselves. Now Baruch is sent for by Jehudi, the descendant of a noble house and a page of the king, and ordered to sit down and read to them the roll. This Baruch readily did, giving an account of the manner in which the prophecy had been composed. The princes were much affected as they patiently listened; they trembled with fear as did Felix. The reproofs were terrible, the threatenings solemn, and the predictions sure. For a time consternation seems to have prevailed over the minds of all the counsellors; and they finally agreed to tell the king what they had heard. But knowing the cruelty of the king they advised Jeremiah and Baruch to leave the roll and to hide themselves. These counsellors were moved by fright, but they were not subdued by faith; they were convinced, but they were not converted.

The roll has now been read to the people; it has also been recited to the princes, to whose hearts it strikes terror. Now the fierce and lawless king must hear its fearful contents. The roll is laid up in the cham-

ber of Elishama, the scribe, in the chamber where the princes heard it read, and they tell the king, who sends Jehudi to bring it. Jehudi obeys. The king sits by his fire in his winter parlor on that December day, sits by the charcoal pan or brazier which stood on the hearth. The princes stand around him filled with alarm because of the threatenings of God's wrath, and because of the easily aroused wrath of the king. Jehudi reads the roll; reads it perhaps imperfectly; reads it with comparatively little appreciation of its contents. Better if it had been read by Baruch or Jeremiah. The king, however, soon catches its meaning. Its bitter denunciations fill him with uncontrollable wrath. But three or four of the pages, or rather columns, were recited when the king's patience was exhausted; he seized the penknife, such as scribes usually had for cuttings and erasures, and cut the parchment into strips; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his counsellors, threw it into the fire on the hearth, and soon it was consumed. He then ordered Jeremiah and Baruch to be seized, but they had followed the suggestions given them and had hid themselves so that they could not be found. The act of the king was

An Abominable Outrage;

it was an act of daring impiety; it was an awful affront to the God of heaven. The king was impatient of reproof; he was determined to pursue his own course, resolved to persist in sin. He would have cut up and burned the preacher instead of the sermon, if he could have laid his hands on him. No wonder that the memory of his impious act lingered long with the people; no wonder that the Jews, even to this day, commemorate the burning of this roll by an annual fast. Jehoiakim was determined to run against the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler; he was determined to defy God and to invite the just wrath of the Almighty.

This story of the olden time furnishes us with many lessons for modern life. We learn, first, from this story that God has many ways of rebuking and warning men. The method that he uses depends upon the nature of the person to be rebuked, and upon all the circumstances of the case. He rebuked Pharaoh in many ways and by means of varied instrumentalities. He spoke to Nebuchadnezzar in language which he could not fail to understand. He uttered a warning voice to Belshazzar by the writing on the wall which Daniel interpreted. Through the instrumentality of Pilate's wife, a noble Roman woman, he spoke to Pilate's judgment and conscience. God still speaks with varied voices and in the use of manifold arguments.

Men Ought to Listen

in the whirl of business, in the quiet home, on a bed of sickness, and in the House of God, to the voice of the Eternal, speaking in warning and in exhortation, in rebuke and in promise. To-day, O men and women, harden not your hearts, but listen to the voice of God warning you of danger, summoning you to repentance, and proffering you his full and free forgiveness.

We may learn again that men's hearts may become so hardened that they will not heed God's warning. Jehoiakim determined to do what he desired, whatever God's prophet might say. The inevitable result of slighting God's warning is that the heart becomes hard. The boy who blushed when he stole an apple may finally dye his hand in the blood of his fellow men without compunction. The sponge attracts to itself particle of silex until finally it becomes a silicious mass. So the heart changes into stone; so men and women may reach a stage when they literally are "past feeling." This condition is one of the most terrific consequences of persistence in disobedience to God and in the practice of sin. I may here appeal to your own experience. Some of you are distinctly conscious that once your hearts were tender, that once your tears flowed in a penitent flood, that once you were willing that men should know that you were anxious about your soul. But now all such emotions are gone, you have become hardened;

You are Resisting God;

you are imitating the example of Pharaoh and that of Jehoiakim. Oh it is terrible to carry in one's bosom a stone instead of a heart! I beseech you that to-day you listen to the voice of warning and of entreaty. Remember that "he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

We learn also that some men think they can avert God's threatenings by destroying

or disbelieving God's communication "Abominable parchment!" So Jehoiakim may have said. "How it disturbs my pleasures; away with it; begone miserable old prophet!" So he throws the parchment on the coals in the brazier. See burn! Now it is consumed! Now, the king seems to say, "The judgments of God cannot come." Was ever foolish man foolish, was ever childish petulance so puerile? Did not God know how to execute sentence when the roll was burned? Did the roll cause the approaching disaster? You expect to go on an excursion some summer day; you examine the weather the morning paper; you wish to discover what are the indications for the day. You read, "showers at intervals all morning. Are you so silly as to destroy that paper the hope that it may avert those showers? The doctrines of God's Word are unwelcome to some men; therefore, these doctrines are untrue;

They Fear the Judgment

of a just and holy God; therefore, they deny that there is a God. Men of this class were known to and characterized by the Psalmist when he said, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." It was a fool who was guilty of this atheistic declaration, and even he said it in his heart rather than in his head; for the head of even a fool knows better. He wished that there was no God; therefore, he affirmed that there is no God. Men deny that there is a hell; they deny its existence because they fear its reality. The Bible does not create hell; the Bible only reveals it. In revealing it we have a proof of the love of God to the children of men. Christ gives us the fullest revelation of hell that we ever had; indeed, he uncovered the pit. I gave us this revelation to guard us from destruction, as the brakeman swings his lamp to warn the approaching train of danger. Christ was as loving in his warnings as in his invitations.

Again we learn from this story that God's Word shall stand whatever men may do or say. God's threatenings shall be fulfilled, and additional ones shall be given and additional dangers incurred. Jeremiah and Baruch had to flee from the wrath of the king; his rage knew no bounds. I was not willing to confess his sins so turned against

The Preacher Who Rebuked

him for his sin. Baruch was disheartened at the failure of his mission; but Jeremiah knew God better than did his amanuensis, so he commanded Baruch to take his pen and write again the terrible message. He thus came to pass that the counsel of God against the king stood sure; that a fire roll was written with the addition of further and awful denunciation, occasioned by the king's foolish and sacrilegious act. The king and the country are doomed; the cup of God's wrath must be emptied. The cloud charged with fire and brimstone will for a time held over Sodom, but it was removed; its contents at the appointed moment were poured out. The postponement of the affliction upon Jehoiakim was not indefinite. God's Word could not be destroyed. It is like the burning bush—burns but is not consumed. This terrible prediction regarding the king was made "He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David; and his dead body shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost." But even this terrible threat made but little impression upon him, for he still continued to sin against the Lord his God. The blessed Bible has been often burned; but as

A Divine and Sacred Phoenix

it comes forth from its ashes. The written Word is indestructible; the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of the divine Word shall perish. The unbelief of man shall not make the word of the ever-living God of non-effect. You may burn the book, but you cannot destroy the Word; you may break the table of stone but the finger of God shall write the law on other stones. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeeth; but the word of God shall stand for ever." Glorious Bible! Blessed revelation! This book will stand when all its critics are utterly forgotten. Ever threat, as well as every promise, shall be fulfilled. Because you do not read the Bible perhaps do not believe it or its author, you do not by your unbelief blot out perdition or dethrone God. God's Word, like God's three brave witnesses, may be put into the furnace, heated seven times hotter than it

want to be heated, but it shall come forth without the smell of fire on its leaves. Disobedience on the part of Judah's king, brought into his own heart more arrows from God's quiver. A worse thing, Christ imitates, might come to the man healed at the pool of Bethesda than his infirmity of thirty and eight years. There are still other arrows in the quiver of the Almighty. O men and women, believe and obey God's word to-day! If you do, it will be well with you in time and blessed with you in eternity.

We may learn still one other lesson. No man can oppose God and prosper. Hear the conclusion of this story of the olden time. The wrath of God came upon the king and his whole family. The King of kings will not lightly pass over the indignity which the king of Judah put on his law and on his word. Jehoiakim was perhaps especially angry because in the roll it was said that the king of Babylon shall certainly come and all destroy the land. He despised the warning; he heeded none of God's reproofs. A few years pass; he is deluded by the Egyptian party in his court and so he ventures to withhold his tribute and then to throw off the Chaldean yoke. Against this step Jeremiah earnestly remonstrated, but Jehoiakim violated his oath and hastened to his ruin. He would rather lavish his tribute on his own luxury and pride, than pay it to the king of Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar having taken Carchemish, crossed the Euphrates and soon overran the whole of Palestine. Soon he is at the gates of Jerusalem; and Jehoiakim was well-nigh powerless. He admitted Nebuchadnezzar into Jerusalem under certain conditions; and these conditions, with his usual fatuity, he immediately disregarded. Soon he was himself in chains to be carried a prisoner to Babylon. Alike in the history of Josephus and in various books of the Bible, much obscurity hangs over

The Story of His Death.
In I. Kings 24: 6, he is said to have slept with his fathers; and in II. Chron. 36: 6, to have been put in chains to be carried to Babylon; and in Jeremiah he is said to have had the burial of an ass. All the narratives can be grouped so as to show that on his commission he was reinstated on his throne at that three years afterward he endeavored to throw off the yoke of Chaldea; then he was for a time imprisoned, and finally this cruel and weak king was slain; but whether by the hands of his subjects or by foreign foes it is not easy to determine. His body was thrown over the wall and exposed night and day, and after a time it was carried away and "buried with the burial of an ass." The temple was plundered and many noble young men, perhaps among them Daniel and the three well-known captives were carried away into captivity; and he began the seventy years of painful captivity.

Jehoiakim, the son of the godly and noble Jehoiada, died weeping and unsung, and was buried without pomp or lamentation, but with ignominy and detestation. O the folly of opposing God! O the unspeakable guilt of lifting our puny arm against the Almighty! Let men contend with men, but woe unto him who contends with his Maker! Men and women submit today to the pleading of God's love, to the creations of his grace, to the voice of his wrappings. Submit to his gentle authority and rejoice in his fatherly love. Transfer your allegiance from Satan to Christ, thus yielding your hearts to his love, which is greater than a mother's, while his arm is mightier than God's.

CRUCIFIXION IN AFRICA.

Several missionaries in Africa have found, to their surprise, that in preaching of the crucifixion there was a remarkable manifestation of intelligence on the part of the natives. It appears that many tribes are perfectly familiar with this method of execution. Mr. Haupt of Bongandanga, says: "The other day I was talking to one of the natives about crucifixion, which used to be practiced here, and is still among the tribes away from the white men. This man told me that he had seen several crucifixions on a certain well-known tree at Ikau. He also mentioned the horrible fact that some of the victims hung there with broken limbs for five days before death took place. Their cries of anguish and entreaties to be killed were all unheeded. It is the custom to put a slave to this abominable death to seal the covenant, when two parties have concluded a treaty of peace."

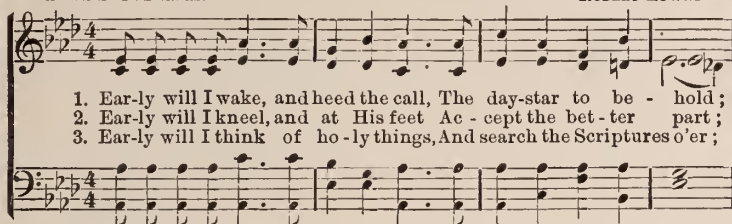


Early Seeking.

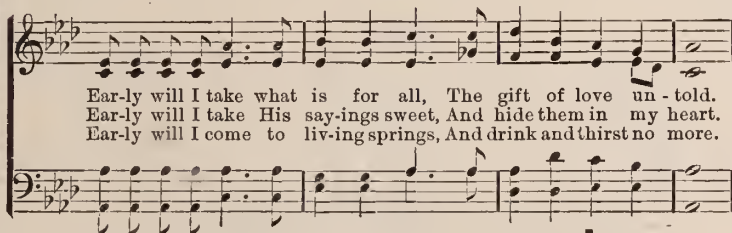
"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

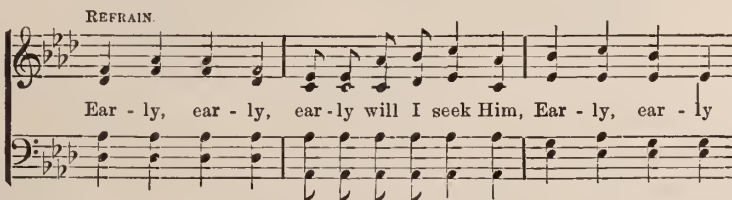
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Ear-ly will I wake, and heed the call, The day-star to be - hold;
2. Ear-ly will I kneel, and at His feet Ac - cept the bet - ter part;
3. Ear-ly will I think of ho - ly things, And search the Scriptures o'er;



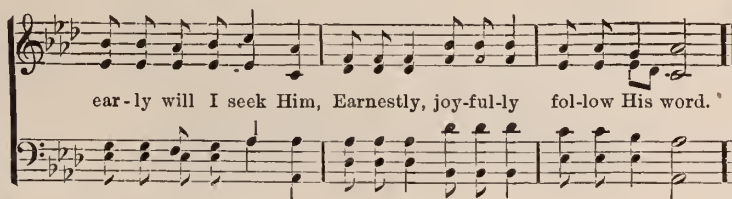
Ear-ly will I take what is for all, The gift of love un - told.
Ear-ly will I take His say-ings sweet, And hide them in my heart.
Ear-ly will I come to liv-ing springs, And drink and thirst no more.



Ear - ly, ear - ly, ear - ly will I seek Him, Ear - ly, ear - ly



seek the bless - ed Lord; Ear - ly, ear - ly,



ear-ly will I seek Him, Earnestly, joy-ful-ly fol-low His word."

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE VERDICT.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

HASTE, jailor haste! yon pris'ner's chains to loose,
Here's pardon free, for him what joyful news!

"One charged with dark revolt, with guiltless breast,

Shall he go free indeed?"

Yea of a truth; from Pilate's judgment hall
Came we, e'en now this verdict there did fall

"The Nazarene must die!" wondrous behest
Barabbas shall be freed.

Withal not strange; of old upon their feast
These clam'rous Jews a pris'ner have released;

'Tis granted now the people's unjust plea.
Despite man's frenzied cry,

Whose passions all on swift revenge are bent—
Spake Pilate (in his judgment more relent):

"In him, whom ye accuse I fail to see
A cause why he should die."

Howbeit all the more the tumult reigned,
That Pilate's voice not e'en an hearing gained;

The stigma of another's guilt they will
Thrust on their victim's head.

Hearken, the tramp of many feet
Without,

There is no longer room for any doubt,
Forthwith toward the brow of yonder hill

To meet his doom he's led.

Ah! thou my soul, view here Heav'n's
matchless grace,

That loosed thy bonds, and suffered in thy
place;

Thine is a Saviour's spotless righte-
ousness

His is thy guilt and shame,
List! sweetly doth a gracious verdict
sound

"In thee no condemnation shall be found
Thy pardon's sealed with blood." O,
bless,

My soul, his holy name.

—New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. MARY LUTZ.

THE CALLING OF THE BRIDE.

The Identity, Selection and Preparation of the People whom Christ will Make His Bride at His Coming.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE Bride of the Lamb never appears in the Word of God until Rev. 19, after the destruction of Babylon, which is typical of the false church. Then we have these glorious words: "And I heard as it

were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." In Rev. 21: 2, we read: "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a Bride adorned for her husband." And these words are but the preface of the whole of this wonderful chapter which speaks of the Lord's coming for his bride.

In Matt. 24: 27, we read: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." And yet, in the very same chapter, and in the very same discourse of our Lord, he speaks thus of another aspect of his coming: "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left."

The first wonderful description of a coming which shall be the consummation of a time of trouble greater than the flood itself, for it is "such as was not from the beginning of the world till this time, no, nor ever shall be." Surely in such a time the work in the field will be neglected, and the grinding at the mill will cease; but in verses forty and forty-one he speaks of agricultural pursuits going on as usual as if there were no previous signs of the event.

May it not be that these are two distinct parts of the coming of the Lord, and that the last mentioned shall have priority of the first? How can it come unawares if such terrible catastrophes precede it as shall cause a disruption of the very elements themselves? Where would be the need for the exhortation, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man," if it did not refer to that selection we have read of where one shall be taken and the other left? Why, then, shall there be such a selection? A man may receive into his house visitors and servants, but he does not put his name upon them; he gives his name to none other but his Bride. The Lamb of God is seeking a Bride who leaves her name for his name, her all for him. He woos her with no promise of dowry, but by the call to self-renunciation like his own. "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him." (Ps. 45: 10, 11). It is her call to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." (Rev. 14: 4). As Christ pleased not himself, so it is her privilege to deny herself and take up her cross and follow him. (Matt. 16: 24).

Here we see the distinction between the coming of Christ for his servants and the coming for his Bride.

The betrothal takes place down here. In the midst of the frets and the worries of daily life, we can take our Lord for better for worse; here we can learn the suffering with him which brings about the truest unity; here and now we may learn to subject our wills to him.

Who then is the Bride? Until he has formed her none will know who are the members of that company who will make a help answering to him as Eve to Adam (Gen. 2: 18, R. V.). She will never exist until the last member is educated by him in the school of suffering and of patience. She will never be visible until she has "the glory of God." The one chaste virgin; the one "perfect man," perhaps the one Man-child, the fruit of the woman clothed with the Sun whom we take to be the true Church of Christ. His calling to every believer is the same: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

Let us take heed to ourselves, and see whether we have responded or not, to this call, and whether we can be rightly said to be waiting for the Bridegroom."



PRAYER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 1. Matt. 6: 3-15.

EVERY Christian has probably been troubled, at some period of his life about the mystery of prayer. Will the Almighty Maker of the heavens and the earth listen to the petitions of one among the many millions of his creatures? Will he change his plans at the request of a being so insignificant? Can we reasonably expect his attention to our little troubles and difficulties and count on his interference for our relief? Such questions force themselves on the mind and will not be excluded. Yet the difficulties are of our own making. Jesus, who surely knew whereof he spoke, enjoined prayer and gave assurance of answers. It is not a subject for reasoning but for trust. In this matter we are in the position of children in relation to a father. Jesus used that very illustration. If you, he said, being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give good gifts to those who ask him! How then does a wise and loving father deal with his children? However large his business, or public concerns may be, the requests of his children are not matters of indifference to him. Not that he grants them all. He would be neither wise nor loving if he did. In his child's own interest he is obliged to refuse some requests. The little ten-year-old boy who would rather spend his time in the play-ground than in the school, would be injured by having all his requests granted. The time comes when he realizes the fact, when he understands his father better, when he knows that it is his own best good that his father desires and he asks in that larger light very few requests that his father cannot grant. So Jesus said, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." He who abides in Jesus and in whom Jesus' words abide is not likely to ask anything that God is indisposed to grant. He will not ask for wealth, because he seeks first the kingdom of God; he will not ask for fame or power, because he seeks not his own advancement; he does not ask relief from suffering or trial, but for grace to bear it patiently. Jesus' words abiding in him keep him from vain and foolish desires. He does not worry about how God answers prayer, for Jesus' words satisfy him that he does answer it. Beside the direct result, there is also another reason for prayer in the reflex benefit it confers. He that raises his face Godward is elevated by the act. To be in God's presence is of itself purifying and ennobling. It was no myth that the face of Moses shone after communion with God; something of the ineffable glory is still reflected from the countenance of those who live much in his presence. Carlyle said there could be no religion without prayer, or at best, only a maimed one, and many have proved it so. Power to overcome innate evil, power against temptation and power for service all come through that channel. Light and life and liberty are won there and they are gained as Christ gained them to bless the world, for every such endowment is not for hoarding, but for use among men.



FOR THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

Arrangements are being rapidly pushed forward for the great International Christian Endeavor Convention which is to meet at Cleveland, O., on July 11. It is expected that the attendance will not be far short of forty thousand. Applications for accommodation have already been received from ten thousand delegates. The Auditorium will seat nine thousand persons, Music Hall five thousand, and a large tent has been rented which will accommodate ten thousand. These, with the churches which will be placed at the disposal of the Committee,

will it is thought, suffice for the Convention. The Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, to whom all applications should be sent, and who will be glad to answer inquiries from societies and delegates is Mr. Norman E. Hills, 372 Sibley St. Cleveland.



EIGHT NOBLE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Our readers among the King's Daughters will be glad to see the picture which appears on this page of a group of Presidents of Circles. They are taken from the "Silver Cross," by the courteous permission of Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, the Secretary of the General Council. Unhappily there has been of late in all sections of the country an opportunity all too extensive for the work



PROMINENT LEADERS OF CIRCLES OF KING'S DAUGHTERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Mrs. W. D. Bennett. | 3. Mrs. A. D. Shipley. | 5. Mrs. C. A. Morly. | 7. Miss Nellie Hazen. |
| 2. Mrs. Clara Hilsinger. | 4. Mrs. E. B. Lobdell. | 6. Miss Emma Drew. | 8. Mrs. W. D. Edwards. |

which the Order of King's Daughters was organized to do. Destitution and bitter need have been prevalent, taxing the resources of the various Circles as they have never been taxed before. Right nobly has the call been met. In all our cities the King's Daughters have proved worthy of the name they bear, for they have ministered to the poor in his name and alleviated many a sorrow.

Mrs. W. D. Bennett, whose portrait is No. 1 in the group, is President of the Mizpah Christmas Circle in Brooklyn, under whose auspices the Mizpah Seamen's Home is conducted. The Circle has been active during the period of distress collecting funds which have been expended in coal, clothing and food for the needy. Mrs. Clara Hilsinger, whose portrait is No. 2 in the picture, is President of the W. C. T. U. Circle at Sidney, N. Y., which has also done excellent work in the relief of the destitute. Many members of the Circle are not wealthy, but they have contributed their labor, which after all is a better test of Christian spirit than gifts of money. Mrs. A. D. Shipley (No. 3) is President of Adeline Circle, Baltimore, Md. This

Circle also makes the poor and needy its chief concern and has been able in many ways to show its zeal in the Master's cause. Mrs. E. B. Lobdell (No. 4), is President of Tryphena Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is one of the Circles that have adopted the cent a day plan, and has found the benefit of the systematic arrangement. The Home for the Aged, several institutions, and many deserving families have benefited by the help rendered by this circle. Mrs. C. A. Morly (No. 5), is President of Harmony Circle, Jamestown, N. Y. This is a Methodist Circle. It has raised a hundred dollars to repair the church with which it is connected, and its twenty-five members are thoroughly devoted to Sunday School and other church work. Miss Emma Drew (No. 6) organized The King's Messengers' Circle of Burlington, Vt., and still continues its President. None of the members are over fifteen years of age, but they are enthusiastic lovers of the Order and are working in its spirit. They have made caps for poor boys, have collected a basket of toys for a school of poor girls, have sent gifts to the Hospitals, and have in no way fallen behind their elder sisters in the Order in good works. Miss Nellie Hazen presides over the Whatsoever Circle at Leona, Kans. It has the credit of having raised nearly three hundred dollars

for the renovation of the one church of the

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. Will you inform me who is the author of the following?

"When the stroke of thy flail is upon me, let me not be as the rebellious chaff, that flieeth in the face of the threshers, but rather as the scoured and naked grain, that falleth in submission at his feet."

Probably some reader may be able to supply the information asked.

The Jail and Hospital Committee of Houston, Texas, can use back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious literature that our readers can send to them. They have more calls for good literature from hospitals and prison-cells than they can supply. Address, care of G. W. Gaines, drug store, corner Capital street and Texas avenue, Houston, Tex.

Subscriber, Sedalia, Mo. Should a member of a church leave the church or cling to it, when it insists on doubting in the conversion of its members and in praying for them and no one else?

Possibly the walk and conversation of many of the members are such as to justify a doubt of their conversion, and to make them fit subjects of imploration. Still, it is difficult to conceive of a warm-hearted Christian church in which there are no converts whose Christianity is beyond all question. Why not talk the matter over with your pastor before taking any further steps?

Julius Rauch, Pittsburg, Pa. The proposition of S. M. Beach, Chicago, for the formation of a national relief organization, as he explains it is an excellent one, and eminently practical. Such a project would secure hundreds of supporters in this city, if not thousands. It is high time that Christian philanthropy were organized, so that the really deserving poor would be benefited.

Marie Whitcombe, Dubuque, Ia. Our family and not a few of our acquaintances, were glad to be able to help a little in the Food Fund charity, and we all think highly of the plan mentioned in this week's CHRISTIAN HERALD by a correspondent in Chicago, for a union of Christian people for the purpose of keeping the worthy poor wherever they may be found. We hope that the HERALD will see its way to put the plan into practical operation soon.

Subscriber, Montclair, N. J. What a blessing it would be if such a thing as I read of in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—a national union of Christian hearts and hands for the relief of suffering and affliction among "God's poor"—could be realized! Such an organization is sorely needed and would be widely and generously supported. It is a reproach to our land that, with all our professed Christianity and progress, there should be such a thing as destitution among the honest and industrious poor. The State can take care of the criminal and the lazy, but surely God's children ought themselves to care for their own brothers and sisters when affliction comes.

Other letters in reply to S. M. Beach, Chicago, are necessarily laid over till next week. For lack of space,

A. G. B., Fulton, Ky. Was Ham's color changed or that of his posterity? Genesis, ninth chapter, teaches Ham did the sinning, or displeased his father, but the curse fell upon Canaan, and the curse seems to be servitude, but I wish to know the beginning and cause of their black color. Was Ham himself black? I studied in my Sunday School class that Ham's color was a curse. Please answer speedily, as I have to give an early answer. It was about four weeks ago that I read—Ham's color was a curse, because of disobedience or sin.

The word "Ham" (with its Egyptian equivalent "Ken"), signifies "black," "swarthy," "sunburnt." Commentators assume that the names of the sons of Noah were prophetic in their signification. This is stated in the case of Noah (Gen. 5: 29), and implied as to Japheth (Gen. 9: 27), and was presumably so as to the other sons. It is not assumed that the color of Ham was changed. The complexion of his descendants was the result of climatic influences.

J. E. Holt, Laurel, Mass. When and by whom were the books of the Bible divided into chapters and verses as we now have them?

There are disputes as to both the time and the person. It was formerly supposed that the division into chapters was done about A. D. 1240 by an assemblage of learned divines under the presidency of Cardinal Hugh of St. Cher. Recently, however, a book has been found, dated A. D. 1059, in which there is a reference to the Twelfth Chapter of Exodus, which shows that the Bible was then divided as now. The division into verses appears in no edition earlier than 1545, which was issued by Robert Stephens.

Belle Gregory, Gano, Texas. 1. No, it is positively untrue. 2. Neither tradition nor the Bible state how long he was so occupied.—A. H. F., Harman, O. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 662 8th Ave. N. Y., about opening for missionary work. Sunday labor can only be excused on the ground of necessity. To accept from choice a position involving Sunday labor would be a distinct violation of God's commandment.—Mrs. E. J. Foley, Elmira, Kan. Her name is not recorded. 2. So Christianity and the Bible teach.—Reader, Herman, Ia. 3. 4. 5. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—J. M. Schab, Ark. Each county is supposed to take care of its own poor, and in ordinary times is probably able to do so.—Reader, Detroit, Mich. 1. No. 2. It would seem to be a work of necessity to both man and beast.—Mrs. C. Coleman, Richmond, Ma. We believe that women should take an active part in all good works.—Elizabeth Roman, Centerville, Ia. In which sermon do you find such a statement?—J. D. Cochran, Ore. It is impossible to answer our inquiries, as no history or tradition furnish any data on the subject.—S. E. Madam, Hartland, Kan. The Bible does not give the time.—J. A. Armstrong, Toronto. Address Mrs. Sankey, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

1. J. B. Dilley, Oregon. The "Helps to the Study of the Bible," which we will mail to you free, are the best. 2. We know of no Executive Committee. Write to the American S. Union, Philadelphia.—Mrs. H. A. Early, Ferndale, Cal. Mr. Vatman's address is Metropolitan Hall, 14th St. N. Y.—G. H. Robertson, Penryn, Cal. There is such a pillar, which tradition declares marks the spot where Lot's wife perished.—Rev. W. D. Cox, Whitesville, Ky. 1. \$1,000. 2. Twelve weeks.

The Scottish Associations have placed another soldier at the Cross in the foreign field. The Leith Fellowship Union is to be represented in China by Mr. Alexander Menzies (formerly of Perth), towards whose support in connection with the China Inland Mission \$250 a year is subscribed.



Fudda's Betrothal.

An Oriental Woman Describes this most Interesting Ceremony to our Traveler.

IT is something to get fast hold of a woman in this country who does not take fright at the sight of notebook and fountain-pen. It is something more to secure one who knows of herself just what I wish to find out and to report.

Best of all it is to discover that my brave woman, my well-informed woman and the woman who can speak Arabic fluently and English graphically, are one and the same, and cheerfully at my service.

I have seated her in my room and given her due notice that I mean to make use of her to the utmost. Circumstances—not the least formidable of which is the accident of my foreign birth and breeding, have kept me, to some extent, in the outer court when certain ceremonies are performed in the innermost of the home. I may see marriage processions, but as a visitor, not a participant in the festivities and solemnities of the occasion, and when I have sought to "interview" prospective brides and brides' parents, I have been conscious that a meagre outline of history is all that I can obtain.

But here is one who was brought up in Syria, who has used her eyes, ears, tongue, and brain, who has a fine sense of humor and the reportorial faculty of seeing everything, and telling what she has seen. By virtue of some, or all of these advantages, she has assisted at a dozen or more Moslem weddings, and has one fresh in her mind, shall let her tell the story as nearly as possible in her own way. The occasional lapse into native idioms adds flavor to the narrative. I only regret my inability to convey it for my readers as she brightens it for me by gesture and facial play. The nervous action of her strong, supple hands, the flash of eyes and teeth, as she touches the comic feature of the story, would make the language piquante.

She begins apologetically: "You will not mind that I say how strange" rolling the r's richly; "some of the European customs of young men and young women appear to us. I have seen young people who are betrothed walk in the streets, arm-in-arm, and when they do separate, say, for the gentlemen to go into the interior, and the lady to remain here with her mother or friends, he will take her in his arms and kiss her in the sight of others. And these are not common, or vulgar or not educated people. O, but ladies and gentlemen of the best orders in their own land—genteel and religious. The ways of these strangers are wonderful, and may belong to the customs and climate of their countries, but they could not be suffered here—not for one hour. With us, if a girl smile so much as at the man she is to marry, he will not love her—he will cast her off. He will say—and he is wise—if she be light in her behavior to me, she will be light to any other man. She is not to be trusted."

"Yet they must become acquainted with one another, before they are married, and it is natural for a light-hearted girl to smile while talking to a lover."

"She never talks to him!" hands and eyes combining to enforce the declaration. "Usually, she has never seen him unless she catch a glimpse of him through the window, when there is not danger that he will see her peep at him, and despise her for being bold and curious."

"You see it is this way: A man who works, or money from his father or in some way, says to an old woman—perhaps it is his aunt, perhaps it is his cousin, perhaps it is an acquaintance,—'It is time I get married. Do you know any girl that would suit me?'"

"She is always on the outlook, you see,

for it is many presents some get in this way, and she has ready an answer:

"O, yes! there is" (we will say) "Fudda, whose father lives near by me. She is a pretty girl, and young and healthy, and of a good family."

"Then she tell him who is her father and her mother, and how respectable they are, and how young and good-looking is the girl. Perhaps she is but ten years old, or she may be fourteen."

"I know," I interrupt, "your girls mature much earlier than ours. A girl of twelve with us is a child, and as for one of ten, she is hardly more than a baby."

My companion is grave enough now: her eyes are dark and moist; she sinks her voice almost to a whisper.

"A girl of ten is a child with us. A child and nothing more."

"Yet I know one who, last week, was

married to a man seventy years old! Her father could not give her bread, he was so poor, and this old man gave a good price for her—fifty napoleons, for she is a pretty child."

"A good price! Do fathers sell their children?"

"You shall hear. We do not call it that, but when you have listened, you may say it is what you please. Well! the young man is willing, after what he is told, to marry the girl, and the old woman goes

off to see Fudda's mother, just as if she had nothing of importance to say, but was passing by and thought she would make a visit, and presently, when they have had coffee together and smoked a few cigarettes, she says, if Fudda is in the room, 'Will you send your daughter out? I wish to speak with you.' Then she will bring forward the name of the young man, and make many praises of him, and tell how he would wish to marry her daughter. The mother knows, and the old woman who goes between knows, that all depends upon what the father shall say, but they like to talk it over for a long time, maybe two hours, and back the old woman returns to the young man, and says, 'I have made straight the path for you so far as I can. Now, it is for you to act.'"

"I see!" (and I think that I do.) "He must speak to the father and ask permission to address the daughter. That is the custom in some European countries, as well."

It is plain that I am not upon the right line. Her gesture is deprecatory.

"That would not be correct. It would be too much haste—and not at all respectful. The young man goes to his uncle or his

brother—if he be an older brother and very sober and—and—degnified, and says—"I want that girl. Will you talk to her father and see what arrangements you can make?" So, the friends—for it is quite usual that he sends two—go to the father and tell what a respectable young man this is, and how respectable and of good family are his parents, and that he wishes to marry his daughter. Perhaps, it may be, that the father is not willing, for some reason, to let the marriage take place. Then, he laughs and puts to scorn all that has been done. He says—"This is some silly gossip of the women. I will give my wife a sound scold for her foolishness. You may go tell your nephew—or your brother, as it may be—that I have no daughter to be married." And there is the end of it all."

"But if the father has no objection?"

"Ah! then it goes on. The father says, 'How much will your friend give for this, my daughter?' Then they bargain and bargain. If she be pretty—very pretty, the father may ask as much as a hundred napoleons. But it is likely that he will not get more than eighty, or maybe, seventy-five. If she be not handsome, maybe he will get but forty. This, when the father is not rich, or when he is greedy and wants the money for himself. You see it is this way: He says, 'I have brought up my girl and had the expense and trouble of her all these years, and she has not earned for me one piastre. Her husband must pay me something for all that.' But the better class of Moslems, and especially of our own people—the Christians" (this

includes Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants), "will prefer to have the price paid in jewelry and clothes that will belong to the bride. Then, her father will have to give her nothing from his own house. So—the bargain is made, and the bridegroom and his friends, and the uncle or brother of the bride—and if she have no uncle or brother, perhaps her father, will go to a judge—an advocate—do you call him?"

"A lawyer—do you mean?"

"That is what I would say. They go to a lawyer, and he writes down on a paper how that this man—mentioning his name—desires to have in marriage Fudda, the daughter of such and such a man, and promises to give on such a day, first a ring (the first present must always be a ring), and on another day a silk dress, and again, a gold chain, maybe, or a bracelet, and next another dress, and to this he signs his name, and the witnesses write theirs, and the lawyer signs with his seal, and the paper goes to Fudda's father. This is the 'cere-mo-nee.'"

"I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"The 'cere-mo-nee.' This is what makes her betrothed to this man. There is no other. No church service. No questions, no answers. No promises. No vows. As soon as what the bridegroom has promised is paid, he can claim his wife. He can go to her father and say, 'I have here your receipts for so much money—or so many dresses and jewelry. Now I will have my wife.' She is his by the law, and if her father did not give her up, the law would take her away from him."

"Once in a great, great while, it happens that the man has promised what he cannot pay, or he is careless, or he is not honest, or he does not care so much for the girl as he did at first. Something like this makes him slow in keeping his engagement. One, two, three, maybe four years are gone, and he has not paid all, and Fudda is living in her father's house, his wife and yet not his wife. By-and-by, the father loses his patience, and he sends word to the man—"This must come to an end. My daughter cannot be married to any other man while she is betrothed to you, and you cannot have her until you have filled your part of the contract. If you can pay what you have promised, do it at once. If you cannot, or do not mean to do it—if you are so disho-no-ra-ble as to wish to put this deesgrace upon me and my daughter—then divorce her, so that I can give her to some better man." If he cannot, or will not keep his engagement, he must divorce her, just as if she were his wife."

"Suppose the poor girl has become attached to him in this time?"

"She could not!" This is said so positively that I am somewhat abashed at having offered the suggestion. "She has never seen him, unless she may have met him, by chance, in the street. Then, it is her duty as a modest woman to turn her head aside"—smiting the action to the sentence—"and hurry by. Of course, he has not once seen her face, for she never stirs out of doors without her veil, and should he come to her father's door on an errand, she must hide in a cupboard, or run behind a curtain, or conceal herself."

"Suppose, though, the young man has kept his word, and all the price is paid, and the lawyer writes his receipt that so many jewelry and dresses, and so much money has passed through his hands to Fudda's father. Sometimes this is done in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days. If the time is short, the girl does not know that she is to be married, or that any man has asked for her until, maybe, two or three days before the wedding. Then, her father will say to her—"On such a day—maybe next Wednesday or Monday—you are to be given in marriage to such a man."

"Whom she has never seen!" I shudder forth.

"It may be that she has never heard his name until that minute."

"What if she refuses to marry him?"

"Ah, then, would not her father give her a good slapping? He would ask her, 'who knows best what is good for you—you, a silly, ignorant child, or your father and your mother? You disobedient, ungrateful girl! And if you would not have your father's curse, and be turned in deesgrace from your father's house, do as you are bid.'"

"And, indeed, madam," interjects my informant, judiciously, "he is in the right of it. What can a girl who has been kept close in-doors when there is any danger of meeting a man, and seen nothing of the world, understand of such things?"

"Are such marriages generally happy?" It is not a query to be dismissed lightly, and she ponders a minute.

"Say there are one hundred marriages made in this way. I should say that ten out of the hundred are not happy. And"—slowly, and again dropping her voice—"I have, myself, known of two girls who threw themselves into a well to escape marrying men chosen by their parents."

A painful pause ensues before I resume the subject: "Now tell me all about Fudda's wedding."

MARION HARLAND.

P. S.—David Jamal has allowed me to read an interesting paper prepared by himself, upon "Marriage Customs in Jerusalem and the adjacent villages." It contains, among other valuable and curious things, a literal translation of an Arabic song sung by the "future bridegroom and his friends and relations" at the betrothal-feast in the house of the bride's father.

At my request, Alcides has written a metrical version, that yet faithfully renders the spirit and almost the language of the original:

O, father of the bride! throw wide each door
To welcome us, the long-robed bridal train.
May Allah, in his mercy evermore
Protect thy home from every grief and pain.
Thy daughter's fame has spread to distant lands,
Men call her graceful, fair and swift of thought,
Her father, prince of gallant desert-bands,
Whose wealth, Aleppo's castle might have bought.
O, father of the bride! be generous.
Ask not a heavy dowry for thy bride:
The gold will perish if his greedier thus
But we, thy friends, remain forever tried.
Then welcome us, thy friends, the wedding guests,
Prepare a feast for us beneath thy dome:
And then, when thou hast granted our behests,
Mount thy swift steed—escort us from thy home.



SYRIAN CHILDREN.

(From a photograph by Marion Harland.)



SYNOPSIS OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

The opening chapters of the story introduce several Brooklyn families, including the Rev. William C. Barnes and his wife, and Mrs. Alice Paull, an old schoolfellow of the latter. Alice Paull was the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Lanier, now dead, and whose business is in the hands of the son, Mr. Roger Lanier. Mrs. Paull's brother, Her husband, Ernest Paull, whom she married eighteen years before the opening of the story, was an idle, pleasure-loving man, whose neglect and unkindness she had patiently borne. He had lost several business positions and ultimately had embezzled the money of his employers and absconded. He confessed his crime in a letter to his wife's brother, who carried the news to Mrs. Paull. Shocked by the intelligence, she falls sick of brain fever. Her physician, Dr. Bacon, recommends change of air and scene when she becomes convalescent, and accordingly Mrs. Paull, her eldest daughter, Marie, and the other children, with Elspeth, her faithful Scotch servant, remove to Pequod, N. J. Marie, who believes her father to be wrongfully accused and persecuted, secretly corresponds with him, having learned that he is hiding at Nice, France. She specially detests her Uncle Roger, who has generously provided a home for the impoverished family, and opposes her mother's efforts to increase the household resources by jelly-making for the markets.

CHAPTER XI (Continued.)

In nine times out of ten, sinful temporizing with Temper (with a capital T), begins when the offenders are no older than our cherubic would-be tyrant. It is easier, argue mistaken parents and friends, to go around a hill than over it; it is easier to fill up valleys than to tunnel mountains; yet shrewd engineers rive rocks to their adamantine hearts and run their roads right through them. Peace is dear to the mother's soul, but it is dearly bought by the sacrifice of lawful authority and the subversion of the rights of those whose claim to consideration is as worthy of respect as that of the Temper's owner. The chief sufferer, however, from this system of amiable or cowardly truckling to the leashed wolf of the home, is he whose own the beast is. For awhile the creature may follow meekly at heel, or stalk with red eyes and dripping tusks at his master's side, ready to rend at his command. In the end he is sure to spring at his leader's throat.

Mrs. Paull was a good woman, and, as a rule, judicious in the management of her children. That Marie was spoiled to some extent by her father, she had seen from the girl's babyhood, and that certain inherited traits made her spiritual education a more arduous undertaking than that of her brother. In the excess of compassionate tenderness that overflowed her heart in the discovery of the girl's morbid wretchedness and exaggerated loyalty to her absent parent, began the course of treatment which the mother would have characterized as mischievous and short-sighted in another. She had helped nurse discontented fancies and preposterous conceits of sublime self-devotion. In constituting herself her father's champion against his traducers, the daughter had arrayed her powers against the foes in his own household. Refusing blindly to credit one item in her uncle's indictment of the embezzler and bigamist, she virtually accused the wife of weakness, or open want of fealty to her husband. In the creed of the youthful judge, Ernest Paull's lightest word should have outweighed any accumulation of evidence brought by others. The lofty generosity that made Alice Paull submit to censure of herself, and accept the lowered place in her child's esteem sooner than break the idol of gilded clay, which the misguided votary adored as pure gold, told incalculably against her. The patient ingenuity of love that strove to beguile the wilful mourner into healthier lines of thought was misread as the mean-spiritedness of a woman who knew herself to be in fault, and would cast dust in the penetrating eyes of her accuser.

In a word, the whole policy of forbearance with the girl's perverse imaginings was the surest conceivable method of confirming her errors and vitiating what was noble in her nature. She had grown into the habit of viewing Marie Paull as the most important and interesting personage in her small

world, which she gradually contracted by this persuasion. A stubborn, fanciful, passionate child, she was elevated into a heroine by self-love and the mother's ill-judged indulgence.

The story is not pleasant in the telling or in the hearing. It would be more tolerable were it not the repetition of the history of hundreds of other homes, in which the eldest daughter green in years and in judgment—is promoted to the dictatorship in family councils. While the mother lives in the possession of a moderate degree of bodily health and such intellect as the Lord has given her, and which was hers when her husband endowed her with all his worldly goods, her abdication in favor of the wisest, discreetest and best of daughters is violence done to natural law. She is queen-regnant until death or disease wrests the sceptre from her nerveless hand.

Marie sat in the chair to which her mother had directed her; the sweet, summer air fluttering the rings of golden hair above her forehead; the goodly panorama of velvet lawn, laughing waters and the wooded heights rising toward the ineffable blue of the June heavens, spread before blank eyes that saw them not. The very fact that appeal was made to her to ratify the scheme sketched by Elspeth and seconded by her mother, settled her belief in the value of her opinion, and predisposed her to dissent. These two women knew themselves to be so far wrong and her so entirely right in the main question at issue between her and themselves that they were afraid of her. Her word was fast becoming law in the household; her adverse vote would have the force of a veto. Her mother had artfully seized upon the moment when the meeting with a sensible man who could appreciate a young woman of parts had, as the elder woman supposed, put her into a sunny humor—to spring the absurd proposition upon her. It was of a piece with the transparent wheedling of which she was continually the disdainful subject when in her nominal home.

She meant that her face should harden as she listened; she did not know that it was likewise supercilious.

"Well?" she said, as her mother ceased, with what she designed as a haughty cadence, and which was provokingly pert.

Elspeth stopped stock-still in the kitchen door, a wrathful glare in her eyes that her petted nursing had never beheld there.

The patient parent made yet another effort to propitiate her auditor.

"You will, I am sure, agree with me, my love, that we ought not to draw further upon—resources that are not our own. Yet our expenses cannot be lessened to any considerable extent for some years to come. Lanier has still three years at college, and you two more at school, and while I can and shall continue to teach the little ones at home for some time to come, the boys must, after a while, go to school. I am thankful for the prospect so unexpectedly opened of adding to a non-elastic income. As to what may be said of our new industry, we can certainly afford to be independent of popular opinion, especially in this out-of-the-way quarter of the world, even if there were any reason why we should be ashamed of honest labor. If I were an artist, or a famous author"—with a sickly attempt at playfulness—"I should glory in exercising my talents for the sake of making money. If I have a taste—'talent' may be too dignified a word—for jellies, pickles and catsups, why not improve it to the same honorable end? You recollect how Miss Dunstable in Framley Parsonage prided herself upon the torture made by the hereditary ointment? We will think up a telling name for our place here, and have some labels lettered with it, or, perhaps, when our reputation is made, may go to the length of having it blown in the glass. Think of it! Who knows but my name may go down to a grateful posterity along with Mrs. Rundle's and Mrs. Glasse's?"

"If that is your ambition, I hope that you will use Lanier and not Paull," retorted Marie, in a tone as offensive as the words. "As my father's representative, I have the right to say that much."

Observing the pale surprise in her mother's face, she went on, inexorably:

"You should not have asked my opinion if you did not want it, mother. I know that this whole enterprise, as you call it, born, you would have me believe, in the brains of Elspeth and her Scotch grocer—would be abominable in his sight. However little we may care about maintaining our position as ladies among those with whom we have been accustomed to associate, I hold that something is due to his reputation as a gentleman. He would feel outraged and disgraced forever were he to hear than a jam-and-pickle factory was established in his house. In his name, and for his honor, I shall fight the detestable plan to the end."

"I aye thocht"—came in grating accents and Elspeth's broadest Scotch from the kitchen door—"I aye thocht, being a fule body who fears God and honors her betters, and is gr-r-ratfu' to them wha hae loaded her wi' benefices—that it wad Meester-r-r Lanier's hoose wha keepit oot th' rain o' heaven an' the heat o' simmer, an' wull shelter their bairnies an' their mither frae th' winter's cauld."

Marie sprang to her feet and wheeled upon her, eyes blazing and face dark with anger.

"How dare you interfere between my mother and myself? How dare you remind me that I am obliged to live under that man's roof and to eat the bread of his charity? The man who, if you two would tell the truth, is at the bottom of this degrading plan for pulling my father's children down to the level of factory-operatives and hucksters. Oh!" wringing her hands and bursting into a storm of passionate tears—"if he were here, we should soon see who is master—he, or Roger Lanier—whose puppets you two are!"

Mrs. Paull arose from her seat deliberately and with calm severity. The likeness to her brother was marked as she confronted the mad creature, putting a firm hand upon each quivering shoulder.

"Elspeth!" to the thunder-stricken servant, "please leave us. Marie! stop crying and listen to me. Your coarse violence has forced me to say what I had not intended to have pass my lips, at this, or any time. But for him of whom you speak, there would be no necessity for the work which I propose to carry on without further consultation with you. And until you can treat your mother with something like the respect due to her age and position, I forbid you to mention him again in this, your uncle's house. Now, go to your room and come down at dinner-time in a more reasonable frame of mind."

"I am not to be treated like a child!" sobbed the insulted heroine.

"Then do not behave like one," said Mrs. Paull, coolly. "Gladys, dear! it is time for your music lesson."

The muffled scales and exercises run by the small fingers under the gentle tuition of her mother, arose through the flooring on which heroic Marie stretched herself to have her cry out. When the baby-sister tapped at her door to say that dinner was on the table, there was no response.

"She may be asleep," remarked the mistress of the house composedly, when this report was made. "We will not disturb her."

The sun had set, and supper was eaten before the young lady of the house appeared below stairs. Mrs. Paull was writing at a table in the shade of the honeysuckles. Marie passed her with level chin and proud step, went out to the barn, thence to the poultry yard, in search of the man-of-all-work, returning presently, unsuccessful.

"Aleck has gone to the village, my dear," her mother remarked pleasantly, glancing at the bulky envelope in her daughter's hand. "Your letter is too late for the evening mail, but Elspeth will take it when she goes to the city to-morrow."

She resumed her writing, which the discomfited heroine could not help seeing was a long memorandum.

Elspeth's errand was then the purchase of machinery for the abhorrent jam-and-jelly manufacture!

Her mother looked up again, seemingly unobservant of the sodden complexion and drooping eyelids that told their tale of the afternoon's experiences.

Elspeth is keeping your supper hot for you, my daughter. You would better get it now."

With the mortifying reminiscence fresh

in her mind of Elspeth's summary measures upon the occasion of a former refusal to partake of the food prepared for her, Marie deemed it best to obey the recommendation. After which she betook herself again unchallenged to her locked chamber and tore off the envelopes of two letters to add a postscript to one.

"Will you not let me come to you, darling Papa? I would rather starve at your side than live anywhere else away from you. And I am very, very miserable here! Nobody sympathizes with, or understands me, I feel, as never before, that you are the one being upon earth who ever entered into my finer feelings. How well I recollect hearing you once repeat some lines beginning,

The frigid and unfeeling thrive the best!

Your little 'song bird' has her breast against the thorn, now!"

CHAPTER XII.

"It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have no the right tools, but by using well the tools we have!"

F. W. Robertson.

"In just that very place of his Where he hath put and keepeth you, God hath no other thing to do."

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Lanier Paull did not come home at the close of the college term. He wrote, instead to communicate a proposal made by the wealthy father of a class-mate, that Lanie should accompany his son to the family country-seat, near Keene, N. H., to "coach" the lad in mathematics during the vacation. Young Paull, although not yet nineteen stood high in his classes for scholarship and steadiness, and had gained an influence over the decidedly indolent and somewhat wild boy which the father wished to strengthen. For four hours' work a day and a general supervision of his friend's associations and pursuits, Lanier would receive two hundred and fifty dollars a month, his board and lodgings.

"I cannot afford to let the offer slip through my fingers, mother darling," said the letter. "Uncle Roger, who came up to Commencement, agrees with me, but begs me run down to New Jersey for a peep at you. As Mr. Bradley and his son leave to-morrow for Keene, and would like to have me go with them, this cannot be, even if there were no question of expense in the way—and there is. We are one, you and I (when were we otherwise?) in sentiment as to further drains upon the purse of the noblest, most open-hearted and open-handed man that ever lived. I am thankful for this opportunity to pay my way through college next term, and to relieve your dear, over full hands of the weight."

Until the news came, the mother had no confessed to her own heart how hungrily she longed for the presence of her first-born the tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who was in person and character so much more than man than his years warranted. In the poignancy of her disappointment at Marie's undutiful behavior she turned with fond desire to him, with whom she was ever a one in thought and purpose.

The letter was received just one week after the fruit-preserving industry was resolved upon. With the recollection of the terrible scene with his sister sore in her mind, she had determined to wait until she could explain details, face-to-face, before taking him into her counsel. The necessity of setting it down upon paper, with no opportunity of softening this feature of the work and emphasizing, that was, in itself a tax upon her nerves. By return mail she had a long reply, full of encouragement, an admiration of the "pluckiest of all plucky women," tempered by loving concern lest she should overtax her bodily powers. From her brother she kept the whole matter secret, as yet. Sensible and high-minded as he was, she could not be sure that he might not shrink from the suggestion of manual labor and trading for her, and insist upon increasing her income in some other way. Should he suspect the specific purpose for which she was to work, he would undoubtedly put down the enterprise with the strong hand few could resist.

So, it came to pass that in the initial stage of the task, Elspeth was her only coadjutor. She it was who insisted upon going to the city to buy gallipots, glasses, firkins and bottles, with such groceries as would be needed, driving bargains that opened her mistress's eyes with amazement upon the energetic thrift of the Scotch character, and stirred with amusement the lines of a mould that was forming into pathetic curves sadly unlike the spirited bow of earlier years.

(To be Continued.)

MONEY RECEIVED.
Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:
From a "Friend," Brooklyn, E. D., 50 cents each for Rev. R. H. Nassau, Gaboon, Africa; Mrs. N. J. Hall, Korea; Rev. H. Morrow of the Baptist Society; and the Nesorian Society, Persia. John Williams \$10 for the Salvation Army. Annie Mary Hines 25 cents, and Mary E. Walker 25 cents for Mary Washington Fund. Mrs. Gould and Mrs. White \$1 each for the Sailors' Mission. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ferguson \$2 for the Mulberry St. Rescue Mission.

For The Christian Herald Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Subr., Bristol Co., Mass., \$1; A. H. V. Jamison, \$1; A. L. P., Baltimore, \$1; Wm. H. C. Johnson, \$1; J. A. P., Florence, Mass., \$1; Prev. ack., \$187.67; Total, \$102.67.
For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Emmett Williamson, \$1; Mrs. M. B. Burnside, \$1; E. Jones, \$1; Friend, Dearborn, Mo., \$5; Wm. H. C. Johnson, \$1; J. D. W., Kirkville, Ia., 25c; V. R. G., Kirkville, Ia., \$1; C. S. B., Cassville, Mo., \$1.25. Previously acknowledged \$323. Total, \$334.50.
For the Permanent (Bethany) Lodging House for Homeless Women: Wm. H. C. Johnson, \$1; Friend, Cory, Pa., \$1; Friend, Dearborn, Mo., \$5; C. S. B., Cassville, Mo., \$1; J. P., New York, \$1; Prev. ack., \$1534.15; Total, \$1547.15.
For the Door of Hope: Mary Millett, 50c;

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For Foreign Missions: In His Name, \$1; Friend, Bridgetown, N. J., \$1; L. A. L., Barboursville, Va., 50c.

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Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

SIXTH INTERVIEW,
By our Special Commissioner,
With MRS. PHILLIPS, of 17 St. Clair Street, Glasgow, relative to the case of her son (which was published in the weekly papers), in February, 1892.

Had Mr. and Mrs. Phillips followed the course adopted by many people, and sat down, with folded hands, when told that there was no hope of saving their only son's life, they would, beyond all question, have had to mourn his loss; but, as a perusal of the following lines will show, they took another course.

This boy had had a severe attack of influenza, which had left him with a harassing cough and offensive expectoration. He had pains at back and front of both lungs. The body was wasting, but the feet were swelling alarmingly. Altogether his position and his prospects of recovery, under ordinary treatment, were very slight indeed. But when ordinary treatment failed, Mr. Phillips, having, as will presently appear, some previous knowledge of Mr. Congreve, applied to him.

In conversation with Mrs. Phillips recently, I asked her what was the condition of her son at this time, and she replied: "He was very ill—very near death. There is no doubt that he was in a deep consumption."

"What was your reason for thinking that, Mrs. Phillips?" I asked.

"I knew the symptoms only too well, for I have lost three sisters in consumption."

"I understand that you had called in medical advice?"

"Oh, yes; but the doctor who was attending him gave him up."

"Well, you didn't give up hope, evidently. Tell me, please, what was the result of his taking the medicine Mr. Congreve sent him?"

"In a few days the expectoration became much less offensive, and gradually both that and the cough disappeared. The swelling of the feet ceased. He made steady progress from the first, and soon gained both flesh and strength."

"Now, Mrs. Phillips, what do you suppose would have happened if your son had not been placed under Mr. Congreve for treatment?"

"He would have died—nothing could have saved him."

"How is your son now?"

"He is keeping well and strong. He has absolutely no weakness. As Mr. Phillips wrote: 'I look back to the time when he was nothing but skin and bone, and thank God for Mr. Congreve's medicine, for now he is strong and hearty, and better than he ever was in his life.' He is at work at a situation in Buchanan Street."

Before I left, Mrs. Phillips told me how it came about that her husband applied to Mr. Congreve. Mr. Phillips' father was a Baptist minister, at Snailbeach, and he had recommended Mr. Rowson, who is now a minister at Welshpool, to try the treatment, and wrote to Mr. Congreve for medicine. "Mr. Rowson could hardly walk," said Mr. Phillips, "but he became a fine stout man; I hardly knew him, such was the change."

That Mr. Phillips' confidence was not misplaced, will be the firm opinion of all who read the brief account of the restoration to health of his son.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25c., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

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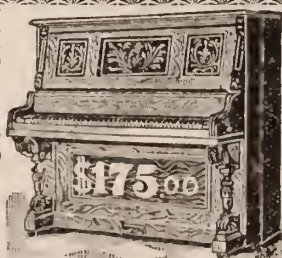
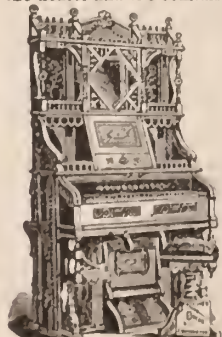
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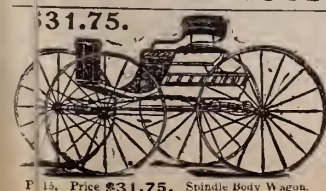
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golden amber, resembles an "afterglow." Dr. Grill, coppery yellow and fawn
roses. Duchess Marie Immaculate, an intermingling of bronze, orange, yellow,
pink and crimson. Lady Castlereagh, soft rosy crimson and yellow. Papa
Gontier, lovely dark red. Star of Gold, the queen of all yellow roses. Waban,
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 13.

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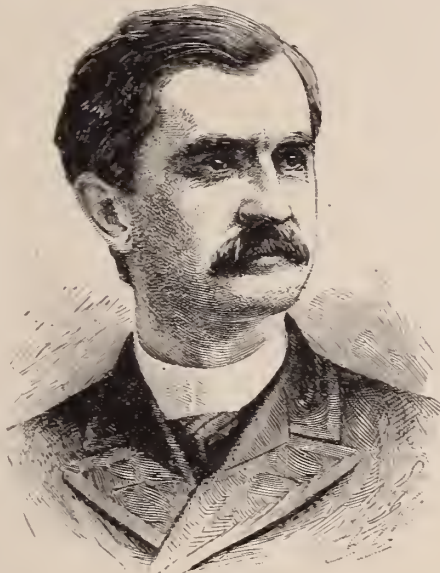
THE REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.

Scenes and Incidents in the Movement Inaugurated by Revs.
A. C. Dixon, Dr. J. Burrell and their Coadjutors.

THE hope expressed in this journal on Nov. 29, last year, that the revival of religion then in progress in Brooklyn might extend to the city of New York, is being remarkably fulfilled. It is many years since so extended a personal interest in religion has been witnessed in the metropolis. In Association Hall, in Twenty-third Street, meetings have been held every noon for more than four weeks and the attendance has averaged nearly a thousand persons. Many remarkable scenes have been witnessed at these meetings, scenes of spiritual conflict, of earnest pleading and triumphant conversion. There has been little excitement, but a deep, earnest desire on the part of thinking men and women to know experimentally the power of the Cross. A large number of those who came belonged to the class most difficult to reach—men and women who knew all about religion, its forms and doctrines, and were familiar with the truths of Christianity, but had never sought for themselves the converting power of the Spirit. Others there were there who were entire strangers to Gospel truth having lived in a land of churches and ministers utterly careless and indifferent to the blessings offered to them. Under the exhortations of the various teachers and evangelists in Association Hall during the noon hour, many rose to ask for prayers and hundreds have been led to Christ. A characteristic sketch of one of these meetings taken by our own artist appears on this page.

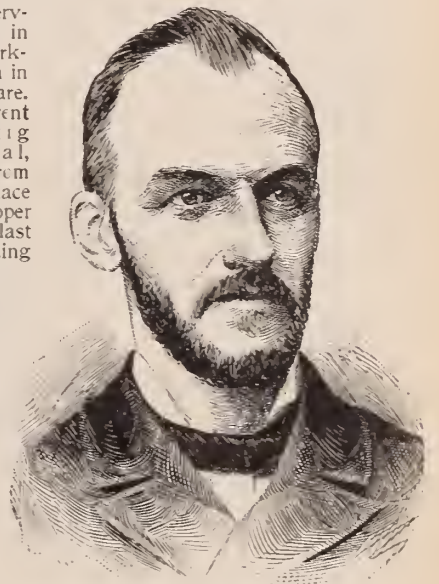
On March 1 there was a continuous meeting in the hall which will never be forgotten by those who attended it. At ten o'clock, Rev. A. C. Dixon took the chair and opened the exercises with a reading from the great revival chapter of the Bible—Acts 2, and an earnest prayer for the Spirit's presence. From that hour until four o'clock in afternoon,

an impressive scene in a room outside of which the hurrying, eager, bustling business life was in full course. At night the meetings go on in a large number of

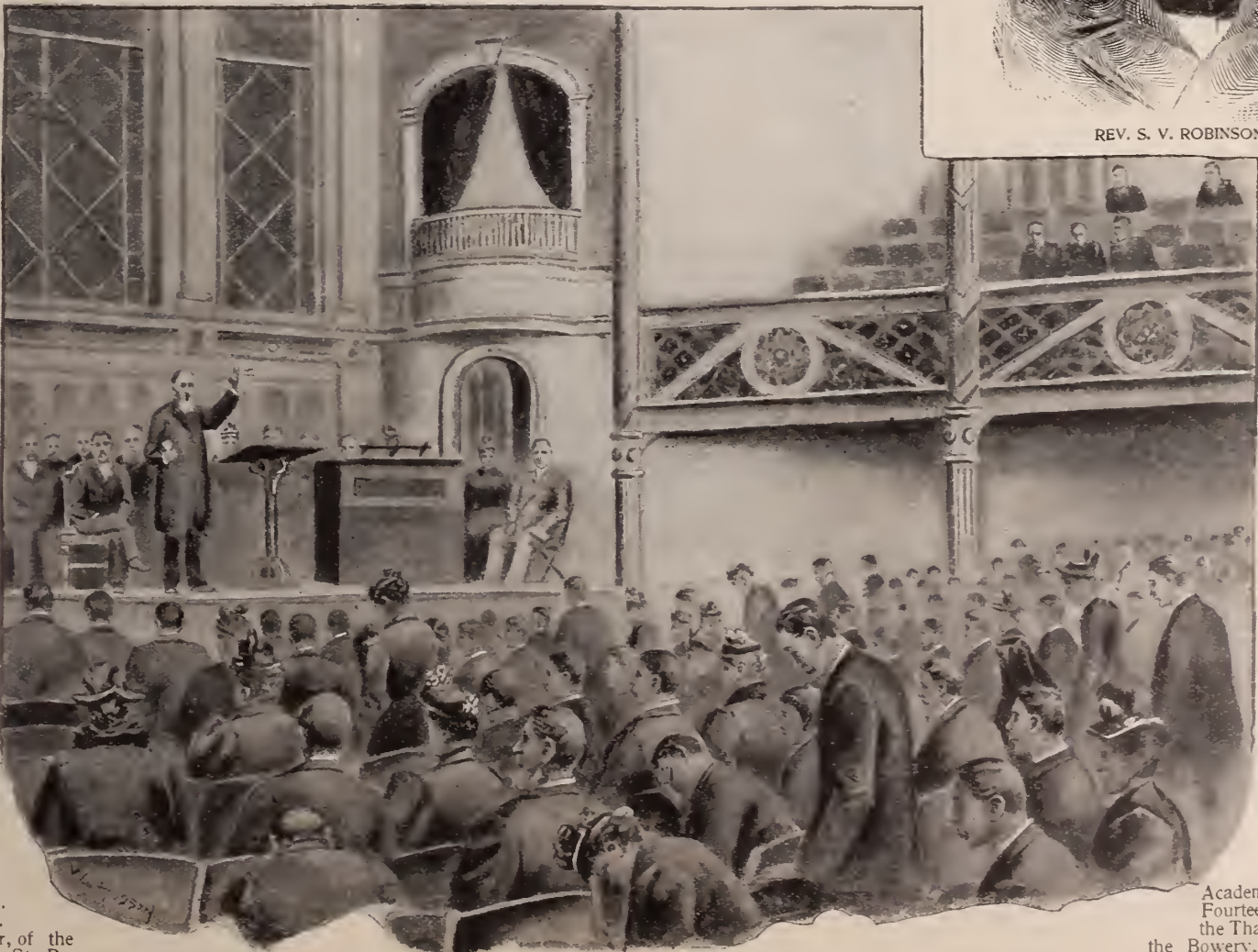


REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

Rev. Charles W. Millard, of the Washington M. E. Church; Dr. R. S. MacArthur of Calvary Baptist Church, and Dr. Harsha of the Second Collegiate Church. The singing was enlivened by solos from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Kress, Miss Mary E. Upham and Mr. Bushnell. During the noon hour many business men came in and remained a short time. As one and another departed the vacant seats were quickly filled, and, although the audience was constantly changing, it seemed not to vary in size. Many souls date a new life from that day's meeting. Two weeks ago the experiment was made of holding mass meetings in Cooper Union. They were preceded by an open air song service in the vacant space on Astor Place. This was so successful that similar services were held in front of Dr. Parkhurst's Church in Madison Square. Numbers went from that meeting to Association Hall, as they went from the Astor Place meeting to Cooper Union. In the last mentioned building the services were held at 3:30, and the large hall was crowded. It was



REV. S. V. ROBINSON.



churches in various parts of the city. Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, the Reformed Dutch Churches, are uniting cordially in the movement, holding services every evening, and working earnestly for the ingathering of souls. On the past three Sundays several theatres have been brought into use. The Standard Theatre in Sixth Avenue, the Academy of Music on Fourteenth St., and the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery, have been thronged by crowds on Sun-

Among the evangelists who spoke during the day were: Frank Leisinger, the converted minstrel; Dr. Leonard Weaver, the English revivalist; Rev. Edwin S. Holmway, pastor of the Thirty-third St. Baptist Church; Dr. Samuel Alman, Dr. A. W. H. Godder, Rev. Peter Stryker, of the thirty-fourth St. Reformed Dutch Church;

NEW YORK'S GREAT REVIVAL.—RISING FOR PRAYER IN ASSOCIATION HALL.

Continued on page 105.

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

EASTER IN GREENWOOD.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Gen. 23: 17, 18:

"And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

HERE is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah his wife had died—that remarkable person who at ninety years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—four hundred shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of lime-stone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs, and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Pere la Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art, in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary, and Holy Cross, and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster,

Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among the preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop Janes and Tyng, and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Biddington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Carys, Alice and Phoebe; James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars," Professor Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife; and there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernatural beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablaze with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus

and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charles?'" Well, I will tell you how Resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the Judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense, it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If he can do it ten times, I think he can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen-year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely

ly out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra; ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries, Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eye open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Biblical statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up, in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. I should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in, is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops earthly life, and mercifully closes the eye and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same stuff of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? The original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and the defects left behind, what a body will the resurrection body be! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing about the Gowanus heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back the same place to get a perfect body.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smudged. But who cares for that when they turn out for beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave, you put in pneumonias and consumptions and they come out health. You put in groans and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the places, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had pined them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution; a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tongue, or some point at which the east wind or season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors, and nurses, and apothecaries of earth will therefore have to do, will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well-kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle, and rooting places for vines, will for the first time have attractiveness when they are seen.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestors; but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles, and rattle stalks, and thistles, and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that Christ's resurrection or resurrection, if we are to have it, and the resurrection of the pious dead, is assured, for he was "the first-fruits of them that slept." John says he did not see him, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed God! He did get away. After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem, saw him. On a mountain the eleven saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for asking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see him. Yes, yes; he got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away.

There will be no door knob on the inside of our family sepulchre, for we cannot get out of ourselves; but there is a door knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Rise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes,

and what glad some rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The sky-ward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks

The Great Revival in New York.

(Continued from first page.)

day as large as those which on week evenings are collected in them to witness stage performances. They are followed by meetings for persons who have been impressed at the general meetings and are anxious to receive spiritual advice and guidance. These the ministers and evangelists are glad to give, and many an anxious soul is led to the Saviour at each meeting.

On March 13, the ministers and evangelists engaged in the work were cheered by the presence and help of the great evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, who, although not yet recuperated after his wonderful campaign in Washington, was induced to come to New York and hold two services. The first was to begin at half-past three, but by one o'clock there were more people waiting to enter than the great Broadway Tabernacle would hold. Mr. Moody preached again in the evening to an enormous assemblage. He expressed his deep thankfulness for the religious interest manifested, not only in New York, but in other parts of the coun-

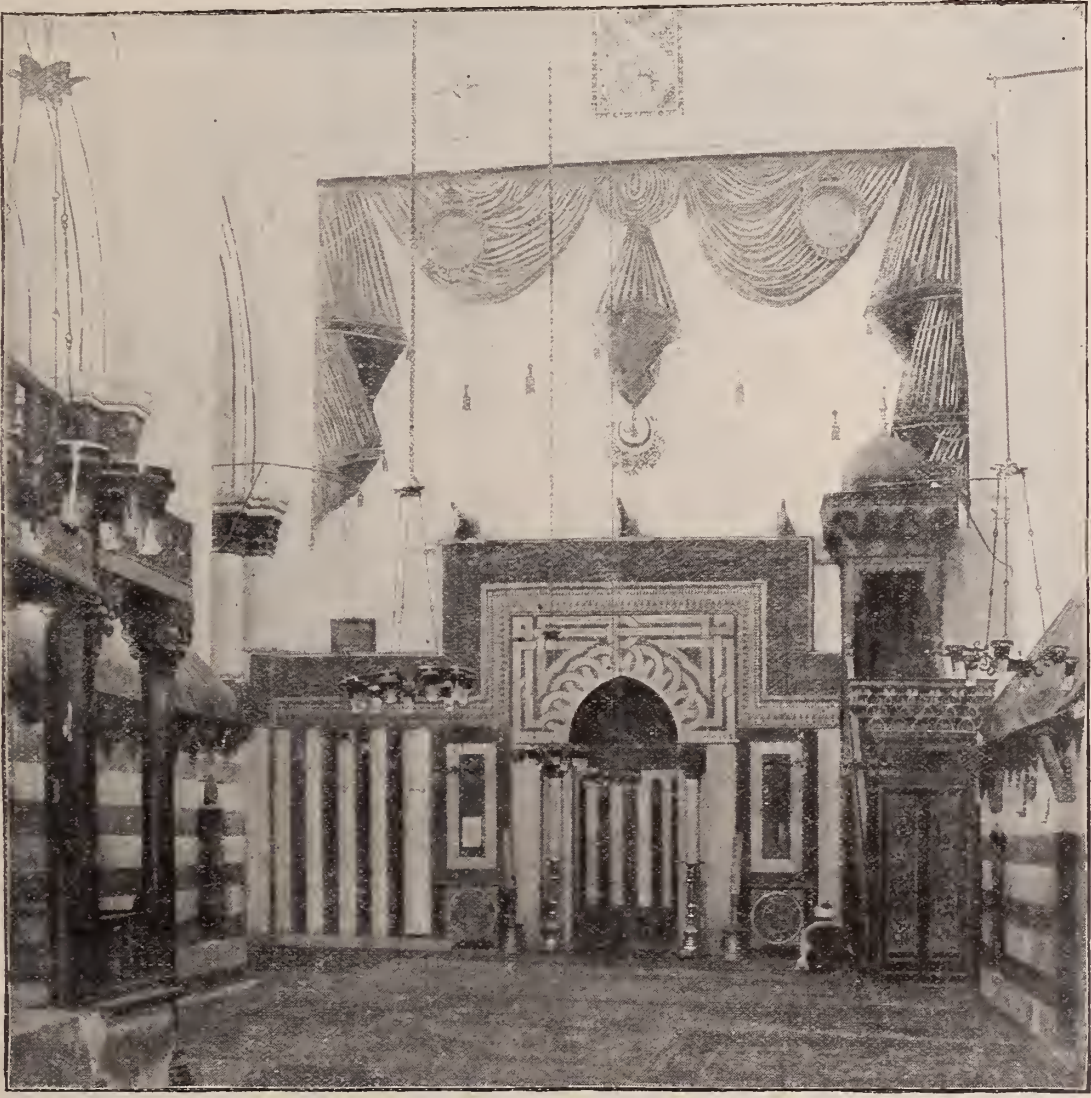
received forty and nearly two hundred have gone forward for prayers. At Beekman Hill M. E. Church forty-nine have been received and 270 are candidates for admission. Similar reports are made by pastors of other churches.

The credit of inaugurating this great work which is still going on and seems destined to attain yet greater proportions, belongs to Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and he has been ably assisted in the executive management by his faithful secretary, Rev. S. V. Robinson, on whom the vast labor of correspondence, arrangements for speakers and hire of buildings has fallen. Portraits of both these earnest and consecrated workers appear on our first page. Mr. Dixon is a Southerner by birth. He was born in Cumberland County, North Carolina, about forty years ago. He had the inestimable privilege of growing up in a Christian home. His father was a man of great force of character, ardent, industrious, unselfish; working hard on his farm and preaching the Gospel far and near, in season and out of season. He was one of those earnest

frontier preachers whose courage, perseverance and self-denying labors laid the foundations for the churches where their successors are now building up vigorous communities of consecrated people. Young Dixon often accompanied his father on these preaching journeys, and so far from being discouraged by the difficulties and hardships which he saw and shared, desired nothing better than to labor for the same Divine Master in the same great work. He was only eleven years of age when he was converted and joined his father's church. At fifteen he was a student of Wake College, and at nineteen he had temporary charge of two pastorless congregations to which he ministered for nine months. During that period he had the joy of baptizing no less than one hundred converts.

After completing his academic career, by a course of systematic theology, he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Chapel Hill Church in the neighborhood of South Carolina University, and during his three years pastorate, he made special efforts to reach the students of that institution. Seventy-five of them were won for Christ by his efforts. Mr. Dixon's next charge was at Asheville, N. C. There the additions to the church during one quarter of a year numbered two hundred and fifty, and during the whole term of his three and-a-half years pastorate, the church grew not only in numbers, but in the aggressive and earnest spirit of its

members. A call, very flattering to a young man, reached Mr. Dixon while at Asheville. It came from his own university—Wake Forest—which elected him to the Presidency. Mr. Dixon, however, believing that the success which had attended his pulpit labors was a clear indication of his call to the special work of preaching, declined the dignity offered him and accepted an invitation from a small church at Baltimore, Md. His success there was phenomenal. The church became too small for the congregation, and a large tabernacle was erected for his use. In 1860, Mr. Dixon received a call from the Hanson Place Church in Brooklyn, where he has since labored with many tokens of the Divine blessing. His church has now over a thousand members, ninety-six of whom have united since the present revival. It has a flourishing Society of Christian Endeavor which has an average attendance of from two to three hundred at its weekly meetings, and its members are doing cheerful and efficient service on the usual committees. In so large and active a church there are possibilities of aggressive influence which are fully used.



THE TRADITIONAL TOMBS OF THE PATRIARCHS AT HEBRON.*
(From a photograph brought from Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

like a universe. Hail, sceptres that shall always wave! Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards, from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous Judge shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound;
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

*The central crypt is the traditional sepulchre of Abraham while the tombs of Isaac, Jacob, Sara, Rebecca and Leah are ranged on either side.

try. "Never in the last ten years," he said, "has this city been so aroused about the cause of Christ as it is now. All over the country it is the same way. In three States in the West, 54,000 members have been added to the membership of the evangelical churches. Even in the great revival of 1857 people were not so thoroughly aroused as they are now." No one has better opportunities of judging in such matters than Mr. Moody, and his statement gladdened many hearts. As to New York, the fact is obvious to all observers. The movement is spreading from church to church, and is affecting Christians as well as outsiders. Numbers of men and women who have, while maintaining a Christian profession, held aloof from active Christian work, may now be seen speaking to the anxious in the meetings, or addressing loiterers in the parks and inviting them to the services. The number of additions to the churches has been unprecedented. Rev. S. Allman, of Emanuel Baptist Church, has

CLOSING THE FOOD FUND'S WORK.

The Destitution is Decreasing and many of the Idle are Securing Employment—The long Winter of Famine and Suffering Ended at Last.

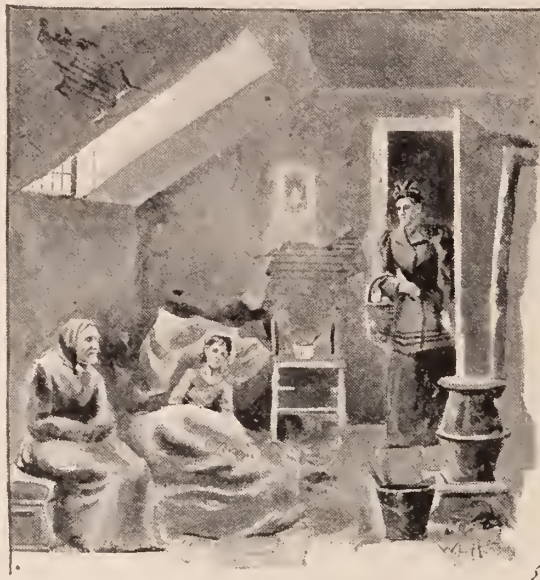
BETTER days have come at last to the destitute poor of New York. Within the last two weeks, the suffering among the families in the tenement districts has greatly abated, and with the advent of milder weather, trade is improving and many of the idle are securing work. The pressure on the various relief organizations is steadily diminishing, and every day marks a further improvement in the general condition of the many thousands who, less than two months ago, were on the verge of famine. At the stations of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, the number of applications for relief is considerably less than at any time since the Fund was started, and, in consequence, it has been considered advisable to concentrate the entire work at the two central stations, No. 210 Eighth Avenue, and No. 12 Stuyvesant Street. At the former, about five hundred families are still being supplied, and three hundred and fifty at the latter; while the supplies for the daily free breakfast at the Travelers' Club, and the afternoon gathering of women and children at the same place, are also reduced to correspond with the decreasing numbers. These, together with one hundred families in Mrs. Bella Cooke's district—on the East Side, where the want and suffering are still very great—represent the present work of the Food Fund. In a little over two months, it has been the means of relieving nearly 12,000 destitute families, or about 60,000 individuals, besides supplying a daily meal to between 1,500 and 1,700 homeless and unemployed workmen and several hundred women and children.

This work, which was begun and carried gloriously forward by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their friends in

every part of the country, and which is now nearing its termination, has been the means, under Divine Providence, of accomplishing much more than those who have so generously supported it could have anticipated.

Not only have they been instrumental in relieving the sufferings of these thousands of afflicted ones, but they have, unknowingly, led very many back to a life of faith, who had become alienated from God. To all such, the hand of Christian helpfulness has held out a double blessing. Our own missionaries, and the city pastors who have co-operated with the Food Fund, have found, in the spiritual

part of the relief work, a most blessed and delightful experience. Many of the assisted families, recognizing God's



"HIDDEN AWAY IN THEIR ATTIC ROOM."

the hearts of grateful thousands. In raising the embargo of hunger and wretchedness, they have performed the part of the good Sa-

maritan, binding up the wounds of the strangers, feeding them and caring for them with tender solicitude.

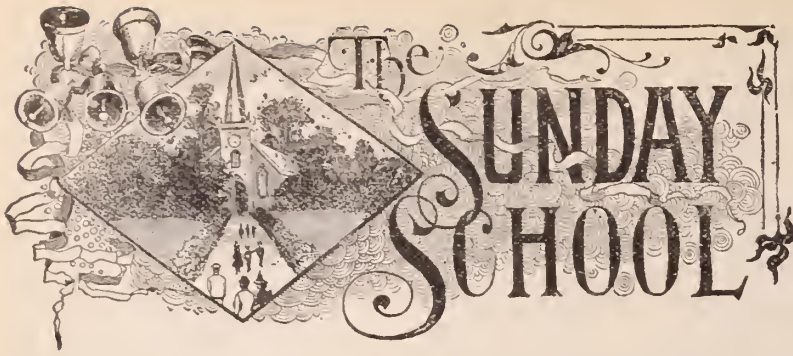
No other motive than love for the Master and zeal in his service could have prompted such an outpouring of gifts in money, clothing and supplies as has come to the Food Fund during the last two months. These offerings have come from people of all classes and conditions and ages. Pastors have forwarded the contributions of their congregations, teachers of their classes, and Leagues, Societies, Circles and organizations without number have united in the good work. From farming communities, a thousand generous gifts have been received, both in money and produce, and a host of good people in villages, towns and cities, have forwarded either money to feed the hungry, or clothing to cover the naked. And everywhere the love of Christ has constrained his children to urge on the work.

Several weeks must yet elapse before the prevailing distress is wholly alleviated, and meanwhile the two stations of the Food Fund will remain open, and its workers will stay in the field. Even yet, there are lingering cases of sad destitution discovered almost daily, such as that shown in our illustration. One of our Westside missionaries found an aged mother and a sick daughter who were famishing, and had not been able to buy food or fuel for many days. They had not even heard of the Food Fund! Confined to their attic room, the general relief work that was being conducted by different organizations seemed to have passed them by. Fortunately, such cases are now rare.

Contributions to the Fund received during the week are acknowledged below. The gifts of clothing, provisions, etc., are acknowledged on page 199 of this issue.

Previously ack'd. \$20,748 57	Benedict, Adhe. 1.00	Coleman, Frank. 2.00	Friend, Oakland, Mass. 1.00	Friend, Belle Porte, N.C. 1.00	Friends, W. Sumner, Me. 1.00
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Boytton, Mrs. J. 1.00	Collected by Ira Owen 1.30	Eastwood, Susan 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Band of Hope, Bristol, Vt. 1.00	Children 3d and 4th grades, 2d ward school, Seaside, Wis. 1.50	English Lutheran Church— 7.50	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bockmeyer, C. and family 1.00	Caldwell, W.N. 1.00	Finckson, Ill. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brodin, P. 1.00	Carpeniter H.P. 5.00	Elms, F.G. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bigelow, Mrs. 2.50	Cones, Willis 1.00	Earl, Mrs. O. 2.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brother & sister, Neponset, Ill. 2.45	Christian Friend, Brooklyn 1.00	Ellis, L. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bogert, Mrs. A.J. 5.00	Children, H.M. 2.00	Edwards, Mrs. J. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Boring, Ida B. 1.00	Conner, Mrs. C.W. 1.00	Echols, Kate 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bowen, Mrs. E.A. 1.00	Chaffee, Mrs. A. 1.00	Emma, Farmville, Ill. 2.25	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Benson, Mr. and Mrs. I.L. 1.00	Cook, Mrs. C.H. 5.00	Elliot, Jennie 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bless, J.W. 5.00	Clark, John 1.00	Faith, M. Gilead. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Burd, Katie 2.00	Christian Endeavor 3.00	Family, Maxwell City, N. Mex. 5.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brown, Edith M. 1.00	Union Dale, Pa. 3.00	Friend and co-worker 10.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bradley, Chas. 2.00	Cowles, S.G. 2.00	Friend and self, Bladon, S.C. 2.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Boyd, Mrs. A.H. 1.00	Cowles, Mrs. E.C. 5.00	Friend to all humanity 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brewster, A.V. 1.00	Cowles, Miss M.E. 1.00	Mr. Vernon, N.H. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Blackburn, Mrs. N.J. 1.00	Christian, S.S. 4.00	Friend to the cause 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Blackburn, Mr. H.H. 1.00	Cong. S.S., Humdale, N.H. 4.50	Friends of the poor— 12.63	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Baker, R.J. 1.00	Childs, G.M. 5.00	Spartanburg, Pa. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Barber, C.B. 1.00	Crowther, A.M. 1.00	Friend to the poor 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bennett, Mrs. H.W. S.S. class 1.00	Clark 1.00	Friend, Pawnska, Okla. 2.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bailey, O.W. 1.00	Collins, Mrs. L. 1.00	" China, Mo. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Broth, Mrs. S. 1.00	Collection— Christian Church, South Portland, R.I. 15.00	" Hollister, Cal. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brown, Mrs. W.T. 1.00	Cong. Church S.S. 3.25	" Grass Valley, Cal. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bryens, Miss Sue 1.00	Island Pond, Vt. 1.00	" Clinton, N.Y. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Ball, Mrs. A. 1.00	Clare, D.P. 1.00	" in Iowa 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brown, Mrs. I.D. 1.00	Collection, La Fargeville, N.Y. 2.00	" Hochstetler, Pa. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Beedle, G.E. 2.00	Carmichael, B. 2.00	" Ivalde, Tex. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bagshaw, Mrs. E.W. 2.00	Chamberlin, Mrs. M. 1.00	" Grand Haven, Mich. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Batchelder, Geo. E. 2.00	Cook, Mrs. 1.00	" Morrison, Ill. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Brown, Thomas 2.00	Alkin, Mrs. R. 1.00	" Bergen, N.Y. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Baird, Agnes 1.00	Crossen, Mrs. 1.00	" Langsburg, Mich. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bowker, S. 1.00	Clark, Mrs. E.W. 1.00	" Maynard, N.H. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Borgeson, Mrs. Simon 1.00	Cleveland, Miss R.B. 1.00	" Weymouth, Mass. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. 1.00	C.H. reader, Aurora, Neb. 1.00	" Sequoia, Cal. 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bugelow, Chas. G. 1.00	" " 1.00	" So. Frankfort, Mich. 4.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Bugelow, May J. 1.00	" " 1.00	" D.P. Creek, Md. 20.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Borgeson, Mr. and Mrs. 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00
Burgderfer, J. and children 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 2.00	" " 2.00	" " 1.00	" " 1.00

Jarner, A. C.	200	Jester, Mrs T	200	Morehouse, F R	100	Roberts, E A	100	Y P S C E, Menonite Church,	—	Ipswich, Mass	200
Jarner, Mrs W C	500	Jones, S P	500	Morehouse, Mrs	200	Reinke, Miss C	200	Wash, D C	480	Neodeska, Kan	200
Jarvis, G C	350	Jacob, J	100	Montgomery, Mrs L	100	Ritter, W	100	Atlantic Highlands, N J	500	Danville, Pa	200
Jard, Mary A	100	Keller and friends, B	400	Moffett, Rev E O	400	Rollins, R W	100	Zinn, Rev S A and family	500	Winnebago City, Minn	100
Jarvis, G H	100	King's daughter, La Fargue, N Y	200	Moffett, Mrs Rev E O	200	Rue, Mrs J	100	E F L, Washington, D C	100	Winnipeg, Can	200
Jardman, Mrs	100	King's daughter, North, N Y	200	Moffett, Mrs Rev E O	200	Rosander, Frances	100	A J L, Washington, D C	100	Sidney Crossing, Can	200
Jardman, Mrs H J	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rogers, A	100	M C P, Clayville, N Y	100	3 Mile Bay, N Y	100
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Reed, Mrs C	500	N L, Mathuen, Mass	100	Lich Run Mills, Pa	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	I F M, Bridgeton, Me	200	Westfield, Mass	100
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M F J, Meach, N Y	100	Enosburg Falls, Vt	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	A H S, Leyden, N Y	100	Brockton, Mass	300
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	E H S, Junction City, O	100	Lansburg, N Y	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	L M B, Oak, C	100	Arnold, Mrs O. 50c. Anderson,	500
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M M P, E F, Waterbury, Ct	125	Alex, 25c.	—
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	I M L, Petoskey, Mich	100	Burch, Mrs Janet F. 25c. Bliss,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M W R C and daughter, Au-	600	Mrs G. 50c; Brown, Mrs C P. 75c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	trim, N H	100	Brown, Orville, 25c; Bower Mrs	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M Lura, Bristol, Vt	100	James, Mrs. Brewster, Mrs	500
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	A B C, N J	100	Bunce, Mrs. Fannin, 25c; Brown,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	P. Misses A & C, Montreal, Can	100	O. H. 50c; Bennett, John, 25c; Bay-	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs S A H, N Y	100	rell, E. 45c.	—
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs E E W, N Y	100	Colgrove, Ada, 35c; Colgrove, Mrs	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Miss M E S, N Y	250	G. H. 20c; Christy, Mrs G W, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	H M, Pasadena, Cal	100	Countryman, Mr F S, 25c; Crossen,	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	H M, Pasadena, Cal	100	John, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs, 50c; Co-	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	E. Rahway, Conn	500	zine, Jamie S. Cozine, 50c; Cozine,	100
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	E S F, Ont, Can	500	E. 50c; Cozine, Alice B. 15c; Cozine,	100
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M M P, Lakeside, Wis	100	Majorie, 10c; Cramer, Mrs R W, 50c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	R L H, Mineola, Tex	100	Cramer, Madge, 50c; Carver, W, 50c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	B S M, Fairfield, Va	100	Carriek, Mrs D A. 50c; Cliver, J F,	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	C H A, Md	100	25c; Combs, Mrs H A. 50c.	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	D J S B, Hermosa, S D	100	Dennis, Raymond and Glenn, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Gauge, N H	200	Dickman, Mrs. F. D. 25c; Dargnall, J	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M C P, Sheldon, N D	100	50c; Duncan, Helen, 50c.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	A E J, Ushers, N J	100	Eugen, La Crosse, Wis, 25c; Eg-	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	H M T, Randolph, Ia	100	bert, Miss L. 10c; Eddie, —, Va, 35c.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M C R, Painesville, O	100	Friends of the poor, Elkhart, —	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	H E C, Oakland, Cal	100	25c; Friend and Reader, —, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mr & Mrs H, Drakeville, Ia	100	Friend to the needy, —, 50c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Edgar, Mrs. H. 25c; Fennell, —	200	Friend, Mrs. F. 25c; Fennell, —	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs H S F, Troy Hills, N J	200	Pottsville, Pa, 50c; Friend, —	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs E H B, Troy Hills, N J	200	Friend, Saxton, N Y, 50c; Fuller,	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	A. New Brunswick, N J	100	Mrs E J. 50c; Felzer, Z, 50c; Friend,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	C L, Jeffersonville, Ind	100	Sherwood, N Y, 25c; Friend, Mont-	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	S B, Westport, Conn	100	rose, P. 50c; Friend, Blyth, Kans,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	E W, Garden Grove, Cal	100	25c; Friend, Westery, N Y, 50c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M S N, Scranton, Pa	300	Friend, —, 25c; Friend, —, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	G W P, Winchester, Ill	100	Arroyo Grande, Cal, N. Y. Friend,	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J M, Quincy, Mass	100	Barrington, R. I. 65c; Friend, E	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mr J M, —	500	Guldford, N Y, 50c; Friend, Land	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	S M B, Caldwell, N J	100	Grove, Vt, 35c; Friend, Melrose, 50c.	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M S N, Scranton, Pa	300	Gibson, Artie, 15c; Goodwin, Mrs	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	G S, Ellsworth, Conn	100	L. I. 50c; Gleicher, Lena, 50c; Grif-	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs P H D, Mocksville, N C	100	fin, —, 25c.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Geo C M, Owen Sound, Can	100	Hildebrand, Mrs M A. 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs G W S, Brooklyn, N Y	100	Haines, Miss J. 50c; Hamlin, How-	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	A P, Rehoboth, Mass	500	ard, 10c; Hutson, Abbie, 55c; Has-	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	W L W, Portsmouth, Va	100	kell, S. M. 75c.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	M L S, Tyrone, N Y	100	Holland, Robt, 50c; Harroun, Mrs	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs B S I, Peckville, Pa	100	N. J. 50c; Helping Hand, Passaic, N	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	R F J, Brooklyn, NY	100	J. 25c.	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs S M S, Yaphank	500	Inter, B. M. 25c; Hughes, Mrs	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	B E, Sinton, Vt	100	Leah, 50c; Hughes, A. 15c; Hughes,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	N K R, Dayton, O	100	A. 15c; Hughes, E. 10c; Hughes, C	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	10c; Hughes, L. 10c; Hulbert, Mrs	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	M. S. 25c.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	In His Name, Jnction, Ore, 35c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	I. H. N. Bush Hill, Mo, 25c; I. H. N.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	25c; I. H. N. Blumery, W. A.	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	30c; I. H. N. 40c; I. H. N. Virginia	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	City, Mont, 5c; I. H. N., —, 20c.	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Johnson, Mrs A and F. C. 30c; J S	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	C E, 1st Congreg Church, Branford,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Conn, 50c; J S C E, Chaffield, Minn.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	70c; Jordan, Willie, 50c; Jordan,	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	30c; Jordan, Willie, 50c; Jordan,	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Verma, 50c; Jordan, Abbie, 50c; Jord-	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	King's daughters, Belmont, Neb.	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	70c; Kuehnemann, W. S. 50c; Kerr	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	and children, Mrs, 50c; Kellogg,	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Mrs Ida, 25c; Kennedy, Charlie, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Kennedy, Alta, 25c; Kennedy, Jose-	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	phine, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs C S	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200
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Jardman, Mrs W B	100	Kellogg and family, M J	100	Mengerhausen, H	100	Rea, Mrs M E	100	Mrs J L, —	100	Phoebe, 25c; Kennedy, Orville, 25c;	200



DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.

S.S. Lesson for Apr. 8. Gen. 37: 1-11. Golden Text. Gen. 45: 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JACOB'S meeting with his brother was other than he, in his fears and doubts, had anticipated. Esau ran to meet him, embraced him, fell on his neck and kissed him. (Gen. 33: 4.) God had softened his heart and cared for the troubling Jacob. Thus he revealed himself in his faithfulness to Jacob, the only man of his time who could understand him, and he so little! It is with a feeling of pain we read that Jacob, after his meeting with Esau abandoned the pilgrim life of his fathers and

"Built Him a House."

It was because his fathers were sojourners in the land of promise, dwelling in tents, heirs of the promise, looking "for the city which hath the foundations whose Maker and Builder is God"—it was because they "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth," because "they desired a better country that is a heavenly"—that "God is not ashamed of them to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." (Heb. 11: 9, 16, R.V.)

Jacob built him a home! And again, (chap. 37: 1, R.V.) Jacob dwelt in the land of his father's sojournings; he had neither the faith nor the pilgrim spirit of Abraham. But God is faithful. Wherever his children, his witnesses manifest a disposition to settle down and make earth their real home, God always uproots them. God said to the man who loved to settle down and be comfortable: "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there, and make there an altar unto the God who appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother." If thou wilt settle down, let it be

Where Thou hast met With God, not where thy children are in danger of contamination from the heathen. Thou fearest man, deal with God and thou shalt be safe." Oh, the tenderness of God to come thus near to one who is broken with sorrow, even though his own deed in settling down without taking counsel with God, was the root of all his trouble! When God comes near to his unsatisfactory, foolish children, he always finds a way out of the trouble. "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." (Ps. 23: 15.)

Jacob was more broken at Succoth than he had been at Peniel, and he took a stand for God as never before. Up to this time idolatry had been winked at in his family. Now he is about to dwell in the place where heaven was first opened to him. There was

A Reformation in Jacob's Family,

the idols were put away, and God again drew nigh to his feeble child. He appeared unto him and endorsed the promises which he had before made to him on that very spot, and he also repeated his changing of name at Peniel. True sorrow followed, and his beloved Rachel was called away from him. But when we are in communion with God he makes even sorrow to be joy and loss to be gain by revealing his will in it, and making that will to be "good and acceptable and perfect" as soon as we lie upon the altar "living sacrifices."

But Jacob was no true pilgrim; again and again we find him settling down. Oh how many of us in this way get into a net; we have been blest and settled down in the blessing into a kind of jog trot experience from which some great and unexpected shock has to awaken us!

God leads his children on from test to test. Every drawing near of God to us awakens the enmity of Satan, who will do anything to discourage and vex God's children. It was in the family that Jacob was now witnessing for God, and where God

had gained a victory. It should be in the family where the poisoned arrows of the wicked one should be shot. In the changed family habits sin became doubly sinful. One young heart in the family had been won very fully on to the Lord's side and it was very natural, but not divine, that Jacob should love Joseph more than all his children. He was the son of his old age, his mother was the beloved Rachel and in his early developed knowledge of God, Joseph could have a fellowship of spirit with his father which could neither be understood nor appreciated by his unconverted brethren. But a father loses his high prerogative as a father after the image of God, when he shows partiality among his children. The sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, when out of their father's sight, and unrestrained by the stricter rules which now prevailed at home, yielded to sin which grieved their young brother Joseph. To be a tale bearer is repugnant, especially to a young man. But God hates sin and to conceal it was to be a party to it. Thus, at the cost of stirring up enmity against himself, Joseph told his father of their misdeeds.

The whole family was in a state of disunion, bitter words and bitter feeling were abroad. The elder brethren were indignant that their younger brother, Joseph, should have a place in their father's confidence which was not given to them, and without considering that they were unworthy of it, they resented it. Joseph naturally had lost his respect for them, because of their sin, and they had jealousy and bitter hatred in their hearts against him. Oh how Satan loves thus to sow strife, envy, malice, in the family of those who love God! Oh how he seeks to make their position as impossible as can be? Joseph's brethren "saw that his father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him." And this after all which had seemed so blessed; idols cast out and a terror of God on those which move around them! God works even by utilizing the malice of Satan to further his purposes. It is his brethren felt injured by their father's preference of Joseph, Joseph also felt injured by their unjust and unkind speeches. They took their trouble to one another, and stirred up the enmity in each other's hearts against Joseph. He took his trouble to God, and God comforted him in his own wondrous way by attracting his eyes from the present suffering to the future glory.

"Joseph dreamed a dream;" it was no image of a disordered fancy, but a true revelation from God. Most unwisely he told it to his brethren. It had made a great impression upon him, he had learned something of the value of present suffering in its bearing upon future glory, but the telling of his dream to his brethren was very like casting a reflection upon them. God may shew us things which are

For Ourselves Alone,

and are better told to none else. It looked like spiritual pride when Joseph related the drama in which he was the central figure; his sheaf arising and standing upright, and the sheaves of his brethren bowing down to his sheaf. It was impossible to misunderstand its significance: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words." Oh how we need, especially in dealing with those in our own house, the covering of our God and the cleansing of the blood of Christ! If the least bit of personal feeling comes in, it is sure to be detected, and the truth of God which we would convey is lost through contact of ourself with self in others! We need God-given words and deeds, more for those nearest to us, than for any others, for all their self-life is open to be wounded by the

least thing which may come from us. They do not forget our past inconsistencies, they remember every wounding word for years back, and are on the lookout whether there should be any repetition of the same thing in us now.

But God had yet great designs for Joseph. He "dreamed yet another dream" All the painful experience in his home-life brought no cloud between him and God. Already he was being educated to let nothing come between him and his Father in heaven, and, seeing him, he could also take from him all the hard looks, and words, and deeds of his brethren, and love them. It must have cost him something to tell his father that he saw in his dream that the sun and moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to him. And then his father's rebuke: "What is this dream thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth? And his brethren envied him. But his father, who had seen an open heaven, and not forgotten it," observed his saying,

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



fact, which is obvious to the careful reader, that the events recorded are not always set down in the order of their occurrence. It would appear, however, that at this time Joseph was about seventeen years old, Jacob about a hundred, and Isaac, whose death is mentioned in the thirty-fifth chapter, was still alive, but blind and feeble. Jacob had not been a good son, and he did not prove a judicious father. As he had deceived and thwarted his father, so his sons were to deceive and thwart him. Children do not always realize while they are children how much their parents suffer by their misconduct; but they sometimes realize it, by actual experience, when they have children of their own. Jacob seems to have had the intention of making Joseph the head of the family, instead of Reuben, his eldest son. Reuben was a weak and vicious man, and Jacob may have concluded that Joseph, the eldest son of Rachel, had as good a title to the headship as Reuben, the eldest son of Leah. His decking him in the special garment was probably an intimation of this intention. There is some ambiguity in the description of it. Our translators have rendered it "a coat of many colors," but some scholars say, it would be more correctly translated, "a garment with sleeves," or "a garment embroidered and fringed." Whatever it may have been, its object was clearly to give distinction to the wearer. So it was evidently regarded by Joseph and the family, and it was the source of trouble. It probably suggested to Joseph expectations of ascendancy in the family, and when his dreams gave confirmation to his waking thoughts, he was not slow to impart them to those whom they concerned. Jacob was not pleased and the brothers were furious. Envy and hatred took root in their souls. Every one should be on his guard against those passions and they should be uprooted as soon as they show themselves. They poison the whole nature and if they are allowed to remain in the breast and grow, they are liable to lead to the commission of crime, as they did in this case.

A coat of many colors. It was an unwise gift, harmful to the boy Jacob loved. It aroused jealousy and ill-will. Possibly, if

severe discipline had not humbled Joseph, he might have grown up proud and conceited. Dean Swift had a humble friend named Faulkner, a prosperous printer who having been in fashionable society on one occasion began to ape the fashions of the time. He bought an expensive coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and having attired himself in it went to call upon the Dean. Swift pretended not to know him. In vain the printer insisted that he was Faulkner; Swift said he knew Faulkner well to be an honest unassuming man with too much good sense to deck his person in such manner. "Go," said the Dean, "I will not have any fop passing himself off as my worthy friend." Faulkner went home and dressed himself in his customary attire and went back to the Dean's house to convince his patron of his mistake. But before he could say a word, Swift grasped him cordially by the hand, "Ah, George," he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you. There has been an impudent coxcomb here, bedizened in silks and laces trying to pass himself off for you, but I sent the fellow about his business, for I knew you too well to believe you would be guilty of such folly."

His brethren . . . hated him. We are told that whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. That is, the spirit is there which, if unchecked, may in some moment of provocation cause him to commit murder. In legal phrase he is a potential murderer. Doubtless, at the beginning, these men had no thought of committing the crime they did afterward commit; but when they cherished hatred in their hearts, they were ready for the crime when the opportunity occurred. He who has evil in his heart, has there an explosive force which becomes crime under irritation or temptation. There is a peculiarly dangerous process in the manufacture of certain kinds of gunpowder. The explosive is first compressed into large cakes and then ground into fine grains. This is a very dangerous point in the process, when explosion is liable to occur. Particularly on a windy day is there a possibility, despite extreme caution, of some tiny particles of sand blowing among the powder. Only one such tiny speck falling amidst the grinding plates may flash out an almost imperceptible spark that will instantly ignite the mass and blow the whole establishment into atoms. Such is the terrible power that lies resident in the smallest atom of dust. And such is the destructive force of a slight temptation when evil passions are lying latent in the heart.

His father rebuked him. A remarkable story is told of Oliver Cromwell, the great Protector who drove the Stuarts from England and put the head of the wicked family to death. In Hood's biography of the great statesman, he says that when Oliver was a child in his humble home, he had a dream of a very dignified personage who approached him and bade him study hard and prepare himself for high duties for he would one day be the greatest personage in the realm. Cromwell described this dream to his father who, thinking the boy was cherishing an ungodly ambition, whipped him soundly. Oliver told his teacher of it and the teacher wishing to keep him humble gave him another whipping. Oliver said no more about his dream, but it came true as Joseph's did, in spite of untoward circumstances.

His brethren envied him. Envy is the prolific mother of plots and the plots often recoil on those who make them. The Orientals have a story that a potter became envious of the prosperity of a fuller or bleacher, and devised a scheme to ruin him. He told the king that the fuller could make a black elephant white. The king wanted to be known as the Lord of the White Elephant and eagerly summoned the fuller into his presence. On hearing the demand, the fuller perceived the plot and guessed its author. It was a difficult task, he told the king, but he would do his utmost to fulfill his majesty's wishes. It would be necessary first to have an earthen pan large enough to wash the elephant in. The potter was summoned and ordered to make the pan. The man was in dismay. His kiln was not large enough to bake such a vessel and he did not know any clay strong enough to bear the elephant's weight. But the king would not listen to his excuses and bade him have the pan ready on a certain day at the peril of his life. At great expense and immense labor the pan was finally made, but it was crushed by the first step of the elephant. Many trials were made, and the potter was ruined by the plan he had devised for the fuller's destruction.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

BRAZILIAN REBELS SURRENDER.

DISPATCHES from Rio Janeiro under date of March 13 announce the surrender of the rebel fort and fleet. Admiral da Gama who commanded the rebel forces in the bay of Rio Janeiro, in the absence of Admiral Mello in the South, sent proposals for peace to President Peixoto on March 12. He undertook to surrender fort Villegagnon and all the ships under his command in the harbor, if the President would guarantee immunity for all who had been engaged in the rebellion and release the rebel officers then in prison. These terms the President rejected, on the ground that the government could not treat with rebels in arms against its authority. Preparations were at once made for a simultaneous bombardment of the rebel fleet and fort by the loyal forts and ships and a formal notice was sent to the foreign vessels to get out of the way. At the appointed hour on March 13, the batteries opened and a perfect hail of shot and shell was rained on the rebels. After three hours bombardment, Da Gama's flag was hauled down and Peixoto sent an officer to Fort Villegagnon to receive the surrender. It was found that Da Gama and his chief officers had taken refuge on a French vessel which had transferred them to a Portuguese ship. No reply was made to the government's bombardment, nor any opposition made to the government's officers taking possession of the fort and fleet. The garrison consisted of about eight hundred men. There were very few officers, the majority having gone on the Portuguese ship with Da Gama. There had evidently been a great scarcity of food and water both in the fort and on the ships. This surrender, although a decisive triumph for the government will not, it appears, end the rebellion. Admiral Mello has issued a proclamation declaring his resolve to continue the struggle and already an indecisive battle has been fought on the Southern frontier of Santa Catharina. Peixoto's answer to Da Gama was the answer that would be given by any self-respecting government. Unconditional surrender is the usual demand under the circumstances. It is that fact that prevents many men being reconciled to God. They would be willing to buy salvation by gifts or good works, but are not willing to acknowledge their sinfulness and plead for mercy through Christ. (Rom. 4: 5.)

A Petrified Man.

A singular discovery was made a few days ago at Brownsville, Penn. A family living in that town recently purchased a lot in a new cemetery, and wishing all its members to be interred in the same place, they had the body of an old man, who died eight years ago, exhumed for removal to the new lot. The weight of the coffin astonished them, when they had it drawn up out of the grave so they had it opened to investigate. The clothing was in excellent preservation but the dead man's hair and whiskers presented a curious appearance. The hair resembled fine threads of glass and was quite brittle. It was found, too, that the entire body had turned to stone of exceptional hardness. The grave was near the roadway and it is supposed that water must have percolated through the limestone of which the road is made and have soaked through the coffin. What happened to his body was a matter of no concern to the dead man, but there are some living men who have reason to dread an analogous process. The hardening effect of exposure to the world's influence has been often proved by men who have failed to seek the softening grace of God. (Heb. 3: 13.)

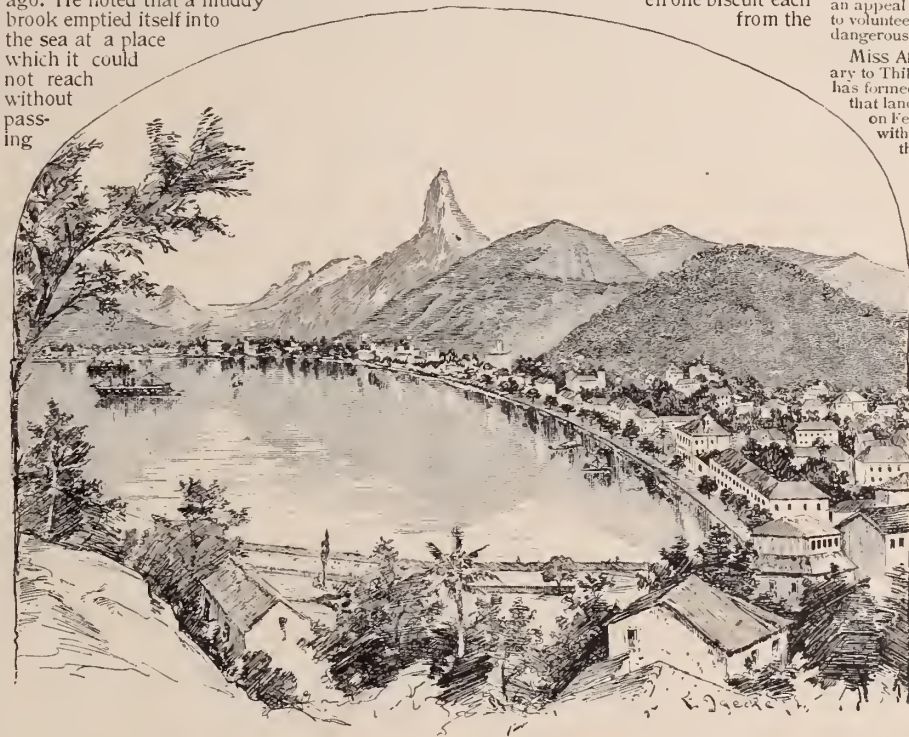
Two Heroes Dead.

A distressing fatality occurred at Hickory Bush, N. Y., on March 9. A cement company doing an extensive business has kilns in that town and employs a large number of men. One of the kilns had been fired up with fresh coal and a thick layer of cement rock was put in to be burned. One of the men went down a ladder to the bottom of the pit, a distance of about fifteen feet, to level the cracked stone. He was stooping

over it, when he reeled and fell. The engineer saw him fall, and immediately went to his rescue. There must have been a deadly gas at the bottom of the pit, for, as he stooped down to raise the prostrate man, he too was overcome and fell unconscious by his side. Three other men descended to help the two men, and they also were overcome. Then a man volunteered to go down with a rope around his waist, with which he could be drawn up in case of his losing consciousness. He carried another rope which he tied around the unconscious men, one at a time, and they were drawn up. Two of the men who had gone to the rescue of their companions were dead, and a third is in a critical condition. The others are likely to recover. The incident suggests a lesson to Christian workers among the fallen and depraved. As the last rescuer was careful to provide against falling a victim to the deadly gas by having a rope around him, so the worker who goes amid the miasma of vice to rescue others should take great precautions and ask God's special protection so that his own way of escape may not depend solely on his own powers of resistance. (1. Cor. 9: 27.)

A Burglar's Roadway.

An amateur burglar had a humiliating experience at New London, Conn., a few days ago. He noted that a muddy brook emptied itself into the sea at a place which it could not reach without passing



THE BRAZILIAN NAVAL SURRENDER—BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

under some of the houses. He traced its course and discovered that it ran at one place through a cellar under a grocery store. The discovery convinced him that it was possible to enter the store through that subterranean channel. Providing himself with a few tools and a dark lantern he crawled into the brick tunnel through which the brook runs, and crept through the mud and filth at the bottom until he was under the wall of the store. There, half-suffocated and soaked to the skin, he felt about until he struck a trap-door. It was not fastened and he cautiously raised it and stepped out into the cellar. A number of rats, whom the man had scared in his wallowing through the mud, rushed out with him and made a noise among the tins and boxes that the grocer kept in his cellar. The burglar waited until the noise had ceased and then made his way to the store. As he opened the door he was confronted by the grocer himself, who being aroused by the strange noises in the cellar, was on his way to investigate. He seized the intruder and would have handed him over to the police, but the man protested that he had stolen nothing and he looked such a miserable object after

his wallowing through the mud, that the grocer decided to let him go, but insisted that he should return by the way he came. As the only alternative was imprisonment the burglar acquiesced, and with a sad face and much reluctance entered the tunnel by the trap door, and crawled back to liberty. His profitless experience will probably deter him from repeating the experiment. He made the discovery that is sometimes not made until too late, by men who crawl through moral mire and filth in their effort to win fortune, that, as the prophet warned them, they are fools. (Jer. 17: 11.)

Sailors in Distress.

An urgent appeal for help was made by an officer and four sailors who reached St. John's, Newfoundland, on March 11, in an open boat. They said they came from the steamer "Briscoe" which was lying helpless sixty miles out at sea. She left Hamburg for New York on December 8 with a general cargo. During the first days of her voyage she sustained severe damage from storms, and was compelled to put into Queenstown for repairs. On January 21 she resumed her voyage, but was beaten about by headwinds and buffeted by heavy seas. Masses of ice were hurled against the steamer smashing her bulwarks and crushing in her deck. Finally her masts were broken by the fury of the hurricane and her bridge was carried away bodily. Then the coal gave out and the fires were kept going only by the lumber of the broken parts of the ship. When this was exhausted the steamer lay helpless. She was then about sixty miles off Cape Race, where she lay for a week waiting for some passing steamer to tow her in. At the end of that time, the Captain determined to send a boat ashore. The second mate with four sailors volunteered to go and they were given one biscuit each from the

which were the vested rights of the pensioners. Mr. Lochren, in reply, states that the pensions were suspended pending legal action, in some cases because there was good ground for believing that the pensions were obtained by fraud; in others, because the pensioner was drawing two pensions contrary to law, and in others because the pensioner was a widow who had remarried. He also contends that a pension can never be a vested right, but is in the nature of a bounty continued at the will of the donor. It is not in the power of one Congress to control the action of succeeding Congresses and therefore at any time a pension may be suspended or revoked. That fact, the Commissioner holds, is fatal to the contention that a pension can be a vested right. A question based on a similar principle often distresses Christians of weak faith. They fear that they may lose their promised inheritance through some shortcoming. Their fear is without cause. Though their claim is not a vested right, it is based on the love and faithfulness of God who is able to keep them from falling and we are assured that "he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." (II. Timothy 2: 13.)

BRIEF NOTES.

There are twenty-five million widows in India, of whom seventy thousand are little girls under ten years of age.

It is reported from Hidalgo, Mexico, that Bishop Montes de Oca has expelled the Jesuits from the college of that city. This was to be followed by their expulsion from San Luis Potosi. The bishop gives no reason for his action.

Dr. Talmage preached at the Princess Theatre, Mobile, Ala., on Sunday evening, March 11, to a vast audience. At the conclusion of the sermon he invited all who desired prayer for their salvation to rise. Over five hundred responded.

The China Inland Mission Sent Out Sixty-three agents to Shanghai last year, and the number will shortly be increased to eighty-six. Meanwhile an appeal is put forward for one hundred young men to volunteer for the difficult and as it may well prove, dangerous work of spreading the Gospel.

Miss Annie R. Taylor, the Famous Missionary to Tibet, whose portrait we published recently, has formed a party of twelve volunteers to labor in that land. She with her twelve companions sailed on Feb. 24 for Tibet where they expect to meet with much opposition, but are trusting God for their protection.

The financial report of the American Board for February shows that the total receipts for that month available for the general use was \$48,654 as against \$39,085 for the corresponding months of 1893. This increase amid the general depression is due to the change in the policy of the Prudential Committee which has the approval of many churches which for some years past have withheld support.

The Students' Volunteer Conference at Detroit, Mich., shows marked progress in the movement. No less than twelve hundred delegates were present representing Colleges, Educational Institutions of various lands, Missionary Societies and Young Men's Christian Associations. Prof. F. K. Sanders of Yale, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. Happer and Miss Geraldine Guinness were among the speakers.

Rev. H. W. Pope, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Sumnerworth, N. H., has resigned the pastorate to become Associate Secretary with Rev. J. C. Collins of the Christian Workers' Association. This is now one of the largest unions of Christians of all denominations in the country. Its next convention will be held in Toronto beginning Nov. 26 and continuing eight days.

The Rev. Dr. Marshall, Field Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, has traveled during the last year 29,300 miles, and delivered 226 addresses, and has sent out 7,000 letters.

Contributions of Clothing for the Relief Fund from the following, are acknowledged:

Home Missionary Society, Presbyterian Church, Farmingdale, N. J.; Guilders' Hollow, Egmont, Mass.; Mrs. Chas. Nichols and daughter, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Friends in Hinsdale, N.H.; Y.P.S. C. E., Congregational Church, Ludlow, Vt.; Mrs. Fish, Ludlow, Vt.; Mrs. P.K. Feste; Friends, Cambridge, Mass.; Geo. T. Hazen, Congregational Church, Hartford, Vt.; Ladies of Linesville, Pa.; Alice Yeo, Dillon, Montana; Mrs. Chas. Rhoades, Ramsey, N. J.; Neighbors at Grand Valley, Pa.; Baptist Church, Bernardstown, Mass.; W. C. T. U., Knoxville; Mrs. H. T. Hudson, Waymart, Pa.; D. N. B. S. & Co., Ithaca, N. Y.; Miss Babcock; Friends in Fairview, Pa.; Richmondville, N.Y.; Peekskill, N.Y.; Mrs. Jardsburg (no address); Mrs. Wm. Bowen, Manassquan, N. J.; Reader, Peekskill, N. Y.; Mrs. D. McKellar, Killawog, N. Y.; In His Name, Newark, S. D.; Mrs. S. C. Sawyer, Littleton, N. H.; No Name, Thompson, Susque, Co., Pa.; H. C. Babcock, Leonardville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. De Revere, York, Liv. Co., N. Y.; No Name, Marksboro, N. J.; Miss Minnie Lamback, Siegfrieds, Bridge Co., Pa.; No Name, Bridgewater, N. Y.; Miss Annie Nelson, Newport; R. I.; Mrs. J. Preston, Rochester, Minn.; No Name, Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. G. Reed, no address; F. E. Storn, Harrison Valley, Pa.; Bessie Green, Winterpock, Va.; No Name, Lake Land, Fla.; No Name, Ancranti Lead Mines; S. W. Don, Lanesboro, Mass.; and three packages of clothing from unknown friends.

Mr. Ridler sent 150 loaves of bread and 2 bags of potatoes to the Food Fund; Friends, Guilders' Hollow, Egmont, Mass., 1 bbl. beans; Mrs. P. K. Feste, box of provisions.

A Pension Dispute.

An exhaustive reply has been sent by Commissioner Lochren to Congress in response to a resolution of inquiry passed by the House recently. The Commissioner was asked what authority he had for withholding the payment of certain pensions

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE THREE ADMONITIONS.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Rev. 22: 20: "Surely I come quickly."

THIS startling warning with which the Apocalypse closes is one that resounds through the entire book. From the "behold he cometh with clouds" in the first chapter to the "Behold I come quickly" in the last, it is the keynote of the entire Revelation and gives solemnity and emphasis to all its exhortations and warnings and hopes. I desire at this time to dwell rather upon the admonitions connected with our Lord's coming than upon the event itself, and to show you what practical duties and attainments are immediately associated with this coming, in the book of Revelation.

Consecration.

1. Our consecration. "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." Rev. 16: 16.

You will observe that it is not the soul which we are here warned to be anxious about, but the garments of the soul; which is simply saying that it is our sanctification as well as our salvation with which we should be earnestly occupied. "He that keepeth his garments." Wearing clothes is the most serious occupation of a large part the human race. From the Congo savage clad in dazzling Manchester calico, and compassed about with rings of brass, to the fashionable belle of New York, dressed in the most brilliant silks and satins which Paris can furnish, dress-wearing is the chief end and business of innumerable children of men both Christian and pagan. Therefore Christ struck the sharpest blow he ever dealt at human pride when he said, "Take no thought of what ye shall put on."

"But on the other hand I remind you from Scripture that there is a clothes-wearing to which it becomes us to be most seriously attentive. Wonderful word is that of the apostle: "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Christ have put on Christ?" Not simply the righteousness of our Saviour; not simply the beauty of his holiness or the graces of his character are we to put on as a garment. The Lord himself is our vesture. Every Christian is not only a Christ-bearer but a Christ-wearer. We are so to enter into him by communion, to be so endued with his presence, and embued with his Spirit that men shall see him when they behold us, as they see our garments when they look upon our bodies. It is a sad thing to lose the soul, but it is nothing to lose that exhibition and realization of Christ by which we "show forth the virtues of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light?"

A Waif's Prayer.

What parables of divine things we get from common life. Certain slum-sisters in New York are reported to have found a waif with whom they had a singular experience. The little outcast boy had never known the delight of a suit of clean clothes. If he ever possessed such they had probably been pawned from his back by drunken parents. And these angels of mercy brought this lad to their home, washed him and combed his matted hair and then clothed him with a new suit. When bed-time came they attempted to teach him his first prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord 'my clothes' to keep," was the response. Then followed teaching on the soul—its value and the importance of its salvation—in order to more intelligent praying. But still the little waif held fast to his original petition, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep." And who can say that he was not right? Alas are we not taken up too much with the salvation of our souls and too little occupied with the sanctification of our lives? The careful spiritual discipline by which we become invested with the holiness of Christ; the daily putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new man who is renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created him—this is so su-

premiely important that our daily and constant prayer may well be directed to this end, that so at the last we may "be found in him not having our own righteousness but the righteousness of Christ which is by faith." To our Laodicean age Christ is speaking loudly to-day upon this point. Saved by grace and justified by faith we seem to imagine that this is all. Secular lives, worldly fellowships, conformity to the fashion and show of an evil generation—all this is too easily allowed if only in the end our souls may be saved. But above all this worldly living we hear the voice of Jesus Christ saying: "I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment that thou mayest be clothed and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." Ah yes! the word of Christ plainly translated is: "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his clothes." And the little lad asked more than he knew when he said, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep." Oh Christians lulled to sleep by worldly fellowships and associations, stupified by luxury and self-indulgence, answering every appeal to your conscience with "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands in rest," sleep on if you will; but pray as you lie down to sleep, "I pray the Lord 'my clothes' to keep."

Recompense.

2. Our recompense is directly related to the coming of our Lord in glory. "Behold I come quickly and my reward is with me," says Jesus, "to give to every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22: 12.

I think there is a tendency among Protestants to depreciate the preaching of rewards for service as though it gave a commercial character to Christianity and made a gain of grace. But nothing could be farther from the doctrine of Scripture. As universally as the Bible teaches us that we are redeemed for naught, does it teach that we are recompensed according to our works. The school of grace is a common school, but it is the greatest possible mistake to conclude that because its tuition is free, therefore all pupils belong to the same class and will graduate with the same degree. And when I hear Christians testify that they would be satisfied with the lowest place in heaven, if only by the grace of God they are permitted to reach there at all, I reply that their Lord will not be so easily satisfied if they are; he wants them to strive for the highest place, for a seat nearest the throne, and for a crown of the brightest lustre. We must look out that our humility is not indolence with a solemn countenance upon it, the real fact being that we are content with the lowest place in heaven, because we have not energy and self-sacrifice enough to make us strive after the highest. And if they say that it is selfish to seek after rewards in the service of Christ, we urge them to try it and they will find that it is self-sacrificing instead of self-seeking. The martyrs spoken of in the eleventh of Hebrews were not selfish who were "tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection"—that first resurrection wherein they should become sharers with Christ in his deathless life. No! the rewards of heaven are valuable as the credentials of our cross-bearing on earth. Christ delights in those who stand ready to suffer with him now, that they may be glorified with him hereafter. Be a happy Christian here, if that is your principal aim: collect the interest on your spiritual investments every day: cut the coupons from the bonds of the everlasting covenant as fast as they become due and thus realize your hundred-fold in this life, according to the promise, in love, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. But the Christian who foregoes all this for Christ's sake is the one that most pleases his Lord. In a word, the future rewards which our coming Saviour has to bestow, are most precious for what they indicate

concerning our present earthly life. The photographer must have a negative, as he calls it, in order to furnish you with a picture. Now the earthly cross is the negative from which the heavenly crown is to be made; the suffering and sorrow of the present time determining the glory, honor and immortality of the life to come. Christ cannot give us the recompense of reward except we have fashioned the counterpart thereof in our patient endurance of the cross for his name's sake. "To give to every man according as his work shall be." There is the measure of our reward. We are saved by grace. Mix in good works and merit, and grace is no more grace. We are rewarded according to our works. Mix in grace and faith, and reward is no more reward. And we should

Strive For High Rewards.

not because it is pleasant for us to attain them, but because it will rejoice our Saviour's heart to bestow them, since they will constitute the crown and credential of our fidelity in his service. The century plant which blooms once in a hundred years, could not have bloomed if the growth and increase of any single year had been wanting. And the "well-done" which Jesus will pronounce upon his faithful servants at the end of the age, will only be possible as the result and consummation of all the years of well-doing and cross-bearing in which we served our Master. Therefore, my brethren, see what a practical subject we have in hand.

Rejoice in a free salvation; exult in that doctrine of unmerited grace by which you have been accepted and justified. But remember that work only can grasp reward. Then visit the sick, feed the hungry, bear the burdens of the oppressed, suffer and sacrifice for the poor and preach the Gospel to the perishing, that your Lord when he sits upon the throne of glory may say, "Inasmuch as ye—" believed? No! he is not talking about salvation now but

Service.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me." See Jesus our Brother and Leader standing at the right-hand of God. The nail-pierced hands which he lifted up in prevailing intercession with God, he also stretches out in importunate pleading with us. He pleads for the dark continents for which he died with their thousand millions of yet unevangelized souls; he pleads for the great shivering hungry multitude in our cities who lack bread and shelter; he pleads for the innumerable company of sin-defiled, heart-broken sufferers with which the world is filled. Go to them, sympathize with them, suffer for them, minister to them," he says. And if you with that mercantile spirit so engrained in human nature ask: "And what reward shall I have?" He will answer: "They cannot recompense thee: but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." That is enough for me. I had rather have Christ's gold than the world's copper. I had rather wait a thousand years for Christ's "well-done good and faithful servant," than to have the immediate felicity of man's "well-done great and successful servant."

Steadfastness.

3. Our steadfastness is to be constantly incited by the imminence of Christ's return. "Behold I come quickly. Hold fast that which thou hast that no man take thy crown." Rev. 3: 11-15.

You remember how earnestly the Apostle exhorts us in the epistle to the Hebrews to "take heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we let them slip." Here is the contrast. Holding fast or letting slip, which shall it be? You have some days of life remaining, you know not how many. Hold fast to them: load them with some blessing for men and some obedience to God before they have gone from you forever.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, by one by one,
Seize them lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

Well may the wisdom of the world repeat its maxim in our ears, "time is money." To those that know that they have souls to be saved or to be lost, it is vastly more than this. Time is eternity in the making. Every man carries his own heaven or hell with him into the other world. The hours of this present life are the ages in embryo of the life to come. The blessedness of heaven is not a hot-house plant suddenly bursting into bloom under the light of the New Jerusalem. Neither in time nor in eternity can one be greater than he is, or happier than he is capable of being. Heaven is the

summary of earth: all that you are in faith and holiness now, all that you do in service and self-denial now, all that you believe in trust and confidence in God now—this summed up last and re-lived in the presence of God will constitute your glory and crown of rejoicing. Therefore our Lord makes his coming possible every day that he may incite us to use every day as though it were our last, and to fill every day with sterling sacrifice and service. Therefore, spiritual indolence is not only a dreadful sin, but a dreadful loss. It robs God of his service and it robs us of our crown. I know that the best and truest doctrines are likely to be abused.

The doctrine of good works has been perverted by the Catholic Church into salvation by penance and merit alone; but so has the doctrine of justification by faith been perverted by Protestants into salvation by conversion and faith alone. Both are extreme views and therefore to be deplored. Saved by grace, indeed! All praise to God that he has chosen to accept us on such gratuitous terms when we had nothing to pay. But there is such a thing as

A Meagre and Stinted Salvation.

Forget it not all you who hear me: you are called to serve as well as to believe, to good works as well as to faith. Every idle hour will be taken out of your wages when the pay-day comes: every not-done will be subtracted from your "well-done" when the books are balanced. If you are trying that nineteenth century scheme of making the best of both worlds, be sure that at the end you will find that all you gained from this has been lost out of that. Therefore be diligent: toil, pray, watch, preach, give and go. The time is short: the Lord is at hand: let no man take thy crown. I long to see more ambitious Christians. And when I say ambitious, I use a word that occurs in Scripture several times. "I exhort you brethren that ye be ambitious to be quiet and to do your own business." (1 Thess. 4: 11-12.) Fitting words considering our high calling! Make your religion a business, not a by-play. Put capital into it instead of seeking only to draw interest out of it: strive for a heavenly crown instead of seeking for earthly comfort. How the Apostle Paul seeks to provoke us to emulation on this point, by pointing to the combatants for earthly prizes. How they deny themselves and endure hardness to toughen their muscles. "They do it for a corruptible crown," he adds, "but we for an incorruptible." Therefore our diligence should be a hundred times greater than theirs. Alas! is it not too often a hundred times less? You have heard the oft-told tale of the artist who had succeeded after long diplomacy in getting an engagement with the queen to sit for a picture. His fortune was considered assured by this lucky stroke. He made all his preparations: had his room all ready. His apparatus all adjusted for his work. But alas, by an unhappy blunder he was out when the queen called. She could not wait and he missed his chance. "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Therefore

Our Only Security

is in being always prepared. There is a very striking exhortation in that very ancient Greek document which was recently discovered called "The Teaching of the Twelve." It reads thus: "Watch for your life's sake. Let not your lamps go out nor your loins be ungirt, but be ready for ye know not the hour in which your Lord cometh. Assemble oft, seeking the things pertaining to your souls for the whole time of your faith will not avail unless you be perfected in the last time."

Oh, hearers, for whose souls I cannot be without responsibility, as your minister and guide I beseech you to consider whether you are ready to meet the Lord. No lamps, however elaborate their construction or however burnished and brilliant they are kept polished will suffice to gain you admittance to the marriage-supper unless you have oil in them. The life of God in your soul—have you obtained it by believing on his Son? The Holy Spirit in your heart, have you secured the blessing by a prayerful and watchful waiting upon God? Then I beg you do not trifle. When once the Master of the house has risen up and hath shut to the door it will be too late. You have the Gospel. I have spoken it plainly in your ears. You have the promise, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." You have the gift of eternal life within your reach. Then lay hold on eternal life. Let no man take thy crown.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. C., Litchfield, Mich. Was Confucius the author of the "Golden Rule?"

Yes; but not in the form in which we know it from Christ's lips. Confucius' maxim was a negation: "What you would not wish done to yourself, that do not to others," whereas the Christian rule is a positive: "Do to others as you would they should do unto you."

Mrs. John B. Long, Russellville, Ky. In the new church at Jerusalem recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the worship the same as in Christian churches in our own land?

The new church in Jerusalem is Lutheran—a Christian denomination which differs mainly from other Protestants in the belief that the bread and wine at communion are not symbols, but the real presence of Christ's body and blood.

P. L. P., Denning's Bridge, Tex. To what Church did the Puritans belong?

They were a formidable party who, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, complained that many abuses existed in the worship and discipline of the Church of England, being the corrupt remains of Popery, imperfectly eliminated by the Reformation. These claims gave them the name of "Puritans," but a Puritan party existed in the Church of England for two centuries before the name was fully established.

Friend, Hughsonville, N. Y. Does God leave his people to starve to death, or famish for food, at such a time? If so, how can we reconcile this with his promises?

There is no evidence that he does so leave them. On the contrary, there is abundant proof on every hand that he has stirred up the hearts and sympathies of a multitude of other Christian people to come to their aid. There is no stronger proof of this than the work accomplished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, which has relieved the needs of nearly 12,000 families, a very large proportion of them belonging to "God's Poor."

Abraham Kriebel, West Point, Pa. When, where and how did the worship of idols take its rise?

Although we have no record of antediluvian idolatry, it is supposed that in the general corruption and wickedness before the Flood, idolatry was practiced. Gen. 4: 26, is interpreted by some commentators as indicating that event in the days of Seth, some form of idolatry had been practiced; but the first actual allusion to idols in the Bible is found in Gen. 31: 19. This statement would indicate that the teraphim or family gods of Laban, which Rachel took, were such as had probably been used in that country by previous generations. The condition of the Cities of the Plain, destroyed in Abraham's time, would indicate that they were idolatrous.

Charles F. Coulisson, Keokuk, Ia. Would it be right for a young man to enter the ministry, if, after conscientious self-examination, he feels that his chief motive would be to gratify an ambition to be a great preacher, rather than a good man, in other words, the desire for fame, rather than souls? His father and grandfather have been in the ministry and he himself has some talent, as well as a love of oratory and a taste for letters.

The act of entering the Christian ministry is, in the highest and truest sense, a renunciation of mere personal ambitions, and a dedication of one's talents and energies to the service of the Master, and the bringing of souls to the heavenly kingdom. Wordly ambition has no place in such a career, but is wholly supplanted by a divine zeal in the work of the Gospel, every triumph of which brings joy to the heart of the worker. We are confident that, if you read the lives of any of the grand, consecrated men who have become distinguished in the Church, you will be convinced of this self-renunciation, as an essential to a successful ministry.

Reader, Glens Falls, N. Y., Subscriber, Newport, R. I. and others. Send reading matter to Jail and Hospital Committee, care G. W. Gaines, corner Capital St. and Texas Ave., Houston, Tex.—Alva F. Sides, Camden, N. J. About 5,000.—A. B. Neill, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, 112 Fifth Ave., N. Y.—G. F. McAdam, Elk City, Kan. Yes; the drink habit has undoubtedly brought many to want.—Wm. B. Rice, Elbridge, N. Y. Tradition declares that the stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Luz was afterward carried to Europe and found a resting-place under the coronation-chair at Scone, Scotland, after which it was removed to England and now forms one of the foundation stones in Victoria's throne.—Rev. C. Case, Brodhead, N. Y. Dr. Talmage has already preached on that subject.—Mrs. J. S. Mergel, Greenbrier, Pa. Yes.—R. J. Ferguson, Haran, Va. 1. Anabaptist. 2. He was a dissenter and the cavaliers and the clergy of the established Church oppressed dissenters everywhere.—Constant Reader, Rensselaerville, N. Y. You will have to consult newspaper files to get the accurate history of the matter you mention.—Harmon Crow, Toolesboro, Ia. He will probably be heard from again soon.—Miss M. E. Ewing, Hickory, Pa. He was an Anglican divine, born in 1613. He was at one time chaplain to Charles I. and after the Restoration was consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor and afterward elected Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. He was a copious author on religious topics.—Mrs. C. M. Frost, Brockton, N. Y. Her son accompanied her. She is the wife of a clergyman and lives in Brooklyn.—F. N. Jenkins, Lock Box 6, Chester, N. J., will forward second-hand library books to any needy Sunday School library desiring them.—George Mickey, New Martinsville, W. Va. Yes; there were negroes in the time of Christ. The Ethiopians and other races were such.—Subscriber, Easton, Pa. Write to Potter & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, for Bibles containing the Apocrypha.—Mrs. Mary Young, The affairs of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have been satisfactorily adjusted and Rev. Dr. Talmage remains as pastor.

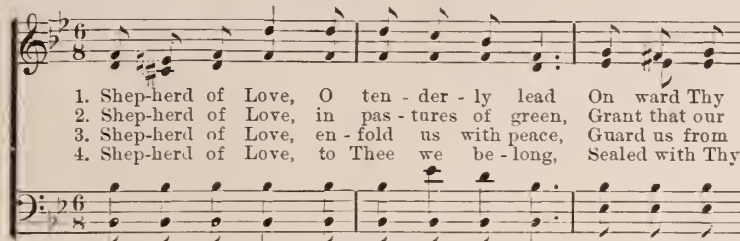


Shepherd of Love.

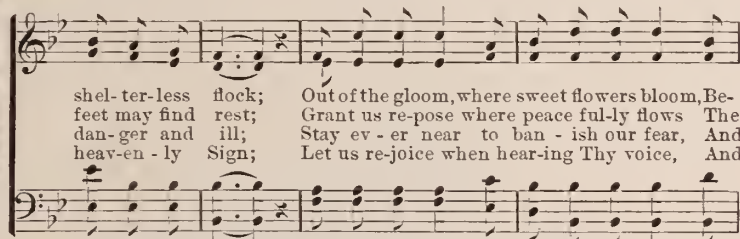
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. 23: 1.

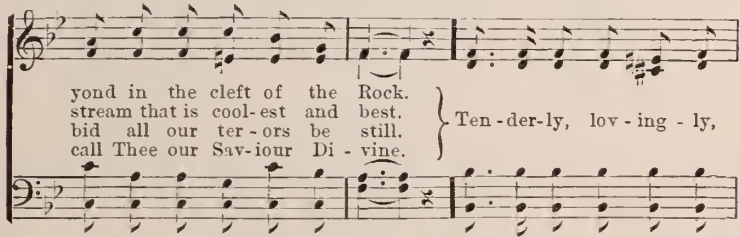
W. H. DOANE.



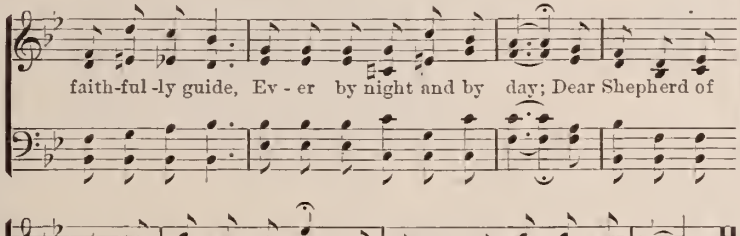
1. Shep-herd of Love, O ten - der - ly lead On ward Thy
2. Shep-herd of Love, in pas - tures of green, Grant that our
3. Shep-herd of Love, en - fold us with peace, Guard us from
4. Shep-herd of Love, to Thee we be - long, Sealed with Thy



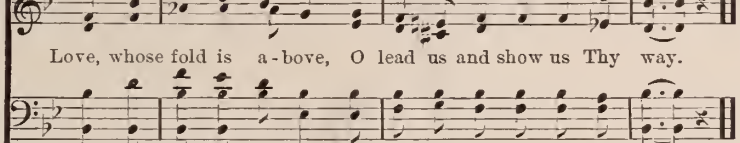
shel - ter - less flock; Out of the gloom, where sweet flowers bloom, Be-
feet may find rest; Grant us re - pose where peace - ful - ly flows, The
dan - ger and ill; Stay ev - er near to ban - ish our fear, And
heav - en - ly Sign; Let us re - joice when hear - ing Thy voice, And



yond in the cleft of the Rock. } Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly,
stream that is cool - est and best.
bid all our ter - ors be still.
call Thee our Sav - iour Di - vine.



faith - ful - ly guide, Ev - er by night and by day; Dear Shepherd of



Love, whose fold is a - bove, O lead us and show us Thy way.

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

A LETTER TO JESUS.

A POSTMAN stood, with puzzled brow,
And in his hand turned o'er and o'er
A letter with address so strange
He ne'er had seen it's like before.
The writing cramped, the letter small,
And by a boy's rough hand engraven,
The words ran thus: "To Jesus Christ,
And underneath inscribed: "In Heaven!"
The postman paused; full well he knew
No mail on earth this note could take;
And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
And posted for the dear Lord's sake,
With careful hands he broke the seal,
And rev'rently the letter read;
'Twas short and very simple, too,
For this was all the writer said:
"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ
I've lately lost my father dear;
Mother is very, very poor,
And life to her is sad and drear.
Yet thou hast promised in thy Word
That none can ever ask in vain,
For what they need of earthly store,
If only asked in Jesus' name."

"So I am writing in His name,
To ask if thou wilt kindly send
Some money down; what thou canst spare,
And what is right for us to spend.
I want so much to go to school;
While father lived, I always went—
But he had little, Lord, to leave,
And what he left is almost spent.
"I do not know how long 'twill be
Ere this can reach the golden gate;
But I will try and patient be,
And for the answer gladly wait."
The tidings reached the far-off land,
Although the letter did not go,
And straight the King an agent sent
To help the little boy below.
Oft to his mother he would say:
"I knew the Lord would answer make
When he had read my letter through,
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake."
Ah! happy boy, could you but teach
My heart to trust my Father's love,
And to believe where aught's denied
"Tis only done my faith to prove."
La Fayette, Indiana. —ANON

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Signs of the Approaching End of the Age.

BY DR. B. O. KINNEAR.*

IT is to-day the profound conviction of a large number of the most earnest and deeply thoughtful prophetic students, that the last seven years of this Christian dispensation will begin by the making of a seven years' compact with the Jews who return to Palestine. This "compact" or agreement is to be entered in to by these Jews and the Personal Antichrist or "little horn" of Daniel, or "Beast."

This week of years is the 70th week of the "Seventy Weeks of Daniel 9, ending the "Age," but not the "World," and terminating in the open manifestation of the Saviour; when, accompanied by "ten thousand times ten thousands" of his saints, he descends on the Mount of Olives to "save the tents of Judah first;" to cast the Beast and the False Prophet into the lake of fire; to bind Satan for a thousand years, and to introduce the millennial reign, when, as "King of kings and Lord of lords," he will sit on the throne of his father David, and rule the world.

The Covenant will be made sometime after the Ten Kingdoms of Daniel appear on the "old Roman earth"—these Ten Kingdoms to result from the "Coming" great European War, which struggle must soon take place, and Antichrist or the Eleventh Horn will be revealed to the watchers, by making the compact for seven years with returning Judah in Palestine.

Signs in the sun, the sea and waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear—the terrible financial distress, the rapid spread of spiritualism, socialism, anarchy, the steady advance of "the Apostasy" (II. Thess. 2), among Christians, shown by increasing formalism, ritualism, and Laodicean self-satisfaction—unusual and violent crimes, the awful storms and railway disasters during the past nine months in particular, denote to the watcher, that not only is the whole creation groaning and travelling in pain, but that as in the days of Noah and Lot the earth is becoming filled with violence, therefore the end of this age is not far distant.

Again, the military situation in Europe and the East is now more strained than ever before, and it is the view, not only of prophetic writers, that a frightful war is threatened on the old Roman earth; but it is the expressed conviction of the leading statesmen and generals in Europe that such a tornado of battle is imminent, as has never before been known. The Saviour called this, "nation rising against nation," etc. (Matt. 24); the "beginning of sorrows," "birth-throes"—according to Rotherham, and thus the beginning of those "birth-pangs," which in Rev. 12 give rise to the birth of the "Man Child;" or 144,000 of Rev. 14.

The future literal fulfilment of the Seals will fully agree with the type of these last days, evidenced to us in the story of the plagues in Egypt.

They were "Ten" in number and the first three covered all Egypt, including the land of Goshen; but afterward the seven last plagues did not affect Goshen; that land being severed and free from them.

The wise virgins similarly will behold the first three awful events of war, famine and pestilence, beginning the end of this dispensation; and yet will escape the seven trumpet plagues, which cover the three and a half shortened years of Antichrist's rule, while the "vials" are poured out, in the seventy-five days, succeeding the sounding of the "last trump" or seventh trumpet; i.e., after the 1,260 days of great tribulation; with seventy-five additional days, to "finish the transgression," and make an "end of sins," and introduce the 1,335th day. "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1,335th day." (Dan. 12.) Our object should be to obtain, and, by the grace of God to present further light in a "dark place." In order to have the "Parousia" come as a "snare," events while fulfilling every jot and tittle of prophecy may be hidden to all but the most prayerful and earnest investigation; hidden to all but the eyes of the wise.

"The wise shall understand!" Ye brethren are not in darkness that "the day" should overtake you unawares. As we see these events happen, we may in truth, ay, verily, "lift up our heads," because we know that our redemption draweth nigh."

*From his article in the *Prophetic News* which contains also articles on "Daniel's Prophetic Calendar," "The Budding of the Fig-tree," etc.



ENVY AND COVETOUSNESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 8. 1. John 2: 1-11; 15-17.

JOHN'S idea of the characteristics of a Christian, as defined in the passages selected for the Topic, is not that of our time. He applies a test which has now gone out of fashion. Yet there is no hesitation or qualification in his utterance, and, if we are to be guided by him, we must conclude that a man who is envious or covetous is not really a Christian. More stress is now laid on orthodoxy, on baptism, on church membership, but the Apostle does not here refer to these, but insists that if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his, and that he that hateth his brother is in darkness. He seems to look to our attitude toward our fellow-men and our feeling toward them as an infallible test of our standing before God. This is a solemn fact. We glory in being a Christian nation; how does our national, business and social life stand this authoritative test? What spirit dominates us as a people? There is no town or city in this wide land in which there is any spirit more conspicuous than competition. The race for wealth and power and the good things of life is eager and often fierce. Witness the struggle for the best seat in a car, for a monopoly of trade, for a place in government employ. The struggle to be first, to get ahead of other people, to get and hoard even beyond the capacity to use, characterizes the people of this day beyond any preceding generation. The feeling of the merchant toward his rival, whom he is seeking to undersell and drive out of business; of the capitalist toward his employe, who demands a share of the profits of his business; of the employe toward his employer, whose wealth and luxury are constantly before him; of the leaders and followers of a political party toward their successful opponents at an election—all these are not far removed from the hate which in the Apostle's eyes, brands a man as outside the kingdom of Christ. He that is in the light is he that loveth his brother. It is not difficult to understand that rule. We know what love is, in the family. We should have no difficulty in estimating the character of a big burly boy, who elbowed his sisters and younger brothers away from the table, seized all the dainties for himself, occupied the most comfortable chair in the room and grugged any member of the family the good things of the household. The rule of Christ only enlarged the circle. Yet what we would deplore in a boy, in the family, we commend and respect in the man dealing with his brother man. That we do so, and that professing Christians are eager in this struggle for the prizes of the world, is the main reason why the Church is still only a minority in the world. We have lost sight of the vital and cardinal principle of Christ's teaching and of his life. The love for man and the unselfishness on which he insisted have not been the characteristics of those who called themselves his followers. The worldings have been unable to see any difference between the attitude of professing Christians and themselves, and there is reason to fear that Christ sees no difference. Envy and covetousness are not trivial faults, as we are apt to regard them, but indications of condition. They show that where they are Christ does not reign.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PLANS.

The General Cabinet has held its spring meeting and has arranged several matters of vital interest to the League. The meeting took place at Springfield, O. Rev. W. I. Haven presided in the unavoidable absence of Bishop Fitzgerald. The treasurer's accounts of the Cleveland Convention and the general finances of the League were

eminently satisfactory. The following summary of the business done is taken from Mr. Jennings' report to "Zion's Herald."

The general secretary and the four vice presidents were made a committee to prepare and publish an official Epworth League Hymnal. It is desired that this hymnal shall be a complete and comprehensive volume and sufficient time will be taken to make it every way worthy of its great constituency. The next meeting of the Board of Control is to be held in Boston some time during the last two weeks in October.

The Reading Course for next year was

This will answer a troublesome question in some quarters, though it will be a disappointment to some who hoped for a more cordial and general endorsement.

LINCOLN'S Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

The handsome edifice of which a picture appears on this page is the property of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lincoln. It is the finest building owned by any Association in that section. It cost \$95,000, a large sum for a city which at the time of its erection had little more than 60,000 population. It is the habit of Western cities, however, to provide for future development, and the young men are not likely to be less enterprising than their fellow citizens. The Association was organized fourteen years ago, and has now over five hundred members. The new building is planned on the best models, and has an excellent gymnasium, library and reading rooms. The religious meetings are well attended, and in all respects the Association is in a thriving and vigorous condition.

THE CLEVELAND C. E. CONVENTION.

The following suggestions from the Committee in charge of the arrangements for the

Cleveland, designating the Convention meeting places, the State headquarters, the hotels and points of interest.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A great Christian Endeavor Convention is to be held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, (Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's), on May 14 and 15.

The Epworth League of the Sands St. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, entertained four chapters on March 15th. Invitations were sent to the Leagues at Fleet St., York St., St. Paul's and Flatlands and cordially and numerously accepted. A collation was served in the basement of the church and with speeches and music the evening passed most enjoyably.

A general Convention of the Baptist Young People's Societies of New York and Brooklyn is to be held on April 3, in Calvary Baptist Church, New York. Dr. R. S. MacArthur will preside and Mr. Frank Harvey Field will speak on the local situation. The Convention will be in session all day and several distinguished clergymen will attend and take part in the proceedings.

The King's Daughters of Chicago have decided to form several City Unions. On Jan. 31, the Mary W. Goodwin Union was formed, including the Circles of Englewood, a suburb of Chicago. The Mary Lowe Dickinson Union was formed a short time previously.

The Japanese paper, the "Kiristokyo Shimbun," commenting upon the first Japanese C. E. Convention, says that such gatherings show the practical unity of Christian sects. "Creeds, rituals and church politics tend to division, but the C. E. movement binds all together in brotherly love."

At Salielunge, India, a little Young Women's Christian Association is beginning. The members meet on Sunday mornings, and this is the only service in the place of any kind. In six months they have only twice had a clergyman for service, so it is one of the needy places. There is a sister of a guard there, who had been praying for months that some evangelist might come and hold meetings.

Glowing reports come from San Francisco of the success of the Epworth League Alliance. At the quarterly meeting held recently in Trinity Church three hundred and seventy-five leaguers were present, including delegates from all the Methodist churches in San Francisco, and from three churches in Oakland, and from Alameda and Berkeley. The meeting was enthusiastic from beginning to end.

Mr. John H. Chapman has returned from his Western tour and reports a most encouraging condition of the Young People's Baptist Unions in that section. He found the existing Unions enthusiastic in their work, and a general disposition in churches where none exist to organize them. President Chapman received a very hearty welcome on his return to Chicago, at the Quarterly Meeting in the Western Avenue Church.

The Christian Endeavor Society is taking hold in France, under the title of Societe d'Activite Chretienne. The subject was recently discussed at the Southern Pastoral Conference, after an enthusiastic paper by M. J. Sequestra, who called upon the churches to spare no pains or sacrifice to introduce this means of blessing among the young people. Pasteur S. Gout has advocated the claims of the Society before the Pastoral Union of Versailles.

An English clergyman writes that one Christian Endeavor Convention, of which he knew, had these results: "Three volunteers for missionary service; at least six young Christians, who were in the habit of dancing and theatre-going, voluntarily took their stand against these things; the Sunday School committee in one of these local churches was so awakened that the following Sunday morning in that church there were nearly fifty new scholars; much interest was awakened about soul-winning, and about personal consecration."



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF LINCOLN, NEB.

the subject of much earnest discussion, and resulted in the selection of the following books: "The New Generation," by Edwin A. Schell, D.D.; "Christian Evidences," by B. P. Raymond, D.D.; "Imago Christi," by James Stalker; "Beneath Two Flags," by Maud Ballington Booth; "Life of Lincoln," by D. D. Thompson. As a supplemental course the following were recommended: "Methodism: a Retrospect and an Outlook," by Prof. C. W. Pearson. "History of Christianity," by Dr. Rishell; "The Hallam Succession," by Amelia Barr; "The Galilean Gospel," by Dr. A. B. Bruce.

The general editor was instructed to arrange for a "League at Work" series of booklets of uniform style, which, it is expected, will be direct practical help to work in all the departments. Another matter of interest is the planning of a general course in Bible study somewhat on the plan of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. This work is placed in the hands of Secretary Schell and Dr. R. R. Doherty, the third vice-president. It was thought, also, that the time has come for a Junior League Song Book to meet a rapidly growing demand, and Secretary Schell and Mr. C. E. Piper were made the committee to arrange for its preparation.

On the burning question of the Epworth Guards the Board took a conservative stand. A resolution was passed that companies of Epworth Guards may be organized in connection with Sunday Schools where no Chapters of the League exist.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Cleveland, will be of use to many of our readers who are inquiring as to rates, etc. The hotels of Cleveland will accommodate about 2,500 delegates. All others will be placed in private houses. Hotel rates will be from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per day, according to accommodations furnished, two or more persons to occupy each room, according to its capacity. Delegation or state transportation managers are requested to make all arrangements for hotel accommodation through the Entertainment Committee. There is no necessity for their visiting Cleveland, as the Entertainment Committee has made all arrangements with the hotels; can furnish all information required, and get better hotel rates than strangers can in dealing with the hotels direct. All managers desiring space reserved must accompany application with written guarantee that space so reserved will be paid for, in case it is not used. Otherwise no hotel accommodation will be reserved for them.

Owing to the limited number the hotels can accommodate, the Entertainment Committee requests those applying for hotel accommodations to be as moderate in their demands as possible. Unless each is restricted it will be impossible to supply all who may desire some hotel accommodations. Rates in homes will be from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day for room and board. Individuals wishing accommodations should write their State, manager or transportation agent.

Delegates are to be supplied with a map of



Fudda's Wedding.

The Little, Scared, Pink-Robed Child-Bride, who Cried Till all was Over—Those Queer Eastern Divorce Laws.



ND I must tell you, at the first, madam, that her father is a rich man and much respected, and the man she was to marry is also rich. You must know that the better the class of people, the more strictly they follow all the rules I have spoken

of, regarding betrothing and marrying. So I was very anxious to go to Fudda's wedding, for I had heard much of the beautiful presents she had received from her bridegroom, and the great company that was to be, and the feasting, and all that.

"When the mother of the bridegroom heard what I wished, she was very kind. She said to me, 'You shall come with me, and see all at my side.'

"She was as good as her word. When the night of the wedding came I was beside her in the procession that left the house of the bridegroom's father. Such a procession! The women in white 'izzars,' and veiled, some with crowns of flowers on their heads, and the men in their best clothes: the friends of the bridegroom, and the near relations of the bride in wedding-garments that were presents from him. But oh! it is an expensive matter to be married here!

"I have heard sometimes, when the uncles and cousins or brothers of the bride are not well-satisfied with such gifts as he has sent to them, they will stop his way to the bride's house, and cry, 'You shall not have her until you give me a coat,' or maybe trousers, or something else.

"No such thing happened the night I am telling you of. We marched—the women all together, and the men together, and many carrying torches, and a band of music playing merry tunes at the head of the procession, until we came to the house of the bride's father. There the men stopped, at the gate and in the court-yard, and we women went on up to the chambers. One of them was locked, and inside of it was the bride, and no one had a right to open that door until such time as the bridegroom's mother should come. Everybody made way for her, and you may be sure that I kept close beside her. She unlocked the door and threw it open, and oh, dear! what a rush there was!

"The first thing I saw was Fudda, seated up high in a chair, and the chair set upon a sofa at the back of the room. She was covered all over with a white izzar, like mine,"—pointing to the sheet-like drapery she had laid aside at my invitation—"and a veil, like this, over her face,"—holding up the square of flowered tissue edged with hand-made silk lace, always worn by Syrian women in the street—"and over all was a long veil of pink muslin, reaching down to her feet. There she sat, straight and never moving, her hands in her lap, and her eyes closed under the two veils. You know that the bride must go to her husband in pink?"

"I thought white the bridal garment all over the world."

"Not with us. Pink she must wear, or the marriage will not be fortunate. On the floor, directly in front of Fudda, was a stand, and upon the stand a great brass tray, as big as this"—extending her arms to indicate a wide circle—"with ever and ever so many candles lighted upon it. I

thought there must be one hundred. All the married women rushed for a candle, and there was screaming and laughing, and scrambling such as I had never heard before. I was afraid I should be knocked down and trampled upon.

"And what do you think it was all for? Every married woman who got a candle would see her own children married in her lifetime and in her husband's lifetime as well. Of course, that is all superstition, but the Mohammedans are very, very superstitious."

"What was the bride doing all this time?" Teeth and eyes made arch play over the comely face. "Sitting still, and her eyes shut. It is not good fortune to open them. Presently, when the candles were all taken, in came her father and her brother, and helped her down, and put on her two swords, one belt crossing her breast—over the veil so, the other so!" designating the right and left sides. "Next, they led her down stairs and out-of-doors, she sobbing behind her veils. You could see her tremble and shake all over with grief at leaving her home forever. At the door, up stepped four men carrying—what do you name a cover fastened up high on four sticks?"

"A canopy." "That is it. And under this canopy she walked in the procession back to the house of the bridegroom's father. She walked, oh, so slow, about one inch to each step—so!"

She rises and folding her hands and closing her eyes, marches stiffly and laboriously deliberately across the floor. We both laugh heartily, as she resumes her natural gait and manner.

"She must have looked like a jointed doll," I say.

"That was what she did look like—and the joints were not easy. I thought we would never, never get to the end of our walk, and the band played all the time. At last, we were there, and again the men were to wait outside, while the women went in. The bride was taken with us.

She did not seem to go in of herself. They sat her down flat upon a rug on the floor, and took off the swords, and the pink veil, and the short veil, and the white 'izzar,' and we could see that she had on only her little girl's dress of clean print, made like a child's. She did not look to be more than eleven at most, and like a baby that is scared, her eyes shut, and her face wet with tears, and biting her lips to keep from crying aloud. She kept very still, however, while they stripped off her print gown and stockings (her sandals were left at the door with all the rest), and put on her finery. Silk stockings and silk trousers and a fine—very fine—pink silk frock. And the women crowded and talked, and were busy all around her. One would put on her stockings, and one braided her hair into two long braids that hung down behind, and were tied with pink ribbons. Another put her dress over her head, and one fastened it, and one stuck flowers in her hair, and this one pulled a pair of long gloves on her hands. All would take a share in decking her out in her jewelry. I never saw so many bracelets and chains and brooches upon one person before—diamonds and rubies and emeralds and turquoises. When her gloves were on, the rings were slipped upon her fingers over

them. I could not help laughing to myself to see her—always keeping her eyes shut—stick out her fingers, so, to have the rings put on, just like your doll with joints. When she was all dressed, the women pulled her upon her feet, and a pink veil was fastened to her head and came to the floor in front. Then, they brought again the two swords. Now they were crossed—in this way—"making a St. Andrew's cross with her forefinger—"and tied with ribbons. Two women held them over her head, an old woman who is a sort of doctor and wise woman, you know, and another as old and much looked up to. These swords signified her father and her brother. You see, should her husband not be kind to her, he must recollect that she had somebodies to protect her.

"Now, the door was opened and the bridegroom was waiting on the outside, and he came up to her when she stood between the two women, with the swords crossed over her head, and the pink veil down to her feet, and the jewelry shining through it, and on her arms and hands. Then, he lifted the veil and saw her face-to-face for the first time in all their lives. It was plain to be seen that he was pleased, and he took her by the hand and led her to his own room.

"It is not what you call the etiquette for him to stay there more than a few minutes. He came out soon and took his part in the feasting and dancing and making merry that lasted all night long. The next day there was more feasting in the house of the bridegroom's father, and the third day yet more, all at the expense of the bridegroom. I have known weddings that cost so dear, that the bridegroom had to sell some of the jewelry he had given his wife to pay his debts. The bride is not seen at any of the feasts. From the minute she is a wife, she must not speak to another man except her father and brothers. Not so much as her husband's brother, unless he permits it. And he does not often allow his brother to see her, for fear she should like him better than she likes her husband. He would divorce

her in one minute if he found her talking to any man, even through a window very high from the ground.

"Could he divorce her legally upon such a pretext?"

"He can divorce her for anything he likes. If she has not his supper ready in time; if she is not respectful to him; if she does not come quick, on the minute, when he calls her; if he would like to marry a younger woman, he can say the three sentences that mean: 'Go! I am divorced from you!' and she is no more his wife.

"When he speaks these three sentences, she will drop whatever she is doing—sewing, washing, cooking, nursing her baby—and draw her 'izzar' over her face, and go straight out of his house. She must not look at or speak to him any more than to a strange man. Perhaps he has been angry and said more than he meant, and is sorry in a minute, and tries to speak to her, or would follow her. 'No!' she says, keeping her face hidden and putting out her hand to warn him back—in this way—(a dramatic gesture). 'You are not my husband. I do not know you!'"

"Where can the poor creature go?"

"To her father, if she has one. If he is dead, to her brother, or if she has no brother, to her uncle. He says to the man who was her husband: 'Give my daughter, or my sister, or my niece, the clothes and the jewelry that belong to her. My house is her home until she can get another husband.'"

"And her children? What becomes of them?"

"If she has a nursing-baby, it goes with her, and the father must support it until it can do without her. Then, it belongs to him, like the other children."

"Cannot the mother visit them, or have them with her at times?"

"No. They are not hers any longer. They must go with the father."

"Does he often marry again?"

"Always! always! A man must marry, you know."

"I hope the new wife is kind to the children," I say, sighingly.

The narrator smiles roguishly, the look that makes her face very attractive. Such a look, I may remark, as I have never yet



CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.
(Photographed by Marion Harland.)

seen upon the visage of a Moslem woman. These carry in every lineament the stamp of inferiority to the other sex; are mere mindless machines to minister to the pleasure and comfort of their masters.

"It happens, once in a while, that she is so cross to them, and keeps her husband's house so badly that he sees plainly what a great mistake he made in divorcing their mother. Ah! but what would he not give if he had never said those three sentences! So he says to himself, 'I have made a poor bargain this time. I will have my first wife back again.' Now, what does he do but send word that she must be married to another man, and then be divorced, and marry her first husband again!

"Yes, it is true that I tell you. He cannot take back the woman he divorced, you see, but he can marry the woman another man has put away. Of course, it would not be a sensible man who would marry somebody he knew would be taken from him next day. So the woman's friends look about for a man who was born silly—what do you name him?"

"You cannot mean an idiot!"

"Yes! yes! that is it—or a crazy man. They pay him to take this woman as his wife, and to-morrow to divorce her, that her first husband may have his wish. It seems horrible to you, and we native Christians cry out upon it as a sin and a shame, but it is thought nothing of by Mohammedans. It is quite usual for a man to marry one, two, three, four wives, and divorce them all. I know a man who had six, one after the other. He divorced four, one died, and the last one is now his widow."

"And the divorced wives were not disgraced in the eyes of acquaintances?"

"But, surely not! If they are young and pretty, or very good housekeepers, or if they have some money, it is as easy for them, as for girls, to marry."

MARION HARLAND.

CONFIDENCE.

IF across thy earthly pathway,
God shall fling the veil of night,
And the faces of thy loved ones,
Fade away from mortal sight—
His dear face will shine the clearer,
Making all thy pathway bright.

If he lays his hand upon thee,
Lean thou closer on his breast;
For it may be that he seeketh
Thy love and faith to test;
Lean thou closer; 'tis thy Father,
And he knoweth what is best.

Storm and sunshine both are needed,
For the quick'ning of the seed;
So the Father seeks to teach us,
If the lesson we will heed,
That he sends us joy or sorrow,
As he seeth we have need.

Though he lead through shine or shadow,
Thorny path or flowery way,
Let his will be wrought within thee,
Teach thy heart to humbly say:
"Not my will;" so shall the Father,
Bless and guide thee day by day.

—LILLA M. ALEXANDER.



CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

WITH wise decision, for which Elspeth was not prepared, Mrs. Paull assigned to Marie a stated round of domestic cares in order that her mother and the tireless maid-of-all-work might have more time for the duties of the season. While careful that the girl should not become a household drudge, the mother gave her to understand that she was responsible for the condition of her own and Gladys' clothing, for the cleanliness and order of her bed-room and the parlor, and for the tasteful array of the table at each meal. If the girl's performance of the allotted duties were lifeless and perfunctory, the service of a slave who could not gainsay her task-mistress, Mrs. Paull gave no sign of perceiving it. Nor did she wince visibly in the sight of daughter or servant, at the distant respect with which the former addressed her, and the studious literalness of her obedience to orders.

The little boys threw themselves eagerly into fruit-gathering, each dropping daily into his savings-bank the pennies paid over for so many quarts of strawberries, currants and raspberries measured by Elspeth. Even the baby had her harvest and her hoard.

"They say that bairnies' work is more plague than profit," said the serving woman, one hot July day, as she extracted from the heap of "black caps" upon a broad platter, green caps and fragments of stems and leaves, indicative of juvenile industry. "I dare say that's true if all that the work is worth is what grown people gain from it."

Her eyes strayed affectionately to the trio, who were having an afternoon tea-party of bread-and-butter, berries and milk upon a flat rock in the shadow of a bushy lilac.

"I'm thinking 'though, that they are mair content for believing that they are helping along the wark o' the world. I'm minded, in watching them, o' th' laddie who, when the men could not get the vessel off the stocks, ran and pushed with all his we might against the hull. 'For,' says he, 'I can push a pound.' The tale goes that the great ship slipped right down into the water. All the force of the men who were straining to launch her, happened to fall short of just that one p'und. I have me doubts o' that pair o' th' tale, but that does 'nt alter the moral. It's the old parable o' th' talents all the way through. The main thing for all is the good the helping does to him that gives it. If its only going through th' motions, it's somehow healthy for the soul. I mind when I first cam' to this country, and lived for a year in Quebec, I used to see the garrison drilling night and morning as careful as it the enemy was in sight of the walls. 'Twas the drill made soldiers of them mair than the fighting, which, it's likely, some o' them never gat. I've known lads to enlist, and live to be old men and never smell power that had a ball at the front of it."

Mrs. Paull's eyes followed Elspeth to the sturdy urchins and their pretty little sister, the queen of the feast, all as brown as buns from the country breezes and glowing with health.

"Our children are certainly happier for thinking that we cannot do without them—which is true. Now that they are out of hearing and are quiet for a little while, I wish to consult you, Elspeth, about a letter Mr. Morse brought to me from the post-office this forenoon. He very thoughtfully stopped at the store on his way up, supposing, as he said, that I should not like to send Marie down the hill on such a warm day. He is a kind, good neighbor and friend."

She was unfolding a double sheet, closely written.

"Mrs. Barnes would like to find a boarding-place for a month, for herself and Harry. He is just Gladys' age, you know. Elizabeth has gone abroad with her father, and Will is at his grandmother's in the neighborhood of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Barnes thinks the mountain air will be better for her, as a change from the seashore. She wishes to live very quietly, somewhere near us.

"She says: 'I should be willing to take care of my own room, and as to fare, with good country bread and butter, fresh milk and eggs and vegetables, we shall be satisfied, even if meats are indifferent and deserts uneatable.'

"I know little of farm-fare hereabouts, but that little makes me doubt if she will not find more soda-biscuit than good homemade bread, or if any vegetables except potatoes and cabbages are frequent visitors to our neighbors' tables. Yet it would be an unspeakable comfort to have my dear old friend near me, just now, for a few weeks."

"The sight o' her bonnie face would be gude for sair een," responded Scotch Elspeth, briefly. "We must speir around a bit for a comfortable nest for her."

The subject was not brought up again until the berries were boiled into jam of jelly-like consistency; sealed up in the gallipots which Elspeth had been at great pains to procure because they "minded" her of those in which the Dundee marmalade is preserved, and the jars had joined the hundred-and-fifty glasses of currant jelly gleaming redly upon the long shelves of the store-room.

"Ten dozen of the marmalade," said Elspeth, shutting the door of the treasure-chamber. "An warranted to keep 'till the Day o' Judgment, when, as I tak' it—'though there'll be neither jelly nor jelly-making—the deeds o' all men and women will be made known, whether they've done good or whether they've done evil. There's religion in jam-making, as well as in preaching and praying. To scant the sugar and th' time o' b'iling is eenequity according to the Auld Testament and to th' New."

The jars had not been packed away until they were perfectly cold. It was now nearly eight o'clock. The children were in their beds; Mrs. Morse had come by in the afternoon to invite Marie to go home with her, her young sister and her brother from Philadelphia having arrived unexpectedly the preceding day. Mrs. Paull gave her consent with grateful alacrity. Ungracious as Marie had proved herself of late, the mother heart yearned over her in unspoken pity. A week before she had proposed to the lonely girl to invite Carrie Storrs to spend a month with them, a suggestion contemptuously negatived:

"I should be ashamed to invite her, or any of the other girls to visit me here," her nostrils curling as the odor of boiling sweets saluted them. "No! tradespeople should associate with tradespeople. I do not complain of my solitude."

Nevertheless, she had gone off blithely with the clergyman's wife, with whom she was always friendly. The ring of the happy laugh borne back to the house from the receding carriage, had wandered drearily through the listener's memory ever since. It was the echo of a departed joy, music once as familiar as the sight of the radiant face, and the strain about the mother's neck of arms that never rested there now.

This thought it was, and not physical weariness that moved her to sigh with which she sank into her accustomed seat on the piazza, and looked out toward the fading glories of the late sunset.

Pink and gold were changing into the purple bloom of the June twilight that does not grow cold until an hour before the morrow's dawn. In the heart of the grove beyond the orchard, the thrushes prolonged their evening service, the mountains were stretching themselves out to sleep, wrapped in robes that had the rich blue of a ripe plum; the rising dew was freighted with the perfume of honeysuckle and cinnamon roses, thyme, bergamot and lavender. Elspeth's kitchen was "redd up," so thoroughly that all traces of the day's business were purged

from the air. Her range shone blackly; the sweet dampness of newly-scrubbed boards softened the dry heat; brasses and tins glimmered through the duskiness of the side most remote from the door. Comfort, cleanliness and rest abode within-doors; without, beauty and peace. As the twilight spread and mounted, the young moon, a frail sickle of tender light, with one brilliant planet so near and so directly under the lower tip, that one could have fancied it pendant from it by a viewless chain, appeared above the broad band of vapor, brownish-dun below, dull crimson on the upper edge, that lay behind the hills.

Elspeth had another simile for the crescent and the star.

"A foolish body that knew naught o' the ways o' the heavenly bodies might think the moon had melted a bit, and a drop had caught on summat, instead o' coming all the way to the earth."

She had donned a clean gingham (she was fond of pronounced plaids) and a white apron; a starched kerchief was crossed stiffly over her flat chest. Her sleeves were buttoned at the wrist in token that her day's work was accomplished. Except while she waited at table, they had been pinned up to her shoulders ever since she arose with the sun, and revealed arms as muscular as a prize-fighter's. She had taken up her stand against one of the small numerous pillars upbearing the far-projecting roof, her knitting in hand. She never needed to look at her needles while shaping a stocking. She wore none but those of her own fashioning, and kept the chubby legs of the boys similarly clad up to the hems of their knickerbockers.

Giving a nervous pull to the ball in her apron pocket, she continued:

"I dare say, now, ma'am, that Mrs. Barnes could paint all that into a braw picture?"

"Hardly, I think, Elspeth. Nor could any artist. Colors such as those are not to be bought."

"I'm thinking that ye may be right, ma'am. But she could, no doot, come as nigh to it as any of them. She's a clever one, is Mrs. Barnes, and that knows how to use her fingers as well as her tongue, and, ye might say, her head better than either hands or tongue. I wish she war here, the night, ma'am, to help ye enjoy what ye are seeing this minute."

"You enjoy it with me, Elspeth."

"Not with the liking ye, and the likes o' ye, have for it, ma'am. It's no good for ye to have none o' yer kind about ye. Blood is blood (she pronounced it like good), and education aye opens the door o' the lips, the one to the other, and the understanding, also. If Mrs. Barnes were sitting there beside ye, there wad, mayhap, less be said than is spake now. But ye'd feel in yersel' what she war thinking, and she the same with you. It isn't just now that the thought has taken tent o' me. Mony's the time when I'm fair daft wi' wondering how to clear some o' the thorns out o' yer road."

Tears seldom seen there, welled to Mrs. Paull's eyes.

In no external manifestation of inward discipline is the difference between vulgarity and refinement more apparent than in the habit of restraining or of giving way to watery grief. The weak woman yields to the selfish tide if she break a tea-cup, or tear a gown; the underbred hireling wails aloud if she has a tooth drawn, or cuts her finger. She, who has studied from her cradle to be mistress of herself, smiles under the knife that separates bone from flesh, and joint from marrow.

The spray she saw her mistress brush furtively from her lashes before she smiled up at her, was a token to the servant of how deep was the hold her heroic fidelity had taken upon the lady's heart.

"No one has removed more thorns and stones than yourself, my dear, faithful friend. God has given me no stronger arm than yours to lean upon. If I do not tell you this oftener, it is not that I do not feel it continually and do not thank Him upon every remembrance of you. You have continued with me in my temptation, Elspeth. He who knows the bitterness of my trial, will reward you. I never can."

Across the charmed silence of the summer night, that lay between them—solemnly placid now that the thrushes had ceased their hymning, such a queer muffled sound like the whirr of a snapping clock-spring. In another minute Elspeth had cleared her throat, spoke as usual—even a little more drily:

"I'm aye awkward at threshing about

the bush, ma'am, as ye know fu' well. What I've had in me mind to say since ye tell me of Mrs. Barnes' letter was to ask ye why we can't give her and the wee laddie the north chamber yon"—jerking her head sideways and backwards at the same time—"and let this be the farm house where she'll get board. She'll not be lacking bread and the milk, the butter and vegetables, and all the rest of it, in peace and plenty. The laddie will be content wi' ours, and there's no sweeter air this side o' the New Jerusalem. Of that she may be sure. And for the two of ye, ma'am, it wad be going back to the lang syne, she spake o' when she first sent you the box of bonnie roses—d'ye mind?"

She had her reward in part for the new proof of unselfish devotion to her idolized mistress in the animation with which the plan was discussed and finally adopted.

A letter went off to Brooklyn next day. In four days thereafter the old school-fellows slept under the farmstead roof, and Harry was joyfully adopted into the family of lesser folk.

From the moment she alighted from the carriage that had brought her from the market-town of Pedlington, nine miles away, and where was the nearest railway station to Pequod,—Mrs. Barnes was an integral part of the modest establishment; her light, swift touches infused new spirit into everything. She made the boys happy by sketching them in their berrying-clothes; clever portraits that anybody would have known at a glance or two. Each boy rapturously identified his own berry-basket and broad-brimmed straw hat, although these last were exactly alike when bought at the store week before last, and Tom had only since then, lost the band from his, while Edwin had left his on the lawn one day where a hungry calf had found it and chewed a great piece out of the brim.

She was the inspiring genius of the famous picnic to the Big Patch, four miles away, a common of forty acres, claimed by nobody since it had settled down bodily, thirty years ago, into some subterranean cave or bog, and now lay six feet below the level of the surrounding country, overrun with "high bush" blackberries. The Morses and Paulls joined forces in the expedition, Dr. and Miss Lyell, Mrs. Morse's brother and sister, being still the guests of the parsonage household. Two big open wagons, each one drawn by a pair of horses, were packed with people and baskets, great and small. Nobody was left at home by the Paull party except the big mastiff, "Duke," who kept house all day upon the lakeward porch. The whole affair was an immense success; the abundant luncheon was eaten in the shade beside a running stream from which Dr. Lyell and Mr. Morse drew a dozen beautiful trout just before they left the big patch for home, and the harvesting was six bushel baskets of great ripe berries, the finest any of the party had ever seen.

Mrs. Barnes it was who furnished the incomparable recipe for spiced blackberry cordial which, in the hands of a druggist, recommended by her, took rank with the medical profession as a specific in a certain class of disorders, and had a large sale throughout New York and New Jersey. She it was who triumphed over Elspeth's prejudice against attempting to put up blackberry jelly, because, as she alleged, "it was like many folk, ower dead-sweet ever to set into any shape whatever." Under Mrs. Barnes' directions juice and sugar were put together after the former came, boiling hot and clear, from the fire, then were poured into glasses and set daily in the hottest glare of the sun until firm, and luscious with the aromatic spiciness brought by the fruit from the wilderness where it had companioned with juniper, angelica and sweet fern.

As for blackberry vinegar and jam, and the blackberries canned for pies, and blackberry sweet pickles—and all the other ways she propounded of carrying the wholesome dainty over into the winter—is not their fame perpetuated in many a farmstead in the Pequod Valley?

I saw the other day in a catalogue of small fruits, the "Barnes Blackberry" in a place of honor, and smiled to think how direct was its lineage from the roots brought that same autumn from the Big Patch and set out by Mr. Morse in the very shadow of the century-old church. The Dominie was a skilful horticulturist, and in a few seasons brought the wild fruit to a size and flavor that did honor to her for whom it was named.

(To Be Continued.)

THE USES OF THE BIBLE.*

If any one is in search of accurate information regarding the age of this earth, or its relation to the sun, moon and stars, or regarding the order in which men and animals appeared upon it, he is referred to recent text books in astronomy, geology and paleontology. No one for a moment dreams of referring a serious student of these subjects to the Bible as a source of information. It is not the object of the writers of Scripture to impart physical instruction, or to enlarge the bounds of scientific knowledge. But if any one wishes to know what connection the world has with God, if he seeks to trace back all that now is to the very fountain-head of life, if he desires to discover some unifying principle, some illuminating purpose in the history of this earth, then we confidently refer him to these and the subsequent chapters of Scripture as his safest, and indeed his only, guide to the information he seeks. Every writing must be judged by the object the writer has in view. If the object of the writer of these chapters was to convey physical information, then certainly it is imperfectly fulfilled. But if his object was to give an intelligible account of God's relation to the world and to man, then it must be owned that he has been successful in the highest degree. It is therefore unreasonable to allow our reverence for this writing to be lessened because it does not anticipate the discoveries of physical science;

*From *The Book of Genesis*, by Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D. This volume belongs to the "Expositor's Bible" series and is one of the most useful in the collection. As the attack on the Bible from the standpoint of the discoveries of modern science is directed chiefly against Genesis the light shed upon the book by the able and learned professor is especially valuable. Sunday School teachers who find that the present lessons give rise to difficult questions, will know how to appreciate the help given by this volume. Pp 445. Price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

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or to repudiate its authority in its own department of truth, because it does not give us information which it formed no part of the writer's real object to give. The writer of Genesis describes the process of creation, but he describes it only for the sake of ideas regarding man's relation to God and God's relation to the world which he can thereby convey. Indeed, what we mean by scientific knowledge was not in the thoughts of the people for whom this book was written. The subject of creation, of the beginning of man upon earth was not approached from that side at all; and if we are to understand what is here written we must burst the trammels of our own modes of thought and read these chapters, not as a chronological, astronomical, geological biological statement, but as a moral or spiritual conception . . .

John Stuart Mill says: "It must be allowed that in the present state of our knowledge the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence."



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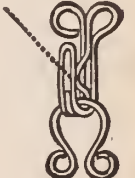
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THE BIBLE IN NEW YORK.

THE report of the New York Bible Society for this year, which has just been issued, contains an account of a very important work which has been and still is being quietly done in this city. It might be supposed that here, where magnificent churches and noble charities abound, but few persons would be found without a Bible; but the results of this work show a very different and lamentable condition.

The city has been divided into one hundred districts, extending from the Battery to Yonkers. Every house to which access could be had was carefully canvassed, the greater part of the work being done in the "Tenement House" districts. Ten months were required to complete this canvass. The record shows the following results: 35,790 houses were visited; the number of families actually seen and spoken to in these houses was 171,570; of these, 81,638 were Roman Catholic, 29,029 were Jewish, and 60,903 Protestant. Of the latter, 5,410 were found to be without a copy of the Scriptures in their homes, and have been furnished with them in the language needed. Seven hundred and ninety-five families were nominally Protestant, but so great was their antagonism to the Bible that they would not accept it on any condition.

The greatest lack of Bibles was found, strange to say, on the edge of the great Jewish district, in a section bounded by the Bowery, East Houston, Eldridge, and Grand streets, where a great number of German and American families still reside. The number of families there without a Bible was found to average 37 per cent. of those visited. In another district on the East Side the average without a Bible was found to be 30 per cent. In this district was a German woman who had been thirty years without a Bible. On the West Side as well there were found to be many who had never owned a copy of God's word. These cases, however, are exceptional, as the average below the Harlem River was found to be only 10 per cent., and in the Annexed District but 3½ per cent.

While the Society is willing to give a Bible to any who cannot afford to pay for it, they always endeavor to get cost or half cost for all they distribute, making the recipients of the books value them more.

Besides the work done in the city, the shipping in the harbor is visited by an agent of the Society. During the year 3,046 vessels, sailing under ten different flags, were supplied with 6,789 volumes. At Ellis Island an agent of the Society meets all immigrants who arrive at this port, extending to them a friendly greeting in the language of their "Fatherland," and gives to all who will accept it a copy of the Word of God, which is and must ever be the bulwark of our national life. During the year 48,825 volumes, in nineteen different languages, were given to immigrants, a much smaller number than in some previous years owing to the decrease of immigration.

Although much of the results of this Bible distribution are out of human sight, surely we may expect that these widely-scattered pages of inspiration will prove to be leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations; for He has said, "My word shall not return unto me void."

The Society gratefully acknowledges the help rendered in the work of the American Bible Society which has cheerfully furnished the Bibles and Testaments needed. Mr. J. H. Burnside, the President of the New York Society in closing his report reminds the New York Churches from which the Society derives its support that an increased income will be necessary to defray the cost of this thorough house to house visitation.

HEATHEN CIRCLETES TO THE SICK.

Mrs. Bishop, a returned missionary in describing heathen practices in the East, recently said: "Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The sick person, in some countries, at once becomes an object of loathing and terror, is put out of the house, is taken to an out-house, is poorly fed, and rarely visited; or the astrologers, or priests, or medicine-men,

or wizards assemble, bearing big drums and gongs, blowing horns, and making the most fearful noises. They light gigantic fires, and dance round them with their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person with clubs to drive out the demon. They lay him before a roasting fire till his skin is blistered, and then throw him into cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with aromatic mixtures, or mud, and in some regions they carry the chronic sufferer to a mountain-top, placing barley balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone." These facts emphasize the urgent need of medical missionary to the heathen.

REDEEMED FROM HEATHENISM.

Mr. Crawford, a missionary in Africa, had a little boy named Sankuru, whom he had redeemed from another tribe, and with him and his other companions he arrived at the village of M'bayo, a friendly chief. He writes: "It turned out to be little Sankuru's home and his mother wept for joy on seeing him again. The people had been swooped down upon by Msidi's war parties and scattered; some were killed, and the little boy was taken. The relatives offer to redeem him, but Sankuru clings to me and refuses. So be it, for he is free, and knows best where he will be happy. A small boy's life in a native village, if he is other than a chief's son, is pretty much that of a kick-about, at the call of everybody. On the contrary, the young men who are with me are quite proud of my little boys, and devise lots of things to make them happy, apart from stuffing them with food, honey, and other good things." Sankuru will be trained in the Gospel and may yet be an evangelist and teacher among his own people.

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We will send **Dinsmore**, the freest-flowering crimson Hybrid; **J. B. Varonne**, salmon-yellow and rich crimson; **Mad. Cecil Bruner**, an exquisite rosy-pink Polyantha; **The Bride**, pure white, with extra large flowers and beautiful buds; **Wootton**, a Hybrid Tea Rose, grand flowers of rich crimson, always in bloom and very fragrant.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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OUR ARMY'S SPIRITUAL SHEPHERDS.

A Corps of Chaplains, both White and Black, Who Represent all the Leading Christian Denominations — Their Labors Among the Soldiers in Camp and Garrison.



THE life of a soldier, whether in field or in garrison, is by no means one that tends to the development of spiritual character. Full of temptations and inducements to indulgence that are strengthened by repression, the career of the enlisted man is peculiarly beset by the snares of sin. At different times, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has drawn the attention of the religious people of the country to the spiritual needs of the regular army, and its columns have occasionally furnished glimpses of Christian work, "within the lines," as conducted by the noble and faithful band of army Chaplains who are the spiritual shepherds of the 25,000 "boys in blue." Considerable progress has been made in recent years in providing for the moral welfare of the soldiers stationed at the one hundred garrison posts in different parts of the country; but the Chaplains' corps might be materially increased, and the present facilities for spiritual work also augmented with the greatest advantage. It has been the effort of the Chaplains, wherever possible, to furnish their posts with appliances similar to those of Young Men's Christian Associations. Some of the posts, as the result mainly of these efforts, are furnished with neat chapels, attractive libraries and reading rooms; but in many garrisons the need of better facilities is sorely felt. Yet, even with all its drawbacks, the work is fruitful of the most valuable and encouraging spiritual results, and many hundreds of soldiers have been led to better and nobler lives through the instrumentality of these faithful laborers in the field of the Gospel. Others, formerly addicted to the besetting vices of the camp and garrison, drunkenness and gambling, have been weaned from those indulgences and set on the path of manhood and spiritual improvement. The demoralizing influence of the canteen system, which is still countenanced in the army, has been counteracted, wherever possible, by the establishment of temperance organizations, and a purer and healthier tone has been imparted to the whole military service.

An analysis of the corps of Chaplains of the United States Army, according to communion, reveals the fact that all the leading Christian denominations of the country have representatives among the thirty clergymen officially charged with the spiritual care of the "boys in blue." Even colored clergymen have not been overlooked; for three of the four regiments, whose enlisted men are Afro-Americans, have colored chaplains assigned to them permanently.

We place before our readers in this number, a group of portraits of representative army chaplains. Rev. Orville J. Nave, D.D., served as a private soldier during the Rebellion from August, 1862, to June, 1865. He is a native of Ohio. In civil life he

ties which distinguished him, in the immediate work of his own church, have characterized his labors as instructor and spiritual guide in the army. He was appointed to the Chaplains' corps from Ohio, in 1882. Chaplain Nave has been active in many movements calculated to improve the mental and moral condition of enlisted men. He is said to be indifferent to public opinion when he believes his duty lies in a given direction. Rev. Charles C. Pierce, A.M., was born in New Jersey. He was appointed to the army as regimental Chaplain and assigned to the Ninth Cavalry in 1882. Two years thereafter he resigned his commission and returned to the work of the pastorate. He was, however, reappointed to a post Chaplaincy in 1888, and accepted the position. His first appointment was credited to Illinois, his second to Pennsylvania. He has served for some years as Chaplain of the Military Prison at Fort Leavenworth, where his work is highly appreciated. On more than one oc-

dant of men who served in the wars of the Revolution of 1812, and of the Rebellion. He was born in Ionia County, Michigan, and removed with his parents to California when a boy, where he was educated and where he resided for many years.

His appointment to the Army was made by President Benjamin Harrison, and was credited to Oregon, in which state he was at the time a pastor. Upon the nomination of Hon. John H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator, Chaplain Bateman was made a delegate to the World's Congress of Temperance and the World's Parliament of Religions. A paper from his pen appears in the published proceedings of the first-named Congress. For more than a decade he has been a constant contributor to newspapers and magazines.

Rev. Isaac Newton Ritner, A. M., entered the volunteer service in 1861 from his native state, Pennsylvania. He served less than a year as a sergeant, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry. He was honorably mustered out in November 1863, and received a brevet Captaincy for faithful and meritorious service in March 1865. Subsequent to the war he was in charge of one congregation in Philadelphia for a period of nearly twenty years. He became a Chaplain in the regular army in 1891. He has had two stations since his appointment, at both of which he has won high regard by zeal and efficiency.

The Chaplains Corps have found in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a staunch and valuable aid in their Gospel and Temperance work among the troops. It is widely read at many of the posts, and the men themselves have displayed a keen interest in its advocacy of their spiritual needs, no less than in its efforts to improve the present system of paying pensions to the veterans, and to guard the old soldiers from the contaminating influence of the saloons on "pension day." For nearly a year, the checks issued at the Pension office in New York were cashed without charge at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bureau in the Grand Army Mission, Canal street, saving many thousands of dollars every "quarter day" to the veterans, which would otherwise have gone into the hands of the saloon-keepers. But the men of the active army, as well as the old retired heroes, need the helpful influence of moral safeguards to a greater extent than they enjoy at present. These the members of the Chaplains' Corps are endeavoring, by every means at their command, to establish. May their numbers multiply until every post and garrison, every station and barrack, has a consecrated chaplain, a commodious chapel, and a reading-room well equipped with sound, religious literature.



THE GOSPEL IN THE ARMY — FOUR FAITHFUL POST-CHAPLAINS.

1. Rev. Isaac N. Ritner, D.D. 2. Rev. Charles C. Pierce. 3. Rev. C. C. Bateman, A.M. 4. Rev. Orville J. Nave, D.D.

held many positions of responsibility. As a pastor he was energetic, and as an organizer his ability was acknowledged. He is a forcible and effective preacher. The quali-

cation, Chaplain Pierce has been commended by his superiors for his devotion to duty in the face of hardship and danger.

Rev. C. C. Bateman, A. M., is a descen-



OUT OF THE BRICK-KILNS.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Psalms 68: 13, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

I SUPPOSE you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick-kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food; and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down among the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and he took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David, in my text, comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick-kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons and doves which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans, with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find; just about the hour of sunset they would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away, the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it is not a far-fetched simile, or an unnatural comparison, when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us drudging in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes and he says: "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel: we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when, at last, we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven, we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is, that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the Bishopric of Durham, that he had nev-

er particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley the astronomer, announced his scepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject and you have not; and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something undesirable, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin-redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club-rooms, where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say: "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth!" Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian; her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes: "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful and lachrymose and repulsive is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the Church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble, he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No! He throws himself back on the re-

sources of heaven. He says: "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine, Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor, and my bread be scant? I sit at the King's banquet!"

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron-bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there you thought of the chapter written by the Psalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said: "Tomorrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters; he has everlasting renown anyway. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace is fairer than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with gold.

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roistering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the bar-room counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades, and father and mother and brothers and sisters far away? No, no! His laugh will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter; in it is the snapping of heart-strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy! that young man happy?

Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him forget the last look of his mother when he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son, you will do right; I am sure you will do right; you will, won't you?" That young man happy? Why, across every night there flit shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat.

I come in amid the clicking of the glasses and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry: "Woe! woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgressors is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of sinful

delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the dove that comes in through the window of this heavenly ark has wings like the dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Again I remark, religion is an adornment in the style of usefulness into which it induces a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good, his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys' tiring themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are eight hundred millions perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send them the Gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him. I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wheels of his gun-carriages—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words: "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the third: Paul—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eye on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel, they were tossed like sea-gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm; but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an

patross he made a throne of the tempest, and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that does so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die?

I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, lying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of his table; Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—sketch made by his own hand; Mazarin, lying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest in whether I live or die; if I die, I shall be with the Lord; and if I live, the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington: "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great: "Happy!" Or the last words of Hannah More, the Christian poetess: "Joy!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

Behold the contrast. Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in scepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the Cross, and they pride themselves on their free-thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation: that while scepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara Desert at the last.

Years ago a minister's son went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and was on a journey, and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man, or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself: "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters? What if Ellison knew my scepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper: "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel-keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name? Where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel-keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! what is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college-mate—dead without any hope.

It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent mis-

sionaries of the Cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's scepticism or Judson's Christian life, Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable, and more beautiful.

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in heaven? That is the thought that comes to me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company

he will keep in the land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered. That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes his dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates, that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing! You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph! You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple, and watch and wait. I will tell why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming! I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for heaven: "Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels poising mid-air, cry up the name! Gatekeeper of heaven, send forward the tidings! Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal!"

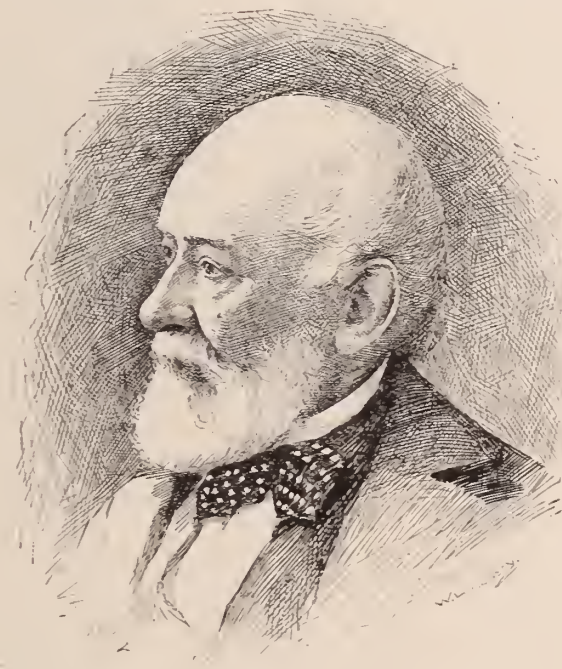
"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the

Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defence of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all because the king said: "Not yet! not yet!" May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late—you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

When the Judge descends in might,
Clothed in majesty and light;
When the earth shall quake with fear,
Where, oh where, wilt thou appear?

HELPING HOMELESS WOMEN.

An unostentatious, but Christian work, is now being conducted in New York by the Lodging House for Friendless Women, to establish which many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have contributed. The



THE LATE LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT-STATESMAN.

From his Latest Photograph, taken recently in Turin.

Home, which is called "The Bethany," is located at No. 19 East Second street, and is a house of sixteen rooms. Since it was opened on Dec. 30 last, shelter has been provided for 672 women and free meals have been given to 207. The number of inmates averages twenty each night. Religious services are held every morning under the conduct of Mrs. Catharine Edwards, matron. Applicants who are not employed in outside positions are expected to perform such work in the Home as the matron may assign them. At the same time, an effort is made to procure positions for the idle and many have already been placed in good situations.

Mrs. Josephine Williamson, the founder of the Bethany, has associated with her in her work a number of godly men and women devoted to soul-saving, and together they have organized a "Jesus' Friends' Praying Band." Among them are several local preachers. The Band makes frequent visits at night to the slums, and in one of the worst localities in the city, among a medley of all nationalities, Chinese included, it has organized a prayer-meeting. A number of young girls have been rescued from lives of shame and started on the Christian path, through the efforts of these faithful and persistent workers.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN INDIA.

A writer in the "India Watchman" says the greatest need in India is, not so much money, as sanctified workers who can trust for every need in their work, and will not fear self-denial and suffering.

A Patriot-Statesman Gone.

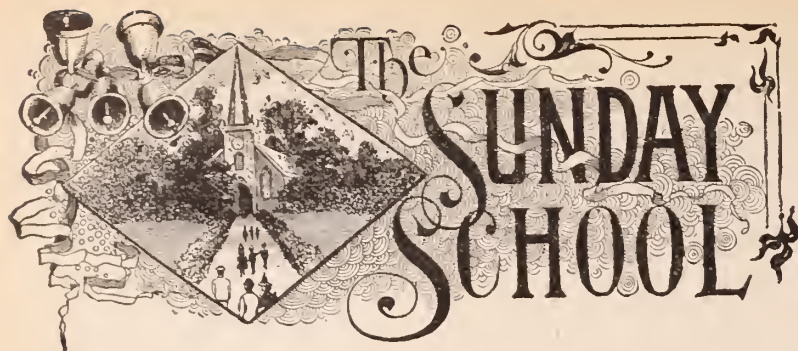
Death of Louis Kossuth, the Famous Hungarian—His Eventful Career.

CT the patriarchal age of ninety-two, Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and one of the grandest figures of the closing century, recently passed away at his home in Turin. He was born at Monok, in Hungary, in 1802, of Protestant parents who belonged to the nobility, but who had been reduced to poverty. After studying law at Sarospatak and a brief practice at Pesh, he began his political career. The Hungarian nation was smarting under the ingratitude and oppression of Austria, whom it had served faithfully, and was gradually arousing to the necessity of demanding the restoration of the rights of which it had been arbitrarily deprived, and especially the equality of the various Christian confessions, the rights of the peasantry and the official use of the Magyar tongue. In common with other advanced liberals, Kossuth openly advocated the new movement. In the hope of intimidating the liberals, the government imprisoned Kossuth and one of his associates, in 1830, but they were shortly afterward released, the government having amnestied all the offenders. Kossuth again came into prominence as the editor of the Pesh "Gazette," a publication directly opposed to the government. He began the work of organizing the Hungarians for municipal independence and disseminated views that were too extreme even for many among the liberal party, advocating peasant emancipation, a free press, and the elevation of the citizen. At last he became the recognized leader of the opposition which openly demanded an independent government for Hungary, and to his speeches and writings was due in great measure the re-awakening of the Hungarian people as a nation. A "protective union" which he had formed in conjunction with other leaders, had hundreds of thousands of members, its object being the revival of Hungarian industries and the unification of the liberal party.

Immediately after the outbreak of the French revolution in the year 1848, Kossuth and his compatriots prepared an address to the Emperor Ferdinand calling for the restoration of Hungarian independence, and the granting of a charter of liberty to the Austrian people. Soon afterward the people of Vienna rose in insurrection; the government was for the moment appalled, and when Kossuth visited the capital, he was hailed by the citizens as a liberator. Emperor Ferdinand consented to the formation of an independent Hungarian ministry and the Diet of Presburg passed several measures of reform. But unforeseen troubles soon arose to disturb the new Hungarian government. The people of Croatia and Slavonia proclaimed their independence, and an army was sent to invade Hungary, which was totally unprepared for war. Austria sent a force to Pesh and the Hungarian Diet was forcibly disbanded. Kossuth then assumed the absolute leadership, formed a Committee of Defense and the war of revolution was begun.

Kossuth's heroic part in the events that followed, the betrayal and surrender of the Hungarian cause by Georgei, Kossuth's exile in Asia Minor, his subsequent liberation and his visit to England and America, are all matters of history. In this country he was received, in 1851, as the guest of the nation, and was universally feted and honored. Public receptions were accorded him in many leading cities. He returned home in 1852, but found all his plans for a new agitation in behalf of Hungarian independence abortive. His life since then has been largely passed in retirement at Turin, where he has lived thirty-two years, many times enduring great poverty. In 1880, he published his "Memoirs" which attracted attention throughout Europe. As an orator, he was graceful, dignified and magnetic; he was a master of many languages, an ardent admirer of American institutions, and a man of pure and unblemished character, high moral principle, and strong religious feeling. His life is a record of unselfish patriotism and noble example rarely paralleled.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

S.S. Lesson for Apr. 15, Gen. 37:23-36. Golden Text, Gen. 50:20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JACOB'S life was full of petty annoyances, but his faith was not honored by being put to the great tests to which God called his servant Abraham. The glory of God was shown, and his purpose was accomplished in the life of Jacob, more in the manifestation of his own patience and longsuffering towards his weak and doubting servant than in the revelation of his likeness in Jacob, or by his servant understanding him. With Joseph it was otherwise. From his earliest years, Joseph must learn to bear the cross, he was chosen "in the furnace of affliction," just as Saul of Tarsus in his time was.

"A Chosen Vessel,"

for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Joseph's first test had been in the family; there he had begun to learn how to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully;" that great lesson of Christ likeness in which our Lord has left us an "example that we should follow his steps." In this Joseph was in his measure a forerunner of Christ. Being in his own life the best of Jacob's sons, he was treated as though he were the worst, and he had to learn in those early days to take everything from the hand of God, and like Abraham to "walk by faith, not by sight." His communion with God was ridiculed and despised, his faithfulness to his brothers, which cost him much, resented. Now his father puts him to a severer test than before. His brethren are absent seeking pasture for their flocks. His father calls him to go and seek them that he may bring tidings of them and of the flocks to his father.

A more unpleasant mission, under the circumstances, could hardly have been offered him; but Joseph without hesitation says: "Here am I;" and when an opportunity presented itself for his return without executing his commission, because his brethren were not in Shechem where his father sent him, Joseph proves himself to be no shuffler; he takes pains to find his brethren and he overtook them in Dothan. But he was hardly prepared for the reception which he met with at their hands. Thoughts of murder were in their hearts and their first terrible design when they saw him was to slay their brother! Reuben and Judah, however, prevailed on them, first to cast him into a dry pit, and subsequently to sell him to traveling merchants as a slave.

This man of God was passing his standards in God's school. To the flesh it would look as though God were on the side of the wicked and as though wrong prospered more than right. These may have been awful

Moments of Conflict

when his soul was in anguish and he besought his brethren and they "would not hear." But God conquered, and when he entered Egypt as a slave, he was not alone: "The Lord was with Joseph." Until the time when his word came, the Word of the Lord tried him. He had from the Word of the Lord in his dreams that in the future he should rule, but his word, i.e., God's promise to him, was not yet come to pass; could he trust his God, and take patiently with God at his side, the position of a slave? Nature would rebel, and say: "I have not deserved this; why should I, of all others, thus suffer?" Faith in God would say: "God makes all things to work together for good to them that love him, I will trust, I cannot understand; but I know my God will do the right thing."

Thus we find Joseph established as

Joseph's Slave

in Egypt; not a self-pitying, sullen, morose youth; but one whose faith in the living

God said to all around him that God is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him. The heathen Potiphar, an officer, well-known at the court of Pharaoh, saw in Joseph something unlike his other slaves; he saw that the Lord was with Joseph, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand." Potiphar knew there was a true God because of this blessing upon Joseph. Already the slave was beginning to rule although he knew it not. Potiphar saw in him the superiority which his brethren obstinately shut their eyes to, and the heathen made the faithful man of God, overseer in his house, and over all that he had, for he saw that God's blessing was on all with which Joseph had to do. Whether it was in the field or in the house, the same thing was noticeable; it prospered and blessing was upon it.

What lessons of God's faithfulness was Joseph learning in this renowned and powerful country of Egypt, with the language customs literature, religion, etc., of which he was unacquainted; but where his God remained true to him! How real, how intense, must have been his communion with God, when he had to depend on him for every common, ordinary thing; he must have prayed and received guidance and wisdom for them all. And when his master asked him what was the secret that one who was a stranger succeeded so remarkably, even in things which he had formerly been so little familiar, he would eagerly take the opportunity to tell out the truth and faithfulness of his God.

Thus passed by eleven years, and God's faithfulness to his servant did not wear out, nor yet the faith of Joseph in his God. His father had long ago taken for granted that he was dead; his brethren neither sought nor cared for tidings of him; they only wanted to be rid of him, and for the time, they had their desire. Things were ripening in the purposes of God. Yet who would think that the destiny of nations, instrumentally, lay in the hands of a poor slave in Egypt.

Joseph should certainly rule; but before he could be trusted with so high a position he must pass

Another Standard

in the school. He had already graduated in family trial and persecution, and in the accepting from God the humbling position of a slave, but nothing had occurred to sully his pure and spotless reputation; he was respected wherever he was known; his master placed in him the most implicit, the most unlimited confidence, he left all in Joseph's hand, and "he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat." Now Joseph must be proved whether he would suffer the loss of his reputation, and in a much deeper degree "endure grief, suffering wrongfully;" and yet trust God.

Joseph Suffered but Submitted,

not to man but to God. True a rude interruption in the apparent drawing near of the fulfillment of his dreams had taken place; but God had permitted it. He suffered, but endured; and the striking characteristic of his life in prison as of his time of slavery was: "The Lord was with Joseph and showed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hands, because the Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper. God had found a heart which trusted him, even in the dark, a man in whom he would show before hand some of the features of the Son of man who should afterward come into the world, and one through whom he could execute his designs of mercy without the fear that the instrument should be marred in the execution of them.

Who knows how many of God's truest children are shut up in some prison whence

they cannot escape, but where the living God can unfold to them his purposes? How many in circumstances where they have no free movement! Little did Pharaoh know that in the court of heaven a recent slave, and now accounted criminal, was of more importance than he, or any other reigning monarch because he understood his God! Paul was the prisoner of the Lord." (Eph. 4:1.) Let us not be afraid of God's dispensations which bind, and hinder, and humble us. Thus may be the way to a place of rule.

But Joseph must be proved true in the prison, he must endure wrong still; he had not yet left school; God had measured how much he could bear, Joseph had passed standard after standard and had not failed to trust under the severest tests, and the time was at hand when he should indeed rule, and men of many nations should be blest through him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE evil passions of envy and hatred, which, as we noticed last week, were taking root in the minds of Joseph's brothers, quickly developed into action. They were looking after their father's flocks at Dothan when the opportunity came of manifesting their dislike of Joseph. Jacob was then living at Hebron, which is about seventy miles from Dothan. He appears to have kept Joseph at home with him, which may have been another cause of ill-will. He sends

Joseph to visit the brothers and to report, and the lad, arrayed in his fine coat, sets out. The prejudice of the brothers shows itself when he comes in sight. They speak of him as "this dreamer." They showed the common characteristic of the envious and prejudiced mind—the disposition to keep prominent any weakness, or disagreeable trait of character. A person may have many good points of character, but if he have one weakness, or one ridiculous feature, it is by the latter that he is identified. Let a great preacher do something indiscreet, and whenever his name is mentioned, it is associated not with his eloquence or piety, but with the foolish thing he once did. Many a man who knew nothing of the public services of a prominent citizen, knew that he was afflicted with a pronounced squint. So when Joseph appeared, it was not their brother that the men recognized, but "the dreamer." They decide to kill him. A distinguished writer points out how common in history is this method of getting rid of people who say unpopular things. The angry multitude have the idea that by killing the preacher they can get rid of his message. These men thought that if they killed the dreamer they would falsify his dream. The Jews killed Christ for saying he was their King, but they have not prevented his being King over the greatest kingdom that ever king ruled over. The brothers did eventually see, as they said, what would become of his dreams. Reuben is the first to interfere. He was vicious, but he was not cruel. He has not the courage to oppose them and denounce projected crime. Like his father, he was a believer in tricks. He persuades them to throw Joseph into a pit and leave him to starve, meaning to liberate him secretly. The brothers consent. The end was the same and the process not so brutal. Many a bad son who would shrink from killing his father, will do a more cruel thing by breaking that father's heart and bringing him to a dishonored grave. Then Judah interposes. Why not sell him, he suggests. A company of slave traders is at hand, and the thing is practicable. There is some profit in the transaction while there would be none in murder. The plan is adopted and the bargain is made. The regular price of a slave was thirty shekels, but Joseph, being under age is sold for twenty, which is be-

lieved to be about the equivalent of eleven dollars. Then a plan is concocted to deceive their father. The brothers do not propose to tell a lie, but they dip the famous coat in blood and send it home, leaving Jacob to draw his own inference. Many such lies are set in circulation still. Their moral guilt is not less than the spoken lie, and those who think they escape the guilt of lying by their cunning device, are mistaken. The old man is not slow to draw the inference he was intended to draw, and is prostrated with grief. Then the hypocritical men comfort him.

Reuben returned unto the pit. He had tried to avoid the difficult position of opposing his brothers and making a brave stand for the right. Like many people who profess to be Christians, but conceal their colors when in worldly society, where they are liable to be ridiculed, Reuben hoped to accomplish the purpose of saving his brother by a compromise. Courage and decision are the only basis of action when wrong is to be opposed. At the outbreak of the Sepoy war in India in 1875, a certain general was warned that the men in his regiment were preparing to join in the mutiny, and he was urged to disarm them before they had a chance to use their arms against the white people. He dreaded giving the order, as he knew what a storm it would raise. At last he thought of a compromise. He determined to issue no percussion caps. In this way he thought the men could do no harm as they could not fire their muskets without caps. But the men easily secured a supply of caps for a small expenditure, and proved to be a most destructive division of the army. They murdered a large number of defenceless women and children, and fought desperately before they could be subdued.

What profit is it? With some people that is the chief question. Natural relationship and family ties count for nothing when there is a possibility of making money. There are some railroad companies who are so anxious to turn in good dividends that they keep their men at work an unreasonable time, so that they get tired and sleepy and make mistakes through which trains are wrecked. One case which shows a still more unscrupulous disposition is reported from Indiana. A man broke into a county pest-house and stole the clothing which was taken from the two hundred patients treated there, and sold it to the men working for the Natural Gas Company in Wisconsin. They were mostly Italians and Swedes, and a large number of them left shortly afterwards, carrying the pest-house clothes with them. Of course, wherever they went they carried with them the infection lurking in these garments of death.

Know thou whether it is thy son's coat. It ought to be made clear to every child that intentional deception is as vile in the sight of God as direct lying. It often involves in its detection even greater humiliation. Some time ago a young man in Illinois was arrested and placed in jail, charged with stealing. He was convicted and sent to the penitentiary. While there he corresponded with his mother in Michigan, using the letter heads of the sheriff, and telling her that he was employed at the prison, which was true, but deceived her as it was intended to do. In a few weeks an elderly, finely-dressed lady came, and called on the sheriff and introduced herself as the mother and inquired for her son, whom she supposed was deputy sheriff. The sheriff was compelled to inform her that her son was an inmate of the penitentiary. Her grief at this information was heart-breaking, and bowed with sorrow she returned to her Michigan home too much distressed to see her son.

Thy son's coat. The words of Joseph's brothers were once applied with telling effect. When Richard I. was fighting in France, one of his most persistent foes was the Bishop of Beauvais who, unmindful of his clerical calling, appeared in the field at the head of a regiment, and fought like any other general. He was taken prisoner, and Richard treated him like his other prisoners. Indeed, he was treated somewhat more rigorously, as when Richard was himself a prisoner the Bishop had made himself busy in keeping him in durance. The Bishop appealed to the Pope, who sent a remonstrance to Richard and asked him indignantly how he dared imprison a son of the church. Richard took the Bishop's helmet and military doublet and sent them to the Pope with the remark, "Know thou whether this is thy son's coat or no." By this he intimated that if a bishop appeared as a soldier he must not expect the immunity due to the sacred calling.

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SAVE THE CHILDREN.

It has got to be a question of stupendous import what is to be done with the destitute children of our streets or the ragamuffins, as society contemptuously calls them. We must act upon them or they will act upon us. We must Christianize them or they will heathenize us. All over this land what multitudes of the homeless and houseless and the godless! Could you gather them all together, what a scene of rags and filth and hunger and desolation. If you could see those little feet on the broad way to death which, through Christian charity, ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if you could hear the words of cursing blistering those lips which ought to be singing the praises of God; if you could see those hearts which at that age ought not to have been soiled by one vile thought, already become the sewer of iniquity, through which floats the most disgusting depravity; if you could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and scalded with a baptism of fire from the very lava of the pit—your soul would recoil from the scene crying: "Begone, thou dream of hell!" The Spartans who threw their sickly children to the wild beasts were merciful compared with the stolid indifference which, in this age, would give up the destitute youth of our country to be eaten up of their own depravity.

These so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life will flame into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul, and that which was intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost will be a charred and blasted ruin, every light quenched and every altar in the dust. The petty thief who slipped into your store and took a yard of cloth from your counter will be the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight picking the lock of your money safe and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and drunken hoot, they will come on, gathering recruits from every grogshop and den of iniquity, to take the ballot box and hurrah at the elections. The great, hard-knotted fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of sobriety and intelligence. Men bloated and with the signature of crime burned in from the top of their head to the bottom of their chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses which ought to be buried too deep to keep them from poisoning the air will rot in the face of the sun at midday. In lusty, in her plain frock, with her hand at the spindle, will be unappreciated, while multitudes of able-bodied men will wander about in utter idleness, with their hands on their hips, say-

ing: "The world owes us a living." Oh, what a terrible force there is in iniquity when, uneducated, unrestrained and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum, until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks! Cold indifference meets these desperate ones and says: "What a pity! but it cannot be helped." The law meets them and says: "The house of correction and the prison are the places for you." Fashionable fastidiousness meets them, and gathering up its robes, says: "They are so dirty I cannot bear to have them touch me."

Reader, these unfortunates are all about us. When they got up from their hands and knees to walk, their first step was on the road to ruin, and ever since they have been plunging down to lower depths, and wilder despair, and deeper darkness. There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circumstances that are going to be something very good or very bad—very bright or very ignorant; and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations achieved, and temptations combated, and immortal souls jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won. Call up that child; push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarr-ed, and pinched, and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

My soul stands back abashed and overwhelmed in the presence of these young princes of God, these sons and daughters of immortality, these voyagers eternity bound. They have started out on a journey that will never end. I have so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel that I suppose the rising generation are to have in their number more noble men than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs and Augustines and Wilberforces and Clarksons and Moffats. There they are! on the back seat of the mission school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless and their souls Christless, and in double columns there is printed on their countenance a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sunday Schools will do their work. Tract and Bible societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years.

BE CHEERFUL.

ENJOIN upon all those whom these times find in comfortable circumstances, two things: First, helpfulness to the helpless—and the next, cheerful talk. If you want to prostrate business and keep it prostrated, talk in dolorous tone and keep on talking. Let all the merchants sigh, and all the editors prognosticate hard times, and all the ministers groan in the pulpit. In the great orchestra of complaint those who play the loudest trombones are often those who have the fullest salaries and the completest wardrobe. They are only made because they have to fall back on the surplus resources of other years, or because they cannot make as large investments as they would like to make. Did you have your breakfast? Yes. Did you have your supper last night? Yes. Did you have a pillow to sleep on? Yes. What are you complaining about? The genuine

sufferers, those who are really in destitution, for the most part suffer in silence; but the loudest cries against hard times are by the men to whom the times are not hard. Artists tell us it is almost impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is possible for men to groan well on a full stomach!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

B. E. Orr, Cascade, Minn. 1. When and where was Lot born? 2. Who was Lot's wife?

1. Presumably in Ur of the Chaldees. 2. Her name is nowhere mentioned.

Mrs. Hattie M. Elmore, Gainesville, Ga. Where can I find the hymn commencing: "Through Tribulations Deep"? L. Ellis, Franklindale, Pa. Can you tell me where to find the hymn: "Religion, 'tis a Glorious Treasure"?

Both hymns can be found in old hymnals like the "Zion Songster," (1829) or Hymn's "Revivalist," (1868 and later.) The latter can be procured at the Methodist Book Concern, New York.

Mrs. E. S. Thomas, Lynn, Mass. Truly I think the Spirit of Christ prompted the suggestion offered by S. M. Beach, Chicago, in "The Mail-Bag" of Mar. 14. I send my name to be enrolled, if you decide to organize any method of work along the lines suggested. I am only too glad to help with my influence, name, prayer, sympathy, and means wherever I can.

Seth Hoagland, Mercer Co., Pa. Do you expect that Christ will come the second time before the Millennium?

Yes, he will come to introduce the millennium. That will be the thousand years of peace when he will reign personally on the earth. His question in Luke 18: 8 and the parable of the Virgins (Matt. 25), as well as all his teaching in the preceding chapter, show that the world will not be at his coming in the condition that it will be in at the close of the millennium.

Subscriber, Georgetown, Cal. Is it consistent with a Christian life to read the works of such writers as E. P. Roe, Walter Scott, Dinah Muloch Craik, Charles Dickens, Charlotte Yonge, Hawthorne, or Donald G. Mitchell?

Entirely consistent. These authors can be read with profit by everybody, without detriment to spiritual growth. Their writings are noble and elevating, and should not be confused with the vicious literature which is hurtful alike to soul and body.

J. B. Harmon, Pittsburg, Pa. An acquaintance lately, in conversation, asserted that the hard times were due to the drinking habits of American workmen, and that more of their money went into the rum shops than would pay the national debt. What is the total consumption in gallons?

There are nearly 250,000 licensed retail liquor dealers of all sorts in the United States, and probably many thousands more unlicensed. A comparatively small revenue for each would soon amount to many millions. The total estimated annual consumption of liquors, as recent statistics show, is considerably over a thousand million gallons.

Subscriber, Elizabeth, N. J. 1. What authority is there for using the words "trespasses" instead of "debts" in the Lord's Prayer? 2. How is Easter fixed?

1. None except such as is found in Matt. 6: 14, 15, where Christ explaining the prayer uses the word. Its adoption was probably due to the fact that it expresses the meaning intended more clearly than the word "debts." 2. Easter Sunday is the first Sunday, after the first full moon, after March 21. It is so fixed to correspond with the Jewish Passover which is regulated by the moon.

P. M. Barrow, Ringtown, Pa. How many temples were there? Was the one in Christ's time the second or third?

The temple built by Solomon was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. The second temple was built by Zerubbabel seventy-two years afterward. Herod wished to destroy this temple and rebuild it. The Jews would not consent to the destruction, lest he should die or be removed before he rebuilt it. It was therefore taken down piecemeal and each part was rebuilt before another part was taken down. It was thus practically the third temple, although the Jews regarded it as the second one restored. It was destroyed A.D. 70.

Rev. E. Stone, Fitchville, O. 1. Is there any mention, outside of the Bible, of the Ten Plagues? 2. How is Ex. 9: 21, explained after reading in verse 6 that all the cattle died? 4. How can the act in Ex. 3: 22, be regarded as right?

1 and 2. Josephus, the famous Jewish historian in the 14th chapter of the Antiquities, describes the plagues fully. The reading of this chapter will help to reconcile any apparent inconsistency in the passages noted. 3. Panic-stricken by the wrath of the Lord, as shown in the plagues that had afflicted them, the Egyptians heaped presents and favors upon the Israelites and urged them to hasten their departure. Compare with Ex. 12: 35, 36. These gifts were evidences of the remorse of the Egyptians at having treated their captives so cruelly as to offend Jehovah.

Wilson Brockenborough, Wilkesville, Miss. Were there any negro believers in the time of Christ?

Although we have no published record of such a fact, it is not improbable, since, in the course of his public ministry and travels, Jesus may

at different times have had negroes among those who "heard him gladly." That there were negroes in Jerusalem we learn from many circumstances. Simon, of Cyrene, who carried the Cross, is claimed by several commentators to have been a negro. The episode of Philip and the Ethiopian, some time afterward, showed that negroes were not indifferent to the Gospel. Onesimus, one of Paul's most devoted converts, was probably a negro, and there were not a few negroes holding exalted positions in the Christian Church in Africa, the whole northern countries of which, in the early ages, was Christian.

Reader, Addison, W. Va. To whom can I write for information concerning D. L. Moody's Bible Schools?

Write to Rev. E. B. Hartzler, Northfield Institute, Northfield, Mass.

H. P. Andrews, Strasburg, Pa. Who were the sons of Bethrah, and what was their mission?

The Bethrah was an eminent school of theology in which some of the most distinguished priests and scholars of the time were trained. Their mission was that of religious teachers of the Jewish people, but they frequently differed on matters of belief.

D. G. Reinhold, Lansdale, Pa. In "Our Mail Bag" of March 21, "Reader, Philadelphia, Pa." asks for the author of a certain passage quoted. Philip Henry is the author of the following, which is probably the original:

"When the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but the corn that lies low at thy feet."

Mrs. P. Brooks, Baraboo, Wis. What proportion of the world has had the Gospel preached to it?

With the exception of the greater part of Thibet, parts of Central Asia, certain sections of Central Africa, portions of Central South America, and probably parts of Northern Greenland and the Arctic regions beyond, the whole world has heard the Gospel message.

Inquirer, New York. What does the Bible mean when it says that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven?

The expression was proverbial in Palestine, denoting, literally, something that was impossible, and figuratively, an act that was exceedingly difficult. It was applied in the latter sense in the passage quoted.

Miss Sarah Burns, Pekin, Ills. We have just read Marion Harland's article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on "The Native Girl," of Syria, and we hasten to reply to her call for aid to continue the industrial school of Mrs. Jamal. Mrs. Rebecca La Roth and I will pledge ourselves to ten dollars each, per year, for that purpose. Please inform us in our "Mail Bag," when and where to send the money for that pressing need.

Remit to "Mrs. Jamal, Care David Jamal, Jerusalem, Turkey."

J. M. Delme, Norfolk, Cal. 1. How far distant was Babylon from Jerusalem? 2. How many Jews were taken captive? 3. In what country was Babylon located?

1. In a straight line probably, not over 600 miles; but the great Syrian desert lay between, and the route taken by the exiles may have been very much longer. 2. At different times during Nebuchadnezzar's reign in Babylon, his troops carried off large numbers of Jews as captives. In II. Kings 24: 8 and 16, it is stated that 10,000 were exiled at once, and in Zedekiah's reign, all the population except the peasants were carried off. The number cannot be definitely stated, but it must have been very large. 3. It was the capital of the province of the same name, and the seat of government of the Babylonian-Chaldean Empire. The city was on the banks of the river Euphrates.

Mrs. A. H. Livingston, Missouri Valley, Ia., asks some readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to furnish her with the hymn beginning: "Sinners will you go to the Highlands of Heaven."—C. D. L., Wyoming Pa. It is not true that there are no tides in the Mediterranean. The water rises and falls there as elsewhere, and regular tide tables are published.—M. F. Gordin, Dover, Del. Bella Cooke's address is 402 Second Ave., N. Y. City.—John V. Mountjoy, Elkhardt, Ind. Jamieson, Faussett and Browne's Commentaries, published by Revell & Co., Publishers, N. Y., will help you materially.—Bible Student, Denver, Col. Any good book dealer ought to do it for a reasonable charge.—Anxious One, N. J. We have not the information wanted.—J. A. Kinison, N. C., makes an appeal for Christian literature, second-hand books, etc., for a mission Sunday School. Some of our readers may be able to help.—Mrs. L. B. Schneider, Omaha. The word is a perfectly proper one to use.—Admirer, South Hamblin, N. V. Yes, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and a copy of the large emerald Bible will be sent to your address on receipt of \$3.00.—Geo. W. Warner, Amsteritz, Mich. Write to Rev. A. Ben Olief, care U. S. Consul, Jerusalem.—C. C. Thomas, Floyd, Ia. Any reputable lawyer can tell you where to apply.—E. D. Cribbs, Buttersville, Mich. Write to the American Engineering Journal, New York City.—Frank W. Moore, Bloomingdale, Ind. Nowhere in the Bible is such a passage to be found.—A. J. E. The editors were probably not fully informed. Investigation, however, will not hurt the innocent.—Forrest Cullins, Ripon, Wis. Write to the Missionary Training Institute, LaSalle Ave., Chicago.—Mrs. Sarah J. Lauderback, Thompson, Neb. Your question was answered in a recent issue of this paper.—Harry A. Hartman, Meadville, Pa. These amusements are unquestionably detrimental to spiritual growth. They lead to frivolity, and the formation of vicious companionships when indulged in immoderately. The earnest Christian will do wisely to leave them alone.—Richard Gwinn, Huron, Mich. 1. See Matt. 25: 41, 46; Rev. 20: 10; II. Thess. 1: 8, 9, and like passages. 2. No. 3. No. It was broadly Catholic, which means universal.—J. A. Haines, Alpena, S. D. For a full discussion of the subject mentioned in your letter write for a little book, price 50¢, on "Church Entertainments," published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE RUINS OF PHILÆ.

INDIGNANT protests are being made by antiquarians and archaeologists against an engineering project which the English are about to undertake in Egypt. Plans have been prepared for a huge dam across the Nile at Assouan, which will form a gigantic reservoir in which the flood water will be stored for time of need. At present there is great need of water after the annual flood has subsided until the time of flood the next year. The proposed reservoir will retain the superabundance of water at the flood, for irrigating purposes during the dry season. Its construction would, moreover, provide work for a long time for an enormous number of people. But the construction of the reservoir would submerge from May to September every year, the little island of Philæ, on which are some extremely interesting ruins, a picture of which appears on this page. Of these ruins Sir James Ferguson says: "No two of the buildings, scarcely any two of the walls, are on the same axis or parallel to one another. No Gothic architect, in his wildest moments, ever played so freely with his lines and dimensions, and none, it must be added, ever produced anything so beautifully picturesque as this. It contains all the play of light and shade, all the variety of Gothic art, with the massiveness and grandeur of the Egyptian style; and as it is still tolerably entire, and retains much of its color, there is no building out of Thebes that gives so favorable an impression as this." The ruins are also rich in associations. The chief building was erected in 377 B. C., and dedicated to the worship of Isis; but in 452 A. D., it was transformed into a Christian church. Other buildings were used as Christian chapels as early as the second century, and bear some remarkable inscriptions. It is contended that the reservoir would lead to the destruction of these beautiful buildings, and is therefore an act of vandalism. The advocates of the project, on the other hand, urge that sentimental considerations ought not to hinder plans for the welfare and development of the country. The government is consequently in a dilemma, out of which there seems to be no way but by offending one or the other class of disputants. An attempt has been made to make the church the subject of a similar dilemma. Infidels and scientists have represented it as an obstruction to the world's progress. But the Christian has no cause for alarm as to its safety. It is founded on a rock, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. (Matt. 16: 18.)

Saved by a Badge.

A remarkable escape from death is reported by the "Republican" of Denver, Colo. It says that a shooting affray took place in a dry goods store in that city on the previous evening. The proprietor and his wife were alone in the store when two men entered and made a small purchase. The proprietor opened his money-drawer to give them change, when one of the men pointed a revolver at him and ordered him to hand over the drawer. He hesitated and the man declared that he would fire, if the money was not instantly given up. In less than a minute he executed his threat and the store-keeper fell with a groan and the robber made a clutch at the drawer. The store-keeper's wife sheltered herself behind a pile of goods and gave several piercing screams. Passers-by rushed in and the robbers made a rapid exit without securing the booty. A doctor was summoned and found the store-keeper still alive, but there was a hole in his clothing just over his heart where the bullet had penetrated. But the man could not have been shot there or he would be dead. His clothing was removed and a large ragged wound was disclosed. The doctor applied his probe and extracted a circular piece of metal, about the size of a quarter dollar deeply indented in the centre. The store-keeper said it was the badge of a benevolent society of which he was a member and he wore it outside his vest. The bullet had struck the badge, driving it through the clothing into the flesh and had then fallen to the ground where it was afterwards found.

The robber had aimed at his heart and but for the badge intercepting the bullet he would have been killed. It is much to be wished that Satan's darts which he aims at the heart were always similarly intercepted. That they are not, is due to the fact that men do not commit the keeping of their hearts to God, who has promised that lest any hurt them he will keep them night and day. (Isa. 27: 3.)

Fraudulent Naturalization.

An accusation was made in a police court in Brooklyn last week against an Italian immigration agent which is to be made the ground of a criminal prosecution. A detective said that he had suspected the accused for some time of issuing bogus naturalization papers. He went to the man, accompanied by an Italian, who arrived in this country about six months ago, and asked him what it would cost to get the Italian naturalized at once without waiting the five years required by the statute. Fifteen dollars was the sum asked for and it was paid. In a few days the detective called again and received the first and second papers for the Italian, drawn up and certified in due form but with forged signatures and seals. The detective, perceiving that they were fraudulent and secured a warrant for the arrest

the astonished man was put behind the bars. It is safe to predict that if that man wants any more documents read to him, he will not apply to a policeman, especially if his conscience reminds him of any wrongdoing. Like other people who break the law, he will carefully avoid an officer of the law. It may be hoped, however, that if by the grace of God he comes under conviction of sin he will not pursue those tactics. He cannot do better than go to one of Christ's servants, who will assure him that the way to peace and safety lies, not in concealment, but in confession and surrender. (1 John 1: 9.)

An Unpleasant Record.

A gentleman now living in Missouri had a disagreeable surprise in the course of some recent antiquarian researches. He is very proud of his ancestry, as he comes of an old and distinguished family, the history of which he has been at great pains to investigate. His studies took him a few weeks ago to New Hampshire, where his great-grandfather settled, about a hundred and fifty years ago. In searching for traces of his ancestor, he found mention of him in the records of a certain town. At a formal meeting of the citizens, a resolution had been passed explicitly warning him not to settle in the town. Another record showed that he had settled there in spite of the warning. As he understood that his ancestor was a very worthy, respectable man, the record was mysterious as well as annoying to him. It cast a slur on the family name. On making inquiries of one of the town officials, who had studied the history of the State, he received an explanation which soothed his wounded pride. He was told that in early days, no one could settle in the town without giving notice of his in-

tention. It was the custom to consider the notice at the next town-meeting and to pass a formal resolution warning the intending citizen not to enter the town. If he settled there after this warning, the town was relieved by a law of the State from the duty of supporting him if he became a pauper. By warning the new-comer off, the citizens protected themselves from the burden of providing for the poor. As this precautionary measure was invariably taken in the town, the gentleman concluded that there was nothing invidious in the treatment of his ancestor. However religious this New England town may have been in that day, its citizens could not be congratulated on its resemblance to the kingdom of heaven. The Founder of that kingdom gave special instructions that the poor were to be invited into it and it was the rich who found it difficult to enter. (Mark 10: 23.)

A Modern Esau.

A curious appeal has been made to the courts by a citizen of Catskill, N. Y. He asked that a deed which he executed fourteen years ago be cancelled. It appears that for some years prior to his signing the deed he had been addicted to intemperance and gambling and gradually became in urgent need of money. He had a considerable estate which was his share of his father's property and which was valuable, but he had exceeded his income and was being pressed by his creditors. He applied to his sister for a loan to satisfy the men who were suing him. She did not accede to his request at first, but when he became more urgent, she told him to call on a certain day and she

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has Begun a Series of union meetings in Providence, R. I., among a group of churches on the west side of the city, including Congregational and Baptist, and the First Presbyterian Church. The first meeting was held on Sunday, March 11, in the Pilgrim Congregational Church.

The Evangelical Missionary Society of Paris, has opened a new mission at the mouth of the Ogowe River, Western Africa, with several stations towards the interior. The mission is in the French territory. They have already twenty-six boys and six girls, who have been freely given to them by their parents, to be trained for Christian life and work.

Mrs. M. Baxter and Pastor, and Mrs. Stockmayer have held meetings in Philadelphia, Lancaster, Pa., and Nashville, Tenn., which have been largely attended and have proved to be seasons of rich spiritual profit and enjoyment.

Major Geo. A. Hilton has been holding successful meetings at Indiana, Pa. Library hall was crowded every evening during his stay and on Sunday it was necessary to hold overflow meetings. Major Hilton's tour through Pennsylvania has been a great blessing to the churches.

The Question of a Successor to the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was settled on March 21, by his church. At a formal meeting called for the purpose, an invitation to the pastorate was given to Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas, who has been preaching in the Tabernacle for several months. The vote for the invitation was 2,027, and against it, 649.

The Revival Services in New York were continued last week. On Monday and Tuesday the afternoon meetings were held in Niblo's Theatre and on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in Cooper Union. The noon meetings were held in Association Hall as usual. In the evening beside the services in the various churches, union meetings were held in the Washington Square M. E. Church in which the University Place Presbyterian and the Judson Memorial Baptist Church joined.

An All Around the World Tour in the Interests of Temperance and Social Purity has been arranged by Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard. Those two ladies accompanied by about a hundred others are to sail in a special steamer for a trip around the world. They will carry with them a monster petition signed by over two million persons against the evils of alcohol, opium, and legalized vice. Copies of the petition are to be left with the rulers of various lands which the ladies expect to visit. The first copy is to be presented to President Cleveland.

Special Meetings have been held in several of the Presbyterian churches of St. Paul and Minneapolis. At Bethlehem Church, Minneapolis, the pastor, Rev. D. S. McCaslin, D.D., conducted meetings in the afternoon for children, in which there are lasting spiritual results. At Stewart Memorial Church, the Rev. A. E. Nichols, pastor, held special services for a week and has received considerable additions to his church. Daily services have also been held at Westminster Church, by the Rev. Pleasant Hunter, pastor, thirty-one were received at the last communion.

Contributions of Clothing for the Relief Fund from the following, are acknowledged:

"In His Name,"—C. K. Weaver, Brumfield, Pa.; W. K. Meadell, Ellenville, N. Y.; Friends, Massapequa, L. I.; Women's Christian Temperance Union, Knoxville, Pa.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. W. W. Norton, Gt. Barrington, Mass.; Friends, Oak Summit, N. Y.; Montgomery, Ohio; Unknown, Washington, D. C.; Miss Maines, Liberty Falls, Sullivan Co., N. Y.; South Millbrook, N. Y.; Little Delaware, Mrs. Mary Rhinehardt, Grantport, Ia.; Parkersburg, Iowa; Princeton, N. Y.; Celarosa, Fla.; Craig, New York; Strat Falls, N. H.; Ulysses, Pa.; Friends at D. Orselle, N. Y.; two barrels and one box clothing.

Contributions of provisions are acknowledged as follows:

Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Paterson, N. Y., one barrel potatoes and onions. Mr. H. F. Padlock, Brewster, N. Y., ten bags potatoes. Unknown Friend, Ica, Mrs. F. W. Pars, Springs, L. I., pumpkins. Mrs. E. W. Martin, W. Freehold, N. Y., potatoes. Friend, Durhamville, one barrel corn, two crates eggs, one bag onions.



THE TEMPLES OF PHILÆ, ON THE NILE.



THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

CONDITIONS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Matt. 16: 24, "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

WITH the 21st verse of this chapter, our Lord enters a new epoch in his earthly life; and the altered tone in his teaching, which is now observable, antedated his crucifixion about nine months. Up to this time he had spoken but little to his disciples regarding his approaching death. When he had spoken of that event, the allusion was made in vague terms, rather than in plain and definite statements. Our Lord was a wise teacher; he gave instruction to his disciples only as they were able to receive it. He himself told them, that he had many things to say unto them, but they were not able to bear them; and they were not able early in his ministry to bear full, free, and definite statements regarding the death which he was to suffer on the ignominious cross. All their thoughts of the Messiah were thoughts of triumph and glory; thoughts of national honor and of universal fame. All their thoughts of the cross were associated with darkness, gloom, excruciating agony, and unspeakable shame. It was not a Jewish but a Roman method of punishment, and the idea that the Messiah of ancient hope and of national glory, should die upon the cross was utterly unthinkable by a patriotic and devout Jew. Can it be that the long-expected Messiah, who is to rule the world, is to die a shameful death? Such a thought is too astounding to be believed or even conceived. Our Lord, therefore, did not fully reveal the facts regarding that death until toward the close of his ministry.

A Painful Disclosure.

In the verses which precede the text, we see that he made a partial revelation of himself as the Messiah, and he received from the apostles, with Peter as their spokesman, a frank avowal of their faith in him as the Christ, the Son of the living God. That avowal encouraged him to make himself known to them more fully than ever before. He wished them to understand what was before him and them; but they were like men stunned by what was to them a dreadful and incredible disclosure. The apostle Peter is startled by the statement made by his Lord; no doubt this disciple was somewhat flattered by the commendation that Christ had given him, and he now assumes a position of superiority toward the Lord Jesus. He now acts the part of an older brother, or of a confidential friend; perhaps the part of a trusted inferior who presumes to expostulate with his superior. Peter could not bear the thought that his Lord should suffer and die, so he seems to have drawn him aside to make a personal remonstrance, and to rebuke him, practically saying: "God be gracious unto thee; he is far from thee Lord; this thing shall not be unto thee." He had probably been so elated by the honors given him by Christ, that his ardor and self-confidence led him to attempt thus to control his Lord's conduct. Jesus saw that all the disciples were unfavorably impressed by this patronizing familiarity on the part of Peter; and so with keen sensitiveness, he quickly turns and gives Peter a cutting rebuke. Just before Peter had been spoken of as the Rock; now the rock becomes a stone of stumbling; it becomes an offence to the Lord. We are reminded of the language that our Lord used toward Satan, in the 4th chapter and the 10th verse of this Gospel, when he said, "Get thee hence, Satan;" so when Peter tempted him, he said, using the same language of repulsion and abhorrence, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was a terrible rebuke to be called Satan. It was a wonder that Peter did not shrink before such a rebuke. The believing confessor is suddenly changed into a presumptuous rebuker. I wonder that those who put Peter above all the disciples, are not impressed by

the thought, that he alone of all the disciples was called by Christ, Satan. He was acting the part of Satan in coming between Jesus and the cross; and there are many men to-day acting the part of Peter. They practically deny that Christ ever went to the cross as a sacrifice for men; they are willing to honor him as a loving Saviour, and as the ideal man, but they deny him as the atoning sacrifice. It seems to me that to each one of such preachers and laymen, Christ might turn and say, as he did to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Peter would have Christ to be merely a worldly Messiah. So men still judge regarding Christ's work; but not so does God judge regarding his cross of shame. Oh, blessed thought! The crown of thorns was a crown of glory; the reed, given in mockery, was a sceptre of immeasurable dominion.

The Conditions Stated.

So now standing beside Christ and his disciples, listening to the rebuke given him by Peter, and to his rebuke given in turn to Peter, we see that this private remonstrance with Peter led to the public declaration before the people, as we learn from Mark, of the conditions of discipleship. We are extremely fortunate in having these conditions given in Christ's own words. It was the prerogative of Jesus Christ, as King in Zion, to state the conditions on which men may enter into that kingdom. Nothing is more impressive in the Gospels than the absolute honesty of the Master. He would never inveigle a man into his kingdom by letting down its high standard of admission. If you look at the text you will discover that it gives us four conditions of discipleship, complying with which, and only by complying with which, can we be Christ's disciples. The first is a willingness to enter Christ's service—"If any man will." Bear in mind the word "will" is not the future tense of the verb to be, but is an entirely different word; it might be translated if any man "is willing," or "desires" to come after me. We have, then, as the first condition, clearly implied if not formally stated, that a man must willingly enter the service of the Lord Jesus. Christ will not force men, except by the drawing of his love, to enter into that kingdom. There must be a deliberate choice. The young man who ran toward Christ was rich, was earnest, was enthusiastic, and was beautiful in many elements of character. Christ laid down the conditions to him; and this young man was

Not Willing to Comply.

But Christ did not make the standard lower to accommodate that rich young man. Millionaires certainly were rare among the followers of Christ. Could he not lower the standard a little to have a man who could pay all the bills? to secure a man who could write his check for a large amount? a man who could command the respect, and influence the conduct of wealthy business men? No doubt Christ would have been glad to have such a man, but to win even him, Christ would not lower the standard. Christ will not exalt the standard in order to shut out a poor fisherman, it remains the same for the rich young man and the poor fisherman. In the very nature of the case men cannot be forced by physical authority into the service of the Lord Jesus. Involuntary obedience is not obedience. The man who cannot but obey, does not really obey. We must be free to choose, else we are not responsible for the choice we make. If men are not free to choose, they are mere machines; and this view of the relation between them and God throws the responsibility for their eternal perdition upon God. Such hyper-Calvanism is a

welcome doctrine in hades. I would relieve God from such responsibility and throw it upon you. You are free to choose, and you know it; you are free to reject, and you must assume this exalted but terrible responsibility. If this element of free-will be not recognized, then there is no good on the one side and no bad on the other. God made Adam free. He had every inducement to obey God; but in the exercise of his freedom, without which he would not have been man, he disobeyed God. Suppose God had made him physically unable to take the apple; he would then outwardly have obeyed God, but if he had desired to take it, he would still spiritually have disobeyed God. There would have been no merit in his refusal to take it, if it had been physically impossible for him to take it. All the deliverances of our own consciousness, and all the commandments of the inspired Word teach us that we are free, and that God is a Sovereign. Reconcile these two truths we cannot; believe them we must. Here then are the conditions. Comply with them and you are saved; refuse and you are lost; and

The Responsibility

for that loss is your own. The bitterest drop in the cup of remorse is that each man throughout eternity must say, "I alone am to blame. God put before me life, and I took death; God put before me Christ, and I chose Satan; God put before me heaven, and I chose hell." O, the bitter pangs of remorse when men are conscious of their own sins in this regard! God is dogmatic; but God is never reasonless, never arbitrary, never capricious. God always is and must be a dogmatist. God never hesitates; should he hesitate, he would cease to be God. Did you ever notice that Christ never said, "I think so," "I trust so," "I hope so?" Profoundly impressed were those who heard Christ with the idea that "he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Christ was never in doubt. He spoke instantly; he spoke decisively; he spoke affirmatively; he spoke authoritatively. Christ does not quote authorities, as did the scribes. They quoted other scribes. They and the Pharisees quoted laws and traditions; but Christ was his own authority; he did not speak merely as an authoritative expounder of the law, but as himself the divine Lawgiver and final Judge. Christ spoke of the other world as if he were as familiar with it as with this world; he spoke of God as familiarly as your son speaks of you, his father. Christ was dogmatic. Marvellous was his conception of his authority as expressed in his "I say unto you." The last word is spoken when Jesus speaks. Not so when any earthly philosopher speaks; not so when Bacon spoke; not so when the scientists of our day, dogmatic as some are, speak. They quote other authorities. Here stands a Galilean peasant as Lord of all worlds and King in every realm.

He Never Hesitates;

he never doubts; he never questions. O, blessed, O divine dogmatist? Jesus was God, or he was not a good man; he was God, or he was a hopeless lunatic or an unpardonable egotist. There is no logical middle ground between these extremes. I love to feel the authority in the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. I repeat, if God would hesitate, he would cease to be God. He is always dogmatic. Here is one condition, "if any man is willing." Are you willing? Will you enter now? Will you take Christ, just now and just as you are? Will you march with me now to the music of Christ's name, and be inspired by the glory of Christ's presence?

The second condition is in the renunciation of self and all selfish interests. "Let him deny himself." Christ's hearers were to learn what was required of them; they were to renounce self and to follow their Lord. Such a renunciation was sometimes known by the Gentile proselyte as "the new birth;" the Jews used such language when any person came out of heathenism into Judaism. But Christ gave it a nobler meaning. Peter wished Christ to spare himself, but Christ virtually said, "I cannot spare myself. No man can spare himself, if he is to serve God and his fellowmen." Christ said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." No man can serve himself and serve Christ; no man can be a self-seeker and be a follower of the Lord Jesus. There is a self-love which is right, but the moment that it passes over into selfishness it is wrong. Selfishness in Cain makes him ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Selfishness in Satan

led him to exalt himself above all that is called God. Christ had no self-life; from his cradle to his cross he lived for others. His life was a continual death; he died daily that he might live divinely. We must die daily if we are to live Christly. Would to God that my self-life were crucified with Christ upon his cross! Would that the Christ-life might be in every act, in every word, and in every thought! This self-crucifixion is one of the great indispensable fundamental laws of all noble beings; the servant cannot be above his master. This element is not characteristic of the Christian life alone, but it is

A Fundamental Element

in every truly noble life. If Wendell Phillips is to be the leader of the hosts of liberty, he must die to self, to ambition, to honor, as he did die on the afternoon of October 21, 1835, when he left his office on Court Street, Boston, and going out saw the crowd on Washington Street, and in the midst of the mob Garrison, bare-headed and bedraggled, but with head erect, face calm and eyes flashing, and with a rope around his waist, as he is dragged toward the City Hall while the mob is shouting for his life; then Phillips devoted himself to the destruction of American slavery. We must die as did Wilberforce, when he dedicated himself to God and to the abolition of the slave trade in England's colonies. Every man must die to self if he is to live to God and to men. Every college student must die to indolence, to indulgence and to laziness if he is to live for study, for triumph, for honor. Every business man must die to lower things if he is to live for higher things in his business. The same law applies to the Christian life; we are to die to our lower self that we may live to our nobler self, that we may live for Jesus Christ. We are to renounce our sinfulness. You all know that every tree has a great tap-root, and that in proportion as the trunk shoots into God's sunshine, the tap-root strikes down into God's deep earth; cut off many of the branches and rootlets of the tree, and it will still grow; but cut off

The Tap-root

and you destroy the tree, for it stands in such close relations to the trunk. So self is the tap-root of the Judas tree in life, and until that tap-root is cut off by the grace of God, the Judas tree will bring forth its deadly fruit. O, may God help you to cut off the tap-root of sin and make you live for him and for all about you. Love for even little sins, as men judge, will destroy the noblest ideals of life. In the late war a Federal warship had what was thought to be only a trifling superficial leakage; and, although observed, it was not deemed necessary to countermand the order that she take part in the battle. The fight began; this ship is in the midst of the conflict. The crisis of the battle has come; and it was then found that through this leak the sea water had oozed into the powder magazine. On that leak turned the fortunes of the day, and the battle was lost. There really are no little sins; only as sin is confessed and forgiven is its terrible danger removed.

A little flaw in a ruby prevented England from buying it at a fabulous price: the crown-jeweller discovered the fracture, and the value was reduced by thousands of pounds, and the ruby was rejected from the regalia of Great Britain. We are told that Canova, when, about to begin his statue of the great Napoleon, having carefully examined a splendid block of marble which had been secured at great cost, discovered a tiny red line running through its upper portion, and he refused to put his chisel further upon it. That red line vitiated the block. So God, the great Sculptor, in carving out the statue of an ideal man, must

Reject Every Stain

caused by sin. A slight streak of selfishness in a man's life will color all his acts, all his words, all his thoughts. O, men, I would have you to-day kings and princes unto God! O, women, I would have you princesses and queens unto God! I would have you lay your old selfish life at Jesus' feet; I would have you nail it to the tree; I would have you bury it in Joseph's tomb. Then I would see in the glad Easter morning of your spiritual life, a personal faith and a Christly love, as you walk forth in newness of life.

And now let us hurriedly glance at the third condition: it is a willingness to bear the cross; "and take up his cross." The Jews, as Dr. Broadus has shown, were familiar with the punishment of crucifixion. It was long common in Italy, in Egypt, and in Western Asia. At least one hundred

years previous to the time of our Lord, King Alexander Jannæus crucified 800 rebels at Jerusalem. It is also said that under Antiochus Epiphanes many Jews were crucified; and that two thousand were crucified during the proconsulate of Varus, because of a revolt which followed the death of Herod the Great. It was customary that a condemned person should carry his cross to the place of execution. The disciples could not, therefore, misunderstand our Lord's allusion; they understood that he was like one who was marching to crucifixion. They would learn also that they likewise must be ready for suffering and death. Not only could he not avoid the cross, but they also must bear it if they are to be his disciples.

Now, I am not going to fall into the error into which many Christians fall, when they represent the Christian life as a psalm-singing, cross-bearing, crying, sighing life. The Word of God represents the Christian life as a life of triumph and of glory: a life whose symbol is the up-soaring eagle; a life that runs without weariness; a life that walks without faintness. Men speak of a life of sin as a life of pleasure, but so to speak is a mistake: it is

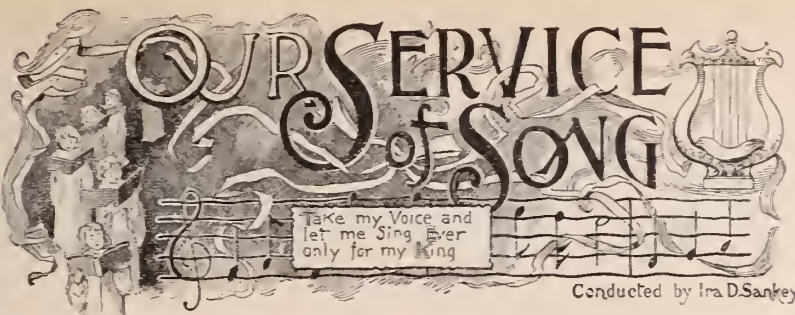
A Life of Slavery;

it is a life to be pitied by men, a life to be pitied and almost despised by angels and God. "Take up his cross." I want you to notice the language here used. I often see many young Christians standing beside the Cross and looking at it wearily: I see other young Christians taking hold of one end of the cross and dragging it along. But Jesus did not say, "Let him deny himself, and drag his cross." He said, "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross." The cross, when taken up by the alchemy of divine grace, is transformed into a ladder up which we may climb into the sunshine of God's presence and into the enjoyment of God's love. Sweetly did Rutherford say of Christ's yoke: "It is burden such as wings are to a bird, or as sails are to a ship." A blessed burden are wings to a bird: a joyous burden are sails to a ship, and such a burden is Christ's yoke to all who put it on.

The cross is the symbol of all the forms of suffering which we have to bear in our Christian life. I would not ask you to go out to find a cross; I would not ask you to bring down crosses on your head and shoulders. But I dare not permit you by any cowardly, unmanly, unchristian conduct to run away from your cross. My rule is never to go out of my way to meet a cross, and never to go aside to miss a cross; but just to move on in the Christian life, which God in his providence has marked out, taking the crosses which he sees best to send. O, beloved, take up your cross, and it will be light! The Christian life was never so much to me as it is now. Jesus was never so precious as how. Jesus, blessed Jesus! Would that now we all would open our hearts to receive him, giving them up to him as his throne!

The Follower's Place.

And this leads me to say just a word about the last condition: we are to follow Christ; we are not to go before him, but to follow him. Going behind God is obediently following him. "Follow Me:" this is the divine command. Obedience is the proof of love; Christ in his baptism fulfilled all righteousness. Righteousness is thought of as a cup: the cup was held out to Christ, and if he had not been baptized it would not have been full: to fulfill is to "fill full." Rightly he said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." Let us do God's will to-day, by following Christ. If we do, we shall at last follow him into Glory. In paths of duty on earth Christ always precedes his people: in heaven we shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. I want to see the print of my Saviour's feet, and there I want to put my feet. "Follow Me." Yes, but there are great difficulties in the way." Still Christ says, "Follow Me." Yes, but there are inconsistent Christians. "Follow thou Me." Yes, but I may not hold out. "What is that to thee, follow thou Me." Yes, but there are parts of the Bible which I do not understand. Christ again replies, "Follow Me." Enter Christ's school and you will learn the obscure lesson. All who do his will soon come to know his doctrine. That is the eternal law; that is the blessed experience. Follow me to the cross, to the tomb, to the resurrection; follow me up the shining heights of glory; follow me through the gates of pearl and along the streets of gold. O, Christ, draw us by the chords of thy love, and we will run after thee!

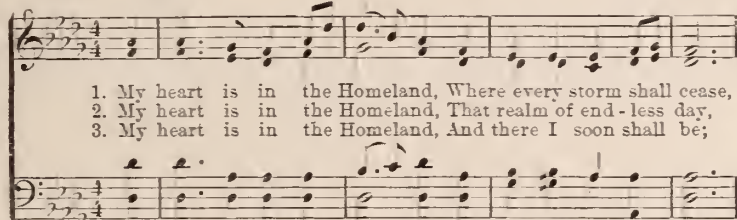


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

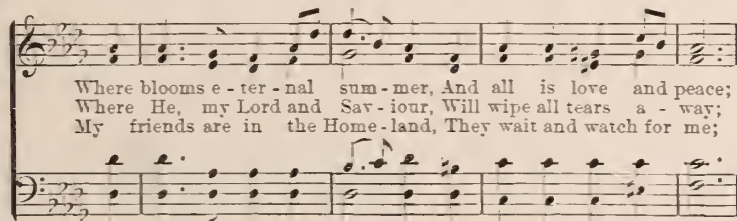
My Heart is in the Homeland.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

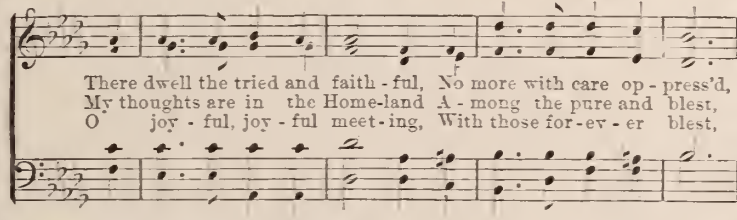
W. H. DOANE.



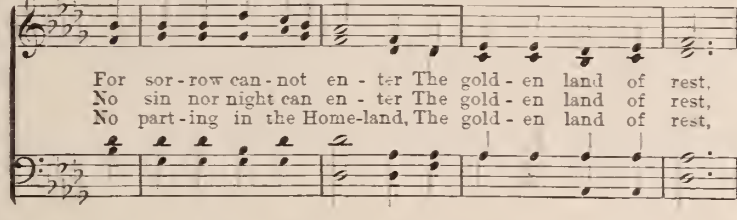
1. My heart is in the Homeland, Where every storm shall cease,
2. My heart is in the Homeland, That realm of end-less day,
3. My heart is in the Homeland, And there I soon shall be;



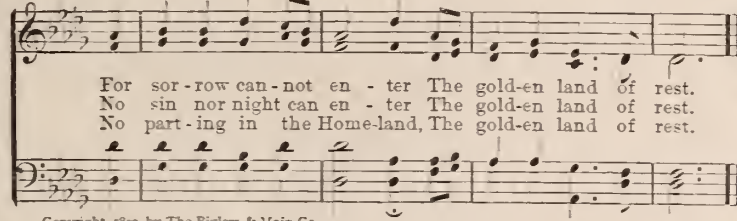
Where blooms e-ter-nal sum-mer, And all is love and peace;
Where He, my Lord and Sav-iour, Will wipe all tears a-way;
My friends are in the Home-land, They wait and watch for me;



There dwell the tried and faith-ful, No more with care op-pressed,
My thoughts are in the Home-land A-mong the pure and blest,
O joy-ful, joy-ful meet-ing, With those for-ev-er blest,



For sor-row can-not en-ter The gold-en land of rest,
No sin nor night can en-ter The gold-en land of rest,
No part-ing in the Home-land, The gold-en land of rest,



For sor-row can-not en-ter The gold-en land of rest.
No sin nor night can en-ter The gold-en land of rest.
No part-ing in the Home-land, The gold-en land of rest.

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CHRISTIAN HELPFULNESS.

41st Psalm and Proverbs 10: 17.

"CHRISTIAN, hark!" a sweet voice
whispers,
"Who hath pity on the poor.
Lendeth to the Lord of glory.
Who will all love's gifts restore."

Child of God, canst thou not trust him
With a little from thy store;
Since thou knowest, if 'tis empty,
He can fill with thousands more?

God will make thy bed in sickness,
And deliver in distress.
Trust him, Christian, he will keep thee,
With his choicest blessings bless.

Jesus says it is more blessed
Far to give, than to receive;
To relieve and cheer the wretched—
What a blessed life to live!

— S. W.

Nanticoke, Ont. Can.

HAIL TO THE RISEN JESUS.

HAIL to the Risen Jesus!
He lives to die no more.
Let glad hosannas echo,
O'er earth from shore to shore.

Hail to the Risen Jesus!
His praise let nations sing.
Now Joseph's tomb is empty,
It could not hold our King.

Hail to the Risen Jesus!
The first-fruits of the dead.
For we shall rise as surely,
As Christ our living Head.

Hail to the Risen Jesus!
His praise let anthems swell.
Now at his girdle hanging,
The keys of death and hell.

Hail to the Risen Jesus!
Hosanna to his name.
Our gentle, loving Saviour,
Forevermore the same.

Stayner, Ont.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

THE LAST GREAT WAR.

Characteristics of the War and its Lead-
er at the Close of this Dispensation.

THE rise of a formidable chief and warrior, who shall subdue and rule over all other great kings some time prior to the close of the present dispensation, is the subject of several prophecies, both in the Old Testament and the New. The most remarkable are those of the Little Horn of Daniel 7: the King of Fierce Countenance of Daniel 8: the Wilful King of Daniel 11: the Man of Sin and Son of Perdition of St. Paul (II. Thess. 2: 3-9); and the Wild Beast of St. John (Rev. 13: 1-17: 1, etc.).

As will be seen by reference to these passages the terms in which the evil chief is described are very explicit and striking. Scripture repeatedly testifies, in these and other prophecies, that in the latter days an evil ruler shall arise, who shall concentrate in himself all earthly power. This testimony is also conclusive upon the point that the last war and the last battle must necessarily be a conflict between evil per se and good per se. Reason shows that this is a necessity: Scripture describes it in prophetic vision as a fact. Notice the connection of the two:—

The Little Horn shall wear out the saints of the Most High—make war with them, and prevail against them. The King of Fierce Countenance shall destroy the mighty and the holy people, and stand up against the Prince of princes. The Wilful King shall "speak" against God, and "prosper" till he comes to the glorious holy land, destroying and taking away many. The Man of Sin "opposeth" all that is called God or that is worshipped, "with all power and signs and lying wonders." The Wild Beast makes war with the witnesses and saints, and overcomes and kills them: then he gathers the whole world to the battle of the great day of God Almighty, and makes war with the Lamb.

Nothing more than these citations is needed to establish on Scripture grounds the proposition which reason lays down, that the last war must be "a conflict between powers representing more perfectly than can be imagined in merely human affairs, as at present conducted, the simple original principles of good and evil." With the elements of all evil so marvellously and so antagonistically at work as they are in the present disjointed world, such a conflict as that which is thus proved to be inevitable will, with great probability, be an outcome from a contest of a totally different character. This appears from several considerations. Goodness, per se, can hardly become an object of tyrannous repression, except as an obstacle to the designs and purposes of evil and wicked rulers. It is intrinsically too unobtrusive, and too little prominent in human affairs to become an object of attention, unless the circumstances of the times render it obnoxious and hateful. It is not an earthly power, having dominion, and using physical force, and is not likely, therefore, to assume such a substantive form as to be an obvious object of attack by an earthly power, having dominion, and using physical force.

It may be assumed, without contradiction, that in a struggle for supremacy of power, goodness, either in the abstract, or in the persons of those who truly represent it, will not be the first object of attack. The development of an ambition that grasps the empire of the world, would first arouse the enmity of those worldly powers that would have everything to lose by the success of so vast a scheme. Hence would arise the pretexts for an opposition that, in its results must fill the world with strife and war, until, through combined might and policy, the purpose of ambition should prosper, and all nations and kings be compelled to submit to the supreme potentate.

The evil chieftain, whosoever he may be, that shall arrive at this "bad eminence," will then be in the position to begin a war of extermination against the "good." These, living in the world, while not of the world, will take no part in the fiery contests around them: nor, when the wicked supremacy is established, will they be forward to profess an allegiance to it that will render questionable their loyalty to Christ. This negation of his authority and supremacy will be intolerable to the king, and hence persecution and extermination will be proclaimed. This, no doubt, is the rationale of these events; and it is in various ways confirmed by Scripture.

To be Continued.

Missions in the "Black Belt."

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama and its Good Work.

THE Black Belt of Alabama embraces seventeen counties running across the State from east to west near the center. It is naturally a lovely country of magnificent natural resources. It has a delightful climate, rich, black soil, generally rolling and well drained, producing abundantly a great variety of crops. Although cotton is the great staple, corn, rice, sugar-cane, Irish potatoes in the spring and sweet potatoes in summer and fall, oats, barley, rye, hay, peanuts and other products yield abundantly when attention is paid to them. It is often said that grass will not grow in the South. In this section thousands of tons of hay are raised and baled and shipped every year, and the extensive Johnson grass pastures are famed for fattening the best of beef. There are a variety of native grasses, some flourishing only in summer, others grow all winter and ripening early in spring, while the wild cane that grows luxuriantly all through these once called "canebrake lands" even on the hillsides, makes the best of winter pasture for all stock except fattening cattle, which need Johnson grass to give the final touch of flavor and color for the finest beef. These rich lands held at \$50 an acre before the war can be bought for from \$5 to \$15 according to quality, location and improvements and would be a grand country for farmers from the overcrowded East to move to, if only they would go in numbers sufficient to take their own society, schools and churches with them.

These black lands now swarm with a dense colored population. The last census shows that there are 350,000 colored people on the plantations of this Black Belt of Alabama alone, and only about 50,000 white people who generally prefer to live in the cities where they find good society, schools and churches. Heretofore nearly all the mission and school work among the colored people has been confined to the cities leaving the great masses of people on the plantations forming nine-tenths of the whole colored population comparatively untouched. Being left to themselves for spiritual guidance and instruction, with but little understanding of the Word of God, and with nothing but the very defective and inadequate common school system for the education of their children (which provides only seventy-five dollars a year for a school with actual enrollment of 170 pupils), it is no wonder that there is much of the blackness of ignorance and superstition prevailing throughout this region of such magnificent natural resources. Better schools and better churches with intelligent leaders are imperatively needed.

The Industrial Missionary Association of Alabama is an organization formed for the purpose of reaching these masses of plantation people with the Bible, the spelling book and wisely directed industrial help. In this agricultural section, its industrial work is mainly agricultural. It is incorporated and has purchased 4,000 acres of land which it divides into small holdings, and rents to the people with contract to sell on favorable terms, giving them as far as possible instruction in improved methods of agriculture and the use of improved implements and holding out the stimulus of "home-getting" as an inducement to economy and faithful industry. It also has a saw-mill, grist mill, cotton gin, blacksmith shop, store, post-office, and two railroad stations on its lands. It supports two churches, three schools and a night school. All the profits arising from the sale or rental of its lands must, according to its charter, be spent in mission or school work. Thus the plan is to form self-supporting missions, with at the same time the view of helping the material condition of the people. Without homes, home comforts, and some feeling of self-help and independence, how can moral or intellectual improvement be looked for?

President Curtis, now in the North to look after the interests of the Association, states that the financial condition of the Association is quite strengthened, although the mission and school work is prospering greatly. Two bad crop years in succession have interfered greatly with the self-supporting feature while the financial stringency in the North has cut off the usual contributions. In this emergency, the Association has asked the wider co-operation of all who are interested in uplifting these masses of plantation people. Six a year will support a teacher, \$20 a preacher. The treasurer is M. V. Curtis, Beloit, Ala.



SELF-CONTROL.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 15. Col. 3: 1-17.

MISTAKEN ideas of what salvation really is, and means, are so prevalent that even at the risk of repetition the true idea has to be reiterated and emphasized. How prevalent and how serious the mistaken ideas are any one can perceive in any ordinary revival service, or in the testimonies given at holiness meetings. It is actually pathetic to hear persons who have turned their faces in the heavenward direction and are enjoying the inward satisfaction that comes from peace with God, using language implying that they have attained the goal of spiritual life. It is the language of rest and contentment, when it should be the language of ardent aspiration and desire. It is as if some poor, op-

pressed, down-trodden slave had been emancipated, brought into some free and fertile land and given tools for cultivating it with the promise of a rich harvest to reward his efforts; yet instead of setting to work, spent his time in rejoicing over his bettered condition and the favor of his benefactor, making no attempt to do the work he is expected to do. Justification is only the beginning of the Christian life. In Bunyan's inimitable allegory, the pilgrim's journey was not ended when his burden rolled off his shoulders into the sepulchre. Many conflicts had to be fought and many a victory won before the end was reached. Jesus came into the world to save his people from their sins. That is something more than saving them from the punishment of them. He would save them from the power and the taint of sin, from the dominion of the evil within them and around them. The Christian life is, as a great teacher has said, a growing and a becoming, more than a having and a resting. The conception of it as a thing accomplished and perfected at conversion is a mischievous error that has worked and is still working havoc in the church. Numbers of its members, after making profession of faith, have found the old passions and appetites, which they supposed were eradicated, still working within them and leading them into sin, and have concluded that they were mistaken in supposing that conversion was the power it was represented to be. Such people often become backsliders or remain in the church barren and unfruitful members. This evil would be avoided if they realized at the out-

YOUNGSTOWN'S NEW BUILDING.

The building, a picture of which appears on this page, is the new home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Youngstown, Ohio. It is a large and substantially



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

built edifice in one of the most accessible districts of the city. The building and lot cost ninety thousand dollars, and is considered by experts to be worth considerably more than that sum. It is matter for congratulation that so young an association—it is only twelve years old—should have been able to secure so handsome a building for its own. It has over seven hundred members, of whom about one-third are on the active list. It is gratifying to learn that the average attendance at the religious meetings is over one hundred, and that the Bible-classes flourish. A thriving boys' auxiliary is connected with the Association to which a convenient room is assigned. The new home has a small well-selected library, and a gymnasium with all the modern appliances.

A NOVEL SOCIAL.

The Social Committee is perhaps the department of all others most in need of suggestions. The following account of a social recently held by the Epworth League, of Los Angeles, Cal., may therefore be welcome in other quarters: It appears from the report sent to the "Epworth Herald" by a Los Angeles correspondent that the Reception Committee of the First Church organized the social with special regard to the literary classes. To each class a corner in the meeting room was assigned and each class took a pride in making its corner emblematic of its work. The Bible Topics Class converted its corner into an Oriental booth, with a trellis covered with ivy vines;

and two members in Eastern garb, received visitors offering the Oriental beverages of coffee and sherbet. Palestine curiosities were arranged on a long table with various emblematic devices. The Reading Circle had been engaged with Indian Topics during the season, and it made its corner as much of an Indian bungalow as possible. Tea and wafers were offered there and the attendants were attired in Hindoo garb. The class in American authors held court in a New England kitchen with open fireplace, crane and settle, and provided popped corn for the guests. The C. L. and S. Circle constructed a model of the famous Hall of Philosophy on Chautauqua Lake. White pillars gleaming through bamboo trees, festooned draperies, tall palm trees, busts of Julius Caesar and other classic heroes made this corner attractive to all comers. The room was crowded with guests all the evening and much admiration was expressed at the tasteful arrangements.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Baptist Boys' Brigade is prospering in Chicago. At a meeting of the workers, held recently in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, plans were discussed for organizing and extending the work still further.

A new statistical statement has been issued by the Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. From this it appears that there are now 30,610 local societies, with a total membership of 1,836,600. The number of Junior Societies is now 5,438. The largest number of Societies are Presbyterian; next come Congregationalists and Baptists with the Disciples fourth on the list. Australia is running England close in the number of Societies. Both countries have over twelve hundred.

The Young Women's Christian Association at Lille, France, which was founded three years ago, has twenty-six members, and by the kindness of a friend of the work, has been provided with a hall in which to hold meetings. The Associations at Nancy and Saint Quentin have nearly twice as many members, and are doing work which is highly appreciated in the Protestant community.

The Tennessee Epworth League is to hold a great convention at Bellbuckle, Tenn., April 10-21. One delegate for every fifteen members is the basis of representation and all pastors are ex-officio members. Notable platform speakers from other Southern States are expected in addition to the home talent, and a large choir has been organized and drilled.

Several Epworth League chapters in Chicago and vicinity are pledging \$10 a year toward the endowment of an Epworth bed in Wesley hospital for the special use of students, Epworthians, and other young people with Methodist affiliations.

DEATH INVADERS A C. E. SOCIETY.

A bereavement which affects one of the New York Societies of Christian Endeavor and has caused deep sorrow among a large circle of friends in other Societies has desolated a Christian home in this city. A promising young man on the threshold of manhood, with grand opportunities of usefulness before him, which he had already demonstrated his power and will to use for the glory of God, has been called up higher. He was the son of Mr. Hugh O'Neill, the famous dry-goods merchant of New York. The young man was a student of the University Grammar School, and was looking forward to his graduation in June next, when he would enter upon his business career. These hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. He was prostrated early last month with severe illness which in a few days terminated fatally. At his funeral on March 22, there were many touching evidences of the affection in which he was held by his many friends and associates. His pastor, Dr. Kennedy, his relative, Dr. H. Smyth and other ministers testified to his exemplary Christian character and to the regret that is felt by his many friends at the loss sustained in his death.



A Mashona Household.

Happy and Contented Once More, now that Lobengula, the Oppressor, is Gone.



DURING the last twenty years or more, a large part of Africa, contiguous to the Zambesi river, has been kept in a continual state of terrorism by the inroads of marauding tribes, of which the Matabele, lately subdued by the British South African Company, was a typical example. Mashonaland, a fertile country, popular and prosperous, and inhabited by a peaceful agricultural people, was peculiarly subjected to these raids, and its inhabitants were ruthlessly slaughtered or dragged off to slavery, while their pretty villages and well-kept gardens and orchards were swept bare or burned to the ground. Since the expulsion of the Matabele from the territory, and the death of the tyrant, Lobengula, the Mashonas have once more begun to enjoy the freedom and security of which they were so long deprived by the invaders.

An interesting photograph—one of a series forwarded by Rev. E. H. Richards, Superintendent of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church of America in Eastern Africa—which is reproduced on this page, represents a group of brothers and sisters from Eastern Mashonaland. They are of Zulu descent, and are the subjects of Gungunyama, King of the Gaza country—the only monarch of Zulu blood now left in all East and South Africa. Their attire, as shown in the photograph, may be accurately described as native "full dress" or gala costume. Both sexes wear heavily beaded waist-belts, and the women, like their sisters in more civilized communities, indulge in not a few feminine trinkets, which would seem to indicate that, even in tropical Africa, vanity is a prevalent weakness. The bead-work is something of which the native African is very proud, and if the average feminine wearer had sufficient means, or beads enough, she would probably cover herself from head to foot with it. Contact with white settlers has helped not a little to develop this passion for personal adornment, although it is somewhat absurd to recognize, in the walking canes of the two Mashona men in front and the carelessly-held handkerchief of the one who is kneeling, a deft native imitation of European manners. In the same imitative category is the square piece of white cloth depending from the neck, which is meant to represent the linen bosom of civilized masculinity. These square pieces, as the picture shows, are worn indiscriminately by both sexes and no doubt constitute the very climax of "imported fashion" in that part of the globe.

The three women in this domestic group are single. When a Mashona maid becomes a wife, she attains to the dignity of a cow-skin quilt, instead of the fringed gar-

ment shown in the picture. In Natal the price of a native African woman is reckoned at ten beaves; at Tanganyika and in the Upper Congo, the slave tariff places her at about \$1.68 per head; and in Masailand she is sold still more cheaply. Wherever Christianity has been introduced in Africa the lot of woman has improved.

Mr. Richards, who has a large experience in missionary work in East Africa, is now laboring among the Gazas and the Tongas, with great success. He has already established a strong and successful mission at Inhambane, and is preparing to extend the work to Mashonaland proper and the Shire country. His present headquarters are at Mapumulo, Natal.

Children and Money.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea

perb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need enough money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture.

Don't Whine.

One of the most objectionable as well as intolerable traits is that of continuously whining, and it is a common habit into which any one is very apt to fall. There are many otherwise happy homes rendered hideous and unendurable by their whining occupants, who seem to forget that other people have any sensibilities whatever, or a desire for peaceful surroundings. Children should be trained at an early age to avoid the habit of unnecessary whining over real or imaginary grievances. If fault is to be found with anybody or anything, let it be done quietly, persuasively, and on the instant, and not keep up a constant sulky air and whining repetition of the grievance. Some whine over work they have to do a week or more in advance of its performance and others worry themselves and every one about them over their taitque when their work is done. Whining mars both face and character.

Louisa Alcott's Girlhood.

When it was necessary to chide or praise her children Mrs. Alcott wrote them little notes; many of these were answered by Louisa. These letters, writes E. H. Mackey in "The Literary Bulletin," undoubtedly tended to form that tender love which ex-

IN BEULAH LAND.

THE sin-taint of earth is still clinging,
And the spirit, till purified grown,
Could not bear heaven's rapturous singing,
The ineffable light of God's throne.

But in Beulah's fair precincts reposing—
It sojourns where angels serene
Are as ministering spirits, disclosing
The glories of heaven yet unseen.

They remember their song—the star shining,
Of peace and good will towards men,
And their love is forever inclining,
To bring fullness of joy unto them.

Here in Beulah are fruits, flowers, immortal,
By the fourfold still waters they bloom,
Their fragrance e'en reaching the portal
Of yon brighter, more permanent home.

O'er its sky shadows gather, ah! never,
And the ambient air echoes no sigh,
For life's heart-aches are banished forever,
Sin nor sorrow no more cometh nigh.

In near sight of the gates now unfolding,
As the shining ones pass and return,
See the radiant crowns they are holding,
For the brows that will nevermore yearn.

Oh! the home-bringing must be so glorious
When the entrance abundant is given,
As the angels lead on the victorious—
The purified spirits to heaven.

January, 1894. —SOPHIA MIDDLETON.*

THE SERVANT'S SUNDAY.

The tendency of to-day, especially in comfortably well-to-do families, is to make Sunday anything rather than a day of rest and spiritual rejuvenation. In many homes, the difference between the first day of the week and the other six is marked only by a cessation from business pursuits, and the Sunday is spent in alternate indolence and festivity by the family. To this rule, however, the servants are an exception. These have hard times in consequence, and the danger of losing one of their most precious privileges—that of resting to a reasonable extent from labor on the Sabbath day, and of dedicating a portion of it at least to the special service of the Gracious Giver.

To girls who have been brought up in quiet homes by God-fearing parents, the change must be a great trial to be employed in a place where God's name is never mentioned with reverence, and where Sunday is wholly given up to selfish indulgence. To some girls, a place of this kind would be simply ruinous. It would foster every giddy inclination that had already begun to spring in the young mind. When indoors, she would have no good example to imitate; when out of doors, she would fear neither oversight nor restraint, except as to the time of her return. There would be no questioning as to her resorts or companions; no concern about her spiritual welfare. So long as the

work was done the mistress would be satisfied, and probably think herself most fortunate in being fairly well served. Would it be likely that a mistress who never troubled herself about the true welfare of her children, or asked herself to what road their habits were hurrying them, would concern herself about the poor girl who was under her roof merely to do certain work in return for certain wages? Would she not rather think it natural for her servants to seek, when out of her sight, amusements as nearly as possible akin to those which satisfied her and her family?

Mistresses have responsibilities beyond the mere payment of wages. They are accountable for the moral influences that surround their servants and may be the potent agent for good or ill throughout their lives.

* The gifted writer, a lady of eminent piety and long a reader of this journal, passed away recently at Bowling Green, Ky. This poem was her last production and is forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Miss Blankinship, of Wintepock, Va.



A FAMILY GROUP OF MASHONA NATIVES, EAST AFRICA.

From a photograph forwarded to "The Christian Herald" by Rev. E. H. Richards, Missionary.

of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did you buy with your money?" and he answered: "I bought a cake and a candy, and some soda, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel she said, "What did you buy with your money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "Daniel borrowed mine."

On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much su-

perb satisfaction with five thousand dollars, and which is so exquisitely described in Miss Alcott's journal. At a very early age Louisa revealed traces of strong affection and literary tastes. These characteristics were developed by this correspondence with her mother, who in every way tried to teach her that which was most worthy. The strength of this influence may be seen in her personal life and writings. One of her amusements in girlhood-days was the writing and impersonation of dialogues in company with her playmates—the children of Emerson and Hawthorne. Of Ralph Waldo Emerson, she speaks thus in her diary: "I can never tell all he has been to me, from the time I sang Mignon's song under his window a little girl and wrote letters to him at fifteen, up through my hard years, when his essays on Self-Reliance, Character, Compensation, Love and Friendship helped me to understand myself, and life, and God, and Nature."



CHAPTER XII. Continued.

THE Paull purse was the heavier by many dollars for Mrs. Barnes' visit, and the Paull hearts lighter for the everyday ministrations of the practical "all-around woman." So far from pitying her friend for the fall in her fortunes, and bewailing the necessity of engaging in "business," she bade her "God speed" in the cheeriest of tones; wished that every woman in the land had a profession, the independence to engage in the actual duties of the same, and the skill to make her handiwork excellent in itself.

"Not appealing to the public because she chanced to be born a woman, and therefore an object of charity!" protested the latter-day prophetess. "When the world acknowledges that it is more honorable to make capital pickles than to paint pictures which are only tolerable because a woman 'executed' them; better worthy of an intelligent creature to bring bread-making to perfection than to hawk poor prose and worse verse from publisher to publisher; nobler to cultivate strawberries well than to go into the teacher's office for a piece of bread—the real Woman's Age will be here."

For Marie, Mrs. Barnes had several new books and half a dozen pieces of music—among them three duets which the donor and her daughter Elizabeth had practiced together. They liked them so well that Marie, who was a far better performer than either of them, must learn them. She could play them with Mrs. Barnes while the latter was at Pinehurst. (At Mrs. Paull's request the guest found a name for the place before she had been there three hours.) After her return to Brooklyn, Marie could practice with her mother. Incited by her praise and bright-heartedness, Marie aroused herself into a passable show of interest in passing events and her present.

She actually opened the piano of her own accord and played, alone and in the dark, passages from oratorios and other sacred compositions on the second Sunday evening of Mrs. Barnes's stay at Pinehurst. Her touch was exquisite, and her rendering of the numbers full of taste and feeling.

"I cannot thank you as I would for the good work you have begun in her," said her mother to her friend. "I have been sadly disheartened about her for a long time. I seem to have lost touch with her since my illness last winter. Until then, we were every whit as intimate as you and Elizabeth. My heart sinks in looking forward to what may be the outcome of the estrangement. Estrangement! Annie! can you conceive what pain it costs a mother to use that word with reference to her very own child?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—M. F. Butts.

The two women were sitting upon the honeysuckle porch; Elspeth had drawn her chair to the kitchen-floor; her hands were folded in Sabbath quiet upon her snowy apron.

"Why do you look forward?" said Mrs. Barnes, quietly.

Mrs. Paull gave a surprised little laugh. "Because I cannot help it. My tendency has always been to borrow trouble."

"Yet I don't know an honest woman. You would be wretched if you had to live upon borrowed capital."

"This is altogether different."

"Yes; you would borrow money from your fellow-men. You try to negotiate a loan of to-morrow, and next year from Him who has made you an ample allowance for to-day, and forbidden you to anticipate supplies."

"Ah-h-h!" a light breaking in upon the

speaker's mind. "I had forgotten that you belong to Nurse Williams' school of what the dear old soul calls 'The Royal Roaders.' She began once to explain their creed, but we were interrupted, and other things pressed it out of my mind. As nearly as I can recall it, her system of belief is predestination, simple and severe; the persuasion that 'what is to be will be,' no matter what we do or say. I call that downright fatalism, the blind faith of the Mussulman, not the rational belief of the Christian."

"At its baldest, it is more rational than the other extreme of 'what is to be may not come to pass.' Mrs. Williams got the phrase, 'The Royal Road,' from Mr. Stevens, the New York evangelist of whom you have heard me speak so often. I went with her to his church on the evening set by him for telling his congregation how to find and to keep in 'The Royal Road to Happiness.'

"What a congregation that was!" she resumed, musingly. "I had been a pastor's wife for fifteen years, and thought myself fairly well versed in varieties of human nature, but I was in a different sphere from the law-and-order orbit in which I had previously revolved. There were men and women in good clothes about me, most of them evidently belonging to the laboring classes, but there were men who were ragged and dirty. Shop-girls were there in cheap finery and imitation jewelry, and close beside them women in black stuff gowns and black shawls pinned bias across their bosoms, and bonnets that were meant for mourning, and cotton mitts upon hands that were hardened by the wash-board. There are unsuspected saints among working women of that type, and their Sunday clothes are always mourning suits. Mixed in with these respectable folk were others with handkerchiefs tied over their heads and knotted under their chins, and gowns stiff with dirt that were falling apart by their own weight, and faces that seemed never to have known soap, or even a 'dry-wash.' Faces seamed by sin and trouble and weary waiting for the good time which they were sure, by now, would never come to them. Men skulked in corners who, you could not help thinking, would skulk into corners in Paradise from the force of habit, if they ever got there; a species of human fungi that shuns the light, and fattens in the dark, and upon rotten things;—and bolder-faced men who stood conspicuously in the aisles and crowded up near the pulpit, at sight of whom you couldn't help feeling for your pocket-book, and were surprised that it was still there.

"Such a 'mix' of all classes and conditions of humanity I had never beheld before, yet there wasn't a policeman to be seen, and there was no confusion beyond what was inseparable from the massing of so many and such various sorts of people in a limited space. There was, it is true, the buzzing of whispering and the indescribable sound of clothing, rubbing against the seats and against other clothing, but it stopped all at once when the preacher walked upon the platform. He is not tall, and he is somewhat thick-set in figure, what a kind, honest face. It beamed with benignity in looking over the motley audience. Without invocation or preface he began somewhat in this fashion:

"There must be five,—maybe there are six kinds of politics represented here to-night. Democrats, and Republicans and Mugwumps, and Prohibitionists, and Anarchists, and Home Rulists, and the great party of Look-out-for-Number-Oneists. I am not here to find fault with any one of these parties. St. Paul once preached in a town where they worshipped thirty thousand gods. In fact there were so many that a law had been passed against inventing any more idols. But in case any of the heathen gods should have been overlooked, they had put up an altar with this inscription on it: 'To the Unknown God.'

"That was something like what you ward politicians would call 'hedging'—eh?"

Of course everybody laughed, and there was some clapping, and a cheer from one corner. He got them quiet with one gesture of his uplifted hand. Then he went on:

"St. Paul was a long-headed man who had been a lawyer before he was a preacher. Yes! and a tent-maker to boot. He paid his own salary in one town by working at his trade. So he preached to this idol-ridden people that this Unknown God 'whom,' he said, 'ye ignorantly worship,' was the Lord whom they were feeling after, and had not found.

"This brings me to what I am here to say to you this evening. God that made the world and all things that are therein, he is the Lord of Heaven and earth, the Lord of lords and King of kings. And he so loved the world,—this sinful, fallen, soiled and sorrowing world of which you, my brother, and you, my sister, and I who speak to you are a part—that he came, himself, in the person of his Son, to die for us! I want all of you—each one here present—whether he has any ear or not, any voice or none—whether he ever sang before in his life, or not—to join me now in singing—

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

"Alice! you never heard such singing! How they kept the tune and time I do not know, but they did, and carried the hymn clear through with a rush and a shout. When the old woman on my left—who must have been a rag-picker, if one might judge by the dirt on her worsted hood, and the grime on her hooked fingers—joined her cracked screech to the rounded sweetness of dear Nurse Williams on my right in—

O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
Join in the everlasting song
And crown him Lord of all!

I just got my face between my two hands and cried harder than I ever let any baby of mine cry. It was wonderful."

She was excited in the telling. Into the eloquent interval dividing the two parts of the narrative, Mrs. Paull's voice stole, sweet and thrilling:

"And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying: 'Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! and let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him!'"

"Nurse Williams thought of that, for she whispered to me before I dared show my face again:

"Ain't it, for all the world, like a chapter right out of the Book of Revelations?"

"The prayer came next. I had been afraid of something approximating irreverence, but I need not have feared it. It was not like other people's prayers, of course, but his tone and language showed that he knew in whose presence he stood. He told the Lord that all of us, small and great, were seeking one and the same thing—happiness, here and hereafter, and entreated him to help 'the weak, unworthy speaker' to direct us into the right way—the plain path—the Royal Road.

"There was another hymn, 'Come thou Fount of every blessing,' and then he took his text:

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

"Yes!" he blurted out, 'knows as much better what things we need and how much we need them, that we may well be ashamed of ourselves, fretful babyish fools that we are, for presuming to give him any information. It's sillier and more impudent than if the boy who peddles peanuts on Water street, should stop Jay Gould's carriage as he is hurrying up-town to deposit a cool million in the bank, and give him his opinion as to the best way of making money. It is not in any mortal to be as disrespectful and officious to another mortal, not even to king or president, as it would be for the wisest saint in earth or in heaven to dictate to the Almighty. Ask him what you like, but put it in spirit, if not in speech, into four words—"thy will be done!"

"That is to say: 'if what I want isn't good for me, please, O, Lord, read my foolish prayer backwards and don't give it to me!'"

"He gave incident after incident, proving what mistakes we make in praying for what God in his wisdom and mercy refuses to let us have, and how we blunder into wrong and dangerous ways, screaming and kicking at this bolted door, and trying to pick the lock of that, and to blow the door of another off the hinges, and the tolly of it all, and the love 'that saves us from the consequences of ourselves' (that was his

phrase, and at last he got to the sure prescription for securing peace of mind here and blessedness hereafter. It was to throw ourselves upon Christ for salvation, and let him have us entirely for his own, and to leave our time, as God means and commands us to do, for one day only, and to recollect that it is a lease and that the Landlord holds the insurance, pays the taxes and keeps the premises in repair.

"Trust him with your soul, and then with the life that now is. The smartest man in the world cannot manage more than one day at a time, and the man who lived a hundred years, never owned two days at once.

"You may say, 'Since I cannot help myself, I'll make a virtue of necessity and not worry about to-morrow.' That was the trick of fools who lived three thousand years ago. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' They didn't know how much that day was worth. Just as your baby would as lief chuck a five-dollar gold piece into the gutter as a cent.

"A day! oh, my brother! take the beautiful, new thing into your hand and look at it! Fresh from God's mint, stamped with his image and superscription, his present to you and to you alone, made expressly for you, and not another like it in all the universe, or in Eternity, past or present. Hold it with both hands and get all the good you can out of it. You may never have another day. Another thing! Every day that is counted out to you is registered in his Book of Remembrance, and when you have had the last one, the ledger will be shown to you. 'Thomas Smith. One New Day,' with the date set opposite to it and a memorandum of the condition it was in when it got back to the Book. For, it's bound to go back! You can't melt it down, nor tear it up, nor 'sweat' it, nor burn it. Whatever God makes and stamps is immortal."

"He gave us thirty minutes of such talk, and nobody moved to go out. I can convey a very faint idea of his style and none of his manner of saying these things. He concluded by asking each one of us to begin to walk in the Royal Road, the very next morning.

"Monday is a tough day for I, know," he said. "It does seem sometimes as if the devil were bound for a season over Sunday, and got out of limbo with a leap and a howl, like a giant maddened by Jersey lightning before honest folks are out of bed Monday morning. There's all the more reason why you should choke him off at the start. Now, listen! as soon as you, my sister,—and his eyes seemed to take in Mrs. Williams, my rag-picker and myself—wake up to-morrow, say your prayers. They need not be long. A great English preacher, Rowland Hill by name, used to say that he liked very short prayers—such as are jerked out of a man when sorrow or temptation grabs him all of a sudden. He said they reached heaven before the devil got a chance at them. You can get yours over in a minute or less. 'Give me this day my daily bread!' will do if you mean all you say. Food for the soul, food for the heart, food for the mind, and, last and least, food for the body. Don't sit down to cry over the mistakes you made yesterday. Don't pipe your eye over what you are afraid is coming to-morrow. You may never see to-morrow, and if you do, it will be To-day by the time it gets here, and God, who has never broken a promise and never will break one,—promises that you shall have strength given for that day. A man told me when I was a little shaver, that all the fortune he cared to have was one little pocket in which he could always find a sixpence. All the fortune of time that you need—and this your heavenly Father knows—is just one little day.

"Trim your day clean at both ends, and don't waste a scrap of it. If you are a house-keeper, Monday is washing-day. You wouldn't mind washing-day so much if it wasn't for the thought of how much longer it takes to iron, than to wash clothes. You've got nothing to do with Tuesday until Tuesday comes. Put it out of your mind. Say 'I won't think of it!' and keep your word. You'll be surprised to find how much more strength you'll have for to-day if you don't fritter it away worrying over to-morrow. When Tuesday comes, take hold of it, too, with a brave heart and clean, empty hands, that have none of Monday's mud sticking to them."

"But, Alice, I am talking you into the Land of Nod! I, who have struples against evening services in hot weather! You know my tongue of old, and that you have the magic art of drawing me out and on."

(To be Continued.)

"WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY."

THE fields are white for the harvest;
Say, brother, what will you do?
There comes a cry for the reapers,
And the laborers are few.

The fields are white for the harvest;
The beautiful golden grain,
Lies waiting to be garnered,
Ere comes the wind and rain.

The fields are white for the harvest;
Behold! there comes the cry:
Come hither and join the reapers,
Why stand ye idly by?

If you cannot toil with the reapers,
In the heat of the harvest sun,
Then why not work with the gleaners
As the beautiful Ruth has done?

Then in the gathering twilight,
Having folded your hands for the day,
When you hear the words of the Master:
"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

Though others may stand beside you,
With beautiful golden sheaves,
Remember your simple gleanings,
May please him as much as these.

Not with the strength of the reapers,
You toiled in the summer sun;
But for the sake of the Master,
Your work with love was done.

When the reapers meet together,
In the beautiful bye and bye;
With them will come the gleaners
To the Harvest Home on high.

Wil. Del. —ANNIE E. MICHENER.

*The above poem was suggested on reading the touching accounts of want and suffering in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Agonizing Headaches.

Indigestion — Distress in the Stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Accomplishes Desired Results.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has done wonders for me. For years I have been a great sufferer from agonizing headaches and

Distress in the Stomach

after eating and at other times, accompanied by sour stomach. I was very bad with indigestion also. I noticed in different papers mention of the cures

Hood's Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla had wrought and thought I would try it. It has

Accomplished the Desired Results.

The pain and distress in the stomach and the severe headache spells have been overcome as well as my indigestion. I can now enjoy a meal without any distress and can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as one of the best of medicines." ELIZA E. HILLS, Fenner, New York.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable, and efficient.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

For Internal and External Use.
Stops Pain, Cures Cramps, Inflammation in body or limb, like malaric, Croup, Asthma, Colds, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lambeback, Stiff Joints and Strains. Full particulars free. Price 35 cts. post-paid. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CUDAHY'S REX BRAND EXTRACT OF BEEF.

What equals it for a Soup, a Roast, an Entree?

Our illustrated booklet, "From Ranch to Table," an interesting write-up of the cattle industry, from the "branding" of the yearling to the "round-up" of the steer into savory Beef Extract, sent free; also enough "Rex" brand to give it a good trial, on receipt of 6c. for postage.

THE CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO. SOUTH OMAHA, NEB.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

NOTES FROM HIS CASE BOOK.

By our Special Commissioner.

CASE LXXVIII.

PHTHISIS — CASE OF MR. ROBERT BURNET, AGENT OF THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

This case was referred to in the *Christian Herald*, London, of March 5th, 1884, as one "raised from the gates of death."

The patient visited Coombe Lodge on the 15th of May, 1883. Consumption in the family, the mother having died of phthisis. Had been five years in China. Had pneumonia first, four years ago; had pleurisy since, followed by signs of consumption, which became developed so far that on examination he was found to have the "Upper lobes of the lungs diseased, and congestion at the base of each."

Through June, July, and August, there was gradual improvement. In September he writes that Dr. Alexander had given him a certificate that he might resume his duties. Advised not to leave off the medicine or use of prescribed liniment until thoroughly well, especially as winter was approaching. Wisely he continued up to the commencement of the year, gradually diminishing the dose.

In February, 1884, I saw him again in London, and found him perfectly well.

Being about to return to China he wrote the following letter:—

"Dear Sir.—Considering the great change that has taken place since I began to use your 'Elixir,' I cannot leave this country without bearing testimony to its good effects. I feel as one who has been raised up from the gates of death, and have cause to bless God, who led me to you for advice and cure."

"What a difference between my prospects when I landed in London, in May, 1883, and my prospects now! Then, compelled to leave my field of labour, with the sentence of death in me; and now in good health returning to my missionary work in China."

"My acquaintances, looking upon me, have learned to know that the incurable disease has been conquered; for seeing me, they can no longer doubt that CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE."

"After using three bottles of 'Elixir' I was conscious of a change. My strength increased, and flesh came again on my bones. Moreover, I have been able to address many public meetings without feeling any strain or suffering from the exertion necessary. Now and again I caught cold from exposure, but a few doses of the medicine soon drove every trace of it away."

"Still more, I am glad to say that after being examined by medical men in Edinburgh, they stated that now there was no disease, and certified my fitness for resuming work in a foreign land."

"Earnestly hoping that the above testimony will lead many sufferers to you for relief.—I am, ever yours gratefully, ROBERT BURNET."

NOTE.—Mr. Burnet is using my medicine with good results in China. I have just sent a large supply to Hankoo by his request (dated Jan. 15th, 1887).

Owing to numerous orders for Mr. Congreve's remedies, sent to London, Eng., which it was impossible to execute from there on account of the difficulties and cost of sending small packages through the Custom House, he has lately opened a depot at 11 Wootter St., New York, and now wishes it to be known that henceforth all sufferers in America can promptly obtain, by addressing him there.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, which even in advanced stages of that terrible disease may be used with certainty of relief.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read his book on Consumption of the lungs or decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 perfectly cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cents, or it will be sent gratis with every first order of \$1.00 trial bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir.

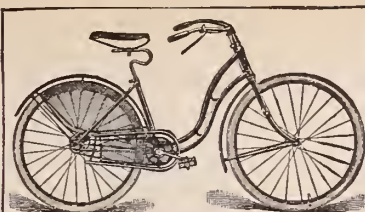
GEO. THOMAS CONGREGRE, London, Eng., and 4 Wootter Street, New York.

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In every case of freckles, pimples, moth, sallowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT (Dept. V), No. 6 E 14th St., New York.

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Require so much fertilizing that farms and gardens without this expense. The rich, loamy soil of Michigan Farms produces a fine crop of climate and freedom from cyclones, hizzards, together with good society, churches, etc., make Michigan Farms the best in the world. Write to me and I will tell you how to get the best farms on long time; low rate of interest. O. M. BARNES, Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

"WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

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Kidney

Liver & Urinary Diseases.

or if you will send us Ten Cents (postage stamps will do) to pay express charges, we will send you One Bottle by express, prepaid, FREE. We know ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure, and we send it FREE to prove its wonderful effects. Give your Post-office and nearest Express Office. Address, THE CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 418 Fourth Avenue, New York.



FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists.

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Thoughts at the Lord's Table.*

The Supper and Departed Saints.

It is not true that the saints in glory care nothing for the affairs of this earth or for us who are still upon it. Christ stands in the same relation to them as he stands to us. The divine care and protection which we daily need and for which we pray, are theirs, are now bearing in them the full fruitage of glorification. And Christ stands in the same relation to us as he stands to them. He is our Saviour as he is their Saviour. The tie between them and us is still binding because we all are in Christ. They recognize this tie. They know us now far better than when they were bodily with us. They have a deeper interest in watching Christ's work advance in our hearts, for now they have the interest of heaven added to the interest they felt on earth. And they are looking forward to the day of reunion with us with an eagerness of anticipation which we cannot even imagine, for they know what heavenly joy is, and long with unspeakable longing for our participation in its blessed fullness.

The Memory-time.

Certainly each one of us wishes to possess the greatest amount of spiritual comfort and peace and joy. Well, one way to obtain these is indicated by the Lord's Supper and its keynote, "Remember Jesus;" not only remember him at his table, but remember him in every place throughout the daily life. I am sure it would be highly promotive of our spiritual growth, if we should set aside a certain portion of each day to think over what Jesus has done for us; to think of what we were before he found us and gave us life; to think of what we now are, of what we shall one day be; and to remember that all this is the work of Jesus for us. Let it be entirely apart from our time for Bible study, our time for prayer, our time for meditation upon God's truth. Let it be a memory-time, a time to remember our dear Lord. Our love will surely be made more glowing by such an exercise; and when our love is strong and ardent, and then comes our obedience, and then the abiding of Christ with us, then our spiritual comfort and peace and joy are gained.

Everlasting Consolations.

God in his love for us has granted us everlasting consolation against every form of earthly distress, of earthly opposition, of earthly trial. He has taken away all fear of the future, and he tells us that all is beautiful in our heavenly home. He has taken away all dread of death, and shows us that death is a mere form for us. Because of these wonderful gifts, these high privileges which we possess as saints of the Lord, he expects us to be established in every good word and work. He has a right to expect this from those to whom he has given everlasting consolations. If we did not have these, if we were always trembling before trials, if we were always fearing the future, if we were always dreading death and all that follows death, we should be in no condition to do good work. But God has freed us from all these, and our freedom enables us to do good work and to speak good words for our Lord. Let us remember that we cannot separate our privileges, our responsibilities and our duties.

The Space between.

On this happy and solemn occasion we are joined by the dear ones who once sat beside us, but who have gone before us into the other world. They have not forgotten us. There is no division between us except the little division caused by the flesh. There is no great gulf fixed between us, but only a little space over which their love and our faith can reach. There is no such thing as

death for the sons of God. God is the God of the living, not of the dead. The Abrahams and Isaacs and Jacobs did not die; they could not die. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We may not see these departed ones,—we do not see them,—but that does not alter the fact. Our dear ones are living, are present with us, are now joining with us in praising God for his great work of salvation. It will not be long before we shall be with them and see plainly what we now see through signs, enjoying to the full the knowledge of the divine love and grace which we begun to know here.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK.
The Pauline, by Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D.D., (Vol. II). Uniform with "The Expositor's Bible" Series. Pp. 503; cloth covers; price \$1.50.
The Sermon Bible, by J. P. Peter to Revelation: This is the twelfth and last volume of the series, embracing the whole Scriptures. (Each volume, complete in itself, contains upward of 400 sermon outlines, and thousands of references.) Pp. 391; half-backram cloth binding; price \$1.50.

The Gospel of St. Matthew: Two Volumes of Bible Class Expositions, by Alexander MacLaren, D.D. Pp. 493; cloth; price \$1 each.

The Epistles of St. Peter: by James Rawson Lumby, D.D. Uniform with the "Expositor's Bible" Series; pp. 354; cloth binding; price \$1.50.

FROM FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND TORONTO.

The Conversion of India from Paganism to the Present Time; by George Smith, C. I. E., LL.D.; cloth; price \$1.50.

Paul, Evangelist and our Lord's Friend: A book for the American people; by John McDonald Leavitt, D.D., LL.D., the story of a clergyman who was converted from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism; pp. 286; price \$1.

Heavenly Pearls Set in a Life, a Record of Experiences and Labors in India, America and Australia; by Lucy D. Osborn. A remarkable record of a spiritual life experience; pp. 364; cloth covers; illustrated; price \$1.50.
Death and Afterwards: the nature and duration of the punishment of the wicked, considered by Henry Varley. 64 pp; paper covers; price, 25 cents.

The Christ; by James H. Brooks: a compendium of the testimony of the Holy Spirit on the inspired Word, concerning the person and work of the Saviour; pp. 287; cloth covers; price, \$1.25.

FROM THOMAS WHITTAKER, 1 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Living, Though Our Dead: A Timely Pamphlet by Rev. W. Gilman, D.D., Corresponding Secretary American Bible Society.

Aschubraedel, a Child Sketch; by Mrs. George A. Paull; 63 pp; illustrated; price, 50 cents.

The Theology of the New Testament, by Walter F. Adeney, M. A., Professor of New Testament Introduction, History and Exegesis, New College, London; pp. 248; cloth covers; price 75 cents. A compact and instructive work, valuable as an aid to Theological education.

FROM W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
The Beautiful Flower Garden, by F. Schuyler Matthews; A Handy Manual for Floriculturists; copiously illustrated; paper covers; pp. 191; price 50 cents.
All About Street Trees: A Handy little Illustrated Book for Gardeners; paper covers; pp. 131; price 20 cents.

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is splendid; in fact," says a young housekeeper, "it is almost too good. It seems as though I were making cake all the time for donations or church fairs or some committee. I tell them if they will follow the recipe in your cook book and use Cleveland's Baking Powder they can make cake just as nice as mine. I am sure I never made such cake before. Thanks both to Cleveland's baking powder and the cook book."

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2.

FEEDING THE BABY.

Much is written at the present day about the care and feeding of infants by people whose only capability for dealing with the subject is a fertile brain, and whose only aim is to appear in print; every mother knows how unsatisfactory and fallacious such advice is when she attempts to follow it. How to feed the baby is the greatest problem met with in the happy state of motherhood, and upon its solution depends the health, the happiness and the life of the child. If the mother is able to nurse her child, the question of feeding is practically settled; if she is not, she should be guided by those who have had successful experience in feeding babies and not allow herself to experiment with different foods. There are scores of artificial foods offered for sale, but the best is none too good for the baby. Eminent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject of infant feeding, and scientists who have analyzed infant foods, unite in pronouncing Mellin's Food to be the only perfect substitute for mother's milk. It is palatable, nourishing and strengthening; the weakest stomach will retain and digest it, and the puniest child will thrive upon it beyond the mother's fondest expectations. For convalescents, consumptives, dyspeptics and the aged, Mellin's Food is also of incalculable value. It is a food, not a medicine, and the system receives the nourishment it demands for its daily needs. For those severely ill Mellin's Food will sustain the failing strength and promote a speedy recovery when convalescence has been established.

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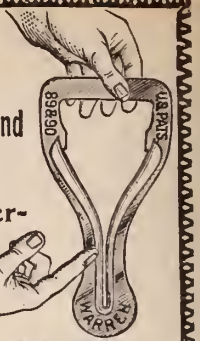
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WARREN HOSE SUPPORTER, with Rounded Rib on Holding Edges,

and name of Warren stamped on end of fastener. All others are imitations and cannot help cutting the stocking. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.

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One evening last summer, in the town of helby, O., a young man and woman set out in a wagon to attend a lecture, to be delivered by Col. Copeland before the Young people's Christian League. Warren Blackman was the young man, and his companion was the daughter of a neighbor. Both were children of Christian parents, and had been companions from youth. While crossing the B. & O. track on East Main Street, they were struck by the fast mail and both were instantly killed. The stricken parents, although stunned by their affliction, resigned themselves to God's love and wisdom. Hundreds of their neighbors were soon praying for and with them. The accident which deprived them of their loving children, was the starting point of a great revival.

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Use **Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**
Dr. W. W. GARNER, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventative of indigestion and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water, and sweetened."

Do You Have Asthma?
If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola importing Co., 164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.
Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh of the Throat, and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andralbroca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

Good Times Ahead.
No doubt about it, we are rapidly leaving "hard times" in the rear, and those who are working for good times and expecting them are already enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. If, however, things are not moving satisfactorily, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will give you a business opportunity that will prove a surprise and delight.

You know a man by the company he keeps. If he is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you can rest assured that his blood is pure, his appetite keen and his health the best. Try it yourself.

Rubifoam
Removes all uncleanness from the teeth, prevents decay, is deliciously flavored, free from acid. The friend of men, women, and children.
Sample vial free. E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents.
A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice

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Page 15. Price \$31.75. Spindle Body Wagon.

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Cart, Harness, Phaeton, Spring Wagon, Surrey or Saddle in the world at lowest wholesale prices. Shipped anywhere without paying one cent in advance. Two years written warranty. Send for our new illustrated catalogue. Its free with testimonials and references. Write to-day and save money.
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A Royal City's Ruin.

Beautiful Jezreel, the Scene of Wicked Ahab's Punishment—The fate of a City of Palaces and Sinful Pleasures.



On the brow of a rocky declivity that leads to the broad and fertile Valley of Jezreel, which lies between the mountains of Gilboa and Hermon, in Palestine, is the little town of Zer-in. From its em-

inence the eye ranges over the valley as far east as the Jordan, and west to the ranges of Carmel that rise between it and the horizon. The whole territory, as far as the eye can reach, is intensely historic. In Zer-in itself, with its twenty odd dilapidated, dwellings and its handful of inhabitants, we find the ancient and once powerful royal city of Jezreel, where the kings of Israel had a palace, and held court, and where Ahab, probably the most wicked of the Israelitish monarchs, built his house, and flaunted his wickedness before the Lord. His vain, idol-worshipping queen, Jezebel, supported an establishment of four hundred heathen priests, who had a temple dedicated to the goddess, Astarte, in a grove within the city walls. Jezebel's house, in which dwelt all the women of Ahab's court, was on the city wall, and nearby was a watch-tower, on which stood sentinels to give notice

in front of the gateway and under the city wall was an open space, such as is found in many eastern cities, where the dogs prowled in search of offal. Here, doubtless, occurred the tragedy which closed in the death of Jezebel, in startling fulfilment of prophecy. (II. Kings 9: 33-37.)

A little to the east of the traditional site of the royal palace of Ahab in Jezreel, is a smooth tract of land, that is still pointed out as the vineyard of Naboth which the wicked king coveted to enlarge his palace grounds. Here the prophet Elijah met and rebuked Ahab for consenting to the death of Naboth, and passed the Divine condemnation upon him and all his house—a sentence that was terribly fulfilled when, at Jehu's order, the seventy sons of Ahab were slain and their heads put in baskets and sent to Jehu at Jezreel. (II. Kings 10: 7, 8.) These ghastly episodes doubtless made the city distasteful to the Kings of Israel, for it never again became prominent

Jezreel," beside which Saul encamped before his fatal battle on Gilboa, is a perennial spring near Zer-in, which spreads out into a clear, sparkling pool, forty or fifty feet in width. At this pool also, as tradition affirms, Gideon and his warriors rested before their night attack on the Amalekites. Crusaders, Saracens and Arabs have all camped in turn beside this limpid and refreshing stream, and many battles have been fought in its neighborhood. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, affirms that beside this spring Naboth and his sons were executed, but others hold a different opinion. The valley of Jezreel, now called by the Arabs, "Jebel-ed-Duh," is a branch or offshoot of the vaster Valley of Esdraelon. Almost every foot of it marks some old battle-ground of Philistines, Midianites, Amalekites, Egyptians, Syrians, Assyrians, Israelites, Romans, Maccabees, Moslems, and Christians—all mighty in the warlike panorama of the past. Once the scene of the

Armageddon, Rev. 16: 16), extends about thirty miles from east to west and is probably eighteen miles in breadth. To the north lie the blue mountains of Galilee and the hills of Samaria to the south; Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa loom up on the east and gray Carmel, the scene of Elijah's sacrifice, lies opposite. In and around Esdraelon is the most fertile portion of the land of Canaan. It was the heritage of the tribe of Issachar, and from the very dawn of Hebrew history, has been the place specially chosen for encampment and battle. Across its grassy levels Napoleon led his troops on the march from Egypt into Syria. As one historian eloquently writes: "Warriors out of every nation which is under heaven have here pitched their tents, and beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dew of Tabor and Hermon." Esdraelon, like all the desirable tracts of land in Palestine, is in the control of the Turkish Government and is only partially



THE TOWER OF JEZREEL, PALESTINE, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

in their history. Its palaces, towers and splendid buildings were permitted to fall into decay, and its very site was in doubt for several centuries, until Turner, Buckingham and other travelers conclusively identified it with the Arab village of Zer-in.

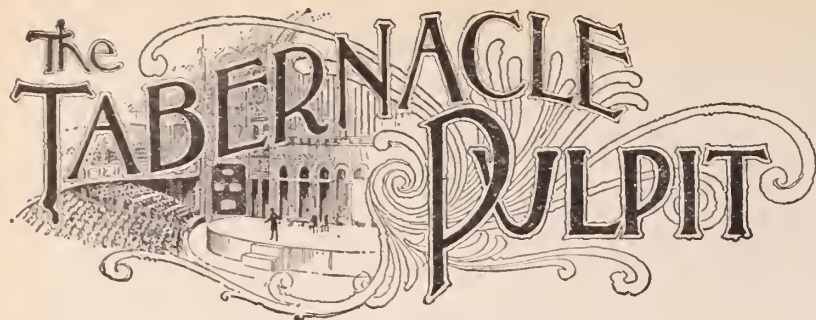
Round about the ancient royal city are many historic places. "The "Fountain of

greatest military evolutions in Palestine, it is now one of the most neglected localities of that country, and little known to the outside world, as it is seldom visited by travelers.

The plain of Esdraelon (which is also known in Scripture as the plain of Megiddo, II. Chron. 35: 22 and in the Apocalypse as

leys, since, though still rich in pasturage and natural advantages, they are almost as unoccupied as the "Kara Koum" or the Sahara. Palestine abounds in waste places, once populous, but now little better than mere heaps of debris; but in few localities has the Divine displeasure been more permanently illustrated than in Jezreel, now so completely desolated that a single broken wall is all that remains as a landmark to indicate where it once stood.

cultivated. Its desolation is all the more remarkable in view of its wonderful richness, for, except at its eastern extremity, there is not a single inhabited village on its whole surface. Both Esdraelon and the Valley of Jezreel are the home of the wandering Bedouin. Yet there was a time when these valleys, both of which take their names from the royal city of Jezreel, (Esdraelon merely being the Greek form), were occupied by a great pastoral people, with flocks and herds and "camels without number." Surely the sentence of judgment against the house of Ahab for its sins, and which caused Jezreel to be depopulated, has extended to these once beautiful val-



STRANGERS IN TOWN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Matt. 25: 35, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

IT is a moral disaster that jocosity has despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the Sword of divine truth for a game at fencing, or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of Inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last Judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality, and kindness, and Christian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth is all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another, our cities are crowded with visitors. Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson River, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island railroads there come passenger trains more than I can number; so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sight-seeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them; but there are multitudes who, in the hotels and boarding-houses, make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four days, or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and the evenings in sight-seeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them, not only financially but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man, who, in infancy, lay in a cradle satin-lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up, a foundling, on Boston Common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage, and caring for no advantage for himself; while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful conflagration of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service any escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once, perhaps, face to face, I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition, and your eternal well-being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet; but we stand to-day at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country, for beauty and elegance, are not surpassed by the hotels in

any other land; but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apartment, unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures, and perhaps any rocking chair! He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At seven o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he will look over his memorandum-book of the day's work; he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say: "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago, there were two young men who came down the Astor House steps, and started out in a wrong direction, where they have been going ever since.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral baton, all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue, and study with you Ken-sett, and Bierstadt, and Church, and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a palace for its Young Men's Christian Association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at eight o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theatre, and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who come out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward, and beating against the marble of the curbstone, and eddying down into the saloons. What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flesh of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer-meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is that man going into the drug-store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of bella-

donna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between seven and twelve o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

I meet another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say: "Where are you going?" You say: "I am going with a merchant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter, where money is kept, and the clerk goes and get it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums and haunts of vice. I care not how high-sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a process as that; drop their acquaintance. They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation. When one of these Western merchants has been dragged by one of those commercial agents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a small-pox hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there, because you are afraid of contagion. And yet, you go into the presence of a moral leprosy that is as much more dangerous to you, as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating. The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the Reign of Terror, in 1792, in Paris, people, escaping from the officers of the law, got into the sewers of the city, and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth, stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men who go on the work of exploration through the underground gutters of New York life never come out at any Seine river where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewage. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him: "Please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?"

About sixteen years ago as a minister of religion I felt I had a divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or my Presbytery, or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall; and when I had digged into the wall, behold a door; and he said, go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here; and I went in, and saw, and behold!" Brought up in the country, and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild oats." I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said: "I will explore." I saw thousands of men

going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore." I went as a physician goes into a fever lazaretto, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw, and came forth to my pulpit to report a plague, and to tell how sin dissects the body, and dissects the mind, and dissects the soul. "Oh!" say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the iniquities of the city other persons might make exploration, and do themselves damage?" I reply: "If, in company with the Commissioner of Police, and the Captain of Police, and the Inspector of Police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go? But, if not, then stay away." Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him, "Sir, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here." Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration, and on to that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces people to go and see for themselves?" I answer, yes, just as much as the description of yellow fever in some scourged city would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. But I may be addressing some stranger already destroyed. Where is he that I may pointedly yet kindly address him. Come back! and wash in the deep fountain of a Saviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup, or a chalice, or a pitcher with a limited supply to effect your ablutions. I point you to the five oceans of God's mercy. Oh! that the Atlantic and Pacific surges of divine forgiveness might roll over your soul. As the glorious sun of God's forgiveness rides on toward the mid heavens, ready to submerge you in warmth and light and love, I bid you good morning! Morning of peace for all your troubles. Morning of liberation for all your incarcerations. Morning of resurrection for your soul buried in sin. Good morning! Morning for the resuscitated household that has been waiting for your return. Morning for the cradle and the crib already disgraced with being that of a drunkard's child. Morning for the daughter that has trudged off to hard work because you did not take care of home. Morning for the wife who at forty or fifty years has the wrinkled face, and the stooped shoulder, and the white hair. Morning for one. Morning for all. Good morning! In God's name, good morning!

In our last dreadful war the Federals and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass band of the Northern troops played the national air, and all the Northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then all the Southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the

gain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together lifted, as the tears rolled down their cheeks, "one great huzza! huzza! Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day." It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death—and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we in trumpets, and hosannahs, and hallelujahs, and the chorus of the united song "earth and heaven is, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Home of bright domestic circle on earth. Home of forgiveness in the great part of God. Home of eternal rest in heaven. Home! Home! Home!"

But suppose you are standing on a crag of a mountain, and on the edge of a precipice, and all unguarded, and some one either in love or hate shall run up behind you and push you off. It is easy enough to push you off. But who would do so dastardly a deed? Why, that is done every hour of every day and every hour of every night. Men come to the verge of city life and say, "Now we will just look off. Come, young man, do not be afraid. Come near, let us look off." He comes to the edge and looks, and looks until, after awhile, Satan sneaks up behind him, and puts a hand on each of his shoulders, and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of that young man. Oh, no! He was simply an explorer, and sacrificed his life in discovery. A young man comes in from the country bragging that nothing can do him any harm. He knows about all the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "did not I receive a circular in the country telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, they would send a package with which I could make a fortune in two months; but I did not believe it. My neighbors did, but I did not. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. Oh they can't cheat me. I know what I am about." While at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst Satanic influences, in the simple fact that they are going to observe.

Now, if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women, or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils, if as did John Howard or Elizabeth Fry or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall be God-protected and they will come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity, I will take twenty per cent off your moral character.

Sabbath morning comes. You wake up in the hotel. You have had a longer sleep than usual. You say: "Where am I? a thousand miles from home? I have no family to take to church to-day. My pastor will not expect my presence. I think I shall look over my accounts and study my memorandum book. Then I will write a few business-letters, and talk to that merchant who came in on the same train with me." Stop! you cannot afford to do it.

"But," you say, "I am worth five hundred thousand dollars." You cannot afford to do it. You say: "I am worth a million dollars." You cannot afford to do it. All you gain by breaking the Sabbath you will lose. You will lose one of three things: your intellect, your morals, or your property, and you cannot point in the whole earth to a single exception to this rule. God gives us six days and keeps one for himself. Now, if we try to get the seventh, he will upset the work of all the other six.

I remember going up Mount Washington, before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would come around to our horses and stop up when we were crossing a very steep and dangerous place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse, and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell you that this road of life is so steep and full of peril we must, at least one

day in seven, stop and have the harness of life readjusted, and our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to each one his share, or the business will be broken up. God is so generous with us: he has given you six days to his one. Now, here is a Father who has seven apples, and he gives six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep one for himself. The greedy boy grabs for the other one and loses all the six.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's Day away from home. A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi, are not consistent when they get so far off as the East River. I repeat—though it is putting it on a low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's Day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities, and putting down the price of goods, and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end, and a little of the Sabbath off this end. They do not keep the twenty-four hours. The Bible says: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I have good friends who are quite accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night, and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasions when it is right, but generally it is wrong. How, if the train should run off the track into the North River? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand up by your side and preach—you a Christian man, killed on a rail-train traveling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath, and not have transplanted here the European Sabbath, which for the most part is no Sabbath at all.

Oh, strangers, welcome to the great city. May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have here found God and found him in our service. May that be your case to-day. You thought you were brought to this place merely for the purpose of sight-seeing. Perhaps God brought you to this roaring city for the purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell them how you met Christ here—the loving, patient, pardoning, and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption.

A good many years ago, Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his regiment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some three hundred Spaniards. Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him with a spear, intending to destroy his life; but Stanley caught hold of the spear and the Spaniard in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lifted him up into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements, than he swung his sword and his whole regiment leaped after him and the fort was taken. So it may be with you, O, stranger. The city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever, shall be the means of lifting you up into the tower of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conquer through the grace of him who has promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you well, saying: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

The Friend of the Children.

Martin B. Lewis and his Life-work as a Sunday School Founder.

HERE are few fields of Christian activity to which more attention is given at the present time, than those occupied by the Sunday School missionaries in the comparatively new sections of our States and Territories. For nearly three years, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have supported and kept in the Southwestern field, that most devoted and efficient missionary and Sunday School organizer, Rev. George W. Sharp, who for many years has been a loyal worker of the American Sunday School Union in Missouri and adjoining States. Those three years have been prolific in spiritual results, and large numbers of Sunday Schools and not a few churches have been founded, especially in northwestern Missouri.

On this page we present the portrait of Martin B. Lewis, a veteran Sunday School missionary in the Northwest, the greater part of whose life has been spent in pioneer work in northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota. Early in life he was brought to a practical knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus by the personal appeal, prayers and teachings of the late Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, who ever afterwards was his warm friend and adviser in Christian work. Whenever Mr. Lewis came to New York in the interest of the missionary cause, he was invited to the home of Mr. Dodge. He commenced



MARTIN B. LEWIS.

Who has founded hundreds of Sunday Schools in the Northwest.

work with the American Sunday School Union in 1860. His district covers fifteen counties of Minnesota, the population of which is sixty per cent. Scandinavian. These foreigners are nearly all farmers, and they make the best of citizens. They have a few parochial schools of their own, but the young people get out of them quickly, and when they connect themselves with the work of the American Sunday School Union, they very soon become efficient workers. In this extensive territory there are at the present time eight hundred Sunday Schools or possibly more, all of which were organized by Mr. Lewis. Over thirty thousand children have thus been gathered in and trained in the Gospel and the Christian life.

Mr. Lewis tells an interesting story of the beginning of his work as a Sunday School founder. "I was an Eastern business man," he says, "with a sick wife; she suffered from consumption. She recovered, and in gratitude to God we gave ourselves and all that we had to the Sunday School Union, going to the State where my loving wife regained her health. Before joining the Union I had established schools in Minnesota teaching English to the Swedish children. In six months I taught them so that they could read well. They were the children of poor families. At that time there were few or no religious services of any sort held in a very large section, and on Sundays I used to visit several places, driving there and holding brief services one after the other."

Gradually the scattered population of that section began to take an active and intelli-

gent interest in the work Mr. Lewis had begun. Kindnesses were shown by many, who, before, had been averse to anything like religion. One young man, one day, brought a great, strong arm-chair for the missionary and placed it in the school. A friend in the East offered Mr. Lewis \$25 for it and it was sent to him. It thus became the means of buying three acres of land for school purposes. When the work of erecting a school building on these acres began, all the neighbors gave willing help. Some cut down timber; others drew it to the mill and still others brought it back; and when all was over, there was enough lumber to build a little church in addition to the schoolhouse. In this and other ways Mr. Lewis always taught the people to help themselves as far as possible.

These were rough experiences, in these early times among the backwoodsmen of Wisconsin and Minnesota, among whom Mr. Lewis labored. After connecting himself with the American Sunday School Union in 1860, he entered into the work with tenfold energy and never since then, now thirty-four years ago, has he ceased in his labors. His home is the suburbs of the town of Red Wing, on the Mississippi River. When he first located there, the country was wild and there were more Indians than white men in the neighborhood. The place is now a thriving town, with a population of 8,000, and is a centre of business and religious activity.

In the course of his journeyings—he has traveled about 4,000 miles annually for over thirty years—the missionary has many times been placed in positions of great peril, but his life and work have been divinely protected. He has crossed rivers and mountains; man, horse and buggy have been sunk in treacherous sloughs, so that little more could be seen of the horse than his neck and head; he has been extricated, dripping and exhausted, from swollen streams whose currents he had tried to ford in order to reach some point where he had to preach or open Sunday School, and he has talked to congregations while the water from his garments made little streams on the plank floor. In one locality, called Plum Creek, he was warned to stay away. As he rode to keep the appointment, a desperado jumped in front of his wagon and tried to stop him and even during the service in the schoolhouse, a man was kept parading in front to prevent interference. Afterward, some of the very persons who had been most bitterly opposed to the introduction of religious worship and Sunday Schools, became their warmest advocates and supporters. Such is always the power of the Gospel, when exemplified by an earnest Christian life.

"In Waukegan county," said Mr. Lewis, "one day called upon a woman who did not believe in Sunday Schools. Her six or eight boys and girls went fishing, Sundays. I had learned that the woman originally came from Chautauque county, N. Y. When I arrived, I found the door partly open. After a greeting which was coolly received I mentioned some people I knew in Chautauque county, when she instantly thawed out and kicking away the block behind the door, invited me inside. Through this trifling incident, we secured the good offices of the whole family and they became active church members and good Christian people. Two of the daughters are now school teachers, and the Sunday School has developed four consecrated and successful ministers of the Gospel."

The work accomplished by this veteran missionary in the wide territory in which he labored, both in Wisconsin and Minnesota, is one that may well inspire less energetic Christians to increased activity. His labors have been strictly undenominational and in planting and nourishing schools and churches, he has endeavored by sermons, addresses, and Gospel book and tracts, and otherwise to show the way of salvation through faith in Jesus. He has been uniformly successful in securing superintendents and teachers who have been enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and who are able to teach others also. From 1860 to 1892, no less than 156 churches have been established as the result of the Sunday Schools he has planted and nourished in the two states already mentioned.

Surely, this is a record to arouse the spirit of Christian emulation in well-doing. Such lives are well spent in the Master's service, and thousands who have come to a knowledge of the Gospel by these means invoke daily blessings on the self-sacrificing missionaries of the Sunday School Union.



JOSEPH, RULER OF EGYPT.

S.S. Lesson for Apr. 22, Gen. 41:38-48. Golden Text, I. Sam. 2:30. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN a severe, almost impossible school, Joseph had been passing standard after standard. Not one trial of the many through which he had to pass could have been spared. God knows what human nature needs to bring it into utter nothingness in itself, and utter dependence on him; he chastens us "for our profit that we may be partakers of his holiness." (Heb. 12:10.) Through no other school could Joseph have learned to be a simple, but a fit instrument to carry out the designs of God with an intelligent comprehension of his purpose. Earthly position, prospects, reputation, were all gone, and still "the Lord was with Joseph," and would yet prove himself to be for his servant more than all which he had lost. Joseph was no stranger to the school of faith; he had learned to recognize God in every thing, and to be happy when stripped of all, and in his true element, because without home, without friends, without reputation, exiled, oppressed, wronged in the most galling manner, yet the keynote of his life was neither his wrongs, nor yet his faithfulness, but the blessed fact patent to others as well as himself:

"The Lord was With Joseph."

Let everything be against us, let our trials be superhuman, let the tests to which God puts us be the greatest which fall to the lot of man; if under all, and above all the Lord is with us, not one pang of suffering will be lost; our God shall reap his own harvest in our lives; his purpose shall be accomplished. Himself in unbroken communion with God, Joseph was in a position to bring others near to him. Wherever one or more of God's children are drawing near to him, a spiritual atmosphere exists, and it is easier for others also to draw near to God. Thus it was that the chief butler and the chief baker dreamed, and thus it was that, later on, Pharaoh also dreamed. What there may have been of intercession for this heathen king laid on Joseph's heart before this, we may never know; suffice it that after two years from the time of the restoration of the chief butler, Pharaoh dreamed. How little the politicians of Egypt knew that a mighty hand was at work in Egypt, who should bring about unsuspected changes in the government, and that his instrument should be a man lying under a criminal charge, undergoing his sentence in the state prison! So unlooked for are

The Ways of God.

The dream of Pharaoh made a great impression upon him; something, which he could not account for, had happened to him; he could not shake off the impression; God had spoken, but he did not know the language. Oh, if men of the world would be as wise as Pharaoh, and set themselves to understand when something unexpected breaks in upon their lives, there would be more men saved from destruction and brought nigh to God than there are. In the first place, the king sent for all the magicians and the wise men of Egypt. It was plain to them that no invention of theirs could satisfy the king, he was in real earnest, and only the real thing, only a knowledge of the mysterious Being who had spoken to him in his dream could satisfy the awakened monarch. Egypt was the school of the world at that time, the repository of learning; it was a humbling thing that, in such a land, God should "bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent"; yet so it was.

The chief butler was no mean person at court, and the consternation of the baffled men of letters recalled to him what he owed to the young Hebrew prisoner who had interpreted his dream and that of the chief baker. He told the story before the king.

Joseph knew that a place of rule awaited him, and the pledge of it had been given him in Poliphar's home and in the prison, in both of which places he rose spontaneously above his surroundings. But how little did he know that deliverance was so near when Pharaoh's messages "made him run" (ver. 14, marg.), to the palace, after a hasty shave and change of garments, to interpret the dream which was confessedly beyond the learning of the wise men of Egypt! How little was he himself prepared for the king's communication: "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it; and I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it!"

"It is not in Me,"

said the witness for his God; "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. Joseph had learned his lesson. Much of the self-consciousness which said to his brethren thirteen years previously "Hear this dream that I have dreamed" had been left behind in his slavery and imprisonment. Now it was: God shall give Pharaoh an answer. And when the king related his double dream to the young stranger before him, Joseph was immediately taught of God how to speak before the king: "The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do." And then he explained how the seven fat kine which Pharaoh dreamed he saw on the bank of the river and the seven good ears of corn which he dreamed grew upon one stalk, both indicated seven years of unparalleled fruitfulness and prosperity, and that the seven lean kine, which devoured the seven fat kine, and the seven empty ears of corn, which devoured the seven good ears, signified seven years of terrible famine, which should follow the seven plenteous years, and that the very fact of the dream being doubled was a sign of how certain should be the fulfilment. Joseph showed his own personal belief in it by advising Pharaoh to appoint a minister whose business it should be to husband the resources of the land during the years of plenty, that there might be provision in Egypt against the coming time of famine.

Had not the reverses which Joseph had met with humbled him and brought him to see neither himself, nor men, nor circumstances with the same distinctness with which he would always see his God, his head might have been turned when Pharaoh said: "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" O! how Joseph must have understood all his past strange experiences, when, in the presence of the humbled scholars of Egypt, in the presence of the chief butler, his late fellow-prisoner, in the presence of Potiphar, his late master, perhaps in the presence of Potiphar's wicked wife, — Pharaoh, who ruled Egypt as an absolute monarch, addressed him, saying: "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art, thou shalt be

Over My House,

and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt!" God had been faithful. He had kept his word; Joseph at last had the place of rule. But how would he have sufficed for the many and onerous duties which came upon him had he not learned, in his severe school, how to have the Lord with him at all times and under all circumstances! He was thirty years of age; in the full vigor of physical and intellectual life; and even the heathen saw that the Spirit of God was in him. Thus he could and did take counsel with his God, and Egypt was really governed by God through the instrumentality of Joseph. A man who has been proved true in adversity is fitted to stand the temptation of prosperity; one who has fully learned to serve and

obey is thereby fitted to rule. Such a man knows what obedience costs, and has much to demand of those who are subject to him.

Joseph followed out the policy which he had indicated to Pharaoh. He began by storing up at once the corn which exceeded the present demands of the population. It must have taken no small capital to do this, but Pharaoh fully believed in Joseph's interpretation of his prophetic dreams, and probably he furnished government funds for the purpose of buying up, at very low prices, the corn which exceeded the demand. It may be also that the government taxes were paid in corn instead of money, and thus government property consisted chiefly of large and well stocked granaries.

When the seven years of plenty were succeeded by the years of famine, those who might have been sceptical hitherto, had a very distant proof of the truth of Joseph's words.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



UDDENLY the scene of our lesson study changes. The boy of seventeen years of age, familiar only with pastoral scenes, with no experience of cities and courts, whom we left at the end of our last

lesson, a slave in the hands of traders, we meet this week a man of thirty, an Egyptian noble, viceroy or chancellor of the mightiest empire on earth. The interval of thirteen years had been to Joseph a strangely varied one. Favored and trusted by the court official who had purchased him, he becomes his steward, with control of all his master's affairs. Then after ten years of faithful service, thrown into prison on a false charge, he wins favor of his jailer and becomes chief warden of the prison, while himself a prisoner. Finally, having rendered a service to an officer of the court, who is under temporary disgrace, he is, after three years' imprisonment, summoned to the palace to render a similar service to the monarch, is rewarded with the highest office in the land and is raised to the peerage with the title of Zaphnath-paaneah (Saviour of the World). The transformation is bewildering, but Joseph seems to have been unspoiled by it. His utterances at a later date, show him to have regarded himself as having been intrusted by God with a special mission, for which the severe discipline of the previous period was a preparation. His career suggests lessons of pertinent value to young people. We see a young man away from home, among strangers, faithful to God and resisting temptation. A young man suffering innocently, cruelly used by his brothers and by his master, yet not cast down, or sullen, or repining, but doing his duty in adverse circumstances so well and wisely, that he is honored and trusted by men who could have had no predisposition in his favor. Although, having reason to be discouraged and depressed, not so occupied with his own grievances that he was unobservant of the sadness of his fellow-prisoners. His advancement comes at last through the king hearing of an act of kindness cheerfully done in a humble sphere. Under the Christian dispensation the promise of reward and distinction in Christ's kingdom is not to the rich and powerful, but to those who faithfully and conscientiously do their duty in the position they occupy, however humble it may be.

Thou shalt be over my house. Our civilization and institutions furnish no instances of a change of condition so enormous and so sudden as that of Joseph, who was raised from a prison to a palace in one day. Yet sudden elevations are not, even now, uncommon in Oriental lands. Dr. A. F. Schaeffer says that when he was a boy, he was in Constantinople when such a change occurred. One day the Sultan had a toothache and he sent for the court dentist, a highly paid and highly honored functionary. The dentist happened to be away from his palace on a hunting expedition. The Sultan could not wait and despatched messengers to find some other dentist. They found a

practitioner in a poor quarter of the city whose business scarcely kept him in food and they ordered him to accompany them to the imperial palace. He was first hastily taken to a clothing store, where his old clothes were exchanged for sumptuous garments at the Sultan's expense and he was then taken to see his Imperial patient. He extracted the aching tooth and gave the tortured monarch instant relief. The grateful Sultan at once made him court dentist, depositing the absent official. Thus in two hours the dentist was raised from penury to affluence, and made a Pasha, with a palace and a princely income. The good fortune turned his head and he became crazy. Promptly again the Sultan acted. The dentist was deposed; his title, his palace and income were taken away and in one day he was as poor as before.

And Pharaoh took off his ring. Probably the signet with which he stamped legal documents. These documents were of moist clay which after being written on and stamped with the imperial seal, were sent to be baked. Thousands of such tablets have been found and have been read and translated more than three thousand years after they were inscribed. Afterward when paper and parchment were used, a piece of clay was attached to it by strings, and the seal was imprinted on the clay. The seal was sometimes engraved on the gold and sometimes on a stone inserted in the ring or attached to it on a swivel. The engraving was exquisitely done and usually the signet contained the king's name and titles. The picture which forms the initial of this article shows the ring of Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, and an enlarged fac-simile of the inscription on its flat face. The possession of the ring of Pharaoh enabled Joseph to give to his commands the force of imperial edicts. Mention of this use of the king's ring is found in Esther 3:10, 12, and Dan. 6:17. References having spiritual significance are found in John 3:33, and II Timothy 2:19.

And Pharaoh said unto his servants. There has been considerable difficulty in recognizing this Pharaoh in secular history. It is now believed that the Pharaoh who exalted Joseph must have belonged to the sixth dynasty, and was probably the one who reigned under the title of Ra-apepi II. The seat of his government was at Haouar, which was near On, or Heliopolis, where the sun was worshipped. The priest of this worship gave his daughter, doubtless at the king's command, to Joseph for his wife. An ancient Jewish legend has it that this priest was no other than the Potiphar who was formerly Joseph's master. The similarity of the names may have given rise to the legend.

And laid up the food in the cities. Dr. Marcus Dods quotes a touching memorial of the famine with which Joseph had to deal. It was, he says, found in a tomb in Arabia which a flood had laid bare. In the tomb lay an embalmed body of a woman, covered with a profusion of jewels of great value. At her head stood a coffer filled with treasure, on which lay a tablet bearing an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "In thy name, O God, the God of Himyar, Tayar, the daughter of Dzu Shefar, sent my steward to Joseph and he delayed to return to me. I then sent my handmaid with a measure of silver to bring me back a measure of flour; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of gold; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls; and not being able to procure it, I commanded them to be ground; and finding no profit in them, I am shut up here." There is something very pathetic in the woman making the discovery that she could not exchange pearls, or gold, or silver, for an equal quantity of flour.

A man in whom the spirit of God is. A well-known author tells us of a clergyman who worked among the poor of a great city. He had no money to give, but he was always to be found in the tenements sympathizing with a couple who had lost a child, encouraging a man who was trying to get free of the drink curse, watching by the sick and comforting the sorrowing. After some years of this work he broached a scheme for gathering these poor friends of his into a religious organization. The idea was opposed, for many of them were socialists and not a few sceptics. One after another rose and spoke against the project. At last one man said: "I don't understand the scheme, but I am with the clergyman in whatever he wants. I have seen God in him."



DURING the weeks and months of most intense suffering among the destitute of New York—a condition now greatly relieved—there was no brighter phase of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund's

Chief Mission than the cordial and hearty manner in which a large number of well-known city pastors co-operated with it. These godly men—each the spiritual shepherd of a considerable flock, and all having a thousand and one imperative duties of metropolitan pulpit to fulfil—did not hesitate a moment when the urgent call sounded summoning the workers to personally aid in the Food Fund's distribution of supplies to the cold and famishing thousands in the East and West side tenements.

They saw the work of the Food Fund expanding, and they knew the crying need of men of wide experience and broad Christian sympathies, to assume the responsibility for conducting the distribution of supplies at the new relief stations of the Food Fund as rapidly as they were opened. For weeks they labored earnestly and faithfully, each pastor being personally in charge of a relief station at which one hundred or more destitute worthy families were cared for. And when the decrease in the extent of the distress justified the discontinuance of all except the two main stations of the Food Fund at No. 210 Eighth avenue and No. 12 Stuyvesant street, his band of devoted and unselfish men closed an experience whose material and spiritual results have been of the highest importance to thousands of their brothers and sisters in the lowlier walks of life.

Believing that every contributor to the Food Fund, and all who love to do the work of the Master, whether it be to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked or to lead the sinner to the Cross, have a deep personal interest in the spiritual outcome of his great charity which is now closing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents on this page the portraits of the pastors who have acted in concert with the Fund, and also letters from them, in which they freely express their view as to the spiritual results. It is not a surprise to find that the shower of gifts, sent with such abundant and fervent prayers, has borne fruit, in very many instances, in the saving of both the body and the soul. Hardly a contribution was sent to the Fund that was not already consecrated: not a loaf nor a package of groceries, nor a garment, was given to the hungry, or the destitute, or the naked, that was not fragrant with the incense of Christian supplication. At the daily gatherings of the Fund's mission workers, before a single applicant was helped, the Divine

THE FOOD FUND'S SOUL-HARVEST.

Well-known New York Pastors, who Aided in the Relief Movement, Tell of its Glorious Spiritual Results—A Channel of Rich Blessing.

blessing was invoked on giver and recipient alike. It was the same at every one of the twelve stations established by the Fund while the distress was at its height; and even now, with prospects everywhere brightening and the ranks of the destitute lessening daily, no step is taken until it has first the Divine sanction secured through all-prevailing prayer. Viewed, therefore, from every side, the work of the Food Fund is one of the most magnificent and convincing evidences of the potentiality of earnest and sincere supplication to Him whose ears are never shut to the cry of His children.

These letters, extracts from which are given below, speak for themselves. Rev. C. Wright, of the Bedford Street Church, in his letter says:

I believe Eternity alone can show all the results of the beneficent work of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN

was illustratively given to the world by the Divine Master. During the past winter we have tried to return to the Divine, though unpopular, method of making known the Gospel. Men, women, and children in actual want have had their needs supplied, so far as means were provided, while at the same time the Gospel truth was made known. The conversions are very striking. Men for forty years addicted to drink and every form of vice, have been saved, and for weeks led a consistent active Christian life. The work is no less marked among the children.

From the Allen Memorial Church, Rivington street, of which Rev. Wm. Hamilton is pastor, comes the following testimony:

We were enabled to aid 150 families through the Food Fund. The attendance at our regular services, it is safe to say, increased one-half through our being enabled to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I believe those who have suffered most in our vicinity are the Jews. "I don't see why you Christians do so much for us," a Jewish woman said to me one day. "We never do anything for you." I was so glad to tell her that the Christ-love for humanity had prompted the action. Many of the dear children when we

ceived help from the share of this general Food distributed by Mr. Wm. Dean, minister in charge of the Calvary Branch, and his assistants. Every recipient of the charity was known personally to Mr. Dean or to myself, or to both of us, as being entirely worthy. The letters received from many of the recipients would have received a heart even of stone. It was a work on which, I am sure the benediction of God sweetly and continuously rested. That God may bless all the contributors and all the beneficiaries of this noble charity, is my sincere desire and prayer.

R. S. MACARTHUR.

From Rev. J. B. Stansberry, Bethel African M. E. Church comes the following:

The grand work you have accomplished in relieving the poor and destitute of New York City, will not be forgotten by the colored people of this city. The hard times, with no work, brought to them distress and destitution. Through your assistance, you have enabled us to relieve weekly 140 families, averaging about four to a family. Missionaries from my church found many cases of extreme destitution. My people regard the relief as "God sent." Much good has been accomplished in bringing souls to Christ. Many who thought possibly very little of the spiritual side of the matter, were brought to consider earnestly the goodness of God to them, and to say, "this is the Lord's doings and is marvellous in our sight." The beneficiaries of this bounty will ever hold you in grateful remembrance and their prayers will ever ascend to the giver of all perfect gifts for his blessings upon you.

JNO. B. STANSBERRY.

Rev. E. L. Fox, Pastor of East 11th street M. E. Church, writes:

Help in the form of food, coal, rent and clothing, has been distributed to nearly five hundred families; but a greater blessing has come to a great many. While giving help we have held daily gospel service to crowded houses. Of the saved, many were led by gratitude to accept Christ. Eternity only can estimate the vast spiritual good that the gifts of Christian people have brought about this winter. E. L. Fox.

Rev. C. W. Millard, of the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, writes:

The Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church gave up the use of its Asbury building for relief purposes from Jan. 26 to March 10 of this year. The Council of King's Daughters took charge of the work. Our facilities were also increased by generous donations from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund. Nine thousand meals were given, seven thousand applications for shelter were granted and very many families were supplied, with groceries. Perhaps the greatest direct advantage is the practical and convincing demonstration before the most needy, of the downright good-will and Christlike tenderness on the part of the Christian Church. Thousands upon thousands of working men, suddenly precipitated into helpless distress, have found welcome, cheer and hope where some had thought them to expect hard indifference.

Mrs. Bella Cooke, the grand old Christian philanthropist who, though forty years bedridden, is still serving the Master with all her might, and who has for many weeks past personally superintended the supplying of over 100 needy families through the Food Fund, writes:

The distribution is a great—a very great pleasure to both me and the many King's Daughters who have been coming to put up the things, to visit the families and speak to them of the Giver of every good gift and of the food "that perisheth not." It is a grand work and fully repays for all the sleepless nights we pass. Many, oh, so many hearts have been made glad through your kindness. Could the contributors to the Food Fund see, as I have done, these past weeks, the smiles through tears when the hungry and sorrowing ones were made glad, their hearts would be filled with thankfulness at the success of their work. From this room, through their kindness, 174 destitute families have been supplied for many days with food. My soul rejoices in the loving kindness of our God for it.

Rev. John A. B. Wilson, Eighteenth St., M. L. Church, also writes officially recording his own and his church's observations on the work and its excellent material and spiritual results.



NEW YORK PASTORS, ASSOCIATED WITH "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FOOD FUND IN ITS RELIEF WORK AMONG THE DESTITUTE.

1. REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D.D.
2. REV. C. W. MILLARD.
3. REV. J. C. THOMS.

4. REV. H. FAUST.
5. REV. J. A. B. WILSON.
6. REV. C. WRIGHT.

7. REV. J. B. STANSBERRY.
8. REV. E. L. FOX.
9. REV. WM. HAMILTON.

HERALD and its energetic, consecrated proprietor during the past winter. Let me tell you what I know the Food Fund has done for some of the poor of the Ninth Ward.

1st. It has kept some people from starving to death.

2nd. Helped the poor, the widow and orphan, without any of the mysteries of municipal methods or the circumlocution of so-called Charity Associations.

3rd. Gave the poor of the city an illustration of the fact that Christians care for the body as well as the soul.

4th. It has won many to the Church where they were unaccustomed to go.

5th. It has led some to accept the Bread of Life, and to become soundly converted.

No temporal blessing has come to this part of the city in years that has done so much good, in such a quiet, Christlike manner, as the help afforded by the Food Fund. We thank God for it. We thank the contributors to the Fund and invoke God's blessing upon them. And when each have passed the last mile stone may they hear the approving voice of the Master: "I was hungry and ye fed me."

C. WRIGHT.

Rev. J. C. Thoms, of The Mariners' Temple, Oliver street, writes:

The work of the good Samaritan is as productive of spiritual good to-day as in the day when the truth

first came into the work could not be persuaded to enter the Church, but now come gladly.

From Rev. H. Faust of the Hebrew Christian Mission, Forsyth street, comes some remarkable testimony of the spiritual results of the Food Fund Charity. He has numerous applications for Christian baptism from Russian and Polish Jews whose strong indifference to the Gospel has been wholly overcome by the kindness of Christian people in voluntary succoring them and their families in the time of deepest distress.

Rev. R. S. MacArthur, of the Calvary Baptist Church, 57th street, writes:

The worshippers at the Calvary Baptist Branch, Sixty-eighth street and Boulevard, the members of the Calvary Church and congregation generally, and hundreds of the poor in the vicinity of the Branch, extend through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an expression of their hearty appreciation of the kindness of its friends for their contributions to the Food Fund. It has been used as the appropriate channel through which the gifts of God's children have flowed to help many thousands of worthy poor in this city. Not fewer than 2,300 to 2,500—I have not the missionary's exact figures—under my eye at the moment—have re-

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

HAPPINESS AND WORLDLINESS.

DO not depend for happiness upon the discipleship of worldliness. I have seen men as vain of their old-fashioned and their eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud of his dangleing fooleries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf, the honey-suckles have their fashion of ear-drop, and the snow-flakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower the sky weds the earth with a ring of rainbow. And I do not think we have a right to despise the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body, and death to the soul. I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvellous things that the grand-daughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back to the Bible times, and you will find that in those times fashion wielded a terrible and horrible sceptre. You have only to turn to the third chapter of Isaiah and read: "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets and the headbands, and the tablets and the ear-rings, and the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Only think of a woman having all that on!

I am glad the world is getting better and that fashion, which has dominated in the world so ruinously in other days, has for a little time, for a little degree at any rate, relaxed its energies. All the splendors and extravaganzas of this world dyed into your robe and flung over your shoulder cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. The woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white, so

as no fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young women, to-day to say that this world cannot make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire-worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the wrathiest wave has its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in final conflagration.

BACKBONE IN RELIGION.

MUCH of the religion of the day is flabby, very flabby indeed. It is afflicted with a sort of Saint Vitus's dance; now bending this way, and now that; and it is uncertain which way it will wriggle next. It accommodates itself to the whims of the world. It is almost disposed to exchange our Bible for a science that, instead of tracing our origin to Adam, makes us only a better order of tadpoles, and instead of reading, "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas," would read: "The fish begat the reptile, and the reptile begat a marsupial animal, and the marsupial animal begat the inadruman, and the inadruman begat the gorilla, and the gorilla begat the ape, and the ape begat Darwin."

Much of our modern religion begins with an eulogy of human nature, instead of an exposition of its utter downfall. It makes us sick to hear all this talk about the dignity of manhood which St. John describes as "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

IMMORALITY OF MALODORS.

THERE are certain kinds of chemical odors that are said to be healthful, but the healthiest thing in the world is pure air, and stagnant ponds and sluggish canals, and dumping places on vacant lots, and bad sewerage ought to be swept by the bosom of municipal indignation. If epidemic could get one good smell of Gowanus Canal, or Newark Flats, it would in a week accept the invitation and our Northern cities would be thrown into a panic. By cremation of the offal of great cities the garbage question might soon be settled. Reduce the horses and dogs and cats which have gone into a state of demise into ashes through crematories such as have been successfully established in some places, and burn the disgusting cabbage, which was never intended for our world, the seed for it having been hurled this way in a meteoric stone out of some world where the inhabitants are without a nose, and change the suburbs of our cities, which are a Gehenna, into gardens, and the typhoid fevers and the agues and the diphtherias which every year work death among our populations would emigrate, and the cholera and yellow fevers could have for us no affright. But you say, "We must have dumping-grounds for our cities, and soap factories, and gas houses, and bone grinders, and chemical laboratories." Oh, yes; every city like every house must have its kitchen. But this is a mighty big world and there is plenty of room yet for all the municipal sculleries, and the rail-train puts regions ten miles off under twenty minutes of transit.

There is a phase of this subject never touched, and that is the fact that malodors are deathful to good morals as well as to good health. Find the regions that are in a state of half suffocation or semi-asphyxia from the breath of decaying vegetation, and you will find crime rampant and decency fifty per cent. off. Virtue has keen olfactory, while sin can stand anything, and to her the stench of a gin shop are gales from Araby, and breath that smells of rum and onions, ottar of roses! We all admit the fact that the eye and the ear powerfully affect the morals by what they see and hear, and why do we not recognize the moral mission of the nostril? Nature certainly indicates its importance, making it the most prominent feature of the human countenance, and no community can afford to insult it. Enter any strange city and be

blindfolded at the depot, and then be led through all the wards and districts of that city, and by the exhalations, redolent or gravolent, the nostril will rightly decide in the first place whether it is a moral or immoral city, and in the next place which district is the most moral or the most immoral. Thank God for a good nose! and as a man through it breathes from sixteen to twenty times each minute and from six to ten pints of air at each respiration, you may get some idea of how much depends on the composition of the atmosphere. Through the nostril nearly all epidemics and contagions find entrance to the human system. It is especially so among the intelligent classes. Only the idiotic and small-brained walk with their mouths open. The intelligent classes walk with their mouths shut, and so the only avenue to distemper for them is the nostril. Give us pure air in all our suburbs, in all our streets, in all our houses, in all our churches.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. M. H., Plainfield, N. J. How many different religions are there in India?

Five great religions classified as follows: Hindoo, Mussulman, Parsee, Buddhist and Christian. There are probably two hundred varieties of forms of heathen worship, and an almost countless number of minor deities, among such tribes as the Vedhas, Todas, Hottas, Bhils, Gonds, Badagas and others, all of which, worship images of wood, stone, rocks and trees, and offer sacrifices.

D. N. Freeman, Cardington, O. Of what tribe, race or nationality was Abraham, and where does that tribe or its descendants live at present?

Abraham was a native of Chaldea and a lineal descendant of Heber. "The father of all who are called Hebrews." He was descended, in the ninth generation, from Shem, the son of Noah. The posterity of Abraham comprises not only the Jewish nation, but a large part of the Semitic races of the world, some of which are found in Egypt, in Arabia, in Asia, in Syria and even in India.

Reader, Burditt's Rapids. Did the Apostle, in using the word "unbelievers" in II. Cor. 6: 14, refer to persons who did not believe in the existence of a God or merely to persons who were not Christians?

We think the expression covered both classes. The Christian ought never to marry one who is not a Christian. Such unions are seldom, if ever, happy. There is necessarily an absence in one party of that which is, or should be, the very essence and mainspring of life in the other and that absence must result in inharmonious relations.

O, Virginia. Does God send disease?

God governs the world by the natural laws which he has established, and it would be impossible to define the extent to which he uses those laws to work out his providential purposes. It is probable that in some cases, where he sees that a child of his needs discipline, or to be laid aside from worldly work and association so as to be drawn nearer to him, he may arrange that sickness shall come upon him, and so he may be said to "send disease." In some passages sickness is threatened as a punishment. (See Deut. 28: 27, 59, 60 and 61.) An instance is mentioned in Acts 12: 23. On the other hand, it is certain that many diseases which afflict humanity are the result of disregard of sanitary laws, and although they may be used for the spiritual benefit of the sufferer, should not be attributed to God.

Reader, Arlington. Is there any Bible proof that there is such a place as heaven? 2. Is it true that there are, as I have heard it stated, parts of the Bible which cannot do the reader any good?

1. Christ's teachings abound in such proofs. A more explicit statement than that in John 14: 2, could not be given. Another equally direct statement is made in Luke 10: 20. Besides these, and many other references in the Gospels, there are numerous mentions of the place in the Epistles and Revelation. 2. The direct spiritual value of the books and passages varies, as you may see by reading them. It would be difficult to extract any spiritual benefit from such chapters as the eighth of the first book of Chronicles and others devoted entirely to genealogies. They were inserted because they were valuable to the Jews for whom the book was primarily written, and it is so valuable as a whole to us that we have no disposition to mutilate it.

Earnest Inquirer, Masonville, Iowa. I gather from the first chapter of Genesis that the sun and the moon were made after the earth, and that there was light before the sun was made. Science teaches the opposite, which is right, and can the discrepancy be explained?

Many ingenious attempts have been made to harmonize the teachings of science and the first chapter of Genesis, but the results have not been satisfactory. The difficulty is the greater because scientific men are continually making fresh discoveries, which have sometimes proved their former theories untenable. The Bible was not written to teach science, but religion. The discrepancies between the story of creation as given in the Bible, and that giv-

en by the scientists are very much such as we should find in two descriptions of a great battle, if one of them was written by a clergyman who knew nothing of military tactics, and the other by a military expert who knew nothing of religion. The important fact for us—the fact that is of more momentous interest than all the discoveries of science, is that God made the universe. For this knowledge we are not indebted to science which has not yet attained it, but we do get it from the Bible. A person who wants to know the latest discoveries of science as to geology and astronomy, should study the recent books of science; but if he wants to know the way to God and eternal happiness, he should go to the Bible. Each has its own sphere.

T. W. Child, Fallsdale, Neb. What is the best book I can obtain and explain the Bible?

The very best for general purposes is "The Helps to the Study of the Bible," which are bound in with The International Teachers' Bible. You can secure The International Teachers' Bible by forwarding one new subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$2 to this office.

H. G. Rand, Bridgeport, Conn. Who was the first inventor of the harp and of brass instruments?

The inventor of the harp is said to have been Jubal. (Gen. 4: 21.) It is found pictured on the oldest monuments in Egypt and Assyria. The first horns or trumpets were probably horns of cattle, and these, after the invention of working in metals was discovered, were imitated in metal. The name of the first person to use brass instruments is unknown. Tubal Cain who is mentioned as "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," may have been the inventor.

A. Fladhamer. 1. Can a person be a Christian without testifying. 2. Can a person enter the kingdom of heaven without being baptized? 3. Is it possible that there can be three persons in one as taught in the doctrine of the Trinity? 4. Did Christ drink wine on the cross?

1. It is conceivable that there may be no opportunities of testifying and in such a case a man may be a Christian without doing so. It is however, a duty to testify, or as Christ phrased it, to confess before men. He said distinctly that any one who was ashamed to do so of him would Christ be ashamed at the last day. (See Luke 9: 26.) The manner of testifying is not prescribed, but the Christian must let it be known to his associates that he is a follower of Christ. 2. If an unbaptized person becomes a Christian, he will be anxious to obey his Lord's command. If through sickness or other insurmountable obstacles, he is prevented from obeying, he will not be excluded for not obeying. 3. The Scriptures so teach. It is incomprehensible to us, but we accept it in faith. We cannot understand the trinity in ourselves of body, soul and spirit, but we believe that it exists. 4. We do not know what the ingredients of the mixture were. It was prepared by some kindly women in Jerusalem to be given to men who suffered the agonies of crucifixion. It lulled the senses and relieved the pain. Matthew says it was vinegar mixed with gall (Matt. 27: 34), but when he tasted it he would not drink.

Inquirer, Washington, D. C. Yes: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be sent for one year, together with the International Bible, to subscribers forwarding \$2.—J. H. Y. 1. We do not know of any publication containing his sermons. 2. Yes. 3. You can procure them from any publisher or bookseller.—Reader. 1. Yes; remit 25 cents and we will send you a genuine piece of Olive Wood. 2. The hostess should slightly precede the visitor on entering the room, and then, standing one side, making the introduction or presentation.—F. S. D., Peru, N. Y. It may be impossible to forget, but it should not be difficult for a Christian to forgive an injury. We are not asked to achieve impossibilities.—H. D. S., Chicago, Ill. To secure THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with From Manger to Throne and the International Teachers' Bible, send \$3 to this office.—S. J. Fisher, Lowell, Ind. It is part fact and part imagination.—L. C. Washington, D. C. We do not believe in the life.—Mrs. Isaac Clark, Gainesville, Ill. We do not know of any place where our articles can be disposed of to advantage.—G. W. Ostrander, Richmondville, N. Y. We do not believe he can.—Mrs. N. B. Cowan, Mechanicsville, Ia. Write to Mrs. Whittemore, Door of Hope, 101 East Sixty-first street, N. Y., about Christian work of the sort mentioned in your letter.—Friend, Brockport, N. Y. We do not believe that the practices to which you refer are consistent with Christian life.—Mrs. A. W. K., W. Harpeth, Tenn. Dr. Talmage has already preached on that subject.—W. E. Snack, Kearney, N. J. Your question has already been answered repeatedly in "The Mail-Bag."—James C. Hogg, Dripping Springs, Texas. There can be no harm in it, providing the element of gambling be strictly excluded.—R. A. Kenner, Mountain Lake, Minn. Certainly not; any instrument may be consecrated by the right use. Music is elevating and spiritualizing.—Aaron B. Wolf, W. Salamanca, N. J. The sermons of Evangelists Munhall and Mills, so far as we know, are reported only in the daily papers. There is no organ in which they appear verbatim.—Enquirer. For the words and music of the song, "King of the Heavens," write to Biglow & Main, music publishers, 6th street, New York.—W. T. Marshall, N. Y. It was a parable, and intended to interest and educate the spiritual nature of his hearers.—Subscriber. It would be improper for us to express an opinion as to the right or wrong of parties to a family quarrel, as we do not know all the circumstances. It would seem, however, from your statement, that if the wife really desires Scriptural guidance she would find appropriate passages in I. Peter 2: 20-23 and 3: 6.—Mrs. L. W. Bond, Bondville, Mass.—There is no way of obtaining the information you desire. The Bible is silent on the subject and from that only could light be gained.—M. King, Winamac, Ind. Your question has been answered several times in these columns. If you refer to our issue of January 3, you will find our belief fully stated on page 6, in an answer to "Subscriber Greenville, N. J."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A BLUNDER IN AFRICA.

AN incident in the conflicts between European nations and the natives of Western Africa which is described in recent reports has a pathos of its own. The accompanying illustration is reproduced from the drawing of an artist who witnessed the incident. It represents the conveyance from Warina of a wounded officer who died before his journey was ended. He was one of the company of English police stationed in Sierra Leone. For some time past the people of the Konno country, under English protection and those on the other side of the Niger who are under French protection, have suffered from the raids of the Sofas, a fierce, and warlike tribe, who live by plunder. The Sofas differ from other African peoples in their energy and activity. Their customs are of the old feudal type and their devotion to their king is extraordinary. All the plunder they secure is carried into his quarters and there behind rude fortifications his people fight in his defence. A decision to punish the Sofas for their raids was arrived at simultaneously by the French and English commanders and expeditions were sent out by both sides for the purpose. Both expeditions had been several days on the march, when one night the French commander heard that a large force of Sofas was encamped near him, on British territory. It is a well known habit of the Sofas when they make a raid on French territory and are pursued, to take refuge across the frontier, on British territory and vice versa. As the two commanders were on friendly terms, although not acting in concert, the French commander had no compunction in crossing the frontier to attack the common enemy. His assault was vigorous and it was as vigorously repulsed. Fighting was still going on by moonlight, when a native soldier was captured and from him it was learned that the enemy whom the French were assailing was not the Sofas, but the English expedition. At once the battle ceased but the consequences of the blunder were irreparable. The French commander had been killed, three British officers were dead and another was dying of his wounds, besides the loss of many native soldiers on both sides. Sincere regret for the unfortunate mistake is expressed by the French government and its apologies have been cordially accepted by the English who realize that the zeal of the young French officer was alone the cause of the misfortune. This is not the first time that such a blunder has been made. History records several similar mistakes on land and sea. The history of the Church, too, is not without such records, and to this day we sometimes see bitter conflicts between denominations who direct their attacks on each other instead of on the common enemy of Christ and his church. (Mark 9: 38-40.)

An Impecunious Suitor.

A cable dispatch from Paris announces that a young Belgian noble is on his way to this country to find a wealthy bride. He is well known in Paris where he has spent his patrimony in gambling and dissipation. His creditors became so pressing that he was unable to remain in that city, and he is coming here in the hope of retrieving his fortunes by marriage. There is no concealment as to his motive, as his past record shows. A short time ago he was engaged to a South American girl, and the civil marriage, required by the French law, took place. Before the religious ceremony occurred, he made demands for money on the girl's father, which were refused, and

the prince thereupon refused to complete the marriage. The civil contract was therefore annulled. He will probably induce some American heiress to marry him, although he does not deserve to succeed. Many are ready to accept titled suitors of mercenary dispositions, though they turn a deaf ear to the wooings of Christ, who would raise them to the incomparable dignity of children of God. (John 1: 12.)

Sight Lost and Restored.

A reporter on a Brooklyn journal has had a novel experience during the past few days. He was stepping out of the publication office and suddenly looked upward at something that attracted his attention. At that moment a trolley car was passing and the little wheel slipped off the wire. There was a brilliant flash of the electricity which was repeated as the conductor tried to bring the

reporter's eyes, he answered, "Nothing." The eyes had been right all along. The young man had suffered a nervous shock which had produced a suspension of the will power over the nerve centres, which control the eyes. He believed that he was blind, and he was blind. In order to cure him it was only necessary to convince him that he could see. Some cases of spiritual blindness belong to the same category. The defect is in the will power, and this may be removed by applying to him who has said, "they shall be made willing in the day of my power." (Psalms 110: 3.)

A Murderer's Confession.

A startling story reached Perth Amboy, N. J., on March 31. It was to the effect that a man had surrendered himself to the police of Amsterdam, and confessed to having committed a double murder eleven years ago at Perth Amboy. He said that while staying at that town in 1883, he had become enamored with a girl of the neighborhood, and wishing to marry her he had killed his wife and child. The police records corroborate the story so far as to the finding of the murdered woman at the time and place indicated. The self-accused man says that after the crime, he went to Cuba, and afterward to Australia, but he could get no peace night or day. It mattered not, he said how

who occupied the floor below, and sent them down by the rope. Then two women were awakened and they two went down by the rope in safety. There was one other man in the house who helped the painter fix the rope. The painter looked for him to go down next, but being unable to find him went down himself. He was concerned about the other man but there was no way of finding him until the fire was extinguished. Then his body was found among the debris. It was evident that while the others had been escaping by the rope, he had tried to get out by jumping down the burning staircase. He had fallen and broken his leg, and being unable to move or make himself heard, had burned to death. Many a soul has been lost in a similar way. None are in greater danger of perishing than those self-sufficient persons who think they can save themselves and neglect the means by which the weak and infirm reach safety. (Rom. 4: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The expenses of the recent Evangelistic services held by Dr. Chapman in Detroit amounted to \$3,732, which covered hire of halls, printing, advertising, entertainment of evangelists. In all 160 meetings were held. The additions to the churches since the meetings exceed two thousand, of whom nearly one half united with the Presbyterian church.

More than Five Hundred Persons Made a profession of faith as the result of Major Geo. A. Hilton's services at Indiana, Pa. The "Progress" of that town says that "Indiana never experienced such an interest as is now felt in religious matters." The Evangelist went from Indiana to Latrobe, where union meetings are being held.

The death of Robertson Smith, of Scotland is announced by cable. Prof. Smith was well known in this country by his famous works on Bible criticism. Although under fifty years old when he died, he had attained the highest rank among Biblical scholars, and had been honored by a trial for heterodoxy.

A bill has been introduced in Congress, and passed by the House of Representatives, making it a penal offence to use the symbol of the Red Cross Society as a trade mark, or to use the words "Red Cross" as a designation of its business. As the Red Cross Society is protected by international treaty in time of war, the adoption of its name or symbol by merchants or manufacturers is held to be detrimental to its interests.

A Russian Traveller has discovered an interesting ancient manuscript in a monastery of Tibet. It purports to be a life of Christ, but the incidents recorded by the Evangelists are strangely blended with statements that Christ travelled in Persia and India. It represents him as being taught by the Brahmins, being initiated into the higher mysteries of Buddhism, returning to Judea when he was twenty-nine years old and beginning to preach there. Finally it states that Pilate crucified him between two thieves; he was buried, but on the third day his tomb was found empty. Throughout the book Christ is called Issa.

The interest in the New York revival increases. It became necessary on April 2nd, to obtain larger accommodations for the noon meeting, the ball of the Young Men's Christian Association having proved altogether inadequate. Niblo's Theatre was therefore engaged for a week at least. The services in Cooper Union were held each day at 3:30 with audiences increasing in size daily. The evening meetings in the various churches were continued. The committee in charge of the meetings makes an earnest appeal for funds to meet the increased expenses. Contributions may be sent to Rev. S. V. Robinson, 62 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn.

Rev. Father A. Lambert, one of the Leading priests of the Redemptorist Order, has abjured the errors of the Romish Church. On March 22, at the close of a mission he was conducting in the pro-Cathedral in Brooklyn, he sent in his resignation to his bishop and published in the newspapers a copy of the letter he had sent to the Superior-General of his order at Rome, explaining his reasons for quitting the Catholic Church.

Contributions of clothing for the Relief Fund from the following, are acknowledged:

Orion G. Clark, New York; Mrs. J. Turner, West Groton, Mass.; W. C. T., Woodbury, Conn.; Mrs. S. M. Tracey, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sprague, Miss U. Elliott, Meredith, N. H.; Mrs. J. F. Sparrell, West Groton, Mass.; Stuartville, Ohio; Nashua, N. H.; Goodspeeds, Conn.; Mrs. G. C. Gerlack, Van Buren, O.; Mrs. W. D. Buser, Sallaburg, Pa.; Burdette Miss. Society, and Presbyterian Church, Cannbury, N. J.; M. E. Church, Reynoldville, N. Y.; Mrs. Alexis Courier, Springfield, Mass.; Y. P. S. C. E., Burlington, N. Y.; W. H. M. S. of Cambridge, Vt.; Bassett & Co., Florence, Vt.; Belcher, N. Y.; Ulysses Lyons; Baptist Mission Circle, "I. H. N."; A few ladies of Waldo, Fla.; Mrs. W. R. Cochrane, Antrine, N. H.; Addis M. Wilbur, South Otselec, N. Y.; Arson E. Lee, South Otselec, N. Y., and two contributions of clothing from unknown friends.

Contributions of provisions, etc., have been received from the following:

Friend, Southampton, bag potatoes; Moriches, sack vegetables; Mrs. J. C. H., Kentucky, papers; Mrs. U. J. Holmes, Forked River, cabbage and potatoes; Bear Creek, potatoes; Hightstown, potatoes; Middletown, onions; Pittsford, Vt., papers; Mrs. G. B. Abrams, Seward, N. Y., barrel of supplies.



CARRYING A WOUNDED OFFICER IN A LITTER IN WESTERN AFRICA.

wheel again to the wire. With an agonizing cry of "My eyes, my eyes," the reporter staggered and would have fallen if a friend had not caught him. He was completely blinded and was taken at once to the Eye and Ear Infirmary. His eyes were carefully examined with the microscope, but no cause for the blindness could be discovered. The doctors pronounced the case one of hysterical amblyopia, and ordered him to be kept for two days in a dark room. At the end of that time he was taken, with his eyes bandaged, back to the infirmary, and into a darkened room there. Placing himself in front of the patient from whose eyes the bandage had been removed, the doctor asked him in a doubtful tone if he could see him, and the patient replied that he could not. Then the doctor changed his position and opened a shutter, so as to stand in the light. Holding up a mirror to the sunlight and speaking confidently, he said, "Now you can see this." The patient gave a cry of surprise and declared that he could see it and looking round he could see the friends who had accompanied him and every object in the room. His sight was completely restored. When the doctor was asked by a friend what had been the matter with the

good was his work, how good his health was, nor how much money he had, the crime was gnawing at his soul. For years he had been on the point of making a confession that he might get some relief from the torment he was suffering. Finally he has given himself up. It may be hoped that his efforts to recover peace of mind will not end there. It is only a false and temporary peace that any sinner obtains by submitting to the penalty of the law, unless he also applies to the blood of Jesus which cleanses from all sin. (1. John 1: 7.)

A Fatal Fire.

A man lost his life in a fire which occurred in New York a few days ago, when he might have been saved. The fire broke out on the ground floor of a three story house about midnight. All the inmates had retired, when the policeman on the beat saw flames shooting out of the ventilator, and gave the alarm. There was no fire-escape, but a painter who occupied a room on the top floor had taken the precaution to keep a rope in his room for just such an emergency. He flung it out as soon as he was awakened and found that the stairs were on fire. He aroused his employer and his wife



Among the Lepers.

Our Traveler Visits the Naaman House in Damascus—A Living Tomb.



A LEPER IN THE SUN.

lips as we follow it to the Eastern gate of the city, and see it merged into a wider and less desirous road.

This is bounded on one side by the dry moat of the wall. We ought, after two months' seasoning in regions associated in western imaginations with attar of rose and spicy breezes, and Araby the blest—to be coolly indifferent to the effluvia arising from the wasting carcasses of two camels which have been thrown out of the highway into the ditch. A pack of lean scavenger-curs, yellow and black, are snarling over the unsavory spoils. Skeletons, denuded and dessicated lie further on, and small bones make an unattractive miscellany between the large and more pronounced.

"It is an Eastern poet, I believe, who says that Damascus is as fragrant as Paradise?" observes Alcides, with his nose well in the air.

There is no reply to the gibe, for our guide, Abraham Avoub, a Damascene, selected by David Jamal, "halts us" at a miserable gateway in a more miserable mud wall on the left of the road. If there were ever gates, they have fallen from the hinges long ago. This is the entrance to a filthy courtyard where the sun falls with kindly warmth. Four human figures are huddled in the sunniest corner, mere bundles of rags to the casual glance. Two look up as we pass, and our shadows fall upon them. With our minds full of Bible stories of "lepers white as snow," we should not recognize these caricatures of humanity as victims of the awful plague, had not David's graphic descriptions prepared us for the revelation.

Alcides has recorded in his note-book as our dragoman's diagnosis of the loathsome thing—"a combination of itch, chilblains and gangrene." No more apt language comes to my pen, after having seen scores of the wretched objects. Beyond the outer court, we pass between two huts into a second enclosure, about thirty feet square, surrounded by squalid hovels, all facing upon the open area. They are of mud, they are without windows; they have one door apiece, and they are unfurnished, save for the ragged mats which serve as beds. Scraps of moldy bread, bits of bone and rotten vegetables strew the floor—the remnants of meals devoured here, as the dogs without the walls are gnawing theirs. Of the odors flowing through the doors into the sun-filled outer world, I cannot speak. On this fine day, everybody is outside except a few women dimly visible in the obscure interiors, and at these we abstain from looking as we pass.

A strange voice, both hoarse and shrill, hails us while we stand in the middle of the courtyard. It proceeds from the porch of a small frame house directly opposite the opening by which we have entered. The house is, we note, larger than the mud huts, and has two windows besides the door. A woman or girl, for she must be under twenty, and might be good-looking but for her

viragoish expression and a certain hardness, —I might term it a callosity of skin and features that betrays the blight which has fallen upon her—stands upon the upper step wringing out a cloth she has taken from a great metal pan. We have interrupted their day's washing, and for other reasons she is ill-pleased. Her husky scream is a question, for our guide answers apologetically what he translates to us in a hasty undertone:

"This gentleman"—designating Alcides—"is a great 'hakim' (physician) from over the sea, who seeks to help you if he can. We intend now harm."

She has thrown the cloth back into the tub with a despairing gesture, and rushed into the house while he is still speaking, appearing a minute later at the window:

"Go away!" she cries, her voice breaking oddly upon the high notes as a consumptive fails when he is about to cough. "Go away! Allah only can help us, and he will not!"

"Her father is the chief man of the lepers," says the guide to us. "He was once a rich—one very rich, man. Now he is here—and old—and cannot leave his bed. His housekeeper, also old, and this, his only child, live here with him in the Naaman House."

For this loathly place (to borrow a word

granted to the least afflicted of the colony to bake in the public ovens dough kneaded by their diseased hands.

We had been led to believe the Naaman House a hospital for what are surely the most grievously-smitten of all God's human creatures, and are surprised to learn that this retreat is merely a hole in which they can burrow and hide and be fed apart from the rest of the world. Last year there were forty-two lepers here; now, we are told, they number but twenty-eight.

"What has become of the rest?"

The guide lifts his shoulders to his ears. "What must come to all of them—death. Each is a dying man even now. See!"

Pity unutterable gets the better of disgust, as we survey the scene.

The lepers lie grouped and sit singly in the sunshine, most of them against the wall, seemingly regardless of our presence. Curiosity is dead within them. They do not even beg for "bakshish," as is the habit of their kind in the streets of the city and on the wayside. Some crouch in corners, their poor, marred faces supported by hands from which the fingers are literally dropping; others lie flat upon their backs, soaking in the warmth, eyes closed and jaws falling, as if dead. Every few minutes one begins to cough spasmodically, and the example proving infectious, another and another will join in, until a horrid chorus that threatens to shake the loose frames apart, fills the place. Two near us crawl away, still coughing in a weak, wheezy way, clots of blood dripping from their lips as they go. None of them walk, but all shuffle along on their haunches like beasts who have been hamstrung, or creep upon hands and knees. In some cases, the hands and feet are muffled in dirty rags. Turks are here in garments that bear tokens of old-time finery in shreds of tarnished gold lace and frayed embroidery; and Bedouins, that are ghastly travesties of the tall, bronzed horsemen we see in the desert and among the mountains. They still wear the costume of their race, the suggestion thus conveyed of the free, ac-

tive life forever left behind them, accentuating their present misery.

One of these loiters nearer to us than the rest, his eyes and manner expressive of some degree of interest in us and our move-



HOUSE OF CHIEF LEPER IN NAAMAN'S HOUSE OF LEPERS.

(From a photograph by Marion Harland.)

ments. The girl at the window swears furiously at him, as he obeys the beckon of our guide's hand and approaches.

"Dare not to go near them!" she vociferates. "They are dogs and the offspring of dogs, as their fathers were before them. They come, not to give alms, but to make a mock of us and to take pictures of us!"

The last half-sentence is drawn forth by the sight of the kodak swung from Alcides' shoulder.

A magic word of two syllables—the first I verily believe that Arab and Syrian babies learn to lisp—has quickened the Bedouin's step, and he stands before us, well-made and heavily bearded, with comparatively few traces in face and figure of the fatal malady. He is about forty years old, and when he speaks his voice is faint and dissonant. His lungs must be well-nigh gone. He is quite willing to converse—thanks to the prospective "bakshish."

"How long have you been ill?" we ask by the mouth of the interpreter.

"Since I was fourteen years old."

"At what age do the symptoms first show themselves?"

"In men, about fifteen; in women, twelve to thirteen."

"Are you contented—and—" bringing out the last word with an effort—"comfortable here?"

"I am not unhappy. I have no work to do. I have my lodgings. I have my food. What more do I want?"

"But if you have no work to do, how do you pass the day?"

"I sit in the sun. I do nothing. Why should I work? Man works to get clothes; I have clothes. And for bread and bed, and a cover by night when it rains. These are mine."

"Have you amusements here?" trying not to glance around the mean enclosure and at the repulsive occupants.

He stares vacantly. The idea is too new and strange to work itself into his brain. From the groups distributed about the court odd murmurs are arising; mutterings in weak, raucous tones, like the growling and whining of beasts disturbed in their slumbers in the sunshine. The woman leans over the window-sill and devotes us to the vengeance of heaven and the abode of the fiend. The whole affair is an abhorrent nightmare, from which we are thankful to escape. Our Bedouin casts furtive looks over his shoulder at the malcontents, and will answer no more questions, however mildly put. The liberal bakshish dropped from a prudent height into his maimed hand, does not pacify the daughter of the bedridden chief of the queer colony. As long as we can hear her, she is reckoning up the misdeeds of our ancestry and imprecating curses upon our heads.

Dante never pictured a fouler deep than this so-called House of Mercy where beings of like form and nature with ourselves are



LEPERS BEGGING AT THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(Photographed for "The Christian Herald" by Marion Harland.)

from a former generation), is nigh unto the grounds where are shown a couple of columns surrounded by a mud-and-stone wall, said to be the ruins of the house of the famous Syrian captain. It is maintained by Moslem charity. Wealthy Mohammedans die and leave legacies for the support of the colony, in the hope that the act may bring repose to their own disembodied souls. Kind-hearted people in the neighborhood give them provisions, leaving them inside the outer gate and hastening away to avoid contamination. In spring-time, a few of the stronger men are hired to do light work in the fields, and in harvest to glean after the reapers, gather beans, etc. A less humane measure is the permission

other and another will join in, until a horrid chorus that threatens to shake the loose frames apart, fills the place. Two near us crawl away, still coughing in a weak, wheezy way, clots of blood dripping from their lips as they go. None of them walk, but all shuffle along on their haunches like beasts who have been hamstrung, or creep upon hands and knees. In some cases, the hands and feet are muffled in dirty rags. Turks are here in garments that bear tokens of old-time finery in shreds of tarnished gold lace and frayed embroidery; and Bedouins, that are ghastly travesties of the tall, bronzed horsemen we see in the desert and among the mountains. They still wear the costume of their race, the suggestion thus conveyed of the free, ac-

decaying piece-meal, while the breath of life still animates their dismembered bodies.

As I have intimated, this form of leprosy must not be confounded with that which overtook Moses as a proof of God's ability to work whatever wonder he wills; or Miriam and Gehazi and Uzziah, as punishment for sin, or that which drove haughty Naaman to bathe in little Jordan, at the behest of a prophet who would not even grant him a personal interview. This is hereditary in forty-nine cases out of fifty, and the recognized result of the sins of the forefathers. David Jamal and his Damascus friend agree that the malady is unknown at this day among the Jews, testimony which is corroborated by other authorities to which I have referred the question.

"It is clearly, then, not caused by want of neatness in this generation," is the grave conclusion of our dragoman.

Intermarriages among lepers are constantly occurring, and sometimes, although, David says, not frequently, children are born to the horrible heritage of disease and disgrace.

Instances are on record of attempts to avert the certain doom by removing the child in early infancy to the judicious guardianship of others than the parents. In spite of sanitary and medical precautions, the unmistakable signs make their appearance between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. The incipient stages are intense itching of the hands, extending gradually to other parts until the whole frame is a body of living death, a mass of purrifying sores and decomposing bones.

The Jerusalem lepers who are at large are, if possible, in a sadder case than those sheltered in the Naaman House at Damascus. They have, it is true, a village of their own below Siloam (whose "shady rill" and growing lily are sadly dismissed to the realm of hymnal romance), a wretched cluster of huts to which they resort at nightfall, but the streets are their home, and begging is the only means by which they earn a livelihood. They haunt places frequented by tourists and pilgrims, following Russian and Greek devotees in their periodical visits to the Virgin's Tomb, Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. There may be in the Holy City about sixty of this class of professional mendicants.

Singularly enough, lepers are found in but four towns in Palestine: Damascus, Nablous, Ramleh and Jerusalem. These are to them as cities of refuge when attacked in the neighboring villages. No longer with the warning cry of "unclean! unclean!" they obtrude themselves upon our notice whenever we walk or drive through the thoroughfares in Damascus and Jerusalem; stumps of hands or fingers, from which one or several joints are missing, are thrust into our faces, the horrid voice, unhuman in quality and inflection, calls for "bakshish," and the disfigured faces grin or weep, as suits the owner's mood and taste.

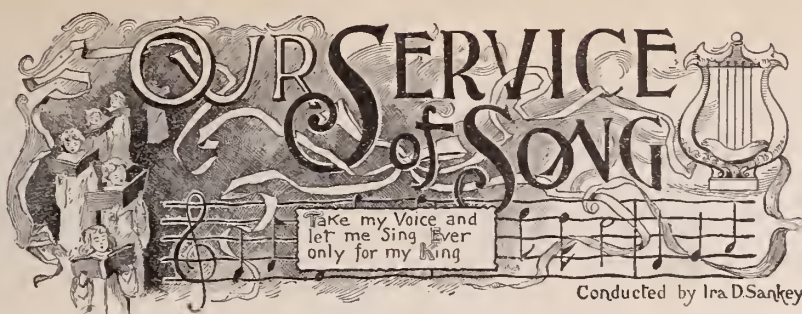
The lights in this dark picture are found in the Leper Home at Jerusalem, founded in 1867 by the Baroness Keffenbrinck-Ascheradin, and by her transferred in 1880 to the Moravians. The building stands upon a hill pleasantly visible from the Bethany road. The management is excellent, and all the appointments are those of a well-kept hospital. Divine service is held twice a week, and those who are too ill to attend it are visited separately in their rooms. The "house father" and his wife and the chaplain address themselves to their terrible task in the spirit expressed by the last-named in a recent report:

"Remembering always that the loathsome and terrible disease of the patient is one which seems ever to have thrilled our Saviour's breast with a keen and instantaneous compassion. . . .

"Gospel addresses, prayers offered at the bedside of many a stricken sufferer and private intercourse with Moslem and Christian patients have led many to acknowledge the benefits of Christianity and to endeavor to live according to the high principles of the Gospel."

Physicians and nurses acknowledge that the malady is absolutely incurable. They are likewise unanimous in the opinion that, however long the seeds may lie latent in the individual or family, leprosy is not to be eliminated from the blood. All that they can do—and this is much—is, by cleanliness, alleviative medicines and external applications, to lessen present suffering, and smooth the pathway to the grave.

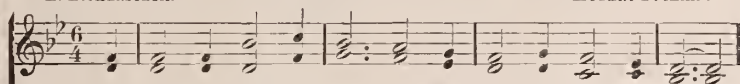
Wild rumors of extraordinary cures effected by a German physician who was here for a while, and whose work included some



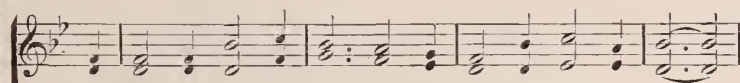
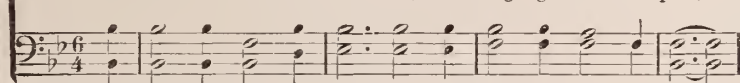
O God, the Rock of Ages.

E. BICKERSTETH.

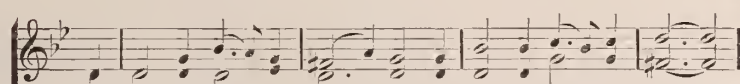
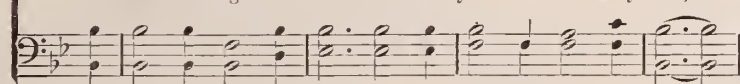
HUBERT P. MAIN.



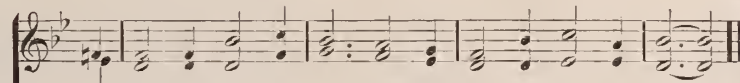
1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,
3. O Thou who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale,



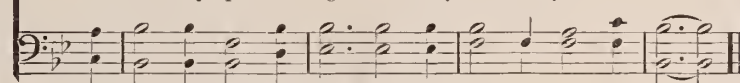
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;
Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die;
Teach us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail;



Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry, By strangers quick - ly told,
On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On us Thy good - ness rest,



To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou!
An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
And let Thy Spir - it bright - en Thy hearts Thy - self hast blessed!



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From SELECT SONGS No. 2, by per. of the Publishers.

skilful operations, and of the miraculous properties of a certain oil have excited false hopes in many who eagerly apply for admission. Those in charge of the Home, are firmly candid in dissipating these fancies, declaring that no mortal skill can do anything more than to alleviate the least tolerable and delay the horrible end.

MARION HARLAND.

STAND STILL IN JORDAN.

"When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan." Joshua 3: 8.

WHEN your feet come down to Jordan,
When you stand upon its brink,
Let your courage never falter—
Let your spirit never shrink.
You shall witness at the Jordan
The salvation of our God—
You shall pass the river safely—
Crossing over it dry shod.

CHORUS:—Stand still, then, in Jordan,
Stand still and behold

How God still delivers,
Who Jordan controlled.
Stand still, then, in Jordan,
Have faith in the Lord;
And mighty deliverance
Shall be your reward.

Yes, the Lord is great and mighty,
And his children he will keep—
He will pile up Jordan's waters,
Till they're standing as an heap.
Never doubt his love,—oh, never—
It will always be the same—
Yes, forever and forever
You may trust his holy name.—Chor.

When you stand in doubt or darkness,
Or whatever be your need,
God is ready to deliver,
If his promise you will plead.
Then stand still within the Jordan,
For our God will have control,
And the darkly surging waters
Shall not overwhelm your soul.—Chor.

THE LAST GREAT WAR.

Characteristics of the War and its Leader at the Close of this Dispensation.

(Concluded from page 217.)

THE kingdom represented by the iron of the quadrimetallic image of Daniel 2 was, like iron, to break in pieces and subdue all things, and to this kingdom belongs the evil chieftain of the last days. The fourth beast of Daniel 7, on which appeared the Little Horn, was dreadful, terrible, and strong exceedingly; it had great iron teeth, and devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet; and it had ten horns, representing subject kings. The King of Fierce Countenance of Daniel 8 waxed exceedingly great (the prophetic mode of expressing continual conquest over rival powers) towards the south and east, and towards the pleasant land—even to the host of heaven, casting down some of the host and of the stars to the ground. The Wilful King of Daniel 9 shall do according to his will, and exalt and magnify himself above all. He will be involved in contests with the king of the south, and other powers. Of the Man of Sin of St. Paul little is said to connect him with war or war-like proceedings and conquests; but his identity with the Wild Beast of the Apocalypse is undeniable; and it is not easy to conceive how he could in this world reach the exalted position assigned to him by Paul, except by means of successful war against all opposers. But the apocalyptic Wild Beast, without doubt, is a great warrior. The outcry of wonder from all the world, "Who is like him? who is able to make war with him?" cannot be sent forth until he has made his prowess felt. All the characteristics of Daniel's iron kingdom, Little Horn, King of Fierce Countenance, Wilful King, and Paul's Man of Sin, and Son of Perdition, meet in him. After his establishment upon the earth as King of the Locusts, there are indications in the prophecy of an indescribable conflict of great powers under the second woe-trumpet. This implies war in a struggle for conquest; and as it occurs before the war against the saints and slaughter of the witnesses, it confirms the position before implicitly arrived at—that the last conflict between good and evil can only take place after a tremendous struggle among the nations for supremacy; and this position is thus established by Scripture, as well as by reason.

The course of the argument has unfolded a view of the condition of the world in the latter days that most strikingly answers to the prescient description given by our Saviour to his disciples as he sat upon the Mount of Olives: "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences, and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven. . . . For in those days shall be affliction from the beginning of the creation until this time, neither shall be."

The war with the saints and witnesses, though designated a war, will more properly be a raid of persecution and extermination; for in proportion as the followers of Christ are true representatives of the good will they refrain from the sword and from all acts of offence and reprisal. In the extremity of their peril the Lord will appear for their salvation, and will then avenge their blood upon those that dwell on the earth. This raid upon the saints will be a movement totally distinct from that in which "nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," as described by our Lord. The former will be projected and carried on by the Antichrist, or evil chief alone, and the latter will be the process of his rise to supreme power by the subjugation of his ten confederated allies and all worldly antagonists.

This period of commotion among the nations and kingdoms must necessarily be a time of terrible "distress and perplexity." It will not be surprising that the pretensions of some to be deliverers and saviours will excite the hopes and foster the credulity of multitudes, who will be led after false Christs and false prophets only until the Antichrist himself shall appear with signs and lying wonders, aided by all the powers of Satan, and so able to delude the world into the worship of himself as its God and Saviour. This will inaugurate the last stage of this world's impiety and blasphemy, which, supplemented as it will be by the raid of Antichrist upon the saints, will call down the predicted vials of Divine wrath and empty them to the last drop of their indignation upon the destroyers of the earth.



PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Commencing April
22. Matt. 25 : 31-46.

ONE of the most striking paradoxes of Christ's teaching was, that he who would save his life should lose it, and he that would lose his life for Christ's sake should save it. The passage selected for the topic is an amplification and illustration of that paradox. It shows the life of service, of unselfishness, of love and beneficence rewarded, and the life of negligence and self-indulgence condemned. Nothing is said by the Judge as to creed, or ordinances, but all turns on whether deeds of helpfulness have been done or left undone. The inference is, that wherever there is love for Christ these deeds will surely be done and where they are not done, there is no love for Christ in the soul. Again and again in the New Testament is this principle enunciated. Men are classed there, not as we class them, by their station, or creed, but by their conduct. Christ perceives by what they have done, whether they have his spirit. He that is intent on securing good things for himself and is unmindful of others, stands self-convicted. He does not belong to Christ or he would be leading a different life. Christianity, as Christ taught it and lived it, is self-denial, self-forgetfulness, self-sacrifice and abounding love to men. The fact is conspicuous in this passage. Those on the right hand had forgotten themselves and their services and were surprised that they were to be rewarded for deeds which had been prompted by love, untainted by selfish consideration. Little likelihood was there of the Judge, who could read all hearts, and who takes account of motive, addressing such words to men who had done good work for the sake of reward. Even ordinary men discriminate in such matters. It is related of Napoleon that, in one of his battles, a gun was dismounted at a critical moment. It had been brought hurriedly to a point of vantage to operate on an advancing column of the enemy, and every moment was precious. The gunner, a man of gigantic strength, seized it and by a prodigious effort raised it to its place on the gun-carriage. Napoleon was delighted and made the man a captain on the spot. A trooper who heard of the affair envied his comrade and resolved to win promotion in the same way. He counted himself fortunate when he heard the Emperor, on parade, order the gunners to put a gun on its carriage. He stepped forward and by his own unaided strength executed the order. To his amazement, the Emperor instead of praising and promoting him, censured him for needlessly exerting himself and sent him to prison. The value of every action is gauged by the motive that prompts it. In the picture Christ drew in this passage, he saw his own spirit working in his people, leading them to live his life of love and kindness in the world—a life of spontaneous helpfulness, caring for the poor and the unfortunate, and loving and serving them in their need for Christ's sake. It is a significant sign of the extent to which selfishness has

corroded the spirit of our time that a body of Christian men can see in such a picture of devotion and self sacrifice merely a method of providing for the future.

THE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

The seventh annual conference of Railroad Young Men's Christian Associations was held in the new building of the department in New York, commencing March 29. By the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, we give here a picture of this building, which is the most complete and

ployes of the railroads, were received from Mr. E. W. Pullman, of the Palace Car Company; Mr. Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. S. Sloan, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Mr. Thomas P. Fowler, of the New York, Ontario and Western, and from about thirty other Presidents and Vice Presidents, all of whom declared that the results of the Association's work were beneficial both to the railroads and the employes.

Mr. Clarence J. Hicks, Secretary of the International Committee, reported on the work which had been accomplished by the Railroad Department. "The main object sought to be attained was," he said, "to counteract the evils resulting from frequenting saloons. The railroad corporations were now contributing over \$100,000 a year toward the support of the association, to enable the employes of their roads to establish clubrooms with libraries and reading rooms, gymnasiums, and other means of recreation calculated to elevate the character of the men and improve their efficiency. Thirty-one associations occupy commodious buildings owned by them or placed at their disposal by the railroad companies. Last year \$147,389 was paid out for current expenses, of which sum 25 per cent. was contributed

young men who are manning the American system of railroads are producing that miracle of the apostolic times that wherever the Christian man goes, in the railroad offices or in the freight station, he finds young men who, by their speech and conduct, bear testimony for their Master by their exemplary lives and deportment. Practice heroism and self-sacrifice in your various callings, and I ask you to give the work of this association more and more of your sympathy. I rejoice to believe that in your associations a wider sphere of development and progress is in store for you."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The influence of the Silver Cross House, Toronto, has gone over the sea. One of "the King's Daughters' household," who now lives in Edinburgh, has organized a Circle there that does mission work in "the old town."

There are many old members and friends of the Young Men's Christian Association in all lands who will be glad to know that, in connection with the celebration of the forthcoming jubilee in June next, a fund is being raised to present on behalf of the members and associates to Mr. George Williams, who organized the first Y. M. C. A. fifty years ago, a token of affection in the shape of a marble bust by Hamo Thornycroft, R. A.

The National Executive of the Young Men's Christian Associations in England is uniting with the Sunday School Union and similar organizations in promoting a bill in Parliament to lessen the facilities for gambling which now exist.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Tokio, Japan, expects to occupy a new building this month. The report of last year's work in Tokio gives encouraging details, and many incidents showing the value of the boarding-house.

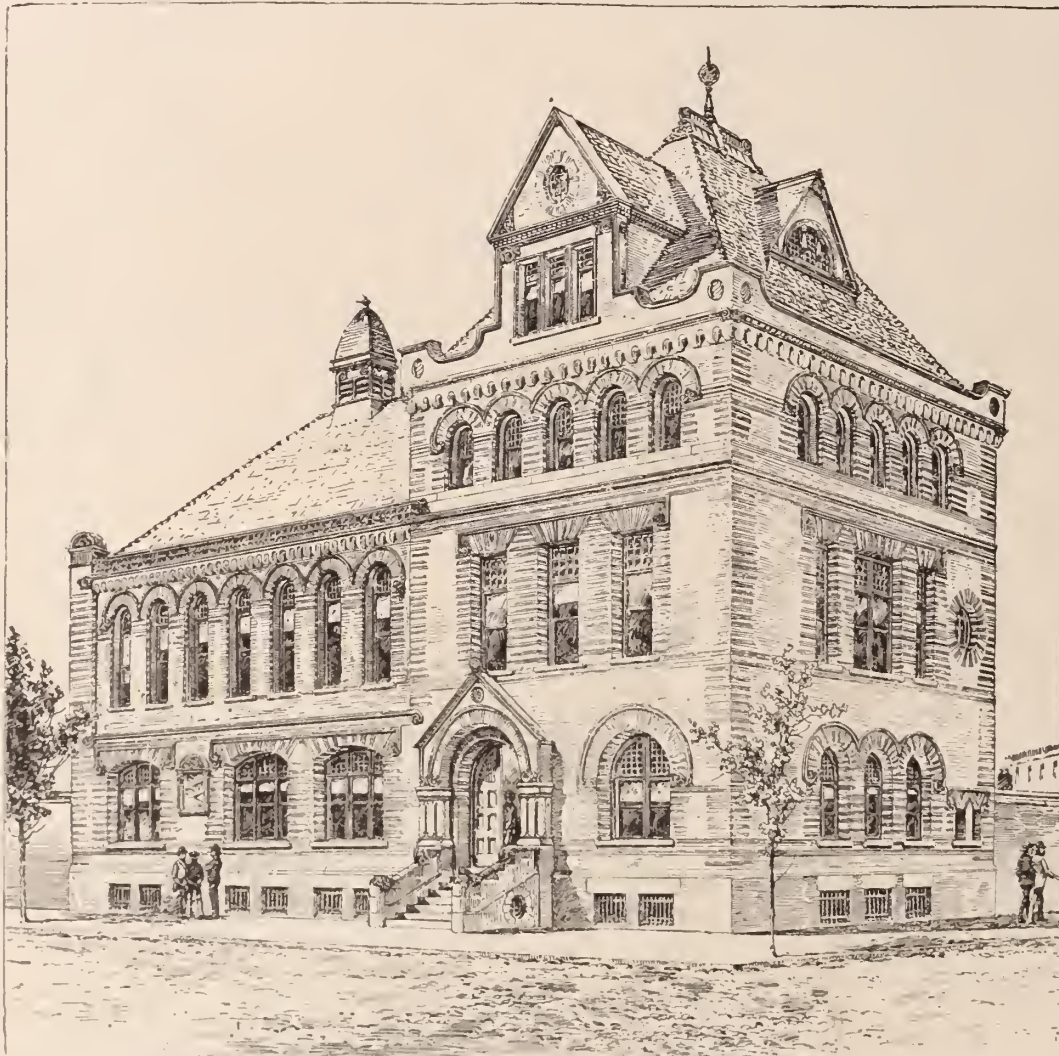
Since May, 1888, a Christian Endeavor Society in Rangoon has held regular sessions every Monday evening, and carried on work among the young people. The hand of the Lord has guided it, and much good has been accomplished.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Greenwood Church, Brooklyn, is supporting a native preacher at Banza Manteke, in Africa, and one in Toungoo, Burmah, besides paying for a free bed in the Ningpo Hospital, China. The Personal Work committee report over seventy conversions as a result of their efforts during the revival meetings just closed.

A Floating Endeavorer on the U. S. S. "Chicago," writes: "In my wanderings over the sea I found a Christian Endeavor Society at Kingstown, Ireland, in the heart of the enemy's country. I worshipped there, and had blessed fellowship and communion with them."

Progress in Young Men's Christian Association work is reported from many parts of France. An Association has been formed at Sedan, under the Presidency of Pasteur Loux. The members of the Association at Bordeaux are very helpful to the McAll Mission.

There is a movement on foot in Pittsburg, Pa., to establish an organization on lines similar to the Young Men's Christian Association and to be known as the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association. This movement has no connection with the recognized Young Men's Christian Association, but is designed by certain philanthropists of that city to provide a retreat for the Christian Chinamen there.



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THE RAILROAD YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.

attractive the Railroad Department has in the whole country. It cost over one hundred thousand dollars, and was the gift of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt to the Association. It is located on Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, near the Grand Central Station, and its doors are open day and night all the year round. It has all the conveniences of a club house, with social rooms, library, reading-room, gymnasium, restaurant and other accommodations.

The conference was a large one, ninety-eight railroad Associations being represented. The number of secretaries and ex-officio members brought the actual working delegation up to 250. Beside these there was a large attendance of officials and employes of the Trunk Roads and branches from all sections as far west as Denver, Col. Letters expressing appreciation of the work of the Association and testifying to the good effect it produced on the em-

by railroad employes, the remainder being contributed by the railroad companies. There are 76 libraries, containing 46,000 volumes, in the clubrooms of the association.

Among the speakers at the conference were Bishop Potter, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Col. McCook and Mr. Richard C. Morse. Bishop Potter in the course of an eloquent address said:

"I thank God with all my heart for the work the Young Men's Christian Association is doing in relation to railroad men on the railways of the United States and Canada, and all over the vast continent. The Romans built roads, wonderful, imperishable, colossal, and surpassing anything modern architecture has produced, that are impregnable to the assaults of time. But the Romans built their roads for the march of armies. I bless God that the ties that bind the



The Women of Morocco.

Their Condition one of Gilded Slavery and Spiritual Ignorance.

THE social condition of woman in Eastern lands has witnessed very little improvement within the last few centuries. This is especially true of Moslem countries; and indeed, everywhere, save where Judaism and Christianity have dignified the condition of womanhood, her state is that of a mere household slave. Assigned to a state of perpetual childhood, as far as mental and spiritual training are concerned, her higher nature has no opportunity for development and any talent or natural endowment she may possess is cruelly crushed unless it ministers to the selfish pleasure of her ruler, master or husband. This condition of affairs may be said to pervade Oriental society as a whole, with the exception possibly of a few localities in cities like Beyrout, Cairo, and Alexandria, where, in some more progressive and enlightened households, woman is treated as a few degrees better than a chattel, a bond servant or a petted and jeweled slave.

Nowhere is feminine subservience to man more strongly emphasized than in Morocco. Child marriages are very common in many parts of the East, throughout Syria, Egypt, and some sections of Arabia, also in India and China. It is estimated that in India alone there are 25,000,000 child-wives, of whom 70,000 are under ten years of age. In Morocco child-marriages may be said to be the rule, rather than the exception. The betrothal takes place in early infancy, the parents entering into a binding ceremony or making a verbal promise, that the boy and girl shall be united in marriage. As the children grow up, it becomes the privilege of the youth to make the girl his wife whenever he is able to support her. Many hardships, privations and cruelties are endured in consequence of these early marriages, yet the custom of espousing children is respected, and parents are envied who find desirable suitors for their daughters, while the latter are yet very young.

To the western mind and especially to the people of Christian countries, such practices appear barbarous, repugnant and sinful; yet all through the East, child-espousal is a time-honored and respected institution. When the poor little child-wife grows up to mature womanhood, and realizes the burdens, cares and responsibilities of her station, she usually finds life a dreary and monotonous affair. Utterly untrained to think of anything that will arouse her intellectual and spiritual nature, she falls back on dress, and jewelry, and the thousand little decorations and ornamentation of self and surroundings, which gratify uncultured taste and vanity alike. If she has a rich husband, her dresses and her jewelry are superb and matchless, her divans soft and luxurious, her tapestries and rugs the costliest the markets of Damascus or the bazaars of Cairo can afford. If poor, she is indeed to be pitied.

Whether the average Moorish home is a happy one, is a question which it would be difficult to decide. The women live in the complete seclusion of the harem, just as they do in almost all Mohammedan countries. They lead an indolent, unambitious life, devoted to dress, music and a few accomplishments, together with the routine duties of the household. They rarely venture outside the grounds of the home and their unacquaintance with the great world and its doings may be likened to that of mere children. Illiterate with rare exceptions, their spiritual natures wholly undeveloped, they are creatures of passion and impulse, affectionate, yet revengeful, and knowing nothing of those qualities that make life bright and beautiful to the women of Christian lands. Living in one of the loveliest countries in the world—a land of citrons, lemons, limes and oranges, of the

vine and all manners of fruits and grains, of splendid forests, songful with birds, great mountain ranges, with rivers and beautiful valleys, it is only on rare occasions that a Moorish lady travels, and when she does, she is so bundled and hooded that she can see but little and is herself supposed to be unseen.

There is a peculiar elegance of draping in the costumes of the Moroccan woman that unconsciously carries the mind back to the beautiful art creations of the Moors, the remains of which are found in Granada and

at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him: "Did you not color that a little when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

The Lot of Woman in Siam.

It is a wretched one, in the main. In the king's palace are four thousand women. The jewels contained in this fairy palace are of fabulous worth. The first Queen possesses a huge safe, made by a London firm, filled with jewelry of untold value: the second Queen owns a scarcely inferior assortment, while the jewel repository of the King is said to occupy the entire space of the royal bed-chamber. Yet in spite of gems and bijouterie, the lot of women in Siam is not a happy one. The poorer women are the beasts of burden and the tillers

alone with God. Shut out all but Jesus. Nobody else but he and yourself know what is being said in that secret chamber. But something will take place that will be the result of that secret interview with God, for "Thy Father will reward thee openly." After you have left that sacred lone spot you will meet God in public where you will have the open reward of secret prayer."

GRANDMOTHERS.

ONE glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress, makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think, writes Dr. Talmage, that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century. But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence, before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their heads sometimes get aching from the racket of the grandchildren down-stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get cold it hangs on to them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and gaze tearfully over the family record half-way between. I hail them all, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that house that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian Summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The elder members only have the benediction. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom, and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the side of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Six Excellent Rules to Remember.

Here are six rules for young people to remember:

Never lose any time. Time spent in recreation is not lost.

Never err the least from the truth.

Never say an ill thing of a person when you can say a good thing. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.

Never be irritable or unkind to any one. Never indulge in luxuries that are not necessary.

Do all things with consideration. Temperance, virtue and morality in youth and young manhood are the surest guarantees for a happy and contented old age. Build for the future as well as for the present.

Why a Moslem Girl Loved Jesus.

A little Moslem girl who had seized upon one difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity said: "I like your Jesus because he loved little girls." Our Mohammed did not love little girls."



A HOME GROUP IN MOROCCO.

elsewhere. Like the women of Syria, they are fond of bright colors, and strings of glittering coins of gold and silver. But with all the pomp and grandeur that fill even the most aristocratic Moorish homes, they belong to a decaying race.

With the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1492, the splendid history of a race which had held a prominent position in the affairs of the world for seven centuries, came to an inglorious close. Even yet, the Moorish homes of the better class (such as that shown in the illustration), contain evidences of the splendid art that characterized the race when, in the zenith of its power, it exerted an influence on art all over Southern Europe which has survived through the ages and whose best examples are found in the Alhambra and the magnificent mosques of Cordova in Spain.

The Value of a Boy.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address

of the soil, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Their lazy husbands sleep while the wretched wives cultivate the paddy-fields. And as for woman in the royal palace, her life is a blank, which will end only with herself. She does everything by rote, parrot-like. Her very children are taken from her at perhaps six years old, and the chances are much against her ever seeing them again. They are lost to her, just as she has been lost to her parents since girlhood.

Praying in Secret.

In most cases, morning and evening prayers are not secret—you are not alone with God; others are in the room with you. The door is not shut. What God wants is to have private talks with you alone every day. He wants you in addition to these morning and evening prayers to set apart special times when the Lord can meet with you every day. Any place will do for a closet, so it be a place where we may be



CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"YOU cannot stop there!" said Mrs. Paull with sportive decision. "The sermon is incomplete without the application. O, Annie! talk is so easy and so cheap! You will think me a reprobate for saying that I distrust many people whose business it is to preach and to teach religion. They all fall into one rut—'Do this and live! Do that and die! Half of the time they say it with the professional side of them, and live their own lives out just as other fallible mortals live out theirs. I should like to know something of your evangelists' six-days-in-the-week walk and conversation. While I am trenching upon irreverent talk of the profession which is above every other, I may as well be frank. Is his the Squeersian principle of first spelling a word, and then going out and doing it?"

Her forced lightness did not cheat her companion into forgetfulness of the significant truth that Ernest Paull was, for years, the popular superintendent of a Sunday School and a telling speaker in Sabbath School conventions, also, a notable worker in other departments of church enterprise. Her answer was grave and direct:

"He does the thing before he spells it. He gives away more than half his income yearly, and gives himself wholly to what he considers the reasonable service of every saved soul." His capacious lungs are full of oxygen, and his bodily health is perfect, notwithstanding the tremendous labors of a day that begins at five o'clock in the morning. He rises then to go to a breakfast-room furnished and supported by himself for tramps and newsboys. He asks God's blessing upon a substantial meal, and, when it is over, talks to the five or six hundred men and lads there assembled of the duties and temptations of the day, and of God's love and care and of his expectation that they will love and serve him, and carry everywhere with them the thought that God's eye is upon them. His parish comprises, as he once said, everybody who needs him. He is constantly on the alert for the opportunity to do 'little deeds of kindness.' Somebody has found fault with him that he is always 'on the side of the under dog.' His sympathies go out most quickly to those whose cry is, 'No man careth for my soul.' He would as readily run up five flights of stairs to pray with a sick man or woman at the top of a tenement house, as to enter a church to electrify an audience with his sound common sense, his all-pervading spirituality and the spirit of consecration that is manifest in every word and look. It matters nothing that people call him an impractical enthusiast and a fanatic. He knows that everyday practice is the very foundation of his doctrine and action. His private life is the best possible commentary upon his teachings."

"Elspeth!" called Mrs. Paull over her shoulder, "move your chair out here. Mrs. Barnes is talking of the Royal Road."

Something in the aspect of the upright figure filling up the kitchen door suggested to the mistress the isolation of the follower who had forsaken all other friends for her, and with it arose a misgiving lest in her own satisfaction in the society of her early friend, she had left the faithful creature too much to herself of late. With the instinct of true gentleness that never deserted her, Mrs. Barnes turned her chair slightly towards Elspeth, as she joined the ladies, still at a respectful distance.

"I was about to tell Mrs. Paull, how, after hearing Nurse Williams's Mr. Stevens, I went home, determined to try, for myself, his rule of living by the day. Mrs. Williams left me to my own thoughts during most of the journey back to Brooklyn. She saw that my mind and heart were full, and, as she told me since, contented herself with praying for me. My husband was not at home, and I had several hours to myself.

As soon as I laid off my hat, I got out my Bible. I would take nothing upon man's word without appeal to the Law and the Testimony.

"I had said over to myself times without number—'Take no thought for to-morrow,' very much as a Roman Catholic wears a scapular, and a pagan a charm against the Evil Eye. Now, when I sat down with the one desire to take God at his word, the text took on a new meaning. By the way, the Revised Version puts it yet more clearly and strongly than the Old. It says:

"Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"That was the first verse I looked up. On the same page I read, as I had never seen it until then:

"Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, or gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they?"

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. Yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"I stopped there to read those last words over again. All that man's wealth and wisdom and skill could accomplish; the tribute of Tarshish and the isles, the gifts of Sheba and Seba—could not array this mightiest monarch of the earth like one of these wild flowers. I took the little preacher in imagination between my fingers, gazed into the glowing cup and touched the velvet petals reverently, my heart well-nigh breaking with love and penitence.

"The rest followed naturally:

"If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you?"

"You, Annie Barnes! whose life he has thus far crowned with goodness and mercy; whose cup overflows with blessings; you who are his dear child, graven upon his hands; you for whom Christ died that you might live and reign with him forever. By this time, I was prepared for the tender reproach:

"O ye of little faith!"

"Why, Alice Paull! I told him then and there upon my knees, between my sobs, that I had never had one atom of real faith, and asked him to give me just one more trial. Still on my knees, I turned the leaves of my Testament.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest. And ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

"That is, when he is taken utterly, simply and joyfully at his Word.

"And after the miracle of the loaves and fishes—really no more of a miracle than happens often and often in the lives of those who are on the alert to interpret his wonderful providences. 'O, ye of little faith! Why reason ye among yourselves because ye have no bread? Do ye not perceive, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up?"

"Whoso shall humble himself as this little child"—believe that I mean what I say and that every jot and tittle of my Word shall come to pass—"is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer—believing—ye shall receive."

"The very hairs of your head are numbered."

"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

"But you and Elspeth know them all, and could recall a hundred more, one and all bearing the same message to the simple of heart: 'Trust me to do what is right and best for you, and I will be your refuge. Underneath you are the Everlasting Arms. Lie peacefully and happily within them.' Reading them in the new white light that streamed upon the page, I was as one who had found great treasure.

"Marie! dear child!" holding out her hand as a light step fell upon the floor behind her. "Mrs. Morse approached me with a petition after church this morning which she dared not prefer to you. The young man who officiates as organist goes away this week for a month's vacation. She says that if you will take his place for that time you will gratify Mr. Morse and herself and delight the congregation. I could not answer for you, of course."

"Certainly not."

Marie spoke in a lifeless tone and did not return the pressure of the firm fingers enfolding hers. She stood perfectly still, one hand on the back of Mrs. Barnes's chair. The impulse that sent her to the piano had exhausted itself in her long practising.

"Would you like to take the position, my love?" her mother queried.

"That is for you to say, mother."

It was always "mother" now-a-days, never "mamma."

"I do not wish to force your inclinations. I thought you might desire to oblige Mr. and Mrs. Morse who are so kind to you."

"Very well, then. I will do it," as passively as she had spoken before.

Mrs. Barnes was not easily put down. A wet blanket had no appreciable effect upon her spirits; nothing short of a deluge drowned her energies. She pressed the small, limp hand to her warm cheek, smooth as a sixteen-year-old girl's.

"These same left fingers will serve you well, should you ever care to become an organist in a city church. I know a woman who plays very little better who gets a salary of one thousand dollars a year."

She felt an electric quiver in the fingers she praised, and heard the irregular breathing that went with the girl's exclamation:

"One thousand dollars! O, Mrs. Barnes! Do you really think I could ever get half of that?"

"Easily—should the occur a vacancy in a city organ-loft. When you have left school, if you still wish it, we must see about it."

Marie was mute for a minute, then spoke dreamily but with suppressed passion that startled her companions:

"I wish I could earn some money! I wish I could earn five hundred dollars! It is a dreadful thing to be a woman—in any circumstances. It is intolerable to be poor as well. Good night, Mrs. Barnes. Good night, mother. I am tired almost to death!"

She went off without offering to kiss either of them. Elspeth arose and followed her silently. Coldness and ingratitude could not weaken her attachment.

"And you blame me for looking forward anxiously to her future!" sighed Mrs. Paull. "She is more of an enigma to me every day. A mother should know her daughter."

"A girl of seventeen does not know herself. Yours is forcing her way single-handed through the debatable ground; trying to ford the current 'where the brook and river meet.' A majority of girls take to misanthropy and mysticism and melancholy during the transition-period, catch it from one another, or inhale the bacteria of that miasmatic region, as they caught measles and whooping-cough when babies. The worst thing that could happen to Marie would be to fall heirless to a million dollars to-morrow. I am well content that she should not have the five hundred for a year or two. Alice, darling!" dropping the jesting strain, "Take your first step in the Royal Road by committing that precious creature entirely for this one night into the hands of him who careth for her as for you."

"I will try!" The answer was low and not prompt.

"Say 'I will,' dear heart! That is the Bible phrase."

"I will praise the Lord while I have my being."

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"I will abide in thy tabernacle forever."

"I therefore, will we not fear though the

earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

"I will!"

The lips of the friends met in a mute seal upon the covenant.

The holy calm of the summer night rested upon the waters and field, and mountain, and upon the troubled sea of human thought like a Sabbath benediction. Puffs of perfume, now warm, now cool, were the welcome of the pines to the visits of the breezes wandering down from loftier heights, by way of the northern gorge through which the lake had escaped to the valley.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever!" said Mrs. Barnes, by and by. "That is the oratorio of your hills. It came to me when I saw the amphitheatre of the valley from the top of Baldmount, on my way from Pedlington, and I hear it continually. Henceforth, even forever! Never off guard! There is another proof-text for you."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Any child of God, who, in any adequate way, believes that he can partake of the divine nature, knows that he has strength enough for any business that looks the right way; that is, which helps to bring God's kingdom into the world. If you are working with Aladdin's lamp, or with Monte Cristo's treasures, you are not apt to think you will fail. Far less will you think that you will fail if you are working with the omnipotence of the Lord God behind you."

Edward Everett Hale.

Two years had flown since Ernest Paull passed from the sight and ken of his family and the friends of his better days. Since the vessel that bore him under his false name, left New York Harbor, no more work or token of his existence had come to his wife than if he had fallen at night into mid-ocean, unseen, and never missed by his fellow-voyagers. In the business world, where he used to consider himself a personage of note, he was missed as little as would have been a pebble thrown into a lake a hundred years ago. His disappearance had created wonderfully little sensation at the time—so little that his brother-in-law—to whose promptness and energy was due the fact that few knew of the elopement, and fewer of the embezzlement, until the scandal was dissipated by time into odorlessness—smiled sometimes to himself in reflecting that the queer combination we know as self-love would have smarted had the criminal suspected the truth.

It would mortify many and console none of us to comprehend the absolute insignificance of the human unit in the sum of the ages.

Mrs. Paull's removal from city to country helped to keep the disgraceful story quiet, and her infrequent appearance in scenes where she had once been prominent, completed the effacement of herself and her affairs from the minds of mere acquaintances. Tom and Edwin, sturdy and happy in the free spaciousness of the Pinehurst woods and orchard, gradually ceased to think of the absent parent whose image had faded entirely from Gladys's memory. Their mother was their teacher, co-worker and play-mate, and the sun of the domestic system. Her country neighbors nodded and smiled in cordial good fellowship in meeting her upon the highway, or, as happened oftener, in mountain passes, where the grass grew high and flowers bloomed between the wheel tracks—stepping lightly, head erect and cheeks glowing—a son on each side. Sometimes all three carried baskets for nuts or berries, or for roots to be transplanted in the garden that was the talk of the region for beauty and variety.

In church she sat in her own pew, her children about her, earnest and devout, a chastened serenity in eyes and upon lip, that was a wonder to those who had gleaned fragments of her history and pitied the forsaken wife and toiling mother. Her hair had gathered frost during the terrible winter of two years ago, while the face beneath the abundant locks rolled back from her forehead, gained placidity and almost youthful bloom.

"I know now why the hoary head is said to be a crown of glory," said Lanier, one September evening as he lay at her feet, his head in her lap. "Your hair is a veritable crown, and sheds a sort of radiance over your face, such as falls from the nimbus about saints' heads in the pictures of the old masters. It is mysterious—but beautiful. Yet"—raising a hand to the head bent over his—"it gives me a heartache. Mother! you are the bravest woman I ever knew. This"—stroking the silvered coil—"is the only tell-tale."

(To be Continued.)

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Additional Contributions for the Relief of the Destitute in New York City.

Anderson, O.A.	250	Friends, Madison, N.Y.	200	Partridge, C.E.	100
Alexander, W.H. and friend	200	Friends, Sparta, Ill.	500	Pond, Mrs F.M.	500
Agnew, Sadie	100	Friend & children, Freedom, Pa.	125	Peterson, Mrs A.	200
Allen, Mrs J.J.	100	Family, Ridgefield, Ill.	100	Poueroy, R.A.	100
Atkinson, A.	500	From a sewing woman, Chicago, Ill.	100	Payne, Albert and Carrie.	150
Augustine, Mrs J.L.	500	From Dana and Darrel, Horn-nollsville, N.Y.	100	Parents and children, School District No. 14, Easton, N.Y.	600
Adams, Mrs E.B.	100	For Christ's sake, West Charl-ton, N.Y.	100	Reinhart, Mrs	100
Austin, S.S.	200	For Him that careth for the sparrows, Woodstock, N.J.	100	Reader, Holly, N.Y.	100
Anderson, Adolph and sisters	500	Graham, Wm F.	100	Reader, Monroe, Mich.	100
Allen, S.L.	100	Geissler, Mrs M.M.	100	Readers of the Herald, Nan-tucket, Mass.	600
Baker, John	100	Goodson, Mrs Rev J.B.	200	Rose, Susie E.	200
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Burton, Kate	100	Gordon, Jennie	100	Richmond, Kate	500
Blakeman, M.	200	Gilmour, Carrie	150	Reed, Edward	500
Belsher, Clyde	100	Gingerich, Mrs K.	100	Ressler, Joel	500
Bonds, Mrs E.R.	300	Gordon, Ada	200	Rodgers, Mrs Helen M.	100
Billings, Mrs C.	100	Gardner, Mrs Lucia C.	200	Reader, Port Haywood, Va.	100
Bennett, Lillian	100	Graham, Mrs	100	Reader, Oneida, N.Y.	100
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Boley, Ira, Eva, Lawrence and Grandpa	100	Hartman, Caroline	100	Sanford, Mrs Wm	200
Bonar, Caroline	100	Heagy's, Mrs Dr. Bible class	230	Sackett, C. Dell	500
Ball, Wm	200	Cochranville, Pa.	230	Shanklin, Mrs O.	850
Babbage, Mrs Wm	100	Haskins, Mrs Sarah	500	Slawson, Mrs H.H.	500
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Bement, Mrs	100	Haddon, Mrs	200	Seely, Mrs Wm	100
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Currie, Mrs	100	Hamilton, Henry	200	Subr, L.H.B. Athol, Mass.	100
Coak, Mary	100	Hnbard, M.H. and wife	500	Subr, J.S.B. Kan.	200
Cobb, Mrs Ruth	100	Holder, J.M.	500	Spring Valley Pres S.S.	200
Clapp, Mr and Mrs E.D.	200	Hamilton friends, N.Y.	400	S.S. of Pearson's Chapel, Trim Cave, Miss.	160
Callow, Little Alvah O.	100	In His Name, Phila. Pa.	200	Symphathizer, Cutler, Ill.	100
Cornell, Mrs E.K.	100	" " Cheyenne, Wyo.	100	Symphathizing Subr, Gale's burg, Ill.	300
Chamberlin, John R.	500	" " Pawtucket, R.I.	100	Senior Christian Endeavor, Dodgeville, Wis.	150
Chaffee, D.B.	100	" " Whitesboro, N.Y.	100	Sister, West Le Roy, Pa.	100
Chapman, Mrs M.L.	100	" " Candia, N.H.	100	Thatcher, Samuel	100
Chark, Helen	400	I.H.N., Chesapeake City, Md.	200	Thompson, Mrs J.R.	300
Campbell, Jessie	100	In His Name, Sauquoit, N.Y.	500	Thompson, Mrs J.R.	300
Clarkson, Mrs J.C.	100	" " New Haven, Vt.	500	Thomas, Miss Mary E.	100
Cookery, Mr and Mrs Jas.	100	" " Brooklyn, La.	100	Thorsen, Mrs T. and daughter	200
Chaffee, Mrs H.S.	500	" " Belle Rose, La.	100	Trucker, Geo	100
Creary, Mrs H.L.	100	" " Warrenton, Mo.	500	Thank offering from H. Sum-merfield, Ill.	1000
Chambers, Mrs Annie	100	Janse, Mrs H.	100	Thank offering, Phila. Pa.	200
Cumming, Mrs L.W.	100	Jeffs, A.C.	100	Two readers, N.Y.	200
Christian Endeavor Society,	250	Johnson, John	100	Two sisters, Verona, N.J.	200
Cash, Norwalk, Conn.	500	Johnston, Mrs R.T.	100	Three well wishers in Jesus' name, Olyphant, Pa.	800
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Conrad, Mrs M.E.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Conrad, Mrs M.E.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Carter, Mrs John	300	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Clark, Z.H. and wife	300	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
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Calvary Chapel, Men's Bible Class, Harrisburg, Pa.	500	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
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Damon, L.M.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Day, Mrs C.S.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Denny, T.M.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Deane, Mrs Chas R.	300	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Duncan, Mrs J.B.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Dunham, Mrs A.M.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Dodd, F.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Duncan & Simpson	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Davis, Anne	150	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Dana, L.O.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Desh, W.K.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Dawwell, Mr and Mrs A.E.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Daggett, H.B.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Dutch Reformed S.S. West-field, N.D.	75	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Eagle, E.	300	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Edie, Annie	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Eppes, Mrs R.B.	250	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Ezra, Kahoka, Mo.	500	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Easter Offering, E.J.S. Gil-berthville, N.Y.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Eames, Mrs H.F.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Easter offering from F.E.C. Monson, Mass.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Friend	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Jonesport, Me.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
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" F. Pepperell, Mass.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Celina, O.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Reno, Nev.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Gardean, Pa.	500	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Brownsville, Pa.	500	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Waitsfield, Vt.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" New Haven, Mich.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Ashland, O.	200	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" Louisville, Ky.	300	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
Friend, by Rev E.W. Crane	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" from Kan.	100	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100
" subr, W. Compton, NH	500	Johnson, J.C.	100	Two friends, Princeton, Ill.	100

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A CHRISTIAN TEMPLE IN AFRICA.

Bishop Tucker, of the Church Mission-ary Society, has ordained at the capital of Uganda, seven natives as deacons in the Christian Church, two of them being the greatest chiefs in the country, who govern large provinces. Bishop Tucker speaks of the new church building as worthy of the name of Cathedral. "For Central Africa it is as wonderful a building as Durham Cathedral is for England." There are nearly five hundred trees in it used as pil-lars; some of them were brought five or six days' journey, and it required several hun-dred men for the task." This recalls the ac-counts given of the building of the churches at the Sandwich Islands. The Hawaiians brought the coral, out of which lime was obtained, on their backs, often a distance of a dozen miles, and the largest timbers were dragged from the hoia forests, sometimes nearly twenty miles by hundreds of natives.

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The Late Senator Colquitt.

Georgia's Famous Senator, Ex-Governor, and Religious and Temperance Leader has Passed Away.

A GENERAL feeling of sorrow in all parts of the country has been caused by the death of Senator Colquitt of Georgia, which occurred on March 26. In the North, the Senator had many friends who admired and loved him and now join with a host of his friends in the South in mourning his death. He was a man of sterling

he was known to spend a whole night after a battle, on the field or in the hospital praying with the wounded and dying.

It was not until 1876 that he resumed his public service to his State. In that year he was elected Governor of Georgia and was re-elected at the end of his term. In 1882 he was elected Senator and was re-elected in 1888 for the term which had not expired at his death. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and took a warm interest in its affairs. He was also a strong temperance advocate. His death leaves a void in the State and nation which is severely felt.

CONVERTED BY STOLEN GOSPELS.

The first Protestant minister landed on Corea—a kingdom on the N. E. of China—in 1884, and a few others followed in the next year. Dr. Underwood, one of these missionaries, recently gave the following account of the earliest convert at Dr. Gratian Guinness' London Hall: "Not many months of the year 1886 had gone by before a Corean visiting the mission house saw lying on the table two Gospels. Curiously he read to himself their novel titles, 'The Blessed Tidings of Luke,' 'The Blessed Tidings of Matthew.' And before the missionary was aware of what had happened, the visitor concealed the volumes in the folds of his long loose sleeves. Little did the workers realize how greatly their cry for blessings was being answered in the heart of this one man! But when he returned soon after, his face beaming, and stood before them holding up the two books, one in either hand, exclaiming with the with the gladness of one who has found long-sought treasure, 'Oh, it is good! It is good! It is good!' they knew that God had heard. Without note or comment, without a word of explanation, he had come to understand 'the blessed tidings.' There, standing before them, was the first Corean convert; unhelped of any but God he had accepted simply, and in its fulness, the gift of life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Penny Stories, for Virge Reese Phelps. A collection of charming stories by juveniles. Pp. 207; cloth covers. A. I. Bradley, Boston, publisher.

Life in a Nubshell; A Story with a Practical Application, by Agnes Giberne; cloth; pp. 222; with frontispiece. A. I. Bradley, Boston, publisher.

At the Lord's Table, Thoughts on Communion and Fellowship, by Howard Crosby. Pp. 127; cloth; price 60c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

The Life of Daniel Alexander Payne, D.D., LL.D.; by Rev. C. S. Smith, D.D. A Monograph; illustrated. A.M.E. Church and Sunday School Union, Nashville.

In the Shadow of the Alhambra, or The Last of the Moorish Kings; by W. M. Greenley, A.M., M.D.; this volume is the result of more than ten years' travel and research in Europe and the Moslem countries of Asia; cloth covers; pp. 350; price \$1.50. S. B. Newman & Co., Knoxville, Tenn., publishers.



THE LATE U. S. SENATOR A. H. COLQUITT.

Christian character, singularly noble and dignified in his conduct and as gentle and sympathetic as he was brave.

The late Senator was born in Walton county, Georgia, in 1824. The family originally belonged to Virginia, but Senator Colquitt's grandfather removed to Georgia in 1801. There he soon came into prominence and his son, the late Senator's father, served his State in both branches of Congress. He was wealthy and took care that his son should have an excellent education. After studying in the best local institutions, he was sent to Princeton University where he graduated in 1844. He then took a course in law and commenced practice in Macon. He served as a volunteer in the Mexican war in 1847, attaining the rank of major. After the conclusion of the war, he returned to his law practice, which he continued until his election to Congress in 1852. The death of his wife, two years afterward prostrated him with grief and he declined the renomination to Congress which was offered him.

He was at that time a large slaveholder and it is worthy of note that he exerted himself to a degree which provoked the censure of many of his friends for the spiritual welfare of his slaves. It was his habit for many years to gather the children on his estate every Sunday afternoon in Sunday School which he taught himself, and at night the elders met to hear him read the Bible and explain it. The devotion of his slaves to him was unwavering. When the war broke out, he had been married a second time and he unhesitatingly left his young wife and child in charge of the negroes on his estate without the supervision of any white man. During his absence on the field, the slaves spontaneously held prayer-meetings on Sundays and week-days to ask that his life might be preserved and he might return in safety. Nor was the good feeling disturbed by emancipation. The first colored church organized in Georgia after the war was indebted for the building in which it worshipped to the munificence of Gen. Colquitt. His military services were of a distinguished order. He entered the war as captain, but before its close he had won the rank of major-general. It was said of him, that although brave and fearless to the verge of recklessness, no officer was so careful of his men or so averse to needlessly exposing them to danger. More than once

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of suffering from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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TOM.
BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

NEVER did any one have a better start in life than Tom. Born of Christian parents, he inherited from them no bad defects, moral or physical. He was built on a liberal plan, having a large head, large hands, large feet, large body, and within all, a heart big with generosity. His face was the embodiment of good nature, and his laugh was musical and infectious. Being an only child there was no one to share with him the lavish love of his parents. They saw in him nothing less than a future President of the United States, and they made every sacrifice to fit him for his coming position. He was a prime favorite with all, and being a born leader, he was ungrudgingly accorded that position by his playmates at school and his fellows at the University. He wrestled with rhetoric, and logic, and political economy, and geometry, and came off an easy victor; he put new life into the dead languages, dug among the Greek roots by day and soared up among the stars by night. None could outstrip him as a student, and he easily held his place at the head of his class. The dullest scholar found in him a friend and a helper, while the brighter ones found in his example, an incentive to do their best.

In athletic sports, too, he was excelled by none. He could run faster, jump higher, lift a dumb-bell easier, strike a ball harder, and pull as strong an oar as the best of them. He was the point of the flying wedge in the game of football, and woe be to the opponent against whom that point struck. To sum it all up, Tom was a mental and physical giant, as well as a superb specimen of what that college could make out of a young man. But unfortunately, it was one of those institutions that developed the mental, trained the physical, and starved the spiritual, and so it came to pass ere his college days were ended, Tom had an enemy, and that enemy was the bottle.

The more respectable you make sin, the more dangerous it is. An old black bottle in the rough hand of the keeper of a low dive, would have no power to cause a clean young man to swerve from the right course, but he is a hero ten times over, who can withstand the temptation of a wine glass in the jewelled fingers of a beautiful young lady. Tom's tempter came in the latter form, and she who might have spurred him on to the highest goal, and whispered in his ear, "look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright," started him down a course which made him learn from a terrible experience that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Does any one call a glass of wine a small thing? Read Tom's story and then call it small, if you dare! Whatever he did was done with his might, drinking not excepted. He boasted of his power to drink much and keep sober, while he laughed at the companions who imbibed far less and went to bed drunk. At first Tom was the master and the bottle his slave, but in three years' time they changed places. When too late, his parents discovered that the college had sent back to them a ripe scholar, a trained athlete and a drunkard. The mother tried to save her son, but failing in every effort, her heart broke and she died with Tom's name on her lips. The father, weighed down under the dead sorrow and the living trouble, vainly strove to rescue his son, and was found one night in the attitude of prayer, kneeling by the side of the bed where his wife's broken heart a few months before had ceased to beat. He died praying for his boy!

One evening as the sun was setting, a man stood leaning against the fence along one of the streets of a certain city. His clothes were ragged, his hands and face unwashed, his hair uncombed and his eyes bleared; he looked more like a wild beast hunted and hungry, than a human being. It was Tom. The boys gathered about him, and made him the object of their fun and ridicule. At first he seemed not to notice them, but suddenly he cried out: "Cease your laughter until you know what you are laughing at. Let me talk to my Master while you listen."

He pulled a bottle from his pocket, held it up, and looking at it with deep hatred flashing from his reddened eyes, he said: "I was once your Master; now I am your slave. In my strength you deceived me; in my weakness you mock me. You have burned my brain, blistered my body,

blasted my hopes, bitten my soul and broken my will. You have taken my money, destroyed my home, stolen my good name, and robbed me of every friend I ever had. You killed my mother, slew my father, sent me out into the world a worthless vagabond, until I find myself a son without parents, a man without friends, a wanderer without a home, a human being without sympathy, and a pauper without bread. Deceiver, mocker, robber, murderer—I hate you! Oh, for one hour of my old-time strength, that I might slay you! Oh, for one friend and some power to free me from this slavery!"

The laugh had ceased and the boys stood gazing on him with awe. A young lady and gentleman had joined the company just as Tom began this terrible arraignment of his Master, and as he ceased, the young lady stepped up to him and earnestly said: "You have one friend and there is one power that can break your chains and set you free."

Tom gazed at her a moment and then said: "Who is my friend?"

"The King is your friend," she answered. "And pray, who are you?" said Tom.

"One of the King's Daughters," was the reply, "and 'In His Name' I tell you he has power to set you free."

"Free, free did you say? But, you mock me. A girl with as white a hand and as fair a face as yours, delivered me to my Master."

"Then, in the name of the King whose daughter am I, even Jesus Christ the Lord, let the hand of another girl lead you to him who came to break the chains of the captive and set the prisoner free."

Tom looked at the earnest face of the pleading girl, hesitated awhile, as his lip quivered and the big tears filled his eyes, and then suddenly lifting the bottle high above his head, he dashed it down on the pavement, and as it broke into a thousand pieces, he said: "I'll trust you, I'll trust you, Lead me to the King!"

And lead him she did, as always a King's Daughter will lead one who sorely needs help. His chains were broken, and at twenty-nine years of age Tom began life over again. He is not the man he might have been, but no one doubts his loyalty to the King. His place in the prayer circle is never vacant, and you can always find him in the ranks of those whose sworn purpose it is to slay Tom's old Master, King Alcohol!

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A gentleman who had filled many high stations in public life, with the greatest honor to himself and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, an eminent Englishman, in great anger at a real injury he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be manly to resent it? "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be godlike to forget it." This, the gentleman declared, had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite another man, and in a temper entirely altered from that in which he went.

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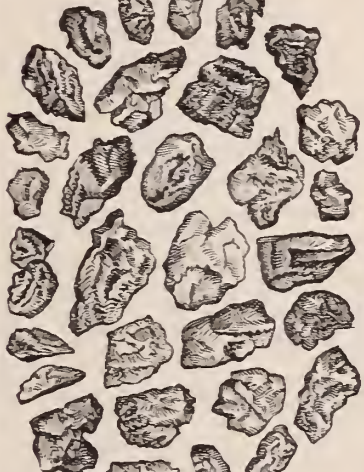
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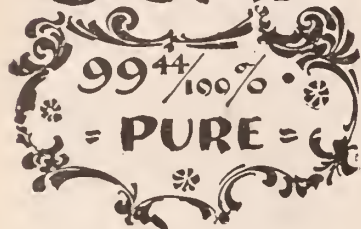
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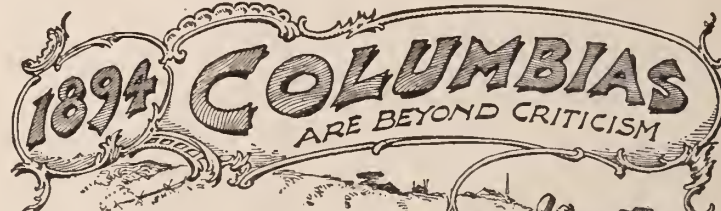
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 16.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

AMERICA'S OLDEST CHRISTIAN.

Millie Jefferson, the "Veteran of the Cross," and her Beautiful Faith—Testifying in her 109th Year—Blind with Age but Rejoicing in her Saviour—A Remarkable Career.



PROBABLY the oldest living Christian in America, is a venerable colored woman, Millie Jefferson, who was recently found living at No. 147 West Twenty-seventh street, New York.

with snowy-white hair. The cheeks are sunken, and the light of the eyes has gone out from this world; yet the face beams with enthusiasm as she speaks. Her voice is clear, with very little of the tremulous quaver peculiar to most aged people, and her hearing and memory are phenomenal. Indeed, her "chil'ren," as she lovingly calls the daughters who wait upon her, declare that she can recall many events which they have forgotten.

"Oh, yes," she said pleasantly, after a cordial exchange of greetings, "I can 'mem-

"I's always happy, 'cause I has the Lo'd with me," replied "Grandma" Jefferson. "Dere's nothing to make yo' unhappy, if yo' has him. I has him in my heart for long, long years, and will have him till I go to be with him where he is.

"It's jest fifty-nine years ago," she added, "sence I got religion. I was then fifty years ole. How was I converted? Well, it was jest like this: My missus was a Christian woman, and her teachings were what opened my eyes fust. But it came upon me all very sudden like. The change in my heart came when I heard Mr. Creza preach at the Methodist Conference. I took straight hol' of my Saviour, and I been holdin' right along, bless de Lo'd! Yo' see, it was a matter o' faith. De Lo'd Jesus tole me to trus' him, and I jest trus'ed. Yo' know, we's tole

periences in these fifty-odd years, Granny?" "Oh, yes, but bless de Lo'd, I's all right, chile! We may slip back ninety-nine times, but ef we ask him to help us even de las' time, he won't refuse, bless his name! Now my wo'k here is done." And she held out her hands, palm upward, in an attitude of supreme resignation. "I's jest waitin', jest waitin'. Everything is finished, clean up and all nice, four years ago, and right up till now." The sightless eyes turned to the visitor as though seeking to emphasize the beautiful faith that found expression on the lips.

"You have a strong hold on Christ, Grandma?"

The old woman raised herself on one elbow in bed, with a strength that was surprising, and turned her face toward the

speaker.

"Well," she said with emotion, "it's jest like this: The Lo'd tole me to trus' him and to believe what he says in the Bible, ebbery wo'd of it. Now I can't read nor neber could, but he has written it all here right in my heart, and I believe it all. He will never forsake me—never!"

"You are very patient, too, lying there so long. Do you think much of the heaven to which you are going?"

"Yes, I does, chile—often; and I's blessed lyin' here. It's all cl'ar to me. When we reach dere, dose who have kep' the faith and given themselves to him, will have no recollection of dis po' sinful, mo'tal body, wid its wickedness, and sicknesses, and feebleness, for we will have an immo'tal body, jest like this, on'y immo'tal and glorious and holy, like Jesus was holy. De Lo'd made Adam perfec' and holy, but sin destroyed the perfec'ness of the body, and in heaven we will again be what Adam was befo' he fell. We'll be perfec' and holy—jes' like he was befo' sin entered de wo'ld."

As she spoke, with clear intonation and quoting freely and accurately from Scripture, she became almost eloquent. Age could not prevent her from pouring out the tribute of her heart before the Cross.

"The Lord is very good to you, now that you are old and unable to be about."

"Ah, he allus is good to his chil'ren, if dey will on'y trus' him. Why, he allus been good to me. Even in the old slavery days, I kin 'member his goodness den. Yes, I kin 'member 'way back, when I was jest a little chile, playin' about down in Virginny; it is all cl'ar to me as I lie here, and it all comes back. I kin 'member everything. No, I never did see Ginerl Washin'ton, but I saw lots of his soldiers—saw dem march pass our plantation to Washin'ton's war. Mr. Jefferson was a great friend of the Ginerl's in dose early days. Dese were the days of good times and plenty; we never knew what want was, and I," with a smile,

"allus lived 'on top of de pot.' My chil'ren was allus raised among plenty. The massas and missuses was kind people. THE CHRISTIAN HERAL' has been a good friend to us and to all the po' folks, feedin' them through dese hard times. The Lo'd bless you for it, and I'm sure he will, I'm sure he will!"

Continued on page 243.



GRANDMA MILLIE JEFFERSON, AGED ONE HUNDRED AND NINE YEARS.
From a recent Photograph furnished to "The Christian Herald."

ber everything. You can't 'member back of de last war, eh?" with a little laugh. "De war closed jest twenty-nine years ago, on April 9."

"I am glad to see you so happy," said the caller.

to put our trus' in the Lo'd, and he will never forsake us, nor deny us any good thing. So I jest reached out an' trus'ed, and I have trus'ed ever sence." And a bright smile lit up the aged face like a ray from heaven.

"But you must have had a great many ex-

by the missionaries of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund. For many weeks this aged saint, who is now in her one hundred and ninth year, blind and bed-ridden, has been helped by the Fund, she and her family having been reduced to extreme indigence. Yet, amid her poor surroundings and with hardships pressing on every side, there has gone out from that rear room a blessed influence that has made itself widely felt, and which has awakened in many hearts a desire to know the Saviour in whose love this old woman is happy, and resting on whom she waits with patient confidence, the opening of the celestial gates that must soon swing wide for her entrance.

When the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited her, a few days ago, he found her bright and cheerful, and willing to tell the story of her Christian experience. In the room were two of her daughters, the youngest seventy-six years old. Mrs. Jefferson was born in slavery, on a plantation in the historic and beautiful Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, on March 30, 1785. The plantation, which had originally been the property of President Thomas Jefferson, was owned and operated by a planter named Mosee. There she passed her childhood which, as she now recalls it, must have been a comparatively pleasant one, amid comfortable surroundings and with a kind master. She married Peter Jefferson, a slave on a plantation at Shadwell, Albemarle Co., belonging to President Jefferson, and who had been named after the father of that distinguished statesman. She bore him nine children, three of whom are still living. Fifty-seven grandchildren and twenty-six great grandchildren are her descendants.

"Grandma" Jefferson has a surprising memory, and can readily recall events that happened over a century ago. Her husband died many years ago. When the Civil War broke out she was living in Staunton, Va., where she was cook and house-servant. At the conclusion of the war, she and her children were liberated.

They are now scattered in different parts of the Union, some of them being in Oskaloosa, Iowa, where "Grandma" Jefferson lived with them, until she came to New York to be with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Davis, seven years ago.

The old woman has an exceedingly intelligent face, with a fine forehead, crowned



HOME RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Text: Luke 8:30: "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

AFTER a fierce and shipwrecking night, Christ and his disciples are climbing up the slaty shelving of the beach. How pleasant it is to stand on solid ground after having been tossed so long on the billows! While the disciples are congratulating each other on their marine escape, out from a dark, deep cavern on the Gadarene hills there is something swiftly and terribly advancing. Is it an apparition? Is it a man? Is it a wild beast? It is a maniac who has broken away from his keepers, perhaps a few rags on his person, and fragments of stout shackles which he has wrenched off in terrific paroxysm. With wild yell, and bleeding wounds of his own laceration, he flies down the hill.

Back to the boats, ye fishermen, and put out to sea, and escape assassination. But Christ stands his ground; so do the disciples: and as this flying fury, with gnashing teeth and uplifted fists, dashes at Christ, Christ says, "Hands off! Down at my feet, thou poor sufferer," and the demoniac drops harmless, exhausted, worshipful. "Away, ye devils!" commanded Christ, and the two thousand fiends which had been tormenting the poor man, are transferred to the two thousand swine which go to sea with their accursed cargo.

The restored demoniac sits down at Christ's feet and wants to stay there. Christ says to him practically, "Do not stop: you have a mission to execute; wash off the filth and the wounds in the sea; smooth your disheveled locks; put on decent apparel and go straight to your desolated home, and tell your wife and children that you will no more affright them, and no more do them harm; that you are restored to reason, and that I, the Omnipotent Son of God, am entitled hereafter to the worship of your entire household. Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."

Yes, the house, the home is the first place where our religious gratitude ought to be demonstrated. In the outside world we may seem to have religion when we have it not; but the home tests whether our religion is genuine or a sham. What makes a happy home?

Well, one would say, a house with great wide halls, and antlered deer-heads, and parlors with sculpture and bric-a-brac, and dining-hall with easy chair and plenty of light and engravings of game on the wall, and sleeping apartments commodious and adorned. No. In such a place as that, gigantic wretchedness has sometimes dwelt, while some of you look back to your father's house, where they read their Bible by the light of a tallow candle. There were no carpets on the floor save those made from the rags which your mother cut night by night, you helping wind them into a ball, and then sent to the weaver who brought them to shape under his slow shuttle. Not a luxury in all the house. But you cannot think of it this morning without tearful and grateful emotion. You and I have found out that it is not rich tapestry, or gorgeous architecture, or rare art that makes a happy home.

The six wise men of Greece gave prescriptions for a happy home. Solon says a happy home is a place where a man's estate was gotten without injustice, kept

without disquietude, and spent without repentance. Chilo says that a happy home is the place where a man rules as a monarch a kingdom. Bias says that a happy home is a place where a man does voluntarily what by law he is compelled to do abroad. But you and I, under a grander light, give a better prescription: a happy home is a place where the kindness of the Gospel of the Son of God has full swing.

While I speak this morning there is knocking at your front door, if he be not already admitted. One whose locks are wet with the dews of the night, who would take your children into his arms, and would throw upon your nursery, and your sleeping apartments, and your drawing-room, and your entire house a blessing, that will make you rich while you live, and be an inheritance to your children after you have done the last day's work for their support, and made for them the last prayer. It is the illustrious One who said to the man of my text, "Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee." Now, in the first place, we want religion in our domestic duties.

Every housekeeper needs great grace. If Martha had had more religion she would not have rushed with such bad temper to scold Mary in the presence of Christ. It is no small thing to keep order, and secure cleanliness, and mend breakages, and achieve economy, and control all the affairs of the household advantageously. Expenses will run up, store bills will come in twice as large as you think they ought to be, furniture will wear out, carpets will unravel, and the martyrs of the fire are very few in comparison with the martyrs of housekeeping. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who in their homes are managing all these affairs with a composure, an adroitness, an ingenuity, and a faithfulness which they never could have reached but for the grace of our practical Christianity. The exasperations which wear out others have been to you spiritual development and sanctification. Employments which seemed to relate only to an hour have on them all the grandeurs of eternal history.

You need the religion of Christ in the discipline of your children. The rod which in other homes may be the first means used, in yours will be the last. There will be no harsh epithets—"you knave, you villain, you scoundrel, I'll thrash the life out of you, you are the worst child I ever knew." All that kind of chastisement makes thieves, pick-pockets, murderers, and the outlaws of society. That parent who in anger strikes his child across the head, deserves the penitentiary. And yet this work of discipline must be attended to. God's grace can direct us. Alas for those who come to the work with fierce passion and recklessness of consequences. Between severity and laxity there is no choice. Both ruinous and both destructive. But there is a healthful medium which the grace of God will show to us.

Then we need the religion of Christ to help us in setting a good example. Cowper said of the oak: "Time was when settled on thy leaf a fly could shake thee to the root. Time has been when tempest could not." In other words, your children are

very impressible just now. They are alert; they are gathering impressions you have no idea of. Have you not been surprised sometimes, months or years after some conversation, which you supposed was too profound or intricate for them to understand—some question of the child demonstrated the fact that he knew all about it?

Your children are apt to think that what you do is right. They have no ideal of truth or righteousness but yourself. Things which you do, knowing at the time to be wrong, they take to be right. They reason this way: "Father always does right. Father did this. Therefore this is right." That is good logic, but bad premises. No one ever gets over having had a bad example set him. Your conduct more than your teaching makes impression. Your laugh, your frown, your dress, your walk, your greetings, your good-byes, your comings, your goings, your habits at the table, the tones of your voice, are making an impression which will last a million years after you are dead, and the sun will be extinguished, and the mountains will crumble, and the world will die, and eternity will roll on in perpetual cycles, but there will be no diminution of the force of your conduct upon the young eyes that saw it, or the young ears that heard it.

Now I would not have by this the idea given to you that you must be in cold reserve in the presence of your children. You are not emperor; you are companion with them. As far as you can, you must walk with them, skate with them, fly kite with them, play ball with them, show them you are interested in all that interests them. Spensippus, the nephew and successor of Plato in the academy, had pictures of joy and gladness hung all around the school-room. You must not give your children the impression that when they come to you they are playful ripples striking against a rock. You must have them understand that you were a boy once yourself, that you know a boy's hilarities, a boy's temptations, a boy's ambition—yea, that you are a boy yet. You may deceive them and try to give them the idea that you are some distant supernatural effulgence, and you may shove them off by your rigorous behavior, but the time will come when they will find out the deception, and they will have for you utter contempt.

Besides that, how are your children ever to become Christians if you yourself are not a Christian? I have noticed that however worldly and sinful parents may be, they want their children good. When young people have presented themselves for admission into our membership, I have said to them: "Are your father and mother willing you shall come?" and they have said, "Oh! yes; they are delighted to have us come; they have not been in church for ten or fifteen years, but they will be here next Sabbath to see me baptized." I have noticed that parents, however worldly, want their children good.

So it was demonstrated in a police court in Canada, where a mother, her little child in her arms—sat by a table on which her own handcuffs lay, and the little babe took up the handcuffs and played with them, and had great glee. She knew not the sorrow of the hour. And then when the mother was sent to prison, the mother cried out, "Oh! God, let not this babe go into the jail. Is there not some mother here who will take this child? It is good enough for heaven. It is pure. I am bad. I am wicked. Is there not some one who will take this child? I cannot have it tainted with the prison." Then a brazen creature rushed up and said, "Yes, I'll take the child." "No, no," said the mother, "not you, not you. Is there not some good mother here who will take this child?" And then when the officer of the law in mercy and pity took the child to carry it away to find a home for it, the mother kissed it lovingly, and said, "Good-by, my darling; it is better you should never see me again."

However worldly and sinful people are, they want their children good. How are you going to have them good? Buy them

a few good books? Teach them a few excellent catechisms? Bring them to church? That is all very well, but of little final result unless you do it with the grace of God in your heart. Do you not realize that your children are started for eternity? Are they on the right road? Those little forms that are now so bright and beautiful, when they have scattered in the dust there will be an immortal spirit living on in a mighty theatre of action, and your faithfulness or your neglect now is deciding that destiny.

There is contention already among ministering spirits of salvation and fallen angels as to who shall have the mastery of that immortal spirit. Your children are soon going out in the world. The temptations of life will rush upon them. The most rigid resolution will bend in the blast of evil. What will be the result? It will require all the restraints of the Gospel, all the strength of a father's prayer, all the influence of a Christian mother's example, to keep them.

You say it is too early to bring them. Too early to bring them to God? Do you know how early children were taken to the ancient Passover? The rule was just as soon as they could take hold of the father's hand and walk up Mount Moriah they should be taken to the Passover. Your children are not too young to come to God. While you sit here and think of them perhaps their forms now so bright and beautiful vanish from you, and their disembodied spirit rises, and you see it after the life of virtue or crime is past and the judgment is gone and eternity is here.

Again I remark, we want religion in all our home sorrows. There are ten thousand questions that come up in the best regulated household that must be settled. Perhaps the father has one favorite in the family, the mother another favorite in the family, and there are many questions that need delicate treatment.

Tyranny and arbitrary decision have no place in a household. If the parents love God, there will be a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a spirit of forgiveness, and a kindness which will throw its charm over the entire household. Christ will come into that household, and will say, "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them; wives, see that you reverence your husbands; children, obey your parents in the Lord; servants, be obedient to your masters," and the family will be like a garden on a summer morning—the grass-plot, and the flowers, and the vines, and the arch of honeysuckle standing in the sunlight glittering with dew.

But then there will be sorrows that will come to the household. There are but few families that escape the stroke of financial misfortune. Financial misfortune comes to a house where there is no religion. They kick against divine allotments; they curse God for the incoming calamity, they withdraw from the world because they cannot hold as high a position in society as they once did, and they fret, and they scowl, and they sorrow, and they die. During the past few years there have been tens of thousands of men destroyed by their financial distresses.

But misfortune comes to the Christian household. If religion has full sway in that home, they stoop gracefully. They say, "This is right." The father says, "Perhaps money was getting to be my idol. Perhaps God is going to make me a better Christian by putting me through the turbulence of tribulation. Besides that, why should I fret anyhow? He who owneth the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, is my Father. He clotheth the lilies of the field; he will clothe me. If he takes care of the raven and the hawk and the vulture, most certainly he will take care of me, his child."

Sorer troubles come—sickness and death. Loved ones sleep the last sleep. A child is buried out of sight. You say, "Alas! for this bitter day. God has dealt very severely with me. I can never look up. O, God, I cannot bear it." Christ comes in and he says, "Hush! O, troubled soul; it is well

with the child. I will strengthen thee in all thy troubles. My grace is sufficient. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

But there are hundreds of families represented here this morning where religion has been a great comfort. There are in your homes the pictures of your departed, and things that have no wonderful value of themselves; but you keep them precious and carefully because hands now still once touched them. A father has gone out of this household, a mother has gone out of this, a daughter just after her graduation day, a son just as he was entering on the duties of life.

And to other homes trouble will come. I say it not that you may be foreboding, not that you may do the unwise thing of taking trouble by the forelock, but that you may be ready. We must go one by one. There will be partings in all our households. We must say farewell. We must die. And yet there are triumphant strains that drown these tremulous accents, there are anthems that whelm the dirge. Heaven is full of the shout of delivered captives, and to the great wide field of human sorrow there come now the reaper angels with keen sickles to harvest the sheaves of heaven.

Saints will to the end endure;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those he purchased for his sheep.

Go home this day and ask the blessing on your noonday meal. To-night set up the family altar. Do not wait until you become a Christian yourself. This day unite Christ to your household, for the Bible distinctly says that God will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. Open the Bible and read a chapter; that will make you strong. Kneel down and offer the first prayer in your household. It may be a broken petition, it may be only "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" but God will stoop, and spirits will listen, and angels will chant, "Behold! he prays."

Do not retire from this house this morning until you have resolved upon this matter. You will be gone. I will be gone, many years will pass, and perhaps your younger children may forget almost everything about you; but forty years from now, in some Sabbath twilight, your daughter will be sitting with the family Bible on her lap reading to her children, when she will stop, and peculiar solemnity will come to her face, and a tear will start, and the children will say, "Mother, what makes you cry?" and she will say, "Nothing, only I was thinking that this is the very Bible out of which my father and mother used to read at morning and evening prayer."

All other things about you they may forget; but train them up for God and heaven; they will not forget that.

When a queen died, her three sons brought an offering to the grave. One son brought gold, another brought silver, but the third son came and stood over the grave and opened one of his veins and let the blood drop upon his mother's tomb, and all who saw it said it was the greatest demonstration of affection. My friends, what is the grandest gift we can bring to the sepulchres of a Christian ancestry? It is a life all consecrated to the God who made us and the Christ who redeemed us. I cannot but believe that there are hundreds of parents in this house who have resolved to do their whole duty, and that at this moment they are passing into a better life; and having seen the grace of the Gospel in this place to-day, you are now fully ready to return to your own house, and show what great things God has done unto you.

Though parents may in covenant be,
And have their Heaven in view;
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too.

May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers be our God and the God of our children forever!

Christian Work in the West.

The Minneapolis Gospel Union and its Mission—Free Sunday Breakfast, Open Air Talks and Indoor Services—Souls Brought to Christ.

"Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by."

WHAT is now quite familiarly known as the Gospel Union Free Breakfast Mission, is situated in the Old Market Hall, Bridge Square, in the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and although only a little more than a year old, it has increased to such an extent that it is surprising and gratifying to all who are connected with it.

In the fall of 1892, a number of earnest Christian men conceived the idea of establishing a mission with the double object of supplying of food to the needy, and of saving souls. On Sunday morning, November 27th, 1892, the first meeting was held at No. 11 Washington avenue, South Minneapolis. On Saturday night, invitations had been distributed around the various lodging-houses and saloons, and in addition to this, a sign bearing the announce-

FREE BREAKFAST
AT NINE O'CLOCK SUNDAY MORNING.
ALL WELCOME.

had been placed on the front of the building. The meeting was a great success. In May, 1893, the Mission was moved into the Old Market Building, where it has been ever since. Although no appeal was made for workers, yet the Lord increased the numbers, sending earnest Christian women and men into the field, and the Mission has now a working force of twenty-five, led by

Rev. J. S. Handyside, the Superintendent, a very earnest Christian. It is the custom to have prayer and go out on the street, and hold a Gospel service, and in this way many have been reached who would not otherwise have attended. At the close of the open-air meeting, the people are invited to the meeting inside.

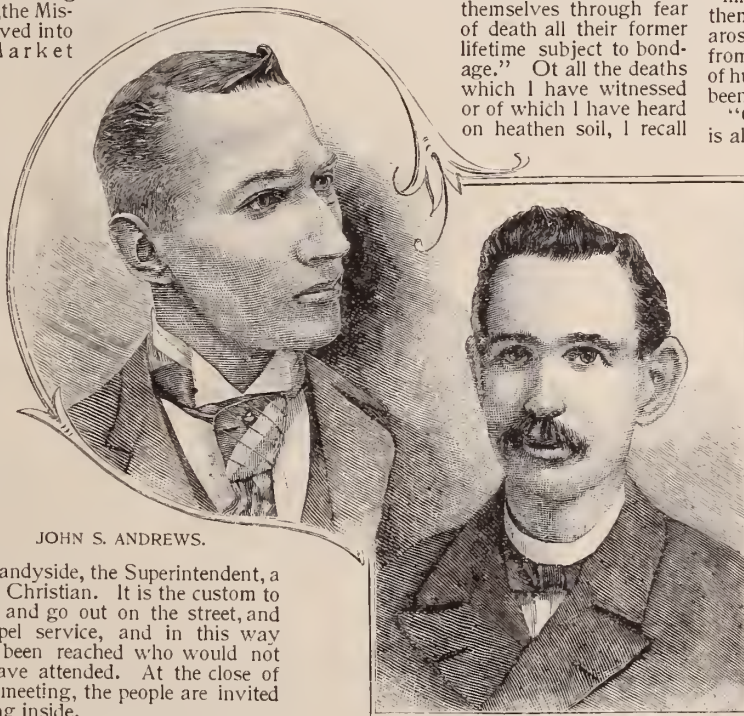
The Sunday morning free breakfast has the largest attendance, averaging from 300 to 350. On entering the mission hall a force of workers is seen with trays, distributing the hot coffee, rolls and bread, which are eagerly consumed by the hungry men and women, many of whom have seen better days. During the breakfast, a vocal and instrumental choir on the platform renders such stirring hymns as these: "Sinners Jesus will receive," "I will sing the wondrous story," "Jesus is tenderly calling to-day," "Calvary," etc., and as the sacred words fall upon the ears of the audience, among which are many who are hardened in sin and crime, they are led to long for a better and purer life. At 9:30 o'clock the breakfast is over, and the Superintendent calls the meeting to order, and gives out some familiar hymn in which all join heartily. The leader then proceeds with a simple, earnest appeal to men and women to accept Christ as their personal Saviour, and points out the way of salvation. An opportunity is then given to all who have accepted Christ to come forward and testify. Hearts have been gladdened, listening to these testimonies, and they have been an encouragement and inspiration to the workers.

During the summer months, open-air work was done very successfully on the streets and at Elliott Park; also among the fallen women, and many were reclaimed from a life of sin and shame. Men who have been confirmed drunkards, gamblers and criminals, for twenty, thirty and even forty years, have as a last resort, come to the foot of the Cross, and their testimony now is that they have found the true happiness.

There is also a Sunday School in the Mission, which though not yet very old, has an attendance of 150. It has succeeded in getting many boys and girls off the streets, and instilling into their young hearts and minds the truths of the Gospel. Early this year, a restaurant was opened under the auspices of the Mission, the object being to supply the poorer class with good food at low prices; the proceeds over and above expenses to be devoted to carrying on and enlarging the work. There is also a comfortable reading-room. The work, which is wholly interdenominational (the workers being members of various Christian Churches) has been supported by means of voluntary contributions. It costs in the neighborhood of \$600 a year. There are in Minneapolis, in addition to the Gospel Union, two other Missions engaged in a similar work, viz.: Christian Workers, conducted by W. Petran and Bethesda by Rev. R. Ellis, the blind Evangelist and his daughter, Miss Ellis.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

Rev. W. F. Thomas, of the Baptist Missionary Society, writing from Insein, Burma, thus describes the death of a native evangelist: "Our people die well," can be said by others than Wesley in Christian England. Such deaths are no exception in heathen lands, where they are particularly valuable as testimonies to the power of "the Deliverer of all these who were also themselves through fear of death all their lifetime subject to bondage." Of all the deaths which I have witnessed or of which I have heard on heathen soil, I recall



JOHN S. ANDREWS.

REV. J. S. HANDYSIDE.

none more triumphant than that of U. Hmaing, the beloved pastor of the Mingaladon Burman church, whose funeral, together with that of his nephew, I conducted last week.

This pastor early began the long and consistent career of loyal service to Christ, which would entitle him to a place on the muster roll of the heroes of faith in the eleventh of Hebrews. Putting on Christ in Rangoon by baptism (necessarily secret) in the day of Burman rule, he early learned what it was to "wander in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," to escape his enemies. Straying to Moumein, where he came in contact with the early missionaries and learned more of the truth which he had already shown to be so precious to him, he subsequently commenced preaching at his own charges in a little wayside chapel of his own erection. No sooner had he commenced, however, than he was threatened with arrest by the menials of the hostile Buddhist government—a fate which he only escaped owing to the clemency of an exceptionally upright superior officer.

What wonder, then, that the "king of terrors," had nothing to affright this intrepid soldier of the cross, who for forty years had "borne the burden and heat of the day," first as an itinerant preacher among the heathen, and subsequently as ordained pastor of the little flock which he had gathered out of the wilderness and which has for years furnished him all the pittance he has received for his incessant labors?

America's Oldest Christian.

(Continued from first page.)

"He has blessed you, Grandma, with great riches; riches beyond price."
"He has, fo' sure. Yes, yes; and I's terrible sorry for dem millions-of-airs, with all der money, who don' know how much good dey could do with it, if dey on'y had Jesus in der heart; terrible sorry for dem, for de money drags 'em down so der heart is closed to the call of the Saviour and the cry of his po'. Dem million-of-airs could do a power o' good in de wo'ld, if dey on'y had the baptism of de Spirit. You know John the Baptis' said, 'I baptize you with water, but there cometh One after me who will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' Dat's what dey need—de baptism of de Spirit."

It was surely a strange and touching thing to listen to this old woman, without a dollar in the world, but rich in the Spirit, as she spoke of her sympathy for the millionaires, whose wealth she regarded as a calamity, unless it were consecrated to good works. Their millions not only kept them from Christ, but in their hands were transformed from a blessing to a curse. Unconsciously she had given utterance to a great moral and economic truth, in regarding the concentration of riches in the hands of worldly men as the cause of much of the world's suffering. Her concern for the "millions-of-airs," as she quaintly called them, was unquestionably genuine, and arose from her pure love of souls, and not from envy. What a sermon on the vanity of human pomp and riches, had the Cræsus been present to hear it!

"Grandma" Jefferson's earthly sojourn is almost ended. Her remarkable age and her feebleness of body make it improbable that she will have to wait much longer, ere she join the Master she has served for over half a hundred years. Her daily delight, next to telling the story of Jesus and his love, is to listen while some one of the Food Fund missionaries, or some member of her own family, reads aloud a portion of the Bible, telling the wondrous story of Christ's life and sacrifice. She treasures an old, worn Bible that formerly belonged to her "missus" in the old slavery days, but which has fallen apart from much handling. Its leaves have been carefully pasted in, but as "Grandma" could not read the beloved Book, many are misplaced, although none have been lost.

Not far from the rear room where aged Millie Jefferson lies patiently waiting the call from earth to heaven, is a splendid mansion in which for several weeks, another woman has lain dangerously ill, beyond hope of earthly recovery. Her life has been one of wealth and ease and self-indulgence. Her husband has lavished upon her every kindness that great riches could bestow, and she has sought to extract from life all the sweetness and pleasure the world could give. Now that she is prostrate and her life seems ebbing away, she still clings to the things of earth, not yet realizing that death, when it comes, will prove them worse than worthless. Her splendid jewels, valued at \$30,000, she constantly wears, even in the sick-room. Her heart is fixed on the vanities of this life, instead of looking forward to the life which is to come. Better, a thousand times better, the poverty of the aged Christian who has "laid up treasures" in heaven, and whose lot has been cast among,

The poor and needy of earth, who are rich
In the perfect love of God.

THE JOPPA-JERUSALEM RAILROAD.

The railway from Joppa to Jerusalem is a success. Now it is proposed to build another road from some point on the Mediterranean Sea north of Joppa to Damascus. The length of the road will be about one hundred and fifty miles, and the general course will be southwesterly through lower Galilee, crossing the Jordan River, near the Sea of Galilee, and thence northeasterly through the western approach of the steppe region to Damascus. Chicago contractors are to do the work, and the estimated cost is between six and ten million dollars. If this road is built it will open to commercial intercourse and influence a vast tract of country, and thereby mark a mighty forward stride in the great work of bringing together "the ends of the earth."



JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BRETHREN.

S. S. Lesson April 29. Gen. 45: 1-15. Golden Text, Luke 17: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

NEITHER natural law, nor circumstances, nor people are supreme; all things serve God. And yet how few act as though this were so! How few see the hand of God in all which happens! Joseph was one of the few. God could afford to put him to the proof because he was loyal to him, and did not, even under the greatest proving, misunderstand his God. Since the time of Abraham God had not been able to reveal himself to man or through man as he had done in that "father of all them that believe." But Joseph served his purpose in manifesting in his own life the heart of God towards his ungrateful and rebellious creatures.

For thirteen years Joseph had been practically shut up to God. Except he had really trusted him, when most men would have doubted, he would have been crushed again and again, "but his bow abode in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob;" and thus he became one in whom the Spirit of Christ "could testify beforehand" "the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them."

All countries came into Egypt to Joseph, to buy corn, and thus it came to pass that Joseph's brethren, amongst others, came also, and he saw

The Dreams of His Youth

fulfilled when "they bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth." But Joseph had been too long in the school of God to yield to the natural impulse which might lead him to make himself known to them, either from the selfish joy of meeting again with his kith and kin, or from the self justification which might have exulted that his dreams were fulfilled, or any other motive which was simply carnal and selfish. To a man of faith everything is seen in the light of God, he knows "no man after the flesh." What was God's purpose in permitting his brethren to come? How might he best serve God and serve them? Such were the thoughts in Joseph's heart. He had been schooled of God, and taught of God; he also in his turn schooled his brethren, while they were all unconscious of what was taking place. We are as much in charge for God in all the relations we hold to our families as in all which concerns us personally. "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye servants of men." If we lay ourselves out simply to please them, we come under their power; if we yield ourselves unto God as his instruments to bless them, we may bring them near to God, and confer lasting blessing on them. Whether they would or not, consciously or unconsciously Joseph's brethren must of necessity have to do with God when they came in contact with Joseph. To come near to him was to come near to the God he served.

Joseph knew his brethren, he had not ceased to love them, and the eyes of love are very quick, perhaps he had long been on the lookout for them, but he knew not Joseph, and he made himself strange to them, accused them of being spies, put them in prison, and then told them that he feared God, and sent them away to fetch Benjamin, while he kept Simeon bound, and declared that they should not see his face unless they brought Benjamin with them. All this might seem to be malicious, and to be needless severity; but God was working with Joseph, and

His Purpose was Accomplished,

for these men were brought under conviction of sin, and said to one another: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when

he besought us and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." But the time was not yet when their suffering might be alleviated. They left Egypt, but found on their homeward journey that their money was enclosed in their sack of corn. And when they reached home, and related all which had occurred, their poor old father was filled with dismay and said: "All these things are against me."

The time came when hunger drove them back to Egypt, and it was with the utmost reluctance and ill will that Jacob surrendered his beloved Benjamin. Joseph's brethren left a broken-hearted father to face a stern ruler of Egypt, without whose help death stared them and their families in the face; would they now learn to know God? Those who are much prayed for have a hard time of it if they do not yield to God. He never disregards a single prayer of faith. He stills heaven itself to hear the prayers of his saints. But he "will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever." And his true children are like him.

How unsuspected are the ways of God! How often, when we have been overwhelmed with the consciousness of shortcoming, the Lord has opened to us his great heart of love, and confronted us with revelations of

Unspeakable Grace

towards us! And again, when we had been foolish enough to be satisfied for a little time in our increasing knowledge of him, how he has permitted a kind of earthquake in our lives, and all which seemed so fair was shattered, and nothing remained to us but himself, and his precious, sheltering blood!

With tear and apprehension, the brethren drew near, but with surprise they found themselves received as honored and distinguished guests, in the ruler's house; to their amazement, their ages were recognized, and Benjamin came in for special honor; the former roughness of the great ruler was exchanged for the greatest suavity and kindness, and they departed from Egypt with Simeon and Benjamin, feeling as though a great load were taken from them.

But their troubles were not to end so lightly, they must learn in the school of God the bitterness of false accusation, where they were unable to justify themselves, before they were in a position to take in spirit the low place which God had foreshown to be their true position, in relation to their exalted younger brother. It was a bitter and humbling moment for them, when the steward of Joseph's house found Joseph's cup in Benjamin's sack, where it had been placed by Joseph's orders. And it was with the deepest humility that the lordly Judah offered himself as a slave, as substitute for Benjamin, the supposed culprit in the theft of Joseph's cup. What it must have cost Joseph to deal so with his brethren, who can tell? Only as directed of God could he have done so.

But now it was enough; Joseph's brethren were broken; now they could understand and appreciate grace. But no eye of man must be witness to what followed: "Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren." Have we not each experienced a moment like this if we have really come to know Jesus?

"I am Joseph."

But the communication brought only trouble and terror. How had they dealt with Joseph! "Come near unto me, I pray you. . . I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Only peace, only mercy, only grace, only love! What a revelation of the coming Saviour! Apparently so stern until we are broken, and come near; so overpoweringly gracious as soon as we are near to him, in his presence, bowed be-

fore him. After all the discipline to which Joseph had subjected his brethren, while they as yet knew him not, they were the better prepared to appreciate him and to fall into his proposals now. And yet there was something so unusual in his words to them, their selfish hearts would have imputed unworthy motives to him now as they did later on, if he had dealt with them any other way. He was eager now to comfort them; and telling them that the famine had yet five years to run, he added: "And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance." The brethren, by sheer force of circumstances were driven to recognize the hand of God, but they found that it was the habit and the mainspring of Joseph's life to do so. And he sent them to fetch his father and to establish themselves at his expense in the land.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE scene which forms the subject of the lesson is one of the most pathetic in the Bible. Twenty-two years had elapsed since that day in Dothan, when Joseph was flung into the pit to starve and afterwards taken out and sold for a handful of silver.

Changes had taken place in the characters of both Joseph and his brothers. Joseph's was a greater and better character at thirty-nine, than it was when he was seventeen. Slavery, misrepresentation and imprisonment had not made him morose, misanthropic or vindictive, but had chastened, purified and elevated him. As a great writer has said, the homage of the brothers came when they were fitted to render it and Joseph was fitted to receive it; and in each case the process was one of suffering. The immature youth claiming reverence was then, as he would be now, a subject for ridicule, but, enslave him, malign him, imprison him, give him prosperity and see how he turns out. If he is unspoiled, then he deserves homage. See how tenderly Joseph speaks to his brothers, begging them not to reproach themselves, but to be glad that the evil they did had been turned to good. The brothers, too, were better men. Their voluntary return to Egypt with Benjamin showed a solicitude for him foreign to their former ways. Judah's offer to suffer in Benjamin's place is in sharp contrast with his proposal to sell Joseph, twenty-two years before. His pleading for his brother and his references to his aged father, indicate a better spirit. The crime had not been forgotten by the criminals. No sooner were they in the dangerous situation of suspected spies, than they refer to it and recognize the present calamity as retribution. Conscience does its work though it may long lie dormant and the crime be concealed. The lesson suggests also the thought that men must not be judged by their manners. The brothers told their father that "the man spake roughly unto them," but if they could have seen the man as he sat weeping in his own chamber, they would have known that he was their brother. We, too, might find, if we knew all, that those who seem harsh and repellent to us, are at heart our brothers.

Doth my father still live?

The question has often been asked, why Joseph did not communicate with his father during their long separation. No satisfactory answer can be given. It was not more than 250 miles from Heliopolis where Joseph lived, to Hebron where Jacob was. But distances were more formidable in those days of slow locomotion than now. There were no mails and probably few messengers who could be relied on to carry a message. It may also have been that during the nine years in which alone Joseph could have sent, all personal matters were subordinated to the vast work in which he was engaged. His desire to bring Jacob to him shows that there was no lack of love on Joseph's part. Nor was he ashamed of his country-bred

father, as are many sons who have succeeded in life; for when Jacob came to Egypt Joseph took him to Pharaoh and introduced him. Such an act showed Joseph's greatness. An instance of a similar character is related in the life of Archbishop Tillotson, the famous divine. One day, his father, a plain farmer, commonly clad, presented himself at the Archbishop's palace, and said he wanted to see John Tillotson. The footman, who opened the door, was accustomed to hear his master spoken of as "His grace," or "His Lordship" and he was angry at the old farmer's rudeness and drove him away. The Archbishop saw the old man going, and recognized him. Some men would have sent a servant to bring him back, but Tillotson ran out and with the cry, "It is my dear father," embraced him before the crowd of astonished servants and brought him back into the palace with marks of profound respect.

Five years in which there shall be neither caring nor harvest. Various suggestions have been made as to the cause of the famine. It evidently extended far beyond the borders of Egypt, for we read that other nations sent to Egypt to buy corn. Osburn believes that so far as Egypt was concerned, the cause of the seven years of plenty followed by the famine was in a change of physical configuration. Traces have been found of a great lake on the upper Nile which existed many centuries ago. He believes that about the time of Joseph it gradually burst its banks and for some years increased the floods of the Nile and caused them to water a much larger area than usual, thus increasing the arable land, and consequently the crops. But when the lake was exhausted, the years of plenty would be followed by years when the water of the Nile would be absorbed by the dry bed of the lake, and very little water would overflow the land. History records a famine in Egypt as protracted as that in Joseph's time. A contemporary historian says that from 1064 to 1071 A. D. there was continuous famine. During those seven years horses and dogs were eaten, and in some districts, he believed, the people resorted secretly to cannibalism.

Not you . . . but God. Although men are responsible for their evil deeds, those deeds do not always work the evil that was intended. God sometimes turns them to good purposes and he often does so when the evil is directed against innocent men. There is an old Hebrew story which illustrates the fact. It represents a Rabbi as journeying on a donkey through a wild land. His only companion was a cock, whose shrill crowing at sunrise awoke him to his devotions. He came to a certain village at nightfall and besought shelter, but the inhabitants churlishly refused him. Outside the village, he found a cave, where he prepared to spend the night. He lit his lamp to read a chapter, as usual, before retiring; but a gust of wind blew it out. During the night, a wolf killed his cock and a lion devoured his ass. He passed a sleepless night and early in the morning returned to the village to see if he could obtain a horse or an ass on which to pursue his journey. To his surprise he found no one alive in the whole village. A band of robbers had come during the night and plundered the village and slain the people. "Ah!" said the Rabbi, "now I understand my annoyances. Had not the villagers closed their doors against me, I should have died with the others, and if my lamp had not been extinguished and my companions been killed, their noise, or the light, might have revealed my hiding-place to the robbers. Truly God has been good to me."

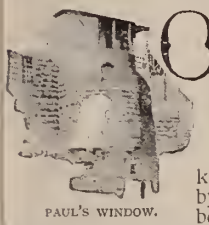
Angry with yourselves. The brothers had reason to be angry with themselves, although Joseph comforted them. Men are judged and must judge themselves by their intentions. An incident of this character was described not long ago in a western journal. It mentioned the return to the city of a man who had formerly lived there, but had suddenly disappeared and had been absent ten years. During his former residence there he had quarrelled with a neighbor and when they were alone had struck him down meaning to kill him. Believing that the man was really dead, he fled to the sea, took ship as a sailor and for ten years had been a wanderer. He longed, yet dreaded to return, and at last, by an irresistible impulse he came back. Then to his surprise and joy he learned that he was not a murderer in fact, although he was in intent, for his victim had recovered and was then living. The man said that the agonies of remorse he had endured needlessly during those ten years were worse than death.



Marion Harland In Palestine.

"The Pearl of the East."

A Day of Sight-Seeing in Damascus—Incredulous Pilgrims—Pauline Relics.



OUTSIDE the walls of Damascus—which, if you like, you may consider the setting of the "Pearl"—we first encounter a couple whom we are to know so much better by-and-by, that I may be excused for introducing them somewhat at length.

Luther Twinglins Sharp, D.D., is the ex-pastor of an Eastern church in America, and ex-president of a Western college, and these are but a few of his titles to the respectful notice of the world in general and his country people in particular. A Congregationalist by birth, education and choice, he yet committed the ecclesiastical solecism, five years ago, of marrying a High Church Episcopalian of the most advanced type. She was rich then, and has lately become much richer. Shortly after the latter accession to her fortune, the Rev. L. Twinglins Sharp (thus he registers his name at hotels), resigned all his offices in his native land and came abroad to rally from a combination of bronchitis and nervous prostration, which, various doctors say, might have been expected in the (altered) circumstances. With this aspersion we have nothing to do; still, as one who has spent more than thirty years' in church-and-charity work, I may express the doubt whether the friction of pastorate or professorship could have worn more seriously upon the nervous system of the average man than the continual conflict of opinion and belief which goes on between his spouse and himself. But Dr. Sharp is many removes from the average man.

They have left their carriage and stand below the projecting remnant of a round tower upon the outer wall. Close to the ground are sections of ancient Roman masonry; the tower is topped by a modern shed. The outlines of a window, almost wholly blocked up with rubbish, appear below the rude building on the summit.

"That," says our guide, "tradition points out as the window from which Paul was let down in a basket, as recorded in Acts, the ninth chapter and twenty-fifth verse."

I cannot record that Dr. Sharp pricks up his ears as the innocent remark enters them, for they are already red and bristling with the heat of argument. He turns energetically upon us.

"I do hope," he says, "that as intelligent Christians of the nineteenth century, you will not credit this worthless—utterly worthless—tale concocted by monkish charlatans. Setting aside the extreme improbability that the dwellers in the Damascus of that day would have regarded the spot as noteworthy, the masonry of the wall belongs so evidently to a later period that one is lost in surprise at the impudence of the attempt to identify the locality with the manner of the apostle's escape from his persecutors. And cannot you see, my good friends"—haranguing the guides of his party and of ours—"that you are guilty of folly, if not of mischief, in perpetuating the legend? Not that I blame you as much as I blame the superstitious ignorance of the travelers who encourage you to repeat such stuff."

Dr. Sharp is tall and meagre, with a long face running down into a pointed red beard. He waves his arms like a windmill as he declaims. His wife is much below medium height and plump as a quail, with bright, beady eyes not unlike those of the same bird; her voice is a mild twitter, but we feel at once that for "staying power" she can be counted upon as no mean antagonist for her irascible husband. It may be the staying quality of the feather-bed that yields, only to rebound, but it is "all there."

"My love!" is the preface to her remonstrance—"where would the Church be now, but for these traditions? When I see the unhappy effect produced upon your mind and spirits by incredulity, I am disposed to cling more closely to what holy men have transmitted to the generation following. For instance, you took no comfort whatever in our visit to the scene of St. Paul's conversion—and I had such a precious time!"

"No comfort! Where should I find satisfaction in a baseless legend, fabricated originally, I doubt not, on purpose to induce travelers to stop and buy refreshments at what, it is pretended, was an ancient resting-place of caravans from Jerusalem to Damascus. My good wife—" turning to us, as he says this, an audience being a vital necessity with men of his calibre and class—"my good wife formed her belief upon this, as upon other subjects of sacred history, by the help of pictures and goody-goody story-books. She has in her mind every detail of the scene as depicted by these; Saul—he wasn't even Paul then, my dear, much less a saint—tumbling from his horse upon a macadamized road, and his companions in various attitudes of a like plight, when it is not certain, or even probable that he was ever upon a horse in his life. It is more likely that he made the journey on foot, or upon a camel, or an ass. As to the location of the event, I dare say, that each of you guides"—in sudden appeal—"has heard one or more places named besides Keatana, as the scene of Paul's conversion."

The men look at one another, and even



THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.
(In which the Apostle Paul Lodged in Damascus.)

grave David Jamal smiles as he answers that "Keatana, on the ancient route to Jerusalem, has been for centuries, pointed out as the place where the Apostle Paul was struck to the earth and had a direct revelation from Christ, our Lord. Other places have been suggested, but the best authorities agree upon Keatana."

I think there is something in the Christian dragoman's way of pronouncing the words, "Christ, our Lord," that tends to silence the disputants. At any rate, they do not resume the discussion until we are out of hearing.

"I have heard of that gentleman before," observes David, as we drive away. "He is, I believe, very learned, and is collecting materials for a book upon the Holy Land. Up to this time, it is said, he has found nothing anywhere that he can believe in. His book will not be large."

Encouraged by our laugh, he adds: "I

recollect his wife as one of a party of thirteen ladies I took through Palestine over twelve years ago. Miss De Credo was her name. I should have said, then, that she would have been a Roman Catholic by now. She set great store by relics and the like." We halt to examine another bit of city-wall, almost ruinous above, but resting upon a sure foundation of Roman architecture. In spring-time, when the encompassing orchards are in bloom, Damascus may deserve, in the mind of the approaching traveler, some of the encomiums lavished upon it by poets and historians of a former age. At this season, the "pearl" is undeniably dingy. No modern Mohammed will pause without any one of the four gates to compare the attractions of this, as an earthly Paradise, with those of the heavenly, much less turn away with a sigh of renunciation, saying: "Man can have but one Paradise and mine must not be here!"

"Certainly not, if Damascus odors were the same than, as now!" remarks my traveling companion.

Diverging from the road skirting the city-wall are others leading between walled orchards into the outlying country, some stretching far away to cities whose names kindle wistful gleams in our eyes.

Upon that leading to Bagdad—distant, from thirty-five to forty days' journey, as a caravan travels, ten by the "swift dro medaries" that carry the mails—has halted a long string of camels. We check the driver to have a better look at the ugly, and at present patient beasts, laden with who can say what wonders of that far and fabled mart? The camel is notoriously uncertain of temper, captious, irritable, and sometimes sullen as to refuse food for a fortnight at a time, during which period he must be muzzled to prevent him from biting his fellows and drivers. We hear of another peculiarity while we survey this group: "They are of the country and the desert," we are told, "and must be unloaded here, without the gates. Not being used to city streets and sights, they would be unmanageable if taken into the town."

There they stand, with the outstretching necks that look at once supple and stiff, meek and stubborn, awaiting the command to let themselves down groaningly upon their much-doubled-up knees that their burdens may be unstrapped,—fascinating studies, if only because of their irredeemable hideousness and the physical idiosyncrasies that set them apart from other quadrupedal domesticated creatures. I always stop to look at a camel in passing, and never without a shudder of wonder that is not admiration, and loathing which is antipathy. Passing through the city-gate into the street which is called Straight and, with the memory of the Rev. Twinglins fresh in our thoughts, negating the jesting proposition to visit, first the house of Ananias, and then the grave of Cain,—this latter being a shapeless pile of stones cast together by the passers-by in execration of the first murderer—we alight presently at the entrance of the world-famous bazaars of Damascus. Hard by yawns a mighty, blackened shell; the walls still standing and the roof arched above them, but through gaps in the



THE STREET CALLED "STRAIGHT."

rude boarding filling up the doors, and through the empty window-frames one sees what devastation has been wrought, and recently, by fire. The bazaars nearest to the ruin have not escaped the licking flames that burst from the windows. A stately minaret towers heavenward near to what was the great mosque of Damascus.

"There was nothing in Syria like it," relates our guide. "Men came many miles—oh, very many—to pray here. They believed one prayer in this mosque to be worth thousands and tens of thousands said in another. And that God would leave this holy place standing for forty years after the world should be burned up, in order that those who had not yet found the Gate of Paradise might have a place for prayer."

"How did it take fire?"

The two dragomen exchanged looks. One steps near and lowers his voice:

"From the melting solder with which workmen were repairing the roof, say the Christians. Others,"—avoiding in the crowd the mention of Mohammedans or Moslems,—"will have it that the fire fell from heaven upon the Mosque because Christians were employed in building it after it was burned in part, many years ago."

We have just fairly entered one of the principal streets of the bazaars—a continuation of that "which is called Straight"—when a roar as the sound of many—and musical—waters, draws our eyes to the tossing crowd filling the lower end. The guides have barely time to draw us within the shelter of a doorway where the human tide rolls up to our feet, choking the narrow thoroughfare—a hustling, struggling mass. Foremost are, perhaps, a hundred boys, clapping their hands high above their heads and screeching, rather than yelling, what David translates in our ears as "Praise to the Prophet!" A herd of twice as many men is upon their heels, vociferating the same words, shaking tamborines high in the air and beating small drums while whirling them aloft.

"What is it? A popular revolution?" we gasp, as the billows roll away in the distance, and the air settles about us in comparative quiet.

Both guides smile, evidently in no wise excited by the demonstration that took our breath and well-nigh our senses away.

"They are men, and boys, who have offered their sacrifices without pay, to the government to build again the Great Mosque," replies a guide. "They go thus about the streets crying, 'Praise to the Prophet!' that others may be moved to do likewise. We hear, to-day, that the Sultan will give generously, some say, more than one hundred thousand mejidie," (the Turkish dollar), "from his own purse towards the great work."

MARION HARLAND.



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL.

THERE are many persons residing in New York and vicinity, who would be glad to have an opportunity afforded them of engaging in genuine Christian work, of a personal character. They feel that such service would bring them nearer to the Master, and would have a strengthening and developing effect upon Christian character which no other work can produce. Though they may have wished for years to engage in such work, they have been unable, through unfamiliarity with the field or the proper methods, to make a beginning. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD now offers to all who are minded to make the effort in the true spirit, such an opportunity as they have long been seeking. It is volunteer Christian work that will not be a serious tax on either time or purse, and which rich and poor may undertake, with the assurance that even the humblest effort will not be without its reward. Any of our readers who wish to become personally (privately if preferred), interested in one worthy, destitute family in New York City, should read the article elsewhere on this page, entitled, "Practical Christianity," and then send their name and address to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who will reply to all inquiries.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

THE soul. How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the Engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia Mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without a y noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment-seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; but silence—silence.

You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe, and overvaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty it throws aside

the body as if it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, a soul is superior to all material things! No fires can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must it not be a priceless soul?

I calculate the value of a soul also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it gets in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things. All the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendship! but, oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! How much sweeter they will be there! Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through His holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

CONTENTMENT.

WE make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagle's down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple.

The grandest luxury God ever gave man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and Tuilleries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding the war-whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in the cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of the Trinity Church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple-stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera-glass in the gilded box of a theatre.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Practical Christianity.

WITHIN a very short time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, whose relief work among the destitute has been so generously supported by our readers during the last three months, will have ceased to exist. To all who have been associated with the Fund, whether as contributors or distributors, it has been a source of spiritual blessing and substantial enjoyment. It has brought together, in the closest bonds of love and sympathy, thousands of Christian people in all parts of the Union, each of whom felt a personal responsibility for the success of the work.

There are, unhappily, among the destitute, many to whom the discontinuance of the Food Fund will be little less than a calamity. Some of them are among the most deserving of "God's Poor"—worthy Christian families who, through enforced idleness, sickness, or other causes, have been rendered destitute and are temporarily unable to help themselves. We have a number of such cases, each of which is worthy the kindest consideration at the hands of those to whom the Lord has given a sufficiency of material blessings. Some of these stories of suffering would move even the stoniest heart to pity. Here are a few of the most recent cases:

Mrs. C. No. W. Seventeenth street. Husband active, industrious worker; long sick; family wretchedly poor; wife and three little children shoeless; support devolves upon the wife, who has had a hard-to-hand fight with starvation for months.

K. No. W. Twelfth street. Old man, sick, lame and feeble; lives in small room with son who is permanently disabled by sunstroke; abjectly poor and helpless, but very worthy and deserving.

B. No. Waverly place. Aged couple; husband thirteen years disabled through pneumonia; formerly well-to-do; refined, clean, deserving; son who supported them died a few years ago. Absolutely no income.

H. No. W. Sixteenth street. Husband sick with kidney trouble, totally unfit for work; wife goes out daily to support family; leaving three children in day nursery; been facing starvation repeatedly; temperate and worthy people.

R. No. E. Tenth street. Husband paralyzed in joints; six small children; mother sick, but forces herself to work out at washing; very little work for months past; frequently no food in house. Deserving case.

B. No. E. Twelfth street. Deserted wife and five children, youngest a babe of five months; husband was worthless and left them penniless; urgent case; woman respectable and worthy.

R. No. E. Fourth street. Extraordinary case; mother, although dying by inches of cancer, yet struggling to support her four children by washing; home beautifully clean; but whole family been frequently on verge of starvation.

Mrs. C. No. Mangin street; was a minister's daughter in Germany; married a man of title, who lost all his property; coming to this country, worked as locksmith, but lately no employment; one daughter, an idiot; family repeatedly near starvation during winter; still wretchedly poor; very deserving.

D. No. W. Twenty-eighth street. Husband, wife, four children; husband in bed with broken leg; need help very much.

Mrs. K. No. Eighth avenue. Old lady over seventy; a carpet sewer by trade; at one time owned her house; sickness came and everything went.

Mrs. H. No. W. Twenty-sixth street. Terribly afflicted, her fingers are off to the second joint, and her feet are in a fearful condition; tries to earn a living by washing; pitiful case.

Mrs. L. No. W. Twenty-sixth street. Has four children; husband longshoreman; only a little work for months; found them in nearly starving condition.

Mrs. S. No. W. Eighteenth street. Husband dying of consumption, shoemaker; very worthy people; four children.

Mrs. C. No. W. Twenty-second street. Husband in insane asylum; two children; condition wretched; deserving.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD residing in New York or vicinity, desiring to become interested, directly or indirectly, in any one destitute family, can do so, on sending name and address in strictest confidence to "The Relief Box," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. There is room for all who may wish to consecrate to this object a portion of their time and means, no matter how small. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wants volunteers for the work, which is one that urgently calls for the co-operation of all who wish to show forth in some practical manner, their love of souls and their sympathy for the poor and needy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not propose to collect and distribute the gifts unless donors desire to remain unknown to the beneficiaries; but simply to make itself a medium of communication between benefactor and beneficiary. Knowing from the experience of the past few months how many deserving poor there are, and being sure that there are also many Christian people able

and willing to relieve their wants, it would bring both parties into mutually helpful relations. * * * *

Alva N. Howard, Worthington, Minn. What is typified by the three ribs mentioned in Daniel 7:5?

The beast like a bear is believed to have typified the Medo-Persian empire and the three ribs in its mouth represented Babylon, Lydia and Egypt which were not integral portions of the empire but were its prey and were ground down by its oppression. This opinion was held by Sir Isaac Newton and has been generally accepted by subsequent students of prophecy.

V. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn. Is there any record of the color of Christ's hair? I see that some speak of it as auburn while in the Song of Solomon 5:11, it is described as black and bushy.

There is no reliable description of Christ's personal appearance. The letter of Publius Lentulus is often quoted as giving such a description, but all intelligent people have long been aware that the letter is spurious. The quotation in the Song of Solomon has no reference to Christ. It is the description of her lover, which is given by the woman, who was taken from her country home to Solomon's court, to become an inmate of his harem.

W. F. Gold, Victoria, B. C. 1. What is meant by the thorn in the flesh? 11. Cor. 12:7? Did Paul have any affliction of the speech such as stammering?

Paul's reference to it is so vague that its nature can only be conjectured. His remark to the Galatians (4:15) that if it had been possible they would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him, suggests the idea that he probably suffered from ophthalmia, which was a disease prevalent in the districts he traveled over, and that it was the thorn in the flesh. 2. The impression that he stammered originated in his remark that his enemies had said that in speech he was contemptible. (11. Cor. 10:10.) But there seems no other reason for supposing that he stammered.

Old Subscriber: How is the statement (Jer. 7:22) that God did not command sacrifice, to be reconciled with the elaborate legislation of Leviticus?

The apparent discrepancy is due to the Hebrew idiom in which the negative has the effect that the comparative has with us. To render the passage in Jeremiah freely, we might say: It was not of sacrifice and burnt-offering that God spoke when he brought the people out of Egypt, but of something much more important, namely, righteousness and obedience. By some it has been doubted whether God ever did command sacrifice, but only regulated a practice in existence from the earliest times. The peculiar phraseology of the first verses of Leviticus gives color to that theory. "If any man of you bring an offering," is a different way of introducing legislation to that of the Decalogue.

Subscriber, Los Angeles, Cal. 1. How are we to understand Christ's promise. (John 14:14.) "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it?" I have known persons who have asked things in Christ's name, and it has not been done. I knew a little girl with light, straight hair, ask that it might become dark and curly, but there was no change in it. 2. Is dancing wrong? The author of Ecclesiastes says, "There is a time to dance."

1. Christ was speaking to his disciples and his promise referred to the special help they would need in the arduous task before them. Such a promise would not be given to people who were not of his spirit, nor to persons who were not willing to submit their desires to his better judgment. In merely personal matters, such as the one you mention, persons who have entered into Christ's spirit would be content to leave the matter in God's hands, assured that his course would be the one best for them. An instance in point is Paul's thrice-repeated prayer for the removal of the thorn in the flesh and it was denied. (11. Cor. 12:8.) 2. There can be no wrong intrinsically in the mere act of dancing. Many of the modern dances are, however, of a suggestive character and lead to an excitement of the passions which is liable to be followed by sin. Therefore, Christians who are sincerely desirous of living pure and spiritual lives, will avoid them, as they do other avenues by which temptation to evil may assail them.

Subscriber, Newark, N. J. The first Christian Endeavor Society was organized at Portland, Me., in 1810.—William Anderson, Sisterville, W. Va. 1. Quite correct. 2. No; omit the article. 3. Rev. Mr. or Rev. Dr., with the surname. 4. We do not believe they are in existence.—C. A. P. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 622 8th Ave., N. Y., and J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York.—D. D., Manville, Wyo. 1. It was a term used derisively by his enemies. 2. Probably not intoxicating wine. 3. Christians are right in opposing the liquor traffic.—D. A. Blackburn, Charleston, S. C. Yes; there are chaplains in the U. S. Navy. Write to Secretary of Navy, Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Guy Hayner, Albright Springs. She will be back in America next month.—C. E. T., Lynn, Mass. Write to Biglow & Main, music publishers, Ninth street, N. Y.—C. B., Wareham, Mass. Write to Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, N. Y.—Mrs. A. V. Wheeler, Hudson, Mass. We believe her works are published either by Scribner or Harper Brothers, New York.—Mrs. S. A. Hatch, Finsola, Mich. The Tabernacle's financial troubles have been satisfactorily adjusted.—Subscriber, Bristol. See issue of March 14 in which the contribution is duly acknowledged. The money has been applied to the work of the Food Fund.—F. J. Addison, Muskegon, Mich., and other inquirers on the subject of Baptism. See our answer to Edward Brown, Grand Rapids, in this journal of January 3d.—J. F. Williams, New Milford, Conn. See answer in issue of April 4th, to Subscriber, Elizabeth, N. J.—Subscriber, Dealtown, Ont., and D. N. Freeman, Canington, O. No one knows, or can know either of the matters about which you inquire. If such knowledge could be obtained it would serve no useful purpose. The Bible was not written to satisfy idle curiosity.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A RAILROAD ON ICE.

An enterprising Ferry Company has supplied the citizens of the Russian Capital with a new means of locomotion during the past winter and has reaped a rich harvest of profit from its venture. As St. Petersburg is built on both sides of the River Neva, which at this place varies from three quarters of a mile to four hundred yards in width, there is much traffic across the river. Two substantial bridges of stone and iron span it and these are the main avenues of traffic. Besides these, there are in the summer several light wooden bridges for the convenience of people living at a distance from the great bridges. But in the fall, before the heavy snow storms come, and the huge blocks of ice float down from Lake Ladoga, the lighter bridges are removed. The people then use ferry boats until the ice becomes impassable; and afterwards as soon as the ice has become firmly fixed and will bear the weight, they cross the river on the ice, instead of the bridges, and regular roadways are made and kept clear of snow. This is often a laborious and, when the snow is falling, a dangerous walk, but the distance between the bridges being great, the roadways on the ice are much used. Last winter the experiment was made of operating a railroad across the river. It was built on light iron pillars which rest on the ice and has worked satisfactorily. As the fare was only two copecks, which are equivalent to one cent, the poorest citizens could use it. The cars have been full at every trip and the company has made a handsome profit on its investment. The motive power is obtained on the switch-back principle. The cars start from the top of an incline and gain sufficient momentum in the descent to carry them to the other side of the Neva, where a cable is attached to them and they are drawn by a stationary engine to the top of an incline corresponding to the one on the other side of the river, ready for the return trip. This principle is a novelty in Russia, although it is common with us. Unhappily, people in every land are familiar with the principle operating in morals. Many a man has realized, to his consternation, what a terrible momentum he acquires at every stage of the downward path, but it can carry him only farther down. Neither in the momentum, nor in himself, is there power to help him upward. If he would rise, he must seek help outside himself in the means God has provided. (John 12: 32.)

An Insect Community.

An entomologist sends to a scientific journal an interesting account of his recent observations of the habits of wasps. He says that few people have any idea of the perfect organization existing in the wasps' nest. "Division of labor goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers; others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians; while yet others are engaged as papermakers and masons. It is even said that these last work by definite shifts, and they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill with cells, on which no neighboring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. The foragers who prey on fruit, sugar, meat or anything else that wasps like, on returning to the nest perches on the dome among his fellows who have been working there and deposits his burden in the common treasury to which all have access. None are idle and none suffer want. In times of distress, such as those through which we are passing, we have reason to regret that no such organization prevails in human communities. It would appear that with all his boasted superiority the teachers recommended by Solomon are not the only insignificant creatures from whom men could learn useful lessons. (Prov. 6, 6.)

A Waste of Heroism.

One of New York's bravest firemen is lying in Gouverneur Hospital hovering between life and death. A few days ago he went with his company to a fire in a tene-

ment house in which twenty-four families lived. All were aroused and they came rushing down the stairs into the street. The firemen were battling with the flames, when the cry was raised that a child had been left behind on the first floor. The father and mother implored the chief to rescue the boy; and the brave man, at the risk of his life, re-entered the burning house. He covered his head with his coat as he ran through the flames in the hall and, bursting in a door, was soon in the rooms occupied by the family to which the missing child belonged. He searched them thoroughly, but could not find the boy. He was returning, when a fierce gust of flame and smoke met him and overcame him and he fell to the floor insensible. One of his men hearing him fall, made his way in and dragged him out. He was sent at once to the hospital where his injuries were treated. They are so severe that little hope is entertained of his recovery. The child whom he imperilled his life to rescue was afterwards found asleep in a hall-way a few doors away. He had been among the first to escape. So the fireman's brave act and his sufferings were needless. It has often proved so with the greatest of all sacrifices, but from a different cause. All of those whom Christ died to save were in need of rescue, but many ren-



THE NEW RAILROAD ACROSS THE FROZEN NEVA, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

der his sufferings and death of no avail by refusing to be saved. (Heb. 10: 29.)

A Unique Wound.

A New York daily journal avers that there is now on the pension roll a man whose injury is unparalleled in the pension lists of any country in the world. It is an auger hole in his back, which causes him to limp in a peculiar manner. It was received in the war, the man having served in a New Jersey regiment. Shortly before going to the front an order had been issued strictly forbidding intoxicating liquor being brought within the lines. One day the regiment was sent to occupy a position which had been hastily abandoned by the enemy on the preceding night. Among the property left behind, was a barrel of whiskey. This was taken, by the Colonel's orders, to a loft over a stable and two men were placed on guard over it. The lame man, who did not limp then, visited the loft at night, hoping to persuade the guard to let him have a drink of the whiskey. He found both the men intoxicated and therefore helped himself to the liquor. He took so much that he was soon as helpless as the guards, and lay down beside them to sleep off the effects of his potations. Several other soldiers also wanted some of the whiskey, and one of them had visited the loft during the day, and noted the position of the barrel. The men went at night to the stable and, knowing nothing of what had occurred in the loft overhead attempted to bore through the ceiling of the stable into the barrel. They had provided themselves with an auger

and a pail for the purpose. But the men had not carefully taken the bearings of the barrel: for they bored not into it, but into the back of their comrade, as he lay on the floor above in a drunken stupor. It nearly cost him his life, and he has limped ever since. Probably the Government supposed, when he was granted a pension, that he received his wound on the field of battle. Although, in being injured through intoxicating drink, he may be said to have fallen a victim to an enemy of his country, that enemy has made so many victims, and is making so many more every day, that the Government could not admit its liability to pension them, or it would soon be bankrupt. (Prov. 23: 29, 30.)

New Remedy for Consumption.

A distinguished pathologist describes in the "New York Herald" a new agent in the treatment of consumption which has been used with remarkable success. It is called Guaiacol, and is mixed with sterilized oil and administered hypodermically. He says that hitherto the difficulty in dealing with the bacillus or germ which produces consumption consisted in the fact that it has the power of hiding itself in the tissues where it cannot be reached by antiseptics which would destroy it. To meet this difficulty various methods have been tried for rendering the tissue refractory to the germ: that is of so changing its nature that the bacillus cannot, or will not thrive upon it. The agents used for the purpose have not been generally successful, but it has been found by experiment that more cures have been effected by creosote than by any other drug. Many patients, however, cannot be treated with creosote, as it produces general ill-effects on their constitutions. The

and he ordered the complainant and defendant to appear in court as soon as the former had recovered from his injuries, that he might learn all the facts and see that justice was done. The judge's course was undoubtedly right, but it is often difficult to get men to see that the principle on which he acted applies to sins against God. There could have been no pardon for sin if the majesty of God's laws had not been vindicated by the death of Christ. (Rom. 3: 26.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Plainfield, N. J., has been holding services at Spencer, N. Y. Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches united in the work. The results have been very encouraging.

A Baptismal Font Erected in one of the churches in the Fiji Islands, has been made from a stone which once stood in front of an idol temple, and against which the bodies of victims were dashed as an offering to the gods.

A Traveler in China reports that he witnessed a double execution during one of his journeys. One of the culprits was a young man who had killed his father; the other was the young man's school-master who was being executed for not having trained his pupil better.

The Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, of which Mr. Moody was formerly pastor, has invited Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Bible Institute, to become its pastor. The pulpit has been vacant for nearly five years. If Mr. Torrey accepts it, he will have an assistant for his work in the Institute.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo has forwarded to Canada another party of boys, who were originally street waifs, but have been taught and trained in Dr. Barnardo's homes with special view to colonial life. The party numbers 239 which brings the total number so settled through the philanthropist's efforts up to 6,810.

Rev. Geo. T. Dowling, D.D., whose invitation to believers to join in the Lord's Supper at Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, some years ago led to his being separated from the Baptist denomination, has been confirmed by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, and will become a minister of that church.

The Moody meetings in Richmond have commenced auspiciously. The great Tabernacle was filled on the first evening with an audience of no less than 3,000, though the weather was stormy. The preparations under the care of the Rev. Geo. C. Needham and Mr. Bliss have been thorough, and on every hand there is hope of great good to come.

Evangelist E. P. Telford is holding successful meetings in London. The great Charington Hall in the East End of the city is crowded nightly and much good is being done. At the conclusion of these meetings, Mr. Telford is to hold meetings at Crayden, Reigate, Fenge and other places. He expects to return to the United States in September.

Prof. William R. Harper asks us to State that the semi-annual examination upon the International Sunday School Lessons will take place on June 3. The outline on which the questions will be based may be obtained free on application, enclosing stamp for return postage, from the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Hyde Park, Chicago.

A Temperance Advocate recently surprised his audience by referring to Paul's advice to Timothy as an argument for Temperance. "It showed," he said, "that in the early Christian Church, water was the customary beverage, and that Timothy used it and did not take any other, even when his stomach was out of order, until Paul urged him to do so, it he did then."

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding very successful meetings at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The First Presbyterian Church has been crowded daily, and a large number of conversions have taken place. On Sunday afternoon, March 25, an immense throng filled the Opera House, when Dr. Munhall preached an impressive sermon. No less than 145 persons pledged themselves in Christ's strength to live for him. On Tuesday, March 27, the factories and business houses to the number of 125, closed their establishments to give their employees an opportunity of attending the services.

The Evangelistic Campaign in New York continues with unabated interest. On Monday, April 9, the experiment was commenced of holding six afternoon meetings simultaneously in various parts of the city. Dr. A. C. Dixon spoke in Niblo's Theatre; Pastor J. K. Davis in Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church; Dr. Wilson in Eighteenth Street M. E. Church; Dr. Walker in St. Mark's Episcopal Church; Evangelist Arthur Crane at First Collegiate Church, and other Evangelists in Emanuel Baptist Church. These services commenced about half-past three, and were largely attended. Beside these, many churches are holding services every evening.

A New League for Christian Work was Organized recently in New York, at a meeting held in Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Its title is, "The Open or Institutional Church League." Its aims are to work through philanthropic as well as religious channels for the betterment of men physically and spiritually, abolishing, as far as possible, the distinction between the religious and the secular, and sanctifying all days and all means to the great end of saving the world for Christ. It advocates open church doors all day and every day, free seats, and the personal activity of all church members. Rev. C. A. Dickinson is President of the League.

Contributions of clothing, provisions, etc., for the Relief Fund from the following, are acknowledged:

Mrs. M. T. Pratt, North Plainfield, N. J., box clothing; Mrs. E. J. Mack, Whitesboro, N. Y., 2 boxes clothing; Mrs. F. L. Ladd, Conklin, N. Y., package clothing and 1 barrel potatoes; M. S. C. Allen, N. Y., 2 bags clothing; Mrs. N. A. bag clothing; M. C. Batesman, Lunenburg, N. Y., package clothing; Glenham, N. Y., package clothing; Santa Ana, Cal., package clothing; Santa Ana, Cal., package clothing; Mrs. N. J. Himes, Forked River, N. J., 2 bags vegetables; Miss S. Merion, and ladies of Walnut, Pa., 1 barrel clothing; Margaret Lagimodiere, Granby, N. Y., clothing; Ulster, N. Y., clothing; Mrs. Briggs, package clothing; Thomas McIntire, Granberry, Pa., box clothing.

claim is now made that guaiacol, which is one of the elements of creosote, is free from this objection, and has all the good effects of creosote. It is said to be fatal to the germ when it is imbedded. Thousands of sufferers will be thankful for this discovery if it proves to be all that is claimed for it. No one who is afflicted with the disease will neglect such a remedy, as people who are conscious of inbred sin neglect the infallible remedy which God has provided to eradicate it and render the heart refractory to its power. (Romans 8: 3.)

An Ineffectual Settlement.

The application of a lawyer was denied with some indignation by the judge of a New York court a few days ago. Handing up to Judge Cowing the papers in a certain case, he asked that they might be endorsed, "Settled out of court." The judge inquired what the nature of the case was, and the lawyer said that it was the case of an aggravated assault with intent to kill. There was no occasion to proceed with it, he added, as his client, who was the offender, had paid the complainant a sum of money which had been accepted as full compensation for the injuries inflicted. He appealed to the lawyer on the other side, who confirmed his statement. The judge, however, refused to endorse the papers. It was a case, he said, in which such a settlement could not be recognized. The complainant was not the only party concerned. The State had been outraged by a crime, and was entitled to satisfaction. It might be his duty to send the offender to state's prison,



SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: Matt. 6: 33: "Seek first the kingdom of God."

IN these words the God-Man, the highest authority and the highest wisdom of the universe, places our obligations to him above all other obligations, and our spiritual needs above every temporal concern. To seek his kingdom is to seek to put ourselves in such relations with him as will honor and glorify his name, and secure for us redemption from sin, a life of virtue, usefulness and happiness on earth, and eternal blessedness and glory in heaven. Such objects deserve and they demand the highest place in our thoughts and affections. No man ever found the kingdom of God until it became to him the supreme object of thought, desire and pursuit. No man can even come near its portal, until all material possessions, and worldly distinctions and pleasures appear to him as worthless and contemptible in comparison with it. To attempt to seek while you think more of something else, is not only unmitigated folly, but an insult to God.

What it will do.

I. What does the kingdom of God propose to do for man? It proposes to teach him and to help him to become master of himself and of the world. It implants in the man who seeks it a new principle of life, by which he may en throne his spiritual nature over all his animal feelings and tendencies. It does not free him from the limitations of his material body, with its fatigues, its weaknesses and its pains. It does not take away from him the affections and sensibilities which made him a man. A man in the kingdom of God can be just as indignant when insulted as a man outside of it. He can aspire to wealth and office, and applause and pleasure. The kingdom of God does not make us dead to the world, or to any of its legitimate aims, activities, and enjoyments. It does not sublimate or etherealize us. With the kingdom within us, filling us with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, we are still flesh and blood, and our feet still touch the earth.

That kingdom proposes to develop within us the power of self-control—the power to overcome anger, envy, fear, and pride, to regulate every inclination and passion of our animal natures, and to extract from all the circumstances of our lives something to advance us in wisdom, virtue, and happiness.

It proposes to emancipate us from bondage to self, to fill us with sympathy and love for our fellow men, that we shall seek their welfare as we seek our own. It proposes to hallow all our earthly relationships, and to make the performance of the duties growing out of those relationships, a sacred and delightful service. It proposes to develop within us all those affections, powers, and graces that will make our lives beautiful, noble and peaceful here, and fit us for the infinitely higher and grander activities and enjoyments of an endless hereafter.

The whole world will admit the desirableness of these objects. Every rational human being will confess that if they are real, they should be coveted above all other good, and if attainable, it should be the supreme aim and effort of every man to find them. If you believe them to be real and attainable, and have not made them first in your thoughts, affections and plans, you must feel that your life so far has been a disgraceful failure, and that over its lost opportunities, its forfeited possibilities, and its inexorable stupidities and follies, you ought, if possible, to weep tears of blood.

II. But how does the kingdom of God propose to accomplish within us these blessed transformations? How does it propose to bring us to the realization of the great ideal which it holds before us? My answer is: by presenting to us as an object of faith and love, and imitation, a personal God—the Lord Jesus Christ. The ideal life to

which we are called was illustrated by his own living among men, and the grace which we need to imitate that life is given to us by him. We attain to the blessed realities of the kingdom of God by faith, because faith brings us into a real, conscious, and loving

Connection With the King.

Abstract precepts and impersonal ideals never made any human being good and great. A man may read in some book a list of the virtues which, in combination, make a perfect character, but it will not generate in him any very strong desire to possess those virtues. You may write on a black-board a catalogue of the qualities which in combination make a man inherently great, and your boy may read them over and over without even the slightest aspiration for greatness.

The virtues which make human character rich, beautiful and noble, are propagated not by rules and imaginings, but by being impersonated in those whom we love and admire. Your child will learn to love goodness by seeing goodness in you. Believing in you and loving you, he will love and cling to whatever you love and practice. No definition of patriotism ever made any man a patriot. It is the exhibition of that virtue in some human life—a life of sublime devotion to country that will kindle patriotic fire in other hearts. No man was ever drawn into the steep and rugged path that leads to imperial greatness by reading some philosopher's analysis of greatness. It is the personal influence of some majestic man whom he venerates and loves, that will fire him with ambition, and strengthen him for heroic effort. So it is in the kingdom of God. There at the head of it stands the God-Man—the impersonation and incarnation of all truth, wisdom, virtue, beauty, majesty, and greatness, and the source of all that can enrich, elevate, and glorify the human soul. We seek the kingdom of God when we seek him.

We Find the Kingdom

of God when we find him, and we find him when by faith we accept him as our Redeemer and King. Believing in him he becomes the mercy of God to take away our sins, the wisdom of God to show the path of truth, safety, duty and happiness, and the power of God to walk in that path in defiance of every adversary within or without, on the earth or under the earth. We cannot believe in him without loving him, and we cannot love him without being like him, and to be like him is to be adorned with all the virtues, and filled with all the riches, promised to those who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

III. Accepting this view, we find the way into God's kingdom so simple that a child may understand it, and so easy that anybody who will may enter it, and realize the ineffable blessedness of it. To enter that kingdom you will not have to master a system of philosophy, or investigate a creed. You have only to believe in a person, a being in human form, who once breathed the atmosphere and trod the soil of earth, and who was seen by human eyes and touched by human hands. To get into the kingdom of God, you have not to make a study of all the visible religious organizations calling themselves churches, and by a comparison of their creeds, rituals, forms of worship, government, and history, determine which is the true church. No. It would take the average person a life-time to do that. There are millions of people, who, owing to the feebleness of their capacities and their lack of facilities, could never accomplish the task. If there is no simpler, easier, shorter way than that to the kingdom of God, three-fourths of the human family have not the capacity to enter it, and are doomed to everlasting darkness, degradation and wretchedness. To get into a church you may have to subscribe to a

great many things, but to get into the kingdom of God you have only to receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour. And he is not afar off. He is here. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." To seek him is simply to open your heart and say, "Redeemer and Master, come in, and take possession of me, and rule my heart and life."

In thus surrendering yourself to him you pass into, and become forever a subject of his kingdom. You are then invested with privileges and rights which can never be taken from you. You are shielded by a fortress from which "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" can ever dislodge you.

But the kingdom of God is both individual and social. It

Begins With the Individual

but it does not end with him. It proposes to regenerate society just as truly and radically as it regenerates the individual man. You are to seek the kingdom of God not only for the purpose of getting it into your own heart and life, but to extend it to other hearts and lives, and to bring society with all of its sentiments, purposes, plans, customs, and institutions under the domination of its principles and power.

United to the Lord Jesus Christ by a living faith, and feeling and knowing the reality and blessedness of his kingdom, you are prepared to commend it to others, and to exert an influence that will move them to seek it. If every man who has entered Christ's kingdom had made its progress his chief concern, the whole world would have been evangelized more than a thousand years ago. If the men and women in the world to-day who believe in Christ and know by actual experience the benefits of belonging to his kingdom, would come up to the measure of their duty in teaching and practicing his truth, how soon Christian ideas and influences would pervade and control philosophy, science, social customs, commerce and government, in every quarter of the globe.

I have found my own zeal for the kingdom of God greatly stimulated at times, by imagining what the condition of things in this country would be if we were entirely deprived of the

Influences of that Kingdom.

Eliminate from our statute books all the legislation that is traceable to Christian ideas and sentiments, and till our judicial and executive offices with men without faith in God and Christ, and what a reign of degradation and devilry would follow. To bring about these results—to establish truth and righteousness throughout all our social organism—we must advance the kingdom of God; and to extend and strengthen that kingdom, we must give it the largest and highest place in our thoughts, affections and activities.

IV. How may we place the kingdom of God above every other object of desire and pursuit? We may do it, first, by an immediate response to its demands. This is reasonable. Whatever is of supreme importance to us and to the world, should receive our first attention. Can you conceive of anything so important to you as the interests of your own soul—its regeneration, its cleansing from guilt, its escape from the damnation here and hereafter of unforgiven sin, its growth in all those virtues which will render it meet for eternal companionship with angels and "the spirits of just men made perfect," and with God himself in that better country, "Where beauty smiles eternally and pleasure never dies?"

We read in this sacred book that a young man came to Jesus and said, "Master, I will follow thee, but suffer me first to go and bury my father." Surely it there would be anything that would warrant a man in postponing a single day the seeking of his soul's salvation, it is his sense of obligation to a dead and unbred parent. But what was the response of

The Great Teacher?

"Let the dead bury their dead: but come thou and follow me." I repudiate all the fanciful interpretations by which men have sought to conceal, or to soften, the significance of these words. It is simply a deceitful handling of the Word of God, to say that Jesus did not mean, that if a man be saved, he should not turn from the work of seeking salvation even to bury his own father. If that young man's plea for postponement was not admissible, where shall I find words to express the stupendous folly, and the reckless and wicked audacity, of

men and women, who propose to defer the work of seeking God's kingdom and getting ready for death, judgment and eternity, until their material fortunes are made, or until certain worldly distinctions are won, or until they are too old to enjoy any more the pleasures of sin? I am chargeable with no extravagance of speech when I say, that, there is not insanity in your mad-houses comparable to that.

Earnestness.

We can make the kingdom of God first, not only by seeking it before we seek anything else, but by seeking it with a more zealous devotion, than that which we bring to the pursuit of other objects. The man who, like Jacob, wrestles with God in prayer through a whole night, saying, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," or who goes into the closet and locks the door, determined never to come out again and never to look into another human face, until his sins are forgiven, and his name is written in the Book of Life, exalts the kingdom of God immeasurably above all temporal pursuits and possessions. The same is true of the man who says, "I am not my own—I am bought with a price and therefore whatever I have is subject to the demands of my Heavenly Master." A Christian minister in New York recently made a very tender and timely allusion to the life of a Christian merchant, a member of his congregation, who a few years before had exchanged the toils of earth for the rest of heaven. That merchant began his contributions to the kingdom of Christ by giving one-tenth of his income. Later he gave the half of it, and finally the whole of it. On his death-bed he said, "I think I can say, as in the sight of God, that my

Aim in Making Money

has been the same aim as that of every true minister in preaching the Gospel of Christ. There was a man who sought "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." There was a man whose supreme aim in doing business was the expansion and exaltation of the cause of Christ. How many of the business men before me this morning can say as much for themselves? How many of them will be able to say it when they pass "down the valley into the shadow of death?"

We seek first the kingdom of God, when, to extend its triumphs, we are willing not only to give and to labor, but to suffer the loss of all things. Who doubts that the apostles loved that kingdom supremely, when confronting the august tribunal which forbade them to bear witness for the risen Christ, they declared that they would "obey God rather than men?" Who doubts that it was uppermost in the heart of Paul, when foreseeing the bonds and imprisonments that awaited him, he said, "I am ready to preach the gospel to them who are in Rome also." Who doubts that the interests of that Kingdom were supreme in the affections of Martin Luther, when like Elijah before the priests of Baal, he stood before Emperors and bishops, and generals, and legates in the Diet of Worms, and said with an

Emphasis that Electrified

the world: "Unless you confute me by arguments based on the word of God, I cannot and will not recant?" Who doubts that John Knox loved that Kingdom above everything else which a human heart can covet, when, preaching in the presence of Queen Mary, and rebuked by one of her subordinates for reminding her of her littleness in the sight of God, he declared "I am in the place where I am demanded by my conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I will speak." Who doubts that John Bunyan loved the Kingdom more than his own liberty, when, in replying to the magistrate who condemned him for preaching the gospel without the license of the King, he said: "Turn me out of jail to-day, sir, and by the grace of God I will preach the gospel to-morrow."

Brethren, think not that the times and circumstances in which we live furnish no opportunity for such heroic witnessing for Christ and his kingdom. The opportunities are manifold. In this, the nineteenth century of the Christian era no man escapes opposition, detraction, calumny, hatred and persecution, who everywhere and at all times seeks first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. But if we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him. After the cross the crown. After the sighing and the sobbing will come the music of peace and gladness. The night is far spent. Look to the East, where up the lucid sky the morning climbs.

NEGRO ECONOMY IN THE BLACK BELT.

A COLORED woman came to the headquarters of the Industrial Mission Association at Beloit, Ala., to get a pair of shoes, writes Mrs. C. B. Curtis, wife of the President of the Association. They were wanted for one of her three boys who, with no little sacrifice, are being sent to the pay school, which after a four months' free school, has just opened. In response to a remark with reference to her keeping herself neat so that she could be an example for her young daughter and her boys, there came out a story of self-denial for their sakes that was rather heroic.

"You see," she said, "when hun (meaning her daughter), wears out her clothes, I takes 'em and patches 'em and covers up the holes and gives her the new ones, and I teaches her how to make it too. I say 'there, you take that new cloth and cut it out.' I shows her how and then has her sit down and make it. She now makes every piece she wears and the clothes for the others, too. I gives her the new cloth to work on when we kin get it and I goes along with the mending.

"In the sewing class the other day, Miss Hunt said she didn't see how I could cut out my baby a dress of the piece of cloth she gave me, without a pattern, but I does it. I was a poor, motherless gal and was raised up by 'most anyone. When I couldn't get a pair of scissors I would cut out my dress with a case knife, yes with a case knife (seeing my look of surprise), and baste it up and try it on and baste it up again and try it on and make it fit me. I sure don't waste a thing. When a coat (meaning a dress) is worn out, I rips it up and takes the good pieces out of the 'tail' of it and makes dresses for the little chaps, and the bits that are too small for that and cuts up and makes a quilt of. When my husband's clothes are all worn out and the boys pants, I picks out the good pieces, no matter how small and sits down of a night and sews them together and first I know there is a quilt on the frames.

"I have one boy that wears dresses. You never hear me asking for new cloth for him. I takes the good pieces from the worn-out clothes of the rest and goes on and makes clothes for him, and when the cotton sacks are all worn out, I washes 'um up and makes good warm skirts for him. I works hard; our husbands cant get along 'cept we wives do work. Plow? Yes indeed I plows as good as he does. From the time the crop is in the ground till the last bit is gathered I never stops from Monday morning till Friday night, and then on Saturday I does the washing and mending for all on 'um. I tells you with six head of chillen one has to work hard. It isn't one Saturday, but every Saturday just so. I tries to take up just as little as I can. Six head of chillen soon do destroy a heap of victuals. Right smart of times I eats dinner one day and don't eat again till next day at dinner. When crops is short and you have so many chillen you can't eat right regular. We mothers have to live sca'ce for the sake of our chillen. I has a heap to do, but I goes to the Lord every day and he helps me to do it."

Motherhood is much the same the world over and while many of the colord women know little of economy and self-denial, this instance that I have tried imperfectly to portray is not a solitary one.

MONEY RECEIVED.

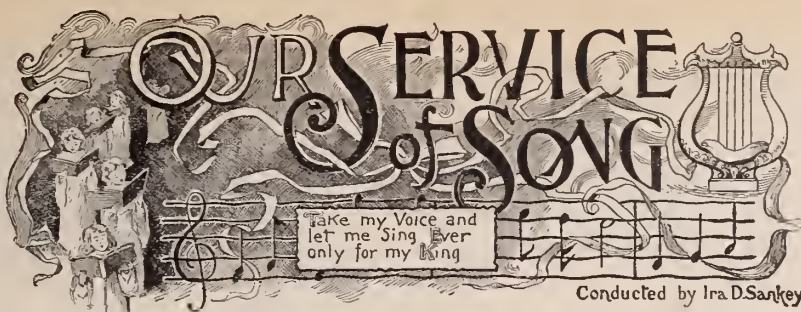
Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

From G. H. Harvey \$1 for Sister Charlotte's Home; from James Henry Lawrence \$1 for the Flood Sufferers in the South; from T. G. E., Evanston, Ill., \$5 for the China Inland Mission; from Mary J. Foye and Mary C. Clements 25c. each for the Mary Washington Fund; from N. Thompson, \$25 for Mr. Penzotti, the South American missionary.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Mrs. M. D. Merrifield, \$1; W. A. Bray, \$1; Mrs. E. Alshadden, \$1; Reader, Peoria, Ill., \$5. Previously ack'd \$192.67. Total, \$200.67.

For the Bethany Lodging-House for Homeless Women: Frank C. Bucknam, \$2; Friend, Dane Co., Wis., \$1; Doda and Kitty Bowden, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$1,547.15. Total, \$1,551.15.

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work: Kate E. Baldwin, \$1; Teachers and Pupils of Union School, Fredericktown, O., \$1.50.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

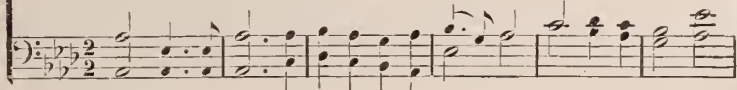
Hark! Hark! my Soul.

REV. F. W. FABER

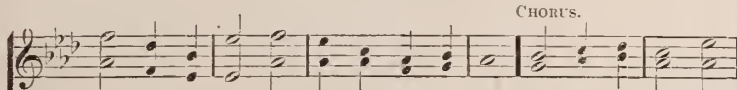
WM. F. SHERWIN



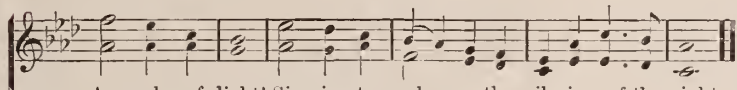
1. Hark! hark! my soul: Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea: And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
of the songs a-bove, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. } An-gels of Je - sus!
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



An - gels of light! Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.



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THINGS THAT SHALL BE.

THE sword of the Living One shall come

Like fire to the lips that have long been [dumb.
And sons and daughters, as prophets told,
Shall the secret thoughts of the Lord unfold.
And, "Wake, O, Sleeper," the cry shall be,
Arise, O, sinner; for refuge flee.
For the flood shall rise, and the storm shall fall;

And the flame shall burst from the castle [wall;
The city will crumble, the vintage fail;
Death's arrow shall fly and the foe prevail.
And "Stand, O, Herald, upon the tower!
And watch, O, watcher, another hour."

Though none of that fateful hour may know,
Yet its forecast splendor shall thrill and glow.

In the heart of the watcher who sees afar
The yellow gleam of the morning star.
And the soul of Nature that ave hath sung
The praise of God in an unknown tongue.
That soul so near the Divine shall see,
And write of His coming on blossom and tree;
And the earth shall thrill with a conscious pain,

For the fear of death shall her pulse enchain;
In place of the calm of her summer leaves,
Red buds her passion of sorrow weaves,
A fire like the sun on her boughs shall glow;
And the currents of life from her veins
o'erflow, [the dead:
Like drops from a hydrant, like tears for
For the earth shall be smitten, her summer-time fled.

Alas! for that terrible day of the Lord
When the valiant-hearted shall draw the sword,
The sickle shall gleam in the meadow fair,
And the harvest of gold shall the reaper share.

The purple grapes on the hills shall shine,
With the dew's of night turned to sacred wine.
And the morn shall dawn when the night
is old, [cold
O'er the sun-steeped hills, down the valleys
Shall plunge a splendor from opening sky,
The like ne'er witnessed by mortal eye,
And the day that dawns shall no night
o'er shroud, [cloud.
And that sun's bright disk shall no shadow
Junesville, Wis. HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

MILLENNIAL POWER.

How the Divine Resources of Power will be Exercised in the Millennium.

BY REV. WILLIAM MAUDE.

WHEN we inquire into the extent and special character of the power which will be exercised over nature by Christ and the risen saints in the Coming Kingdom, we shall, I apprehend, find the key to the question in the remarkable words used in Heb. 6, "The powers of the age to come." There can scarcely be a doubt that in this expression the apostle refers to those miraculous gifts which were the endowment of the early church, in most gracious fulfilment of the Lord's promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father. (John 13: 12). We are warranted, then, in regarding the miracles of Christ and his Apostles as glorious specimens of "powers" which shall be fully possessed and lovingly exercised by the risen saints in that "age to come" whereof we speak.

If we arrange the miracles of Christ in groups, and then view those groups in connection, we shall see how completely they cover, representatively, the whole extent of that dominion over the works of God's hands, which man lost in the first Adam, but shall regain, and more than regain, in the Second Adam. Thus, in one group, comprising the turning of the water into wine at the marriage feast, the feeding of the five thousand, and the draughts of fishes, we have specimens of power over the resources of nature. For instance, the multiplying of the bread easily shows itself as such.

As Archbishop Trench said, "The original curse of sin was the curse of barrenness, the earth yielding hard-won and scanty returns to the sweat and labor of man; but here his curse is removed, and in its stead the primæval abundance for a moment re-appears. All scantiness and scarcity, such as this lack of bread in the wilderness, such as that failing of the wine at the marriage feast, belonged not to man as his portion at first; for all the earth was appointed to serve him, and to pour the fullness of its treasures into his lap. That he ever should hunger or thirst, that he should have lack of anything, was a consequence of Adam's sin—fifty, therefore, removed by him, the Second Adam, who came to give him back all which had been forfeited by the first."

Again, in the second group, including the stilling of the tempest and the walking on the sea, we have specimens of power over the elements of nature and the recovery of that control over them which has been usurped by Satan. It is this that physical science aims to regain, and, in some small measure, succeeds. But, after all, how poor and partial are its boasted triumphs. Man can use the wind to propel his ships and grind his corn; but can he restrain the tempest in which his stoutest bark founders and his proudest palace or most sacred temple is levelled with the dust? "What manner of man is this?" cried the awe-stricken disciples of old, "that even the winds and the sea obey him?" But such manner of men will doubtless be the risen and glorified saints when clothed with "the powers of the age to come."

In like manner, in the third group, the largest of all, comprising all the Lord's miracles of healing, we have examples of the power over various forms of bodily disease which will be characteristic of the ministry of the coming kingdom. The instrumentality employed being, apparently, the leaves of the tree of life, as mentioned both by Ezekiel and John. (See Ezek. 47: 12; Rev. 22: 2).

So, again, in a fourth group, including the healing of the demoniac possessed by the legion—him in the synagogue of Capernaum, and the casting out of the dumb and deaf spirit; we have wonderful examples of power over ultra-natural agents,—blessed earnest of the plenary fulfilment of the promise—"The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly" (Rom. 16: 10).

Lastly, in yet another group, in which are included the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son, and—most stupendous miracle of all—that of his friend Lazarus, we have blessed examples of the supreme exercise of Christ's redemptive power in the physical region,—his power even over death. And this, too, will be included among "the powers of the age to come?"



GOD'S CARE FOR HIS OWN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing April 29. Psalm 103.

PROBABLY no question has perplexed the Christian more painfully and more frequently than that of Divine Providence. To many who are suffering under poverty, disease and bereavement, the words of this Psalm must read like awful mockery. "Where," they may ask, "is the God who healeth all their diseases, who redeemeth their life from destruction, satisfieth their mouth with good things and crowneth them with his tender mercies?" The Psalmist himself was not always in this mood of thankfulness. In another place he complains bitterly that he is plagued all the day long and chastened every morning, and that it is the wicked who have an immunity from trouble and are not plagued like other men. Very early in human history the problem was forced on the attention of the philosopher, by obvious facts. In the discussion between Job and his friends, the subject was considered in all its phases. So general was the idea that prosperity was the portion of the righteous, that the absence of prosperity came to be regarded as clear proof of unrighteousness. Job contended with very natural indignation against such a cruel theory, and insisted that his calamities were not punishments. So will many members of Christian Endeavor Societies feel, as they hear this subject discussed, and the torment of self-accusation may be added to outward ills of life. "God's care for his own," will be proved, and many a sleek, prosperous Christian will give testimony from his own experience of such special care. The poor, troubled, harassed hearer, whose only comfort is his trust in God, will listen and ask himself, "Am I mistaken after all? Am I really a child of God? I cannot be his or he would care for me."

The solution of the problem comes where Job found it and where David went: "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God." That is not the church, which has been reared by men. Its very magnificence is often only a painful addition to the complication. It is in God's presence, the true sanctuary, where the ineffable light shines, and man communes alone with his Father. There he learns that God is really caring for him, in spite of appearances. God is not unmindful of his suffering, but is watching, with love, and joy, and sympathy, his patience under it, and the graces which are growing amid unpropitious circumstances. It is not of his outward man that God is thinking; he is caring for the spiritual nature and the pure gold in the soul, which is accumulating while the dross of money is eluding the grasp. God does care for his own; but not as the foolish father cares for the son when he surrounds with luxury, and supplies with funds that he may enjoy all pleasure. With some of his own, God could give no better evidence of care than the poverty and suffering in their lot. As the marble in the hands of the sculptor is chiselled and scoured, until it assumes the shape of the hero or the statesman, so the character is cut and smoothed by afflictions until it takes the likeness of Christ. God has cared for his child; and here and hereafter that child is a monument of his care.



THE B. Y. P. U. OF BOSTON.

A city organization of Baptist Young People's Unions has been effected in Boston, Mass. At a conference of representatives of the Unions recently held in Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, to which forty-five associations sent delegates, a board of officers was elected and plans formulated for united action. The President is R. I. Condon, of Everett; Vice President, J. E. Nor-

cross, of Watertown; Secretary, Miss May Abercrombie, of Boston; Treasurer, Dr. Winslow B. French, of Allston. The distinctive features of the Union's work were fully discussed at the three sessions held by the Conference. "Junior Methods" was the subject of the afternoon sessions at which Rev. J. K. Wilson, President of the State Union presided. The discussion was opened by Rev. Everett D. Burr, of Ruggles Street Church. The Christian Culture Courses were emphatically endorsed by the Conference. At the session devoted to the subject, Dr. Mabie spoke for the Missionary Union, Henry C. Vedder, of New York, for the churches, and Rev. F. M. Gardner, of Boston, for the pastors. The report of the Committee on the Constitution gave rise to

surrounded by a well-kept garden and has the appearance of a private mansion. It has, however, all the conveniences of a more stately city Association building. Its first floor comprises the gymnasium, bowling alley, reception-room and Secretary's office. A spacious reading-room and library occupies the second floor. On the third floor is the auditorium, which has a seating capacity of nearly five hundred. The fourth floor has the janitor's room and a chess-room, which is much frequented and has attained a wide reputation for the skill of the players who meet there. The Association has over six hundred members and has already extended its work by organizing two branches, one of which is for colored young men. The Secretary under whose leadership the Association achieved its first successes was Mr. John T. Swift, who resigned soon after the opening of the building to become a missionary in Japan.



A METHODIST MINISTER'S PLEA.

Pending the decision of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South on the subject of the Epworth League an earnest appeal for affiliation with the Christian Endeavor Society is made by Rev. Gilby C. Kelly. In a communication to the "Christian Advocate" of Nashville, Tenn., he pleads that the church adopt the style of Epworth Leagues of Christian En-

deavor. These denominational rallies are strikingly suggestive of the tribal segregations of Israel about the Tabernacle.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A new Christian Endeavor Society has been formed in Rathgar, Ireland. Belfast has fifteen Young People's and two Junior societies; Ireland has in all thirty societies.

The Epworth League Chapter of Frederick, Ind., tendered a reception to the Baltimore Conference at its recent meeting in that city. Both the Conference and the League were gratified by the result.

At Chefoo, N. China, native Y. M. C. A. work was opened at the end of January. Dr. Corbett, of the American Presbyterian Mission, presided, and four or five Christian natives spoke. Meetings are held in two sections of the city on alternate nights.

The bill lately passed by the Iowa Legislature, forbidding the sale or gift of tobacco to any boy under the age of sixteen, was drawn up at the request of the temperance committee of an Endeavor Society, which also did good service in arousing public sentiment in its favor.

Several Epworth Leagues have adopted the plan of holding occasional meetings at the homes of their members in rotation. In all cases the plan has worked well. After the business is transacted there is music and informal conversation. Light refreshments are provided.

A free breakfast has been served every Sunday morning to a crowd of hungry men at Morgan Chapel, Boston, for several weeks past by the Epworth Leagues of Newton and Chelsea. From two to three hundred men were fed each week and listened with delight to the Gospel hymns sung by the Leaguers after the meal.

Delegates to the National Conference of the Baptist Young People's Union which will be held at Toronto, July 10-22, will be carried by the railroads at reduced rates. A rate \$10 for the round trip from Washington, Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia to Niagara is announced for delegates from that quarter.

Another pilgrimage to the Mecca of Methodism, Epworth, England, is planned by the Epworth League, to start from New York early in July. Dr. J. T. Docking writes us that the management of the party has been placed in his hands and that he will be pleased to furnish all information to persons wishing to join the party. His address is 109 High street, West-erly, R. I.

The Baptist Young People's Union of New Jersey will celebrate its fourth anniversary on May 16 and 17. The meetings will be held in the Baptist Church, Bridgeton, N. J. An attractive programme has been prepared. Among the speakers will be Dr. H. M. King of Providence, R. I., Rev. L. L. Henson of Baltimore and Miss Mary Campbell of New Brunswick.

The General Secretary of the Epworth League reports that he has received an application for an Epworth League charter from Spring Hill, Kan., with the significant information that the entire membership of thirty are newly converted young persons. The president is the only full member of the church in the Epworth League. The remainder are all probationers.

An interesting circle of King's Daughters was organized years ago in Mauncetown, N. J. They called it the "Speak no Evil" Circle. Its membership has now grown to thirty, although at first there were but eight members. Miss Cleora Compton is President; Miss Leonice Weaver, Recording Secretary, and Miss Hannah Corson, Corresponding Secretary. The circle succeeded in raising \$168 during its first year, by which it cleared its parsonage of debt. The proceeds of its work last year amounted to \$126, with which various good objects were aided. This year also promises well.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING OF THE ORANGES, N. J.

an earnest and practical discussion of the opportunities for aggressive work, and how they should be occupied. Rev. C. A. Reese of Minneapolis, presented a vigorous appeal for the Founding Fund. Dr. C. Perren, of Chicago, defended the principles of the Union and urged closer organization with hearty goodwill towards kindred associations. The Union, it was stated, would have fully a thousand members.



A PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION.

Few Young Men's Christian Associations have had so rapid a growth as the one a picture of whose home appears on this page. It is the Association of the Oranges, N. J. Its organization was effected shortly after a visit from Mr. D. L. Moody in 1885. The need of such an institution in the district was self-evident, and Mr. Moody's work had kindled the kind of enthusiasm which must have practical expression. Temporary accommodations were secured for the work, but from the outset the advantages of a building of its own were recognized and measures were taken to secure them. At a public meeting of the citizens plans were submitted and at that meeting promises to the amount of eight thousand dollars were given. A committee was appointed to canvass the neighborhood and in a short time the treasury contained \$25,000. A site was secured and in two years from the organization of the institution, the Association took possession of its beautiful home. The building is more homelike than such edifices usually are. It is

deavor. In summarizing the advantages of fraternal, if not organic relations, he says:

The interdenominational fellowship of the Christian Endeavor Society is spiritual and informal, and has come to pass without forcing. Young people's societies having a common name, common aims, and common methods, have been organized in thirty different denominations, to the number of 24,924 in the United States, 2,039 in Canada, 1,708 in Great Britain, Australia, and in all missionary lands.

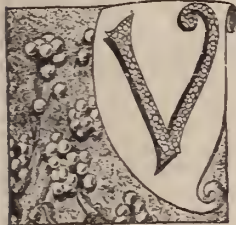
The young people of these societies find it desirable and convenient to come together occasionally in local unions, and in State and International Conventions for inspiration and fellowship. These meetings are not delegated assemblies, but mass conventions. There is no presentation of credentials, no reception of fraternal delegates from other bodies. All Christian Endeavorers are requested to enroll themselves as such, just as in Union Sunday School Conventions representatives of Sunday Schools are requested to enroll themselves as such.

The denominational idea is not lost sight of. In the more recent conventions an afternoon has been devoted to denominational rallies—there is the Presbyterian rally, the Congregational rally, the Episcopal rally, the Baptist rally, and so on to the end of the list. There were a half dozen or more ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at the union rally of Endeavorers of the Methodist Episcopal, the Canada Methodist, and the Methodist Episcopal South, Churches in Washington Square Methodist Church in connection with the great New



"Venice, the Beautiful!"

The City of the Sea with its Treasures of Art and its many Palaces and Bridges—A Gloomy Side to a Glorious Picture.



VENICE, the glory of the middle age, the seat of the Doges, the city of dark tragedies and splendid palaces, of winding waterways and gondolas, is one of the few famous old-world cities upon which the passing centuries seem to make no special impress. It is a fragment of the Orient amid the surrounding influences of modern Europe, and still retains many of the features that recall the days, when as Queen of the Levant, it was the scene of almost imperial splendor and authority. Only a few days ago, the whole city was "en fete," the occasion being the meeting there of King Humbert of Italy and the German Emperor.

The visitor to Venice, for the first time, finds it a place of surpassing interest. A short distance from the railway depot, one enters a region where carriages and cars are unknown, where there is no roar of traffic in the streets as in other great cities, and where silent gondolas or smoothly-gliding steamers sweep up and down the broad canals, or through the waterways that largely occupy the place of streets. Even in the few streets that do exist in the ancient city, the noise of wheels or the clatter of horses' hoofs is a stranger.

Among the sights of the city, which is crowded with magnificent buildings, is the famous Cathedral of St. Mark—a wonderful structure, that at first oppresses the eye with its confusion of domes and minarets, arches and columns, rich mosaics and elaborate carvings. Beyond it, and towering still higher, is the Campanile, even greater, gloomier and grander, while nearby is the palace of the Doges, its exterior a marvel of architectural genius and its halls filled with relics of ancient magnificence. Close at hand is the famous "Bridge of Sighs," which is shown in the illustration on this page. This bridge which spanned one of the canals, led from the palace to the state prisons of the Doges—dungeons that are described as slimy and horrible, and in which hundreds of offenders against the state have ended their wretched lives.

Ancient Venice was originally an aristocratic republic, governed by magistrates called "maritime tribunes." In the seventh century, a duke or "doge" was chosen for the purpose of giving more power and unity to the popular representation. Soon, however, the entire power became centralized in the hands of the doges, and rebellion arose against their authority, doges being put to death, others exiled and still others punished in various ways. In the next two and a half centuries there was a succession of eighteen doges, fifteen of whom were chosen from three leading families, indicating that the ruling power was tending to become hereditary.

During the time of the great Crusades, Venice played an active part, as it furnished transportation to the East for the vast armies that went to fight the battles of the Cross. The most brilliant period in Venetian history was the twelfth century, when it became a powerful and wealthy state whose alliance was much sought by emperors and popes. Then began a career in which art, the various industries, commerce and literature flourished as they had never before done in any part of Europe. The magnificent system of canals was developed and perfected, palaces were reared on every available site, and graceful bridges arose, like enchanted structures, to link the whole city together. The church of St. Mark—from being a compar-

atively small edifice, was enlarged and beautified. According to the early chronicles, the body of the evangelist had been removed from Alexandria to Venice in the ninth century, and he was ever after recognized as its patron saint. The bones of St. Mark are now said to lie within the high altar of the church.

To describe or even to enumerate the rare works of art in this great cathedral would fill pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



"THE BRIDGE OF SIGH," AT VENICE.

Mosaic pictures, portraying passages in the lives of the Saviour, Saint John the Baptist, and the various disciples, priceless enamels of like character, marvelous statues of angels and prophets, and rich workmanship in silver and gold, with an incomparable collection of chalices and other costly articles, precious stones and jewels of every description, are among the possessions of this historic temple of worship. Even the ducal palaces, with their vast wealth of paintings and statuary, are not to be compared with St. Marks in point of interest. All the churches (there are about seventy), and almost all the great buildings of Venice, however, are rich in art. Except the Italian capital itself, no city

in the world has had a more enduring influence upon art and literature, than "the Queen of the Adriatic."

A True Compliment to Mother.

A compliment is most appreciated when it comes with the flavor of true sincerity evident upon it. What could be more gratifying in this respect, says a writer in "The Ram's Horn," than the appreciation implied in the eager exclamation of a little lad who after studying the lesson on "the excellent woman," in Prov. 31, ran home to his mother and breathlessly cried, "Mamma, we've been studying about you in the Sunday school to-day!" The mother who could evoke such a tribute from her own child is a mother indeed.

A Girl's Outlook at Thirteen.

A girl of thirteen cannot decide, writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with any discretion or any assurance, whether she will be a sculptor or a washerwoman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving

public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest lives. So, on the great ocean of school life, the girls with aims to study for are those whose labor is the richest and ripest.

CHILDISH BUGABOOS.

If a mother tell a child he is not good, some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds that there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior and after the good behavior forget to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother culture a child's vanity and eulogize his curls and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed, and the gates of another era have opened, the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer. On the other hand, if a mother, walking with a child, see a suffering one by the wayside and say: "My child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Muller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle-bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, though the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing, as a result of those trundle-bed lessons, flaming evangelists, world-moving reformers, circulating Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, and emancipating Washingtons.

Child-training.

In view of the possibilities of a single life, writes Rev. J. T. Gibson in the "Presbyterian Messenger," we cannot but be deeply impressed with the responsibility of training one little child. Multiply that responsibility by twenty millions, and you have an estimate of the responsibility of those who are to train the youth now in the homes and schools of this country. Whether these youth will be a blessing to themselves and to the world depends, to a great extent, upon their training. The wise man said "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

This, however, is not so much a command to any one in particular, as it is a two-fold philosophical statement. First, that children should be trained, and, second, that if they are trained in the right way, they will not forsake that way after they have grown old—that youthful training will be their security in old age.



CHAPTER XIV. Continued.

"It is the habit of the Laniers to turn gray early in life," said Mrs. Paull in cheerful evasion. "Since this is so, I should be thankful that it is becoming. I don't want to be frightful in my children's eyes."

"That could never be, had you small-pox complicated by leprosy. I wonder sometime if you are as happy as you look."

"Happier—often. The heart knows its deepest bliss no less than its own bitterness. God has been—he is so loving-kind to me that I have no excuse for gloomy thoughts. Every day is crowned with goodness, and he never lets me doubt that all my steps are ordered by him. How could I be discontented?"

The boy lay looking into the heart of the fire-built of pine cones, of which a great basketful stood at the corner of the hearth. The night was rainy, the clouds rushing down the valley before a strong northeast wind. The ceaseless moan of the pines was blent with the surf-like roar of the grove of oaks and hickories behind the house. Mother and son had the room, dusky-red with fire-light, to themselves.

Lanier's "coaching" engagement had been renewed during each of the vacations that had passed since his first visit to Keene. He had nevertheless, contrived to visit his mother in the September of both years, besides spending two Christmases at Pinehurst. He had arrived this afternoon upon a three days' furlough, and her soul basked in his presence with grateful delight.

As her first-born grew in knowledge of books and of men, the tie knitting the heart of the man she had gotten from the Lord to the heart of the mother strengthened and shortened. He was very like her in feature and manner—a resemblance peculiarly striking to-night in the ruddy half-light that colored both faces alike.

"He is lover, friend and son all in one," she had said to Mrs. Barnes in one of the impetuous bursts of confidence that were rarer with her now than of yore. "Pulse of my pulses, core of my heart!"

In the close folding of his left hand in hers, now, the yearning fondness of the regards bent upon the lineaments she thought so handsome, the ring and thrill of her voice as she addressed him, one read all this and more. Sometimes, while she talked of him or listened to others' praise of her eldest son, she blushed like a girl at mention of her lover's name, and laughed at her own sweet folly. Maternal love of this peculiar quality and power is seldom seen in wives whose hearts rest in full satisfaction in their husband's affection. God gives in this life no richer compensation for disappointment in the dearest hope of a woman's heart than is to be found in the chivalric fondness of her sons.

"You do not weary of your Royal Road, then?" resumed Lanier at length, smiling thoughtfully.

"Who does, who has found it?"

"It has been the path of peace to you, evidently, mother dear. I suspect, nevertheless, that few are willing to walk in it until more attractive avenues are closed. Without hope and ambition, youth would have no dreams—and what is youth without dreams?"

"Hope! ambition! do you mean that we leave them behind us when we set our feet upon the King's Highway? My darling! then begins the only hope worthy of the name—sure and blessed—an anchor that never drags."

"For I am persuaded," says Paul, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And—"Shall He not also with Him freely give us all things." And again—"All things work together for

good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose." The beloved disciple, whose head rested upon the Master's heart while he said his parting words to his disciples, asserts as one who knows whereof he speaks:

"And this is the boldness which we have towards him, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us." Can hope be grounded upon a firmer rock?

"Abstractedly considered—no! All of us who hope that we are Christians, yield intellectual assent to these things. The trouble is that the promises seem vague, and fulfillment afar off when the question is of a note to be met next week, or bread to be bought to-morrow when there is no money in hand with which to buy it. Steadfast souls—women's souls—can fix their thoughts and concentrate their energies upon to-day's tasks and interests, but what of a man's duty to provide for those of his own household?"

"Provision for to-morrow may be—it often is, a part of to-day's duty."

"Aha!"

"You interrupted me! I said 'provision'—not anxiety. Not to make intelligent provision for what experience and common sense tell us must be met, is fatuous and childish."

"Tom and Edwin had their little gardens laid out last spring, side by side, and I gave each the same quantity and kind of seeds. Tom got all his in on Monday, and on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, scratched open the rows to see if they were sprouting and likely to come up. Edwin let his alone. It is useless to say which has the better show of vegetables by this time. I try to keep one test continually before the eyes of my heart:—And having done all, to stand." Some err in stopping short of doing with their might whatsoever their hands find to do, not working while the day lasts. The hard task for me is to 'stand' when I see nothing else that my hands can do just now. As to next week's note, make the best arrangements to meet it that your judgment and ingenuity can devise; then, stand still, and see what great things God will work. So with to-morrow's bread. Look narrowly at the work laid to your hand for to-day to see if this may not include getting together cents enough to buy a loaf for to-morrow's breakfast. Perhaps—God knows whether or not this is to be—and what good end is to be gained by it—you are to suffer protest and loss of credit, and to go hungry. If so, you can rest submissively in the belief—which is the substance of things hoped for—that the day's strength will come with the day's trial. O, my boy! this is not a rainbow theory with me, but a tower, tried and found steadfast, into which I have run and been safe."

Lanier pressed first one, then the other, of her hands to his lips.

"Precious mother!" he murmured in strong emotion. "The sight of your practice goes leagues upon leagues further to convert me than your texts and your sermon. Where is there another woman who would make such a bright, beneficent life out of such poor material?"

"Poor material! Don't say that!" a hasty terror in her tone. "Not while I have my children—and work to do for God and man. Dear! have you noticed that blasted oak on the hillside up there—just where a gap in the woods gives you the first glimpse of Pinehurst, and the lake and the mountains? Your uncle spoke of cutting it down, but I would not let him do it. It is an object-lesson to me, a symbol, a likeness of myself."

"My pretty, graceful mother! that I will not listen to!"

"Hush!" laughingly pulling her face away from the hand he would have laid upon her mouth. "It was struck by lightning eight or ten years ago—that tree, which is not so old as one might think—

and the bark stripped from one side. At least half of the trunk is bare. All the same, it bears leaves and acorns, and carries aloft a branchy crown all summer long, and you ought to have seen its foliage last fall. Rich, purplish crimson, that, as the snows and cold rains came, gathered, as it were, gray ashes upon the upper surface of the leaves, before they changed to a comfortable sober brown they held all winter long, and until the young buds pushed them off in April. The edges of the torn bark have healed healthily, making a long lip against the flayed trunk; all the sap necessary for the life of the tree is carried up through that strip. I have stood by that tree with my hand laid upon the bark, until I could be sure that I felt it throb, sympathetically."

Her voice had fallen, as she went on, the words were uttered more and more slowly until she ceased. Lanier drew himself to her side, wound his arm about her and laid his head against her shoulder. Verbal response was impossible and needless.

"I told you that I saw Marie this morning," was his next remark.

"Yes, and that she is looking well."

"Well, and handsome. She will be a splendid woman soon. She says she is quite happy with her teaching and her organ. How did she get the situation? There would be a lively competition for the vacant place in a church like St. Gudule's."

"Your uncle has friends in the vestry—and exerted his influence. This Marie must not suspect. Much as she desired the place, she would throw it up to-morrow if she guessed to whom she owes it."

"How absurd and how shamefully ungrateful! I must talk her out of that nonsense some day."

"Better leave the subject alone. The misguided child believes honestly that she does right to be angry with my brother. I imagine that one motive of her perseverance in trying to get the position of music teacher at Mrs. Marcy's and that of organist in St. Gudule's, was the desire to free herself from obligations to him."

"Which she can never do."

"She thinks that she can. We must leave her to nurse her fancied grievance until her eyes are opened by the logic of events, or until God touches her heart to gentler judgment of her best friends."

"Does she support herself entirely?"

"She has steadily refused to accept anything from me for a year. I have no idea what Mrs. Marcy pays her. Her salary at St. Gudule's is seven hundred dollars, but I should not have known that had not your uncle told me. She grows more reserved as time goes on."

The brother set his lower jaw sternly.

"Does she visit you often?"

"I contrive to see her at least once in ten days, but her duties prevent her from coming often to us. Of course she can no longer pass her Sundays at home. I am afraid—" she went on reluctantly—"that she is inclined to be severe with herself in the matter of personal expense. Mrs. Marcy told me the last time I called there, while I was waiting for Marie to finish a lesson, that 'Miss Paull had too little recreation. Except for the long walk which she takes every day unless in very stormy weather, she leaves the house but once during the week, and that is on Friday evening to attend choir-rehearsal. She declines all invitations to friends' houses and to places of amusement, such as most young people enjoy.' I mentioned this to Marie when she came in, and Mrs. Marcy left us. She answered that she now belonged to the working classes, and had no time to squander upon pleasure-taking. She dresses very plainly—almost shabbily. I do not think she has bought a new gown or even hat since she began to take care of her own finances."

"Marie miserly!" amused and incredulous. "She used to be an incorrigible spendthrift. Mother!" as if struck by a startling thought. "But no! that could hardly be!"

"That she is pinching herself in order to send money out of the country?" Mrs. Paull spoke out the suspicion he had repressed. "She would do it were there occasion—or if she imagined there were. I am sure that she has no foreign correspondent, or I should have discovered it during the two months she spent here this summer. She would hardly conceal the circumstance from me, I think, even had not the mail enlightened me. Indeed, had she opened communication with her father, I believe that her high sense of honor and of what loyalty to him demanded would have driven her to me with the intelligence. She is fearless in her very wilfulness. Poor child! she

sees everything now through a distorted medium. Ah, well! In God's good time all will be right."

Another interval of silence followed. Such are unmistakable indices of perfect communion of spirit. Common friendship demands the reassurance, at decorous distances, of mutual regard and thoughtfulness.

Lanier leaned forward to pile more logs upon the sinking coals, putting them on, one at a time, apparently interested in the consumption of each.

"Mother," without withdrawing his eyes from this operation, "may I ask you one question?"

"As many as you like, my son," steadily and cheerfully.

"You told me awhile ago that, besides paying the interest to Uncle Roger, you had deposited in the savings bank last year and this, six hundred dollars. At that rate you will have paid off the whole debt in eight years more. Should—he who laid the debt upon you, return to America, then—have you ever thought what would be your duty, or your inclination?"

He could not see the sickly pallor the fire-glow did not veil, or the sharp quiver that shook the light from her eyes. He divined, through the nameless sympathy welding heart to heart, that a short, fierce battle against powerful odds kept her silent for the instant that elapsed before her hand rested upon his head.

"My darling! for months the thought never left me, sleeping or waking. When I began to learn how to take God at his word and not to meddle with a future which is all his, and none of it mine, I asked him, as I suppose Paul besought him to take away the thorn in his flesh—to remove from me the dread and the doubt and the vain planning, to show me how to leave the wanderer and all pertaining to him in his safe, wise, loving hands. He answered my prayer—not as he answered Paul, for Paul was stronger than I, and could bear more—but by setting my thoughts free from that one torturing subject that I might study and obey his will in and for me in the Present. Should the hour ever come for decision and action, his grace will be sufficient for me, his wisdom will not be withheld. Until then—let the dead Past bury its dead."

While mother and son talked together that stormy September night, the choir of St. Gudule's rehearsed the music selected for the approaching Sabbath. The new organist had been inducted into office but two months before. Her youth and sex had told against her in the judgment of musical critics in the congregation, and with at least two of the quartette choir. The correctness and brilliancy of her technique; the taste and spirit with which she interpreted the most difficult passage submitted to her, broke down the prejudice of the listeners below-stairs; the almost austere gravity of her demeanor, the respect with which she hearkened to suggestions, and her willingness to obey them, silenced her coadjutors. She was, apparently, bent upon, as the basso put it, "cold business," comprehending why she was there and with no eye or ear for anything but duty.

She wore to-night a black merino gown as simply-fashioned as a nun's, and a close black felt hat, one blue velvet bow, nestling in the puffs of golden hair, the only touch of color in her costume. Her face, unsmiling and intent as her eyes followed the score, might have belonged to a woman twice her years for any sign it gave of triviality; there was not a tinge of coquetry in her reception of the greetings of her companions at her entrance, or of the encomiums passed upon her execution when the rehearsal was over.

"Thank you!" to one, and "You are very kind!" to another, were spoken without a rise of color and with the least possible smile consistent with the fine freedom that marked every motion and syllable.

The tenor, who was, after the usual custom of tenors, young and thin, with fair hair and a sweeping mustache, did not venture upon an improvement of his very slight acquaintanceship with her, but got himself into his ulster and waited for the soprano to pull on her rubber sandals before offering to see her home. She was not very young, not at all pretty, but she was accessible, and that went for much with a man who was bashful when not entrenched behind a sheet of music. The basso, being thicker-skinned and a married man of forty, took courage to approach the organist as she buttoned her gloves preparatory to assuming waterproof and umbrella.

(To be Continued.)

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" Somerworth, N H	100	Sherman, Mrs Phebe	100	B B B Medicine Co. Con-	1000
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" Brownsdale, Ore	500	Sloan, Miss E B	100	U Mission Band of Cheerful	450
" Berlin, N H	500	Stowe, Warren	100	Workers, Peoria, Wyo	250
" Oregon, Wis	100	Snyder, M W	100	The Pine Bluff Union S S	150
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" Clover, N C	100	Shenton, Celia	100	ton, Anne 15c; Abor, Mrs Helen,	100
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" Hndson, Mass	200	Snabr, Wiscoy, N Y	100	King, So Whitley, Ind, 50c; Casey,	100
" Harley, S D	100	Snabr & reader, E N Lebanon,	100	Sallie 10c; Currier, 25c; Chittenden,	100
" Montrose, Mass	100	Conn	100	Mary A 50c; Canyis, Thomas 25c;	100
" Friends of the cause, Phila	500	Spruithz, engr, Athol, Mass	100	"Calloway, Ann E 25c; Cummings,	100
" N Stenwen, N Y	500	S S of Glendale, near Minne-	450	Mrs N 40c; Contributor, Opekika,	100
" NS	500	S S & C E, Lamanda Park, Cal	323	Ala 50c	100
" Gilsom, N H	600	"Scatter Good League," Syra-	100	Donglas, Kate 10c; Day, Wm 50c;	100
" Amhurst, Mass	500	cuse, N Y	100	Durand, Mrs Sam'l C 50c; Day, Miss	200
" Hopkinton, N H	600	Townsend, Sarah A	100	Anna, 50c; Dillon, Mrs J C 50c;	100
" Friends, Mabel, Minn	200	Thompson, Eva J	100	Eska, Jack 25c; Emmons, Sarah	100
" Firtford, N Y	200	Two friends, Mentor, O	200	10c; Emmons, Mr J E 50c; Enos,	100
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" avette, Alice and Anna	100	Taser, S S	100	Foulds, A M 25c; Fellows, Mellis-	100
regory, F H and wife	200	Thomas, Allen	100	sa 5c; Foster, Susie 25c; Farnsworth	100
ould, Mrs J C	100	Thompson, W J	100	Friend, L 50c; Friend, A W, N Y 30c;	100
rove, Mrs R B	100	Tonger, A	100	Friend, Anbnrn, Me 55c; Friend, N	100
ammond, Margaret	100	Tener, Mrs Ella F	100	Y C 25c; Friend, Winthrop, Me 25c;	100
umm, M L	100	Taylor, Jacob	300	Friend, Lizzie, Wm Plains, N C	100
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" enkins, L A	200	Williams, Mrs A S	300	Gillilan, Mrs S M 30c; Guard, En-	100
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" ass, Wm	100	Wycoff, I	100	Gingerich, Jesse 10c; Gingerich,	100
" ally, Mrs G M	100	Winter, Julia M	100	Alvin 10c; Geer, Mrs A, 25c; Gut-	100
" inney, Elsie and Harold	100	Williams, Robert S	100	rie, John 50c; Geyer, Nathaniel 50c;	100
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" ews, Evans D	100	White, Mrs C F	100	Mass 25c	100
" ews, Evans D	100	Wheeler, Mrs Lydia E	100	Houston, M, 25c; Hughes, Dollie,	100
" ews, Evans D	100	Woolsey, Mrs Harriett	100	10c; Hicks, Chas, 3c; Hanson, S J,	100
" ews, Evans D	100	Young Mrs Peter	100	30c; Hays, J W, Plains, N C	100
" ews, Evans D	100	Young Ladies' Mission Band,	500	J H, 50c; Harris, A J, 50c; Hilliard,	100
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" ews, Evans D	100	W E S, Chittenango, N Y	100	1 H N, Naponee, Ont, 50c; I H N,	100
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" ews, Evans D	100	Mrs H A D, Dehi, Ia	500	S, 25c; Jacob, Douglas, Alas, 10c;	100
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SAPOLIO



CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.*

Religion a Sacrifice.

RELIGION is not not something besides life, not a withdrawal of life from fellowships, but the pouring out of life as a sacrifice to God in the service of man. There is no falser conception of religion than that which speaks of the works of the world as hindrances to spiritual growth: as vocations secular and profane. The drudgery of the world is worship; it is communion of the creature with God. I am excited to more reverence when I stand in the factory than before the cathedral. I have more sense of the presence of God in the midst of the work of the world, being done by the hands and minds of men, than I have in those institutions which stand wholly for the development of religious culture. The mill, the mine, the palace of bargain and exchange, are methods and sacraments of life with God; they are ways in which men may manifest themselves as sons of God; they are sanctuaries of the divinely human fellowship where God and men may work together in the making of the kingdom.

The immediate mission of Christianity is the interpretation of all life and work in the light of the kingdom of God. It cannot too swiftly tear away the last vestige of everything that is simply ecclesiastical: overcome every division and opinion, every pride of tradition and polity, that breaks up the unity of life; rend asunder all veils that hide the presence of God in the midst of the people and their work. The lesson taught Elijah is still to be learned: not seclusion, but the obedience of life to service, is the temple wherein God's voice may be clearest heard. The fact that the novel is becoming more than the preacher the social teacher, lies in its dealing more with the common experiences of life, and less in the imaginary romances of kings and their courts. The kingdom of God is the kingdom of the people and their work.

The Message to Men of Wealth.

Nearly all the warnings of the Old and the New Testament, which we so self-assuringly address to so-called unbelievers, were addressed in the first place to those who presumed themselves to be already in the kingdom of God; to those in the temple services and the churches. The ethical instructions of Jesus and the apostles were all based upon, and developed from, the cross. Theological truth has repeatedly shown its barrenness of the fruit of righteousness. The darkest crimes of history have been committed by the conservators of religion. A jealousy for theological truth often accompanies a hatred of duty. The Pharisees were so orthodox that they crucified Christ for heresy. They possessed the oracles of God. Yet the truth did not save them from greedy, heartless, malignant, hypocritical lives. A slavish and enslaving conservatism has always joined hands with an indifferent worldliness for the crucifixion of God's perennial revelations of incarnate truth. I suspect the devil knows more truth than any of us; and he is all the more devilish for knowing it. Truth that does not strike its roots in love is a curse; and the truer the truth the more accursed its results. There is a pregnant thought, which the church has yet to learn, in a saying of Mozambique in his "Oriental Christ": "Unless our creeds fertilize the world, and our lives furnish meat and drink to mankind, the curse uttered on barrenness will descend on us."

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the *Aural-Hoax* Disc very. The New Medical Advance 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and a particulars of your disease.

Some druggists try to substitute the brand of life with cake of their own make. Therefore sufferers who have decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla should insist on having Hood's and only Hood's.

opportunity for a sound progress, by the response of the capital in Christian hands to the immediate social need. Wealth is always a social production and responsibility, viewed economically. Viewed ethically, a crisis, a time of unemployment and want, a time of social extremity, is the supreme obligation and opportunity of wealth to at least furnish work and bread for the society whose protection has made wealth possible. The tenement house system, the system of monopolies, the system of land aggregation, the sweating system, the system of municipal public works, the railway system, the whole industrial system, the present crisis, is the divine, and perhaps the last, opportunity of the collective Christian capital of America to lay in peace the foundations for a Christian society. This collective Christian capital is under the same quality of an obligation that God is to answer the prayer, Give us this day our daily bread. It is under as great an obligation to build factories, and open new fields of industry, because of compassion on the multitudes, as Jesus was to spend a healing sympathy on the sinful and the sick. Let the ingenuity of wealth become social, let its energies be naturally and divinely directed, let its forces become redemptive, let its ends be the social well-being, its concern the common health and wealth of the people, and it will have discovered a true economy: and it will create a new world. Jesus was under no more obligation to give his life for the world than is the collective Christian capital of to-day to give its money for society in the creation of a Christian democracy of industry. Except wealth become the manifestation of the providence of God, except its economy be an answer to the people's prayer for daily bread, except it so administer itself that in seeing it we see the fatherhood of God, except it believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, it cannot be saved.

* From *The Christian Society*, by George D. Heron, D.D., Professor Iowa College; pp. 158; cloth covers. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Murdered Millions, by George D. Dowdant, M.D.; with introduction by Theodore L. Cuyler: A striking little book, showing the great need of Medical Missions in heathen lands. Pp. 84; cloth board covers: price 30c. Published by the American Missionary Record, N. Y.

Auto-Hypnotism, or Training to the Infidelity of the Bible, edited and compiled by Rev. L. W. Munnell, M.A. A collection of scholarly, comprehensive and convincing themes by eminent theologians and Biblical scholars, including some of America's leading divines; of the highest interest to Christian readers. Pp. 354; cloth; price \$1.50. Hunt & Eaton, New York, and Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati, publishers.

Deeds, or the Building of a Better World, by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, founder of the "Door of Hope," 102 East 61 St., N. Y. (third edition). This remarkably touching story of the conversion and Christian life-work of a girl of the slums has been the means of creating a deep and genuine interest in Gospel work of this character. The book is illustrated; 134 pages; in paper covers, 50 cents; cloth covers, 75 cents. Door of Hope, New York.

The World's Parliament of Religions, edited by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Chairman of the Religious Congress at the World's Fair. This is the second volume of this famous work, which is the authorized and most popular story of the first Parliament of Religions ever held. In point of contents and illustrations it is of surpassing interest and will take rank as a standard publication. Each volume has 400 pages and is copiously illustrated; cloth binding. The Parliament Pub. Co., Chicago, or J. A. Hill & Co., N. Y., agents.

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and Chest Diseases by the English Method,
as Discovered and Practiced by George
Thomas Congreve.

By a Special Reporter.

STATEMENT BY HIS AGENT.

For years Mr. Congreve has been entreated to make his remedy known in America, but his time has been too much absorbed by his English patients to allow of this. Now, however, he has been able to extend his organization, so as to bring America within the scope of his personal observation, and desires to make it clear to all citizens of the United States, that they may henceforth procure from his American depot, a cure for consumption, which even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

To those who have not previously heard of Mr. Congreve, the following extracts from editorials in leading English religious papers, will be interesting and convincing.

The Christian Age, of London, says:

"We are far from disparaging others, but our knowledge of Mr. Congreve, extending as it does over a considerable number of years, justifies us in giving unhesitating testimony to the efficacy of his treatment in cases of incipient consumption, bronchitis, cold on the chest, &c. We have seen hundreds of letters (not copies, the originals) in which clergymen, ministers, literary men, lawyers, and others of nearly every rank in life, have borne witness to the almost miraculous character of the cures effected through Mr. Congreve's instrumentality. We always keep Mr. Congreve's medicine in the house, and find in all cases of cold hoarseness, bronchitis, cough or similar troubles, that it is an unfailing remedy. We earnestly say TRY IT."

And later—

"We have much pleasure, from our own personal knowledge of Mr. Congreve, in speaking of him, as deserving the confidence of every consumptive patient; also as an earnest Christian worker, much respected in the denomination of which he is a member, and an ardent lover and promoter of Sunday Schools."

The "*Fountain*," edited by Rev. J. Parker, D.D., the Temple, London, says:

"We take this opportunity of stating that Mr. Congreve, by help of God, has been the means of great service to the cause of humanity, as well as to the cause of Christ. He has probably been more successful in treating cases of Consumption than any man ever known. He has given the subject long and devoted study. His pamphlet has had an enormous circulation. The arguments he employs commend themselves to the judgment of any impartial reader. While fallacies of treatment are laid bare, the author dispels the prevalent notion of the hopelessly fatal character of the 'scourge of England,' and proves beyond all doubt that this fell disease is 'curable by proper means.'"

The Christian Herald, London edition, says, when editorially reviewing Mr. Congreve's work on consumption:

"Our attention has been called to a pamphlet on the treatment of this terrible malady, and on asthma and diseases of the lungs in general, by Mr. Geo. Thos. Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham—a Christian gentleman, well known to most of our leading ministers, the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon among the rest, who at a recent meeting, spoke very highly of him, stating that many members of his Church and students of his College had consulted him with remarkable success. One instance in Mr. Congreve's work deserving special notice is that of Rev. Jas. Smith, formerly of the College, and pastor of Redhill Church, and now of York Road Church, Leeds, who was restored after the case had been pronounced hopeless. Other extraordinary cases are related by Mr. Spurgeon's first student (Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth), and many more from ministers too numerous to mention."

The Christian Union, of London, says: "Mr. Geo. Thos. Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham, is a man whose fame lies in all the churches for his devoted, self-denying, and remarkably successful labours, in the cause of Christianity and Christian education. The Sunday schools that he so successfully conducts at Rye Lane are almost unexampled as the work of a private layman, and were the occasion recently of a deserved compliment being paid to him at a splendid gathering of Christian ministers and friends. But Mr. Congreve

has another sphere of work in which he is no less a benefactor, as fully transpired, indeed, at the meeting in question, when the late C. H. Spurgeon bore testimony to the marvellous success of his treatment of Consumption, asthma, and other bronchial diseases too fatally prevalent in this country. Mr. Spurgeon observed that he had known some remarkably cases of cure effected by Mr. Congreve, and warmly acknowledge the generosity with which he had given his skill and help to the students of his College and many of the poorer members of the Tabernacle. From the abundant evidence before us we can have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Congreve is one of the most successful men in cases of Consumption, and of the like disorders, ever known."

Such testimony as the above must be convincing, but, if more is wanted, read the following letter from one of the most celebrated divines ever known, the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon:

"Dear Mr. Congreve:—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw, in the person of one of my students, the effects of your remedy.

He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man.

Since then, I have seen, in many, very many, instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power, through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.

Yours heartily,

(Rev.) C. H. SPURGEON.

Westwood, Beulah Hill, England."

Hundreds and hundreds of other letters and notices of a similar nature have been received by Mr. Congreve, but if the above statements from well-known people whose words are unimpeachable are not sufficient, no evidence would be satisfactory.

If they were not true, the editor of this paper would not allow them to appear.

Reader, what are you going to do? Perhaps, your dear wife is ill? Perhaps, you are suffering yourself? Perhaps you have a dear child about whom you are anxious, or some near relative or neighbor, is in a condition that makes you fear the worst. Don't you feel you would like to know more of Mr. Congreve's treatment? Even if you have a doctor, read Mr. Congreve's Book. He has cured hundreds of cases considered hopeless by the medical profession. Full particulars of his treatment are given in his work on Consumption (300th edition), together with details of over 400 perfectly cured cases, anyone of which may be like yours, now published in America for the first time, price 25 cents; or it will be sent free with every first order of a one dollar trial bottle of *Congreve's Balsamic Elixir*.

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A TIBETAN "LIFE OF CHRIST."

In a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mention was made of the remarkable discovery by a Russian traveler in Tibet of a manuscript purporting to be a life of the Saviour. The document which bears every evidence of great antiquity, has been translated into French. It is said to be held in no less reverence by certain Buddhists than the Rag Veda by the Brahmins. It is, in the eyes of the Lamas (the leading religious teachers of Tibet), a canonical book.

M. Nicholas Notovitch, traveling in Tibet, heard in a monastery that the Buddhists knew and honored the Prophet Issa. Certain particulars of the life of Issa forced upon him the conviction that the prophet was Jesus Christ. He inquired of the Lamas where a history of his life was to be found. It was to be found in manuscripts preserved as sacred books in the monasteries of Ladak. He went over the Ladak country, visited the city of Leh, and at length stopped at a convent called Hemis. There he commenced negotiation for the manuscript. He sent presents to the Llama—a watch, a thermometer, and an alarm. But all to no purpose. Several days later an accident brought him what his diplomacy had failed to achieve. Riding in front of Hemis he broke his leg. He was received into the convent and nursed there. One day the Llama came into his room with two large volumes bound in pasteboard, the leaves being turned yellow by lapse of time. It was the life of Issa written in the Pali language.

The Llama himself read it out verse by verse, M. Notovitch taking down his interpreter's translation. The manuscript relates that Issa was born in Israel, and from his childhood preached the one God. He studied with Brahmins, learning to read and understand the Vedas. Eventually he broke away from the Brahmins, and in Visma the white priests threatened his life. He took refuge with the Goutamides, learnt Pali, and in six months was initiated into the mysteries of pure Buddhism. Then he went westward, preaching against idols. In Persia he opposed the religion of Zoroaster, but was persecuted and fled. He was twenty-nine years old when he returned to Judea. He at once began to preach, but his popularity alarmed Pontius Pilate. The latter summoned the priests and learned men to try Issa. This tribunal examined Issa and pronounced him to be innocent. The manuscript then relates how false witnesses were bribed by Pilate to betray Issa, and how Pilate ordered his death, the judges leaving the matter in his hands, saying, "We are innocent of the death of a just man." Issa and two thieves were crucified, but the third day Issa's sepulchre was found open and empty.

This remarkable document, should it be proved to be genuine, may yet be accepted by Biblical scholars as clearing up much of the mystery that surrounds the years of the Saviour's life on earth before he entered upon his ministry, which years are not fully accounted for by any of the authentic records now in existence. The translation will be published in England.

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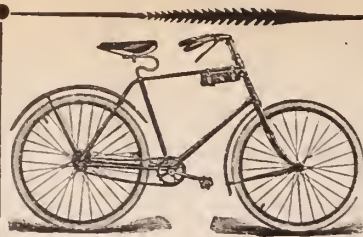
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor,
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1894.

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NUMBER 17.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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MARION HARLAND AT JOSEPH'S TOMB.

Our Traveler Visits the Valley of Shechem—A Region Rich in Bible Memories—
Ebal and Gerizim—Jacob's Well and its Historic Surroundings.



PURSUIING our way from Nablous (the ancient Shechem) in the cold winter morning, we are spared the sight of the lepers who sit daily at the wayside, begging, when the weather is moderate. Cold is peculiarly painful to these unfortunates, and until it abates, they lie as nearly torpid as their condition will allow, in whatever

shelter they can find. We see but four to-day. In the immediate outskirts of the town, one, better dressed than a majority of his class, his face muffled from the sharp air so that but one eye is visible, and his maimed hands behind him, shivers against a sunny wall, and another is huddled in a neighboring doorway. When we left the streets behind us, we pass two more; one squatted on the stones, his companion lying upon his stomach, supported by his elbows.

All stare vacantly at us, too demoralized by the fall of temperature to unclose their lips, even to utter "bakshish." If any men and women upon this beautiful earth have a valid excuse for beggary, it is the lepers of the country towns. Cut off from such branches of industry as require people to labor in companies, debarred by mutilated members and stiffened joints from tilling the fields, their only resort from starvation is to cry aloud and spare not, to entreat the charity of all who pass by. It the day were mild, both sides of the road would be lined with them, and the strange, husky call we learned, long ago, to recognize above the clamor of crowded thoroughfares,—"Bakshish! howadji! Abras! Abras! bakshish!" (Give money, gentlemen! we are lepers! lepers! Oh! give money!)—would deafen the ear andicken the heart. Whatever may be our views on the subject of mendicancy and the evils of indiscriminate alms-giving, we cannot refrain from throwing some coins to them in hurrying by, and looking back, see them stoop slowly and painfully to pick them up. This is the sharpest morning we have felt. John, of the numerous appellations,

and Imbarak, the tall, following the mules laden with tents and camp-furniture, are bundled up in all manner of extemporized shawls and scarves; the jaunty waiter, erect as a ramrod in the discharge of official duties, is bowed and shrunk as a gladiolus-stalk under a nipping frost, and glances piteously at us in response to our cheery "good-bye."

The weather that shrivels up these children of the sun, has cleared the atmosphere from horizon to horizon. The Valley of Shechem is wondrously beautiful in the pure light. But we miss Hermon, gleaming as with newly-fallen snows, and the purple peak of Safed, the highest point on Galilee, so often visible to us for the past two days.

"To which it is said, Christ Our Lord pointed when he said, 'A city set on a hill cannot be hid!'" is our guide's comment upon the storied height. Every foot of

Concordance. In the still, dry air, the words have a peculiar ring that helps us to believe what learned commentators upon the remarkable narrative aver, namely, that the responses chanted by the half of the Israelites stationed upon Mount Ebal could be heard across the narrow valley upon the summit of Mount Gerizim:

And all Israel and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them: half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings according to all that is written in the book of the law.

"What a magnificent responsive service!" observes one, as the "best Baedeker for Palestine," is closed.

Not put away, for Shechem of old figures often and prominently upon the inspired pages: the mention of the name draws about it a host of striking pictures. In Mrs. Whitney's one book of foreign travel,

True and Only God in the land then held by the Canaanites. They call it now, "The Holy Oak," in memory of the tree under which Jacob buried the "strange gods that were in their hands, and all their earrings that were in their ears," and where Joshua set up the great memorial stone of the "statute and ordinance" made in Shechem.

Nearer to us, and toward this holy site, we turn our steps in mute reverence. For this is "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph, the parcel of a field where he had spread his tent, which he bought of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money." We turn from Genesis to John's Gospel:

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour.

The "sixth hour" would be high noon, and there had been a fatiguing walk over the hills. As he "sat thus" (wearily), upon the curb of the well, he needed the meat which his disciples had gone into the city to buy, no less than water and rest.

A rough, broken stone wall surrounds the well. The archway is closed half the way up by a door. This is locked, and there is no care-taker near to admit us. Selecting the lowest breach in the wall, we clamber over fallen masonry to the top and over it to the inside. A church stood here once, probably erected by those valiant and indefatigable church-builders, the Crusaders; but altar, columns and architecture were swept away centuries ago, and the mosaic pavement buried many feet deep under the rubbish we see. A feeble effort at exploration for what we know must underlie the ruins was made recently, and laid bare the steps. A short flight leads down to the landing; beyond the landing is another locked door. We shake it energetically and uselessly. The priest who acts as custodian is absent, and the key is with him. On the other side of the door is the mouth of the well, more than seventy feet deep.

"It was, we are told, over an hundred feet in depth in former times," David relates, seated on the upper step. "The custom of visitors of throwing stones to the bottom to hear them fall into the water, has helped fill it up. There used to be a flat stone on top, with a round hole in the middle, through which pig-skin buckets were let down by long ropes. I'm thinking that a few thousand dollars would be well-spent in clearing away all this rubbish, and show what the well was on that day."

The sigh is continually in the mouth of the visitor who bears in memory that the

Continued on page 261.



THE TOMB OF JOSEPH THE PATRIARCH. NEAR ANCIENT SHECHEM, PALESTINE.

(From a Photograph taken before the Structure was repaired and the Dome replaced.)

ground is connected with the sacred Classics. For while Nablous means nothing to us, our eyes, ears and hearts are opened when we recollect that the modern town is the ancient Shechem. Mount Ebal, on our left and Gerizim, on the right, are the Mounts of Cursing and of Blessing.

"If the Captain will kindly turn to Joshua, the eighth chapter, thirty-third and thirty-fourth verses," suggests our animate

"Sights and Insights," she puts into the mouth of Emory Ann, a shrewd New England spinster, a saying we borrow often, and at last appropriate unscrupulously. She describes herself as "realizing her geography." We are "realizing our Bible."

The little village whitening in the sunshine and nestling at the base of Gerizim, marks the place where the Father of the Faithful built the first altar raised to the One



FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Solomon's Song 5: 16, "He is altogether lovely."

THE human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and degenerated, and from all I can read, for ages the whole tendency was towards barbarism.

But under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand-looking men and the attractive women of two hundred years ago, I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity, would be in our time considered deformity and repulsiveness complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times were eight and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. Such portable mountains of human flesh did not add to the charms of the world.

But in no climate and in no age did there ever appear any one who in physical attractiveness could be compared to him whom my text celebrates, thousands of years before he put his infantile foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was, and is, altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned, and others a blonde or light complexioned. St. John, of Damascus, writing eleven hundred years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents him with beard black and curly, eye-brows joined together, and "yellow complexion, and long fingers like his mother." An author writing fifteen hundred years ago represents Christ as a blonde: "His hair the color of wine and golden at the root; straight and without lustre; but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the centre after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, his face without blemish, and enlanced by a tempered bloom; his countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair, and forked in form; his eyes blue and extremely brilliant."

My opinion is it was a Jewish face. His mother was a Jewess, and there is no womanhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas! that he lived so long before the Daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known his exact features. I know that Sculpture and Painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the eye, the lips of our Lord. Phidias the sculptor put down his chisel of enchantment five hundred years before Christ came. Why did not some one take up that chisel, and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnus the painter put down his pencil four hundred years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up, and give us at least the eye of our Lord, the eye, that sovereign

of the face? Dionysius the literary artist who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange darkening of the heavens at the time of Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as a peculiar eclipse of the sun, and saying, "Either the Deity suffers or sympathizes with some sufferer," that Dionysius might have put his pen to the work, and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But no! the fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and appearance of the peasantry, among whom Christ appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than fourteen hundred years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the Council at Constantine forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo Da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvases, yet the one was a repulsive face, and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failure in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostril, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

But about his face I can tell you something positive, and beyond controversy. I am sure it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in his physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as the lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the shining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard-visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no sooner did Christ appear in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement, and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mother's arms. They could not hold the children back. "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by his saying that he liked children better than grown people, declaring, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Alas! for those people who do not like children. They had better stay out of heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that he takes them to himself before the world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the Palace, and on the doorsteps, and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew, or Mark, or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but

Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in his countenance, but lovely in his habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, was cleanly in his appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy, not only because it was distressing, but because it was not clean, and his curative words were, "I will; be thou clean." He declared himself in favor of thorough washing, and opposed to superficial washing, when he denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and he applauds his disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things he says, "Wash thy face;" and to a blind man whom he was doctoring, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." And he himself actually washed the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate his own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact that most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water, I know he was personally neat, although he mingled much among very rough populations, and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore his hair long, according to the custom of his land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured his locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yea, all his habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was also an established habit of his life. In addition to the water, he drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, he made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease, and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage, or logwood, or nux vomica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the wine-making in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century, forget that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics, the one that the Lord made it, and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day, and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ who went up and down healing the sick, would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined; or that he who calmed the maniacs into their right mind, would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums; or that he who was so helpful to the poor, would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism; or that he who came to save the nations from sin, would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over his face, from the hair-line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Domesticity was also his habit. Though too poor to have a home of his own, he went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But he liked the quietude of home life, and he was lovely in his domesticity.

How he enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother, and the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up. As the song, "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homeless-

ness of Christ added to his appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, he was lovely in his sympathies. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint. It inflames, and swells, and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, he, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye-doctor he was for opening the long-closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ he was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge; and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery; and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear; and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice, or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them.

It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest—"Jesus wept." Ah! many of us know the meaning of that. When we were in great trouble, some one came in with voluble consolation and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way, and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in, and without saying a word sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see, it was a deeply-attached household, that of Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them, "Now Mary, now Martha, stop your worrying. I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls, you can depend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick; yea, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and he just broke down. It was too much for him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it, that he choked up and sobbed aloud, and the tears trickled down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you not try that mode of helping? You say, "I am a man of few words," or "I am a woman of few words." Why, you dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the Gospel had come and talked beautifully, and prayed with us, and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big-souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was, or why it was, but somehow from door to door, and from floor to ceiling, the room was filled with an all-pervading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health, and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked, and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back, and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard, if you love me, lean hard." And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick, and troubled, and weary to lean against him, and he says, "Lean hard, if you love me, lean hard." Aye, he is close by with his sympathetic help. Hedley Vickers, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of sup-

ies. He was not mortally wounded, and the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the medicines, he would have covered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late; but Christ always close by if we want him, and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sympathy!

Aye, he was lovely in his doctrines. Self-sacrifice, or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure his patients by taking their disorders. Self-sacrifice! And what did he not give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine; a sceptre of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly courtroom; a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles; a palace for a cattle pen; a throne for a cross. Self-sacrifice! What more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet-fever; railroad engineers going down through the open raw-bridge to save the train; firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house; all these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther-reaching self-sacrifice of the "Altogether lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of his self-sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw, she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull, that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albigenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! The Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if distributed, would make a path of mouldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms, and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, he was lovely in his sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop, and just what to say. The longest sermon he ever preached, so far as the Bible reports him, namely, the Sermon on the Mount, was about sixteen minutes in delivery, at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch, and you will find my estimate accurate. By which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long, and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that he could put enough into his sixteen minute sermon, and his half minute prayer, to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but he meant to teach us compression.

At Selma, Alabama, the other day I was shown a cotton-press by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car, where three cars were formerly necessary; and one ship where three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller spaces.

And his sermons were so lovely for sentiment and practicality, and simplicity, and illustration: the light of a candle, the crystal of the salt; the cluck of a hen for her chickens; the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy; the moth in the clothes-closet; the black wing of a raven; the snow-bank of white lilies; our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character; the swine fed on the pearls; wolves dramatizing sheep; and the peroration made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crash of a tumbling house unwisely constructed. No technicalities; no splitting of hairs between North and North-

west side; no dogmatics; but a great Christ-like throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When he was come down from the mountain great multitudes followed him." They had but one fault to find with his sermon: it was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts, and realize there is only one thing we have to do:—there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the Gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All-sufficient is this Gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the Gospel, accommodated himself to sailor's vernacular, and said, "This plank bears." Many years after, this preacher was called to see a dying sailor, and asked him about his hope, and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

Yea, Christ was lovely in his chief life's work. There were a thousand things for him to do, but his great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That he came to do, and that he did; and he did it in three years. He took thirty years to prepare for that three years' activity. From twelve to thirty years of age we hear nothing about him. That intervening eighteen years I think he was in India. But he came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years: three winters, three springs, three summers, three autumns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification!

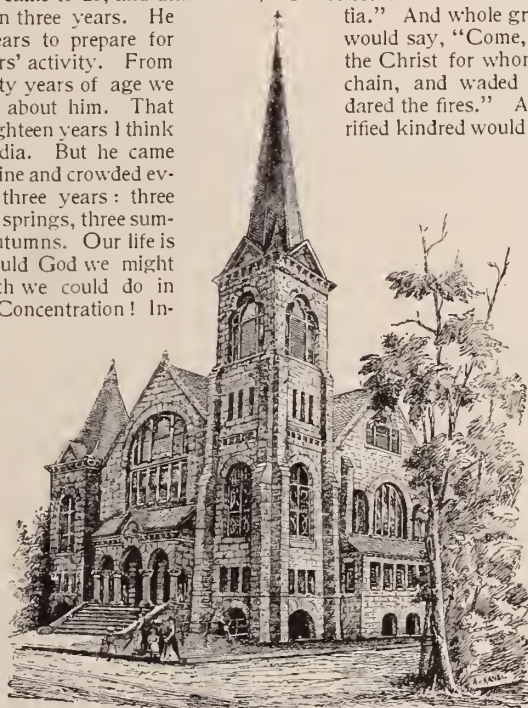
Three years of kind words! Three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice! Let us try it.

Aye! Christ was lovely in his demise.

He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had any one been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the Sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word he ever spoke; or an unkind action that he ever performed, or an unkind thought that he ever harbored? What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love him! and the grief of my life is that I do not love him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love him? Has he become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into his keeping, as your children in heaven are already in his bosom? Has he done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust him, living and dying, and forever? Is your back, or your face, toward him? Would you like to have his hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His sufferings to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His Heaven to crown you?

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for this Christ, which led him to say, "If any one knocks at the door of my breast and

says, 'Who lives there?' my reply is, 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther.'" Will it not be grand if when we get through this short and rugged road of life we can go right up into his presence and live with him world without end? And if, entering the gate of that heavenly city we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the one side, and the supernal splendor on the other side, we get a little bewildered and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold, and among the burnished temples, and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way, and take us out of our joyful bewilderment: and perhaps the woman of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who raised my only boy to life." And Martha would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who brought up my brother, Lazarus from the tomb." And one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And Paul would say, "Come, and let me lead you to the Christ for whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come, let us show you the Christ for whom we rattled the chain, and waded the floods, and dared the fires." And our own glorified kindred would flock around us,



THE NEW CENTRAL UNION CHURCH, HONOLULU.

saying, "We have been waiting a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come, and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne, and upon it the mightiest Conqueror, the Exalta-

tion of Heaven, the Theme of the immortals, the Altogether-great, the Altogether-good, the Altogether-fair, the Altogether-lovely!

Well, the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

WHO are these that fly as a driven cloud,
As doves to their windows flocking?
List! A wing-like hum rises clear and loud,
As up to the houses of prayer they crowd,
And halt at the thresholds, knocking!

These are they, who under the yoke of sin,
Unto God for relief are crying;
Everlasting life by the Cross to win,
Far from foes without, and from fears within,
For refuge to Jesus are flying!

Ye that watch for souls? Open portals wide;
Draw them in, with their need sore-press'd—
Lead them close to the Saviour's wounded side!
Where from wrath to come they may safely
Only there can they find that blessing!

On the air of heav'n, angel's music floats;
And the bells in its towers are ringing!
Let your songs, oh Church! join the praise-
ful notes,

While the lost, in flocks—as doves to their
cotes,—
To the Cross on the hill are winging!

Brighton Heights, S. I. J. VAN TASSELL.

Gospel Progress in Hawaii.

Religion and Education Advancing hand-in-hand in the Mid-Pacific State.



READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Hawaii, sends us some interesting information, showing the progress of that country in religious and educational matters. Work on the new college buildings at Oahu is being pushed forward, and the entire

structure, when completed, will be one of the handsomest and most substantial in the country. It is a long, commodious building, of modern design, with certain Moorish details that give it a rich and picturesque appearance. The college is intended for both sexes and will have five class rooms, assembly room, library and museum. It is built of native lava rock and is altogether a notable addition to the educational institutions of Hawaii.

Another building, equally notable as indicating the steady progress of Christian principles in that country, is the new temple erected by the Central Union Congregational Church at Honolulu, which is shown in the illustration on this page. The congregation was formed several years ago by the union of the Bethel and Fort street churches, and the new building was finished at a total cost of \$127,500. America, England and China contributed toward its construction, much of the material having been brought from these countries. No congregation in Hawaii is better equipped for church work. Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and native Sunday School classes, Young People's Societies, Bands of Missionary Gleaners, and a score or more of kindred organizations furnish ample opportunity for the activities of the four hundred and sixty-two members throughout the year.

Quite recently, the tenth anniversary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor connected with the Central Union Church, was celebrated. The exercises were led by the President of the Society, Miss Wing, and well sustained by the members, and showed an earnest and active spirit, evincing the good work wrought by the association in the minds and characters of the young people.

Rev. E. G. Beckwith, the aged pastor of the Central Union Church, lately resigned, after six years of efficient and valued service, and Rev. Alexander S. Twombly, D. D., late of Winthrop Church, Boston, Mass., was chosen as his successor. Dr. Twombly is a man of eminent Christianity and distinguished alike for eloquence and erudition. English is the language of the upper circles in Honolulu, but to be thoroughly efficient in church work, as well as to carry on business successfully in any department of trade, some acquaintance with the native, no less than with Chinese, Japanese, and even Portuguese, is a decided advantage. A cosmopolitan population such as is found in the Sandwich Islands develops some remarkable linguists, and almost all the officials, as well as many business men, speak Hawaiian as fluently as English, while many, in addition, use French, Spanish, German, Italian and Portuguese.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

From P. H. Miller \$1 for the Flood Sufferers in the South; Sister May Hazel Hill 25c. for the Mary Washington Fund; Miss Lydia E. Wheeler \$1 for the Door of Hope; Mrs. A. S. Williams \$1 for Bella Cooke's work.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the South: Mrs. Addison Jackson, \$1; Friends of the Cause, Philadelphia, \$2; In His Name, Cheyenne, Wyo, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$204.67. Total, \$204.67.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Friend, Bristol, Tenn., \$2; —, Texas, \$1; In His Name, Colton, N. Y., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$334.50. Total, \$338.50.

For the Bethany Lodging-House for Homeless Women: Mrs. A. S. Williams, \$1; Mrs. Lydia E. Wheeler, \$1; In His Name, Colton, N. Y., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$1,551.15. Total, \$1,554.15.



JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

S.S. Lesson for May 6, Gen. 50: 14-26. Golden Text, Prov. 4:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HIS bow abode in strength." These words of his father Jacob which are both descriptive and prophetic, characterize the whole life of Joseph. Many of the true saints of God had blemishes in their character and dark pages in their history as though to show us how no man can stand without the special grace of God. Even Moses failed when he struck the rock in impatience and unbelief, David failed grievously, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, the best among the kings of Judah, all failed in their latter days. But failure is not a necessity. There is grace in God to keep his children faithful, even in the most difficult circumstances. Many might have thought that with all the business and all the temptations of a court, it was far more difficult for Joseph and for Daniel to be true to God than for men who were separated by God to intense communion with him alone, such as Elijah and John the Baptist. Yet both of these latter failed through discouragement while it might be said of both of the witnesses for God in heathen courts: "Their bow abode in strength." The way of man is not in himself: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," it is not circumstances which either help or hinder. It is God's grace on his part, appreciated and received on man's part, which alone can keep him faithful.

As a beloved son, and a hated and envied brother, at home; as a slave in Potiphar's house, enjoying the fullest confidence, and then subject to the most terrible temptation and injustice; as the prisoner working out his sentence; and as the prime minister of Pharaoh, Joseph was alike unmoved, alike in all these varied circumstances "the Lord was with Joseph," and his life proved equally to friend and foe that God was true. Shall we not learn from him the unspeakable privilege which God confers upon us when he permits more than ordinary trial and suffering to come upon us? Shall we not take it as a token of our Father's confidence?

Jacob's sun was set. In Egypt, with his sons around him, he had made use of his last remaining strength to speak inspired words and faithful to them before he died. When God showed the patriarchs that their time was come, they did not fight against his summons, but prepared for it, and passed from this world into the next, with a holy, quiet dignity; they

"Gave up the Ghost."

The death chamber of Jacob was for those who should continue his witness for God when he was gone, the physicians only entered it when nothing remained but the poor dead body for them to embalm. Jacob's old habit of securing his own interests followed him to the last, even to his dying bed. He was only a refugee in Egypt from the famine-stricken land of Canaan, yet in order to make sure of the promises which God had made to him he must needs have his body carried up out of Egypt to be buried in Abraham's grave at Machpelah. It was "a very great company," both chariots and horsemen, which went up with all the adults of Jacob's family into Canaan and this was after funeral obsequies in Egypt which had already lasted seventy days! More than half a year in all was occupied with the mourning over, and the burying of Jacob.

Joseph, as an obedient and filial son, carried out his father's will to the very letter, although his own very different, and very simple directions about his own burial are sufficient evidence that he saw no actual

need for them. But a new and unlooked for trial awaited him. No sooner were his brethren settled down in Egypt after their father's death, than they began to distrust Joseph. Amongst themselves they said: "It may be that Joseph will hate us and will fully requite us all the evil which we did unto him." And they conjured up so much sense of their danger, that they took measures to defend themselves against the creation of their unworthy imagination. Alas, they judged Joseph by themselves. They credited him with no real love to them, and believed that he had acted kindly to them only under constraint of their father's presence! It was a cutting blow to Joseph, but still his bow abode in strength, and the same God in whose companionship he could consent to be sold, imprisoned, defamed, was still with him to understand him, when the nearest of kin misunderstood him.

Perhaps more Christians get off the rails through the misunderstanding and misjudgment of their

Near Relations

than any other thing. It comes so close to us when our own flesh and blood impute to us motives altogether foreign to us. Can we consent to this also for the sake of him whose own brethren did not believe in him? There are those who, like the Master, must tread the wine-press alone, as far as those are concerned who by nature are the nearest.

The brethren of Joseph had worked themselves up into such a state of fear that they could not come themselves, and open their hearts to their innocent and unsuspecting brother; they sent a deputation to him, saying: "Thy father did command before he died, saying: So shall ye say to Joseph: Forgive, I pray thee now the transgression of thy brethren, and their sin, for that they did unto thee evil, and now we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father." What then? had they never believed in the sincerity of that love which had been manifested by so many solid proofs! Did all the love and care of Joseph on their behalf go for nothing? Would they never begin to believe in him? The natural heart would soon grow weary of such mistrust. But the Lord was with Joseph and he, "the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary," kept his servant unwearied with him.

Joseph wept when they spake unto him, but he was above reproaching them, he wept for the state of heart in them which could allow them thus to doubt him, but he took the suffering from the hand of another, and

Bowed Before his God.

Oh, how independent of man it makes us when we carry everything to God! Men may count us callous and indifferent; it is not so; but all which we take from the hand of God comes to us with blessed possibility; it is a burden, the weight of which is borne by him who says: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Little by little, it comes to be a reality that everything is easy so long as nothing comes between him and us.

Joseph's brethren then tell down before him and said: "We are thy servants." He had a brother's heart towards them, but they treated him as a master and not as a brother. How many of us have dealt thus with him who, with much greater reason than Joseph, might have been ashamed to call us brethren? Yet he says: "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends; for all things which I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you."

Joseph reassured his brethren, and said: "Fear not, for am I in the place of God? Look at things in his light; it is true you

thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." What a reproof to his brethren! Joseph was a true son of Abraham in whom all the families of earth should be blest; he could not be occupied with

The Littleness of Self-life,

his own rights and his own wrongs. God had saved the lives of thousands of people, and had graciously made use of him as the instrument. Should he then be occupied with the petty wrongs of years gone by, when God had used them to bring him into Egypt for such a purpose? Joseph would enlarge his brethren's horizon with his own: "Now therefore, fear ye not, I will nourish you and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them." At last Joseph's time came to die; he had seen his children and his grandchildren, and now he was to see the face of the God he had trusted and served so long.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



AN EGYPTIAN COFFIN.

THE verses of the lesson finish the story of Joseph's life.

The brief record ends with the statement that he was embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt. According to Egyptian custom the coffin would not be buried, but would probably be kept in the home of his son Ephraim. The Egyptian mummies in our museums show how wonderful was the skill the ancient embalmers possessed. So treated, it was possible for Joseph's body to be kept above ground ready for removal, some two or three hundred years later, when the Israelites went up out of Egypt. It is certain that they took the body with them, carried it with them in all their wanderings, and finally buried it at Succoth, in land assigned to Ephraim and associated with Jacob's residence there (see Genesis 33: 17 and Joshua 24: 32.) The traditional tomb of Joseph is still shown, and a picture of it appears on the first page.

Of the events of fifty-four years, these verses are all the sacred chroniclers think it necessary to write. The Bible writers do not attempt to give complete historical records. Their purpose is distinctly ethical and, true to that purpose, they present a series of pictures full of beautiful and minute detail, and leave between them great gaps of time unfilled. A whole chapter is devoted to the events of one day, while, as in this case, a period of half a century is compressed into a few words. We should like to know how Joseph lived after his father died; whether he retained his political power to the end of his life; whether the successor of the Pharaoh, who had advanced him, remembered Joseph's services to the throne and nation, and retained him in office; and many other interesting facts. But the Bible has nothing to say on these matters, or on hundreds of others that we should like to know. It is not its business to satisfy curiosity, or to write history, but simply to tell us such things as, by direct teaching or example, will help us to live better lives. Thus Joseph's trouble with his brothers and with Potiphar's wife, have for centuries been an inspiration and a support, under trial, to young men of every Bible-reading nation; and will be so until the end of time. Of other historical events of the time it has little or nothing to say, but passes on quickly to other scenes of spiritual import.

The record, though brief, is significant. The story of the brothers' apprehension shows how the motives and principles of a good man's life may be misunderstood, even by those nearest him. The brothers did not understand Joseph. To quite understand a good man, we must be good ourselves. The man who does right, because it is right, can never be understood by the man, who does right from motives of policy, from concern for his reputation, or because of his church connection, or from love of some human being. The brothers showed their nature when they entertained the fear, as clearly as Joseph showed his nature when he wept over their distrust.

God meant it unto good. It is great comfort, when we see wicked men planning and plotting evil, to know that God can turn

what they do to good. Many a time since Joseph's day, malicious plots to ruin a prominent man have resulted in raising him to greater honor. God has the power, too, of influencing the minds of men to do things which they do unconsciously that they are under any influence but that of their own desires. A remarkable illustration of that power is given by Bishop Bedell in his reminiscences of Bishop Chase, of Ohio. He says that Bishop Chase was staying at the house of a Mr. Beck, of Philadelphia, when a letter reached him from a friend in Europe. The letter referred to some property in America which was claimed by a poor friend of the writer, but the claim could not be substantiated because certain documents could not be found. The letter had been sent to Bishop Chase's home in Ohio, forwarded thence to Washington; missed him there and followed him to Philadelphia. The Bishop mentioned the matter incidentally to Mr. Beck as merely a matter of romantic interest. But Mr. Beck exclaimed, to his surprise, "Why, I know all about those documents, and I am the only man in the world who does know. I have them here, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing to whom they belonged."

They did unto thee evil. Among the legends of the patriarchs there is the following relating to Joseph: After that, Jacob went down into Egypt, that he might see his son Joseph before he died. And when they met, they fell on one another's necks and wept, and kissed; and Jacob said to his son, "Tell me, I pray thee, what evil thy brothers did to thee?" But Joseph answered, "Nay, my father, I will tell thee only how great good the Lord did to me."

God will surely visit you. Charles Finney used to tell a story illustrative of this sublime faith which Joseph exercised in the promise of God. He said that Johannes, the founder of the Carmelites, once addressed the friars at the dinner table in a very cheering and inspiring manner. The Order was very poor, and on this particular day there was nothing in the larder for dinner but dry bread. The bread was put on the table and Johannes spoke so eloquently of the love of God and the joys of following Christ that in spite of the meagreness of the provision, the friars rose refreshed and delighted. They had scarcely retired, before a wealthy friend of the order sent in a quantity of provisions. When Johannes was told, he wept. When asked why he was moved to tears, he said he thought God could have trusted his people a little longer. They were sure he would provide for them, but it seemed that God feared that if he delayed sending, their faith would fail. It is not every one who in adversity can say, "God will surely visit me."

They embalmed him and he was put in a coffin. The cost of embalming an Egyptian king or noble is estimated by Diodorus Siculus at a talent of silver (over \$1,000). The knowledge of the mode was said by the Egyptian priests to have come from Osiris. The embalmers first removed part of the brain and destroyed the rest by injecting caustic drugs. An incision was then made along the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and the whole of the intestines removed. The cavity was rinsed out with palm-wine, and afterward scoured with pounded perfumes. It was then filled with pure myrrh, pounded cassia, and other aromatics, except frankincense. This done, the body was sewn up and steeped in natron for seventy days. When the seventy days were accomplished, the embalmers washed the corpse and swathed it in bandages of linen, cut in strips, some of which were 700 yards long, and smeared with gum. They then gave it up to the relative of the deceased, who provided for it a wooden case, made in the shape of a man, in which the dead was placed, and deposited in an erect position against the wall of the sepulchral chamber. An Egyptian noble frequently had in his sepulchral chamber the mummies of several generations of his ancestors, the coffin of each bearing a carved and painted likeness of the face of the dead man or woman, and a hieroglyphic record of name, title and achievements. The family and friends had access to the chamber, which had no smell or taint of death, but was fragrant with the smell of the spices on the bodies. This was the mode of dealing with the bodies of distinguished people. Simpler and rougher, but equally effectual, methods were adopted in the case of common people. It is estimated that, in the one way or the other, no less than four hundred million persons were embalmed before the practice became obsolete.

Marion Harland at Joseph's Tomb.

Continued from first page.

deposit of ages has arisen many feet above the surface upon which our Master walked. We make our way up to the present level: lay our Guide-book upon the wall, and re-



JOSEPH'S TOMB, WITH THE DOME RESTORED.

read, the beautiful story of the interview with the woman of Samaria.

"It is called Askar, now," we learn, "and lies just there"—a finger is pointed toward Mount Ebal—"a little distance away."

It was an insignificant town then, and she who came carelessly along the path winding around the hill was not a good woman, an ornament to the place. So loose had been her life, and so bold must have been the glance she dropped upon the Galilean peasant, sitting with lax limbs and drooping head—maybe upon the massive steps we have just left—that the impulse of a man who consulted self-respect rather than the opportunity to lift the fallen, would have been to feign ignorance of her presence.

We have never appreciated until at this reading the effrontery of her rejoinder to the request common to the lips of every way-worn man, halting at a well, from the days of Eleazar of Damascus up to this, our day—"Give me to drink." She might be notoriously profligate, getting rid of, or being cast off by one after another of five husbands, and at length braving public opinion and risking a shameful death by living with one who was not her husband; but she had not sunk so low as to give a draught of cold water to a Jew. She was a Samaritan, through and through. Even when her insolence was quelled by the majesty of the Stranger's presence and speech, she vaunted herself upon her great ancestor, Jacob, and the patriarch fathers who worshipped in "this mountain."

"That would be Gerizim," we check the narrative to say, looking up with awe to the summit on which may be traced the ruins of an ancient synagogue. However changed other features of the scene may be, the hills are the same, and it is certain upon what His eyes rested as He spoke of "this mountain."

We have sent the horses out to wait for us at the Tomb of Joseph, and walk the quarter-mile separating us from Jacob's Well. The low-domed mosque beside the last resting-place of the patriarch glares whitely against the background of mountains. The tomb itself is in the enclosure without the mosque, and olive trees grow so near as to shade it when the sunbeams slant from the west.

"For over sixty years his mummy must have traveled with the tribes," Alcides has been making a rough computation upon the fly-leaf of his note-book, based upon the chronological headings of certain pages in the "Palestine Baedeker." "And he had lain in a coffin in Egypt four hundred years. Not such a long time compared with the two or three-thousand-year-old mummies one makes free with in museums; yet one cannot but feel that it must have been a comfort when Joshua at last buried his bones quietly (and for all time, let us hope) in this parcel of ground."

It is a goodly resting-place, guarded by the everlasting hills, upon one of which Eleazar and Phinehas, the son and grandson of Aaron, were interred.

The defile between the Mounts of Blessing and of Cursing, scarcely more than half a mile wide in the narrowest part, widens into what is styled—pathetically enough—the "Wandering Field of Joseph." Again—and I am ashamed to confess for what number of times we might set it down—we discover that our preconceived idea of time and distance in a familiar Bible story is utterly at fault. If a catechised, we should have said that Joseph's

search lasted, throughout, perhaps, one day, and the ground covered by the "wandering in the field" measured by acres, not miles. It absolutely startled us to discover that the seventeen-year-old lad had traveled over forty miles—measured by an air-line—



JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN AT JACOB'S WELL, NEAR SYCHAR.

after leaving his father at Hebron before he met "a certain man" at Shechem, who had heard Jacob's elder sons say, "Let us go to Dothan." Dothan, itself, is fifty miles from Jacob's home in Hebron.

One is moved to compassion and admiration at the thought of the anxious hours and tedious days consumed in the errand, and the steadfastness that held the messenger to it.

"Yet," we remind one another, "the boy was used to such expeditions. Do you recollect the Bedouin girl we met at Baniyas, who had been looking for her father's camels for two days, and had not found them when we saw her? She had slept at night in the tents of her people, as she chanced to come up with them. Joseph no doubt did the same, or laid him down to rest, as darkness fell, upon the grass. That his brethren were in the fields with their flocks shows that the season was not winter."

A shepherd-boy appears in the defile terminating in the "Wandering Field," swinging himself along with the springy tread of the mountain-bred native. His tunic is dark blue cloth, the upper garment of sheepskin made up with the wool inside; a scarf of many colors is twisted about his waist, and a gay "kafiyeh" bound over his head with a black "ikâl," or cord of camel's hair. In the momentary pause caused by the sudden sight of the approaching cavalcade, the kodak has caught him as a "Joseph of today."

MARION HARLAND.

The Story of a Wedge.

BY REV. C. H. MEAD.

FOR more than a hundred miles, I had traveled, having the entire seat to myself. Aside from the selfishness of the average traveler, who, while unwilling to pay for more sitting, is more than willing to monopolize the whole seat, I was glad of plenty of elbow room to enable me to answer some pressing letters.

But as the car began to fill up, I knew the bag at my side must soon give way to another kind of neighbor, and presently down the aisle he came. From a perpendicular standpoint he was small, but horizontally, he was immense, and I viewed his approach with some alarm.

There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and his face beamed with good nature as he said, "Ah, I see you have room for a wedge at your side; allow me to put it in place." With considerable effort and a good deal of tight squeezing, he at last settled down in the seat, remarking, with a merry laugh, "Here I am at last;" and there I was too, and there I was likely to remain, if that wedge did not fly out, or the side of the car give way.

"Have you room enough?" I slyly inquired.

as much like mother spiritually as I resemble father physically."

The tender pathos of his voice, as he said this, made me feel that his sainted mother, were she present, would have no reason to feel ashamed of her son.

As he was about to replace his hat on his head, I noticed in large letters pasted on the lining, these words, "Hinder nobody—help everybody."

"Excuse me, sir," I said, as I pointed to the words, "What is the meaning of that?"

Quickly the tears on his cheeks, were illuminated by a smile as he said—"That's my watchword: I carry it in my hat, have it hung up on my wall at home, and since I went into my present business, I've tried to make it the daily practice of my life."

"May I inquire what your business is?"

"Certainly, sir, my business is serving the Lord, and there is no business like it in the universe. It pays good dividends, brings me no worry, insures me a good standing in the best society; feeds me on the fat of the land, fills my heart with peace and makes me an heir to a kingdom, a robe and a crown. Bankruptcy and bad debts never stare me in the face, and every draft I draw is honored at the bank. Thus, I hinder nobody, and am able to 'help everybody.'"

"Where do you reside?" I asked.

"On Pisgah's top"—and his face fairly shone as he repeated it—"on Pisgah's top."

At first I lived down in the valley among Ezekiel's dry bones, and used to help the multitudes sing—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er:
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

"But I moved on and up to my present residence, and now I sing—

From Pisgah's top, the promised land,

I now exult to see:
My hope is full, oh, glorious hope,
Of immortality.

"But I beg your pardon, sir; am I crowding you?"

"Crowding me? not a bit of it. I trust I shall always have room for company like you."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I'm only a wedge"—with a merry laugh—"but I try to fill every opening the Lord shows me. Excuse me but how far are you going?"

"I get off at Albany," I replied. He looked at me as if taking my measure, and, after a moment he said:

"I hope you are not a member of the legislature."

"No, sir," I said, "I'm a Methodist."

"Give me your hand. I am so glad to know you are going in the opposite direction. A man may go to

heaven by way of the legislature, but I would as soon think of going where I could get cholera in order to secure good health, as expect to serve God by becoming a member of the legislature. Ah, here is Albany! Good day, sir; don't forget the wedge. And if you will, I wish you would remember the watchword—"Hinder Nobody—Help Everybody."

HIS CARE.

GOD holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad:
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather he unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
"Thy will is best."

I cannot read his future plan,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of his face,
And all the refuge of his grace,
While here below.

Enough: this covers all my want,
And so I rest:
For what I cannot, he can see,
And in his care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

REV. JOHN PARKER.



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

WILL YOU HELP?

FROM many quarters come words of warm encouragement and approval of the plan proposed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, for affording an opportunity to readers to engage in practical Christian work. The proposition was specially addressed to those who might feel called upon to serve the Master in a quiet, unostentatious way, but who, until now, had been hindered, through unacquaintance with the field, from making a start. We believe that there are numbers of earnest Christian men and women, admirable in all that relates to life and character, yet who feel their lives to be incomplete and who long to do something for Jesus. Their highest dream of personal service would be to humbly follow the example of Him who not only taught the multitudes but fed, clothed, helped and comforted them with his own hands.

The early discontinuance of the Food Fund, which has already been longer in existence than any other temporary relief organization in this city during the present year, will leave many destitute families in a most pitiable condition; for, despite the fact that thousands have been relieved by the Fund and started anew in the battle of life, with fresh hope and renewed spirituality, there are many who, through idleness, sickness or family affliction, are still subjects for sympathy. We have a number of such cases on the lists of the Food Fund, all known to our missionaries as worthy and deserving. Those of our readers residing in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or nearby towns, who desire to personally undertake volunteer Christian work, have here an opportunity to begin. Any reader can become personally interested in the welfare of one destitute family, by sending name and address to the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who will reply with all the necessary particulars.

Many will doubtless recognize in this offer the providential opening of a way they have long been seeking; walking and working in which will afford a satisfaction the world's pleasures cannot give. There is no better incentive to spiritual growth than the exercise of Christian charity and kindness; and when this can be done quietly and known only to God and ourselves, it is all the more fruitful of blessing. A multitude of experiences has shown that time, effort and money devoted to such work, return tenfold interest to the giver.

SPRING SUGGESTIONS.

THE spring is suggestive of God and heaven and the resurrection day. The eye must be blind that does not see God's footsteps in the new grass and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at

the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchard we find suggestions of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A spring morning is a door opening into heaven. So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. Seasons of corn husking and the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catalogue of the dead year, reminding the dullest of his own fading and departure. But summer fatigues and weakens and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame, unless by positive resolution and especial imploration. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September.

But who can afford to lose two months out of each year when the years are so short and so few? He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. No, he never recovers. When the season comes, when the fields are full of leafage and life let us not be lethargic and stupid. Let us remember that iniquity does not cease in summer time. She never takes a vacation. She never leaves town. The child of want living up that dark alley has not so much fresh air nor sees as many flowers as in winter time. In cold weather the frost blossoms on her window pane and the snow falls in wreaths in the alley. God pity the wretchedness that pants and sweats and festers, and dies on the hot pavement in the cellars of the town. Let us remember that our exit from this world will more probably be in Summer than in any other season, and we can not afford to die at a time when we are least alert and worshipful. At midsummer the average of departures is larger than in cool weather. The sunstrokes, the dysenteries, the fevers, the choleras, have affinity for July and August. On the edge of summer death often stands whetting his scythe for a great harvest. We are more careful to have our doors locked and our windows fastened and our burglar alarm set at times when thieves are most busy, and at a season of the year when diseases are most active in their burglaries of human life, we need to be ready.

Our charge, therefore, is, make no adjournment of your religion. Whether you stay in town, or seek the farmhouse, or the seashore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible-reading and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of his life wastes that for which many a dying man would have been willing to give all his possessions, when he found that "the harvest was past and the summer was ended."

THE DEMOCRACY OF RELIGION.

IF in the Pantheon at Paris, you smite your hand against the wall among the tombs of the dead, you will hear a very strange echo coming from all parts of the Pantheon just as soon as you smite the wall. And I suppose it is so arranged that every stroke of sorrow among the tombs of bereavement ought to have found, long and oft-repeated echo of sympathy all around the world.

What a beautiful theory it is—and it is a Christian theory—that Englishman, German, Scotchman, Irishman, Norwegian, Frenchman, Italian, Russian, are all akin. Of one blood all nations. I was never more impressed with this truth than on the day the body of the Prince Imperial of France was brought to London. I was that day speaking in Exeter Hall while the minute guns were sounding. The Earl of Kintore, the distinguished Scottish lord, was presiding, and in his opening speech he said: "We have come here to listen to an American while he talks about 'Happy Homes,' but, alas! for that home at Chiselmurst." And all heads were bowed, and the tears rolled down the cheeks of the people. Then I thought: "This is one grief, one agony." It was not because that boy was the son of an Empress; it was not because that boy died fighting for the English government; it was because he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Of one blood all nations—high, low, titled,

rich, poor. O, the democracy of religion!

That is a very beautiful inscription over the door in Edinburgh—over the door of the house where John Knox used to live. It is getting somewhat dim now, but there is the inscription fit for the door of any household: "Love God above all and your neighbor as yourself." I think we must be brothers and sisters all. I think that all nations must belong to one family, and that they must have the same great mother—God.

HEALTH A DUTY.

THE church of God cannot afford to be indifferent to the attempts of our health officers for the rescue of our cities from the malarious and miasma, and when word comes that the last precaution against disease has been established, the churches could afford to adjourn one day and go out and thank God on the borders of the redeemed districts. The fact is that this old world needs to be sweetened. Flowers can do part of the work by launches of aroma, kind seeds can make brighter sidewalk and garden; but the greatest of all the sweetening influences is the Gospel of your Christ and mine. Its founder was the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. When his Gospel has done its work the earth will be girdled with acacia and verberna and china aster and foxglove and rose of amaranth, and instead of effluvia will be heliotrope and the only carnage will be that of dahlia reddening the plains; and instead of epidemic there shall be general health that will keep the race unto old age.

DR. TALMAGE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

IN the matter of the reception to be tendered to Dr. Talmage on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in Brooklyn, the following correspondence has passed between prominent citizens of this city and the pastor of the Tabernacle:

BROOKLYN, March 30, 1894.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N.Y.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—The forthcoming completion of the twenty-fifth year of your pastorate at the Brooklyn Tabernacle offers a convenient and welcome opportunity to appropriately testify to our high appreciation of your distinguished services for God and humanity, and by public demonstration to emphasize our endorsement of the great and good work you have done for our city, our nation and the world.

We therefore respectfully request you to appoint a day when you will meet such of your fellow-citizens as may feel disposed to join in honoring one who, for a quarter of a century, has held so prominent a place among the public teachers of the age, and with the assurance of our profound esteem, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

Charles A. Schieren, Mayor; Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan; B. F. Tracy, Ex-Secretary of Navy; B. D. Sullivan, James Howell, Ex-Mayor and President of Brooklyn Bridge; J. W. Hunter, Ex-Mayor; David A. Boddy, Ex-Mayor; Samuel Bell, Ex-Mayor; F. A. Schroeder, Ex-Mayor and President Germania Savings Bank; General J. B. Woodward, General Stewart L. Woodford; Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.; Bernard Peters; Prof. Freeman J. Backus, Principal Packer Institute; Ex-congressman Jas. C. Hendrix; Dr. S. Fleet Sprir; General Alfred C. Barnes; Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.; Pastor of Plymouth Church; Rev. C. Outcalt Hall, D.D.; Pastor First Presbyterian Church; Rev. David Gregg, D.D.; Pastor Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church; J. C. Skene, M.D.; Prof. Chas. E. West, Calvin E. Pratt, Judge Supreme Court; Edgar M. Cullen, Judge Supreme Court; Nathaniel H. Clement, Judge City Court; Wm. J. Osborne, Judge City Court; A. Van Vek, Judge City Court; Henry A. Moore, Judge of County Court; Rev. C. W. Parsons, D.D.; Pastor Hanson Place M. E. Church; Rev. Thos. B. McLeod, D.D.; Pastor Clinton Ave. Congregational Church; General Horatio King; Murat Halstead; S. B. Dutcher, Prest. Hamilton Trust Co.; Felix Campbell, Prest. People's Trust Co.; W. H. Hazard, Prest. Fulton National Bank; Chas. E. Young, Prest. National City Bank; Ex-Judge James Tracy, General G. T. Christensen, Prest. Brooklyn Trust Co.; J. G. Jenkins, Prest. First National Bank; Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.; Pastor Hanson Place Baptist Church; Rev. L. Wintner, D.D.; Rabbi Temple Beth Elahim; Col. Alex. S. Bacon; Geo. H. Southard, Prest. Franklin Trust Co.; H. E. Hutchinson, Prest. Brooklyn Bank; Wm. B. Davenport, Public Administrator; Post-master A. T. Sullivan, and many others.

To which Dr. Talmage made the following reply:

BROOKLYN, April 12th, 1894.

To His Honor, Mayor Schieren,
and other Gentlemen of the Reception Committee.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I feel more gratitude than I can express for your generous letter inviting me to appoint a time and place where some kind of expression can be made concerning my twenty-five years of service in Brooklyn. The invitation is the more impressive, because it is signed by friends in all professions and occupations, and in all denominations of religion. I accept your invitation, and suggest that the meeting proposed be held the second week of May and in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, if such time and place are convenient.

Again thanking you for this evidence of friendship and good neighborhood, I am,

Yours heartily,

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

At the next meeting of the Committee the exact date of the occasion, which promises to assume international proportions, will be determined. Enthusiastic admirers of Dr. Talmage are planning for a three days' celebration.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

D. Pillow, Augusta, Ga. How many newspapers are published in the world and what proportion is American?

About 48,000 papers and magazines of all descriptions of which about 20,000, or two-fifths, are printed in this country.

Old Subscriber, Bridgeport, Conn. Can you inform me as to the number of pensioners on the rolls of the United States government? A friend contends that there are nearly a million?

Your friend is not very far short of the actual total, which in February last was 966,400, with fully half a million more applications under consideration.

Mrs. Agnes C. Crawford, Bradley Beach, N. J. Could you suggest a short Biblical name (similar to "Mizpah"), for a house here?

Some of the following may be suitable: Hiel, ("God Lives"); Pethuel, ("Mouth of God"); Phaneul, ("Face of God"); Asher, ("Happiness, or Blessed"); Tabur, ("Purity").

Mr. John Gibson, Nottawa, Mich., sends some stirring verses, the theme of which is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We give an extract:

It enters our homes, with wonderful grace,
Tis a friend we can trust, as seen on its face;
Each one rushes forth, the first hand-shake to share,
To glean o'er its pages, to see what is there.

We commence at the first, and read to the last,
Tis the sound of a bugle, we know by the blast;
Each note is a warning, the evil to shun,—
A beacon to light us, till earth's work is done.

Mrs. L. W. W., Greenfield, Mass. In what way will the dead who go to heaven be affected by the resurrection, when it takes place?

The mystery of the condition of glorified spirits cannot be explained or understood. The Scriptures, however, plainly intimate that they will receive a glorified body, probably one similar to that in which Christ appeared to his disciples after his resurrection. (See I. Cor. 15: 35-50 and II. Cor. 5: 1-8.)

J. A., Plymouth, Pa. Who was Tertullus, mentioned in Acts 24: 1? Was he a Jew or a Gentile?

He was probably a Gentile of Roman, or, at all events, of Italian origin, a professional orator or advocate, or lawyer, who was retained by the high priest and Sanhedrim to accuse Paul at Caesarea. The Sanhedrim doubtless engaged him, as they themselves were unfamiliar with Latin (in which the proceedings would have to be conducted before Felix), and ignorant of the procedure of a Roman law-court.

A Student, Brooklyn, N. Y. If a person has once strayed, under fierce temptation, from the path of virtue and then repented and earnestly sought God's forgiveness, which, it is believed, has been granted, and if that person since that time has led a life pure in deed and thought—may that person marry one who neither knows nor suspects that there has been evil in the past? I have sought the Scriptures for light without avail.

The person who has sinned and repented is not, we believe, thereby debarred from marriage. It would, however, in our opinion, be a grievous wrong to marry without informing the unsuspecting person of the past sin. So much is due and is a part of the penalty of the transgression. Even as a matter of prudence it is necessary. It will save the guilty party the continual haunting apprehension of the disclosure coming from others. A voluntary confession also evokes sympathy and respect, which cannot be expected if the confession is made after detection.

B. S. Wilder, Williamsville, Ont. In all probability she was.—E. P. Searles, Chattanooga, Tenn. The point is to make the best of the situation with the material at hand. Even a slight reform is better than none. Radical reformers accomplish little and all great reforms have moved by slow stages.—Rev. R. E. Williamson, Plymouth, Pa. For Jameson, Faussett & Browne's Commentary, write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, 112 Fifth avenue, N. Y.—John Burroughs, Ratan, Pa. They should not be held in the church, but in some other building.—B. Brandon Becklund, Minneclosa, Manitoba, Can. can utilize to advantage any back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or other religious literature our readers may send him.—Netic Council, Meigsville, O. Write to Scribner's, publishers, N. Y., who will doubtless be able to supply such a book as you want.—Sarah B. Osborn, Port Byron, N. Y. We cannot.—Miss Belle H. Bacon, Malden, Mass. 1. We do not know the institution to which you refer. No such statement could have appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. The Tabernacle Emergency Fund was long ago completed.—Subscriber, Racine, Wis. 1. The only way is patient persistence. If you have written what the publishers want, you will not have to wait long. 2. They are excellent institutions. 3. Address American Press Association, 47-49 Park place, N. Y.—R. Crane, Nottawa, Ont. It is published by Nelson D. F. Randolph, N. Y., price 50¢.—Subscriber. Address her care of Mr. David Jannal, Jerusalem, Turkey. Remittance may be made by postal order.—Shut-in. Your gift to the Food Fund cannot be utilized, but we have placed a small sum to your credit for the Fund, and will return the articles if you will send us your address.—Miss J. R. Balch, Washington, D. C. Read the article in line with your suggestion in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Mrs. Mary S. Budd, Albion, N. Y. Regarding the explanation in "The Mail-Bag" of that passage of Scripture relative to a camel going through the eye of a needle, I have read that the walls of Jerusalem had holes in them, which were called "needle's eyes." Any one who came to the gate late in the evening with a loaded camel, the gate being shut, he could not find entrance until the camel was unloaded. The animal then crawled through on his knees, the load being pushed through after him. Lady Duff Gordon writes of seeing one go through this way. So the rich man must give up his riches, humble himself on his knees and accept salvation through the suffering and merits of Christ alone.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CHOLERA IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A CABLE dispatch from the Turkish Capital announces the gloomy news that cholera is alarmingly prevalent in the city. It appears that for several months past the disease has raged in the poorer quarters, and not much attention was paid to it. During the past few days, however, it has made its appearance in districts where the wealthy classes live, and has caused a panic. One of its victims was Calliadi Bey, a councillor of State, who died within a few hours of his seizure. A death also took place in the Legation of the Greek Government, the victim being a servant of one of the attaches. The legation has now been removed to Therapia, a town seven miles distant, and other foreign legations are preparing for flight. The Turkish Government is being urged to take vigorous measures to prevent the further spread of the disease, but little result is expected from any measures it may take. Something more than a spasmodic ablution is necessary to put Constantinople in good sanitary condition. Many of its streets are steep hills, similar to the one shown in our illustration, and are paved with rough blocks graded like a staircase. The houses thirty years ago were chiefly of wood and mud, but latterly there have been many fires, and when a house has been burned, a stone mansion has been built on its site. The city consequently presents the strange appearance of magnificence and squalor side by side. The streets are extremely filthy and foul-smelling, as the inhabitants fling their refuse into them. The only active scavengers are the dogs, of whom thousands, ownerless and homeless, prowl about the city, obtaining a precarious subsistence from the food thrown out of the houses into the open streets. The conditions are favorable for the development of cholera, and for its spread, it brought into the city from the Sultan's Asiatic provinces. Should this outbreak become epidemic, the fatalistic Turk will probably regard it as a judgment from Allah, and appeal to him for its removal, rather than exert himself to cleanse the city and establish sanitary regulations. Many men regard moral maladies in the same way, attributing their subjection to vice to the natural depravity of a fallen nature, overlooking the fact that by negligence and voluntary exposure to evil associations, they have contributed to their own fall. The advice of the prophet applies to both cases: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." (Isa 1: 16.)

A Million Dollar Tomb.

A remarkable will was offered for probate in New York last week. It was that of an aged widow who died on April 1, and it was signed only two days before her death. It devised the whole of her estate, valued at a million dollars, in trust to the trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery for the purpose of erecting a mausoleum in their grounds. The will directs that the mausoleum shall be for herself and her husband, and father and mother, the bodies to be disinterred and placed in the mausoleum on its completion. It is said that the widow derived the bulk of her property from her mother, whose only child she was; her husband also was wealthy and he left her all his property. Shortly before her death, she told an acquaintance that there had been an agreement between herself, her husband and her mother, that they should leave their respective estates to each other on condition that the survivor erect the most costly mausoleum in the world for their joint occupation. The will was drawn up in fulfillment of this agreement. The widow was childless, but has two aunts and several cousins still living who may contest the will. Their plea will doubtless be the usual one that the testator was of unsound mind. Whether the will alone is a sufficient proof of mental aberration may be questioned. She merely directed that her money be spent after her death as many perfectly sane people spend theirs during life—in lavish and foolish display. The difference in folly is only one of

degree. Whether the courts decide that the woman was sane or insane is matter of small concern to her now. The momentous fact for her and all who like her use their money for their own gratification, is that he who is the Judge of all the earth has characterized them as fools. (Luke 12: 20.)

A Clergyman's Hotel Bill.

Among the recently published reminiscences of Dr. Tappan, the agent of the American Home Missionary Society, is one of a pleasant surprise which the good old preacher had in a country village during one of his journeys. He was on a long tour in Pennsylvania, and one afternoon dined at an inn at Mattawaukeag. He was advised to remain there to sleep, as there was but one hotel in the town next on his route, and that was kept by a man who was noted for his irreligious life, who disliked preachers and might not treat him courteously. Dr. Tappan, however, was not easily scared and he was anxious to proceed with his journey, so he went forward. He reached the hotel and encountered the landlord, who showed him no antipathy, but gave him a good room. What surprised the clergyman more, however, was that when the hotel was closed for the night, a message was brought to his room from the proprietor asking him if he would conduct worship. Dr. Tappan gladly consented, and, going downstairs, found the family, guests and servants assembled. He read a chapter and prayed, to the evident satisfaction of all present. He was asked to hold another service in the morning, which he did. He then packed up his traps and went to the desk to settle his bill. "Already settled," said the proprietor. "You've paid. When butchers and drovers and peddlers stay with me I make a point of trading with them. I've done the same by you. I had your commodity, and, although I don't set up for a judge in such matters, I considered it a good article. You've paid. Good-morning, sir. Glad to see you on the same terms whenever you are in this neighborhood." Many like the hotel-keeper appreciate what he somewhat irreverently referred to as Dr. Tappan's "commodity," who also like him do not know how valuable it really is. If they did, they would not rest until they had secured their own personal interest in it. (John 4: 10.)

A Forsaken Daughter.

Inquiries are being made for the relatives of a girl who, in 1876, was left in the convent of Hochelaga to be educated. Her mother was an invalid who spent the summer of that year in Canada, in the hope that the bracing climate might restore her health. She made little progress, however, and being about to take a long journey, she left the child in the convent, prepaying her

expenses for a year. She told the Superior that if the funds left were exhausted before her return, to write to an address in New York and money would be promptly remitted. Nothing more was seen of, or heard from, her. At the end of the year, application was made to the firm in New York, and a reply was received to the effect that the lady had died suddenly, without making any provision for the child. Her husband was wealthy and was, at the time, somewhere on the Pacific coast, but his exact address was unknown to the firm. The convent made no further inquiries, but sent the child to a charitable institution, where she was educated and ultimately a situation was obtained for her as a domestic servant. She drifted from place to place, and is now in Montreal. Her employer is a kindly lady, who has taken an interest in her case, and is aiding her with means to discover her father. If she succeeds, it is doubtful whether she will gain much by the discovery. A man who has made no effort in eighteen years to trace his child, is not likely to prove an affectionate parent. It may be hoped that the girl will be led to seek her heavenly Father.

but a similar fate has often befallen nobler beings. Men whom God made capable of soaring to his presence, have been dragged down by the wealth they secure and being unable to relinquish it, have died eternally. (Matt. 19: 22.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, son of the editor of this journal, was installed as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., on Thursday, April 19. Dr. Talmage preached the installation sermon.

The liberality of the Chinese native Christians is very marked. In one town 66 converts were baptized lately, and gave contributions to the value of \$750.

It is computed that the Number of Protestant missionaries, male and female, now on active service in heathen lands is nearly seven thousand.

The Report of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church shows an income of \$57,553, of which \$70,000 were collected from the Sunday Schools and churches.

Col. Charles H. Banes has been Elected Corresponding Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Publication Society to succeed the late Dr. Griffith, and he has accepted the position.

Union Evangelistic meetings of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches in Portland, Mich., under the lead of Mr. A. H. Rauton, resulted in more than 200 professed conversions in two weeks.

The next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, will meet in the First Presbyterian Church, Saratoga, N. Y., Thursday, May 17. The opening sermon will be preached by the retiring moderator, Willis G. Craig D.D.

General Mellinet, of the French Army, who lately died the age of ninety-five years, had throughout his life abstained from stimulants of all kinds, and did not know even the taste of wine. To the last he was healthy and vigorous.

Great success attended the services conducted by the Rev. B. Fay Mills in Montreal. Hundreds professed conversion, and those whose memory carries them back many years affirm that never before has that city been so stirred.

Two eminent missionary families are to have a new bond of union. A marriage, which will be celebrated at Shanghai, China, at the end of this month, is announced of Howard Taylor, M. D., son of Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, to Miss Geraldine Guinness, daughter of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, of the Congo Mission.

Dr. E. Payson Hammond has recently been holding a series of meetings in Springfield, Ill., where twenty-eight years ago he conducted revival services. Many who were then children and were converted came now with their children, and the evangelist had the great pleasure of hearing one after another testify to the good work done so many years ago.

A New Work on Prophecy by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal, has just been published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is entitled, "The Lord's Coming," and its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. 104 pages; paper cover. May be obtained, price fifteen cents, by application to this office, 91-95 Bible House, New York.

The Parliamentary Election in Japan shows the decadence of the party which was so bitterly opposed to foreigners; and it is noticeable that a profession of the Christian faith has not been a hindrance to the candidacy of two or three of the ablest men who have been elected to the body, and against whom the charge of their foreign religion was made. It is expected that the choice of a presiding officer will fall upon a Christian.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding successful meetings at Canton, Ohio. Three churches united in the movement. The local journals say that on Sunday, April 8, no less than five thousand persons were present, and over three hundred gave in their names for special prayer, and expressed earnest desire for salvation. Afternoon meetings have been held each day in the First Methodist Church, and each evening at the three churches simultaneously.

The Roman Catholic Church is having trouble with one of its most distinguished teachers of a similar character to that of the Presbyterian Church with Prof. Briggs. A work written by Dr. Hulst, Rector of the Catholic University in Paris teaches that the Bible is really inspired only in matters of morals and faith, and in other respects it cannot lay claims to absolute inerrancy. It is said that Dr. Hulst has a large following among the Roman Catholic priests of France, Germany and England.

The American School of Christian Philosophy will hold its annual session at Chataqua, N. Y., July 3 to 12. Among the speakers are Dr. Amory H. Bradford, Professor Purves of Princeton, Dean George Hodges of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge; Vice-Chancellor MacCracken, of New York; President H. M. Booth, of Auburn; Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago; President W. G. Ballentine, of Oberlin, and Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia.

The revival work in New York maintains its interest and its success. Many out-of-town people were among the converts last week. The noon services at N.Y.'s Theatre were continued, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson sang their Gospel songs to large audiences. Every afternoon at 3.30 a song service was held in the Masonic Temple which was largely attended. This week the meetings in the Masonic Temple are continued, and Tr. A. C. Dixon will preach each day except Saturday. His subject is, "The Lights and Shad. of City Life," and includes sermons on "The Home of the City," "Bread Winners," "Streets of the City," and "Amusements."

Contributions for the Relief Fund from the following, are acknowledged:

Liberty Falls, N. Y., 1 pkg. clothing; J. P. Wilson, North Hardyston, N. J., 1 b g clothing; Mrs. Maer, New York City, 1 pkg. clothing; Mrs. J. L. Roe, West Milford, N. J., 1 bag clothing; Mrs. E. C. Knapp, Glenham, N. Y., 1 pkg. clothing; A. H. Johnston, Milford, N. H., 1 b c clothing; Mrs. D. O. Eagle Mills, N. Y., 1 bag clothing; Mr. John P. Willard, North Hardyston, N. J., 11 bags of onions; 1 lbs. of potatoes; 1 box clothing, no name; 1 barrel clothing, no name.



THE CHOLERA'S MARCH—A STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ther, of whom the Psalmist said: "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." (Ps. 27: 10.)

An Eagle Drowned by a Fish.

A remarkable incident, which occurred at the mouth of Octoraro Creek, is reported by the "Baltimore Sun." It states that four miles above Port Deposit, there is a bed of gravel, where shad, rock and herring go to spawn. In the spring and early summer large schools of fish go to this locality, and bald and gray eagles flock to the vicinity for the purpose of preying on them. The water on the Cecil county side is about ten feet deep, and being clear the fish are readily seen by their winged enemies. A gray eagle saw a rockfish in the water and pounced upon him, sinking his talons deep into the sides of the fish. When the bird attempted to arise, he found the load more than he could carry. He could not release his hold, either. Finally he was dragged under the water and drowned. The current carried the eagle and the fish into a fishpot, where the bodies were found, with the hold of the eagle unrelaxed. The bird measured six feet from tip to tip of the wing. It was an inglorious death for the king of birds to die:

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE DIVINE DRAWING.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor

A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: John 6: 44: "No man can come to me except the Father which sent me draw him."

HERE are two sayings in the Gospel of John which constitute a kind of twofold cord of redemption—"No man cometh unto the Father but by me," says Jesus, and "No man can come to me except the Father draw him." Jesus Christ is the mediator between God and man. In him alone does the current of human love rise high enough to reach the throne, and through him alone does the divine love descend low enough to touch the lowest point of the footstool. The full bucket let down into the well is certain to lift the empty one against which it is balanced. The full heart of Jesus Christ coming down from heaven can alone lift the empty heart of the sinner up to heaven. Human love is not sufficient of itself and never can be to love God with all the heart and with all the mind and with all the strength. And, therefore, Christ came to strengthen and to reinforce it. In other words, we need a higher love than our own to enable us to love the Most High. We need God's love in our hearts to enable us to come to Christ and love him. We need Christ's love in the heart to enable us to love God and to come to him.

The Help Needed.

1. I wish to remind you then in the first place that by nature we are fallen and cannot even come to Christ without God's help. I know that this a very humbling doctrine. It is the sharpest blade of the two-edged sword of truth and one most likely to cut off the hearer's ears when it is wielded. But the truth is always the most wholesome thing to hear. If a man has fallen out of his nest in Paradise and broken his wings and dislocated his limbs, it is not a kindness to go to him and tell him that he has nothing to do but to exert the strength that is in him and that doing so, he can "mount up on wings as eagles, he can run and not be weary and walk and not faint." If our wings of spiritual desire and power are broken, he is our best friend who tells us so.

But thank God this is not all we have to tell men. If it were, our Gospel would not be glad-tidings but sad-tidings. The moment we utter the unhappy truth that we are by nature fallen sinners, we are to add the blessed truth and repeat the sweet words of God, "Ye have seen what I did and how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto me." I go out into my garden after a terrific storm and find that my grapevine which for years had climbed into the sunlight and basked in its beams has fallen down, its leaves all torn and its boughs all bespattered with mud. And I began to talk to my vine, "Oh, vine you need to be pruned and enriched. I must put ashes about thy roots, and pour water above thee to cause thee to revive. And then you will lift yourself into the light and warmth." Then I do my best at pruning and enriching, but each day as I walk in my garden I see the vine lying there. It stretches up its tendrils indeed like supplicating fingers to the sky; but because it can find nothing upon which to lay hold it can only still creep on the ground.

Suppose that instead of talking any more to my vine I build a trellis upon which it can lift itself into the sunlight. Ah, that is Christ's method! He casts a glance of pity upon us and says: "Not simply, 'I am far above, ye are from beneath.' 'No man can come to me except the Father draw him.' But listen. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee,' saith Jehovah. But how O, Father? 'I have drawn thee with the cords of love and the bands of a man.' But what love? and what man? I will tell you, 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.' And the Son says: 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' The Cross is the divine trellis for lifting

men's affections to God. The heart that was striving in vain to love the Father, and was only falling back to earth beaten and baffled after each effort finds at last its firm support. "The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." It is the power which draws me to Christ and through him to the Father. The holy Christ dazzles us but he does not draw us. I believe that if while we are sinners we could have a sight of the spotless and awful holiness of Christ, we should be more likely to run from than to fly to him.

Drawing by Invitation.

2. Observe, secondly, that God in inviting us to be disciples of Christ draws us while he calls us. We cannot conceive of such a thing as possible that God should say "Come to Christ, but you cannot come except I draw you, and I have not chosen to draw you." That would be to bar the door while calling us to enter it; to hold us off with one hand while beckoning us near with the other. No, God's invitations are always furnished with attractions—the most direct and powerful that can be brought to bear. The promises of Scripture are not guide-boards pointing to heaven. Just see how it is. The great evangelical promise is: "He that believeth on the Son shall not perish but have everlasting life." But what is the basis of the promise? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." Here is the divine fact that energizes this promise and gives to it its magnetic power.

Every one who preaches or repeats this promise must have something of the divine attraction in himself in order to succeed. If an invitation were all that is necessary, God might have ordered that the Gospel be placarded upon marble tablets in our churches, or graven in deep-cut letters over the porches of our sanctuaries. But he has required the Gospel to be preached by consecrated men, that through them God might draw while he invites. A minister may have a brilliant intellect and a sonorous voice and a graceful delivery, and thus furnished he may preach the Gospel for years without winning a soul to Christ. God must dwell in him by his Spirit in order that when he says, "Come," he may draw as well as invite. Fenelon had such communion with God that his very face and presence were magnetic, and when Lord Peterborough, a polished sceptic, had spent a night with him at an inn, he rushed forth in the morning, saying, "If I stay in this man's presence any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon said "Come to Christ," and the Father who dwelt in him drew so strongly that it was well-nigh impossible to resist the attraction. President Finney was once visited with such power of the Holy Ghost that he seemed literally "to be filled with all the fullness of God," and then when he went forth to preach and the people were drawn to him from miles around, as to a sort of spiritual lodestone. He said "Come," and the Father that dwelt within him drew him. That is what God wants us all to be, me in the pulpit, you in the pews—spiritual

Magnets to Draw Men.

And we must constantly beware that through our worldly associations we do not become demagnetized. You can see the difference in Peter as he appears on two memorable occasions. As he stood warming himself at the fire in the High Priest's palace on the night of his Master's trial, he was simply demagnetized. Instead of drawing any to the Lord, he was himself drawn away from him into denial and sin. But on the day of Pentecost he had been remagnetized, and as he stood up the people could not resist him, and three thousand were drawn to Christ under a single sermon. Ah, here is the lesson which we

want to learn—to make our life and example reinforce our words, so that when our mouths say "Come," our conduct shall not say "Go."

Preaching was never more universal than to-day. Ministers are preaching and laymen are preaching: young men are preaching and young women are preaching. The Scripture is fulfilled. The Spirit and the bride say "Come," and every one that heareth is saying "Come." But in spite of this no man can come except the Father draw him. And his way is to draw through consecrated unworldly, self-denying, sincere Christians. The want of the church and the demand of God is the same, "ministers that can draw," but except God be in us of a truth, our drawing will be quite as likely to be away from God as to him.

The Chief Attraction.

And lastly the great attraction is Christ crucified. He who cries "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," shows himself heavy laden with our sins, and laboring in agony and bloody sweat for our redemption. Here is a blessedly safe attraction, one which separates while it saves; which rebukes our sins while it forgives them, and so guards the purity of God against intrusion. As the rose attracts by its fragrance and wards off with its sharp thorns, and so protects itself against the destroyer, Christ's cross condemns sin in the flesh by the penalties of a violated law there poured forth, and so keeps off the false and the insincere. But it sets forth also all the blessed love of God, and so draws the penitent and sorrowful.

I desire now to remind you, my hearers, of these three unquestionable facts:

1. God has been drawing you all your life, though you may not have recognized the fact. God's attractions are for the most part invisible and unrecognized till the time comes for us to note them. I saw one day a little boat following in the wake of a great ship. I watched it for some time, curious to know why it kept on so steadily and strongly in the track of the big vessel. Huge waves would strike it, causing it to careen for a moment; the motion of the ship would sometimes throw it almost out of the water, but still with astonishing pertinacity it kept on. A sudden lurch of the great steamer, however, made all clear. Under the water, hidden hitherto from view, was a rope attaching the boat to the ship. It was all plain now. There was

An Invisible Bond

that held the boat in tow and carried it forward in spite of itself. Some of us have lived long enough to realize the same thing in our own lives. God has had us in tow for years, though we knew it not, and in spite of sinful obstructions, in spite of opposing currents, in spite of the resistance of our own selfish hearts, God has been drawing us. If you are a moral man or woman, unstained by the grosser vices of the flesh; or if you are a Christian, delighting in spiritual things, ask yourself this morning why it is so. Is it because of your persistence in following God or of God's persistence in drawing you? Oh, God, thou hast saved me in spite of myself, and drawn me against my resistance and made me willing contrary to my will." So have I said to my heavenly Father again and again. Have you found no occasion to say it?

2. God has been drawing us by the things that we considered most against us. It seems a strange way of attracting us to obstruct our pathway with

Trials and Disappointments.

"I find it extremely hard for me to believe that there is a God when he allows me to suffer so," said one to me not long since. "If God would win me, why does he not hear my prayer for my children, for my husband, for my friends," asks another. Are God's repulsions to be interpreted as attractions? Are his trials to be named his caresses? Are his judgments to be regarded as his comforts? These are difficult questions, and can only be answered satisfactorily as we get towards the end of life's chapter. I know this much, that the broken stones by which a highway is covered, greatly hinder the travel and hurt the feet of the pedestrian; but when trodden down they make the hardest and smoothest road. So the best of life is a macadamized road, in which stones of stumbling and rocks of offence have been bravely trodden under foot, so that on stepping stones of our dead selves we have been steadily rising to higher things. Let us be patient, and not say impatiently, "all these things are

against me," because of trials and hardships and disappointments. "For if God be for us, who can be against us?"

3. You have, many of you, been resisting God for years. You may deny this statement, but it is really so. Just as on the one hand God's desires are his drawings, and his invitations his attractions, so your indifference is your opposition. For what constitutes opposition? It is really a question of will. Not to will is to will not. If a man weighing two hundred pounds does not will to go up stairs, then he throws just two hundred pounds weight against going. He need not kick or stamp or resist. Inertia is resistance; indifference is opposition. God says: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness I have drawn thee." What is that loving kindness with which he has drawn us? It is not the love of complacency or of amiable indifference. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son." Here was the intensest and most concentrated act of human will. It was a love which expressed itself in omnipotent activity and omnipotent suffering. When God gave his Son to die on a tree, he drew us up with the cords of love and the hands of a man, a love stronger than death and cords mightier than the grave. If you do not yield to that love, you throw all the weight of your indifference and your unbelief against it. Therefore I beg you to resist no more. Resist not by resistance; resist not by indifference. For who hath resisted his will and prospered?

A MISSIONARY'S TRIALS.

From the new settlement at Unkung, China, Dr. J. W. Carlin writes to the "Baptist Missionary Magazine" a cheering letter in spite of the trials and annoyances he has had to bear during his first month's residence. In the course of his letter, he says:

We have been overcrowded with all sorts of people, including thieves, spies and drunkards. So many came it was not possible to control them, and our situation became alarming. We decided to close the outer doors and keep the heterogeneous multitudes out, but as they congregated by thousands outside, we decided to let them in, for should they break in, we feared that one act of violence might encourage to another. They formed a column of from fifty to one hundred persons to break down the doors leading into our dwelling, but as the door was giving way, three of us managed by pushing against the side of the column to shunt it off to one side and drag out one who had already entered. We did not appear to the multitude to recognize this as an unbecoming act of violence, but as a kind of matter-of-course incident upon the assembling of so many people, and that we were equal to the demands of the occasion.

We are in a better way to live now, and instead of the struggle we are having only skirmishing, though the crowds are as large or larger than ever. The daily attendance is so great we have not opened the chapel, for no considerable part of the people could get in, though I had the chapel enlarged; but we have continued to preach in the open yards.

I happened to hear one cause of antipathy toward us. It had been bruited abroad, that I was an emissary of the "King of the United States," to draw the people away from their allegiance to the Emperor of China and attach them to the "King of the United States." An official happened to ask me how often I had to report statelily to my king; then he got his eyes opened, and I suppose he reported to other court officials, both civil and military, and those people began to visit me in throngs the very next day, which visiting they have kept up ever since, and I have neglected no opportunity to disabuse their minds of that awful slander and dangerous misinformation. The officials are all very friendly now; some have called several times and demeaned themselves with becoming dignity; and the two highest officials, as well as many other officials, have applied to me for medicine. The "literati," all, I suppose, have been to call on me, for hundreds have called. The common people, seeing the officials and "literati" visiting me, were pacified. They are admitted cheerfully under a guard of brethren, whereas two weeks ago they were admitted by constraint lest they should break in, and then they were only admitted to the open court whilst the doors were locked all around, but they could look in through the windows which they did constantly.

THE GRAFT AND THE BACKSLIDER.

THE other day I was chopping fire-wood in my yard and hard at work. The wood was apple-tree—some branches I had cut from my orchard. (You know it is necessary sometimes for us farmers to prune our trees.) These branches I was cutting up were of quite a size, and the wood was pretty tough. I had split a stick in two and turned the halves over on the block to cleave them again; but just then my eye caught sight of something curious in one of the pieces, and my axe fell without a blow. I picked up the stick, examined it, and found it to be a natural curiosity. It seemed that many years ago a small branch on one of my apple trees had been grafted, that is, a small twig or scion had been inserted in the branch that it might derive food from the larger stock and grow into a branch of itself. But right alongside of this graft had grown what learned people call an offset—some farmers call them suckers—that is, a branch or stem growing on the parent stem and which should not be allowed to remain on the tree. This had pushed itself up right in the way of the graft, but it had more life than the young scion, and so grew more rapidly. Well, it became so obtrusive that it crept up around the little branch and, in course of time, absorbed it completely, and there it was now, perhaps fifty years after, grown to a large stick (the one I'd split) and inside it was the little branch and the graft all dead. You understand this, I hope. To me it was quite interesting.

Just as I was done looking at the stick, I cast my eyes out to the road and there was Thomas Boggs passing by, and I called out to him to come in. Now, Thomas was a man who had joined the church the winter before, during a time of revival, but he had since grown rather careless, sort of slidden back, you know, and didn't seem to be getting on very well in the Christian life. He'd kind of hardened himself, and so I thought I'd have a little, plain talk with him. Quick as a flash it came into my mind to use my stick of wood as an illustration.

Well, by this time, he'd got into the yard. "Good morning, Thomas," I says, and then I went right to the point. "Thomas, you haven't been to church lately. What's the trouble?"

"Oh," he says, "I'm all right."

"Well," I told him, "I hope you are, but I'm afraid you ain't."

You see, he didn't know what was the matter with him. "Look here, Thomas, do ye see this stick?" and I showed him my curiosity. He saw at a glance what it was, and after he'd examined it, I drove the nail right home. Says I, "Do you know, Thomas, that that stick is something like you?"

He looked at me kind of amazed to see what I meant.

"Thomas," I explained, "Last winter when we had a revival in the church you got grafted like this branch here. You got grafted with a new faith and belief and trust in the Lord, and we all hoped that the graft would grow, and for a while it seemed as if it did. But by and by, there was a sucker of worldly cares and affections grew up alongside of this new graft and crowded against it and absorbed it so completely that it about killed the graft of faith. You see how it was with this stick, and I'm afraid its about the same with you."

Tom didn't get mad, though I was pretty blunt. He stood looking at the stick, and I saw by his face that he was thinking pretty seriously. Say he, "I believe you're right," and went away.

But last prayer-meeting night, will you believe it, Thomas Boggs was the first on his feet, and he says that by the grace of God he'd been regrafted, and this last graft is growing sure. I tell you I was glad I'd come across that stick of wood, for it was the means of waking up one poor backslider and showing him just where he was.

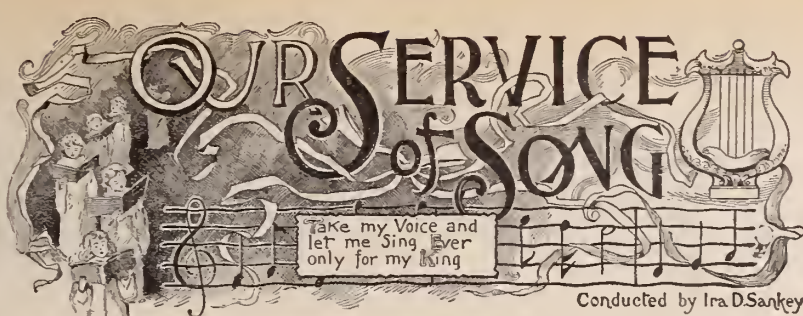
That's a profitable orchard of mine.

Round Hill, N. S.

—A. W. F.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE
In order to secure the promptest attention for your communications, please bear in mind that the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the following three departments, and that communications intended for any one of these departments should never contain matters of interest to any other department: **Subscription Department** in which only new subscriptions or renewals are handled. **Address Department** where all changes or rectifications of name, address or date are made. **Complaint Department** in which only complaints of irregular delivery receive attention. Communications to two or three departments each written on a separate sheet, may be enclosed in one envelope, but each separate sheet should have reference only to one of these departments. Always address the envelope

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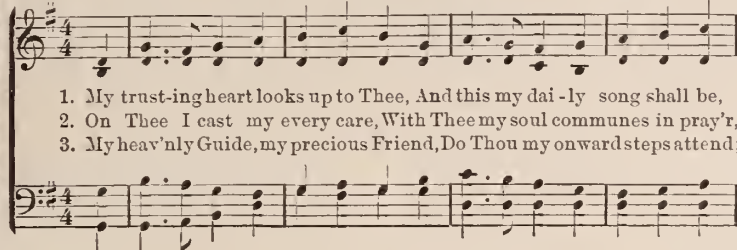


My Saviour and my All.

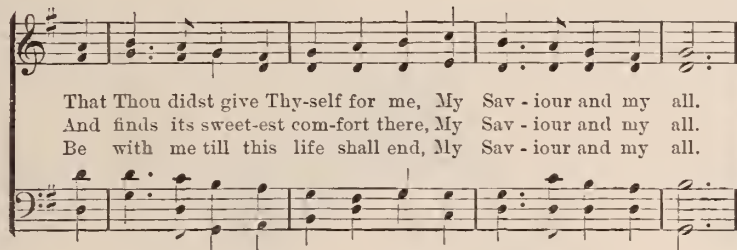
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

ROBERT LOWRY.



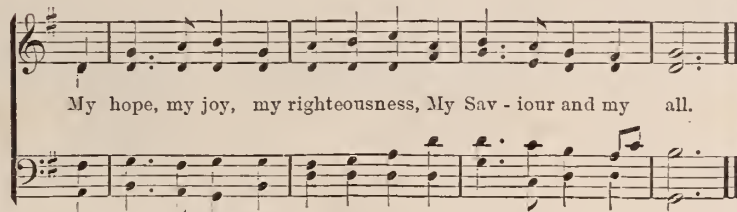
1. My trust-ing heart looks up to Thee, And this my dai-ly song shall be,
2. On Thee I cast my every care, With Thee my soul communes in pray'r,
3. My heav'nly Guide, my precious Friend, Do Thou my onward steps attend;



That Thou didst give Thy-self for me, My Sav-iour and my all.
And finds its sweet-est com-fort there, My Sav-iour and my all.
Be with me till this life shall end, My Sav-iour and my all.



My Sav-iour and my all, . . . My Sav-iour and my all;
my all, my all;



My hope, my joy, my righteousness, My Sav-iour and my all.

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THE OLIVE WOOD'S LESSON.*

BEAUTIFUL Olive Wood, often Thoughts shalt thou bring to me, Of the dear Saviour who wandered 'Lone, neath the Olive tree. Breathing a prayer for his loved ones, Sweeter than perfume rare, Loved ones, that down through the ages, Bring to him all their care.

List, he is now interceding, There at the Father's throne, For all who e'er shall believe him, Dear ones that are his own. Praying our faith should not fail us, Lasting for aye, so true, Loving, believing, and trusting Him who has died for you.

Olive Wood, teach me the lesson, Taught by my Saviour dear, Working and praying for others, Wiping away the tear.

*Thoughts upon receiving a gift of Olive Wood from Dr. Talmage for a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Soft to the heart of the mourner, Whispers of love's sweet balm, Just from the heart of the Saviour, Wafting a holy calm.

Ever thou'lt speak of the Master's Voice, as he says to me, "Tell all the loved ones, I'm calling, Come, I'm awaiting thee. Linger no longer in sorrow, I'll wipe away thy tears, Dream not of storms that await you, I'll drive away thy fears."

Davenport, Iowa.

MRS. M. D. SNYDER.

A PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

O H, Thou who once on Galilee ' Spake peace unto the troubled sea, Speak now unto my soul, And bid its troubled waters rest, The raging tempest in my breast— The stormy wind control.

Amanda, O.

S. A. GORTNER.

THE MILLENNIAL PEACE.

The Golden Age of Christ's Reign to be an Era of Peace.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

HOW blessed is the assurance of the prophetic Word that a time shall come when men shall cease ruthlessly to shed each others' blood, when the deadly and cruel instruments of war shall be laid aside, and the universal and lasting reign of peace be inaugurated. That such a time awaits the world is explicitly revealed. Thus Isaiah declares, "He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples: and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isa. 2: 4.)

The Word of God, distinctly reveals the coming of such a blessed time when universal peace shall reign. And inspiration does more than this—it tells us how this consummation is to be reached; basing it, not on empty dreams, but on the assured fact of the coming of him who is the Prince of Peace. There will be no lasting peace for the world till the kingdom of Christ is established by his glorious Advent. This is the uniform teaching of Scripture. Are men to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks?" Yes; but it is only "in the last days, when many people shall go and say, Come ye, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his path." (Isa. 2: 2-4.) Is "war to cease unto the end of the earth, and the bow be broken, and the spear cut in sunder, and the chariot burned in the fire?" Yes; but it is not until "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth." (Ps. 119.) Shall neither savage beasts nor savage men "hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain?" Yes; but not until he is set upon earth's throne, who "shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears." (Isa. 11: 3, 4, 9.)

Yes; peace—peace which no earthly or infernal power may disturb: peace based on Divine and righteous government: peace, not such as man makes, but such as God gives, shall be one characteristic of Christ's millennial kingdom.

All the glories of the kingdom cast before them an intervening darkness,—that darkness being the antithesis of the dawning light: the proverbial darkest hour before the coming dawn. Thus, when the voice cried out of Seir, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The reply was, "The morning cometh, and also the night." That is to say, "The morning will shortly dawn, but the night—though far spent—is not yet over: its last and darkest hour has yet to be passed through." So it is here. The kingdom of peace is coming, but it will be preceded by war—war of the most terrific character, and on the most gigantic scale. Hence our Lord's warning—which in no wise contradicts Isaiah's prediction, if only we distinguish the times and so harmonize the Scriptures—"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled; for these things shall come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows (lit. 'birth-pangs')." (Matt. 24: 6-8.)

Hence the going forth of the "red horse," after the Church of the first-born ones is seen in heaven. (Rev. 6: 3-4.) And hence the awful summons of the prophet Joel: "Proclaim ye this among the nations; prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the mighty men draw near; let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears. (Joel 3: 9-12.) Language this, which plainly anticipates the vision of the Book of Revelation. (Rev. 16: 13-14.)

Truly then, "the morning cometh, but also—and previously—the deeper, darker night." That which immediately awaits the world is not peace, but that tremendous outbreak of war—which is to terminate this present age. But as it were in the pauses of the dread conflict, the ear of faith listens for the joy-bells of the universe, ringing joy over the end of the long reign of violence and bloodshed; and, through the smoke of the final battle, the eye of faith descries the form of him whose "name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."



LESSONS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 6.

DEFINITIONS and descriptions of missionary life are unnecessary here. Every member of a Christian Endeavor Society knows with more or less detail what the characteristics of such a life are. He knows that the missionary abandons his opportunities of winning wealth, power, honor and fame in his own land; abandons civilization, home associations, family ties, the protection of his own government, and expatriates himself with no prospect of earthly reward; that he devotes his life to the work of carrying the news of salvation to a people who generally know nothing about it, and often have a distinct wish not to know anything about it. The most conspicuous lesson of such a life is that love of Christ and love of man are mighty forces. We are accustomed to speak of self-interest as the most potent force in life. Self-preservation, self-gratification, self-advancement, are regarded as innate and controlling motives. The devil is reported to have given it as the result of his observation of the human race that "all that a man hath will he give for his life." He must have mixed with a very low class of society to have formed such an opinion. Apart from religion there are many men who would not give to save their lives, their families, their good name, their principles, their patriotism, or their honor. But these are personal possessions. In the missionary we find a higher order of man. He sacrifices ease and comfort, and voluntarily risks his life for something apart from himself. Love of Christ and concern for Christless people, when once they take root in a man are stronger than love of ease or any selfish consideration.

Another lesson is the profound faith in the power and value of the Gospel which must be the basis of such a life. The missionary believes that the news he carries will transform the lives of those who receive it. He gives his life to proclaiming the news and he has no greater success in view than in getting people to receive it. He knows that, if it obtains an entrance into the heart, it will abide and bear fruit. The consecration of his life to the work is the strongest proof of his faith in the power of the Gospel, that he could give. A third lesson is that the world does not recognize the true hero. What honor has it ever paid to Carey, to Morrison, to Duff, to Judson, to Moffat, Livingstone, Brainerd, Williams, Saker, Vanderkemp, and a host of others who gave health, labor, suffering, and life itself to the service of their fellows? They were men of magnificent courage, of marvellous endurance and of splendid achievements; yet they did not get the recognition that is given to the soldier, the statesman, or the millionaire. There is, therefore, another lesson involved which is that from the standpoint of this life the life of the missionary is a failure. He gets no reward in wealth, or power, or fame. He may be the means of other men becoming happier and better but he gets nothing for himself, or for his family. He is like a candle which is consumed in giving light to others. The last lesson is that it is rash to pronounce any life a failure until the final consummation is reached. The missionary will one day stand in the presence of Him in whose service he has spent his life. What will

that Being say to him? The successful men, as the world estimates success, have, as Christ said, had their reward. The statesman has had the power he desired; the avaricious man has had the wealth he strove for; even the popular preacher has had the fame he sought as his highest good; but this man who has borne the burden and heat of the day—what has he had? His reward awaits him. Christ said, "He who loseth his life for my sake shall find it," and long before, the decree went forth, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

THREE B. Y. P. U. LEADERS.

The various organizations of young people have done one good service, among many others, in enlarging the circle of Christian acquaintanceship. Twenty years ago the young people did not know each other as they do now. The societies and unions and orders have been



REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD.

MISS ANNA M. PHILLEY.

Of the Fort Wayne, Ind., B. Y. P. U.

THREE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION LEADERS.

MR. D. J. DAVIS.

the means of introducing to each other personally, or by correspondence, or by the link of fellowship, young people animated by the same spirit, moved by the same motives, with identical aims, and working in a common cause. They have thus encouraged many who were depressed by the sense of weakness and stimulated them by the feeling of comradeship. We are co-operating in this desirable result by introducing this week to our friends of the Baptist Young People's Union, the three leaders whose portraits appear on this page.

Miss Anna M. Philley is one of the prominent workers in Indiana. She has been for some time President of the Fort Wayne Union, and has been active in the organization and development of the State Union. She is a descendant of the Rev. U. B. Miller, who is famous in the Baptist records of Indiana as one of the early pioneer preachers of early days. Miss Philley is a professor in the Westminster Seminary at Fort Wayne, and a member of Rev. S. A. Northrop's Tabernacle Church.

Rev. Frank M. Goodchild is the President of the Philadelphia Union. He is a native of Philadelphia, and is now pastor of the Spruce Street Baptist Church. He is thirty-four years old and has been seven years in the ministry. His work in his native city has been singularly successful. The church has grown rapidly, and he has

added to its aggressive work many useful agencies. Besides the Young People's Union, there is a Young Men's Association, a Boys' Brigade, an Industrial School, and a Women's Society. Mr. Goodchild puts all his energy into any work he undertakes, and the Philadelphia Union is to be congratulated on his acceptance of the Presidency.

Mr. D. J. Davis is the President of the Sacramento, Cal., district. He is the son of a successful minister, who preached the Gospel throughout California from pure love of the work. In early days a sailor, and subsequently a ship-captain, he was converted and without any hesitation gave himself to the work of declaring to others the glad tidings. His was not a profound or scholarly exposition of religion, but that most telling and effective of all preaching, the testimony of what God had done for his own soul. His son, whose portrait we give, made profession of faith when in his fifteenth year. He has been active in Christian work ever since. In the Sunday School and other departments he has done excellent service. He was active in the B.Y.P.U. from the beginning and has been now for two years the President of his district.

THE EPWORTH GUARDS.

Among the criticisms on the Boys' Movement from various quarters comes one authoritative voice on the other side. The Cabinet of the First General Conference District Epworth League pronounces formally in its favor. At its recent

meeting in Boston University it directed that the following resolutions be entered on the minutes:

"The cabinet heartily and unqualifiedly endorses the modern movement for interesting boys in the church by

manifested by the demands made upon it, always readily and sympathetically responded to. The scheme of Bible study introduced by the American Institute of Sacred Literature has met with general favor, and is likely to be warmly taken up in more than one colony. The feeling is that to be grandly strong for service we must be mighty in the "Word," and everything that will help to this end is gladly welcomed and adopted. In South Australia the ex-secretary, Mr. A. S. Wilson, has been devoting himself to Christian Endeavor evangelistic mission work with very great acceptance and much blessing. Throughout Australia there seems to be a strong conception of the need and responsibility of winning souls for Christ.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

Nine hundred English clergymen have promised to preach in their churches on June 3 sermons to young men in celebration of the Jubilee of Young Men's Christian Associations.



The Christian Endeavor Society in the Central Congregational Church at Winnipeg, Man., has undertaken to give relief to sick and needy active members and to provide for the burial expenses in the case of needy members.



The Kansas City Christian Endeavor Union, which has been accomplishing so much through Gospel meetings, has appointed a good citizenship committee, and will make a strong effort at the coming city election to bring about the overthrow of the ring now controlling the city.



The Pacific steamer "Inderlyen" carries on board a Floating Endeavor Society, numbering eleven members. At a farewell service held with this society by the Endeavorers of San Francisco, just before the boat left the wharf, there were two conversions, and three who had been careless Christians pledged themselves to renewed activity.



A C.E. society in Ireland is divided into bands that by turns are responsible for maintaining four cottage prayer meetings every week. In each band there are tract distributors, who circulate notices of the meetings and welcome those that come.



We are glad to learn from Mr. Le Grand L. Baldwin, President of the Y. M. C. A. of Lincoln, Neb., that the Association, a picture of whose building appeared in this journal on March 28, is rapidly increasing in numbers and influence. Since the statistics on which our article was based were compiled, the membership has passed the one thousand line. When it is remembered that in November, 1893, there were only two hundred members, the progress that has been made seems truly phenomenal.

It is largely due to the untiring work and inspiring influence of the Secretary, Mr. John K. Dean.



Over three hundred regular delegates attended the recent Epworth League Conference at Medina, Ohio. Thirty-seven Chapters with 2,501 members reported. There are twenty-seven Junior Leagues with 1,400 members in the district.



Three prize banners will be awarded at the Toronto B. Y. P. U. Convention for the best state of provincial records of local society work for the year 1893-94 in the Christian Culture Courses. Merit to be determined in each case by the number of societies represented and the number of successful examinees.



The Central India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church gave an emphatic and enthusiastic endorsement of the Epworth League at its recent meeting, and urged pastors and presiding-elders "to utilize to the fullest extent the great advantages which the League offers; and by thorough organization, judicious administration, and earnest prayerful effort to make it a moral power throughout all our borders."

means of simple military drill, appealing as it does to their natural instincts for such harmless tactics.

"Further, the cabinet sees in the features, always made prominent, of the Bible and Flag exercises, a most useful way for inculcating a love for the Scriptures and our country. These virtues of reverence for things sacred, of obedience to superiors, and of patriotism, are all fostered by this movement. "Recognizing possible abuses, the cabinet nevertheless believes the advantages far outnumber the disadvantages, and that in careful hands the movement may be productive of greatest good."



AUSTRALIAN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

An encouraging report of progress in Australia is sent to the United Society by Rev. J. W. L. Closs, whose portrait was published in this journal on Feb. 7. From his letter in the "Golden Rule," we extract the following: Christian Endeavor on this side of the world still maintains its rate of advance and development. Societies continue to be formed with almost bewildering rapidity and the movement is more and more making itself felt. That it is being regarded as a strong and helpful ally is abundantly



In a Premier's Garden.

Mentmore, the Beautiful Country-Seat of Earl Rosebery, Prime Minister of England, and its Surroundings.



UNDER the tropical skies of Spain, Italy, or our own Sunny South, horticulture is an art that can be brought to the highest perfection. The gardens of Florida are unsurpassed by any in the world, both for beauty and variety. Mexico, too, has its famous gardens, and those of Brazil, like the historic garden of the Khedive, near Alexandria, are noted for the exuberance of their foliage and the superb richness of their display of color. The Czar's gardens in the grounds of the imperial palace at Peterhof, are among the most beautiful and costly in Europe, full of rare plants, rich with dazzling parterres and with artistic ornamentation that cost many fortunes. Still another famous garden is that of the Shah of Persia at Ispahan, called by the people of that country the "garden of Sa'adabad," with its acres upon acres of rare flowers, its seas of blossoms and its noble palms and poplars, sparkling fountains and avenues of sculptures, while through it flows a clear stream which the Persians call the "River of Life." Berlin, Madrid and Rome are each noted for the lavish horticultural display in the gardens of royal or aristocratic families.

England, too, although the climatic conditions are somewhat restrictive, has its famous gardens, not the least among them being that at Mentmore Towers, one of the country-seats of Earl Rosebery, the new British Premier and successor of Gladstone. Baron Meyer de Rothschild, the great banker, in 1857, engaged one of the leading architects in Europe to design the beautiful building, which is shown in the illustration. It lies on the edge of the vale of Aylesbury, in one of the prettiest pastoral localities in England and is a strikingly fine example of Anglo-Italian architecture. The interior of the mansion is rich in art treasures, the collection of which was almost a passion with the late Countess Rosebery, Hannah de Rothschild. Mantels from the house of Rubens, the celebrated painter, tapestries that once belonged to Mazarin and wonderful chandeliers that formerly hung in the ball-room of the Doge's palace in old Venice, are there; but the Prime Minister cares more for his beautiful gardens than for anything else at Mentmore. These grounds were laid out under the personal direction of Lady Rosebery, who cared little for the pleasures of society and loved rather to be visiting among her poor, or arranging the plants in her extensive conservatories, than spending the time in gilded show or fashionable frivolities. The quaint design of the gardens, and the skilful arrangement of flowers and plants together produce a most artistic effect. On the grounds is a great orchid-house, full of rare and costly plants brought from the East by Lady Rosebery, eight years ago. This orchid-house, the dairy, and the pretty aviary which contains well-nigh everything that is curious in bird-life, had for her a great interest.

Many very distinguished parties have been entertained at Mentmore in former years, but the Towers and gardens, though scrupulously kept in order, have not lately been the scene of pleasant social gatherings,

as of yore. About one hundred and twenty persons are employed on the Home Farm, and the neat cottages occupied by these laborers, with their attractive gardens, show the new Premier to be an employer who takes thought for the comfort and happiness of his people.

The Folly of Self-Indulgence.

Self-indulgence makes heavy drafts upon one's income. It is an enemy of thrift and economy. It leads one to extravagance in living, to the gratification of appetites and desires without regard to the future. It is no slight strain on a young man's resources, for example, when he smokes, as is often the case, four or five expensive cigars a day. The large amount thus spent in smoke encourages the young man to expend a heavy percentage of his income on selfish gratifications, and such a habit unchecked, is sufficient to prove any man's financial ruin. The disposition to self-indulgence is, however, exceedingly common. It is sure to grow if gratified, and when allow-

not merely in a natural way, but you make them feel that men are really brothers, and made to help one another. Not only is that feeling agreeable in itself, but it will be apt to prompt them to carry out the principle themselves. Put yourself into all you do, and let others feel that you are there. Do not only contribute to a charitable object, but go yourself and help. It may seem an inconvenience at first, but soon you will come to consider it worth any inconvenience."

Concerning Flirts.

Society is brim full of gallants and man milliners and carpet knights and coquettes, writes Dr. Talmage, and those most God-forsaken of all wretches—flirts. And they go about drawing-rooms and the parlors of watering places, simpering and bowing and scraping and whispering, and then return to the club-rooms, if they be men, or to their social gatherings, if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Condon punishment is apt to come upon them and they get paid in their own coin. I could point you to a score whom society has let drop very hard in return for their base traffic in human hearts. As to such men, they walk around in their celibacy after their hair is streaked with gray, and pretending they are naturally short-sighted when their eyes are so old in sin that they need the spectacles of a septuagenarian, an eye-glass about No. 8, and think they are bewitching in their stride and overpowering in their glances, although they are simply laughing-stocks for all mankind. And if these base dealers in human hearts be females, they are left after a while

hearts are so light, and their laughter is so free, and their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more.
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan;
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.—BONAR.

PRESENT HAPPINESS.

USE some of the good things of life as you go along, says a philosophic writer. There is so much that is bright and helpful to our souls and that will make the present what it should be that we cannot afford to miss it. Let us make our humble home as cheery as possible, instead of waiting for a better. How many people say: "Oh, we are just living here until we can get a better house." Who knows when that better house does come whether it will bring the expected happiness.

We have known some of the humblest homes where every day was one of happiness. It is not policy to hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life that you may be generous in your bequests. Life is so uncertain, and it is better to make your children happy while they are with you.

Make the best of everything. The robin does not wait for the morrow to pour out his song, to-day he makes the woodland ring with his melody. Do not live in the kitchen and keep the parlor closed for fear that sunshine, dust or the boots of your boys will soil the carpet. Take time to read, to study and to enjoy the company of friends. Be careful with your children. Make home a blessed place and they will not want to leave it. Extract honey out of every circumstance in life, enjoy what every day brings, trust in the Heavenly Father, and you will find that life will have a fuller meaning and your heart a deeper joy.

Education in the Home.

Education does two things for the household: it gives a certain amount of information that is of direct service, and it gives a training that is of indirect, but even greater value. The information immediately gained comes through the study of art, chemistry, economics, physiology, and psychology. The study of art should enable the housekeeper to build and furnish her house with taste; of chemistry, to provide for its sanitary construction and for the proper preparation of all food materials; of physiology, to study the physical development of her children; and of psychology, to observe their mental growth and base her training upon it. If this were all, it might well be said that for a young woman contemplating the care of a household the best possible preparation would be a four years' college course. But these gains are on the side of formation. There are constantly arising in every household emergencies, for which the housekeeper is, and must be, totally unprepared as regards the amount of available information she possesses. There are demands made every hour, every moment, for the exercise of reason, judgment, self-control, alertness, observation.



MENTMORE TOWERS, PREMIER ROSEBERY'S COUNTRY SEAT.

ed its way, drains the very life-blood. When such self-indulgence takes possession of a community, becomes the fashion and at last is the habit of a nation, it is a sufficient cause for hard times. Unquestionably this self-indulgence is a national characteristic. Who can estimate the amount spent in theatres and on club-houses and club-dues in a year. Our yacht clubs and sporting clubs of all sorts spend immense amounts. Many undoubtedly can afford these outlays, and yet for every one who can there are a dozen straining every nerve to imitate him, and going more and more beyond their means. The fact that so many live up to the extreme limit of their means and often beyond, is one great cause of these hard times.

The Habit of Generosity.

Don't put off doing a good work, until it is too late. George W. Childs, whose whole life is an illustration of the value and importance of doing things now, instead of waiting till you are dead, once said in a speech to young men: "I think the habit of generosity may be cultivated, like other habits. No one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it for yourself. It is a great pleasure to be brought into personal relations and make people feel that you are interested in them and care for their welfare. In that way you benefit them

severely alone, striving in a very desperation of agony of cosmetics to get back to the attractiveness they had when they used to brag how many masculine affections they had slaughtered. Forsaken of God and honest men and good women are sure to be all such masculine and female triflers with human and yet immortal affections.

Home Amusements.

There is a way of making our homes a hundred-fold more attractive than many of them are now. Parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipation unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half-condemnatory look, because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first lustre, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. Thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity. Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their



CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

I HAD nearly forgotten something which our excellent rector asked me to pass over to you this evening, Miss Paull," he said in the rollicking way which men of his calibre confound with well-bred ease. "It frightens me to think what might have happened had I carried it home in my pocket. I dare say, now, you would never have spoken to me again—maybe would have put me out in my best solo next Sunday."

Marie had listened politely up to this moment, her fair face composed and serious. The swift change that swept over it as she saw the superscription on the envelope extended by his pudgy hand, left him dumb and staring.

"It was more like a flash of lightning than anything else," he said to his wife when he got home. He did not even recollect whether or not she had thanked him by more than a bend of the head in passing him on her way to the gallery-stairs. "I shouldn't wonder if 'twas from her sweet-heart abroad. The handwriting was a man's, and the postmark some outlandish place with a foreign stamp on it."

The rain was falling fast when Marie reached the street; the car which she hailed and boarded was full to both platforms. In obedience to the conductor's "Step forward there, please!" room was made for her just inside the rear door. She leaned, weak and sick, against the casing, the letter clutched tightly in her hand. It was addressed in her father's well-remembered handwriting to "Miss Marie Roche Paull. In care of Rev. Dr. Egbert Lee, Rector of St. Gudule's, New York City, N. Y., United States of America."

In the ten blocks that lay between the church and Mrs. Marcy's door, she had time to review the futile attempts she had made to open communication with the exile since she had posted that first letter in Brooklyn to "Mr. Paul Morgan, Nice, France."

Carrie Storrs's device of setting the United States consul at Nice upon the track had elicited a civil reply from Mr. Oliver's secretary, to the effect that no American of the name she had given could be found in Nice. An Englishman, calling himself "Ernest Morgan," had passed a winter there, then gone on to Monte Carlo. A guarded letter of inquiry to the far-famed gambling resort met with even less success, no reply being returned. Baffled and despairing, Marie desisted from other efforts until Carrie herself went abroad a year ago, engaging not to abate her energetic attempts to find Mr. Paull, until she could put his address in his daughter's hand. The rattle-brained, warm-hearted ally wrote regularly and at surprising length, for a traveler, to her whom she facetiously dubbed "Telemacha." Always hopefully (it is so easy and pleasant to hope to all lengths when we have little at stake ourselves!) always to no purpose, so far as the object of her search was concerned.

"If I had dared take papa into confidence, something might have been done through the police," she said to poor Marie upon her return. "But that would never have done, you know."

Marie did know as well as if her only confidante had imparted the further information that once when she "wondered" tentatively to her father "if they might not run over Mr. Paull in their travels," he retorted tartly for a good-natured and well-trained American father—that "nothing was less likely—or, for that matter, less desirable."

It argued a depth of devotion which was pathetic in view of the unworthiness of the object and the scant food that kept it alive, that the daughter's faith and love never wavered through all these eventless months. She had believed that her father still lived and loved her; affection and fancy hung fadeless wreaths above the visage enshrined in her heart of hearts; idealized him into a

stainless hero, an uncomplaining martyr. Her life had but one purpose, to make amends to him for all he had suffered, to repair with her young life the wreck his enemies had made of his. It was monomania, flourishing the more rankly, and striking its roots more deeply, for the shade in which she kept it.

Here was her reward! Clutching the letter still more tightly, she sprang from the car at Mrs. Marcy's corner, ran through the rain, without raising her umbrella, to the sidewalk, and up the steps, let herself in with her latch-key and flew up two, three flights of stairs to her room to fall upon her knees and tear open the precious missive. She must read it thus—for God had sent it to her—at last! at last!

"My own, sweet daughter!"

"I knew it! I knew it! oh, my darling! my noble, suffering angel! she cried aloud, kissing the words over and over. "O, God! give me strength to read it all!"

It was long, although, as he said, he was uncertain whether or not it would ever meet her eyes. He had seen in a New York paper a notice of the appointment of "Miss Marie Paull, daughter of the late Ernest Paull"—to the position of organist in the church of St. Gudule's, Rev. Egbert Lee, D.D., Rector. He had written to her before and repeatedly, letters which her silence proved to him had not reached her. This was one more crumb cast upon the waters. Perhaps the well-meant surveillance of her lawful guardians might extend even to communications sent under cover to a stranger. He prayed her, should she receive this, to tell him of herself—his best beloved—of her brothers and Gladys—(blessings on the baby who must, by now, have forgotten her unhappy father!) and of the mother for whom he had not a word of censure.

"I, who know her Spartan integrity, her rigid sense of what she believes to be duty, her steadfast adherence to the road which she conceives is laid out by Right—expect nothing from her clemency. Believing, as she does, in the clever fabrications of my persecutors, she cannot act differently. I name her daily in my prayers as one of the noblest of women. It is not her fault, but that of the adviser who has her ear, that we are parted by half the breadth of the globe. I hope that your brother, as her favorite child, is the comfort and help she used to prophesy he would prove. If so, she misses me no longer. I am persuaded other things of you, my precious child, the little Marie who promised to marry papa when she should grow up—my household fairy!"

"You might not care to renew that promise now, could you see how gray I am, and what lines care, toil and longing have engraved in the face you once loved to kiss. I have worked hard and against odds in strange lands, and am poorer now than when I left my native shore. I should not like to have my bonny bird see where and how I live, and how shabby are my clothes. The hunger and the husks are mine, but not the riotous living. The vision of your innocent eyes, if nothing else, would prevent that. And there is no earthly home for the exile whom you, at least, will never believe to be a prodigal. The knowledge of this should make the thought of the rest that remaineth the sweeter. I shall see you there—if never again here."

CHAPTER XV.

"That heart better than hath two or three mountains to grace upon, that a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the shroudbourne of heaven, clouds and providence!"—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"Drop thy ill dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives descend
To the beauty of Thy Peace!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

"Wake up, boys! and see what a white Christmas we have!" called Mrs. Paull from the foot of the stairs.

She was answered by the rush windowward of four naked feet upon the floor overhead, and shrill, joyous outcries from two pairs of healthy lungs. She opened the front door and stepped out upon the porch where Lanier's shovel and Elspeth's broom were at work. It had snowed, not fast, but perseveringly, for fourteen hours. At three o'clock on Christmas morning the cold became too intense for any further downfall. The wind did not rise with the sun—nor did the thermometer.

Mrs. Paull looked out upon a smooth expanse of what might have been down from a curlew's breast, soft, light, and delicately dyed into the purest shade of pink. The ice-chained lake was a spotless plain into which the lawn sloped by imperceptible degrees; the naked branches of the deciduous trees were outlined to the tiniest tip with the feathery fall; the pines bowed in dumb majesty beneath the weight of royal ermine. The still, keen air was a luxury to the respiratory organs, and stung faces and fingers with the prick of electric needles. Every mountain was a Mont Blanc against the fleckless azure of the vast hollowed firmament; from the laden roofs of a dozen farm-houses arose steady columns of smoke that caught the flush of the eastern horizon in clearing the shadow of the hills.

"Such a white Christmas!" repeated Mrs. Paull in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "And such a gloriously beautiful happy world!"

Lanier tossed his last shovelful of snow upon the mastiff—whom ozone, or some instinctive sense of unusual hilarity in the moral atmosphere, moved to extraordinary yelps and bounds—and joined his mother in her rapid promenade of the paved floor.

"A pink Christmas, I should call it. Your glorious world is one huge, full-blown Maiden-blush rose."

"Just now—yes! In ten minutes the blush will be gone. It is fading now. Why should I be reminded of what the royalists said of the winter funeral of Charles I? 'And so went our white king to his burial.'"

"A gruesome association for Christmas-day!"

"Hardly that, when one recalls what he escaped. But we will have nothing but Christmas-day talk to-day. Breakfast will be ready at eight—did you say, Elspeth? Mr. Lanier here is ravenous already. We will have luncheon, my son, at half-past twelve, that you may meet Marie at the two o'clock train. Do you know"—linking her hands upon his arm as they walked—"I accept her consent to keep Christmas with us as an augury of better things? She has looked happier, and spoken more gently when I have seen her lately. She sent no gifts for the tree except a book for each of the boys, and a doll for Gladys, but you and I prize more than expensive presents the signs that we are gaining back the dear, affectionate, winsome Marie of long ago. In his own good time all that is wrong comes right."

"For right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

"And there is no place in God's world on this white Christmas-day—see, it is all pure white now—for faltering or for disloyalty."

Her eyes sparkled, her face was aglow with the dry, sweet coldness of the air; her step was as light and swift as her son's.

He stooped to kiss her, and meeting her arch glance, caught her around the waist, and waltzed with her to the other end of the piazza. The mastiff leaped and barked, Elspeth leaned on her broom to chuckle, and Gladys, appearing in the door, screamed with glee and clapped her hands.

"Mamma is dancing! Come, Nurse, and look at her!"

"Was there ever another such boy?" ejaculated Mrs. Paull, freeing herself at length, and putting her hand to head, breathless with mirth and exercise. "I am not quite sure that my hair is on my head, and my head upon my shoulders."

"There ain't many such—and more's the pity!" said Nurse Williams from the doorway. "And such mothers are even scarcer, Mr. Lanier. You are real smart to make the most of yours. You can't make too much."

She had been a guest at Pinehurst for a fortnight.

"The first out-and-out holiday I've had in ten years," she told Lanier the night before, while he and she were trimming the Christmas-tree. "And it has built me right over again. I've had a right tough pull of it since last August. First off—two typhoids in New York—in Mr. Stevens's

parish. When you've said that you may be sure they had swallowed enough sewer-gas and stale vegetables—not to speak of decayed fruit bought cheap Saturday night, on account of not keeping over Sunday—to give them typhoid as was typhoid. The two were in the one house. Mr. Stevens he come over for me on his own two feet. He couldn't trust the telegraph, he said. He waited until I could rush some things into my bag, and took me back with him. When he's on what he calls 'the king's business,' he has no manner of patience with 'fuss and frills.' That's the name he gives to pretences of all sorts, whether its pretending to be too busy, or not well enough, or not competent to roll up your sleeves, as it might be, and go to work. I've heard it said that he has lettered on the inside of his watch—'The night cometh!'"

"He borrowed that idea from Dr. Johnson, Nurse," said Lanier, banteringly. "He had the motto engraved in Greek upon his watch-case. But, go on!"

He was never better amused than when he got the good soul mounted, and in full canter, upon one of her hobbies. He said she took such comfort in all sides of her life that it refreshed him to listen and to look. They were prime friends.

"Was he a medical, or a minister doctor?"

"Neither. A doctor of philosophy and letters, and a dictionary-maker."

"Oh!" placidly concerned. "Then I suppose he had to talk Greek—poor gentleman! That 'Tales from Shakespeare,' is for Master Edwin's branch, I think. 'Historic Boys' is for Master Tom. Their sister sent them—and handsome books they are. Very improving, too, I guess."

"So, after the typhoids were up and 'round—and they accounted for six solid weeks—measles set in in our church. I had five children in one family. One of 'em complicated with mumps, and the other with rheumatism for quite a spell. You wouldn't believe how often one disease lies in wait for another. There's nothing in nature, I verily believe and attest, more trying to patients and doctors than complications. It's like getting out of the woods to find yourself up to the waist in a ma'sh. And then there was that poor young married lady that had her skirts set afire with the stump of her husband's cigar he had thrown down on the hearth, thinking it was out, and he a-reading aloud from the newspaper to her, and she braiding a smoking-jacket for him, and neither of them mistaking a thing amiss until she was in a blaze. She will be lame for life, but she didn't die, and he promised her never to touch another cigar. He said he'd had a 'sickener' that would last him for a hundred years.' By the time she was able to walk about her room, I broke down clean for the first time since I put out my sign that I'd 'nurse,' etc." Mrs. Barnes she made me laugh when she come to see me on my back with a different sort of ache in every bone in my body, by saying that the 'and so forth had been too much for me at last.' Such a flow of spirits as that blessed woman has! Between ourselves and the post, Mr. Lanier, (though what the post has to do with two people and a secret, I could never make out), her it was that put your mother up to dropping in upon me on the 10th of December, and nothing would serve her but I must bundle right up, without any more words, and come up here with her."

"She made me laugh, too, and cry together."

"It's the King's business I'm on, Mrs. Williams," says she funny and yet solemn. "Pinehurst is the cup of cold water I'm sent here to offer you, my fellow disciple."

"It's a drink that has put new life into me. Ah, Mr. Lanier! don't you fall into the way so many people have—specially young people who haven't the sign of a scar of trouble upon the skin of their hearts—of talking of this world as a sink of sin, and of their fellow-beings as worm-eaten by selfishness, from A to Amperzand. There's loads of specked fruit lying on the grass in the Lord's orchard, but it's oftentimes the sweetest that's gnarly, or rotten on one side. I think the time will come when the Master, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, will cut off for his own use the good part and throw the bad away."

"As for your mother, she's sound and ripe and fine-flavored, through and through. It's an education in grace and faith just to be with her from day to day."

(To be Continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND.

Additional Contributions for the Relief of the Destitute in New York City.

Albright, Mrs E H	100	Jr League of M E Church,	100	A girl	100
Anonyms, 37	100	Hammondsport, N Y	100	A W P West Chelmsford, Mass	200
Butler, Virginia	100	Jeans Lake, Vineland, N J	200	Miss B W B Winterbrook, Mass	100
Bancroft, Jane	100	John, N Y	100	Centerburg, Ohio	100
Brown, Miss L and friends	100	Krouse, Frances	100	Massera, N Y	100
Burling, C W	100	Kirk, Mrs C R	100	Constableville, N Y	300
Boothby, H E	100	Kenworthy, A M	100	West Indianola, Kan	200
Bryan, Mr and Mrs	100	King, Mrs P E	100	Tannton, Mass	200
Boothby, Mrs F L	200	Kimble, Mary M	100	Alleghany, Cal	100
Barker, Mr and Mrs Isaac	200	Kearley, Jessie	100	Petoskey, Mich	100
Black, Wm	200	Krumm, L V	200	Kan	100
Bunn, Joe R and family	500	Lamhorn, F H	200	A poor widow, Whitehouse, N J	100
Blatchford, Rev T W	375	Lyons, Mrs C N	100	A Christian Endeavorer,	100
Brown, John J	100	Leeper, J M	100	Bridgeport, Conn	100
Berner, Mrs Geo E	200	Leeper, Marion and Lizzy	150	Agard, mother, East Troy, Pa	300
Blair, Neil	200	Loyal Temperance Legion,	100	The Widow's mite, Brandon,	100
Beatty, Princeton, N J	100	Nashville, Pa	100	Wis	100
Bailey, Mrs C	100	Lathan, Mrs Ann	100	Brown, Mrs W C 26c; Bishop, Mrs	100
Brierly, Mrs James	100	Lemmer, Mary E	100	R H 58c; Bixler, Frank 50c; Bab-	100
Ballard, De Val	200	Martin, Mrs D	100	cock, A J 50c; Brock, Mrs Julia 50c;	100
Close, L B	200	Miller, Mrs M J	300	Bailey, Mrs E H 50c; Bates, Mrs	100
Cairns, Cornelia	100	McGee, Mrs H H	500	Libley, Mrs C 50c; Bailey, Mrs L C 75c;	100
Carrington family	100	McKee, Mrs J	100	Cooper, Annie, 90c; Cook, F M 50c;	100
Cater, Mrs J M	100	McComb, Mrs Geo	100	Crossman, Flora and Florence, 50c;	100
Carle, Mrs Chas	100	Morton, Mrs S, assisted by la-	100	Children's Mission Band, Rock Pres	100
Cutler, Edna	100	adies of Waldo, Fla	100	Church, Md, 50c.	100
Cutler, Mira	100	Moyle, E	100	Edsall, Orville and Jesse 20c.	100
C E Society of Montague C'y,	450	Mahon, Mrs Mary A	100	Fall, Maggie 25c; Friend, Penn	100
Mass	375	McNaughton, Mrs	100	Yan, A, 25c; Friend, City A, Neb.	100
Chr E Society, Burlington	375	McGee, R	100	Morrison, Mrs C, City, Mo, 30c;	100
Hr Endeavor Sister, Pa	300	McGee, Mrs Belle	100	Friend, Que, Can, 50c; Friend, Pleas-	100
Chr Endeavorer, Neche, N D	325	Mumma, Mrs	100	antville, Pa, 30c; Five little girls,	100
Conscience	200	Mothers and daughter, Port-	300	Hastings, Neb, 30c; Farun, Mrs M	100
Davoll, Julia R	200	ville, N Y	300	50c; Friend in Christ, DeKalb 25c.	100
De Lancett, Louise	100	Norris, Miss G E	100	Harrison, Mrs Jas, 25c; Holt, J E,	100
Doney, Henry	250	Noysch, Mrs	200	50c.	100
Davis, Mrs Henry	250	New Shnr, Great Neck, L I	100	In His Name, Westminster, Vt.	100
Eller, Thos A	200	Orr, Mrs D W and daughter,	200	50c; In Christ's Name, City A, Neb.	100
Ewin, F E	500	Owens, Owen H	150	Johnson's T G, Little hoy, 12c.	100
Enare, Adele	100	One of His children, Malden,	500	Klett, Little Roy 25c; Kempthorn,	100
Edson, Mrs G E	200	Mass	500	T 75c; Kenedy, Geo 5c.	100
Evans, Mrs Pauline	100	Perry, Mrs Addie	100	Lautner, Mrs S M, 50c; Lusk, Mrs	100
Eastman, L H	300	Preston, Mrs J	100	A, 50c; Lusk, Robert, A 10c; Lusk,	100
Engler, Mrs	100	Payne, Mary L	100	Robt 25c; Leopold, Princeton, N J,	100
Edwards, Wm C	100	Packet, Mrs	200	25c; Lonise, Mass 50c.	100
Elliott, Mrs Robt	100	"Ponchockie"	200	Miller, Barbara, 5c; Moon, Silas,	100
Evelyn and Kitty, M	100	Pugh, Mrs Mary E	100	25c; Minthorn, Tennie, 10c; Mains,	100
Funk, A Paul	100	Price, Mrs Eliza	100	M, 25c; Mershon, Miss L J, 75c;	100
Funk, Mrs J T	100	Rees, Mrs H F	300	Marks, Ivy 25c; Mackey, James, 50c;	100
Freeman, C E	250	Reed, Crayton, Ray & Minnie,	200	Montfort, Mrs O T, 50c; Matthews,	100
Funk, Mrs Chas	300	Ryle, J C	100	Mrs Dr, 30c; May, Mrs M, 10c;	100
Fonkles, B A and Millia	300	Reader, Yankton, S D	200	Maynard, Miss M J, 50c; "Mite,"	100
Funk, Mrs M E	150	Reader, Milford, Conn	100	Lockport, NY 30c; Marshall, Sam 6c;	100
Friend, East Lebanon, Me	200	Reader, Lakeville, Cal	100	May, Mrs M A 25c; May, Mr L P,	100
Friend and Snbr	100	Stackhouse, Mrs E J	200	25c; Miller, Mrs Frances, 57c; Mc-	100
Grand Rapids, Mich	917	Stagnar, A M	200	Donald, Mrs E G 50c; Murray, Ella,	100
For the needy, Chesaning, Mich	100	Stagnar, Mrs D G	700	50c; McCartney, Mrs I, 25c; Mill-	100
From a sailor who loves Jesus,	200	Stagnar, Mrs A	500	Shub, Mrs M A, 50c; Mother and	100
Barbados	200	Snell, Mrs A	500	daughter, Mayfield, N Y 50c; Mite,	100
Friend, Morris, Mich	200	Symes, E H	100	Lexington, Tenn 50c.	100
"Engfield, Mass	150	Synth, Sammel	100	Newton, Florence V, 10c; Nickoles,	100
"St. Albans, Vt	150	Sniley, Mrs J W	100	John & wife 50c; Nelson, Henry 25c.	100
"Weatherfield, Conn	200	Subr, Milford, Del	100	O'Kell, Nettie, 10c; Ottowa, F C,	100
"Kaukaake, Ill	100	Subr, Van Ormer, Pa	100	25c.	100
"Tolana, Ill	100	Subr, Morris, Ill	150	Parker, Master Harry, 15c; Poor	100
"Caten, N Y	100	Synth, Morris, Ill	150	Woman, Newport, Ct, 10c; Park-	100
"Pendleton	100	Synth, Morris, Ill	150	hurst, Mrs, 10c; Patton, Geo 5c;	100
"East Hebron, Me	300	Synth, Morris, Ill	150	Patton, Chas 10c; Patton, D L, 50c;	100
"and snbr, Buffalo, N Y	100	Spencer, E	100	Pryor, T J, 50c; Palmer, Mrs J M,	100
"Galt, Can	100	Subr, East Cambridge, Mass	100	50c; Pansy Society of W Windham,	100
"Summerville, N Y	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	N H, 40c.	100
"East Berne, N Y	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Replogle, May 25c; Replogle, C	100
"Argosy, N Y	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	N 25c; Matland, R, Vt, 10c; Roberts	100
"N Y	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	St M E Epworth League, Fargo, N	100
"of the poor, Perry, 50c; O	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	D, 75c; Ross, Nathad, 25c; Redmon,	100
"of the poor, Earl	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Blanche, 25c; Rhea, T F 25c; Reidy,	100
"of the poor, Dexten, N Y	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Hannah, 25c; A reader of the C H,	100
"of the needy, W Fair-	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Durham, Ia, 50c; Roberts, Harvey,	100
field, Pa	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	15c; Riley, Hugh N and Hamp, 15c;	100
"and reader, N Y	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Ray, So Blood, N Y, 25c.	100
"and husband, Charles-	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Smith, Shotty and Annie, 20c;	100
ton, Tex	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Smith, Grace and Mary, 15c; Sku-	100
Friends, Goodhue, Minn	150	Tauscher, Lydia	100	can, Billy, 30c; Smith, Susie, 50c;	100
"of Atlanta, Mich	13	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Smith, Dick, 50c; Schwan, Ada, 25c;	100
"Beloit, Kan	150	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Shnr, Hopkins, Mo, 75c; Subr, Big	100
"Columbiana, Ala	125	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Rapids, Mich, 50c; Schild, Mound-	100
"Dover, N C	50	Tauscher, Lydia	100	ridge, Kan, 10c; Singleton, Maggie,	100
"Undercliffe, Col	25	Tauscher, Lydia	100	50c; Strong, Mrs E, 75c; Subr,	100
For Jesus' sake, Jarvis, Ont	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Jennie, 25c; Strong, E, 50c; Shat-	100
Four little sisters, Mt Moriah,	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	tnck, Mrs S H, 50c; Subr, Merced,	100
Mo	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Cal, 50c; Shut-in, Minn, 20c; A Shut-	100
Goode, D P	500	Tauscher, Lydia	100	in, N H, 25c; Spurrell, Flora 25c;	100
Gilbert, F	688	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Swan, Howard 10c; Shoaff, Bertha	100
Gilbert, H M	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	30c; Subr, West Grove, Ore 25c;	100
Gough, Ralph	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Shnr, Chaffield, Minn 30c; Subr,	100
Grace, Postville	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Hopkinson, Iowa, 30c; Subr, Peters-	100
Hend, Miss J	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	horo, N H, 50c; Schoonmaker, R D,	100
Hilbert, Mrs E	300	Tauscher, Lydia	100	50c; S S teacher & class, Enid, Pa,	100
Hawthorn, G W	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	50c; S S class of Sarah E Toucks, 60c.	100
Harper, Mabel and Helen	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Thornton, Mrs H A, 50c; Tom,	100
Howard, Mrs M H	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Mrs, 50c; Tom, Sallie, 5c; Talbot,	100
Hardy, A S	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	May, 5c; Two friends, Duryea, Pa,	100
Hitchcock, Mary	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	60c; Two seamstresses, N Y, 50c;	100
Harris, Ada I	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	True sympathizer, Ashland, Va, 50c;	100
Holmes, A M G	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Thompson, Mr C, 25c; Two Chris-	100
Herrick, Mr and Mrs A P	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	tian classes, Pilot Knob, Tenn, 50c; Two SS	100
Hankins, Mrs	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	classes of Pres Church, Barleyville,	100
Hall, Mrs Etie	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	Kan, 60c; Three little boys and	100
Hall, C W	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Harrison, Wm N	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Hall, Jas C	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
In His Name, Warren, Pa	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Florence, Mass	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Tallman, Mich	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Colton, N Y	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Paradise, Kan	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Presque Isle, Me	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Nasau Valley, Cal	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Williamstown, Ky	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
"Gambier, O	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
In His Name, A B D	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Le Raysville, Pa	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
In Christ's Name, Blk'shear, Ga	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
In Jesus Name, Troy, N Y	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
In as much, Winfield, Kan	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Jones, Hugh W	200	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Johnson, Miss Alice	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Johnson, Mrs A A	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Jr S P, Port Chester, N Y	225	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Jr S C, Kelley's Island, O	100	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100
Jr Class SS, New Westfield, Me	110	Tauscher, Lydia	100	friends, 30c; Three little boys and	100

A KING AND A SABBATH OBSERVER.

The conscientious observance of the Sabbath is the subject of many anecdotes. One of these is the following: "An English king was having some repairs made to one of his palaces. Every day the king came to see the progress of the work and watch the workmen. One Monday morning he was there as usual, and missing one of the men, whose activity had attracted his attention, inquired where he was. He was at first answered evasively by the workmen; at last they said that not being able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night

they had returned to finish it on Sunday morning, and that as the man had refused to accompany them, he had been dismissed from his employment. 'Send him back immediately,' said the king. 'The man who refuses to work on the Lord's Day is the man for me.'"

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walking for milk or cream.

THE RELIGION OF THIBET.

"Miss Annie Taylor, who has just set out for Thibet, gives the following description of a scene she witnessed in that where the Gospel has never been preached. "I was staying at a place called Tsing-sing, just on the Thibetan border, and visited a large temple some distance from there called Jhare Kum Bum, or the monastery of the hundred thousand idols. There was a very large fair held at the time I was there. I went with the people into one of the temples to see what kind of idols they worshipped, and I saw the people worshipping among other things the image of the devil. The devil was represented very much as he is represented in our children's story books—copper colored with horns, and in the place round him were represented flames of fire. Before this image, with lamps and incense, men and women were worshipping. I have seen in Thibet two lamas, or priests, dressed up in the most hideous dress and hideous mask, dancing to entertain the devil. Those who say that heathens have a religion and it suffices for them, surely cannot know that the greater part of heathen worship is simply devil worship."

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am a farmer, and the medicine has given me much energy and strength to perform my work." GEORGE W. TLEY, Benjamin, Missouri.

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DEAF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

MAIZE, Kas., Jan. 28, '94.

For many years I suffered from Catarrh of the head and throat, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not understand conversation at all. Could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing had ever given me the slightest relief. Last summer I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and had not used it three weeks until my hearing began to improve, and has steadily improved ever since, and now I can hear common conversation across a room without difficulty; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away, with the door closed, and I think I am entirely cured and my hearing permanently restored. I urge all who are afflicted as I was, to obtain Dr. Moore's treatment.

EDWIN COLEMAN.

A GREAT SHIP CANAL.

ONE of the greatest engineering projects the world has ever known, has lately been brought to successful completion in England. The Manchester Ship Canal, which was opened recently, is a remarkable work, and has been accomplished in the face of many obstacles, both financial and engineering. Originally estimated to cost \$50,000,000, its construction has involved the expenditure of \$75,000,000. The first step was taken in 1887, and on Nov. 25, last, the canal was, for the first time, filled with water. The building of this canal, only thirty-five and a-half miles in length, has involved an enormous amount of work. There were 100 steam excavators of various kinds at work, 173 locomotives, 104 steam and other cranes, 182 portable and other steam engines, 209 steam pumps, 6,300 wagons, and 59 pile engines. There were 223 miles of temporary railway, while 16,361 men and boys were employed, and the consumption of coal amounted to 10,000 tons a month. The total amount of excavation is estimated at 76,000,000 tons. There are 175,000 cubic yards of brickwork, which involved the use of 70,000,000 bricks in the entire structure.



A SECTION OF THE NEW MANCHESTER CANAL.

The canal was the outcome of the competition between Manchester and Liverpool. The latter, being a seaport, enjoyed a monopoly of the cotton carrying trade, while Manchester, though the greatest centre of the cotton industry in the world, had no outlet for its manufactures, except through Liverpool, and had to suffer in consequence. The canal will make the supremacy of Liverpool a thing of the past as far as the cotton carrying trade is concerned. The canal, a great part of which runs alongside the river Mersey, is excavated throughout its whole length to a minimum width of 120 feet at the bottom, and averages 172 feet at water-level. The upper portion is 170 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet at water-level. At the various locks the canal is considerably wider, and will admit of vessels turning. Large steamers can pass each other at any part of the canal, and where works are built on the side of the canal, it is widened to allow of shipping lying alongside wharves, without interfering with the passage of vessels up and down the canal. It has seven bridges, worked by hydraulic power. There are nearly 40,000 shareholders in the canal, which ranks in commercial importance with those of Suez, Nicaragua, Panama and other great engineering projects of the present century.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF THE WORLD.

The following figures in reference to the Sunday Schools in this country and in the world were given at the recent meeting of the International Sunday School Committee: Number of schools in the United States, 121,977; officers and teachers, 1,303,254; scholars, 9,688,566—total 11,113,557. In the whole world there are: Schools, 224,563; officers and teachers, 2,239,738; scholars, 20,268,923—total, 22,732,224.

POLYCARP'S LAST PRAYER.

Polycarp was the martyr who, when advised to curse Christ and live, replied: "Six and eighty years have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good. How could I curse my Lord and Saviour?" While the crowd was gathering fuel to burn him with, he calmly prayed: "Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I have received the knowledge of thee! O, God of the angels and powers and of every living creature, and of all sorts of just men that live in thy presence, I thank thee that thou hast graciously vouchsafed this day and

this hour to allot me a portion among the number of martyrs, among the people of Christ, unto the resurrection of everlasting life; among whom I shall be received in thy sight, this day, as a fruitful and acceptable sacrifice! Wherefore, for all this I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee through the everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son; to whom, with thee, the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be all glory, world without end. Amen." He was martyred A.D. 166. He had been taught by John.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

In reference to a question which has been often mentioned in the secular press, Rev. S. B. Partridge, D.D., of Swatow, China, writes to the Baptist Missionary Magazine: "I have read with interest the reports which our home papers have been giving us in regard to 'The Parliament of Religions,' and have been amazed at the reception which was given to Buddhism. A Buddhist priest is reported to have asked, at one of the sessions, how many of those present had ever read the life of Buddha. Five persons responded by show of hands. The priest exclaimed 'Five only,' and added, '475,000,000 of people accept our religion.' Had I been present, and had questions been in order, I would have asked the priest how many of the 475,000,000 Buddhists had themselves ever read the life of Buddha. I am confident that five in the company which was before him was a larger percentage than he would find in an equally large company of the followers of Buddha. The Burmese are Buddhists, and Burmese nationality is practically extinct under British rule. The Siamese are Buddhists, and in their recent submission to the demands of France, I see the beginning of the end.

The Buddhist priest spoke of Buddha as one "who discovered the first truth of the universe, who has saved, and will save by his teachings, the millions and millions of falling human beings."

A more utterly false statement it would be impossible to make. Christ offers salvation to all Buddhists who will accept it through him, but Buddhism has nothing whatever to give to Christianity. Possibly there are Christians who might learn something to their advantage from the lives of some of the Buddhists, but Christianity can learn nothing from Buddhism. I speak that which I know, and testify of that which I have seen."

A HELPFUL NEIGHBOR.

"There's a man," said a gentleman, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any man who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he does not often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers for any other object. But a new family never family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the outlook to give strangers a seat in his pew in church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day, just to meet him on the streets."

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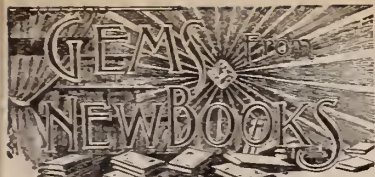
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SOLOMON'S SPLENDOR.*

THE principal palace of Solomon was thirteen years in building. It was situated on the eastern brow of the upper or ancient part of the city, at a point opposite to the citadel and palaces of David on the west, and overlooking the temple on the east. When completed it was connected with the temple area by a causeway spanning the Tyropean valley. As yet the work had been in progress but four years, or since the completion of the temple. The only portion finished was the house of the daughter of Pharaoh, which was at the south end of the great court and extended around to the Hall of Judgment, on the side toward the city. At the northern end was yet to be built "the house where the king dwelt," or the great palace for the royal harem, with its interior courts. On the east side, toward the temple, was to rise the magnificent hall of state, known as the House of the Forest of Lebanon. This hall received its name from the forest of lofty cedars supporting its roof. Its walls, like those of the other edifices, were of sawed stone, which rose white and glistening in that eastern sun, one of the chief landmarks of Zion. The interior was wainscoted with tiers of various-colored, polished marbles, surmounted by a fourth course carved to represent leaves and flowers. Above, the plastered walls, richly colored and gilded, were pierced with windows which afforded to the hall an ample light. Other were to come wondering embassies from distant lands, depositing their gifts and looking through the maze of columns at the dazzling throne guarded by lions, where sat the monarch in all his splendor. From this palace, when the acme of his splendor and luxury should be reached, the king would roll forth in state to visit the royal pleasures. One of the most famous of these was far to the north, under the shadows of Lebanon. Another was at Bethany, near Bethlehem, a morning's ride from Jerusalem. Josephus has given us a picture of the pageant, as the king set forth in early dawn for the latter resort in one of his gorgeous Egyptian chariots. He tells us of the splendid routine of attendants, of the youths, of the body-guard with flowing air powdered with gold, of the train of mounted archers resplendent in gold and purple. We see the monarch in his pride, his glittering crown and the gems that stud his lustrous robe flash back the sun. As if receiving the homage of nature, he reclines at ease and drinks as his own the cool air of the morning.

How like a vision out of another world must the pageant have seemed, as it swept past the cottage of some humble Israelite whom toil and taxes kept grinding from dawn to dusk, doing his part to support such pomp!

Though that stage of luxury and adulation was yet a decade away, the bent of king and court was already taken in that direction. The official residence was still the old palace at the citadel amid modest surroundings. But at the house of the Egyptian princess, the monarch was enjoying all that the world could suggest of luxurious indulgence. Already the twelve chief purveyors at the court were important personages. The great household officers hardly bowed before the princes of the tribes. All was in train for a typical Oriental despotism. Darius, a wealthy Corinthian Christian, Paul the Apostle, having at his side his

THE GREAT ARGUMENT.

It is in the month of February, in the year of Christ 38. In a room in the house of

*From *The Son of a Prophet*, by George Anson Jackson. A vivid picture of life in the time of King Solomon; pp. 294; cloth covers; price \$1.50. Houghton Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston, publishers.

†From *The Expatriate's Bible: The Epistle to the Romans*, by Prof. Handley C. G. Moule, M.A. Of all the books of the Bible, the one on which the ordinary reader needs light most is the Epistle to the Romans. The argument is so subtle, the point of view is so remote, that although we understand enough to wonder and admire, we are conscious of the existence of depths which we cannot sound and heights that we cannot attain. It is well that this volume, which deals with the epistle was committed to a scholar so learned and so reverent as Prof. Moule. Pp. 437; price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth street, New York.

amanuensis Tertius, addresses himself to write to the converts of the mission at Rome. For himself, the apostle is about to close his three months' stay at Corinth; he has heard of plots against his life, and will in prudence decline the more direct route from Cenchreae by sea, striking northward for Philippi, and thence over the Egean to Troas. Jerusalem he must visit, if possible before May is over, for he has by him the Greek collections to deliver to the poor converts of Jerusalem. Then, in the vista of his former movements, he sees Rome, and thinks with a certain apprehension yet with longing hope about life and witness there. A Greek Christian woman is about to visit the city, Phoebe, a ministrant of the mission at Cenchrea. He must commend her to the Roman brethren; and a deliberate letter to them is suggested by this personal need.

He had been just engaged also with the problems of Christian life, in the mission at Corinth. There the main trouble was less of creed than of conduct. In the Corinthian Epistles we find no great traces of an energetic heretical propaganda, but rather a bias in the converts towards a strange license of temper and life. Perhaps this was even accentuated by the popular logical assent to the truth of justification taken alone, isolated from other concurrent truths, tempting the Corinthian to dream that he might "continue in sin that grace might abound." If such were his state of spiritual thought, he would encounter (by his own fault), a positive moral danger in the supernatural "Gifts," which at Corinth about that time seem to have appeared with quite abnormal power. An antinomian theory, in the presence of such exaltations, would lead the man easily to the conception that he was too free and too rich in the supernatural order to be the servant of common duties and even of common morals. Thus the apostle's soul would be full of the need of expounding to its depths the vital harmony of the Lord's work for the believer and the Lord's work in him: the co-ordination of a free acceptance of both the precept and the possibility of holiness. He must show once for all how the justified are bound to be poor and humble, and how they can so be, and what forms of practical dutifulness their life must take. He must make it clear forever that the ransom which releases also purchases; and the Lord's freeman is the Lord's property: that the death of the Cross, reckoned as the death of the justified sinner, leads direct to his living union with the Risen One, including a union of will with will; and that thus the Christian life, if true to itself, must be a life of loyalty to every obligation, every relation, constituted in God's providence among men. The Christian who is not attentive to others, even where their mere prejudices and mistakes are in question, is a Christian out of character. So is the Christian who is not a scrupulously loyal citizen, recognizing civil order as the will of God. So is the Christian who in any respect claims to live as he pleases, instead of as the bond-servant of his Redeemer should live.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Scott's Roses and other Beautiful Flowers: a Handy Catalogue for the Gardener; pp. 64; paper covers; illustrated. Issued by Robert Scott & Son, Philadelphia.

Rare Florida Plants and Fruits: a Manual for the Use of Horticulturists and others; pp. 64; illustrated; paper covers. Issued by Pike & Ellsworth, Jessamine, Pasco county, Florida.

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1894: a Comprehensive Guide to the Seed and Plant Buyer; pp. 172; paper covers; fully illustrated. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Injurious Insects, and the Use of Insecticides: by Frank W. Semper, Director of the Fordhook Laboratory. A new handy Manual on Noxious Insects with Methods for their Repression; especially valuable to Farmers and Horticulturists; copiously illustrated; pp. 116; paper covers. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

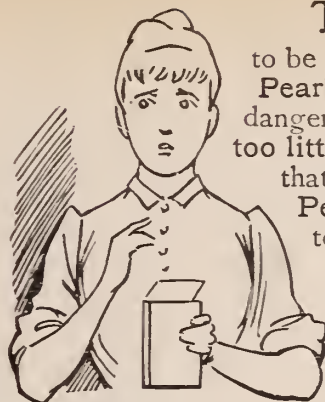
The Good & Reese Co., Illustrated Catalogue and Price-list of flowers and seeds. Contains everything necessary for the farmer, gardener, or florist. A superb variety of seeds. Issued by the Good & Reese Co., Champion City Greenhouses, Springfield, O.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1894, comes this year in a suit of gold with illustrations in eight different colors. Contains full descriptions of the latest varieties of flowers and complete price lists. Issued by James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Proca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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THE GOSPEL IN JERUSALEM.

Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, the Converted Jewish Preacher, and his Evangelistic Labors in the Holy City—A Christian Work of Faith, in which Wife and Daughter assist.

PRAY for the Peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.

There is no spot on the wide world in which Christians are more deeply interested than in Jerusalem, "the city of the great king," the scene of the most important events in the life of our Lord and Saviour, and of the grand drama of his atoning sacrifice and man's redemption. In the future, as in the past, Jerusalem is the focus of Christian hope and expectation. The scene of His ascension will also be that of His return in majesty and the ancient metropolis which has given to the world its perfect prophets, apostles and martyrs will again be filled with the glory and blessedness of His presence.

When the great Commission to preach the Gospel to every creature was first issued, the divine mandate directed that the work "begin at Jerusalem," and that to "the Jew first," the heavenly message should be presented. This injunction, which was followed with rare fidelity by the early fathers of the faith, seemed in these later days to have been almost lost sight of. Although it is to the highest interest of the Church of Christ that the Jews should be evangelized, other fields have attracted larger Gospel effort. But the ancient people have not been forgotten either in their own native Palestine, or in other parts of the world where they are scattered. Hebrew-Christian missions have been founded in many countries and even in Jerusalem, where Moslem authority grudgingly gives consent to the exercise of other religions than Mohammedanism—there is a Christian Union Mission, doing most excellent service in the ingathering and regeneration of the Hebrews in that city. It is under the spiritual care of Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, its founder, who with his wife and daughter has labored in Palestine for many years with most blessed spiritual results.

Abraham Ben-Oliel was born at Tangiers, Morocco, in 1826. He there attended the Rabbinic schools, learning Spanish at home, Arabic out of doors, and Hebrew and Chaldee at school. When eighteen years of age, he read the New Testament for the first time; and, though his father took it away from him, it left a deep impression on his mind, and a spirit of inquiry was aroused. While visiting at Gibraltar, in 1847, he became acquainted with a Christian friend who assisted his inquiries by the loan of books. The study of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and of "Keith on Prophecy," convinced him that Jesus is the Messiah and the only Saviour of man. Having found peace to his own soul, he became most anxious to impart the knowledge of the riches of Divine grace to others; and, in order to qualify himself more fully for preaching the Gospel to others, he came over to England in 1847 to study. The Committee of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, offered to send

him out as a missionary to his brethren at Gibraltar and North Africa; and in 1848 he was designated to the work, and entered upon it at once. During a visit to England in 1850, he translated St. Luke's Gospel into Judeo-Spanish, and also a number of tracts in Hebrew and Spanish. In 1852, he was ordained to the ministry at the Orange Street Chapel, London, by twelve ministers, representing the Presbyterian, Con-

ried to a daughter of the Rev. B. Lewis, a devoted Baptist volunteer minister of London. She died in 1861.

In 1856-58, Mr. Ben-Oliel was employed by the Committee of the Jewish Scheme of the Established Church of Scotland in Turkey, where he was instrumental in opening missions at Thessalonica and Smyrna. In July, 1859, he rejoined his old friends of the British Society, and went out again to North Africa—Oran, Algeria, being the central station. In 1867, he was called to Algiers on an errand of deep and touching interest. Few servants of God were more signally blest than he in bringing their own immediate relatives to the Saviour. He had reason

brother Moses, after steadfastly enduring a long course of trials for the truth's sake, declared himself on the Lord's side, and was baptized, with his children. Mr. Ben-Oliel's three surviving brothers and his sister are not only Christians, but all in the service of the Master. One is minister of an Episcopal Free Church at Addiscombe; one is serving the Bible Society; the third is an evangelist in Spain; and his sister is the wife of the Rev. J. Villiesid, a missionary to Spain. Mr. Villiesid himself was born to spiritual life under Mr. Ben-Oliel's roof, and through the prayers and teaching of his wife.

In Spain it was Mr. Ben-Oliel's privilege to be the first Evangelical minister that preached the Gospel of salvation at Linares, near Cordova, and at San Fernando, Isla de Leon, the chief naval arsenal of Spain, at the earnest petition of the people themselves. He organized churches at Cadiz and San Fernando, and assisted in the organization of the Jerez church. In Spain, Mr. Ben-Oliel, after nine years of solitary life since the death of his first wife, in 1870 married Miss Agnes Seeley, an English lady, sister of the Revs. Edward and Henry Seeley, and cousin of Professor Seeley, of Cambridge University, the celebrated author of "Ecce Home."

Their union was blessed with nine living children, the three eldest being devoted helpers in mission work. His congregation at Cadiz grew rapidly, frequently numbering over 1000. He opened schools for both sexes, which eventually contained nearly 350 pupils. He superintended the labors of evangelists, colporteurs and Bible-women and gave special instruction to candidates for membership. His success provoked the opposition and animosity of the Romish priests who started a newspaper, published on Sundays, to abuse and vilify him and his work, and controvert his teaching, which priests were sent constantly to hear and report. In various other ways, they annoyed and persecuted him, but he labored on earnestly and successfully, despite opposition.

Mr. Ben-Oliel was appointed as missionary to Jews and Spaniards, in the expectation that the Sephardi Jews would have flocked to Spain to settle there again; but though small numbers visited Spain on business during the republic, none took their families there to settle, and Mr. Ben-Oliel's conscience revolted against spending money given for the spiritual regeneration of his brethren to the benefit of the Gentiles, and he was, therefore, directed to go to his old field, Oran, Algeria, and he did so. At Oran, where his brother Moses is laboring for the British and Foreign Bible Society, Jews and Spaniards flocked to his house to hear the Word of God; but he had not sufficient accommodation for them. He prevailed on the French Protestant Pastors to let him use their "Temple" for the Sabbath evening services, they having only one weekly service on Sunday forenoons. Soon the "Temple" began to be crammed with Jews, Jewesses, and Spaniards, &c., and the pastors got alarmed, knowing that the government, on whom they depended for their salaries, is strongly opposed to propagandism—proselytism they called it—and with-

(Continued on page 282.)



THE JERUSALEM MISSION—REV. A. BEN-OLIEL, ITS FOUNDER AND CONDUCTOR, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

(Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald".)

gregational, Wesleyan, Baptist, and Lutheran churches. Shortly afterward he was recognized by the Presbytery of Edinburgh as a member and ordained a missionary of that church. The same year he was mar-

ried to a daughter of the Rev. B. Lewis, a devoted Baptist volunteer minister of London. She died in 1861.

In 1856-58, Mr. Ben-Oliel was employed by the Committee of the Jewish Scheme of the Established Church of Scotland in Turkey, where he was instrumental in opening missions at Thessalonica and Smyrna. In July, 1859, he rejoined his old friends of the British Society, and went out again to North Africa—Oran, Algeria, being the central station. In 1867, he was called to Algiers on an errand of deep and touching interest. Few servants of God were more signally blest than he in bringing their own immediate relatives to the Saviour. He had reason



WRESTLING WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: *"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."*

THE dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the goodwill of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, de-thronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown of Edinburgh, the pistol-shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the Cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the Bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you, or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone, by the brook Jabbok; and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once

a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myriads of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle; and they have bitten their lip, and clenched their fists, and cried with a blood-red earnestness, and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit; but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into utter darkness. First, I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures, and musical instruments, and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams, and Christian households are silent with slumber, angel-watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—for ever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the Pass of Thermopylae, or Bala-klava, where, "into the jaws of death, rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings, coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the

ripple of the brook Jabbok,—the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street when I come to a corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject, that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-despatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you, have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment, and shipwreck, could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent, and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To lazier worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What ploughed those

premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. Are we Stoics, that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Again: we may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the day-dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap you hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven, we must be immersed or sprinkled; or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy; or they must be Calvinists, or Arminians, in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are non-essentials in religion.

During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist Church, and sat at a love-feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopal Church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will staunch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that will be hard to leave. I care not how light our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood, or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblest. It shall not be told in heaven at a dying soul cried unto God for help, it was not delivered. The lattice may be mended to keep out the sun, or a book set dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of phanage and widowhood; or the Church Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong resting by the brook will cease; the hour death's night will pass along; one o'clock in the morning: two o'clock in the morning: four o'clock in the morning; the day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have found with the world is, that it treats me so well; but when the time comes to go, I must be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me on. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: Let me go—let me go! The day breaketh.

REAPING IN CONGO-LAND.

In a letter from Dr. W. H. Leslie, who is laboring at Banza Manteka, on the Congo, he says: "Between 200 and 300 souls have been added to the church here since last March, which means a great deal when it is considered that each one of them has passed through a number of rigid examinations, and their lives carefully watched for manifestations of the workings of God's Spirit before they were accepted as church members."

"These poor people support their own poor, and also support a native missionary, who is doing a grand work in a town about two days' journey from here. The evangelists (native) of this church are about ten in number, supported, some by Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies of America, some by individuals. We have a school, in which these workers are taught for a portion of each year. The Lord is abundantly blessing their labors; their reports remind one more of apostolic than modern times. Men, seemingly, dare not lay their hands on them, although they at times are desirous of doing so. They defy the State soldiers to commit acts of cruelty."

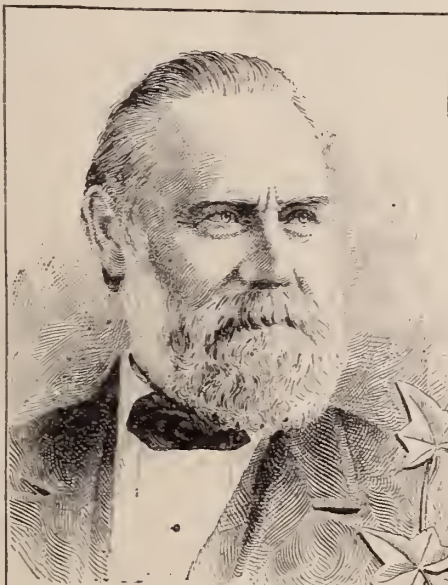
"An incident occurred a few weeks ago that deserves mention. An influential chief had opposed the work for a long time, and at last threatened to punish any one who would come out to hear the Gospel. The preachers, nothing daunted, took the case to the One who is able to remove the greatest obstacle or bring low the proudest head. Believing that he had heard them, they came out and preached Jesus to the chief. At first he refused to listen, but after a time became quiet, and then showed personal interest. He was impressed and convicted, and at last asked the old question, 'What must I do?' The way was unfolded from the Word. The man said—'That's good, tell me more.' So the rest of day was spent in slaking the thirst of this awakened soul at the fount of life, and when the sun was set the only candle was burnt to render further reading possible; and deep was the regret when it flickered and went out. Before dawn had matured to daylight, the man was at the teacher's hut, waking him from sleep to 'tell him more.' This chief is now holding up Jesus to his own people."

TWO CHRIST-LIKE LIVES.

Services Rendered to Christ and Humanity by Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Knudsen.

FEW weeks ago the death of Prof. C. W. Knudsen of South Norwalk, Conn., was announced in these columns and mention was made of the unostentatious but extensive work that he and his devoted wife had been doing for many years for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. It is now our sad duty to record the death of Mrs. Knudsen, who survived her husband only twenty days. She had been his hearty and cordial adviser and helper in all his Christian work and had maintained besides, a number of religious and philanthropic enterprises which had originated in her own loving, helpful soul and were executed either with her own hands, or by her trusted and honored friend, Rev. D. M. Heydrick. It was characteristic of her, that when death took away her beloved husband, she did not abandon herself to idle grief, but promptly took up the burden he had laid down and made plans for carrying on his special work in addition to her own. She believed that in no way could she honor the memory of her husband so well as in continuing the benefactions of his life. But it was not so to be. The Lord had need of her and he "has taken her to his own home."

It was a singularly beautiful and Christ-like life that these two modest workers lived. Seeking no notoriety, asking for no recognition, requiring no gratitude, they went on helping the needy and ministering to the Lord's poor, content if some brother or sister in Christ found life a little easier,



THE LATE PROF. C. W. KNUDSEN.

the work for the Master somewhat less difficult through their efforts. Mrs. Knudsen was remarkably devoted to this sphere of helpfulness, giving pecuniary aid to students in schools and colleges, supplying material comforts to many, and devoting constant thought and abundant means to ministering to spiritual needs. She expended thousands of dollars in sending Bibles, and tracts, and leaflets to needy districts, in supplying poor ministers with Christian literature that they needed to help them in their work and in replenishing the libraries of struggling colleges. Nor were her gifts confined to these. She had many friends among the wealthy and honored classes of this and other lands, for whose conversion her soul yearned. Whenever she found some book or paper that seemed to her likely to appeal to such persons, she would order a large number of copies which she sent to them with earnest prayers that God's blessing would rest on the effort. Missionaries in the cities and towns of our own land and those in heathen lands were to her, objects of special solicitude. She encouraged them to report their needs and many were the gifts which reached them from her. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was largely used by her in this way.

Again and again she would send to this office lists of missionaries and Christian workers, who, she believed, could not afford

for his skill as a teacher, and for the originality of his methods of education. Mrs. Knudsen was also a famous educator. For many years before her marriage she conducted, in company with her sister, Miss Lucy M. Green, a well-known school on Fifth avenue, New York, which was highly esteemed, not only for the thorough education it afforded, but for the high Christian principles inculcated there. Her sound judgment, forbearance and consideration for the



EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AT SOUTH NORWALK, CT.
(Founded and Established by Prof. and Mrs. Knudsen.)

to subscribe for it, but who would value the assistance it renders to the earnest laborer in the Lord's vineyard. She would pay for a year's subscription for them and many of them never knew to whom they were indebted for the welcome weekly visitor. Many of her other benefactions were done in this unobtrusive way. Only two days before her death she made up a list of hundreds of valuable books which she ordered to be sent to thirty missionaries who had recently gone to various fields of labor. Besides these kindly services, Mrs. Knudsen took an active interest in local Christian

work. She and her husband maintained at their own expense a missionary in South

weaknesses and foibles of others, were her characteristics from early girlhood, and enabled her to give wise counsel to the perplexed girls and grown people who came to her for advice. She married Mr. Knudsen in 1864, and in 1869, removed with him to South Norwalk, where for a quarter of a century, she led her life of Christian helpfulness and beneficence. Mrs. Knudsen, whose maiden name was Mary Ruggles Green, was a member of a famous old colonial family, many of whose representatives have done conspicuous service for the state. One of her brothers is Mr. Andrew H. Green, whose services as Comptroller of New York, the city still remembers with gratitude. Another, Dr. Samuel F. Green, was for more than twenty years a medical missionary in Ceylon, whose numerous works are the standard medical literature of the Tamil people of Ceylon and Southern India.

SECRET DISCIPLES IN INDIA.

In the fifty-fifth report of the Wesleyan Mission in the Mysore Province, we read: "No one who studies Indian religions will ever suppose that these figures of church membership represent the whole or any large portion of the real results of our labors. Here and there, in the various sections of the detailed reports from the several circuits, there are references to sincere and devoted, secret disciples of the Lord whom we serve."

"Thus the senior missionary at Mysore city, writing of a carefully organized tour, says: It was cheering to meet in remote places those on whom the truth has by different means begun to make its impression. In one village we met a respectable and well-to-do man whose mind seems fully made up as to the claims of Christ. He has entirely forsaken his idols, and is now seeking earnestly to bring his wife and only son to see things as he sees them. On one of our walks back to camp we met a religious procession halting by the side of a stream. An offering had just been made in fulfillment of a vow, and the remains of the offering were being committed to the stream."

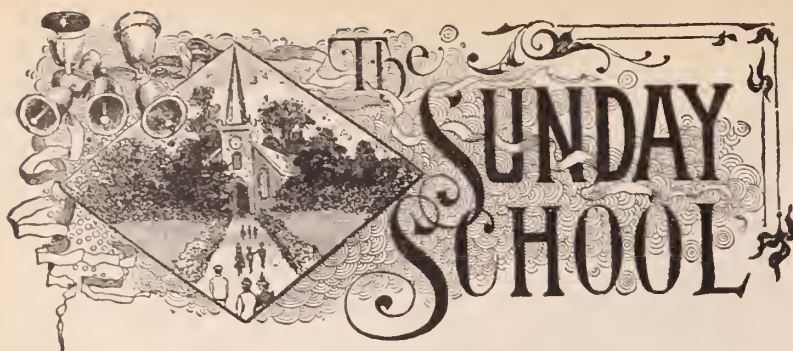
"We spoke to the whole procession, and afterward got into private conversation with two of the men. We were surprised to hear them speak regretfully about the ceremony which had just been performed. They said they took no interest in it, but were compelled to join in it on account of the mothers and wives and old men of their household. They then told us that they belonged to a small group of men in an adjacent town, who for some time had been meeting secretly to read the Gospels together. Lastly, a Mussulman whom we have known long and conversed with frequently, came and announced his belief in Jesus as the Son of God, and his desire to leave all and follow him. The case is a difficult one. We have no reason to doubt his sincerity. But if he is faithful to his purpose he will have to leave his present appointment, and will expose himself to a persecution which is sure to be very savage."



MRS. C. W. KNUDSEN.

Norwalk who went from house to house visiting the poor and the sick. They built a large hall near their own residence which has proved a blessing to the neighborhood. There religious services were held in English and German, alternately, and the pure Gospel, unmingled with sectarian teaching, was preached. The hall was fully equipped with educational appliances, and free lectures were given there and classes for several branches of study were conducted. An astronomical observatory is connected with it, which was thoroughly appreciated by the people.

Mr. Knudsen was a Dane by birth. He was born in Copenhagen in 1818, was educated at the Military College and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. At the conclusion of his college course he spent a few years in England, and in 1852, he came to this country, where he established himself as a Professor of Drawing. He soon became fa-



ISRAEL'S BONDAGE IN EGYPT.

S. S. Lesson May 13. Ex. 1: 1-14. Golden Text, Ps. 124: 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

JOSEPH'S sun had gone down on Egypt, and the light of his godly life was no more shining before his brethren; but the promise of God remained, that in Abraham and in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blest. Yet, for four hundred years after the death of Joseph, God had no such witness as he had been in the earth, and the seed of Abraham were neither blest nor made a blessing in the full sense of the promise. Numerically they "were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty and the land [of Egypt] was filled with them." They were becoming "as the sand which is upon the seashore." But they were far from resembling "the stars of the heaven" for they, the chosen witnesses of God in the earth lapsed into idolatry. It is explicitly stated by the Lord himself: "In the day when I chose Israel, and lifted up mine hand unto the seed of the house of Jacob, and made myself known unto them in the land of Egypt. . . . Then said I unto them: Cast ye away every man the abominations of his eyes, and defile not yourselves with the idols of Egypt: I am the Lord your God. But they rebelled against me, and would not hearken unto me; they did not every man cast away the abominations of their eyes, neither did they forsake

The Idols of Egypt:

Then I said, I will pour out my fury upon them, to accomplish my anger against them in the midst of the land of Egypt." Joshua, too, in his last days, exhorted the people: "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord." (Josh. 24: 14).

Thus it came to pass that the people, who, through Joseph's witness for God, enjoyed honor and prestige in Egypt, were suffered by the God who loved them to sink into servility and to be afflicted "four hundred years" as God had foretold to Abram. While God thus vindicated his name which they had polluted among the heathen. His patience waited until the iniquity of the Amorites had reached its full measure, and he could be justified in giving their land to his people whom he would deliver from idolatry and slavery. How wonderful is God's economy! During all this time he waited patiently until he could find another man who could truly respond to him. His purpose remained unaltered, but Israel did not know, his people did not consider, the great thoughts which he had in his heart for them. Meanwhile, in the chronicles of Egypt, and in the tradition of the families, it would be told how the God of the Hebrews had sent Joseph, his servant, to deliver them in providing against the time of famine, and the idolaters of Egypt would have wondered how the people of such a God could have succumbed to the influence of the Egyptians, and how public opinion could have overcome their allegiance to him. The cause of God was losing instead of gaining through those who were the posterity, but only the earthly seed of the father of the faithful. And God waited and did not destroy! Yet things were preparing for a crisis.

And God is waiting now. The so-called believers, the would-be children of Abraham are multiplying as never before. It is fashionable to be religious; churches, chapels, mission halls, spring up on all sides; of quantity there is a superabundance, but of quality—of that quality of heart which understands God—how little! God be praised for all the preaching of the Gospel, but how much of the Spirit of the world there is mixed up with it! Stnfe, envy, jealousy, self-import-

tance, covetousness, unreality, self-indulgence, are to be found everywhere in the church as in the world; and the name, the character of Christ is "polluted" among the unsaved by the un-Christlikeness of the saved.

The time of which God had spoken to Abraham was nearly elapsed; deliverance was approaching. But with God day comes out of night, life out of death, deliverance out of oppression. Thus it came to pass that the children of Israel must first feel keenly their bondage before God could bring them out of it. A new dynasty came into power, and the family of the ancient Pharaohs became extinct. Seti I., who associated with him in the kingdom, his son, Rameses II. (both whose mummies have been discovered and photographed), came to the throne. They instituted

A Policy of Repression

against the people of the Hebrews which grew so mightily in their midst. They consulted with their people thus: "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we; come, let us deal wisely with them: lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when they falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land. But Pharaoh had not calculated that the same God, who had worked so wondrously with Joseph, must be taken into account by any who would touch or oppress his people. These Pharaohs knew not Joseph and cared not to know Joseph's God. They set over the Hebrews, task-masters to afflict them with their burdens, and, as though in mockery of the storehouses in Joseph's time, they made them build treasure cities for the Egyptians, Pithom and Raamses. But their policy was ineffectual, the people thrived upon affliction; "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." The kings increased their oppression, and "made their lives bitter with hard bondage," but this did not diminish their number; they were made to serve with rigor, but the purpose of the Pharaohs was still unaccomplished, while all they did furthered God's purpose to prepare his people for a coming deliverance. Up to this time there was more trouble among the Egyptians because of the power of the oppressed than there was in Israel because of their oppression: "The Egyptians were grieved because of the children of Israel." But God would allow the oppression to increase until all self-help, all help from man, all the false comfort which they might derive from heathen superstition, broke down, and they would remember again the God whose people they were. It was as a last resource, and not at the beginning of their need, that the children of Israel sighed by reason of bondage, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage.

This is ever God's way. We, in our shortsightedness, are apt to be in a hurry to get people out of their difficulties, and

We Act Before God

has prepared the way. Thus much which we do has to be undone, or done over again. Only God can know when the discipline which he permits has done its work, and his children are ripe for blessing. God can afford time to let things ripen, he is never in a hurry, and "he that believeth" is like him, he "shall not make haste."

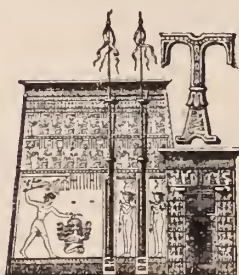
The children of Israel had become used to bondage; this generation had grown up in it, they knew nothing better: their chains must be drawn tighter and must gall them, before they would awake sufficiently to appeal to the God whom they had neglected and dishonored. "The hurt of the daughter of his people" must not be healed slightly. And another purpose of God must be served. Had the children of Israel followed up the testimony of the life of Joseph, and their moral power been equal to their numerical power, idolatry might have been al-

most, if not totally overthrown in Egypt. They had had the opportunity to be blest in being a blessing, and they had lost it. Now God must withdraw from them, and take into his own hands the testimony of himself, and must prove by judgments, which should first visit both the Egyptians and the Hebrews, that he was the Lord.

The Pharaohs, baffled in their attempt to diminish the number and the power of Israel, by what would now be called "sweating," tried another expedient. They sent for the Hebrew midwives, and commanded them to kill every male child which the Hebrew women should bear. But again the Pharaohs were baffled. God has his witnesses in all times, often where they would least be sought for. These women were almost alone in their generation as God-fearing women, they obeyed God rather than man, yes, rather than kings; and God cared for them. It would have been an easy matter for the Egyptian kings to compass their death, but God, who keeps watch over his own, did not permit it.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



HE difficulty of reckoning dates and periods in this portion of the Bible is at present insurmountable. Various ingenious schemes of chronology have been arranged but none is entirely satisfactory. The records on the Egyptian monuments appear to imply that the Egyptians had no era at this time, but identified a year by its number in the reign of the king. All these difficulties may disappear at any time by the discovery of some monument, or the deciphering of some newly found inscription. Some Egyptologists believe that the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites was Thothmes III., of the eighteenth dynasty; but the general belief is that the oppression commenced under Seti I. of the nineteenth dynasty and increased under his son Rameses II., and that the exodus took place under Menepthah I. These kings belonged to a different dynasty from that of the Pharaoh who advanced Joseph and probably were its rivals and conquerors. Between the closing words of the last chapter of Genesis and the passage which is the subject of the lesson there was a period, the length of which has not been accurately ascertained. It was probably about sixty-four years. This added to the seventy-one previous years since Jacob went to Egypt and the eighty subsequent years before the exodus would give two hundred and fifteen years as the length of time the Israelites were in Egypt. This mode of reckoning agrees with the statement in I. Kings 6: 1, and Paul's in Galatians 3: 17, which computes the time from the call of Abraham to the giving of the law at four hundred and thirty years. It does not agree with a statement in Exodus 12: 40, but that passage is probably incorrect. The proper rendering is doubtless that of the Septuagint which runs: "The sojourning of the children and of their fathers which they sojournd in the land of Canaan and in the land of Egypt was 430 years." This would allow about half the period for the time when Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were sojourners in the land before Jacob went to Egypt.

The treasure cities mentioned in the eleventh verse were a mystery until about ten years ago, when a ruined city was uncovered near Ismailia. It was built of bricks marked "Pi-tum," some of which are in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The city was enclosed in walls twenty-two feet thick and was evidently a stronghold. The majority of its buildings were without doors or windows, the entrance being from the roof. They were evidently not used as dwelling houses, but would be convenient for the storage of grain or treasure. The bricks vary in quality, some containing chopped rushes and sedges in place of the straw used in the others. Bas-reliefs still existing, show men half-naked making bricks, and overseers with whips in their hands examining the work and counting the bricks.

A king who knew not Joseph. He might have learned all about him had he desired to do so, for Joseph had been dead only sixty-four years, and there must have been many who could have told him how much the monarchy and the country were indebted to the great Hebrew. Probably he had heard, but kings are often guilty of ingratitude. When Charles II of England was an exile, the bishops and clergy were the most earnest and self-sacrificing in their efforts to effect the restoration of the Stuart family. Charles was restored, but when his brother, James II, came to the throne, he forgot all the services the clergy had rendered to his house. He heaped indignities upon them, took away their benefices, persecuted them and imprisoned the bishops. Like Pharaoh he learned to his cost, when he was driven out of the kingdom, what comes of ingratitude.

Let us deal wisely with them. After the ten plagues and the loss of the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, they were able to judge whether the course adopted toward the Hebrews had really been wise. Bunyan has an illustration of the futility of fighting against men whom God is supporting and protecting. He says: "I saw in my dream that Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting water upon it to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. Christian was puzzled till the Interpreter said, 'I will show you the reason of that,' and took him behind the wall where was a man with a vessel of oil in his hand of the which he did also continually feed the fire."

Taskmasters to afflict them. The people were so comfortable and prosperous in Egypt that they might have remained there and eventually become absorbed in the Egyptian nation if this trouble had not fallen upon them. Their work would never have been done, and the great place they were to occupy would not have been filled if they had been let alone. God has often purified and energized a man and a people by some crushing trial. The plan is compared in Deuteronomy 32: 11 to an eagle stirring up her nest to compel the eaglets to use their wings. Naturalists tell us that the eagle disturbs the fledglings when they nestle down upon the soft lining of the nest. She plants a thorn in the side of the nest to make them move about, and if this does not force them out of the nest, she crowds them out and off the edge of the cliff and lets them fall; but the mother bird watches and spreads out her great maternal wings beneath them to catch them when they are weary with their first effort to use their wings, and receives the little trembling birds and bears them back to the eyrie rocks. They have been terribly scared, but they have learned something, and after a few such experiences, they are able to fly.

Made them to serve with rigor. The phrase indicates the extreme cruelty with which they were compelled to labor. And they received no wages. That is the kind of service men often submit to who have Satan for their master. A preacher, who was very successful in his work among miners, used to draw a striking picture descriptive of such lives. He represented two mines near together, in one of which the men were ill-treated, but there was a good deal of drunkenness, although there was no money on Saturdays. In the other, the men were well-treated and punctually paid. He represented himself as working in the former mine and going to the latter on pay-day to get his wages. He was asked if he worked there, but he replied no, he worked at the other mine. Then why did he come there to be paid? He answered that he came because the wages were better there than in the mine where he worked. "Ah," said the paymaster, "if you want our wages you must work in our mine." The preacher asked his hearers if that was fair and they all replied that it was. "Then," said he, "if you want to get God's pay and go to heaven when you die, don't give your lives to Satan nor work for him."

The more they afflicted them the more they multiplied. That is the uniform experience in persecution. It has come to be a proverb that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. An instance occurred not long ago in Uganda. Twenty young men were condemned to death for being Christians. They were first inhumanly tortured and were then burned. That night several young men who had witnessed the execution, went to the missionaries and desired to be enrolled as Christians. They wanted the religion which had enabled their acquaintances to suffer and die with songs of joy on their lips.



Shopping in Syria.

ur Traveler Describes Some of the Damascus Bazaars—A Wordy War Over Prices—How an Oriental Woman Buys.



"LAUGHING IN THE DOORWAY."

THAT week we spent in Damascus as I mentioned in a previous letter, was full of incident. While we were among the bazaars, one day, and as the sound of a procession was heard in the direction of "the street called Straight," a fat pursy Englishman, who fairly exhaled his na-

donality, so obtrusive were his round crowned hat, mutton-chop whiskers, red face and tweed suit, was crowded against us, and had the benefit of our explanation: "Rayly?" he utters, coolly. "Now, do you know I took it to be a sort of Eastern salvation Army, don't you know? The armorines, drums, and all, look like it." The roar is not even a whisper by this time. Besides ourselves, and our Briton, nobody seems at all interested in the doings of the clamorous crowd. The fine-looking Turk, sitting cross-legged upon the counter of his stall over the way, has dropped the lids upon his dark eyes with as fine an expression of boredom as could be achieved by an English exquisite at the height, or depth, of a London season. At the stall to his right, a customer is beating down the price of a narghileh, (or water-pipe), with an amber mouthpiece, with no more apparent consciousness of the passage of the mob than of our observation of himself and his actions.

"This is the Oriental calmness of which we have heard, all our lives," we soliloquize, "and these narrow, dirty lanes are the great bazaars!"

"These are the poorer bazaars, of course?" we pronounce, in cheerful certainty of the reply.

The Damascus guide does not catch our meaning. The question is put in a different form:

"There are broader streets and finer shops in Damascus than these?"

To prepare ourselves for this expedition we have been reading a chapter in "Mirage," a strangely sad story published perhaps a score of years ago, and a sentence is freshly distinct in our minds:

"They were deep in the bazaars of Damascus—deep in those cool, dim, vaulted spaces, with the lustre of silks, the gleam of metal and porcelain about them, and the odor of guns and curious spices filling the dusty air."

Certainly the air is dusty, after the rush of the not-clean mob described in a former paper, and there is an odor—there are more than a score of odors—that fill the vaulted space. If there be one sense which the traveler in the East comes to regard as superfluous and inconvenient, it is that of smell. If I refer repeatedly to this fact, it is because the pressure of the truth is never absent from us. Being told that the scene before us is a favorable specimen of what we are here to see, we resign ourselves to the Oriental odor, "curious" to the uninitiated, but freighted with no spice or germ with which our olfactories are acquainted, and set our eyes to work instead.

We are in a network of narrow streets, none of which are twenty-five feet in width. Low, arched roofs cover them: the light breaking, here and there, through slits in the arch, in a deliberate, dreamy fashion essentially oriental. As the sight becomes accustomed to it, we see that the glints brought out by the intermittent rays came

from stalls piled and hung with silverware of every description.

"The street of the silversmiths," Abraham observes. "The trade is in the hands of the Christians. The man over there has the same shop which his grandfather kept. The Christians, in former times, could not hold such property as cattle, houses and orchards, for it was often taken from them or destroyed by—those who were of a different race."

Again we notice the scrupulous avoidance of the word, "Mohammedan," or "Moslem" in a public place, and speculate as to whether prudence or courtesy dictates the custom.

Therefore, Christians, usually are in trade—manufacturers, and like that.

What are dignified by the name of shops are really stalls, such as line our markets at home, but enclosed on three sides. A movable door, a sort of wooden shutter, sometimes in one piece, sometimes in several, closes the front at night. When this is taken down, the shop is opened without other ceremony. A big window of one of our great

dry goods stores would hold the entire stock-in-trade of any of these recesses, and leave room to spare. Upon the counter, or upon a divan behind it, the proprietor has tucked his slipped feet away in the folds of the baggy cloth trousers which, I insist, are the reverse of graceful, and pulls slowly at the yards of flexible tube connecting the amber mouth-piece between his lips with a vessel exactly like the carafe, or water-bottle used upon our dinner-tables, with the exception of the tobacco-pipe at a chimney.

We are collecting—with the rest of the travelling "foreigners"—souvenir spoons, and mean to procure some in Damascus.

The expression of the intention, is all we have to do for the present. David steps to the front as the coveted articles are produced. The prospective vender is an acquaintance, nay more, a friend, for they kissed one another just now, and the Damascan addresses him as "Abou Nassar," the "Father of Nassar." When a man becomes the proud owner of a son, he is thenceforth known among his intimates as that boy's father. Ten daughters may have preceded the youngster, and six brothers may follow him, but the parent continues to rejoice in the title of father of the first-born son.

These are two friends, as I have said, but as the buyer's representative, the dragoman is transformed forthwith, until the sale is concluded, into the bitter enemy of his countryman.

"Never give the first price named!" is the first lesson taught the foreign visitor. It may sound reasonable to us, but a cardinal principal of Eastern shopping is to believe and hold for certain that it is iniquitous, and the universal practice is to beat it down to, at least one-third less. It matters nothing to our honest representative, who would not cheat his worst enemy of a penny, that the sum involved is only a franc, or at the most, two. Figuratively, he girls

up his loins, and rolls up his sleeves, and "pitches in" for a wordy duel. The voices of both combatants rise, their gestures threaten each others lives; one-tenth of the noise in an American shop would call in the police in force.

Quite aware that it is all sound, and no fury, we lean back in the rush-bottomed chairs, set outside for us, in the open street—for sidewalks, there are none—and give ourselves up to contemplation of the vistas, stretching away from us on four sides.

After the shadeless glare of the Damascus sunshine, we recognize the cool half-lights as grateful, and the occasional streams of radiance through the apertures in the roof bring out picturesque features in merchandise and costumes. At the far end of the street are shops wherein are manufactured the various stuffs here offered for sale.

One street is given up wholly to the display of these rugs; another to a bewildering succession of rings, curios, brass-trays, cups, bowls and the like, another to mother-of-pearl tables of divers sizes, patterns and heights. A principal avenue exhibits on both sides "Franji." The manufacturers' term, in universal use in this country, and referable, I think, to no known language, covers whatever smacks of European or other occidental usage, and is freely applied to all sorts of innovations. It signifies in the present instance French, English, German, Italian and even American goods—calicoes from Manchester, tinware and cutlery (cheap) from the United States; colored glass from Baden-Baden, and every variety of knick-knacks from Paris. Several streets away from where we are awaiting the result



"WE NEED NOT SAY IN WHOSE HANDS."

of the pitched battle of Arabic tongues, are the meaner quarters devoted to the sale of second-hand clothing—it is needless to say in what hands.

It may gratify their American sisters to know that those whose lot seems to us hard enough without such a barbarous restriction are not debarred from doing their own shopping in Damascus.

Old as is the beclouded "Pearl of the East"—the "inferior six"—has the advantage in this particular over Nazareth, Nablous, Gaza, Genen and Jaffa, where native women, veiled or unveiled, are never allowed to visit shop or market-place. Even the Christian matrons and maids must apply to this occupation, so dear to the feminine heart, the injunction of the Great Bachelor (or widower?) of Tarsus, and ask their husbands at home concerning the latest sweet thing in jewelry, and the "Franji" gown-patterns put up in decorated boxes in Paris, and sent eastward at the end of the season for the delectation of harems and Greek or Roman Catholic, or Prote tant households.

How do they support existence in such circumstances?

Fathers, brothers and husbands, in unconscious prevision of Mr. Edward Bellam's "Looking Backward," select and

bring home samples of cloth, silk, etc., and the secluded wife, daughter or sister chooses from among these such stuffs as she imagines, from the bits laid before her, would be handsome and becoming. Those who know how unlike the sample is to the effect of the fabric when seen "in the piece," especially as displayed by the cunning hands of a trained salesman, can guess how frequent and sore are the disappointments when the purchases are unfolded in the women's apartments.

That tall woman, whose muffings cannot conceal the outlines of a figure uncommonly good for a land where corsets are unknown, and a "neat fit" almost as rare—makes as serious a business of her bargaining as if she had the interest of a brace of defenceless "foreigners" upon her conscience. She stands all the while, we note. The uncompromising rush-bottomed chair would seem to be reserved for foreigners. She haggles over a pair of silver filigree bracelets, fitting them upon a round, brown wrist, and slipping them excitedly up and down, chattering volubly in Arabic in a voice so dissonant that her "mundul" shivers, rather than wavers, before the torrent. It is dark blue with red poppies, larger than life, "powdered" over it. All that we see of her face is the indication (to use a technical phrase) of two big, black eyes in the upper part. She can discern clearly, not only the countenance of her natural enemy, the tradesman, but defects in the workmanship of the trinkets she is trying on, for she calls his attention sharply to a misshapen link, tears them from her wrists, tosses them disdainfully upon the counter, gathers the voluminous "izzar" about her and turns away with the air of one resolved to endure no more imposition. She has taken two or three steps when the merchant, picking up the discarded ornament, says something quietly and indifferently. As indifferently she pauses and answers him over her shoulder.

A minute later she is again at the counter: the salesman is folding the bracelets lets in tissue-paper, and she—still as if would rather leave than take them—is extracting from her purse the sum finally agreed upon between them.

The affair is a farce throughout, and is repeated often enough to lose all novelty, not to say charm, were the disposition to make a bargain less obstinate in the human breast. The buyer knows perfectly well that the "asking-price,"—a term with which one speedily becomes familiar over here—is as much above the real value of the article offered, as what he, on his part, proposes to give for it is below it; he is also certain that somewhere between the two will be the final point of settlement.

The responsive yawn is arrested midway by David's abrupt termination of hostilities. He has pushed aside the spoons, and, generous indignation in ever line of his visage, motions us to follow him.

"But"—expostulates one of the unsophisticated—"since they are what we want, and not really dear, would it not be better to pay his price?"

"Like the rest of them"—enunciates the dragoman, judicially, without specifying who are included in the pronoun—"he thinks travelers are made of money. You will get the spoons. He will call us back."

The spoons are in my trunk, and are probably worth a franc apiece less than was paid for them after the profuse expenditure of breath, nervous force and minutes. Shopping, always wearisome work to busy people, gathers new horrors from such accessories. By the time we have halted here fifteen minutes, and there twenty, and somewhere else ten, we are thankful to be out of the covered arcades, and to see the unobstructed blue overhead in a street where we meet one wing of the boyish troop who passed us an hour ago. They march more soberly now, but still chant the sing-song, "Praise the Prophet!"

The sun is low and red upon the horizon as we, for the second time, drive in at the eastern gate of the aged city. A single camel is left in the open space without, where we saw the caravan at noon. He lies so prone and abject upon the earth, his neck stretched out to a length so incredible, that we are divided between the desire to pity and to deride him. His acknowledged master stands above him brandishing a pair of shears; one side of the forlorn beast is already so naked as to put Sterne's shorn lamb to the blush, and as the crimson sunlight strikes athwart him, the "stranded ship of the desert" looks abnormally and inconceivably hideous—even for a country camel.

MARION HARLAND.



BURDEN-BEARING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 13. Galatians 6: 1-5.

EVERY man has a burden. Not the same burden in its nature, origin or development, but a burden peculiarly his, however much it may resemble those borne by others.

With some, the burden is poverty; with others, continual pain; with others, domestic trial; with others, remorse; with others, a physical nature, prone by heredity, or early habit, or vicious association, to fall into sensuality; and with others, some other burden from the large assortment which nature and circumstances have produced for human shoulders to bear. The burden is there and it must be borne, patiently and bravely, or with complaining and resentment. Now as to these burdens, it appears that Christ has a law. It is needless to inquire what it is. Proceeding from him, we know beforehand what will be its character. He who laid down his life for men, had one supreme message on such subjects for his people. His law would surely be one of self-renunciation and helpfulness. So we learn that if we would fulfil the law of Christ we must bear one another's burdens. True, every man must bear his own burden, but that does not prevent others helping him. We cannot relieve him of its weight, but we can give him help in other ways. Sympathy, kindness, encouragement are all helps. Even silent companionship is a help. The struggler, up the thorny hill, conscious of his weakness, and doubting if he will succeed, is a new man after some brother has taken him by the hand and bidden him God-speed. There are men to whom others naturally go in any trouble. They are not always—not often—rich men, but they help men. The burden seems lighter after they have spoken. Gough used to say that he would never have maintained his resolution to fight against the drink demon, if at the crisis of his struggle a kindly man had not uttered a few words of sympathy and good cheer. The expressive phrase we use of "standing by a man," indicates the help we can give. In standing by another, we give him moral support and so bear his burden. It may be reproach, or it may be sorrow, but in either case the pressure may be relieved. The work costs—there is no doubt of that. Spurgeon used to say that after talking with people in spiritual darkness and despair, his own soul was cast down. Men who interest themselves in some case of oppression, or misfortune; who go around with subscription papers to start a widow in business; who go from one to another to get employment for some impoverished man; who take up the difficulties and misfortunes of others to remedy them, are not men who have an easy life. But they are men whom the world can ill afford to spare for they are they who fulfil the law of Christ.

CITY PURIFICATION.

Christian Endeavor has taken a hand in the arduous work of the moral cleansing of the city. A correspondent of the "Golden Rule" says that the Christian Endeavorers of York, Penn., have been doing effective work lately in the interests of good citizenship. One of the greatest scourges of that little city was its dance-halls. Regarding the iniquities there carried on the Christian public was ignorant or indifferent. The authorities did not concern themselves about the matter. Decided measures were called for, and a member of the Christian Endeavor Society visited one of the halls, and described it at length in the Christian Endeavor or department of both the morning dailies. The article excited great interest. The good people of the city were shocked and aroused. The matter was brought to the attention of the proper authorities, and the mayor, district attorney, city detective, and chief of police visited the dance-hall, where the

statements of the Endeavor article were more than verified.

Now a decree has been promulgated forbidding all such assemblies in the future, and the town is rid of one of the worst curses of city life. This reform could never have been carried out if, in the first place, there had not been some Endeavorer clear-headed enough to see the need, and brave enough to do the work necessary to be done. It could never have been carried out, either, if the union had not had a press committee and controlled regular departments in the daily papers. This union has, since this episode, appointed a good-citizenship committee, and doubtless it will find much work lying ready to its hands.

GROUP OF Y. M. C. A. SECRETARIES.

The Origin of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee and the Valuable Work already Effected Through Its Agency.

ON the opposite page is a picture of a group of Young Men's Christian Association workers, which is of special value at this time when we are nearing the date set for the assembling of the great World's Jubilee Conference in London to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the organization. That conference is to meet in Exeter Hall on June 1, and it is expected that fully two thousand delegates will be present. They will hail from all quarters of the world, and will represent all branches of Association work. That such an assemblage is possible is largely due to the labors of the International Committee, whose chairman and secretaries are pictured in our illustration.

This committee, whose functions and labors are little understood by the general public, had its origin in a suggestion thrown out at the Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations which was held at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1854. It was the first Conference of the kind ever held, and it demonstrated the advantages of an organized bond of union between the Associations. The mutual advantages to be gained from intercourse, consultation and suggestion were obvious. Weak Associations would be strengthened and enthused, difficulties might be considered and overcome, and suggestions as to modes of work might be made and discussed. In short, all the help which comes to the isolated worker from association, would come to the isolated association from affiliation. So much was apparent, and the suggestion was made that a committee be appointed to arrange such a federation.

Since that time the committee then appointed has passed through several changes of name and constitution, developing finally into its present shape as the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. At first it consisted of eleven members, five of whom were stationed at the Committee's headquarters in Washington, and the other six were distributed in the cities of Boston, Cincinnati, New York, St. Louis, New Orleans and Toronto. From year to year its work grew; it succeeded in organizing many new Associations where none existed before; it developed the work in existing Associations, and without obvious interference, succeeded in adjusting difficulties which inevitably arise in the work. New departments also grew out of its study of the field, such as the College work, the Railroad branch, and the Associations of foreign nationalities. No paid agents were at first employed; but in 1868 at the convention at Detroit the attention of the Committee was called to the many towns springing up along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and a resolution was adopted authorizing it to obtain the services of an energetic, consecrated man who should endeavor to organize Associations in the new towns. The need was urgent, for in these places there was seldom any church, and young men were being ruined by the

vicious resorts which were the only places of public social intercourse. Mr. R. Weidensall (whose portrait is No. 21 in the group on the opposite page), was appointed, and the results of his efforts amply justified the selection. The next appointment was Mr. R. C. Morse (No. 9 in the group), as secretary of the committee, and editor of its monthly magazine. Mr. Morse devoted himself heart and soul to the work, visiting extensively among the associations, attending State conventions and making himself thoroughly acquainted with the field and its needs. A little later Mr. Thomas K. Cree (No. 18 in the group), who had done valuable volunteer work in thoroughly canvassing the South and reorganizing associations which had disbanded, was induced to give up his office of General Secretary of the Pittsburgh Y. M. C. A. and devote himself exclusively to the service of the International Committee. A more valuable agent the committee has never had. His energy and tact and indomitable persistence have won victories where defeat seemed inevitable and he has succeeded in lifting many a burdened association into a condition of prosperity and usefulness. The pioneer State work in Pennsylvania was largely the result of his untiring efforts. His latest achievement was the settlement and extensive development of the Y. M. C. A. in the French capital, with its beautiful new building costing \$210,000. Mr. Cree worked unceasingly for this result and the greater part of the necessary funds, he was instrumental in obtaining.

Among other members of the group whose services have made them conspicuous are Mr. L. D. Wishard (No. 5) who has devoted himself to the college work; Mr. Henry E. Brown (No. 11), who has charge of the work among colored young men and has organized more than thirty Associations; Mr. Claus Olandt, Secretary of the German Department; Mr. C. L. Gates and Mr. C. J. Hicks, who have charge of the Railroad Department, and Dr. Luther Gulick of the Physical Culture work. Besides these the Committee has four Secretaries in the foreign mission fields of India, Japan, and Brazil.

It is largely due to the efforts of these earnest consecrated workers, and to the devotion of the International Committee which directs their efforts that the United States and Canada surpass all other lands in the efficiency of Y. M. C. A. work as well as in the number of organizations. At the approaching Conference in London the value of such united effort as they have succeeded in organizing will be fully perceived and its merit acknowledged.

THE LEAGUE IN CHINA.

Greetings from an Epworth League in China to sister Leagues in America are sent through the "Epworth Herald," by Dr. J. F. Scott, physician of the Methodist Hospital at Tsinhua. The letter is as follows: "To our friends in the United States of America: We want to tell you about our Epworth League. We want to thank you for your kindness in sending to our country so many good men and women, who have brought to us the 'Jesus doctrine,' and in whose lives we have seen the love of Jesus Christ. We are learning to know about the love of Jesus Christ, that he has made it possible for us to have an Epworth League in our new chapel here at Tsinhua. Our Epworth League was started about two months ago by our presiding elder, Rev. W. T. Hobart, who is president of the League. We now have over sixty members, and meet every Sunday evening, using the same topics as you do. The first Sunday of each month we have a consecration meeting. At the last one the roll was called, and each member responded with a verse of Scripture. We have left our idols, that never did us any good, and our lives are made happier since we know the true God. We may never see you here on earth, but we shall hope to meet you in heaven some day. We are trying to help one another, and to bring others into the light of the Gospel. Many of our people are very poor. They only get from five to ten cents of your money for a day's work, but from this little sum they are giving. We have raised a sum of money to help the most needy in our midst. Won't you pray for us, that we may know more and more of God's truth, and that our lives may be filled with love divine? Pau Kuo Jung, Hui Tzu Tsin, Pau Tai Tai."

Dr. Scott has this to say of the writers of the letter: "Pau Kuo Jung is the first assistant in the hospital here. He spent several

years in the medical work in Peking before coming here, and is a very competent young man, and I believe is a thorough Christian. Hui Tzu Tsin is a boy from the intermediate school here, a bright fellow. Pau Tai Tai is the wife of Dr. Pau. She is the daughter of a successful native preacher, and is a graduate of the Peking school—a bright, intelligent woman."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Junior Epworth League with over sixty members has been organized at Baraboo, Wis. The Epworth League at that place now numbers over 100 members.

Christian Endeavor is flourishing in Birkenhead. Since 1892, when the first society was formed, twelve societies have sprung up, five new societies having been enrolled in February. A union of all the societies is now to be organized.

The Florida Christian Endeavor Society at their recent State convention at Tampa, made some emphatic protests against prize fights and the lottery, two evils by which special disgrace has been brought upon the State, and which call for suppression.

Among the speakers at the Michigan Christian Endeavor convention were Judge C. B. Grant of the Supreme Court on Christian Temperance, Mr. W. H. Frost of the China Inland Mission, and Miss Ben-Oliel whose portrait appears on our first page.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Sidney, Australia, reports:—Our employment agencies are in great demand, and the Institute is very busy, while the boarding accommodation is in great request. Our evangelistic meetings are well attended.

The Christian Endeavor Society at Fairhaven, Mass., meets every week in rooms hired in the poorest quarter of the town. These rooms are also open in the afternoon once or twice a week, that the women who live near may gather there, bring their work and receive practical help about it.

Members who attend the approaching Y. M. C. A. Jubilee Conference in London next month will have the pleasure of meeting again Mr. David McConaughy, who will sail from Madras, India, for London on May 6, with his family. He will return to India after the conference.

The following are the statistics of the Epworth Leagues in Michigan: Charges, \$52; chapters, 306; new chapters, 54; active members, 14,586; associate members, 4730; total, 19,316; increase, 2,099; average attendance at devotional meetings, 11,910; Junior Leagues, 113; members, 6,039.

The Epworth League of Prospect South Church at Gloucester, Mass., numbers one hundred members, the majority of whom are hard workers. They recently tendered a reception to the elderly members of the church which was mutually enjoyed. Carriages were sent for the guests and a collation was spread for them on their arrival. Addresses, readings, recitations and music made the evening pass pleasantly for all.

The King's Daughters of Hurley, Wis., have taken hold of the work in Silver street, which the Y. M. C. A. was compelled to abandon. There is no place in the country where such work is so urgently needed. Dens of drunkenness and vice abound and their doors are always open, but there is no place of rival attraction except the Silver street rooms. Money is wanted badly to pay current expenses. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Ida Paddock, Hurley, Wis.

The fourth National Convention of the English Y. P. S. C. E. Movement will be held in London at the Metropolitan Tabernacle from May 12 to May 15. The conventions which have been held at Crewe, Chester, and Bradford have drawn together thousands of young people from all parts of the United Kingdom, and it is anticipated that the 1894 convention will be the largest hitherto held in that country. Beside the fact that London is central, the phenomenal growth of the organization more than warrants the expectation of a large gathering. There are now no less than 1240 registered societies in Great Britain alone, this being nearly treble that of last year. Of this number more than 130 are in the London district



22 W. A. HUNTON.
23 LUTHER GILLES.
24 GEO. B. HODGE.

19 S. A. TAGGART.
20 H. S. NIXON.
21 R. WEDDESSALL.

16 EDWIN L. HAMILTON.
17 CLARENCE J. HIGGS.
18 THOMAS K. CHIL.

13 H. P. ANDERSEN.
14 OTIS J. GATES.
15 E. B. MONROE, JR.

CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARIES OF THE INTERNATIONAL
COMMITTEE OF Y. M. C. ASSOCIATIONS

10 LOGAN H. ROOPER.
11 HENRY E. BROWN.
12 P. AUGUSTUS WIELING.

7 JOHN R. MOTT.
8 C. K. OVER.
9 RICHARD C. MORSE.

4 GEORGE L. LEONARD.
5 L. D. WISHARD.
6 ERSKINE UILL.

1 E. LAWRENCE HUNT.
2 F. S. BROCKMAN.
3 CLAUD OLANDT, JR.

1915 N.Y.



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EDITOR.

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MAY TRIBULATIONS.

THE first of May is to many the beginning of the year. From that are dated the breakages, the social startings, the ups and downs of domestic life. One half of the moving population of our great cities are moving into smaller houses, the other half into larger. The past year's success or failure decides which way the horses of the furniture wagon shall turn their heads, days before the work of packing commences. It is astonishing how many boxes and barrels are required to contain all your wares. You come upon things you had forgotten, too good to be thrown away and too poor to keep. Old faded carpet-bags, that would arouse the mirth of the town if you dared to carry them into the street. Straw hats out of the fashion. Beavers that you ought to have given away while they might have been useful. Odd clothes, shoes, coats and slips of carpet that have been the nest of mice, and a thousand things that you laid away, because you might some day want them, but you never will.

For the last few days in the old house the accommodations approached the intolerable. Everything is packed up. The dinner comes to you on shattered crockery which is about to be thrown away, and the knives are only painful reminiscences of what they once were. You can upset coffee without soiling the table-cloth, for there is none. The salt and sugar come to you in cups, looking so much alike that you find out for the first time how coffee tastes when salted, or fish when it is sweetened. There's no place to sit down, and there is no time to do so, if you found one. Bedsteads are down and you roll into a corner at night, a self-elected pauper, and all the night long have a quarrel with your pillow, which persists in getting away from you, and your foot wanders out into the air, feeling for greater length of covering. If the children cry in the night, you will not find the matches nor the lamp, nor anything else save a trunk, just in time to fall over it, getting up with confused notions as to where you are, unless there be some friendly voice to hail you in the darkness.

The first of May dawns. The carts come. It threatens rain, but not a drop until you get your best chairs out of doors and your bedding on top of the wagon. Out at twelve you must be, for another family is on your heels, and Thermopylae was a very tame place, compared with the excitement which arises when two families meet in the same hall, this moving out, this moving in. Farewell, old house! It did not suit us exactly, but thank God for the good times we had in it! Moving day is almost gone. It is almost night. Tumble everything into the new house. Hungry, are you? No time to

take food until the crockery is unpacked. True enough, here they come. That last jolt finished the teacups. The jolt before that fractured some of the plates, and the hired girl drops the rest of them. Paradise of crockery merchants is moving day. Seated on a box you take tea. Children who thought it would be grand sport to move are satiated; and one-half of the city at the close of May day, go to bed worn out, sick.

WOMAN'S INDUSTRIAL SPHERE.

AS no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his health and accumen for the welfare of his household; but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do.

My advice to all girls and to all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begin soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women; but our Civil War came and the hosts of men went forth from North and South, and to conduct the business of our cities during their patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of woman who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled thenceforth to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place, favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all the others she will enter: Stenography, and you may find her at all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings. Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there? for a woman founded the first savings bank, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield. Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship, and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing. There they are as florists and confectioners, and music teachers and stationers and book-keepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy; and in wood engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified; and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices would testify. Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work. As workers in ivory and gutta-percha and gum-elastic and tortoise-shell and gilding and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in embroidery. As postmistresses, and the President is giving them appointments all over the land. As keepers of light-houses, many of them, if they had the chance, ready to do as brave a thing with oar and boat as did Ida Lewis and Grace Darling. As proof-readers, as translators, as modellers, as designers, as draughts-women, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher of every child, by divine arrangement, being a woman. As physician, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately or delicately do. On the lecturing platform, for

you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hollowell and Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Lathrop. As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific. As preachers of the Gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and a power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

Young women of America, as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung by disaster upon the world; until your father is dead, and all the resources of your family have been scattered, but now, while in a good home and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important somethings.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A number of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have already sent in their names to be enrolled in the list of Volunteer Christian Workers, to do service "In His Name" among the destitute. Some of these letters come from distant parts of the country. Among them are the following, which are fairly representative of the cordiality with which the proposition have been received:

Englewood, N. J., April 23.—Please send me the address of R—, No. —, E. 4th street. G. S.

Sharon, Mass., April 21.—Enclosed please find one dollar to be used for the poor in Jesus' Name. M. M. G.

Brooklyn, New York, April 19.—Please give me the number in Eighth avenue, of Mrs. K.—the old lady you mention in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 18. E. H.

Northampton, Mass., April 19.—In response to your article on "Practical Christianity," I send \$2 requesting you to use for "God's Poor" as you see fit. T. B.

Glen Ridge, N. J.—I would like to become interested in some worthy destitute family. Can give ten dollars a month. Would be happy to hear from you. C. E. B.

White Haven, Pa., April 20.—Kindly furnish me with the address of B—, E. Twelfth street, which you have placed in the "Mail-Bag" column in your issue of the 18th inst. N. G.

W. Woodstock, Conn., April 23.—Mother and I enclose two dollars for B—, E. Twelfth street, the deserted wife with five children. Please let us know more about them. M. C. & J. C.

Germantown, Pa., April 23.—I am a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Enclosed a dollar. Please send it to Mrs. C. N. W., Seventeenth street. It is only a little mite; but may it do much good. R. W.

Hardwick, Vt., April 19.—After reading my CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 18th the "Mail Bag" column, I wish to do something "In His Name" for those deserving ones referred to. I will be glad to do what I can to aid those so destitute. M. E. T.

Salem, Ia., April 18.—I have been reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of those poor Christian families who will suffer so much by discontinuance of the Food Fund, and feel moved to send the enclosed money order for five dollars. Please place it where (in your judgment, it is most needed in relieving one or more of those cases. E. S.

New York City, April 21.—I would like to know the addresses of the following suffering ones: R. E. Fourth street, woman with cancer, 4 children; Mrs. S. W. Eighteenth street, husband dying with consumption, 4 children; Mrs. C. W. Twenty-second street, husband dying, 4 children.

If these have been attended to, please send me the addresses of the neglected cases, and oblige. Mrs. F.

Fargo, N. D., April 16.—Having read in the "Mail-Bag" the plea for the establishment of a relief society to relieve the distress of the needy, I hold up both hands in favor of such an organization, and I will pledge a regular contribution in monthly installments of at least sixty cents per month, and may make it \$1.00 per month if it is required to establish a fund to relieve the suffering poor at any time, especially the Lord's poor. C. L. H.

New York, April 22.—Seeing a number of cases of "God's Poor" specified in the last number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I would like to do a little toward their comfort. Send me the name and number of the aged couple in Waverly Place, and I will visit them and help them in any way I can. I am a widow of 72 with limited means, but take great pleasure in helping those who are in need. Yours in Christian fellowship, M. W.

These are only a few of many such earnest and enthusiastic letters that have been received. All have been promptly responded to and the writers are now actively engaged in the work. With the nucleus of membership already secured, this new Christian Aid movement will go forward to greater strength and larger effort. Every reader who feels called to help, should send name and address to the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without delay.

M. T. Kite, Redding, Cal. In our Sunday School the ten commandments are recited every Sunday; are they blinding on Christians?

Read them over and see if you think there is one among them that a Christian could violate with a clear conscience. The Christian is not

under law, but under grace; nevertheless, such elementary morality as the ten commandments demand, ought surely to characterize him. But he is expected to render higher service and not be satisfied with the mere negative goodness the Decalogue requires.

Mrs. Thomas Laidlaw, Gates Centre, Kan. Where do we get the authority that Paul was beheaded?

Caius of Rome, Eusebius, Tertullian, Jerome and others of the early Christian writers are among the authorities for the statement.

Subscriber E. W., Illinois. If God and Christ are one, as stated in John 14: 10, why does Christ speak of going to his Father, as mentioned in John 16: 28?

The Holy Trinity is beyond human comprehension. We have to exercise faith and wait for complete knowledge until we reach the spiritual state after death. The two facts are revealed that Christ was God and was also man and we believe them, although we cannot understand them, any more than we can understand the distinctions between the trinity of body, soul and spirit in our own being. The expression used by Paul (2. Cor. 5: 19) that "God was in Christ" may help you to a partial solution of your difficulty.

Mrs. S. L. Smith, North Hector, N. Y. Where do you get the authority for the names of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ? Was it the one on the right or the left who said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?"

The names, as preserved by legend and tradition, vary according to different writers, and there is no absolutely authentic record on the subject. One early writer (in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus), gives the names of Demas or Dismas—as the penitent, who hung on the right hand of the Saviour—and Gestas as the impenitent. Bede gives the names of Matha and Joca, respectively, as those that prevailed in his time. The first, however, have been preserved and in the hagiology of the Syrian, Greek and Latin churches, Dismas is recognized as the penitent malefactor. Bengel asserts the belief that Dismas was a Gentile, and Gestas a Jew.

G. W. K., San Marcos, Tex. In the course of a recent campaign, the Prohibition party, in self-defense, adopted methods which my friend, a strict church member, did not approve. He refused to contribute to the campaign fund, but was willing to pay out of his own pocket the entire expenses of a certain orator, thus helping the Prohibition side and relieving the party of the expense of that orator. Was he not just as much involved in responsibility as if he had paid into the general campaign fund?

We think not. As he paid his money for a definite object and did not pay it into the fund which was to be used for the purposes you describe he cannot be held responsible. The effect on the treasury of the party may have been the same, but he was not accountable for the way in which the party spent the money they contributed and collected. He was accountable only for the way he spent his own money and is not responsible for the methods or conduct of people who were working for the object for which he also was working.

S. G. N., North Branch, N. H. How can a person tell whether he is saved? If having been sorry for leading a sinful life, having asked God for Christ's sake to forgive the past and help him to live right in future, and doing this with full confidence that God is able and willing to give pardon and grace—if after this the person feels just as dark and gloomy as before, is that a proof that he is unsaved?

Dark and gloomy feelings are never a proof that a person is unsaved. They come to very eminent Christians at times and they often have a physical origin. No man is saved by his feelings. If a man trusts in God's promises, has given himself wholly to Christ, determined that Christ shall be his King whom he will serve all his life, and strenuously tries to live as Christ would have him live, relying for power to do so on the strength God will give—then he need be under no apprehension about the safety of his soul. It will be saved because it will be worth saving. Gloom and sorrow may come because of failure and it is right to feel them; but they are signs of spiritual life. People who are not right with God do not sorrow on that account. If a king issued a proclamation of amnesty to such rebels as would lay down their arms and be loyal citizens, a rebel would not have much difficulty in ascertaining his position. If he had complied with the conditions, he would trust the king's word for the rest. The repentant sinner must do the same.

Lydia A. Haddock, N. Y. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 602 Eighth Avenue, N. Y.—Mother, Susan and I, three N. Y. The first plan would be to send him to the "Dearest Inebriates' Home." Your physician or pastor can doubtless inform you where such an institution is to be found.—Mrs. J. W. McCullough, Colorado, Md. Write to American Sunday School Union, Bible House, N. Y.—C. F. Yoder, Hiawatha, Kan., wishes to be informed where he can find a good description of the last days of Benedict Arnold.—The beautiful poem, "Stand Still in Jordan," which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was written by Mrs. Carrie Ellis Breck, of Vineland, N. J., several of whose fine poems have already been published in these columns. The name was inadvertently omitted.—L. T. Send to Mrs. Christina Markle, 36 Lafayette St., Schenectady, N. Y.—C. S. M. D. C. Dodgeville, Wis. The general opinion is decidedly opposed to it, as unfavorable to spiritual growth.—J. H. Gay, Folkstone, Ga. The word "Schah" is a musical term, indicating a pause or rest.—Mrs. H. B. Fall, Harrisonville, Mo. We know of no book on the subject.—Mrs. M. A. Hall, Wentworth, N. H. Write to Cook's Tourist Agency, Broadway, N. Y. Marion Harland can be addressed care of "CHRISTIAN HERALD."—Mrs. G. W. S., Sauk Centre, Minn. Mrs. Bella Cooke's address is 492 Second ave., New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE ROYAL WEDDING PARTY.

COBURG, the little town on the Itz, which serves as a capital for the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has been the scene of a gathering of Imperial and Royal personages more numerous than has been witnessed for many years. The occasion was the wedding of the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to her cousin the Grand Duke of Hesse. As the bride is a niece of the Czar of Russia, and, like the bridegroom, a cousin of the Emperor of Germany, as well as a grandchild of the Queen of England, these reigning houses were all interested and were duly represented at the ceremony. The Emperor and the Queen were present in person and the Czar sent his eldest son and heir to represent him. The ceremonies were on a magnificent scale and were conducted with imposing grandeur. The distinguished party was entertained in the Schloss, where the bride's father holds his miniature court, and the marriage was solemnized in the little chapel connected with it, in which Queen Victoria's parents were married seventy-six years ago. An additional event of interest which was not down on the programme, but was much more important than the wedding, occurred during the festivities. This was the betrothal of the Czar's son to the Princess Alix of Hesse, a sister of the bridegroom. As this lady will, if she and her future husband live, be Empress of Russia, the significance of the arrangement is fully realized in European courts. It creates a personal bond between the reigning houses of Russia, Germany and England, which will probably operate in the interests of peace. With a German Princess on the Russian throne, there will be less danger of that alliance between Russia and France against Germany, which has lately been the dread of European statesmen. When we consider how much power is still vested in monarchs, and how often in the past their personal quarrels have involved the loss of multitudes of lives, it is reassuring to learn that they are forming personal alliances with each other which may eliminate dynastic antipathy from the causes of war. The time will come when there will be better grounds for the preservation of peace; for we have the promise that the Prince of Peace shall be the Supreme Ruler on earth, and in that day none shall hurt or destroy for he shall judge among the nations and make war to cease. (Isa. 51: 4.)

A Monument to a Hero.

A local journal states that a monument is to be erected in Shelby County, Mo., to the memory of Hiram Smith, who died there during the war. Accounts differ as to the exact details of Smith's death. It is generally agreed, however, that it was the voluntary self-sacrifice of a brave man to save his friend. It appears that in September, 1862, a party of Southern troops under Col. Porter were making raids around General McNeil's quarters. A man who had been active in scouting parties, and on whom McNeil placed great reliance, disappeared, and McNeil believed he had been captured by Col. Porter's party. He accordingly issued a notice demanding his surrender. The man was not returned, and McNeil, in his exasperation, declared that if he was not brought back in ten days he would put to death ten of the Confederate prisoners then in his camp. No one believed the threat would be executed, but on the expiration of the tenth day ten prisoners were, by McNeil's orders, led out to be shot. Among the doomed men was one named Humphrey, a married man with a family. One of the prisoners who was not selected for execution was Hiram Smith, who was an old friend of Humphrey's. He was a single man, and when he heard that his friend was to be murdered, he volunteered to suffer in his place, so that Humphrey might be spared to his family. He actually suffered, and it is to his memory that the monument is now being erected by a son of Humphrey. Many will be surprised that so noble a deed has been suffered to go unmemorialized for more than thirty years,

yet there may have been sufficient reasons for the delay. That it is now to be fitly commemorated is more than can be said for some who have not yet fulfilled their own duty; "for scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." (Rom. 5: 7, 8.)

Saved by a Grip.

An extraordinary escape from death is described by one of the government clerks in the Railroad Department of the Postal Service. He says that he was traveling in the mail car one night last summer over the Alleghany Valley Railroad, when as the train was nearing Oil City, Pa., he suddenly missed his fellow clerk. As he was not anywhere in the car, he looked outside and there to his horror saw him hanging by one hand to the crane which is used for catching the mail pouches at the way stations. The crane was quickly swung into the car and an attempt was made to lift the man from it. That was not, however, easily done. He had grasped the crane so tightly in his hand that its hold was firmly set and it was some time before it could be sufficiently relaxed to loose it. The man, being unconscious, could give no account of his being in that position, but it was easy to understand how it occurred. He must have been leaning out of the door of the car, as the train sped along at the rate of forty miles an hour,

nuisance, and superstitious people have given it the reputation of being haunted. It is sad that while there are so many homeless people, a good house should stand empty and idle and infested by rats; but it is infinitely more sorrowful to see, as we often do, a human being who might be a habitation for the Holy Spirit, doing no good in the world and given over to passions and vices as repulsive as the rodents in the Brooklyn house and infinitely more destructive. (1. Cor. 6: 19.)

An Automatic Gate.

A novel invention to prevent accidents at level railroad crossings was submitted recently to the inspection of several gentlemen connected with the management of various railroads. It is the invention of a wealthy manufacturer who some months previously had a narrow escape from being killed while driving over a crossing. After working out his theory, he invited the assistance of a mechanical engineer, who constructed the apparatus for a test. The gates open and close by the running of a weight of five hundreds pounds. When it is suspended, the gates are open, but when it is released and falls, it turns a shaft under the tracks, which closes the gates. The weight is controlled by electricity, operating through a magnet which slides in a groove. The wire runs through a tube to two points, one five hundred yards above and one the same distance below the crossing. At these points there is a projecting button on the track, which, on being pressed by the wheel of an approaching engine, completes an electric circuit. This sounds a gong at the crossing, and moving the magnet two inches forward, releases the weight which sets the shaft in motion and closes the gate. When the engine reaches the button beyond the crossing the action is reversed, the weight rises and the gates open. The test the other day was satisfactory in all respects, and it is thought the device will be accepted. The inventor

pregnated with a deadly poison, while the other side, which was of silver, was harmless. He was of course careful to keep the wholesome half of the peach himself, while giving the half that the gold had poisoned to his victim. Such a man would be more dangerous than a violent, brutal murderer against whom people would be on their guard. His victims would naturally think that the fruit would not harm them, as it did not harm him. The same kind of reasoning has led many a young man to his ruin. As the novice is sure to lose, in an apparently fair game, if his opponent is a professional gambler, who employs tricks in his play, so one who lacks self control or has an inherited propensity to some form of vice, may receive irreparable injury from an indulgence which does no mischief to a more wary companion. (Prov. 1: 10.)

BRIEF NOTES.

A Jew in London recently Confessed Faith in Christ and was baptized. His family had a funeral card printed and circulated, announcing that his death took place on a certain day, which was the day on which he was baptized.

The Number of Persons in Receipt of Relief from the many public funds in London, exclusive of those dependent on private charity and funds raised by churches and philanthropic societies was last month, 99,885, an increase over the number in the corresponding month of 1893 of 6,818.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have Closed a series of revival meetings in Brockville, Canada. The services were largely attended, and many were enabled to obtain admission. The evangelists denounced card-playing, dancing, theatre-going, drinking, and other evils in strong terms.

Efforts have been Made for Several Years past to effect a federal union of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Reformed Church in America, the Reformed Church in the United States, the United Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and the Associate Reformed Synod of the South. A meeting of accredited representatives of each of these bodies was held recently at Philadelphia, at which a plan of union was submitted, and after being amended, was approved, and copies are to be sent to the Synods and assemblies of the respective churches for examination and ratification.

The Moravians, According to statistics published, have in the American province 12,535 communicants, an increase of 374 over 1892; 1,283 non-communicants, and 5,678 children. Of the communicants 20,318 are in the Northern and 2,217 in the Southern district.

A Woman who Went to the Court of Common Pleas in Baltimore, Md., on April 10, to get a pedler's license, while waiting for her turn to be heard, picked up the Bible which is used for the administration of oaths. She read a few verses and asked the clerk what book it was. The clerk, finding that she had never seen the Bible before, made her a present of a copy.

Several Hundred Persons have made profession of faith at the meetings Rev. B. Fay Mills has been holding in Norwich, Conn. Sixteen churches—Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist and Universalist—united in the movement, and services were held in each of the

church buildings, and in the Broadway Theatre. On the last day of the services, all the stores and factories, and even the saloons closed, and great crowds thronged the meetings in the theatre and the churches from morning till night.

A Cincinnati Journal Publishes the Statement that in that city are two lovers who are anxious to be married, but the ceremony has been delayed by the involuntary seclusion of one or the other party. During the whole period it has never happened that both have been out of prison at one time.

The Work in Liberia of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions and other Protestant Missionary Societies is being seriously embarrassed by the action of the French Government. Reports have been received that the French have threatened to destroy the churches and mission buildings and force the natives to give up their religion for the Roman Catholic faith. An appeal is to be made to President Cleveland to interpose and secure through our minister in Paris an order from President Carnot restraining the French commander in Africa from interfering with the American Missionaries.

The Revival Services in New York are Continued and it is expected they will be held throughout this month. Services of song and lecture at noon in Niblo's Theatre and are followed by addresses by Rev. C. C. Dixon, D. D., Rev. George C. Ner-dham, and others. Another service is held at 3:30 P. M. in the Metropolitan Hall in Fourteenth street, and in the evening at various churches. Last week the Evangelists who took part in the meetings included Mr. Leonard Weaver, Rev. Samuel Alman, and Rev. S. V. Robinson. This week Mgr. Bouland, the famous converted Roman Catholic priest, who has held high office in the Papal service, is assisting in the revival. On last Sunday night he preached to a large congregation in the Masonic Temple. The congregations at Niblo's Theatre each day number over a thousand persons. Money to continue the hire of buildings is urgently needed.

Contributions of clothing for the Relief Fund have been received from the following:

A. V. S., Tennessee; A. Fri-m-i, Philadelphia, Pa.; "Garrett," Baltimore, Md.; Hately street, Brooklyn; W. S. Sargent Wick. O.; A friend, Spangle, Wash.; Unknown; Mrs. A. E. Torrey, Oxford, Pa.; King's Daughters, London, N. H.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE—COBURG, THE SCENE OF THE HESSE-COBURG WEDDING.

and have come in contact with a bridge or some other object which knocked him from his exposed position. In falling, his hand would touch the crane, and he must have grasped it with all his might and held on instinctively even after he became unconscious. He owed his life to the presence of mind which led him not to struggle but to concentrate all the strength of his body in that grip on the crane. His example may be commended to all who are in danger of losing their souls. In the rush of business life, and under the stress of fierce temptation, he alone is safe who clings to Christ and depends solely on his support. (John 10:28.)

A House Left to Ruin.

In a busy street in Brooklyn is an imposing house which is well furnished throughout, but is unoccupied and is slowly going to ruin. It belonged to an eccentric man who lived in it with his only daughter for many years. He died some time ago, and in his will he left the house to his daughter for her own occupation. He wished her to live in it, and stipulated that the house should never be sold or rented, either by her or her heirs. Two years after his death, the daughter left the house and has not returned to it. As she can neither sell it, nor rent it, she refuses to spend any money on it in repairs, or in keeping it in habitable condition. The furniture remains in it as in her father's time, but the windows and doors are never opened. Rats swarm in the house and have undisputed possession of all its rooms. Although it is a substantial and well-constructed house, the neighbors regard it as a

acted wisely in not resting satisfied with an arrangement that would merely sound the warning gong. In also arranging for the automatic closing of the gates, he provided for the protection of people who might not heed the gong. There are such people, although the number who would risk losing their lives under a train is not so large as those who risk the loss of their souls in spite of the warnings of the Bible and God's servants. (Ezek. 33: 5.)

A Strange Poisoning Case.

The record of an ancient criminal trial has recently been unearthed by an eminent author, who has published it. He states that the recent trial and execution of a man who had committed several unprovoked and apparently purposeless murders, excited his curiosity and he searched the criminal records, ancient and modern, to see if there had ever been a case before this, of a man committing murder without cause. In the course of his search, he came upon the record of such a case, in which the criminal adopted a crafty method of procedure. It was observed that several persons had died after eating a peach with him. He would take a peach, cut it in half with his knife, eat one half himself and hand the other half to his victim, who, having eating it, soon afterward died. It was difficult to understand how he could have poisoned any one with a peach, half of which he had eaten himself and he would have escaped detection but for a surprising discovery. On examining his knife, it was found that one side of the blade was of gold and was im-

THE GOSPEL IN JERUSALEM.

(Continued from first page.)

drew their consent. Thereupon, Mrs. Ben-Oliel made an appeal for funds to purchase or build an Evangelistic hall, to which personal friends responded most liberally. Owing to a deficit in the Foreign Mission funds of the United Presbyterian Church to the extent of somewhere about £12,000, the Oran Station was reluctantly given up in 1879; Mr. Ben-Oliel returned to England, and the donations for the hall were returned to the givers.

In 1883 he was appointed to work in Rome where the Lord blessed his labors by the conversion and baptism of several Jews; and just when he was breaking ground among the higher class of Jews, the question was addressed to him, "Would he go to Jerusalem?" His first arrangement was to labor for his Parent Society, but soon, finding himself free to do so, and encouraged thereto by men of God of the Evangelical Churches of England, the U. S. A., Canada, Australia, &c., and particularly by the late Rev. Dr. A. DeWelles Miller, of Charlotte, N. C., he established a mission of his own in the Holy City. Of his successful labors there since 1890 it may be said the whole evangelical world is now fully cognizant, for the religious press of almost all lands publish copious notices of his work, and also that of Mrs. and Miss Ben-Oliel in the City of Redemption.

Mr. Ben-Oliel has supplied three crying wants in Jerusalem: 1. A laborer who can converse in Hebrew with Rabbis and learned Jews, so numerous in the Holy City, and who is familiar with Hebrew literature and dogma. Hebrew is becoming again a living tongue in Jerusalem and Palestine, as is proved by the fact that the only newspapers published in Palestine are two weeklies in Jerusalem, both in the sacred tongue of Moses and the Prophets; and lately, the first monthly juvenile magazine, also in Hebrew, has appeared. 2. A laborer who can preach and discuss freely with the Sephardim (Spanish Jews) in their dialect—Judeo-Spanish. They are the most ancient Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem since the dispersion; the most civil, pious and learned, and, withal, the most easily accessible to the Gospel messenger. 3. He has provided the Holy City with an "Upper Room," where evangelical Christians of all denominations, travelers or residents, can meet to worship God, and where their ministers, for the first time in long ages, can have the highly-prized privilege of witnessing for Jesus in the City of Redemption. Several of the brightest Jewish families are among Mr. Ben-Oliel's converts. They visit the Mission house constantly to hear the evidences of Christ's Messiahship; and not only the "common people," but Rabbis, and the wealthy and influential, including the greatest men of the Jewish community, are among such visitors.

This work has been going on since August, 1890, purely as a work of faith and trust in the Lord, being supported wholly by the voluntary offerings of Christian friends who feel interested in its progress. Many of its supporters are in America, and Mr. Ben-Oliel has lately come over, with his wife and daughter, to make more widely known the field and its needs, and to enlist the prayers and practical interest of God's people everywhere throughout the Union. A few hours after reaching the port of New York, Mr. Ben-Oliel was addressing the Bible Class in the Hebrew-Christian Church. Shortly afterward, he attended and spoke at no less than fourteen Bible classes in Brooklyn, Bethlehem, Stroudsburg, Belvidere, Easton, Allentown, Philadelphia, Coatesville, Pottstown, Baltimore, York, Wilmington, Harrisburg and Germantown. He is a most interesting and instructive speaker, being thoroughly conversant with the customs and manners of the people of the Holy City; giving specimen readings from the Law and Prophets, exhibiting rolls of the Law, Phylacteries, etc., and giving an interesting account of the result of recent excavations in Palestine. In addition to these labors he has preached in Boston, Pittsburg, Binghamton, Saranton, Montrose, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other cities, every where meeting with encouragement and evoking deep interest in the Jerusalem Christian Union Mission. Wherever there are Jews he has preached to them in mission rooms, sometimes to five or six hundred at a time, hundreds at the close coming forward to shake hands and thank him for his addresses. Mrs. Ben-Oliel, too, frequently addresses her Christian sisters on the work which she has taken up as the living labor of her life.



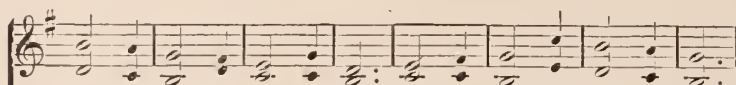
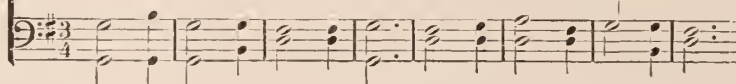
Holy Spirit.

F. J. CROSBY.

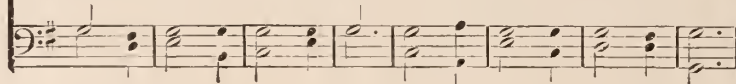
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



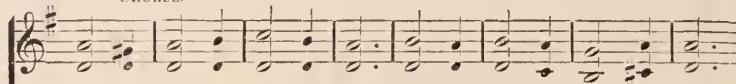
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, Rest up - on us from a - bove;
2. In our days of ear - ly youth, At the fount of sa - cred truth,
3. In Thy word may we de - light, In Thy work may all u - nite;



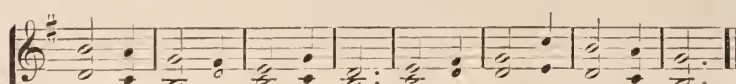
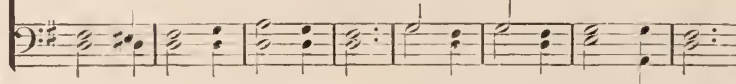
May Thy bless - ing, ere we part, Fill with praise each grate - ful heart.
May we give our - selves to Thee, Thine in life and death to be.
For Thy king - dom may we live, To Thy name all glo - ry give.



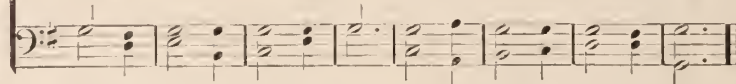
CHOIRS.



Ev - er - last - ing Three in One, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



God the Spir - it, hear our prayer; Make us all Thy bless - ing share.



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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

Miss Ben-Oliel also is a very interesting and effective speaker, and, since coming to America, has been in active demand by churches and Sunday Schools, to which she relates her experiences in visiting the homes of the Jewesses in the Holy City. She was frequently appalled at their poverty and ignorance. As an opportunity of helping and teaching them the Gospel, mothers' meetings were held there which have been greatly blessed. While in England Miss Ben-Oliel was invited to speak of this work to branches of the Y. W. C. A., with the result that a young woman to assist in this part of the work will be supported by them. In this country she is also speaking in their behalf. Recently, when invited to Detroit to speak at the Student Volunteer and Christian Endeavor Convention, she gave thirty-five talks in twenty-two days. She recently addressed the Sunday School at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. At the suggestion of Mrs. Bottom, President of the King's Daughters, Circles are being formed to assist the Jerusalem Mission.

The Ben-Oliels are likely to be in this

country till the end of July. They may be addressed care of Rev. Dr. Rice, Secretary of the American Tract Society, 10 East 23d street, New York.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

AS hies the hunted bird to rest,
Hie to thy Lord;
Shelter and loving care to all
Doth he accord.
Who full surrender freely make,
Trusting his Word.
In him thy rich provision find
From day to day;
That all thy care he'll bear for thee
Believe, and pray,
When ye are Christ's as Christ is God's,
All, yours away.

So, for thy way, shall light be sown
Springing anew;
Though densely o'er some shadowed path,
Flower trees of yew,
In deepest glooms of dungeon night
Shall love shine through.

Goldshara, N. C.

—LOUISE S. DORR.

THE MILLENNIAL REIGN.

Christ's Reign on Earth During the Thousand Years to Be a Time of Universal Righteousness.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

HAVING viewed in previous articles the millennium as a kingdom of peace and light, we come now to look at it in its aspect of a kingdom of righteousness. But what is righteousness, and how shall we define it? It comes from two old Anglo-Saxon words signifying right or straight, and wise or prudent. Righteousness, therefore, is keeping to the straight line, pursuing the straight path and avoiding all deviations therefrom. So much for the grammatical meaning of the word; but morally, perhaps no nobler or more exhaustive definition of "righteousness" could be given than that embodied in the great word of Christ: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 12.) But we have only to apply such a criterion as this to what the Apostle calls "the course of this world" to perceive at once, how, throughout its entire history, and in all the departments of human life, the reign of unrighteousness has obtained; and that in such a degree that even the Christian's faith has often been for a moment staggered, and he has been tempted to ask himself, "Is there indeed a reward for the righteous; is there in truth a God that judgeth the earth?" Putting aside the flagrant vices which in their habitual and world-wide prevalence, disgrace and degrade our common humanity, such as drunkenness, uncleanness, robbery, and murder, we see that it manifests itself both in the sphere of government, and in the sphere of social relation. It is in the midst of the most Christian nations that misery has assumed its most hopeless and concentrated forms. There is one hope for humanity, and only one, the coming of the Lord and the establishment of his righteous government. Let us note, then, some of the great forces which will "make for righteousness" in that millennial kingdom of righteousness and peace whereof we speak.

The supreme and universal power and rule will be absolutely and divinely righteous. "Behold," says Isaiah, "a King shall reign in righteousness." And this King is none other than the Lord Jesus himself; for Zechariah says, "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." (Zech. 14: 9.) Of his solemn investiture, Daniel had a sublime revelation when he "saw in the night visions, and, behold One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom." (Dan. 7: 13-14.)

Now concerning this King it is said, "He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth. And righteousness also shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." (Isaiah 11: 3-5.) While of him the Psalmist sings, "The Lord shall endure forever, he hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble." (Psalm 9: 7-9.) And if this were all, what an unspeakable blessing it would prove to the world!

Again, how it would affect the conduct of men towards their fellows, whether inferior or superior in station, to know that there was on earth and within reach a Supreme Authority, not only armed with irresistible power, but whose decrees were infallibly true and incorruptibly righteous; and which was moreover accessible to the poor as well as the rich, to the servant as freely as his master, nay, which made the former his special care, seeing that it is written, "with righteousness shall he judge the poor," and will be "a refuge for the oppressed." What a blessing, I say, would this be to the world; how completely would it alter the complexion and constitution of all human society. "I appeal unto Cæsar," said Paul, when he feared that justice was not to be had at a lower tribunal, though Cæsar did not rule in righteousness. But when the poorest and humblest shall be able to say, "I appeal to the King of kings," how will injustice shrink back appalled and selfishness hang its head in confusion!

(To be continued.)



Home Life in Samoa.

A Pacific Paradise, Where All Might Be Happiness, if it Were Not For Man's Passions—Native Dress and Customs.

HERE is no more delightful place in the wide world, as to climate, scenery, healthfulness and the productive variety of the soil than the little island group known as Samoa. Yet this tiny cluster of islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, far from the troubles and distractions of older and greater countries, and with no near neighbors to vex and annoy, is continually torn by internal warfare, and its progress in civilization retarded by quarrels among its rulers and petty chiefs. Its present king, Malietoa, had a most excellent training in a mission school, but even he seems to have yielded to the strange love of blood and slaughter that is a trait of the savage nature in all men. Though there has been a great deal of war in these beautiful islands, the natives are really a peace-loving people and would gladly follow a simple, peaceable hospitable, and generous mode of life if allowed. They are moral and self-respecting, too, and are in nearly all matters of personal behavior, superior to the population of other Polynesian groups: They are, as a rule, truthful and humane, and since the introduction of Christianity, they have abolished all their idols, although they still cling to the heathen practice of tattooing—a custom that prevails so extensively that the business of tattooer is the most lucrative in the kingdom. The simple "lava-lava" or native waist-cloth has been gradually replaced by garments more in accord with civilized ideas, and now European and American calicoes are used, the highest form of official dress for men being a linen shirt and a long full-skirted "lava-lava" of light brown material. Both sexes are inordinately fond of bright colors and love to deck themselves in anything that will make their fellow-Samoans stare. Short bodies of colored cotton and sometimes of richly-hued silk, satin or velvet, with colored "lava-lavas," would constitute the very richest wardrobe for the wife or daughter of a chief. Turbans of siato or native cloth are occasionally worn, and sometimes "trade hats," shipped from Europe or America; but usually the head is bare, save for the decoration of flowers which seems to be an almost universal custom. A native has fifty ways of dressing her hair, but flowers are never out of place.

The illustration on this page shows a Samoan home of the class found in the smaller villages on the islands of Upolu, Tutuila and Savaii. At such large settlements as Apia and Pango Pango, the general character of the dwellings is, of course, greatly superior. Native house-building is a serious and expensive undertaking, the owner being compelled to pay the workmen at certain stages even if he has to beg the

money, and meanwhile being obliged to feast all his friends. As both men and women help in house-building, the work is something in the nature of a prolonged jubilee or ceremony, varied with axe-dances, and singing. In a purely native house there is not a single nail, all the joints and fastenings being made with the sinnet or native string, made from cocoa-nut fibre.

One of the prettiest customs in Samoa is the welcome that is accorded to visitors to a native settlement. In the centre of each Samoan village there is usually a big building, called the "fale-tele," which is utilized as a council-house, and also as a place for the hospitable entertainment of strangers. When it becomes known in the village that strangers are on the way thither, there is a buzz of preparation, and the new arrivals, when they appear, are escorted to the "fale-tele," where they are received by the chief and his daughter, or by some other young woman who shall represent the hospitable

ing robes for the girls, wreathed and garlanded with flowers, while on their necks are garlands of the sweet-scented "musu-ae" (a fragrant native plant) and their tresses are interwoven with bush-flowers of many colors. The men are garbed in white and also quite liberally ornamented with flowers, though not so profusely as the women. Such costumes are worn on the event of any great festival, and if the proceedings include a feast, as they usually do, the gathering has a remarkably picturesque and interesting appearance.

The Evils of Card-playing.

A gentleman one afternoon met an acquaintance, writes Rev. Elijah Brown, and said: "Come to my house to-night, and let us have a good social time in playing whist." "I shall have to disappoint you on that line," remarked the friend, "for I cannot play whist." I have never had a pack of cards in my hand." "Well, come down and learn, for you don't know how much you have missed." "I have the best reason in the world for not wanting to know how to play," was the response. "And what is that?" the other asked. "It is this, Jesus Christ never played a game of whist, and his life is my example whenever it comes to a question of doubt." "Well, it wouldn't have hurt him any if he had," was the quick retort. "Perhaps not," returned the Christian slowly, "but only think of how much he would have hurt the world. Every saloon would have had a picture of him hanging up behind the bar with a pack of cards in his hand, and every evil that

young man will be a clerk a long time unless he happens to have parents with money to set him up in business, and even then he is at a disadvantage, for he is always afraid he will do what does not belong to him to do.

SINCE MOTHER WENT AWAY.

NO sunbeams fall about our door,
To kiss the drooping flow'rs;
No perfumed zephyrs as of yore,
Breathe out the evening hours.
The flitting bird sings at the pane,
His gleeful song, all day;
But 'tis to me a sad refrain
Since mother went away.
Why is my poor heart troubled so,
And will not be consoled?
My tear-brimmed eyes begin to flow
And cannot be controlled.
How shone the verdant landscape o'er,
In summer's sunny day;
No cloud it's velvet bosom wore,
Ere mother went away.
But now, the fragrant rock-rose dies
Upon the cold gray lawn:
The with'ring violet faded lies,
It's lovely charms withdrawn;
And sullen clouds of sombre hue
Wrap earth in gloom to-day;
But heaven is nearer, dearer too,
Since mother went away.

Danville, Pa.

N. B. BOWSER.

A BEGGAR CHILD'S FAITH.

DURING his recent evangelistic tour in Great Britain, Rev. George F. Pentecost had a very interesting experience in a Scottish city. At the close of a meeting, a little ragged, elf-like creature came up to him and pulled at the skirt of his coat. She was apparently a mere child. He bent down toward her and inquired what she wanted: "I want to be saved!" was the earnest reply. "Well," said the preacher, "Do you think I can save you?" "Na, na!" she said eagerly, "but Jesus can." "But tell me how he can do it? What has he done to save you?" Again the lips to my ear, and again the eager whisper—if possible more pathetic and tender: "Oh, sir, he died for me." "Then he is dead, is he? How can he save you if he is dead?" The little thing sprang up and again those eyes, just a moment ago suffused with tears, flashed upon me. No whisper now, no putting of lips to my ear, but her voice ringing out as once before: "He is not dead! Jesus is not dead! He died for me, but he is not a dead man. He is God's Son. Man, did you not tell us this

vera nict that God raised him from the dead? He was dead, but he is no dead noo. Oh, man, I want to get saved;" and her voice dropped into the old pathetic tones. "Do not fash me, but tell me a' about it and tell me how I can be saved."

I had preached that night from the text, "He was delivered for our offences and raised for our justification." Here was a little theologian who had grasped the whole blessed Gospel. Now she knew she was a sinner—she knew that only Jesus could save her. He had died, but God had raised him from the dead, and now he was able to save.

I need not say that the little one soon went away glad and happy. And I went away glad and happy. "He is no dead." "He did for me; he is no dead."

How often these words have come back to me, as I think of the little Scotch girl and her terrible earnestness about salvation. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." Here was surely an illustration in point.



A TYPICAL NATIVE HOME IN SAMOA.

side of Samoan society, as the chief is supposed to represent the official side. There is a short period of speechmaking and compliments and then the real business of welcoming the strangers begins. A refreshing draught of kava, a non-intoxicating liquid, is handed to the travelers. Meantime the youths and maids of the village assemble a little distance from the "fale-tele," and then march towards it, in single file or two abreast, singing a chorus of welcome. As they near the place, all the people of the settlement in gala costume, join in the procession and swell the chorus. Every one is provided with some gift for the strangers, even if it be simply a cocoa-nut, or a taro. As the paraders arrive, they deposit their gifts, with a shout, in front of the guests, and then retire to a comfortable distance. Sometimes great quantities of food are presented at these ceremonies. Occasionally, when the guests are to be specially honored, "papalagi" (foreign) costume is worn by the natives, consisting of long, white flow-

grows out of gambling could have pointed to him in reproach."

Every father who plays cards in his home will be able to see from this how his example in this one thing may be to his children a great curse. God help us to get our eyes open and look at this thing right.

Don't Shirk.

There seems to be a fear on the part of a good many people, and some really conscientious Christians, too, of doing more than their share of the work in which they are engaged. It seems to be wonderfully human and very natural for a great many to shirk responsibility, to leave whatever does not belong to their particular work to some one else. How often have we seen a young man enter a store with an excellent opportunity before him, perhaps with a sense of fairness and only doing what was fair and what was his share, fail to make the progress he should, fail to be to his employer what he might have been. Such a



CHAPTER XV. Continued.

NURSE WILLIAMS was a goodly sight in herself on this holiday, than which no whiter had stood in her calendar for many a long year. The wholesome fare, bracing air and cordial cheer of Pinehurst had, as she said, restored her to her normal self. Her cheeks had the bloom of a Spitzberg apple, her laugh was the merry gurgle her patients found irresistibly contagious; her comfortable visage was an illuminated demonstration of "peace on earth, good-will on earth." Over her gray gown was tied what was surely the smoothest apron in all the world where white muslin aprons are the badge of notable housewifery. She had been downstairs for over an hour, dusting the parlor, dressing the breakfast table with ground-pine and bitter-sweet berries, and, in the kitchen contriving to help, without hindering, Elspeth—not always an easy undertaking in another woman's kitchen.

When, at half-past seven, the household assembled in the parlor for prayers, she supplied a harmonious contralto to the soprano in which Mrs. Paull led the quaint old hymn that peals and echoes on one morning of the year around the globe:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

What a Christmas-keeping that was! From the pink rising of the sun to the crimson going down of the same, there was not one false note in the guileless mirth of childhood, not a sharp tone in the voices of their elders. Nothing went wrong. At breakfast the generous rivalry of Elspeth's spongy muffins and Mrs. Williams' smothered chicken added zest to the discussion of both; the clear black coffee in the cups of the grown people was mantled by whipped cream of like quality with that which slid slowly down inside of the glasses from which the children drank their milk.

Before anybody dreamed that the forenoon was half-gone, the luncheon was served. A luncheon which the children averred was quite as much fun as the Big Patch picnic; toasted bannocks and yellow buttermilk and home-made cream cheese, as smooth as butter, and far better than so-called Neufchatel, and hot corn-bread and wafery slices of coraline ham, and doughnuts. An early meal that Lanier might set out betimes for Peddlington, which Marie would reach by the one o'clock train from New York. She could not get away earlier on account of the morning service at St. Gudule's. It was in voluntary compliment to her that her little brothers, and even Gladys, begged not to have the large parlor, where the tree stood, opened until the afternoon. They had hung up their stockings overnight and enjoyed overhauling the fruit, bon-bons and other trifles with which they were distended by morning. The Tree—the anniversary's Crown and Event, should not be touched, or so much as looked upon before "Sister's" arrival.

Everything went upon velvet that day. The sleek roadster attached to the trim cutter which was Uncle Roger's Christmas present to his sister, actually arched his neck, curvetted and "stepped out" with an air a thoroughbred might have emulated, when Lanier got in and took up the reins. Not a capful of wind had dislodged the trim coping of snow from the top of the stone walls. The steady, still cold had held on, although the sun shone brightly. The four-inch-thick covering of the earth had not melted, but settled into compactness, making the sleighing excellent, without need of cutting roads in any direction. As the cutter spun out of the gate—"spun" was not too strong a word in the boys' opinion, for the gallant way in which bay Prince carried off the new equipage—the dry snow spurned by his hoofs hung in the air like silver dust.

"I wonder if it's too dry to make a snow-

man with?" speculated Mrs. Williams, squeezing a handful in her strong fingers.

That was the inception of the famous statue of Santa Claus which was erected at the right side of the piazza-step under the shelter of the porch "ready to shake hands with anybody who called," said Gladys.

He was almost built, when Mr. Morse drove around the corner of the house, the jingle of his sleigh-bells unheard in the clamor of talk and laughter, until he was abreast of the busy group. Wrapped up to their eyes, with just room between the folds of their comforters for the escape of clouds of eager breath, with thick gloves protecting hands that would else have been frosted, the boys brought and emptied upon the floor basketfuls of snow. Mrs. Paull and Mrs. Williams, also muffled beyond recognition but for eyes and voices, acted as sculptors-in-chief. Mr. Morse's companion was his Philadelphia brother-in-law, Dr. Lyell, a frequent and favored visit at Pinehurst.

"Don't stop! Let us take a hand!" called the pastor, gaily, as the sleigh dashed on to the stable for shelter for the horse.

They were back in three minutes, and took a hand with a will equal to that of the most zealous, and skill that threw the best efforts of their predecessors into the back-ground.

"Mould and pose are really classic!" observed Mrs. Paull, withdrawing to a suitable distance for contemplation while the boys swept up the snow scattered about the base of the statue. "The Knickerbocker saint is classic by now, isn't he?"

"I flatter myself that his cloak has a togaesque droop," said Dr. Lyell, his head on one side, his hand funnelled artistically. "But the beard—of which Mr. Morse was sole architect—is the master-piece. I wish we could borrow him as a figure-head for the big sleigh to-night!"—was the adroit introduction to a petition the two had come to prefer.

The parsonage was full of frolicsome young people from Philadelphia and New York, for whom the Morses had planned a moonlight sleigh-ride. Would Mrs. Paull spare her son and daughter for a few hours? The party would call by for them at half-past seven and return them in safety before midnight. Mrs. Morse was to matronize the affair, and Mr. Morse would allow nobody but himself to act as charioteer. They were to take supper at a hotel ten miles away, situated in the very heart of the snow-girt mountains, and renowned for excellent fare. This was the programme unfolded by Mrs. Paull over the Christmas dinner served at five o'clock that the children might have time to digest it before bed-time.

Marie sat at her mother's right hand, dressed as was her custom, simply in black. No conventual costume could have hidden the fact of her beauty to-day. Her nectarine bloom, the golden sheen of her luxuriant hair, the eyes, violet-blue in color, and eloquent in the expression of every fluctuation of emotion, would have made a pretty, even a brilliant-looking woman of her, had her features been less regular. In the holiday mood in which she indulged herself, she was bewitching in the sight of others as well as her mother, whose prideful love as she looked and listened to her wayward daughter, gave watchful Mrs. Williams a heartache.

"She's taken lots of stock in that girl, in spite of all that's passed," she meditated. "Up to date, it isn't paying stock either, but, there! the love a mother puts into her children is most generally to be considered in the light of a permanent investment. There's no calculating what the dividends will be of shares that are below par sometimes six days in a week, and that a smile or a kind word can send up on the seventh day to thribble what they're worth."

Marie's eyes danced for one unguarded moment and the nectarine bloom was height-

ened at hearing of the prospective frolic, but her reply was demure.

"I should like to go if Lanier is to be one of the party. Perhaps, however, mother would rather have us stay at home this evening?"

It was spoken carelessly, but the starved heart of the parent responded to the slight indication of regard for her wishes.

"By no means, love," she hastened to reply. "I shall have you with me all day to-morrow. If I were ten years' younger and had not played the sculptor so hard this afternoon, I should ask for a seat in the sleigh. The idea is simply enchanting."

"You would be the handsomest woman there, if you went!" said loyal Tom.

"That's so!" Edwin backed up his senior.

"And the youngest!" put in Mrs. Williams.

"And the most fascinating!"—this from Lanier.

"And the best and sweetest!" Gladys carried on the eulogy, reaching over from her chair at her mother's left hand to clasp her arms behind her neck.

"Certainly the richest!" responded Mrs. Paull, trying to laugh while her eyes swam in a happy dew. "When I have all my children about me, I can say with all my heart that I do not envy the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, or Queen Cressus—if there was such a personage."

She said the same in substance, again, as having seen the big sleigh, heaped with furs and happiness, drive from the door, and listened until the last tinkle of the bells lost itself among the hills, she heaved a satisfied sigh in returning to the fireside with Mrs. Williams.

"My cup is very full to-night. The paths I have not known have brought me out into a wealthy place. These anniversaries are hill-tops where it is lawful to rest awhile and look back over the road we have traveled. How lovely Marie has been to-day! Don't you think so?"

"We are not the only people of that opinion. Unless I am mistaken, there's a young man of that party who could give us a point or two upon the subject."

Mrs. Paull had taken up a stick of wood to lay on the fire. The sentence arrested her. Still holding it, she looked around quickly: "Do you mean Dr. Lyell?"

"Just that!"

The hostess adjusted the stick carefully in its place, brushed up the hearth, and pulled forward two chairs, one for her companion, one for herself.

"I have never thought of such a possibility," she said, slowly. "She seems such a child to me."

"In her twentieth year—isn't she?"

"She was nineteen in October. Quite too young to be married."

"She looks and acts and feels like a woman of twenty-five. You won't take it amiss if I say what come into my head, seeing them two together? Before that, in fact, for the notion popped into my brain this afternoon while he was helping and talking to you over the snow-man. I think when he was holding snow in his hand to soften it enough to make a nose, and you begged him not to do it. 'I'd rather Santa Claus should have a snub nose, than that you should freeze your fingers,' says you in your nice, motherly way. And he flashed his eyes up at you so quick and grateful and affectionate-like—just the look I've noticed in other young men in talking to women they wished were their mothers-in-law. That set me on to watch him with Miss Marie. He looked too happy to see her, and she made too much of an effort to behave to him exactly as she did to Mr. Morse, not to mean something out of the common. Mr. Morse, he may not have understood it. Ministers are the salt of the earth, as we all know, that is, the right sort are. (Salt that's lost its savor ain't to be compared in trashiness with the wrong kind!) But I've noticed a many a time that most of them—even the saltiest, as you may say—have got so into the habit of being put first that they kinder squirm when they are put second. Maybe it's the praise and reverence of the women in the congregation that's responsible for it. Maybe, again, it's being stood up above the people so constant, in pulpits and upon platforms and things. Anyhow, it's more than likely Mr. Morse took it as quite natural that Miss Marie squeezed his hand in both of hers, and said, 'Mayn't I please sit up there by you?' quite as if she meant it. His wife had different eyes and her own notions, so she had a fat elderly man on the raised front seat, and snuggled Miss Marie

in the one just behind, 'out of the wind,' she said, and between her and Dr. Lyell."

"Is that 'the notion' you hoped I would not mind you telling?" asked Mrs. Paull, smiling.

She was versed in her old friend's manner of leading up to a delicate subject.

"Well, then, it isn't, 'though it has a good deal to do with it, when you come down to the truth. This was what I was thinking of: The best way to get one thing out of the mind is to fill it with another thing. Ever since I knew her, Miss Marie has had her head and heart taken up with one idea. If this nice young gentleman, who, from what I can judge, is what he ought to be, could work himself into her favor—why, it would be a safer and happier filling up of her heart and her life than the other. You'll forgive me if I've gone too far, Mrs. Paull? Nobody knows better than me, ma'am, that some wounds ought not be meddled with, even after they're healed over. No matter how light they are touched they inflame, and like's not, break out again. I've carried such a tender spot about me for nine and twenty years."

"Forgive you, dear friend!" said Mrs. Paull's mildest tone. "After all you have done for me and mine, could I take exception to anything you might say, even if my judgment did not tell me you are in the right, as it does in this instance? I could ask no better earthly blessing for my deep-hearted girl than to see her the happy wife of an honorable man—be it Richard Lyell, or anybody else. Pure love of a worthy object is a sovereign cure for morbidness. Next to this, I place active industry for others' good—something to do, and to be doing it."

"You are in the right there. But for my work—my profession as some call it—I don't, but we mean the same thing) work that's laid right down before me, and me to ask no questions, and to slight nothing—day's work, cut and carved and measured out, same as the tale of bricks was to the Is'ra'elites, but by another sort of overseer—I'd 'a' been in my grave, or in the lunatic asylum, ages ago. And since I've known and walked in The Royal Road, the yoke has been easy and the burden light. It's like day unto day uttering speech, a-whispering one to the other, of the following of goodness and mercy, and angels coming to minister unto me in my darkest nights."

The sweet surounding
Of thine angels' banding wings.

Yes, I can truly say that the songs I have had in the house of my pilgrimage since I was let to understand what pilgrimage is, and the house but a 'moving tent pitched each night nearer home'—are more and joyfuller than in the days when, as one might say, my corn and my wine were increased."

"And you, too, have had a great sorrow?"

The question was scarcely above a whisper.

"Such a sorrow as has made every other seem light to me. Hark! they can't be back already?"

The clash and chime of sleigh-bells were loud and close at hand. With the instant apprehension that some accident had befallen the revelers, both women hastened to the outer door.

A livery-stable sleigh and a pair of horses were there; a tall man threw back the robes and alighted, as the lamp-rays from the hall streamed out upon the welcoming figure of Santa Claus.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Everlasting Arms! I think of that whenever rest is sweet. How the whole earth and the strength of it, that is almightiness, is beneath every tired creature to give it rest; holding us always! No thought of God is closer than that.

—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

In God's world for those who are in earnest there is no failure!

—F. H. Robertson.

For him the silver ladder shall be set:

His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;

He walketh to a fadless coronet

Up through the gate of death.

—Anonymous.

"Don't be frightened, Alice!" said the unexpected visitor. "I am only a Christmas trick."

"Roger! my blessed brother!" was the glad outcry with which the sister sprang to his arms. "This is a joyful surprise! I only needed it to make our white Christmas 'round and perfect as a star!'"

Voice and limbs tremulous with excitement, she stood in the embrace of his left arm, while he gave orders to the driver to put up at the village hotel and come for him at nine o'clock next morning. His sister interrupted him:

"So soon, brother! It has been so long since you were here!"

(To be Continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOOD FUND.

Additional Contributions for the Relief of the Destitute in New York City.

Avon, N. Y.	1 00	Mrs K. Mangin St.	1 00	Ill. 75c; Mrs O. 25c; C H reader,	
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TWO weeks ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the wonderfully interesting story of Millie Jefferson, of New York, the one hundred and nine year old colored woman, whose Christian life and beautiful faith are exerting a wide influence in the district where she lives. To-day, we give the portrait of "Aunt Jane Brown," another Christian woman of great age,



"AUNT JANE."

A King's Daughter at 101.

who resides in the sister city of Brooklyn. She is an inmate of the Home for Aged Colored Women, on Atlantic avenue, in that city. In the Home, a Circle of King's Daughters has been organized among the inmates, no member of the circle being under seventy years of age, and several bordering on the century mark. Aunt Jane is the oldest, and is the President of the Circle. She bears the burden of her years very lightly, retaining the use of the faculties almost unimpaired, except that of sight. Even in her blindness, however, her patience and beautiful faith are well illustrated in her familiar answer to inquiries about her health: "I'm just as well as I can be, thank you, and I'm just waitin' till my place is ready or me." Aunt Jane is a staunch Baptist, but has a love that embraces all Christian denominations. Among her associates she is a great favorite, and visitors to the Home find, in this aged Christian's example and conversation, an incentive to increased faith and multiplied zeal in the conduct of their own lives.

MOSLEM WOMEN AND THE BIBLE.

Mos Lillian Dietrich, a missionary in India, writing to the "Missionary Link," from Cawnpore, relates the following interesting incident:

"As I was leaving Cawnpore to take the train for Muthra, the home mail came in. I brought a paper with me, expecting to read during the long wearisome journey, but I had scarcely opened it after the train started,

when a sweet-faced Mohammedan woman, who had come closely veiled into the zenana railway carriage which I was in, asked me if I had with me a Bible, and if I would mind reading a little from it to her. She said she had always been very strict in observing the requirements of the Mohammedan religion, observing all the fasts, praying five times a day, etc., but had found no rest for her soul, and felt her need for something she had not found in her religion, for which she was seeking. She had been in the habit each day of reading the Koran, the only book her husband would permit her to read, and while she had heard of our Saviour and our Bible, she was afraid to have it found in her possession, as her husband was so severe and strict in his watch over her. As soon as I began to read, all the other women in the compartment crowded about me, and I soon had a very interested and interesting audience. A number of the women asked me if I had Gospels to sell, and as I had some with me in Hindi and Urdu, they found a ready sale. The Mohammedan woman looked very wistfully at a Gospel, but said she was afraid of her family, should they find any of our religious books with her. I asked her if she would not like to commit a verse or so to memory, so that she could have it in her heart and meditate upon it. She was very much pleased, and before leaving the train had perfectly learned St. John 3: 16."

TIBET SOON TO BE OPEN.

The real object of China urging Tibet to persist in its policy of exclusion, is that it desires to keep the trade of Tibet in its own hands. In a very short time, however, that mysterious country will be opened to the merchants and traders of the civilized world. There is little agriculture in Tibet, beyond a few cereals and roots, the climate being that of the Alpine peaks. The wealth consists in thousands of sheep, the only manufacture being woollen cloth, but gold, silver, mercury, musk, fur, hides and wool are also exported. The imports consist of tea—the plantation sweepings pressed into bricks—rice, sugar, cotton cloth, leather, satin, porcelain, clocks and musical boxes, the last being much appreciated. The Tibetans are totally ignorant of Europeans, and very averse to foreigners, a feeling the Chinese cherish for their own purposes. At the close of the Sikkim war, the Lamas asked the Emperor for his advice. A big document was returned with a little one inside. The big one said, "Don't fight the foreigners; let them enter Tibet." The private one said, "Don't let the foreigners enter Tibet; fight them, or you will rue it;" the latter advice being, of course, followed. Tibetans actually think that Mohammedanism is the religion of the "Piling-in" or Europeans, and credited Miss Taylor with witchcraft, believing that she was taking stock of the gold and silver in the mountains for a future occasion. The people were much impressed by our kindness to prisoners of war, and astounded at our cannon balls. "Fire," they said, "came down from heaven in burning balls." The Russians seem to be the chief European travelers in Tibet, and most favored by the Chinese. The Sikkim-Tibet

Convenion, just signed permits foreigners to reside and trade in the border towns, under certain conditions. It only wants a conference of nations, Miss Taylor thinks, and a little firmness on our part, to divert the Tibetan trade to India, to the great advantage of Tibet.

THE ARGUMENT OF A LIFE.

"When I was young," said a good old man, "I did not care for the concern of eternity, and was very different from what I afterwards became. Aye, there was an infidel once who used to come and argue with me about religion, and one day I turned to him and said, 'You knew me as I used to be before I gave my heart to God; now tell me, was I a better man then, nay, was I half as good a man as I have been since,' and the skeptic had not a word to say." There was no answering this plain argument. The skeptic knew what a sad, sinful young man this old man had been before he was brought to Christ, and could not deny the change that had been wrought. A changed life is indeed one of the hardest arguments for an infidel to answer. There he sees the power of God unto salvation.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes, God's meekest angel gently comes; No power has he to banish pain, Or give us back our loss again; And yet in tenderest love our dea And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance, There's rest in his still countenance! He mocks no grief with idle cheer, [ear; Nor wounds with words the mourner's But ills and woes he may not cure He kinnly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience sent to calm Our feverish brow with cooling palm; To lay the storms of hope and fear, And reconcile life's smile and tear; The throbs of wounded pride to still, And make our own our Father's will.

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THE FLOWER IN THE PRISON.*

SCARCELY were the commands of the Empress issued, that no farther obstruction should be offered the young stranger, when the brilliant crowd opened, to yield a passage to Teresa Girardi, who appeared in the midst of the throng, in a suppliant attitude, as if scarcely aware of being released from the detention of her captors.

But on a sign from Josephine—a gracious sign, instantly recognized by those around as a token of indulgence—the young Piedmontese was set at liberty; and, on finding herself free, Teresa rushed to the foot of the throne, breathless with agitation, and, bending low before the Empress, proceeded to unfold a handkerchief which she had taken from her bosom.

"A poor prisoner, madam," said she, "implores the clemency of your majesty." But, with every disposition to indulgence, it was impossible for the Empress to divine the meaning of the strang looking handkerchief which Teresa Girardi, sinking on one knee, tendered to her hands.

"Have you a petition to present to me?" demanded Josephine at last, of the trembling girl, in a tone of encouragement.

"This, madam, is a petition; this is the memorial of an unfortunate captive!" persisted Teresa, still holding up the handkerchief. But tears of terror and anxiety flowing down her cheeks, almost concealed the smile which the gracious affability of the Empress had for a moment called into existence.

"Rise, my poor girl, rise!" said Josephine, in a tone of compassion. "You appear deeply interested in the welfare of the petitioner!"

Teresa blushed, and hung down her head. I have never even spoken to him, madam," she replied; "but he is so deserving of pity. If your majesty would deign to read the statement of his misfortunes—"

Josephine now unfolded the handkerchief, touched to the heart by the evidence of misery and destitution conveyed in such a substitute for writing-paper. Pausing, however, after she had perused the first line of the petition, she exclaimed, "But this is addressed to the Emperor!"

"And are you not his wife?" cried Teresa. "Deign, deign to read on! Every moment is of consequence. Indeed there is no time to be lost!"

The fight was now at the hottest! And it was while all was proceeding around her, that the Empress attempted to give her attention to the following lines.

Sire: The removal of two stones from the pavement of the court of my prison will scarcely shake the foundation of your empire; and such is the favor I presume to ask of your majesty. It is not for myself I appeal to your protection. But in the stony desert in which I am expiating my offense against your government, a single living thing has solaced my sufferings, and shed a charm over my gloomy existence. A plant—a flower, springing spontaneously among the stones of Fenestrella, is the object of my solicitude. I admit, sire, that this poor plant has softened the vengeance doomed by your majesty to fall upon my devoted head; but it has also subdued my pride, and cast me a suppliant at your feet. . . . I do not complain of captivity. I support my sentence with resignation. Be its duration as that of my own life, but spare, oh, spare my plant!

*From *Piccola, the Prisoner of Fenestrella* or, *Captivity Captive*, by X. B. Saintine, pp. 221, artistic binding, illustrated, price \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

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Teresa Girardi, meanwhile, attentive to every gesture of the empress, felt instantaneously reassured by the soft smile of sympathy which overspread the countenance of Josephine while perusing the petition. With a beating heart, she stooped to imprint a graceful kiss on the hand extended towards her, a hand how puissant amid all its fragile fairness, for on its slender finger glittered the nuptial ring of Napoleon!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

If Christ came to Chicago! by William T. Stead. Pp. 472; price 50c; published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

Bible Class Expositions: the Gospel of Luke, by Alexander Macclaren, D.D. Pp. 337; price \$1; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. 10th St., New York.

Broken Bread for Suffering Disciples, by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Needham. 224 pages; price \$1; published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Fifth Ave., New York.

The Bible in Private and Public, by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. Pp. 50; price 25c; paper covers; published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Fifth Ave., New York.

The Political Economy of Natural Love, by Henry Wood. A most instructive work for Teachers and Students. Pp. 305; English cloth; price \$1.25. Lee & Shepherd, Boston, publishers.

The Epistle to the Romans, by Handley C. G. Moule, M. A. The latest addition to the valuable series of volumes in the Expositor's Bible. 437 pp.; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

Entom: A Story of the Great Rebellion, by John R. Musick. The twelfth volume of the Columbian Historical Novel Series; pp. 505; illustrated; cloth covers; price \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

Be Perfect; A Message from the Father in Heaven to His Children on Earth, by Rev. Andrew Murray. Meditations on spiritual things for a month. pp. 156; cloth covers; price 75c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

The Measure of History, Sacred and Secular: The Standard Scale of Chronology, by Prof. Charles A. L. Totten. Uniform with the "Our Race" Series; paper covers; pp. 302; price 75 cents. Our Race Publishing Co., New Haven, Conn., publishers.



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BE.

Be ye clean that bear the vessels
In the service of the Lord:
Let your garments be unspotted,
As ye haste to do his word.
"Be ye holy—I am holy—"
Beautiful is this command,
That we may be like the Master,
Holy in his sight to stand.

Be ye perfect—take your standard
From the word the Lord hath given,
Nearing ever—yet not reaching
To the Blessed One in Heaven.
Be ye filled with his own spirit,
How inspiring is the thought!
Be enlarged—be growing ever
In the truths the Lord has taught.

Be ye faithful—failing never,
Till the hour of death shall come,
And the crown of life is waiting,
When the Master calls "come home!"
Watchful be, and strengthen hourly
All the trusts left in his care,
Guarding every sacred treasure,
Keep all safe with wish and prayer.

Be ye fruitful—lives full laden
For the glory of the Lord,
Sweet with fruits of love and mercy,
Harvests from his precious Word.
Of good comfort be ye ever,
Of one mind in love and peace,
Then the God of Love and Comfort,
Surely all your days will bless.

PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Berlin, Mass.

INFLUENCE OF A HYMN.

A gentleman in China, entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, he sat down and waited, in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men, one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking, the older one giving utterance continuously to profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the other shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the familiar hymn of Phoebe Cary, "Nearer Home." The words repeated in such a vile place, at first made the other man shudder. A Sabbath school hymn in a gambling den! While the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed, "Where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, that one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words with tears in his eyes. The young man said he had learned them in a Sunday School in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up, "here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last drop. I have misled you, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, and say that you will quit this business." It was afterwards learned that the older man had become a hard-working Christian man, while the younger had renounced gambling and its attendant vices.

A THIEF'S REPENTANCE.

In a recent address, Rev. B. Fay Mills related the following incident: "There was a young man in Ohio engaged by an express company. Twenty thousand dollars were missing. He was suspected, tried, but acquitted. Owing to the suspicion, he left the place and moved west; but he found no rest. He came to Chicago; heard Mr. Moody. After two or three nights he remained to speak to Mr. Moody and several gentlemen who were with him. He told them that he must confess to them that he had committed the crime for which he had been tried; and then he asked them what he must do. 'Re-

store the money,' they replied at once. He told them that it was hidden under a plank in the office. Then he said, 'What now shall I do?' They prayed about it. At last he rose and said, 'Gentlemen, pray for me. I know what I shall do.' He went back to the town where he had worked; came to the court. The judge who had tried him was on the bench. 'Judge,' he said, 'you remember me?' 'Yes,' 'I committed that crime.' 'Well, you ought to suffer for it.' 'I know I should,' was the humble reply. 'But I can't try you again,' the judge argued. 'Can't you try me for perjury?' 'Yes, we might.' He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to three years in the State prison. When he went behind the stone walls of the prison, for the first time for years he was a free man. Before his term expired, he was pardoned. He went out in time to stand by the bedside of his dying father, and by his words, his father was led to Christ, and died in triumph. He also led his brother to Christ.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

E. Shearman, \$25 each for the Temporary Shelter in Varick Place, N. Y.; the Barefoot Mission and the Door of Hope. Willing Helpers, Scranton, Pa., \$20 for Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: King's Daughters, Utica, N. Y., \$1 for the Bethesda Home. Mary A. Hites and Mary E. Neward, 25 cents each for the Mary Washington Fund.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: E. Shearman, \$25; Sarah Sprague, \$2; F. Sprague, \$2; M. M. Pratt, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$204.67. Total, \$234.67.

For the Bethany Lodging-House for Homeless Women: Henry W. Marks, \$1; R. L. Edwards, \$4.

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work: E. Shearman, \$25; Mrs. G. T. W. Larry's Creek, Pa., \$1; Mrs. M. A. M. Wylie, \$5.

For Sister Charlotte's Home: Friends of the Cause, Philadelphia, \$2; [Mrs. Lydia E. Wheeler, \$1.



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Raised from infancy to healthy, happy childhood, upon the only perfect substitute for mother's milk—MELLIN'S FOOD. This food contains all the nutritive properties of breast milk, without any of the injurious farinaceous substances found in many other infants' foods.

Mellin's Food

will make the weakest infant happy, robust and vigorous.

Our Book for the instruction of mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed free to any address, upon request.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS wanted in every town. Something new. \$75 a month. Write quick. Sherman & Butler, 26 W. Lake St. Chicago

If you value your life

or the lives of those nearest and dearest to you

Read!



"What I have seen of God's healing power through you demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.

Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

FOR YEARS MR. CONGREVE has been entreated to make his remedies known in America, but his time being too fully absorbed by his English patients would not permit of his doing so. Now, however, he has been enabled to extend his organization so as to bring America under his personal observation, and those interested in preserving their own lives and the lives of those nearest and dearest to them, can obtain his book on Consumption—300th edition, containing full particulars of his treatment, together with details of 400 fully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours—price 25 cts., post free—by addressing him at 4 Wooster St., New York, or it will be sent free with every first order of a \$1.00 trial bottle of BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

THE ARGUMENTS IT CONTAINS commend themselves to the judgment of any impartial reader, for whilst the fallacies of some theories are laid bare, the author dispels the prevalent notion of the hopelessly fatal character of this dire disease, and proves beyond doubt that by proper means

Consumption is Curable.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

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Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received for the same.

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FREE—A Grand Offer—FREE.

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Mme. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 2c., silver or stamps."

In every case of freckles, pimples, moth, sallowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT (Dept. V), No. 6 E 14th St., New York.

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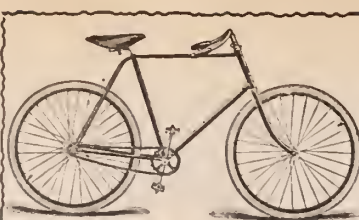
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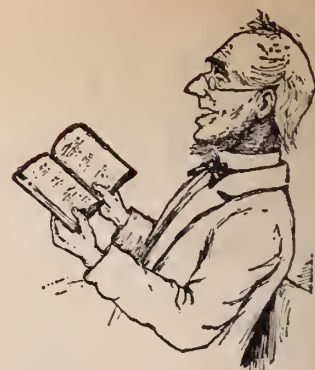
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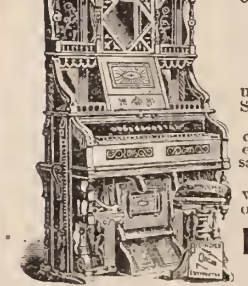
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A LIFE SPENT FOR CHRIST.

Rev. Wm. M. Thomson, Preacher, Scholar, Statesman and Missionary—His Labors in Syria and his World-Famous Writings on the Holy Land.



PERHAPS there could be no greater illustration of the value to Christianity and the world of a single noble life, with high spiritual aims and purposes, than is furnished in the career of Rev. Wm. McClure Thom-

son, who died in Denver, Colo., recently. It was in many respects, one of the model missionary careers of a century which has abounded in noble and consecrated men and women, who have given up all—wealth, position, talents, even life itself—for the sake of the Master they loved and served.

Dr. Thomson was born in Springdale, Ohio, in 1806. He graduated at Miami University in 1826, studied at Princeton during the next two years, and in 1831 was ordained an evangelist by the Presbytery of Cincinnati. In 1832, he was sent as a missionary to Syria and Palestine, and labored in that field until 1849, when he came home for a short vacation. He returned, however, in 1850, and for twenty-six years thereafter, with the exception of a brief respite in 1858, remained in the Holy Land.

Missionary work in Syria began in earnest about the latter part of the first quarter of this century. In 1823, two American missionaries, Revs. Isaac Bird and Wm. Goodell, with their wives, arrived there, and after a general survey of the social and moral condition of the field, they decided to make Beyrout the centre of their operations. They were soon reinforced by other missionaries—some of them coming from England—and schools were opened at Beyrout which were continued successfully until the violent persecution of 1828 compelled the workers to close them for a time. In 1830, the storm having blown over, they returned and resumed their labors with redoubled energy. That year saw the establishment of a Christian printing press in Beyrout, the first in all Syria, by Rev. Eli Smith and tracts and pamphlets were published and a translation of the Bible into the common Syriac begun. Shortly after this, further reinforcements came from America, including Revs. Dr. Thomson, Nathaniel A. Keys, Samuel Wollcott, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Sherman and Dr. Van Dyck. When the old and new school Presbyterians of the United States were united the Syrian Mission was handed over to the Presbyterian Board. The work was not materially affected by the change. Since 1870, the progress of the mission has been very great and its resources as well as the number of its native adherents have been trebled in that time. Among the other workers identified with this important mission were Revs. Samuel Jessup, W. K. Eddy, Ira Harris and Harvey Porter.

Dr. Thompson's missionary career, was characterized by a marked adaptability to the manners and social life of the Syrian people with the result that he was welcomed by all classes, even among those most hostile to his mission work. By his many years' experience with Oriental habits of thought and feeling, he came to

exercise an influence among them which made his name widely known throughout all Syria. For more than thirty years of his life in that country, Syria had been almost constantly the scene of civil or of foreign war; and the work which he did in endeavoring to mediate between the contending parties, or in relieving suffering will long be remembered. Just after the frightful massacre of the Maronites by the Druses and Turks, in 1860, he organized a relief committee at Beyrout for the purpose of aiding the 2,000 widows who were congregated there. This course was strongly commended by Lord Dufferin, who had been deputed by the British government to proceed to Beyrout to investigate the situation. The Maronites are a community or sect of Christians in Syria, numbering somewhere about 150,000, and who are located in the northern part of Mount Lebanon. They are said to be of very ancient origin. The



THE CITY AND PORT OF BEYROUT, SYRIA.

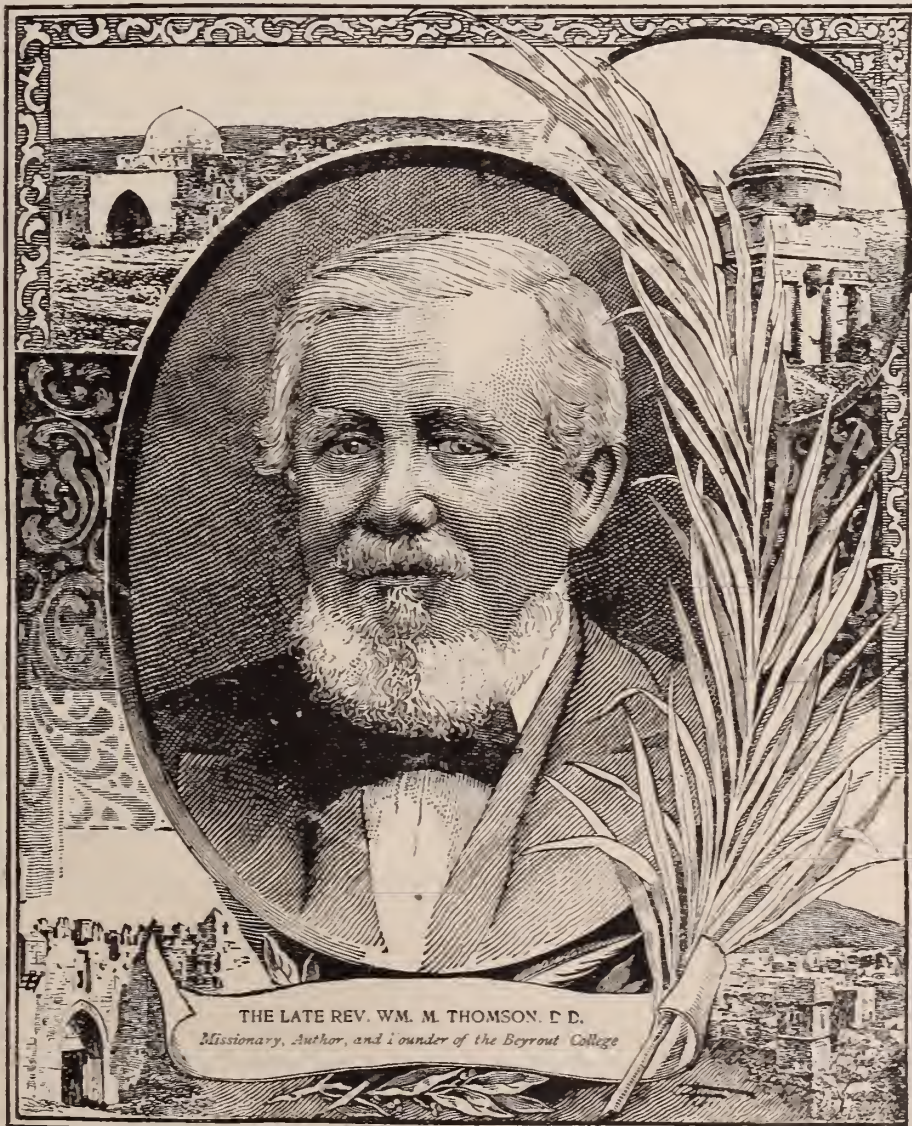
sword. These troubles culminated in the great massacre of Christians by the Mo-

and proscribed people, and endeavored to ameliorate their condition by education and otherwise. His work was recognized and commended by the leading native statesmen and highest officials in Syria, and it was believed that his greatest individual success—in a life that had many brilliant triumphs—was in the outcome of his labors for the people of Mount Lebanon.

Prof. Thomson took a deep interest in the subject of higher education for the Arabs, who are pre-eminently a people with literary tastes, and it is their literature which dominates the vast Mohammedan world. Recognizing this fact, Dr. Thomson first conceived and initiated the formation of the Syrian Protestant College at Beyrout, which has been carried forward to its present success and high promise by American friends and professors, so that it bids fair to exert an important influence on the future of the East. It has three departments—preparatory, collegiate and medical—with over two hundred students from all parts of Syria, Egypt and Cyprus. The theological seminary of the mission was built and equipped under the leadership of Dr. James S. Dennis, its president. Since the establishment of the mission press at Beyrout, the quantity of printed Gospel tracts and leaflets issued has increased yearly. In 1880, the output was 25,000,000 pages. With a very large part of the work, and especially with its inception, upbuilding and development, Dr. Thomson was closely identified. His missionary influence was essentially educational and was productive of the most valuable results. His whole life and labors in Syria furnish the most complete argument in refutation of the charges that foreign missions are not sufficiently productive of results to warrant the cost. In a land where scholarship is universally esteemed, he won the respect and the love of the people no less by his profound learning, than by his singularly pure and upright life and the example of a character that commanded their admiration, even while its efforts were directed against their traditional beliefs.

With Rev. Daniel Bliss, his active coadjutor, Dr. Thomson vigorously pushed the work of the Beyrout College, and the result has been a moral and intellectual development and enlightenment in a large part of the Turkish Empire that would otherwise have been impossible.

(Continued on page 301.)



THE LATE REV. WM. M. THOMSON, D.D.
Missionary, Author, and Founder of the Beyrout College

Druse fanatics in great numbers attacked and slew thousands of the almost defenceless Maronites in May and June, 1860. Towns were sacked and abandoned, and almost the entire male population put to the

hammedans of Damascus in July of that year. Dr. Thomson exerted himself successfully in helping the Maronite refugees. During the remainder of his life in Syria, he devoted special attention to these persecuted



THE GENERATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Eccl. 1: 4: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

ACCORDING to the longevity of people in their particular century has a generation been called a hundred years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth century, a generation is fixed at twenty-five years.

The largest procession that ever moved is the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of generations. In each generation there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9,125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They never break ranks. They never ground arms. They never pitch tents. They never halt. They are never off on furlough. They came out of the eternity past, and they move on toward the eternity future. They cross rivers without any bridge or boats. The six hundred immortals of the Crimea dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rapidly at midnight as at noon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter aloes, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can hasten, or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on, and on, and on, and on, while mountains crumble and pyramids die. "One generation passeth, and another generation cometh."

This is my twenty-fifth anniversary sermon, 1869 and 1894. It is twenty-five years since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known: That which preceded our own, that which is now at the front, and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our predecessors, and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front regiment are the only ones competent to tell the new generation just now coming in sight who our predecessors were. Biography cannot tell it. Autobiography cannot tell it. Biographies are generally written by special friends of the departed, perhaps by wife, or son, or daughter, and they only tell the good things. The biographers of one of the first presidents of the United States make no record of the President's account books, now in the archives at the Capitol, which I have seen, telling how much he lost or gained daily at the gaming table. The biographers of one of the early Secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the Secretary was carried dead drunk from the State apartments to his own home. Autobiography is written by the man himself, and no one would record for future times his own weaknesses and moral deficits. Those who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman that ever lived would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a life-time. We who saw and heard much of the generation marching just ahead of us, are far more able than any book to describe accurately to our successors who our predecessors were. Very much like ourselves, thank you. Human nature in them very much like human nature in us. At our time of life they were very much like we now are. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you who are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties, they were very much like you who are in your twenties. Human nature got an awful twist under a

fruit tree in Eden, and though the grace of God does much to straighten things, every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again.

A mother in the country districts expecting the neighbors at her table on some gala night had with her own hands arranged everything in taste, and as she was about to turn from it to receive her guests, saw her little child by accident upset a pitcher all over the white cloth, and soil everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child, but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself in her father's house where they had always before been used to candles, on the purchase of a lamp which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it in her hands, and dropped it crashing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face expecting chastisement heard only the words: "It is a sad loss, but never mind: you did not mean to do it." History repeats itself. Generations wonderfully alike. Among that generation that is past, as in our own, and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded, became the target, shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, as in ours, a man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies and revenges were just as lively in 1869 as in 1894. Hypocrisy sniffed and looked solemn then as now. There was just as much avarice among the apple barrels as now among the cotton bales, and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tallow candles saw the same sins that are now found under the electric lights. Home-spun was just as proud as is the modern fashion plate. Twenty-five years—yea, twenty-five centuries—have not changed human nature a particle. I say this for the encouragement of those who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages. One minute after Adam got outside of Paradise he was just like you, O man! One step after Eve left the gate she was just like you, O woman! All the faults and vices are many times centenarians. Yea, the cities Sodom, Gomorrah, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect, from the fact that the modern cities have somewhat yielded to the restraints of Christianity, while those ancient cities were not limited in their abominations.

Yea, that generation which passed off within the last twenty-five years had their bereavements, their temptations, their struggles, their disappointments, their successes, their failures, their gladnesses and their griefs, like these two generations now in sight, that in advance and that following. But the twenty-five years between 1869 and 1894—how much they saw! How much they discovered! How much they felt! Within that time have been performed the miracles of the telephone and the phonograph. From the observatories other worlds have been seen to heave in sight. Six Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated. Trans-Atlantic voyage abbreviated from ten days to five and a half. Chicago and New York once three days apart, now only twenty-four hours by the vestibule limited. Two additional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has pass-

ed from monarchy to republicanism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the chief surviving heroes of the Civil War have gone into the encampment of the grave. The chief physicians, attorneys, orators, merchants, have passed off the earth, or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in Governors' mansions, in legislative, senatorial and congressional halls. There are not ten men or women on the earth now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others on the "lookout," others climbing the ratlines.

Time is a doctor who with potent anodyne has put an entire generation into sound sleep. Time, like another Cromwell, has roughly prorogued Parliament, and with iconoclasm driven nearly all the rulers except one Queen from their high places. So far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their best. Ghastly exceptions, but so far as I knew them, they did quite well, and many of them gloriously well. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indebted to them for the fact that they prepared the way for our coming. 1894 reverently and gratefully salutes 1869. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

There are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's Board of Session or Trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every five hundred now present. Of the seventeen persons who gave me a unanimous call when I came, only three, I believe, are living.

But this sermon is not a dirge; it is an anthem. While this world is appropriate as a temporary stay, as an eternal residence it would be a dead failure. It would be a dreadful sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a thousand summers. God keeps us here just long enough to give us an appetite for heaven. Had we been born in celestial realms, we would not have been able to appreciate the bliss. It needs a good many rough blasts in this world to qualify us to properly estimate the superb climate of that good land where it is never too cold or too hot, too cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more to us than to those supernal beings who were never tempted, or sick, or bereaved, or tried, or disappointed. So you may well take my text out of the minor key and set it to some tune in the major key; "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that uncounted thousands of the generation just past were converted, comforted and harvested for heaven by this church, whether in the present building, or the three preceding buildings in which they worshipped. The two great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multitudinous songs they led year after year were not recalled or injured. There is no power in earth or hell to kill a hallelujah. It is impossible to arrest a hosanna. What a satisfaction to know that there are many thousands in Glory on whose eternal welfare this church wrought mightily! Nothing can undo that work. They have ascended, the multitudes who served God in that generation. That chapter is gloriously ended. But that generation has left its impression upon this generation. A sailor was dying on shipboard and he said to his mates, "my lads I can only think of one passage of Scripture, 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' and that keeps ringing in my ears. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Can't you think of something else in the Bible to cheer me up?" Well, sailors are kind and they tried to think of some other passage of Scripture with which to console their dying comrade, but they could not. One of them said, "Let us call up the

cabin boy. His mother was a Christian, and I guess he has a Bible." The cabin-boy was called up, and the dying sailor asked him if he had a Bible. He said, "Yes," but he could not exactly find it, and the dying sailor scolded him, and said: "Aint you ashamed of yourself not to read your Bible." So the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought out the Bible, and his mother had marked a passage that just fitted the dying sailor's case: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." That helped the sailor to die in peace. So one generation helps another, and good things written, or said, or done are reproduced long afterward.

During the passing of the last generation some peculiar events have unfolded. One day while resting at Sharon Springs, N.Y., I think it was in 1870, the year after my settlement in Brooklyn, and while walking in the Park of that place, I found myself asking the question, "I wonder if there is any special mission for me to execute in this world? If there is, may God show it to me!" There soon came upon me a great desire to preach the Gospel through the secular printing-press. I realized that the vast majority of people, even in Christian lands, never enter a church, and that it would be an opportunity of usefulness infinite if that door of publication were opened. And so I recorded that prayer in a blank book, and offered the prayer day in and day out until the answer came, though in a way different from that which I had expected, for it came through the misrepresentation and persecution of enemies, and I have to record it for the encouragement of all ministers of the Gospel who are misrepresented, that if the misrepresentation be virulent enough, and bitter enough, and continuous enough, there is nothing that so widens one's field of usefulness as hostile attack, if you are really doing the Lord's work. The bigger the lie told about me, the bigger the demand to see and hear what I really was doing. From one stage of sermonical publication to another, the work has gone on, until week by week, and for about twenty-three years. I have had the world for my audience, as no man ever had, and to-day, more so than at any other time. The syndicates inform me that my sermons go now to about twenty-five millions of people in all lands. I mention this not in vain boast, but as a testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. Would God I had better occupied the field and been more consecrated to the work! May God forgive me for lack of service in the past, and double, and quadruple, and quintuple my work in future.

In this my quarter-century sermon, I record the fact that side by side with the procession of blessings has gone a procession of disasters. I am preaching to day in the fourth church building since I began in this city. My first sermon was in the old church on Schermerhorn street, to an audience chiefly of empty seats, for the church was almost extinguished. That church filled and overflowing, we built a larger church, which after two or three years disappeared in flame. Then we built another church, which also in a line of fiery succession, disappeared in the same way. Then we put up this building, and may it stand for many years, a fortress of righteousness, and a lighthouse for the storm-tossed, its gates crowded with vast assemblages long after we have ceased to frequent them!

We have raised in this church over one million and thirty thousand dollars for church charitable purposes during the present pastorate, while we have given, tree of all expense, the Gospel to hundreds of thousands of strangers, year by year. I record with gratitude to God that during this generation of twenty-five years, I remember but two Sabbaths that I have missed service through anything like physical indisposition. Almost a fanatic on the subject of physical exercise, I have made the Parks, with which our city is blessed, the means of good physical condition. A daily walk and run in the open air have kept me ready for work and in good humor with all the world. I say to all young ministers of the Gospel, it is

easier to keep good health than to regain it when once lost. The reason so many good men think the world is going to ruin is because their own physical condition is on the down grade. No man ought to preach who has a diseased liver, or an enlarged spleen. There are two things ahead of us that ought to keep us cheerful in our work,—Heaven and the Millennium.

And now, having come up to the twenty-fifth milestone in my pastorate, I wonder how many more miles I am to travel? Your company has been exceedingly pleasant, O my dear people, and I would like to march by your side until the generation with whom we are now moving abreast, and step to step, shall have stacked arms after the last battle. But the Lord knows best, and we ought to be willing to stay or go.

Most of you are aware that I propose at this time, between the close of my twenty-fifth year of pastorate and before the beginning of my twenty-sixth year, to be absent for a few months in order to take a journey around the world. I expect to sail from San Francisco in the steamer "Alameda," May 31st. My place here on Sabbaths will be fully occupied, while on Mondays, and every Monday, I will continue to speak through the printing-press in this and other lands as heretofore. Why do I go? To make pastoral visitation among people whom I have never seen, but to whom I have been permitted a long while to administer. I want to see them in their own cities, towns and neighborhoods. I want to know what are their prosperities, what their adversities and what their opportunities, and so enlarge my work, and get more adaptedness. Why do I go? For educational purposes. I want to freshen my mind and heart by new scenes, new faces, new manners and customs. I want better to understand, what are the wrongs to be righted and the waste places to be reclaimed. I will put all I learn in sermons to be preached to you when I return. I want to see the Sandwich Islands, not so much in the light of modern politics as in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which has transformed them; and Samoa, and those vast realms of New Zealand, and Australia, and Ceylon, and India. I want to see what Christianity has accomplished. I want to see how the Christian missionaries have been lied about as living in luxury and idleness.

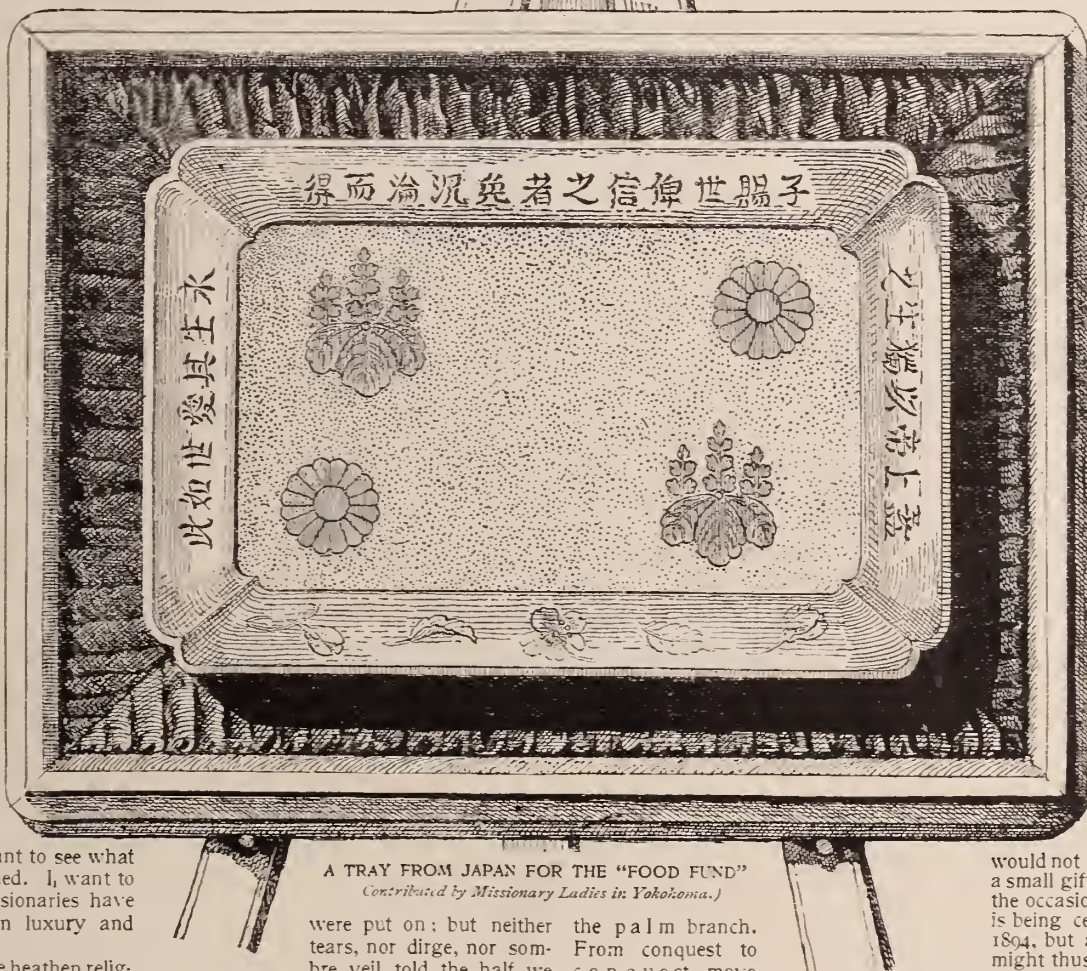
I want to know whether the heathen religions are really as tolerable and as commendable as they were represented by their adherents in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. I want to see whether Mohammedanism and Buddhism would be good things for transplantation in America, as it has again and again been argued. I want to hear the Brahmins pray. I want to test whether the Pacific Ocean treats its guests any better than does the Atlantic. I want to see the vondrous architecture of India, and the Delhi and Cawnpore where Christ was crucified in the massacre of his modern disciples, and the disabled Juggernaut unweeled by Christianity; and to see if the Taj which the Emperor Shah Jehan built in honor of his Empress, really means any more than the plain slab we put above our dear departed. I want to see the fields where Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell won the day against the Sepoys. I want to see the world from all sides; how much it is in darkness, how much of it is in light; what the Bible means by the "ends of the earth," and get myself ready to ap-

preciate the extent of the present to be made to Christ as spoken of in the Psalms: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession;" and so I shall be ready to celebrate in heaven the victories of Christ in more rapturous song, than I could have rendered had I never seen the heathen abominations before they were conquered. And so I hope to come back refreshed, reinforced and better equipped, and to do in ten years more effectual work than I have done in the last twenty-five.

And now in this twenty-fifth Anniversary Sermon I propose to do two things: first, to put a garland on the grave of the generation that has just passed off, and then to put a palm branch in the hand of the generation just now coming on the field of action. For my text is true: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Oh, how many we revered, and honored, and loved in the last generation that quit the earth. Tears fell at the time of their going, and dirges were sounded, and signals of mourning

plucked out of the garden where they used to walk in the cool of the day. Put these old-fashioned flowers right down over the heart that never again will ache, and the feet that will never again be weary, and the arm that has forever ceased to toil. Peace, father! Peace, mother! Everlasting peace! All that for the generation gone.

But what shall we do with the palm branch? That we will put in the hand of the generation coming on. Yours is to be the generation for victories. The last and the present generation have been perfecting steam power, the electric light, and the electric forces. To these will be added aerial transportation. It will be your mission to use all these forces. Everything is ready now for you to march right up and take this world for God and Heaven. Get your heart right by repentance and the pardoning grace of the Lord Jesus, and your mind right by elevating books and pictures, and your body right by gymnasium and field exercise, and plenty of ozone, and by looking as often as you can upon the face of mountain and of sea. Then start! In God's name, start! And here is



A TRAY FROM JAPAN FOR THE "FOOD FUND"
(Contributed by Missionary Ladies in Yokohama.)

were put on; but neither tears, nor dirge, nor sombre veil told the half we felt. Their going left a vacancy in our souls that has never been filled up. We never get used to their absence. There are times when the sight of something with which they were associated—a picture, or a book, or a garment, or a staff, breaks us down with emotion, but we bear it because we have to bear it. Oh, how white their hair got, and how the wrinkles multiplied, and the sight grew more dim, and the hearing less alert, and the step more frail, and one day they were gone out of the chair by the fireside, and from the plate at the meal, and from the end of the church pew, where they worshipped with us. Oh, my soul, how we miss them! But let us console each other with the thought that we shall meet them again in the land of jubilation and salutation and reunion.

And now I twist a garland for that departed generation. It need not be costly, perhaps just a handful of clover blossoms from the field through which they used to walk, or as many violets as you could hold between the thumb and the forefinger,

the palm branch. From conquest to conquest, move right on and right up. You will soon have the whole field for yourself. Before another twenty-five years have gone, we will be out of the pulpits, and the offices, and stores, and factories, and you will be at the front. Forward into the battle! If God be for you, who can be against you?

And as for us who are now at the front, having put the garland on the grave of the last generation, and having put the palm branch in the hand of the coming generation, we will cheer each other in the remaining onsets, and go into the shining gate somewhere about the same time, and greeted by the generation that has preceded us, we will have to wait only a little while to greet the generation that will come after us. And will not that be glorious? Three generations in heaven together: The grandfather, the son and the grandson; the grandmother, the daughter and the granddaughter. And so with wider range, and keener faculty we shall realize the full significance of the text: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

A Gift from Far Japan.

Missionary Ladies send a Beautiful Tray to be Sold for "The Christian Herald" Relief Fund—A Consecrated Offering.

ALTHOUGH the four months' work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund is practically ended, the echoes of that great cry of Christian sympathy which it evoked from far and near, still reach us from remote quarters. A few days ago, there came by express from San Francisco a package which had reached that port from Japan by Pacific Mail Steamer. It was found to contain a very unique and beautiful gift which a number of Christian missionary ladies in Japan had forwarded to this journal, with instructions that it was to be sold and the proceeds applied to the relief of the New York poor. Accompanying the package was this letter:

This box and plate, were given into my charge at Yokohama, Japan, by some ladies connected with the Foreign Missions, to forward to Bible House, New York. Hoping it will reach you in good order. I remain, &c., J. A. GRAHAM, Chief Engineer "S. S. Elgie" Pacific Mail Dock, San Francisco.

On removing the covering a box was disclosed. It was made of very choice Japanese wood, plain and chaste in design in accordance with modern Japanese taste which runs less to the grotesque than does the Chinese. In the box was an elegant tray or salver, beautifully engraved and polished, the burnished border having inscribed in Japanese the text, John 3: 16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A few flowers are also engraved on the tray, the whole effect being that of a neat and really artistic piece of plate, which any connoisseur would delight to possess, and which, resting on a mat or cushion of golden-brown satin with which the interior of the box is fitted, makes an ornament at once unique and valuable, apart altogether from any merit it derives from the associations that surround it, and the source from whence it came.

This note, which was enclosed with the gift, explains how the consecrated offering came to be sent:

"This tray is to be sold and the proceeds used for the relief of the starving poor in New York City. It ought to bring at least \$20.

"Its brief history is this: A few missionary ladies who have resided a number of years in Japan, enjoying the advantages of the present peaceful reign, felt that it would not only be a pleasure to them to send a small gift to the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of their Silver Wedding, which is being celebrated this 9th day of March, 1894, but also hoped that an opportunity might thus be afforded of bringing to their notice a portion of God's Holy Word. They accordingly had engraved on the accompanying little tray that wonderful epitome of the Gospel contained in John 3: 16. No difficulty was anticipated by the ladies in carrying out their purpose, as it had been announced that their Imperial Majesties would receive gifts from foreigners if presented by their representatives through the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. They were therefore much surprised and disappointed to learn, on applying to the Legation, that the U. S. Minister could not comply with their request to forward the gift, as his instructions from Washington would not allow him to do so—"instructions not for this special occasion, but covering it and all similar ones."

"The ladies have decided that the best disposal they can now make of the little tray is to send it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to be sold for the benefit of the poor."

Acting in accordance with the instructions of the donors, this beautiful tray will be sold to the reader of this journal who within the next two weeks makes the most liberal offer for it, and the proceeds will be devoted to the poor. It is white metal heavily plated with silver, chased and burnished.



THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

S. S. Lesson for May 20, Ec. 2: 1-10. Golden Text, Ps. 41: 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FROM the moment of his birth, Moses was a child of faith. His parents were not carried away with the idolatry which prevailed among their compatriots, and, strengthened perhaps by the faith of one of the godly midwives, they "by faith" hid their little son "because they saw he was a proper [or goodly] child, and they were not afraid of the king's commandment. (Heb. 11: 23.) Faith cannot fear, it sees God above all the power of man, and rests in his faithfulness. How their child should be brought up and saved from the malicious hate of the Egyptian king, they did not enquire; faith asks no questions, but enters into rest. The time came when the child could no longer be hidden; what then? God had adopted him, and no doubt he put it into the mother's heart to think of the strange expedient of making a little floating cradle, and committing it to the brink of the river Nile, among the flags which grew there. But the watchful eye of Miriam, her daughter, was on the trail ark of bulrushes with its little burden, so precious to her, so precious to God.

The overruling hand of God brought Pharaoh's beautiful and beloved young daughter to bathe just in this part of the river where the child of Amram and Jochebed lay. The eye of the royal princess was attracted by the little rude vessel, and when one of her maidens had brought it to her, had opened it, and had found within it a little wailing babe, all the woman in her was moved, and she said: "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Oh, how slow is human nature to understand suffering, until brought into immediate contact with it! The inpatient beggar, who, while strongly smelling of ruin, pesters everyone he meets for money, does not taster in us.

"A Heart of Compassion."

But the silent, uncomplaining sufferer, hidden away in some poor cellar or attic in our back streets; with white, thin face, which looks as though the courage to live were slowly giving way,—such an one makes one almost ashamed to sit down to a comfortable meal while so many are almost dying for want of food.

Miriam was at hand, and approaching the princess, seized the opportunity: "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" "Go," said the daughter of the king, and Miriam fetched the child's mother. What a reward to Jochebed's faith! How little would she have dreamed that without reversing the king's commands, which God was utilizing to bring his unfaithful people to their knees, God could so wondrously make an exception in her favor, and make it a royal command to her to nurse that very son, who, by Pharaoh's command was doomed to death! So wondrous are the ways of God!

"And the child grew." God had so ordered it that Moses' first impressions should not be made in the midst of the life of the court of Pharaoh, but amongst his afflicted people, and in a home life, where the fear of God prevailed. But the same faith which had enabled his parents to commit him to God by the riverside, must now commit him to God in a heathen court; his mother brought him to Pharaoh's daughter and he became her son. There was something unusually attractive about him; even as a babe he was "exceedingly fair" [fair to God] (Acts 7: 20), and his royal adopted mother spared no pains or money on his education; he "was instructed in all

The Wisdom of the Egyptians

What must have been the prayer rising from the house of Amram for this son, whose education would all be on heathen

lines! And what must have been the watchful care of God in answer to those prayers, which would keep him sheltered in an atmosphere, so poisonous, so deadly to spiritual life? God with a man can enable him to breathe anywhere: his presence can create possibilities of spiritual existence where all seems to be against us.

Moses knew the history of his people, and in the life of the young man who must have been the pride of Pharaoh's daughter, and who was beginning to make his mark in the land, for he was "mighty in word and deed," there must have been a great and protracted conflict. Wherever he found himself, in the halls of learning by his natural eloquence, at court by his position as the adopted son of the princess, or in the battle field Moses was a power, and he felt it; a splendid prospect seemed open before him—possibly the throne of Egypt, it was as though the world lay at his feet. On the other hand, there were his poor enslaved people, the people of God, though miserably untrue to him, reflecting no credit on him or on themselves, despised, and yet feared by the Egyptians, and deep down in his soul he knew, by the call of God himself, that he was chosen to deliver them. But

He Must make the Choice.

To take part with the Hebrews meant the utter contempt of all his learned acquaintances, the loss of his position at court, the stigma of base ingratitude from the princess who had been his patron. God must be very real to him if he could afford to suffer such a loss. The conflict was sore, God was looking on, and strengthening his servant, and ultimately the decision was made: "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." (Heb. 11: 24-27.) "The reproach of Christ!" In some way, Moses, as well as Abraham saw the day of Christ; perhaps nothing else would have enabled him to decide thus for God.

But Moses was not yet ready for service; he did not know how much of his human knowledge must be unlearned and forgotten, and how much his power must fail, he did not know how much more acquainted with his God he must be before he was ready to his hand. Having once come to the determination to serve God at any cost, he was impatient to run any risk that he might effect the deliverance of his people; he was ready at once to work for God, but, he had much yet to learn before he could work with God. Perhaps there was more of self-consciousness even in his splendid self-sacrifice than he was aware of: "When he was full forty years old, it came into his heart to visit his brethren the children of Israel," God had called him; he had responded; what had he to wait for? He rushed forward, and without waiting for orders from God, took things into his own hands, and

Miserably Failed.

He "went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren, and he looked this way and that," every way but the right way straight up to God, "and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. And when he went out the second day, behold two men of the Hebrews strove together; and he said unto him that did the wrong: Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow? And he said: Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me as thou killest the Egyptian?" Moses supposed that his brethren understood that

God by his hand was giving them deliverance; but they understood not. It must have been an awful revelation to Moses when he found that after all he had sacrificed, now he had put his life in his hand for the sake of his people, God did not stand by him, and his brethren ignored his mission! And yet this bitter disappointment and humiliation were a lesson more difficult to learn and far more precious than many which had won him laurels in the schools of Egypt. There remained nothing for him but to beat an ignominious retreat, and the man who was "mighty in words and deeds" had to flee from Egypt as a criminal escaping justice, before he could be small enough in his own eyes, to be God's instrument of deliverance. Was it not a loss of time for him to have learned all he did in Egypt? No: God pressed all into his service later on, but for the time it profited him nothing until he had learned the more important lesson of his own nothingness.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.
(From the Sculpture on the Wall of the Great Temple.)

opened the way for the emancipation of the people and the destruction of his own army. But for that command, Moses might have grown up with his people in Goshen and have spent his life in brick-making, like his brethren. But the imperial edict interposed; and from the Nile he was taken to receive the education of a king, to become learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, and to acquire the training in military skill and the knowledge of legal statutes, which fitted him for his position as leader of two million persons. Thus God uses the cruel devices of men to accomplish his purposes. It is believed that the daughter of Pharaoh, who became the foster mother of Moses, was the beautiful and beloved Princess Nefer-ari, whose portrait from a sculpture on the walls of the great Egyptian Temple forms an initial to this article. Her mummy has been found, with that of her husband, and the presentment of her features on the mummy-case shows singular grace and sweetness of feature. The inscriptions of the king referring to her, and her own inscriptions referring to him, are exceedingly tender. She calls herself "his loving lady, his royal wife who loves him," and prays "that he may have life for evermore," and he writes of her as "his royal wife, Nefer-ari, whom he loves." The many inscriptions of this character that have been found, appear to indicate that Ramesses and Nefer-ari desired, as Miss Edwards, the famous Egyptologist, says, "to leave behind an imperishable record of the affection which united them on earth, and which they hoped would unite them forever." The finding of Moses is supposed to have occurred in the sixth year of Pharaoh's reign, when the Princess would be about sixteen years old. The sister of Moses who was set to watch the child, and who so adroitly managed to have his mother employed as his nurse, was probably Miriam, of whom we hear more during the Exodus. The "slime and pitch" used to cover the ark that was to become the floating cradle, are still used in Egypt to cover boats; they form, when melted, a composition like asphalt.

He became her son. Josephus relates a legend, current among the Jews in his day, of an incident in the early life of Moses. It is that the Princess Neferari (whom he calls Thermuthis, which is a corruption of her

title, Mer-en-mut) brought the child Moses, when he was three years old, to show him to her father. She called his attention to the child's beauty and said that, as she had no child of her own, she had adopted him and hoped her father would make him his heir. The Pharaoh was pleased with his appearance, took him in his arms and in playful acquiescence with his daughter's request, put his crown on the child's head. But Moses struck it off, and, jumping from the king's arms, trod on the emblem of sovereignty. The royal scribe, who was present, declared that the act was a presage of what would happen to the sovereignty of Egypt if the boy was permitted to live, and he made a violent attempt to kill him on the spot. But the Princess snatched him away and "the king," says Josephus, "was not hasty to slay him."

Laid it in the flags by the river's brink. It must have wrung the mother's heart to do it. How bitterly she must have resented the cruelty of Pharaoh who gave the brutal order. And all the cruelty and wickedness failed of their purpose, as they always do when they are employed against God and his people. Every one has heard of the sword fish. It is a very curious creature with a long and bony beak, or sword, projecting in front of its head. It is very fierce, attacking other fishes that come in its way, and trying to pierce them with its sword. The fish has sometimes been known to dart at a ship in full sail with such violence as to pierce the solid timbers. But what has happened? The fish has been killed outright by the force of its own blow. The ship sails on as before, and the fish has fallen a victim to its own rage. This is often the result of the folly of those who oppose God. They cannot succeed. Like the sword fish, they work their own destruction.

Nurse it for me. The Princess wanted the child taken care of. Her heart went out to it as for something very precious. And what can be more precious than a child's life? Many a monarch has felt, as David did, that nothing he had was worthy of comparison in value to his child's life. It is related of the late Emperor of Germany that when he was Crown Prince he went to visit the nursery in his palace. There he found a lady connected with the court whose attention to etiquette was always most exact. She was seated on the floor with the Prince's baby in her arms. She was embarrassed by the entrance of the Prince, for court ceremony required that she should rise and make a respectful courtesy. She said simply, "Your Royal Highness, I must either disregard court etiquette or drop the court baby." The Prince laughed and said, "Madam, do as you please with court etiquette, but pray be careful of the baby."

She had compassion on him. Though she perceived the child was the son of a slave, the human heart of the Princess was touched by the infantile wail. So the heart of God is touched when his children cry to him in their trouble, and none the less because his own Son once wore the human form. A great preacher who in his early days was a teacher, had among his pupils a pretty but mischievous boy whom no reproof could subdue. One day, after his more than usually troublesome conduct, he required the little fellow to stay after school to be whipped. So the time had come for this last resource of the exhausted patience and skill of the teacher. According to directions, the little fellow held out his hand for punishment. The teacher said he looked down into the little face, and the boy looked so much like his little sister, whose conduct was all right, and who had won his love—he stayed the rod, and kissed the lips that were ready to break forth into crying, and sent the pupil home.

I will give thee thy wages. What are a mother's wages? She takes great care, gives hard toil, loses her rest and has great anxiety. What wages does she receive? Some children when they grow up, repay her with ingratitude and disrespect. The wages she likes best to receive, are love and the spectacle of her children doing well. When President Garfield, after his inauguration, turned to his mother and kissed her, she must have thought herself well paid. A distinguished United States Senator in the course of a speech at a meeting of ladies once said: "All that is of good in me and all that is good in my achievements I owe to my mother's influence. She trained me to hate intoxicants, tobacco, cards and dice, and to love the Bible. But for her work my life would have been wasted." The subject of such a public avowal could never say that she had not received her wages.



By the Sea of Galilee.

Our Traveler Moves Amid the Ruins of Capernaum—Tiberias and Bethsaida—Blue Galilee and its Memories.



"HER FAT PUPPY."

WAY from Bethsaida, the city of Andrew, James, John, Peter and Philip, we took a handful of curious shells, as black as coal. The beach is strewn with them, and they are so unlike the gray and brown we find at other points of the sea of Galilee that we cherish fanciful associations connecting them with the silent desolation pervading this coast. "City," there is none. A few half-buried stones mark the site of the town built by the Philip who married Salome a little while after she danced off the head of John the Baptist. He was the most respectable member of the Herod tribe, we recall in picking up our shells, but we look in vain for the handsome tomb built here for him, about the time that the Cross which was to draw all nations unto it was lifted up on Calvary.

Capernaum lies a short hour's ride from Bethsaida. The horses pick their way over the pebbly beds of what will be torrents in a couple of months, and eye longingly patches of coarse grass, greening where the stones are not so thick; we pass a ruined Roman aqueduct used in the days of the Herods for conveying water to the fine cities they built upon the sea called by their Emperor's name. In the immediate vicinity of Capernaum, reeds and flags must have hidden the fallen stones last spring and summer, for they rustle drearily in the wind moaning up from the sea, and tufts of dried herbage define the outline of such fragments of limestone as have not been utilized in building the Roman Catholic convent we see rising up in the background. It is unfinished, but there are no workmen to be seen to-day. By the time we have alighted, the entire population of Capernaum is drawn up in hospitable order to welcome us. Pitched where, for aught we can say to disprove it, Matthew's custom-house may have stood, is a small black tent, and from the smoky recesses emerge a Bedouin, as venerable and benign as Abraham; his wife, throwing a fold of her dark blue nondescript garment modestly over her chin as she comes; a daughter of fifteen, or thereabouts, bashful where her mother is modest, and the prettiest native child we have seen, a girl of four, whose conviction that we will covet and probably steal her fat puppy, overcomes curiosity during our stay.

The patriarch is the care-taker of the sacred precincts. The smile with which we hear his office named, is exchanged for disappointed looks upon discovering that what we especially desired to see is nowhere to be found.

"Yet it was certainly here last year," David says, his soul divided between surprise, sorrow and wrath. "If I am not mistaken, Dr. Geikie speaks of it in his book, and Dr. Talmage will have told you how impressed he was by it when he was in Capernaum, three years ago. It is more than pity that some of those thieves who are all the while hanging about such places, have stolen it. I say it—even if it has been built into those walls over there"—nodding ominously in the direction of the unfinished convent.

After a moment of painful silence, he resumes: "You see, it helped to make it all so plain, I have stood here, many times, and imagined just how he looked when he said it. It was very interesting to think that his eyes must have rested upon it often, and that he may have pointed to it when he said, 'Our fathers did eat manna in the desert'—

as you will read in John sixth chapter, thirty-first verse, and again in the verse forty-ninth, 'Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which came down from heaven'—meaning himself. It is all about the manna and the living bread, you see. Who can doubt what put it into the mind of Christ, our Lord, to preach upon that subject in or before the synagogue that used to stand hereabouts?"

We stroll up and down wistfully, musing, while the population of Our Lord's "own city" watch us, mystified, but silent. Nobody explains to them why we have come or why we are dissatisfied. A query in Arabic has proved that they know nothing of the disappearance of the massive block of limestone, probably part of the facade of the noble synagogue now levelled to the earth. Upon it was a bas-relief of the pot of manna kept within the Ark, and afterward in the First Temple. It would have been easy, in looking upon it, to re-

produce in fancy the scene referred to by our guide. "The Bible is the best Baedeker for Palestine," says Alcides, for the hundredth time, and we seek for ourselves seats upon the fallen stones to read up in our invaluable "International Teachers' Edition," the passages indicated under the head "Capernaum."

One cries out presently, "Why may not this synagogue have been that built by the centurion who loved the Jewish nation?" It is not unlikely, since the bits of carving from which we proceed to clear the dead grass, show skill and taste. The curling acanthus leaf of a Corinthian capital is embedded in a tough tussock, and there is a richly sculptured corner that may have belonged to a frieze.

"And this is the Capernaum, once exalted unto heaven by these and many other wonderful works—now—"

We gaze with new comprehension of the story and the prophecy, upon the grass-grown stones, the black tent that makes the picture more, not less, desolate, and in the background, the useless convent, where able-bodied men will patter prayers in an unknown tongue, and exalt above the Divine Son, the very human mother who broke in upon the most solemn sermon that has come down to us from his lips, by the request that he would shake off the crowd hanging upon the inspired words, and come out to speak to her. "His own city," with none to take pleasure in her stones, or to favor the dust thereof!

The folded tents, the camp-equipage and mules have gone forward toward Tiberias when we return to Bethsaida, but David and Alcides alight to survey the ground and make sure that nothing has been overlooked, consigning Dervish and Massoud to the care of Serkeese. In consequence of which misplaced confidence we have a diversion from the sober reverie that has held us since we left Capernaum. Massoud is not a colt in years. He will never be otherwise than coltish in heart. There is a clatter of hoofs among the irregular boulders and pebbles, a jocular neigh, and Serkeese stares open-mouthed after the fleeting steed, letting fall Dervish's bridle in the excess of his astonishment! No fences obstruct the gambols of the merry beast, who would have a companion in his scamper were Dervish as light of heart and heels as himself. For one mortal hour, he leads three bipeds a dance up and down the beach which none of them can forget. At every hundred yards or so, he stops to laugh in the perspiring faces of the pursuers, waiting until a hand is almost upon his bridle before he throws up head and hoofs together and trots gently out of reach. Viciousness is as far removed from the heart of the little horse as the intention to surrender himself voluntarily to any of the trio. Each mentally recalls the story of a similar escapade upon the plain of Esdrælon when the tricky creature chided capture for twelve hours, keeping the whole party waiting upon his pleasure.

He blunders at length, when even the solitary looker-on appreciates that there is a time to laugh, and a time to refrain from

listen to a true tale confirmatory of the Scriptural account of the storms which overtook the "little ship" in which our Lord slept his head upon a pillow, and the boat which the toilsome rowing of the disciples could not bring to land, until, in the fourth watch of the night, the pressure of his feet stilled the billows, and his voice rebuked the "contrary" wind.

But a year ago a tempest rushed down Lake Gennesaret so fierce and sudden as to tear from their foundations and wash into the sea thirty houses from the town of Tiberias. Now, as of old, the rage of wind and wave is intense and short-lived.

Tiberias can never be comely. Seen under a dripping sky, it is repulsive. The alleys that do duty as streets, are lined, in some quarters, with booths or stalls, in others with mean dwellings, all dirty-white in the sunshine, dirtier gray when wet. The inhabitants have retreated to the rear of the shops, even where the streets are covered with matting or with leaky wooden roofs, and eye us listlessly as we pass, the horses plash through filth made liquid by the rain, and coursing in vile smelling rivulets down the middle of the street. The situation of the town, and the general noisomeness remind one of Jaffa, although Tiberias is much the smaller of the two.

Pleasant exceedingly is it to arrive at the camp pitched beyond the outskirting houses and so near the edge of the lake that the wash of the water upon the banks promises a lullaby throughout the dark hours. By the time luncheon is disposed of, the rain abates, and we sally forth for a walk upon the wet stones.

The custom of washing the bodies of the dead in the Sea of Tiberias is of immemorial antiquity, and was until recently, almost a daily occurrence. Corpses were brought from the surrounding country, and across the lake, and committed to a sect whose profession it is to prepare them for the burial by these ablutions. The details of the operation are too disgusting for publication, the process of evisceration being at once ingenious and revolting. Not until the water pumped into the body leaves it as clear as when it entered, is the work considered complete. As described to us, the business is unpleasantly like that of preparing a fowl for cooking, even to breaking certain small bones of the limbs. Our informant, a resident of the town, although a foreigner and a Christian, adds the gratifying intelligence that a strenuous movement is on foot to break up the practice altogether, and that such success has followed it, as to intimidate those who have made it a means of livelihood.

The world moves on—even in Syria.

The sun sets gloriously over the lake, some peculiar effect of refraction bringing the opposite shore nearer and nearer as the amber glow deepens. We look out upon a sea of glass mingled with fire; the white tents are washed with yellow light; there is not breeze enough to lift the American flag floating from the peak of the largest of the group, and we see in tremulous, yet distinct outline, to our right across the water the roof-shaped "steep place" down which the herd rushed violently into now placid waves.

Fish, fresh from the lake, follow the soup at dinner. The waters teem with them, as when the weight of an hundred, fifty-and-three strained, without breaking a mesh of the net cast at the Lord's command, upon the right side of the ship. We talk, over the savory mess, of the story that the hook sometimes brings up one oddly marked with a black spot upon the head and under the throat in commemoration of the grasp of Peter's thumb and finger upon the prize that yielded up the piece of money.

"A 'stater,'—in value two shillings and a sixpence," we gather from our "Palestine guide-book," and consult dragoman and John-of-the-many names, as to the authenticity of the tale.

Neither of them has ever seen such a fish. David, however, has heard of it before from Mrs. Sharpe.

"When she was Miss De Credo, of course," he subjoins, with no intention of being satirical. "She quite believed in it."

After dinner we again seek the beach. The new moon sinks below the low hills of the horizon; the swish of the wavelets blends musically to the low hum of talk from the camp behind us.

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue waves roll nightly on dark Galilee, repeats a dreamy voice. "Byron never saw Galilee. But the stars and the sheen are here." MARION HARLAND.



VILLAGERS OF MODERN CAPERNAUM.

(Photographed for "The Christian Herald" by Marion Harland.)

laughing; takes a wrong turn and is followed by David into a little pass forming what is, in sporting phrase, "a pocket."

"He cannot do justice to the subject!" quotes Alcides, aside, as, having seen his passenger again in the saddle, the dragoman receives Dervish from the hand of the abashed cause of the misadventure, with never a syllable of comment.

"A fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in until afterward."

This particular wise man has something to say by and by, and, as usual, something pertinent.

"We have lost time, and shall be caught in the rain before we can get into camp."

By the time we draw rein upon the slope—green even in winter,—where tradition says our Lord commanded the five thousand men, women and children to sit down upon the grass, and fed them by the hands of his disciples with the miraculously-multiplied loaves and fishes, the sky is one cloud, dark-gray and sullen, the lake upon our left, a gloomier reflection of the pall above it, and stirring uneasily in an occasional flaw of wind. The use of the word "sea" misleads many as to the size of this, the most celebrated sheet of water upon the globe. It is, in fact, but fifteen miles in length and half as wide, and, apart from storied interest, as unremarkable as scores of mountain lakes in America whose names are not known beyond the special townships that border them.

It is here, as the surface begins to be pitted with large, slow drops of rain, that we



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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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Bible House, New York City.

FISHERMEN AND FISHERIES.

THOSE who ply the net in river and sea need our sympathies. The Saviour of the world chose from their business some of his disciples, and he has as much interest in it now as when he called Simon and Andrew. All nations bordering on the sea have taken an interest in the fisheries, clear back to the time when the Romans made especial laws in regard to the lamprey, their aquatic favorite, and the Egyptians were required, once a year, to eat a fried fish in front of their dwellings, and their queen had from the revenue of the fisheries her private purse of \$470,000 annually; clear down to the time when the Earl of Oxford, one of Queen Anne's court, was impeached for wrong notions about the fisheries, and down to this day when on the same old subject bayonets are threatened. The world has yet to learn the goodness of God in making such munificent provision for the human family in the fish of river, lake and ocean; so that, if at any time through chemical change of the soil or planetary disaster, the harvests of the land should fail, the population of the whole earth could not only be fed, but fattened, by the harvests of the water. We who live in these regions and with whom the catching of fish is a sport and the cause of more lying than any other thing, because of the sportsman's tendency to tell too large a story about the size of the trout, or the number of the shad and bluefish, can hardly understand what the New England and Canadian fisheries suggest of toil and exposure and hardship, unless some night in the thick fogs off Newfoundland, as the Cunarder swept through, he has heard, as I have, the cries of the fishermen in small boats, begging that they may not be run down, and the subsequent silence which gives you the impression that they have been engulfed. Let justice be done the fishermen, and may success spread their every sail and fill their every net. The human race needs more phosphorus and the fish is largely charged with it. Brain food of this kind all need in more or less quantities. Agassiz suggested how much it has to do with the intellectual forces when a student, lacking in mental energy, asked the great professor at the close of the lecture, how much fish he (the student) ought to eat for the benefit of his brain, and Agassiz replied, "In your case I suggest a whale!" It is a mathematical certainty that if our earth continues and the population increases at the same ratio, the time will come when the land will not be able to yield food enough for the human race. But all up and down the continents are the rivers, and all around the continents are the seas, and they could with their piscatorial treasures luxuriantly feed the world's population, though instead of the 1,000,000,000 of the present there

were 10,000,000,000 people. Back of the forests for fuel are the coal mines. Back of the harvest fields and orchards for food are the fisheries. What a God we have. What a provider he is. What a table he spreads. What a wardrobe he fills. All the trouble comes from the fact that some get more than their share and others too little. If things were reasonably distributed every man, woman and child would have more than he or she could eat and more than they could wear and more room than they could occupy. At the table as God spreads it there is for every mortal a plate, a knife, a fork, a cup, a salt cellar, a pepper box, a slice of roast beef and a piece of pie as large as your hand; but some of us are so greedy we take our places at the table and spread out our elbows so wide that others cannot take their places, and then we empty their salt cellar into our salt cellar, and put their slice of beef on our own plate, and add their pastry to our already ample dessert. Haul in your elbows! Give a chance to the other fellow! The other trouble comes from the fact that there are people that will not keep their plate, or coat, or home after the Lord gives it to them. They drank or gambled away their portion. The rumsellers of this country have your beefsteak, oh, hard drinker, and they have your coat and your shoes.

Ichthyology, or the science of fishes, impresses me more than anything else with the goodness of God. Leaving to Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, and to Bloch, the German naturalist, the classification of the anatomical wonders of the finny inhabitants of the great deep, I am most impressed with the amplitude of the divine provisions by the fact that all up and down the Hudson River swims every day more than enough healthful food to feed all the cities on both its banks from New York to Albany, and that, as most of the earth is water, the largest resource of the world's food has only been partially drawn upon. The day before Adam was created, Friday, as he was created Saturday, God opened the fish resources of the world. He knew that Adam, whom he should create the next day, would lead forth the population of many generations, and that there must be no lack of food, and so that Friday the Lord Almighty waved his hand over river and sea and the waters swirled and boiled and billowed with the starting forth of a new style of life of all sizes, from minnow to behemoth; and when on the next day Adam was created, if he looked into the waters of the Euphrates, the Gihon and the Hiddekel he found the predecessors of a race so innumerable that if all other food failed the human family, out of these crystalline reservoirs might be lifted enough to supply every market and every table and every hand and every mouth to the end of time. May the Christ who at daydawn on the banks of the Galilee breakfasted on the broiled fish, and who, in the desert, multiplied the two fishes until there was enough for 5,000 hungry people, and who told the disciples in the ship where to drop their net so as to inclose a great multitude of fishes, always help us in all worldly endeavor, and in all religious work, to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

WOMAN'S TEMPER.

THERE are men who suppose they have all the annoyances. They say it is the store that ruffles the disposition, but it they could only stay at home as do their wives, and sisters, and daughters, they would be, all the time, sweet and fair as a white pond lily. Let some of the masculine lecturers on placidity of temper, try for one week the cares of the household and the family. Let the man sleep with a baby on one arm all night, and one ear open to the children with the whooping cough in the adjoining apartment. Let him see the tray of crockery and the cook fall down stairs, and nothing saved but the pieces. Let the pump give out on a wash-day, and the stove-pipe, when too hot for handling, get dislocated. Let the pudding come out of the stove stiff as a poker. Let the gossiping gabbler of next door come in and tell all the disagreeable things that neighbors have

been saying. Let the lungs be worn out by staying indoors without fresh air, and the needle be threaded with nerves exhausted. After one week's household annoyances, he would conclude that Wall street is heaven and the clatter of the stock exchange rich as Beethoven's symphony.

We think Mary of Bethany a little to blame for not helping Martha get the dinner. If women sympathize with men in the troubles of store and field, let the men also sympathize with women in troubles of housekeeping. Many a housewife has died of her annoyances. A bar of soap may become a murderous weapon. The poor cooking-stove has sometimes been the slow fire on which the wife has been roasted. In the day when Latimer and Ridley are honored before the universe, as the martyrs of the fire, we do not think the Lord will forget the long line of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, who have been the martyrs of the kitchen.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

New Subscriber, Showell, Ind. Does the Bible contradict itself as to the conduct of Judas (See Matt. 27: 5 and Acts 1: 18)?

No, in the latter passage Peter was speaking of the general result. The Revised Version renders his words, "this man obtained a field" which is the more correct translation. He meant that there was nothing to show for the crime but the field which had been purchased with the money Judas earned by his treachery. The difference as to the manner of death supplements the account of Matthew who contents himself with recording the fact of the hanging. Apparently Peter had heard that the rope broke, with the result he mentions.

Reader, Rutland, Vt. 1. Where will Christ appear at his second coming? 2. Is the Pope Antichrist?

1. When he comes to the world to reign, he will appear on the Mount of Olives. (See Zech. 14: 4; Ezekiel 11: 23.) 2. A general view of the prophecy relating to Antichrist supports the contention of those expositors who believe that Antichrist will be a king, who, like the Roman Emperors down to the seventeenth century, will be elected by the monarchs of the kingdoms which belt the Mediterranean, constituting the old Roman world. That the Pope will support him and aid him, and also will be involved in his doom, is certain.

Addie Van Der Velde, Bellvale, N. Y. In Matthew 13: 19, the statement is made that out of the heart proceed evil thoughts; but physiologists say that we do not think with the heart but with the brain. How can evil thoughts come from the heart?

The heart is spoken of as the seat of emotions, affections, etc. But no one in so speaking, refers to the physical organ. Its position as the central organ of the physical system makes it a fit symbol for the central forces of the spiritual nature. Thus we speak of a man as being kind-hearted, tender-hearted, hard-hearted, etc., referring to his disposition. The quickening or stopping of the heart-beats under strong emotion, shows how close is the connection between the soul and the heart.

M. S. Z. Please give the concise history of the "Man in the Iron Mask?" Has the secret been disclosed? If so, who was the man?

He was a French State prisoner whose identity was carefully concealed. He was brought to the Bastille in 1698 during Louis XIV's reign and kept secluded till 1703, when he died. St. Mars, the Governor of the Bastille, took his meals with the prisoner, who always wore a black velvet mask. He was simply named "M. de Mareschal" on the prison register, but was undoubtedly a person of rank and importance. Some conjecture that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, still others variously believe him to have been the Duke of Beaufort, a titled poisoner and conspirator against the King, a son of Cromwell, Aredick the Armenian patriarch, Ercole Mattioli, of Mantra, etc. His real identity has never been disclosed.

Subscriber, Chicago, Ill. If parents tell a child not to marry a certain person, and not to run away to get married and the child does run away, do you believe such a marriage has the Divine approval? What would you think of a person who belonged to a church doing such a thing?

Such an escapade would be a direct violation of the fifth Commandment, in setting at defiance the injunction of filial obedience, and would also be censurable on the ground of impropriety if nothing worse. For one escapade of this class that turns out well ninety-nine result badly. Marriage is a solemn sacrament not to be entered upon in the spirit of levity but as a compact and union of two souls before God. We cannot conceive of a church member even meditating such a step as a run away marriage, which can only be excusable under extreme circumstances and in very special cases.

V. G. Spencer, Waller, Iowa. 1. What is the tree of life as mentioned in Gen. and also Rev. 22: 14? 2. In what latitude and longitude was the garden of Eden? 3. Does the Bible anywhere mention an event in the life of Christ from the time he was twelve years old till he was thirty?

1. It was the tree in the centre of the garden which possessed the virtue of immortality. It was divinely endowed with qualities that healed and preserved the body from decaying with

age. Various interpretations are applied to it, some treating it symbolically, others literally; but all agreeing that its presence and prominence were to be a constant remembrance of the immortal Creator himself and of his goodness to his creatures. 2. It is impossible now to identify the site of Eden. There are many conflicting opinions, some holding that it was in Armenia, others in Syria, still others in Upper India, and a few in Ceylon. Leading theological opinion favors Armenia. 3. No, it simply says he was subject to his parents. An ancient MS. recently discovered in Tibet asserts that he spent a part of his youth in India.

Subscriber. A Christian, who has been giving a tenth of his income to the Lord, becomes heavily burdened with debts. With the closest economy his income will not cover necessary expenses, and his debts are increasing. He earnestly desires to "honor the Lord with his substance," and also to obey the command, "owe no man anything." What is his duty now? Should he give a tenth of his small income to charities, as formerly, or should he use every effort to first discharge the debt to his fellow-men?

The Lord will not require you to give that which is not yours to give. "Pay that thou owest," "owe no man anything," are to-day as pregnant of truth and morality as when first spoken, and to dedicate to church work a portion of the money that rightly belonged to your creditors would be simple dishonesty. Under all the circumstances described, the immediate duty is rigid economy and hard work; absolute self-denial and the sloughing off of every unnecessary expenditure. The Lord prospers the diligent hand. It is your task to bring your expenses within your income, and you will then be able to do your full duty and give your offering with a clear conscience.

Earnest Seeker, Bald Mt., Colo. Does God take an interest in men personally or does he govern mankind as a whole, under general laws? The question is suggested by painful personal and domestic experience.

The question has often disquieted Christians under affliction. It has often appeared to the godly man, as it did to Job, that the children of God fare no better in the world than the wicked. But we are taught in a multitude of passages in the Bible, that God does know and care for the individual. Christ was very explicit on the subject. (See Matt. 10: 29-31.) The promise in the New Testament to Christ's followers is not of prosperity, but that they shall receive strength to bear their afflictions and that those afflictions shall work for good to them. Our prayers would be simple mockeries if we did not believe in God's care for the individual. The Christian like the wordling is subject to natural law and other things being equal a blow that would kill a wordling would kill him. Some of the troubles you describe belong to this category. It is often difficult to understand why so many afflictions fall to the righteous which the wicked escape, but God does not explain these particular trials. He expects us to trust him and to be assured that "he does not willingly afflict nor grieve" us, and to patiently wait the revelation which will make all things clear.

E. T. Sherlock, New York. Do you think any useful spiritual lesson can be drawn from Solomon's Song?

Undoubtedly, as from every other part of the Bible. The difficulties in regard to it, arise from the various views as to its plan and purpose. No less than sixteen of these have been advanced by expositors. Three only, however, have commended themselves to any large number of Bible students. One of them regards it as the yearning of God's people, when separated from the Temple and the ordinances of the Jewish service. A second view is that it represents, under the image of an intense love, the relation of Christ and his people. Paul uses the same symbol in Eph. 5: 22-33. This was evidently the view taken by the men who put the headings to the chapters in the King James version of the Bible, which headings have been discarded in the Revised version. The third view is the literal, which is taken by modern scholars and is growing in favor. It is that the poem celebrates the trials and triumph of a country maiden, who when carried away from her humble home and her rustic lover to become an inmate of the king's harem, rejects with scorn the magnificence and luxury offered her and remains faithful to her lover, with whom she returns. The lesson is obvious. It is the lesson of a fidelity to Christ and truth and righteousness which no offer of wealth and luxury can disturb.

Fred. Flint, Stockville, Neb. There probably was some Arab legend to that effect, which the writer repeated.—Catherine Rollberg, New York. 1. Your contribution to the Food Fund was received and will be duly acknowledged. 2. Sunday travel is sinful, unless unavoidable. 3. Not necessarily so.—(Can-stant Reader, College Grove, Wis. 1. No richer than found in the story of Genesis. 2. Geologists say it may have been the case in Madisqua, Marietta, Pa. From a business point of view, Spanish is the more important of the two. Both, however, are easily acquired, and would not take long in learning.—Inquirer. Rev. Mr. Ben-Olle's address is care of Dr. Rice, 10 E. 23rd St., N. Y.—Mrs. L. L. Howe, E. Dover, Vt. Send them to chaplain, King's County Penitentiary, Brooklyn, N. Y.—C. H. Can-ning, Bedford, Mo. We have not sufficient data to answer your questions.—W. H. Downs, Idaville, Ind. No; God has not changed. Man, however, has been led to see that slavery was sin and that it should be abolished. All other argument on the subject is beside the main question.—Maggie. A. Irish patriot who was tried for treason and executed in 1803.—Mrs. H. A. E. L. It is a proverb frequently quoted by those who wish to evade moral obligations elsewhere. Such people usually make charity begin at home and end there also. 2. You are quite right.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ATHENS SHAKEN.

THE series of severe earthquakes which have shaken an extensive region in Greece, have caused great destruction of life and property. On April 27th, a large congregation was gathered in the Cathedral at Athens when a terrible shock agitated the great building. There would have been a panic if Premier Tricoupis had not interposed to calm the people. He begged every one to leave the building slowly and assured them that the danger would be best minimized by that course. His words had a tranquillizing effect. Men ceased struggling, women stopped screaming, and the congregation dispersed without disorder. Three large fragments were broken from the Parthenon. Telegrams received in Athens, show that the disturbance was felt throughout the country. Atlanta, a town of three thousand inhabitants, was levelled to the ground. In Thebes also, not a house was left standing. In Lima, scores of houses collapsed, and the prison in which sixty converts were confined was shaken down, and many lives were lost. The islands of Syra and Seanto also suffered heavily. The devastation is greater, because the earthquake follows so closely on that of April 20th, which weakened many buildings in various towns, but did not entirely destroy them. They utterly collapsed under the later shock. At the time of writing it is not known how many persons have been killed, but the death list was over three hundred from the first earthquake, and the later one must have largely increased it. The destruction of property is greater than that caused by the earthquake at Zante last year. There is general consternation throughout the country, for no one can tell when the shocks may be renewed. They may learn from science how the appalling disturbances are caused, but science cannot give them warning of their approach, nor tell where or when an earthquake will take place. They only are wise who, following the example of the patriarch, look for help to him who "shaketh the earth out of her place." Job 9: 6.)

A Tramp's Retort.

The characteristic reply of a tramp to a very natural question is recorded in a Detroit journal. It says that a ragged, miserable-looking man shuffled up to the door of a farmhouse near that city and asked for a meal. He was a rough, churlish fellow, but he looked miserable and hungry, so he was taken to the kitchen and the cook was instructed to give him a substantial meal. There was no doubt as to the man's hunger. In all her experience in satisfying the appetite of tramps, she had never seen a man eat as that man did. He was morose, too, and answered her questions in monosyllables or not at all. Her patience was almost exhausted before the man admitted that he had eaten enough. He got through at last, and was starting away without a word of thanks or even a "good morning," when the cook stopped him. "Here," she said sharply, "haven't you a word to say after as good a dinner as that?" The tramp looked at her stolidly and answered, "Naw; did you think I was Chauncey Depew?" He did not need the eloquence of our famous post-prandial orator to give such an expression of thanks as would

have satisfied the woman. But he acted toward her as many people act toward God. Because they have not the ten talents to use in his service, they will not use the one they have. (II. Cor. 8: 12.)

A Poet's Memorial.

A cable dispatch states that a novel and striking memorial to Lord Tennyson is to be raised on the Western coast of the Isle of Wight, not far from the home where he lived for forty years. It is a granite monolith in the shape of an Iona cross and will be beautifully polished and will bear an appropriate inscription. It is to stand on the highest bluff on the coast near the village of Freshwater, a part of the Down which the poet used to visit daily. It will be visible far out at sea and will form a beacon for mariners by which they can safely steer their ships in passing down the channel or

a section foreman on the railroad. A few weeks ago an old friend of her father came to visit the widow and in chatting over early days he inquired after one of her brothers. The widow said she thought he must be dead as she had not heard anything of him for more than thirty years. But the friend said she was mistaken, the brother was not dead for he had seen him at intervals of several years in the course of his journeyings, and he believed he was living in Cincinnati. During the day the visitor went for a walk and one of the first persons he met was the section-foreman whom he hailed as the brother of the widow. Taking him to the turnpike house he introduced the two and on comparing notes the brother and sister found that the man was right. For many years the brother has passed daily within twenty yards of his sister's home and has often conversed with her, but neither recognized the other or knew that there was any relationship between them. They had lost track of each other in childhood and each supposed that the other had died years ago. Doubtless, both are grateful to the man who thus brought them together and enabled them to recognize each other. It is similar service of infinitely greater degree that Christ would render to every man and woman on earth bringing

it was noticed as a curious coincidence that his favorite cherry-tree showed unmistakable signs of decay. The old man had it cut down and sawn into boards which he kept in his house. Soon afterward he became so ill that he was confined to his bed. Feeling sure that he would never recover he sent for a carpenter and bade him make a coffin of the boards of the cherry-tree. It was done, and when he died he was laid in it. The cost of his funeral was paid out of the fund accumulated by the sale of the cherries from the same tree. There is something pathetic in his taking for himself in return for all the attention he had given to the tree for half a century, only a coffin and his funeral expenses. But there are many who concentrate all their mind on worldly affairs who can get no better result. As the Preacher pointed out long ago, it is a common vanity of the most empty kind, for a man to give all his thought to this life which has only a grave at the end of it, and yet there is no end to his labor, and he never asks himself for whom do I labor and beleave my soul of good. (Eccles. 4: 8.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Chinese Viceroy, Chang, has invited Dr. Mackay, a physician of the London Missionary Society, to attend him personally when sick.

Rev. F. B. Meyer is coming from England to attend the Bible Conference at Northfield, Mass. He will speak regularly all through the month of August.

Since the English Occupation of Egypt commenced, no less than 180,000 copies of Bibles and Bible portions in the native language have been sold and given away among the peasantry of the country.

The First Result of Christian teaching in Senite, Burmah, says *The Missionary Link*, is the willingness of the women to give up the weary load of thirty and often forty pounds of brass wire which they wear as ornaments.

The Mayor of Savannah, Ga., has put himself upon record as opposed to Sunday baseball. A league game which had been announced to take place on a recent Sunday was stopped by the police under the Mayor's order.

A Recent Letter from Japan says that at the close of last year, of the 377 churches in Japan, 78 are wholly and 299 are partially self-supporting. The additions during the year numbered 3,636. The present membership is 37,534. The larger part of these are men.

Turkey is preparing for a most radical change to bring her into closer touch with Western customs. She proposes to exchange the Mohammedan lunar calendar for the Gregorian calendar, the old style of reckoning time being found most inconvenient for business dealings.

Nearly One Thousand Cards were signed during Dr. Chapman's services at Bloomington, Ill. At the farewell meeting in the Opera House, the number unable to enter would have filled a building equally large. The Rev. J. W. Hubbel, of Mansfield, Ohio, says that at Dr. Chapman's services in that city, eleven hundred cards were signed and the good work continues.

Miss Talmage, a Niece of the Editor of this journal, who is laboring as a missionary at Amoy, China, mentions in a letter recently received that one of the women recently baptized was a maker of idolatrous paper, used for burning before the idols. She resigned her place and turned her talent to the manufacture of paper flowers. At this she does not earn more than a sixth of her former salary, but she is content. The Chinese are sometimes despised, but it is not every one among ourselves who would give up five-sixths of his income on account of religious principle.

Additional Contributions for the Relief of the destitute in New York:

A. E. P., \$3; Armstrong, Mrs., 30c; An old subr Westchester, Iowa, \$1; Blair, John, \$3; B. G. M., Brooklyn, \$1; B. C., Mich., 25c; Bancroft, Jane, 50c; Bishop, Emma Kissam, \$1; Bush Creek S. S., Livermay, Kas., \$1; Case, May E., 35c; Crandal, Mrs. Jos. H., 50c; Corning, Lizzie S., \$1; Cheunging Charlie, 25c; Cheunging Birdie, 25c; Friend, So. Egremont, Mass., \$1; Gifford, De Witt, 50c; H. F. M., Moreland, \$1; In His Name, Glendale, Mass., \$2.50; Jennings, Mrs. Jonathan, \$1; J. A. M. P., Florence, Mass., \$1; J. C. E. S. of Railroad St. Baptist Church, St. John,burg, Va., \$1; Kansas girl, 10c; Ligner, Mr. and Mrs. and Vt., \$1; Leith, J., \$1; Monticello, N. Y., \$5; Mamma, Given and Sarah, 75c; Myers, Mrs. Mary E., \$1; Phillips, Mrs. P. F., \$1; Smith, Mrs. C. D., \$1; Sweet, Mrs. John L., \$1; Sinclair Jas. A., 50c; Teacher of Jamacha School, Cal., 30c; W. K. S., Phila., Pa., \$1; W. W. H., \$1; 4 Pane children, 65c; Paloma, Ills., \$2; Stewartstown, Pa., \$1.

The following contributions of clothing to the Food Fund have been received during the week: Mrs. N. St S and Mrs. H. A., 1 box clothing, Three Well-wishers, "In Jesus' Name," 1 bbl. clothing; Unknown, 1 bbl. clothing; Mr. J. Smith, Scudder, N. Y., cabbage.



THE GREAT EARTHQUAKES IN GREECE—MODERN ATHENS, THE GREEK CAPITAL.

in entering the Needles. The government perceives its value in this respect and has decided to remove the old wooden beacon called the Nodes which has long done duty at this point and make the Tennyson memorial the recognized beacon for that dangerous part of the coast. It will be a fitting memorial of his life and work. The fact is honorable to him. Literature would be the better if every writer made it his aim to write so usefully that the most appropriate memorial of him would be a beacon to warn men from destruction. (Isa. 62: 6.)

Unconscious Relationship.

A revelation which surprised two neighbors is described by the "Cincinnati Commercial." It says that just north of that city on the Carthage road is a turnpike which has been kept by a widow for more than twenty-five years. Among her neighbors during the greater part of that period is a man named Smith who is employed as

them into a bond of brotherhood in him closer than any bond of physical relationship. (Matt. 23: 8.)

Provision for a Funeral.

A curious story is connected with a funeral which took place in Webster County, Kentucky, on April 12. The funeral was that of a farmer who was in his sixtieth year when he died. It appears that when a boy ten years old playing around the farm which then belonged to his father, and afterwards was inherited by him, he was amusing himself with some cherry stones. He concluded to plant one and did so. It took root and grew into a fruitful tree. The boy took a deep interest in the tree and daily watched its growth. Every year he sold the produce, and carefully hoarded the proceeds. He continued to do so after the farm passed into his own hands and he had children of his own growing up around him. Last winter his robust constitution became impaired and



ANTICIPATORY BLESSINGS.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Psalm 21: 3, "For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head."

IN the preceding Psalm we have a prayer that David, who is going forth to war, may be victorious. In this Psalm we have a song of thanksgiving for the victory which has been won. Perowne describes the preceding Psalm as a litany before the king went forth to battle, and this one was a Te Deum on his return. The occasion which gave rise to the Psalm is variously understood. Some say that it celebrated the victory over Sennacherib; others that it is a song of thanksgiving for the recovery of Hezekiah. Still others consider it to be a song of rejoicing because of David's victory over the Ammonites, a victory which ended in the capture of the royal city of Rabbah, the crown of whose king David put on his own head. But without stopping to discuss this matter further in detail, we know that these two Psalms are complementary whatever may be the historical allusion.

Preventive Blessings.

A single remark on the word "prevent" will throw light upon its meaning in the text. Literally the word signifies to go before, to anticipate. This is the meaning alike of the Latin word from which it comes and of the Hebrew word of which it is the translation. This also was the original meaning of the English word prevent when our common translation of the Scriptures was made. We find this prayer in one of the old liturgies: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most precious favor." The meaning of this petition is, that God would go before us, or anticipate us in his mercy. As we all know, the word prevent is now used as meaning to stop, to hinder, to intercept. It is a sad commentary on our fallen human nature that the word should have so changed its meaning; for the changed meaning clearly shows that men usually go before one another not to help but to hinder and to hurt. "Words are things" as the fiery Mirabeau said in the French Assembly. There is a vast amount of history wrapped up in their changed meanings. Like Adam, they have had their fall. Moral qualities inhere in duly speech. The idea in this text is that God had gone before David, and anticipated him, had prepared blessings before they were asked or needed. This truth is taught whether we limit the application of the Psalm to some signal victory, or refer it to the whole sweep of God's providential dealings with David. God's providences as related to us emphasize the same truth. This fact suggests a general law in God's relations to man; it gives us this topic: The Anticipatory Blessings of God.

In Creation.

1. Anticipative blessings are seen in creation—in creation generally, and in our own creation especially. The young of no creature comes into the world so helpless as the young of the human species; but God so anticipates this fact that gentle hands and loving hearts make provision for this helplessness. Their manifest weakness appeals to our conscious strength. It has been said that "the undevout astronomer is mad." It may with equal truth be said that the undevout anatomist is mad. It is said that Galen, the celebrated physician, was at one time atheistically inclined, but that the careful study of the human frame, the usefulness of every part, the fitness of part to part, and the wonderful beauty of the whole, led him to question the truth of atheism, and finally to believe fully in God as Creator and Lord. He was a man of vast and varied attainments. Doubtless he was justified in speaking significantly of the medical men of his time, and particularly of those in Rome, where during four years he won great applause for his skill as a practitioner, and his success as an instructor. Eighty-three genuine medical works by his hand are extant, and many

are supposed to have been lost. Tried by the standards of our time, his theories no doubt would excite merriment, but for one thousand three hundred years his authority was law in the medical profession. It is said that he wrote a hymn in praise of the divine Creator. If we go for a little way into particulars in the study of

The Human Body,

we find many illustrations of God's anticipative beneficence. Think for a moment of the eye! At first it is needless, but all its parts are even then perfect. God anticipates its subsequent uses. A distinguished scholar has affirmed that an examination of the eye is a cure for atheism. Dr. Paley, whom some of us carefully studied in academic days, reminds us that the eye is lodged in a strong, deep and bony socket composed of seven different bones hollowed at their edges. It is sheltered by eyebrows, which are ingenious and beautiful arches of hair, and which render valuable service in protecting the eyes from the moisture of the face. The lid defends the eye in many ways, gently protecting it when open and then sweetly closing it in sleep. To keep the eye clean a liquid is especially provided, and to carry off the superfluous brine, a perforation is ingeniously prepared. The ear, no less than the eye, is mechanically and scientifically adapted to its office. Many writers call attention to the fact that we can find no machine in which such complicated and flexible contrivances are found as in the human neck. Think also of the contrivances in the forearm, and of the complicated arrangements to permit of the enlargement and contraction of the chest in breathing! Indeed, every joint and every part of the human system is a marvel of delicacy, power and wisdom. We are wonderfully made. But, of course, I am not giving a lecture on anatomy, and so cannot go into these matters at length. The simple point here emphasized is that at the outset all these

Prospective Contrivances

were provided, God anticipating their subsequent use. Their relations as well as their adaptations are also anticipated. The eye is adapted to light, and the ear to sound; the wings of the bird to the air, and the fin of the fish to the water. These contrivances and designs prove the existence of the Contriver and Designer. They also illustrate the anticipatory goodness of the Designer; in a thousand ways they manifest his beneficence. He has added pleasure to the exercise of our faculties above what was necessary to their continued existence and intended function. Youth has pleasures of its own in its frolics and gambols; age, pleasures of its own, dozing in its arm-chair, or quietly engaged in its appropriate activities. God soothes the mind and comforts the eye by robing the earth in its green mantle, while he expresses his beautiful thoughts in flowers of many colors. However widely we traverse the realm of nature, we shall find that God in creation has gone before us with the blessings of his goodness.

2. The same law is illustrated in Revelation. Men needed a revelation from God. Nature answered many of the deep questions of the human soul; but, when confronted by some of the profoundest problems of life, Nature is silent. The dying words of Goethe, "More light," expresses our need even when standing in the brightest light which Nature can give. God is a wise teacher; the impartation of his knowledge always bears a relation to our ability to receive. Christ had many things to tell the disciples which they were unable to bear. There is always a fullness of time in God's revelation and providences. It comes to pass, therefore, that it was always at "sundry times and in divers manners," that the knowledge of God came to man. Robertson reminds us that the translation "sun-

dry times," "is literally sundry parts—sections, not of time, but of the manner of the revelation. God gave his revelation in parts, piecemeal, as you teach children to spell a word, letter by letter, syllable by syllable, adding all at last together. God had a word to spell—his own name. By degrees he did it."

The Bible is like some ancient castle. We know that Warwick Castle viewed from the outside is an immense pile of disjointed work, of four or five centuries, and with many varieties of architecture, but within, the apartments, although each is finished in the style of its own period, form a perfect and harmonious whole, making a noble and magnificent home. Cologne Cathedral on the banks of the "wide and winding Rhine," although founded in 1248, was only recently completed. Its history is long and fascinating. The architect is unknown; probably he will never be known, but his design after hundreds of years is carried out in every particular.

One Thought Dominates

the structure in every part and harmonizes the entire conception. Such a majestic cathedral and historic castle is the Bible. It took sixteen centuries to make it; but its earlier portions anticipate and prepare for its later revelations. In the Old Testament we find the germ of those facts which blossom and bloom into precious truths, whose flower and fruitage we enjoy in the New Testament. Every portion of revelation was perfect for its place and time.

Freeman has shown us in his "Growth of the English Constitution," how the constitution of Britain up to to-day is the outgrowth of the earliest Saxon institutions of that land. So the full-blown flower revelation is the development of the bud of divine teaching in the earliest history of the race. The doctrine of the Trinity, the hope of salvation, and the glory of the Messiah are all promised or implied in the teaching of patriarchs and prophets at the very dawn of human history. Many men of many climes, and of varied degrees of intellect and spiritual culture, were employed in the preparation of the unique book which we call the Bible. Some of these men were prophets and poets; some were kings and some peasants; some were shepherds and some were soldiers. They thus represented various grades of social life and of national growth, but all had

Their Place and Purpose

in giving to the world God's full and glorious revelation of himself. Through the lofty arches of this great cathedral the idyllic song of the shepherd floats, and the imperial voice of the king thunders; here also the blended voices of evangelists and apostles echo, and all finally unite in ascriptions of praise to him who is the Child of the Manger and the Ancient of Days.

The devout student discovers at every stage in this progressive revelation that God was going before men with the blessings of his goodness. There are questions, which, without this revelation, we could never answer. What shall we think of God? Is there a life to come? How shall man be just with God? These questions uninspired wisdom could never answer. God implanted within us the longing to know something of himself, and the means by which that longing can be satisfied he also furnishes. He is ever going before us along the track of history and revelation. Traversing these highways of providence and redemption, we discover the footprints of the Son of God. As the loving John said to the impulsive Peter, in the gray dawn of the morning, near the shore of the Galilean Sea on which the Master was standing, "It is the Lord;" so the Christian student can say of every divine appointment in every dispensation. Echoing through the corridors of all the centuries the devout student hears the foot-beats of Jesus Christ. Revelation joins with creation in saying, "Thou preventest us with the blessings of thy goodness."

Redemption Provided.

3. This beneficent law is illustrated especially in redemption. God is never taken by surprise; for "Known unto God are all his works, from the beginning of the world." The first promise which was given at the gate of Eden to our fallen parents, contains the Gospel as the seed contains the tree. In the garments given to cover the sinning pair was a hint at least of the spotless robe which is the righteousness of Christ. A ray of light from the distant Cross of Calvary fell on the dark pathway of our first parents as they walked

from Eden's brightness. The Cross was not an unexpected remedy for an unseen calamity. We are in danger of getting into deep water at this point, and of becoming entangled in the meshes, if we may for the moment use technically theological language, of sublapsarianism and of supralapsarianism; but of this we may be sure: we ought always to have the idea of

The Divine Remedy

clearly in mind when we judge of the disaster which befell our race. It is certain that God anticipated the fall in the provisions of his mercy; certain that Christ was the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world; certain that God's knowledge anticipated the disaster as his loving power prepared the remedy. When there was no eye to pity, his eye pitied; when there was no hand outstretched to help, his was extended to save; before our sense of need, came his provision of help.

And what is true of the provisions for the race as a whole, is true in the conversion of each individual sinner. We should never have sought Christ, if he had not first sought us. Christ sought Nathaniel under the fig tree, before Nathaniel sought him as his Saviour. Christ sought Matthew at the receipt of custom, while Matthew was intent only on the faithful performance of daily duty. Christ sought Zacchaeus in the sycamore tree, while he would have hid himself from the Lord behind its leafy branches. Christ sought the woman of Samaria at the well, before she sought him as the Messiah. In the woman who was a sinner, Christ sought and found the woman, although the Pharisees only sought and found the sinner. Christ was

The Good Shepherd

ever seeking the straying sheep. He is going before you to-day with the blessings of salvation. He came to you in the cradle. In the song prompted by a mother's heart and sung by her loving lips, he was striving to win you to himself. He came to you in your school-days, saying to each boy and to each girl, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." He has come to you all in a thousand ways since with his sweet message. In the blessings of health, of home, of a father's smile, of a mother's love, and of a child's trustful greeting, Jesus Christ has been coming with the blessings of his goodness. His warm love he offers you to-day. Oh, spurn not his mercy! Refuse not his anticipatory grace; but submit heart and life for time and eternity into the hands of him who has loved you with an eternal love, and who waits to crown you with the blessings of his goodness.

4. The law of anticipatory blessing finds its illustration in Providence. All God's providential dealings are the blessings of his goodness. He waits to set a pure crown of gold on the head of every son and daughter of Adam. Our birth in this land is one of the blessings of his anticipatory love; our birth in this particular age is an indisputable proof of his goodness; indeed, all his providences are such anticipations. It is true that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" it is true that "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;" it is true that, "all things work together for good to them that love God." Our blessed Lord is preparing us for what he has prepared for us. We are

A Prepared People

for a prepared mansion and crown. Look over your past life, and you will see how this law has been illustrated. Observe to-day your present experiences, and you will know some day why you have had them as they are.

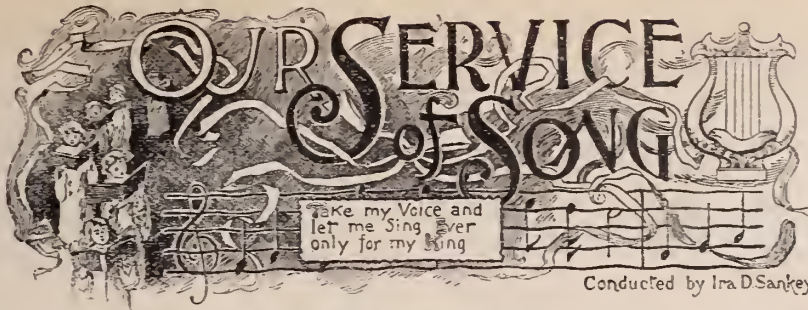
To-day we are to sit at the table of the Lord. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper is an illustration of the Lord's considerate goodness. He knew that we would need such a help in our spiritual lives; this ordinance he gave us to be observed in remembrance of him. The Lord's baptism sets forth the beginning of the new life in Christ; the Lord's Supper the continuance of that life by his grace and power. The Lord's baptism is to be observed but once, as it is the symbol of the new birth; the Lord's Supper is to be observed often, as it is the symbol of our daily dependence upon God for strength and growth. The Good Shepherd ever goeth before his sheep and leadeth them. He leads; he never drives. There is no pathway, however thorny, which we must tread which he has not trodden; there is no cross, however heavy, which we must bear that he has not borne. Is death before us? He has gone through the valley and

ade it luminous by his presence. Must we enter the tomb? There he once lay, and therefrom he came forth in triumph. Do we need a mansion in glory? He anticipates our need, saying: "I go to prepare a place for you." Do we need a friend at the right hand of God? "He ever liveth to make intercession for them." The Psalm from which the text is taken is, as we have seen, a triumphal ode. It speaks of a crown of gold. But a loftier song than this shall be sung when we chant, Thanks be to God, which giveth us the story through our Lord Jesus Christ." A bluer crown shall be worn, if we be faithful unto death and let no man take our crown, for there is laid up for us a triple crown, the crown of righteousness, the crown of life, and the crown of glory.

CHINESE HEROES.

A THRILLING story of the heroism of some Chinese converts is told by Rev. C. S. Medhurst, a Baptist missionary in China, in the "Baptist Missionary Magazine." It reports these noble men as voluntarily giving up home and friends, and in some instances, life itself, that some expatriated countrymen might hear the Gospel. Mr. Medhurst says: There was a famine in Shantung. I am not going to speak of horrors, but of its heroes. They were in our employ, receiving good wages, and either they nor their families had cause to read the famine. But hundreds of others were starving and were emigrating to the province of Shensi, where the imperial government was ready to give land to all settlers. Now these noble Christian servants of ours studied their Bibles. They read how after the death of Stephen the church was scattered by persecution, preaching the word everywhere. They came to us and told us that although there was no persecution to scatter them, they believed that the famine was intended by God to send them somewhere as missionaries. They met together and held many prayer conferences by themselves. Then they came to us again, resigned their positions, gave up their salaries, sold their lands at a great sacrifice, and went with the other emigrants to Shensi. They went, not to better their worldly prospects, but to preach Christ. We could spare their aid, but we held a farewell meeting and sent them off with many prayers. That long journey of six weeks in the middle of a semi-arctic North China winter, tried both old and young severely. They could not always find shelter at night. More than one succumbed to the unusual exposure, and drew their last breath before they reached Shensi. They were buried in nameless graves by the roadside, and the rest struggled bravely on, weak in body, but strong in faith. After the pilgrims had settled, one smart boy, who had been in our mission school, who had received an education at our expense, but who had given up all his bright prospects that he might join the missionary band, was offered by a wealthy native gentleman, the position of heir to all his property. "No," the brave lad replied, "If I become your son you will make me give up Christ. I am a Christian and cannot do it." Like Moses, that dear Chinese youth, his name little known on earth, but inscribed on the roll of honor in heaven, "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." That child of God, that Mongolian Martyr, has since gone home to his rest. The terrible winter's march across the plains from Shantung to Shensi sowed the seeds of consumption in his lungs, and proved God's call to him to go home. My friends, are not the Chinese worth saving? Do you wonder that I love them?

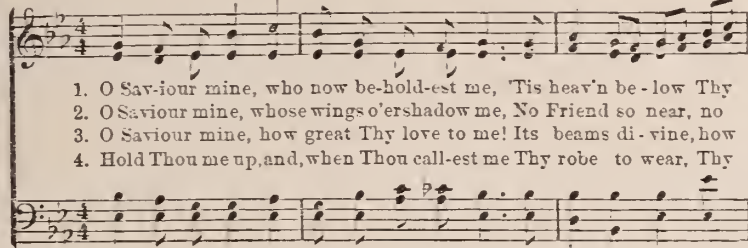
But the missionary in China has his delights as well as his disappointments. I found that the spiritual horizon of the mission field was like the climate of California—it had more sunshine than cloud. Were there time, I could tell a thrilling story of a native Christian brother, with whom I have enjoyed many hours of converse, who married a blind woman out of pity for her condition, and who adopted a starving girl into his family, when he had scarcely enough to eat himself. I could tell you of a brother in the field whom I love dearly, who was so anxious to tell his countrymen of the Christ, that he preached his business away and brought starvation to his door, but he led more than a hundred of his neighbors to the Saviour.



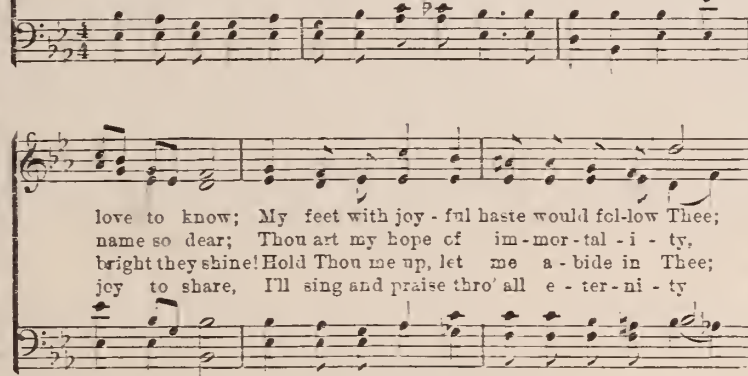
Lead Thou me On.

FANNY J. CROSETT. Lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. 119:24.

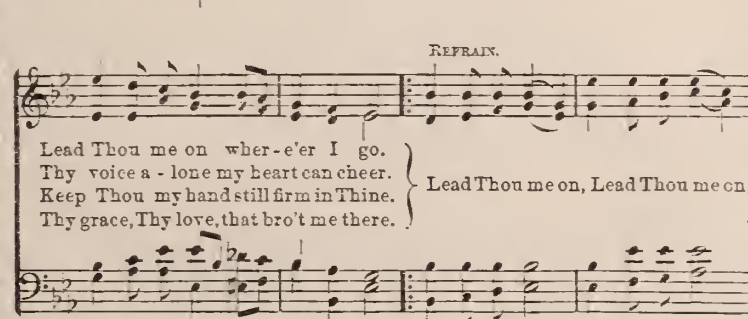
W. H. DOANE.



1. O Sav-iour mine, who now be-hold-est me, 'Tis heav'n be-low Thy
2. O Saviour mine, whose wings o'ershadow me, No Friend so near, no
3. O Saviour mine, how great Thy love to me! Its beams di-vine, how
4. Hold Thou me up, and, when Thou call-est me Thy robe to wear, Thy

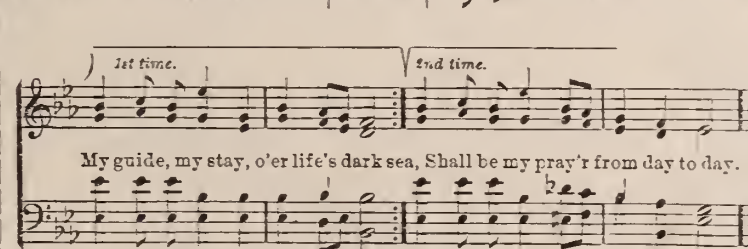


love to know; My feet with joy-ful haste would fol-low Thee;
name so dear; Thou art my hope of im-mor-tal-i-ty,
bright they shine! Hold Thou me up, let me a-bide in Thee;
joy to share, I'll sing and praise thro' all e-ter-ni-ty



REFRAIN.

Lead Thou me on wher-e'er I go.
Thy voice a-lone my heart can cheer.
Keep Thou my hand still firm in Thine.
Thy grace, Thy love, that bro't me there.



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DAYBREAK.

DARKLY hang the clouds around us
And the waves of care roll high,
Cruel rocks and reefs surround us
Which are hidden from the eye,
On each hand lie death and danger—
Death to go, or death to stay—
But a gracious God shall guide us
At the breaking of the day.

When the crosses which oppress us
We no longer have to bear,
And the trouble that depress us
Bring us joy instead of care,
When our crown of thorns is loosened
And our tears have passed away,
We shall enter our safe haven
At the breaking of the day.

When dear friends are there to meet us
By the crystal river's side,
And when all the loved ones greet us
As we pass beyond the tide;
When we enter in the glory
Of that blessed home to stay,
We will find but joy forever,
At the breaking of the day.

Collinsville, Ct. LOUIS E. THAYER.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill:
I must grind out the golden grain:
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
All over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing tailing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With the storm and the tempest, we need
To render us meet for heaven.

THE MILLENNIAL REIGN.

Christ's Reign on Earth During the Thousand Years to Be a Time of Universal Righteousness.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

Continued from page 282.

BUT this is not all. The subordinate rulers of the earth will exercise their high office in perfect accordance with the Supreme Will. Not only shall "a King reign in righteousness," but "princes shall rule in judgment." And who are these "princes?" Doubtless the risen and glorified saints. Those of whom Daniel says, "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him" (Dan. 7: 27); and whom John saw in Apocalyptic vision, as the representative elders, seated on four-and-twenty thrones, "clothed in white raiment, and on their heads crowns of gold;" concerning whom, moreover, he heard it sung in the "new song." Thou didst make them a kingdom and priests, and they shall rule over the earth. (Rev. 4: 4; 5: 1c.)

But here we need discrimination. Not all the redeemed—not even all partakers of the first resurrection—will attain the honor and dignity of kingship in the coming kingdom. It is possible—as the risen Saviour himself warns the Church in Philadelphia, for another to receive the crown which might have been ours. It is possible for the Christian habitually to violate one of the least of Christ's commands, and in consequence to find himself "the least in the kingdom of heaven." It is possible—ah! how much more than possible—for the believer, whether he be teacher, or taught, to build on the true foundation, "wood, hay, stubble;" and his work being burned, to "suffer loss," though "he himself shall be saved, yet so as out of the fire"—a veritable "brand plucked from the burning." "Know ye not," writes Paul, "that they who run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain."

It is not, then, even the saints indiscriminately, who are to inherit the thrones and royalties of the coming kingdom, but only the best, the noblest, the holiest; aye, and the humblest amongst them. Those who have "resisted unto blood, striving against sin," both in themselves and others. Those whose faith having been tried in the fire, is "found unto praise, and honor, and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Those who are in truth "overcomers," and who can therefore lay claim to the wondrous promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." These, and these alone, shall be the "princes" in the coming age, the reflectors of Christ's glory, the channels of his righteousness, by whose presence the world will be enlightened and made beautiful as the garden of the Lord.

Again, restored and converted Israel will present to the world the influential spectacle of a perfectly righteous nation. This is clearly revealed both in the Old and New Testament. Thus Paul says, addressing the Gentile believers at Rome: "I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits; that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob: for this is my covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins." (Rom. 11: 25-27.)

And the provisions of this "new covenant" are thus declared by Jeremiah: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah. . . . And this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their heart: and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." (Jer. 31: 31-34.) So also Isaiah says of Israel, "Thy people shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting."

(To be Continued.)



LOVE'S POWER AND WORK.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 30. I Cor. 13.

WHAT love does for the world can never be estimated. It is the one eternal omnipotent force which God has put here to redeem and ennoble the world. The knowledge that God is love, is the one hope of the world, which supports men in sorrow, in affliction, in perplexity. We cannot understand nature, or our own lives, or the mysteries of providence. The good suffer, the wicked prosper; virtue starves, vice flourishes; the useful and beneficent die, the evil doer lives to old age; sincerity and integrity go penniless, while hypocrisy and trickery get riches and honor. How is the world governed, then? Does not God care? God is love. Assured of that, we can wait with confidence for the time when all will be made clear. It is the one fact we needed to know. God's power we could see for ourselves; his omniscience and his omnipresence we might assume, but his love had to be revealed to us. The revelation came gradually, but its culmination was unmistakable. "God so loved the world," was the message brought by Him who was at once the expression and the pledge of that love. Even then, men did not realize the tact. Christ's immediate followers clung to the idea of a stern, angry, relentless Being, needing to be propitiated, and they closed their eyes to the revelation of his true character. In flashes and gleams, as the Holy Spirit controlled them, they imparted to us the revelation; but like them, we have not fully realized it, but have magnified ordinances and ceremonies and faith, steadily resisting the knowledge that "the greatest of these is love." In these later days, a few are beginning slowly and painfully to grasp the idea. The blinded eyes are teebly recognizing the sublimity and the grandeur and the import of this conception of God. But the clue once in the hand, infinite treasures of joy are within reach. Life is a new thing in the consciousness of infinite love. We take heart and go forward bravely in the light. We gain courage to bear and to toil as we remember that the eyes bent on us from the heavens are not those of a stern taskmaster who is waiting to condemn and punish, but of a Father whose heart is full of love and sympathy, who knoweth our frame and remembers that we are dust.

The reflex influence is potent. He who loves purely, unselfishly has in him a spark of divine essence, and is mighty for good. We might have known this long ago, for we have seen it in the family and in society. We have seen the stubborn child, whom punishment could not subdue, yield to the tenderness of a mother's love; and the criminal, sullen and morose and fierce under denunciation and duress, break down under words of kindness. Men have been saved from vice, from degradation, and despair, by the knowledge that some one loved them. Oh, yes, we knew the power of love, but we have not even yet recognized that it is the greatest power in our possession. It includes everything. He who loves God and his fellow-men, needs no law to keep him in the path of righteousness. With love supreme in the world, there would be no injustice, nor poverty, nor oppression, nor wars, nor quarrels. It is the universal panacea for the world's woe. When it gains its rightful place in the world, it will super-

sede all law, all punishments, all reformatory institutions, all charitable organizations, for "when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."



THE C. E. CONVENTION.

The arrangements for the great International Christian Endeavor Convention are now well advanced. It is to be held at Cleveland, O., July 11-15. The Press Committee gives the following description of the main auditorium located at the corner of Wilson and Scovill avenues: It is a square wooden building covered with staff and cost \$35,000. It has eight entrances and exits, which will ensure easily and quickly filling and emptying the building. The ventilation is the best. More than one hundred large windows will admit the lake breezes, and keep the temperature well down. The seating will be so arranged that no one will be more than one hundred and twenty-five feet from the speakers. A series of small rooms

other. The Park Sisters, with their cornets, and a gentleman famous for his skill with this instrument, have been secured. Famous soloists will sing.

No free entertainment being allowed at Christian Endeavor Conventions, the committee is obtaining accommodations at reasonable rates. The average rate will not exceed \$1.50 per day for lodging and board, in private families, and many can be accommodated at lower rates. Hotel rates will vary from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per day, according to the number of delegates occupying the same room, and to the hotel occupied. Three classes of entertainment will be provided—room only, room and breakfast, and room with three meals. A detailed schedule giving definite prices will be announced later. No reservations of any kind whatever will be made for individuals. Each State has its own excursion manager, and a large number have county or district agents who are under him. If you have a county manager and wish entertainment in a private home, write him. If you have no county manager, write to your State manager, who will make all arrangements for the entire State.



THE Y. W. C. A. AND THE PRINCESS.

A handsome and appropriate gift, of which a picture appears on this page, was made recently by the Young Women's Christian Associations of Great Britain to the newly wedded Duchess of York. She is the wife of the only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, and will, if she and her husband live, be one day Queen of England. The gift is a richly bound Bible, enclosed in

work of the Young Women's Christian Associations. It is stated by an English journal of some authority in fashionable matters that this is not the first time Princess May has expressed her sympathy.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

At the Detroit District Epworth League Convention, the report showed that there were in the District thirty-eight Chapters, with a membership of 3,176, and twenty Junior Leagues with a membership of 1,274.



In the New England Southern M. E. Conference there are over one hundred and seventy Epworth and Junior Leagues. The proportion of Juniors is as one to three. These Leagues report over 500 conversions.



Christian Endeavor is making rapid progress in the Midland districts of England. At the annual meeting of the Birmingham and District Union of C. E. Societies, it was reported that twenty-one fresh societies had joined the Union.



Rev. James Harper (Methodist) says that he likes his C. E. Society, "First, because it has made great improvement in definiteness of Christian life in the members; second, because it works better than any other society with which I am acquainted."



The Christian Endeavor Society of Berkeley Temple, Boston, has established a visitors' register, giving the names and addresses of visitors, with the societies from which they come. In the short time the record has been kept, visitors have been recorded from thirteen States, England, and various parts of Canada.



The executive committee of the Christian Endeavor colonial union of New South Wales, have sent a special vote of thanks to the United Society, its officers and trustees, for the Endeavor movement and all it has accomplished. It expressed deep appreciation of the constantly increasing benefits of this work in Australia.



At a recent meeting of the National Executive Committee of English Young Men's Christian Associations, the question of amusements was discussed, and the duty of the Associations in face of the demand for smoking rooms and other concessions. A strong pronouncement was made against the opening of smoke-rooms in the Associations, and the introduction of entertainments of a theatrical character as being most prejudicial and harmful to the work.



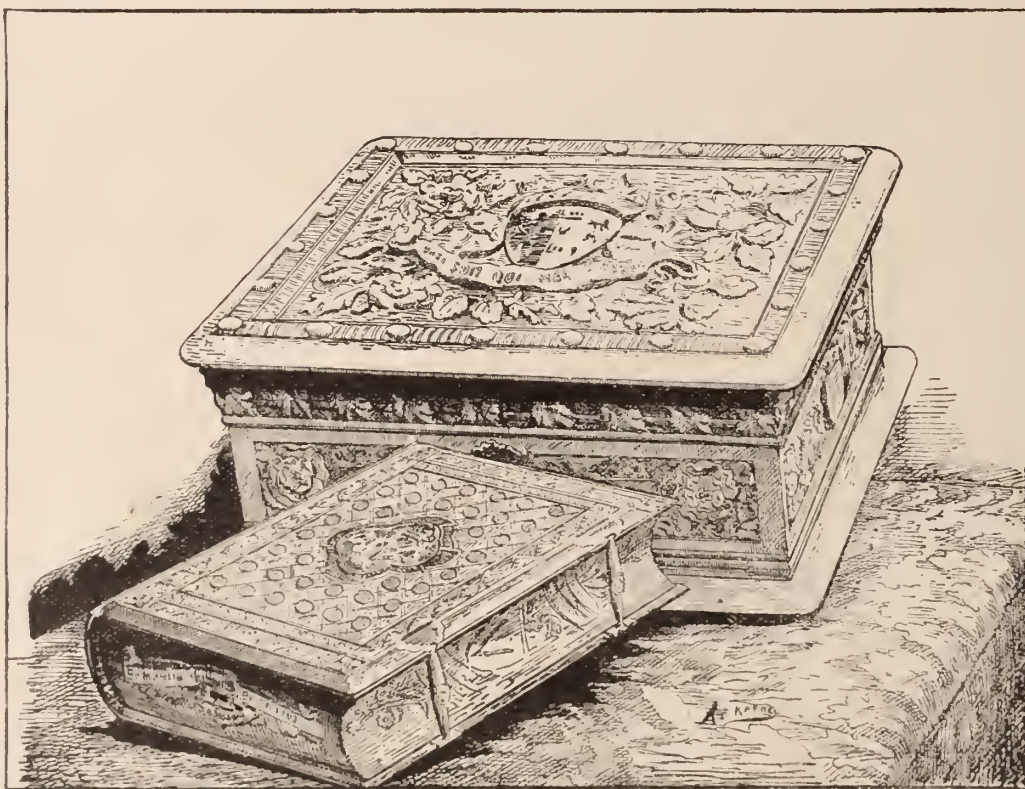
The prominent Christian Endeavor native workers, Mr. and Mrs. Karmarkar, have made a tour in Southern Concan, India, greatly strengthening the churches. Mr. Karmarkar writes: "Many were healed, many prejudices were removed through medicine, and many heard the Gospel for the first time from a Hindoo lady."



One hundred men at Rockland have subscribed \$10 each for the establishment of a Y.M.C.A. Even in these times of business depression, this was an irresistible appeal to the wealthier business men of the place, who have subscribed nearly \$1,000 more. As soon as the needed amount is pledged, the work will be organized with a trained secretary in charge.



The "Congregationalist" gives the following summary of the replies of pastors of Maine to questions asking for the results of their observations as to the Christian Endeavor society: Fifty-four replies were received, and of those sending the replies only one thought the separate organization of the society to be injurious to the church; only one was of the opinion that the pledge was harmful to the religious life of the young people, only one had held that the society had made the young people to prominent in religious work, while all were unanimous in giving an affirmative answer to the question, "Do you cordially endorse the Society of Christian Endeavor?"



THE BIBLE AND CASKET PRESENTED BY THE ENGLISH Y. W. C. ASSOCIATIONS TO H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

for committee meetings, conferences, literature tables, etc., will be provided. One large room will be set aside for "State bulletins." The building will hold 10,000 people. A walk of five minutes or less will bring one to the mammoth tent—the second auditorium. This will be 320 x 190 feet in size and 55 feet high, and will seat another 10,000. This spacious enclosure will be seated with chairs in amphitheatre style, will be lighted with electricity, and in other ways made so attractive that by many it will be preferred to the hall. Two large churches nearby have been secured for overflow meetings. Music Hall, with a seating capacity of five thousand, has been secured in case a meeting is needed in the central part of the city. Eleven of the largest churches in the city have been secured for the Wednesday night meetings.

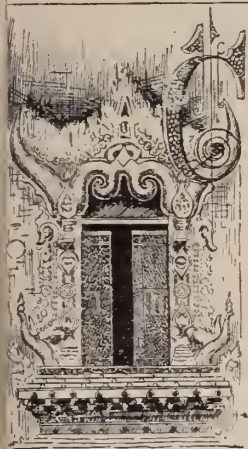
The music will be led by two choruses, comprising one thousand young people. Mr. Percy S. Foster, of Washington, D.C., who recently led Mr. Moody's great choir of 1700 voices in that city, will be the conductor of one of them, and another good leader, yet to be secured will conduct the

a beautifully carved oaken casket. It was presented to the Princess on behalf of the Associations by the Hon. Louisa Kinaird. The Bible is a copy of Bagster's miniature quarto edition, with references, notes, maps and charts. Its binding, in the style of the end of the nineteenth century, is of royal purple morocco, inlaid with rich diaper, crimson and cream: it is adorned with ecclesiastical emblems embossed in gold, and clasps, bearing the Princess' monogram, "V. M., and the coronet are also of gold, pierced and engraved. The edges of the volume are illuminated in front with the monogram and coronet, and on a scroll, above and beneath, are the sentences: "Search the Scriptures," "Thy Word is Truth," "God is Love," and "God is Light," and "Be watchful," "Be zealous." There are richly illuminated vellum pages bearing the record of the dedication. The casket to hold this volume is of exquisite workmanship. With the Bible was a volume containing the autographs of the subscribers to the fund with which the Bible and casket were purchased. The Princess gratefully accepted the gift and expressed her warm sympathy with the



Burmah's Wicked Queen.

Soopyah-lat, the Cruel Spouse of Theebaw—A Modern Jezebel.



THEEBAW'S THRONE.

CONSIDERABLE attention in England India, and a large part of Asia has lately been directed to a somewhat remarkable enterprise now being conducted in Burmah under the auspices of the British government. When the notorious king Theebaw fled from Mandalay, his capital, nine years ago, he left behind him a vast amount of treasure including the crown jewels. As very little of the treasure was afterward found, it was generally concluded that he had taken it with him to China, and in the passing years it was apparently forgotten. But quite recently the truth about the missing treasure came out. A private soldier of the English army, on his death-bed, confessed to his officer that he and a comrade, who had been together at the attack on Mandalay in 1885, had "looted" the royal palace, and succeeded in securing the crown, regalia and other valuables belonging to Theebaw and his Queen, Soopyah-lat, and had buried their booty in the earth until they should find a favorable opportunity for removing it. That opportunity never came. The soldier died and his surviving comrade, having surrendered to the government the full information as to the location of the hidden jewels, is now conducting a party of searchers with the object of finding the treasure. Although searches almost innumerable have been made in Mandalay at different times in the last ten years, both by natives and foreigners, the ruby and diamond-studded crown, surmounted by its golden peacock, the emblem of Burmese sovereignty, has never been found.

From all that has come to light concerning Queen Soopyah-lat, she seems to have been a modern Jezebel. Theebaw, who began his public career as a young ruler of great promise, under her malign influence, became a tyrant and a monster. His court was a scene of frightful debauchery, and the brutalities he practiced upon his unresisting subjects were such as to arouse the indignation of the Christian world. All missionary work was forbidden, and the Buddhists (of whose order Theebaw had himself been a monk, before ascending the throne), had paramount influence everywhere. Buddhist monasteries were multiplied and the great pagodas, with their alleged sacred relics, were visited and honored more than in a half century before. The great temple at Rangoon, the Shway Dagohn Payah—"which contains the eight hairs of Buddha Gautama," say the monks—the famous shrine of Pegu and the other noted shrines and temples were crowded with idolatrous devotees. The last vestige of morality was stifled at Theebaw's court, and soon the nation was infected by the excesses of Soopyah-lat who, though queenly and beautiful, was thoroughly depraved. It was a reign that terminated in disaster, disgrace, exile, and death.

When the white troops entered Mandalay, guards were immediately placed at the gates of the palace and the doors of all the royal rooms. But the "looters" had been busy, and in an exceedingly short time had secretly taken not only the crown jewels, but a

golden calf of the pure metal, weighing several hundred pounds.

One of the illustrations on this page shows the Burmese throne—a strange conglomeration of exceedingly rich and grotesquely artistic, but useless, workmanship—and the other presents the late king and his chief wives, Soopyah-lat and Soopyahgee. The two were sisters, and during their reign as consorts of royalty, surrounded themselves with all the luxuries that Oriental taste could suggest, and fabulous wealth could procure. Their palaces were marvels of architectural beauty, built of costly teak wood, and richly gilded; they numbered their servants by the hundred, and their personal adornments, especially on gala days, would almost have sufficed to purchase a city. Every collection of gems passing through Burmah was taxed, and the royal "Ruby Room" at Mandalay was famed throughout the East. The sisters' extravagance and excesses, and the brutalities of which they were the instigators, were a very important factor in hastening the downfall of the Burmese monarchy.

Ceylon's Christian Children.

An old sea-captain lately sent a communication to a London religious weekly, in

whiter than their pinafores; and I said at the time, if there were no other results from mission money than this, it was worth all the money and toil that had been spent upon them in years past."

Unselfishness.

He was a strange boy. Never reasoned; did everything by instinct or impulse, without consciousness of either. When a child, sat looking out the window or into the fire, seeing the flakes or flames without questioning. Never went to see anyone or anything; saw what came to him, and that was enough; saw a bird fall from the nest, and restored it to the nest; saw a shoeless child one icy day, and went home himself shoeless; stood up when the master demanded who it was had whispered, stood up because the little fellow who had done the whispering was too little for the big stick the big brute used on all alike. This was the boy whom his father pitied, because he saw in him no looking out for Number One; whom his mother loved because she saw in him no need of looking out for Number One, since all the need or use of time to him seemed to be the unconscious living for others which was indeed the best living for himself. What should a boy like this do in a world like this? "Starve to death!" said the wise and prudent. What should a boy like this do in a world like this? "Live!" said the winged ones. "Live forever!"

Health and Outdoor Exercise.

Richard Jeffries, a famous English naturalist, writes as follows on the subject of health and exercise:

"Even since I can recollect, the work done by ladies in country houses was something astonishing—ladies by right of well-to-do parents, by right of education and

and past all power of writing; who shall preserve a record of the petals that fell from the rose a century ago? The swallows to the housetop three hundred times—think a moment of that. That loveliness of seventeen is centuries old."

FAITH IN THE BOYS.

"HAVE faith in the boy, not believing That he is the worst of his kind, In league with the army of Satan, And only to evil inclined; But daily to guide and control him, Your wisdom and patience employ, And daily, despite disappointments And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

"Ah! many a boy has been driven Away from home by the thought That no one believed in his goodness, Or dreamed of the battles he fought; So, if you would help him to conquer The foes that are prone to annoy, Encourage him often with kindness, And show you have faith in the boy."

EARLY RISING.

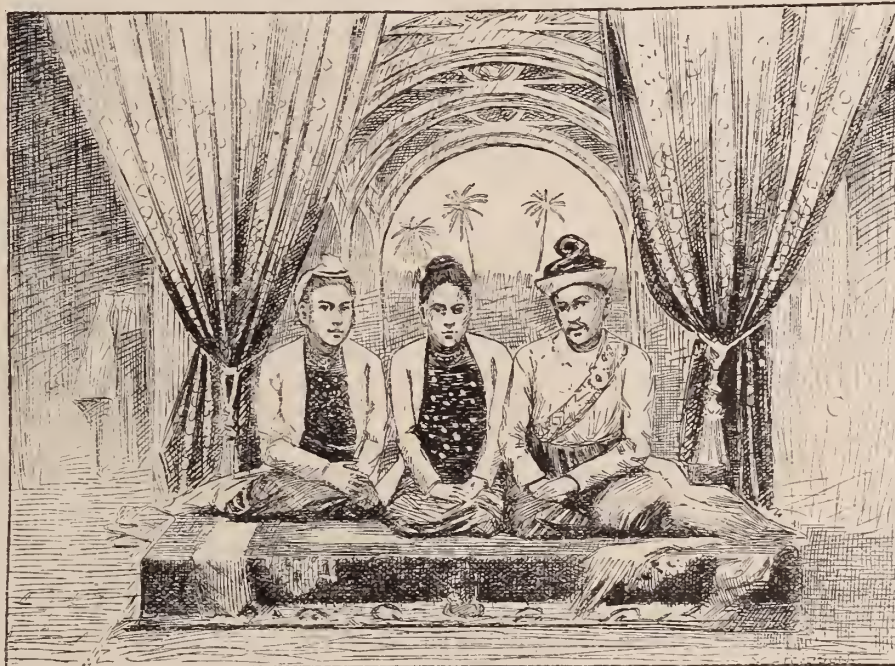
Wrote for a paper some years ago an article insisting that people stay in bed till they get rested, and that only those can be expected to rise early who go to bed early. Several parents tell us that

since our article on that subject they have more trouble than ever in getting their boys up in the morning in time for breakfast. Boys, how can you do so? You ought to be spanked. You ought to get up when the rising bell rings. Early worms, etc. You ought to do as your fathers and mothers did when they were boys and girls. Their parents never had any trouble with them. When, in the old farm-house, your grandfather used to knock on the door of your prospective father, he, your father in prospective, would, at the first tap on the door, fling the bed covers against the wall, and give one leap into the middle of the floor, crying,

"Yes, father, I am glad you called me so early." And your mother, that is, your prospective mother, used to spurn the pillow at the first call of your grandmother, and cry out, "Only too glad to come, dear mother, at your first call. Do not trouble yourself to call again;" and before the grandmother had got down stairs your mother prospective was putting the back comb through her coiled ringlets. What a pity it is that the world has so degenerated. Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. In these days we have to come to your door. At our first call you make no answer. We have to come in and shake you. Then you say "Yes," but do not act. We go down stairs, and, not hearing any stir overhead, we cry, "Are you up?" "Yes," you reply, easing your conscience by saying softly, "Yes, up stairs."

And we call again, and start breakfast without you, and you come down offering headache or a lame knee or a cold as an apology. You know your headache and cold and everything else will be gone as soon as breakfast is over and the present emergency has ceased. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why are you not more affected by your father's and mother's early example? As we remember them, what pinks of perfection they were. So we all were. One reason why we would like to go back and live over again our boyhood days is that we would like to show you how persons should act in the matter of early rising. Ah, we see that would disarrange the ancestral line, and so, as it would not be best for us to go back to boyhood, we must content ourselves by reading the present generation this practical lecture on the way we used to do.

Now, boys, that will do for this time. Run off to your fun. Put in practice to-morrow morning very early what we have said. Meanwhile let us, old and young, reflect upon the fact that more important than this question of getting up early is the question as to what we do after we get up. We know persons who might better have lain abed all day and every day. The more they did, the worse for the world. We wish no one had called them, so they might have slept over



THE LATE KING THEEBAW AND HIS TWO PRINCIPAL WIVES.

which the following affecting incident is related: "I have often heard the question asked, 'Are missions a failure?' I wish to mention three cases of mission work out of many that from time to time come under my notice. After leaving Madras I proceeded to Colombo for a portion of my homeward cargo. During my stay there I was invited by the missionary to go to a Sunday School anniversary about twelve miles from that place. Nothing so pleasing have I ever seen as the Sunday School anniversary at which I had the pleasure of being present in the island of Ceylon. There were about three hundred children, parents, and friends met together under a very rude but very convenient structure. There were the palm trees growing all around and above our heads, upright and bearing fruit, even down to old age; and there were those dear little children, with their dark skins, dressed in white pinafores, as white as snow. I thought to myself, What a picture! I thought of the time when these poor souls were darker than their face; but now, washed in the blood of Jesus, they were made

manners . . . Healthy children sprung from such parents, tend toward a refinement of the features. In the fifth generation beauty appears, with the features so moulded and softened by time, so worked and refined and sweetened, so delicate yet so rich in blood, that it seems like a new creation that has suddenly started into being. The fisherman's daughter ere now has reached high in the scale of beauty. Hardihood is the fisherman's talent; the wind, washed by the sea, enriches his blood; he is tribal in his ways, his settlements are almost exclusive, and his descent pure. Here are the same constant factors, the stationary home keeping, the family intact, the outdoor life, the air, the sea, the sun. From the south wind, that breathes over the green wheat; from the perfume of the growing grasses waving over honey-laden clover and laughing veronica, hiding the greenfinches basking the bees. A hundred years of cowslips, bluebells, violets; purple spring and golden autumn; sunshine, shower, and dewy morning, the night immortal; the rhythm of time unrolling. A chronicle unwritten



CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

I MUST be off in the ten o'clock train, my dear girl," said Mr. Lanier. "As it is I shall find a pile of work that has rolled up like a snow-ball during my twenty-four hours' vacation. Hailloo!"—halting to survey the majestic snow effigy towering higher than his head. "You have a Pequod Michael Angelo, then?"

While she explained, Mrs. Williams slipped unobserved into the house. By the time he was relieved of his overcoat and muffler, and installed in an easy-chair before the roaring fire of hickory-logs, a tap at the door heralded Elspeth and the supper-tray, Mrs. Williams following with the coffee-pot.

In defiance of his remonstrances, the three waited upon him as they might upon a materialized spirit of Christmas. He began by protesting that he had no appetite, having eaten his holiday dinner in the bosom of his family at half-past five o'clock, and it was not yet nine, and had the reward of submission to his sister's solicitations in the discovery that the sharp air of the hills had enkindled and renewed genuine hunger.

"Now, I shall not dare seek my pillow until midnight!" he feigned to bemoan himself, when the remnants of the feast were cleared away, and Mrs. Williams and Elspeth had withdrawn. "I might have known that Elspeth's cookery would tempt me beyond my powers of resistance. I can hardly believe myself really here in body—the 'lark' has been such a veritable impromptu. I was sipping my after-dinner coffee in the library when Virginia regretted to me that she had promised to take the children to a Christmas picnic at her sister's, and my spirit moved suddenly and mightily within me toward my sister. 'My dear,' I said to the best and most reasonable of wives, 'I am strongly tempted to make a rush in another direction—to escape to the mountains, in fact. I have not seen Alice in a month, or the children in three months.' Her countenance cleared up on the instant, and I saw that she had been afraid that I would be pored at her sister's party. Genevieve is a fine woman, but she is not Virginia, and I had a hankering on Christmas night for my own kin and kind. So, here I am."

He looked happy and comfortable in the home he had made luxurious for the sister he loved. The chair in which he leaned back had been his father's; the cushioned stool on which his feet rested had been worked by his mother, and he was a man upon whom the claims of early association were strong. Amid the toils and temptations of such an existence as a successful business career in America entails upon him who pursues it, he had kept a clean heart and pure hands, but the ceaseless grind of the mill had told upon nervous forces. His handsome features were thinned into ethereal refinement; his dark eyes were quick and searching; the masses of brown hair pushed back from his broad forehead showed a white lining at the temples. Still he was a goodly and a stately presence—noble beyond comparison in the sight of her whose earthly saviour he had proved himself in her extreme need. Her eyes lingered fondly upon him; while they talked her hand wandered often to his knee or arm; once he turned to press his lips to it as it rested upon his shoulder. To the world, he was quiet, reserved, and self-contained; his wife and children, and the sister he ranked second only to his Virginia as the embodiment of perfect womanhood, knew the passionate depths of the hidden heart.

She could not weary of telling him what full and exquisite delight the unlooked-for visit had brought to her—"the beautiful outgoing of a perfect day"—she called it. He would have all the particulars of a home-festival, an expression of profound gratification stealing over his face as she spoke of Marie's altered demeanor.

"To be frank with you," he owned, "had I supposed that her engagements would permit her to be with you to-day, I should have hesitated before obeying the spirit-impulse I told you of. The sight of me can hardly be agreeable to her, poor child!"

Without thinking why they did it, they all called the proud, self-reliant girl that, when she was not present to be irked by their pity.

"I have heard no better news in a month of Sundays than that she is coming to herself. It is not a matter of moment that she should do my motives justice; it is a great satisfaction to look forward to the time when she shall know you, her mother, as you are, and appreciate at its true value the tender forbearance displayed toward her by you when you were yourself so sadly in need of all the love and sympathy your children could give you. I used to think, Alice, that the workman in the stony field of the world must wait until nightfall before receiving his recompense. At fifty, I am beginning to learn that if he be observant, he gets many an earnest, as he goes along, of what the final reward will be. I wish I had been on the look-out earlier. I have missed tokens which I ought to have picked up of the 'largesse' flung to his subjects by the King in passing."

"Good old Dr. George Junkin said to me once," replied his sister, "that one key to the enigma of the Father's apparently severe dealings with his children is that sin, by its very nature, must entail suffering upon the transgressor, and since there are no punitive fires in the world to come for his beloved, the chastening requisite for the purification and healthful spiritual growth must be borne here. I believe firmly that we, too, frequently miss the benefit we might gain from what you speak of as earnest of the 'reserved' treasure at which St. Peter hints. We make too little of everyday joys, of daily deliverance, of sparkles of happiness, and glimpses of beauty granted to us—not by accident, but as really 'sent' to us as the fall of manna was sent to the Israelites. What wealth of spiritual instruction there is in that story of the manna! 'He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack,' provided the gathering was according to the word of the Lord. It was only the hoard secreted for the morrow that spoiled into offensiveness."

Roger patted her shoulder, the corners of his mustache twitching roguishly:

"I catch the hoof-beats of your hobby, my dear! Don't rein him in on my account. I may have laughed at him and at you, in a half-hearted way, sometimes, but often and often, when I have lain awake into the small hours, revolving this scheme of adding to my store, or anticipating the dreadful details of threatening losses to me, and to others who trusted in my sagacity, I have bethought myself of your Royal Road, and acknowledged that its ways are the ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. If I had my life to live over again, I would curb imagination, and deny myself some of the pleasures of anticipation for the sake of knowing that peace. I would try to take God at his word, and cast at least a few tons of this load of daily care upon him who careth for me. Even for me!" he added, dreamily, with bowed head. "Even for me!"

He passed his hand over his eyes and roused to a livelier tone.

"I do not know twelve lines of poetry in all, but two of the dozen sang and hummed themselves in my ears to a sleigh-bell accompaniment all the way from Peddington. They are part of an old song our father liked to hear you sing:—

I know thou wilt not slight my call
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall

Would it awaken the children if you were to run it over for me now?"

Her answer was to arise and go to the piano Marie had left open. Elspeth, hobnobbing over the kitchen fire with Mrs.

Williams, set the dining-room door ajar that they might hear more distinctly the rich, vibrant notes that swelled and soared through the silent chambers and empty halls:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep:
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For, thou, oh, Lord! I have power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
So calm I lay me down to sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine
Though blasting winds swept o'er the brine,
And 'though the tempest's fiery breath
Wake me from slumber to pain and death:—
Secure in ocean's cave with thee,
The germ of immortality,
Peaceful I lay me down to sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When the singer resumed her seat, Mr. Lanier laid his hand upon hers.

"Thank you!" he said. "When we join the everlasting song, I shall lower my voice to listen for yours. I think I should recognize it in the Hallelujah Chorus itself."

We've lived and loved together,
Through many changing years,

"Sweet sister! (There go two more of my dozen!) In all those years and through all the changes they have wrought, have we ever exchanged a sharp word, or had a hard thought of one another?"

"Never!" she said, earnestly.

"That is pleasant to think of while we are alive upon the earth. It would be a consolation to the one left behind when the other is yet more alive in the house where changes never come. While I am in the confessional—with a little laugh—"I may as well admit that I would have been a healthier Christian had I taken and enjoyed the snatches of rest thrown into my way on the journey up-hill, instead of eating and sleeping in harness, and giving up an hour or so of Sunday, and more than an hour or so of the time that should have been spent every night in folding the hands together in slumber, in longing for eternal rest. One verse I do know by heart. I should be hopelessly stupid if I did not having repeated it some hundreds of times in the heat of the day's battle and in the night when sleep forsook my eyelids:

Oh, land of Rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And be in thee at home?

A man gets so tired! So tired!"

"Every buckle and strap of that same armor ought to be let out," Mrs. Paul said decidedly. "Dear Roger! is such incessant toil imperative at your age, and in your circumstances? Surely you have accumulated enough to warrant this?"

"That is not the question. Riches are a responsibility, no less than a care—a responsibility one cannot delegate to another. For money—for the money's worth—I would not give that!"—snapping his fingers. "As a means of doing good, of conferring happiness, of ensuring the comfort of those I love; of enhancing the prosperity of the community in which I have made my fortune—its value cannot be overstated."

"I did not come here to talk of money and money-making, but before quitting the subject—there will be a desk in my office for Lanier when he is ready to take it. My elder boys being girls, it will be fifteen years before Roger, Jr., will be eligible for such a position. Shall we—you and I—live to read the style of the firm—'Lanier & Son'—do you think?"

"It is altogether probable. Our father lived to be seventy-three."

"It is a long time to look ahead!" with a weary intonation.

"Happily there is no need to do it,—breaking off merrily. 'The hoof-beats' again! The present is so affluent of mercies that I have no temptation to forecast the future, further than to thank you for your generous designs towards my boy. I can promise that he will serve you faithfully, to the best of his ability. He cannot serve you too well. He knows and feels this."

At eleven o'clock, hearing Elspeth moving about, shutting up the house, her mistress called her and Mrs. Williams into the sitting-room. Mr. Lanier sat at the table with the Family Bible open before him—reverent and dignified, as titled the patriarchal office.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," he read, "and he delighteth in His way."

"Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

"I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

He did not finish the Psalm; closing the book upon the thirty-seventh verse:

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Perhaps he did not care, on Christmas night, to direct his thoughts and those of his auditors to the antithetical doom of transgressors. His face was all peace as the tour arose from their knees after the brief prayer, direct and devout, that committed the household and all dear to it to the Father's loving care.

"Your visit is the postscript to a love letter for us all, from him who was born in Bethlehem," said Mrs. Williams, in shaking hands with him for the night. "He sent you—straight!"

"I hope so!" reverently. "But the benefit is chiefly mine. I am younger by ten years than when I left New York. Mrs. Paul has a private cellar at Pinehurst where she keeps the Elixir of Life 'on tap.' You have been treated to it, I see, Mrs. Williams. I am glad to see you looking so well. Good night! Christmas dreams to you, Elspeth!"

When his sister came back to the sitting-room after a conference in the hall with Elspeth, he was standing by the hearth, examining a photograph of Marie taken from the mantle.

"There is capital stuff in that girl," he said, kindly. "You will get a world of comfort out of her yet. Wrap yourself up warmly, and take a turn on the piazza before going to bed, if you are not too weary. I shall sleep the better for an ozone night-cap."

The weather had moderated sensibly since the sun went down. Plumes of pale vapor were streaming up slowly from behind the hills; about the moon, round as a shield and riding high in the zenith, was flung a vast halo, glittering with faintly prismatic crystals of snow.

"A far-off halo, a near-hand storm!" quoted Roger, drawing his sister's hand into his arm. "I hope it will be snow, and not rain, as my sleigh has no top. Yet a heavy snow-fall upon that which is already on the ground, would be no joke to a man who must be in New York at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. And there is no telegraph-station nearer than Peddington!"

He looked so perturbed that Mrs. Paul tendered a morsel of comfort.

"Should you be snow-bound—and I don't believe you will be—a day of country-rest—winter-rest—would do you a world of good. I am not sure that there could be a better prescription for you, and other jaded men of affairs, than to be weather-locked for a solid week in a country-house. It would loosen the nerve-tension efficaciously."

"And loosen the credit-tension yet more effectually! No, my dear, I must stand in my office at eleven-thirty to-morrow, weather or no weather. Some exigencies are inexorable, and the law calling a business-man to his post out-Dracos Draco."

"Borrowing trouble again, you will say! I will take the present pleasure without courting to-morrow's shadow. I am conscious at this precise instant of nothing but that I was a wonderfully clever fellow to plan this frolic, and that I am more than satisfied with the result of it."

"What a benignant air your snow-sentinel wears in the moonlight! He really startled me, as we drove up to the porch; his attitude was so life-like and imposing. Do you recollect Hawthorne's charming story of 'The Snow Image,' and the scolding we got from our nurse one stormy afternoon for stealing out into the back-yard to build a little girl like that which the mother saw running about in the garden with her daughters? How we believed in things, then! There is no fiction in Child-World. There is a large hospitality in the outstretch of your Santa Claus' massive arm, and his beard is a stroke of genius. It would not surprise me out of my wits if our venerable friend were to break loose from his moorings and fall into step with us."

Chatting, now jestingly, now seriously, they paced up and down for a good half-hour, watching the rising mists gather form and opaqueness, as they invaded the clear ether of the upper heavens. The horizon lines were blurred, and in the extreme distance, blotted out; the moon grew wan and watery; there was a nearing change in the Christmas-weather. Boding murmurs ran from bough to bough of the ermined pines; occasionally a deep, irregular growl, like subterranean thunder, shuddered to them from the ice-bound lake—the struggle for freedom of imprisoned winds entrapped through some "breathing-hole" far up the gorge, and aroused to rebellion by the indications of approaching warfare in the free air above the dungeon.

(To be Continued.)

A Life Spent for Christ.

(Continued from first page.)

In 1878, when seventy-three years old, and at a time when most men would have thought of laying aside permanently the burden of their life-work, Dr. Thomson returned from Palestine to America; but he did not return to rest. In his long career in the East, he had devoted much time and attention to archaeological research, and had made personal investigation not only of nearly all the "holy places" and noteworthy localities in Syria, but had examined countless records and succeeded in unearthing much information that was both new and valuable. In 1858, he had published the results of earlier investigations in "The Land and the Book," in two volumes, and this work—the product of nearly thirty years' residence amid the scenes he describes, and written with the surrounding inspiration of the places which, of all that are in the world, are the dearest to the Christian heart—attained a popularity secured by very few publications of like character. Its leading merit, as conceded by scholars and students everywhere, is that it associates the Holy Land with the Bible, in a connection that is intimate and indissoluble. Its descriptions are both vivid and truthful, its scholarship of the ripest and the circumstances, facts, and conclusions it states with careful detail are accepted as the accurate result and outcome of a wise personal observation and a wide experience. "The Land and the Book" gave internal evidence that the author had both seen and felt what he wrote, and every line had life and truthfulness. The real value to the world of such experience was simply stated by Dr. Thomson in his preface. He wrote:

In many departments of Biblical literature the student in Europe or America, surrounded by ample libraries, is in a better situation to carry on profitable inquiry than the pilgrim in the Holy Land, however long his sojourns or extended his rambles. But it is otherwise in respect to the scenes and the scenery of the Bible, and to the living manners and customs of the East which illustrate that blessed Book. Here the actual observer is needed, not the distant and secluded student.

His enthusiasm had not died out at seventy-three, when he undertook to revise and re-edit his great literary work, which had now become a standard throughout the English-speaking Christian world. This was in 1878, and the next dozen years were devoted to the revision. While the book gained in fulness of detail and ripeness of judgment, as well as in the results of recent explorations in Palestine, there was no possibility that age could add lustre to the brilliant tone and fine enthusiasm that were characteristic of the earlier editions. As a whole, it stands as a monument of Christian scholarship, whose popularity has increased rather than diminished with the advancing years. Dr. Thomson has also written several other works, including: "The Land of Promise" and "Travels in Modern Palestine," and has contributed articles to the "Bibliotheca Sacra" and the "American Bible Repository."

Beyrouth, the scene of Dr. Thomson's principle labors in the East, is a very ancient city and is believed to be identical with the Berothah or Berothai of the Bible. It is known to have been destroyed and rebuilt one hundred and forty years before the Christian era. In a rocky ravine near the city are inscriptions in Greek, Roman, Assyrian and Egyptian, commemorating the occupation of the country by the armies of those different nations. The Assyrian sculptors are supposed to date back at least 2,500 years and the Egyptian still farther. Beyrouth was probably never so populous or prosperous as now, its greatest advance being since the establishment of the missions there. All the Christian nations have vied with each other in providing educational advantages, and the proportion of illiterate persons is smaller than in any other part of Syria. More money, energy and consecrated effort have been expended in missionary work there than in any other city of similar population in the entire East.

A MASSACHUSETTS REVIVAL.

Major Whittle has been Holding Services for two weeks in Everett, Mass. The meetings have been of marked spiritual power. The evangelist's expositions of Scripture have been especially appreciated. The converts number nearly one hundred.

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And calls you to come in,
Why will you still delay,
And waste God's precious light?
Behold the harvest draweth near,
And dark will be the night.

Look at his bleeding feet,
And listen to his voice,
For though thy burdens heavy be
He makes thee to rejoice,
For sorrows never come
In that eternal home,
If we but trust in him, we'll rest
And nevermore shall roam.

There is a peaceful rest,
To burdened sinners given,
And if we suffer here below,
We find that rest in heaven. —G.

A COREAN CONVERT.

In an interesting report from Rev. Samuel A. Moffett to the Presbyterian Mission Board is the following incident which occurred during his stay at Pyeng Yang in Corea, whither he went, as he says, like a missionary nomad to open up a new field:

Those who venture to attend our services have to bear much contemptuous treatment, and are exposed to much annoyance in the way of petty persecution. They are roundly abused for being unfilial, since it is known that Christians give up ancestral worship, and they are warned that they are likely to lose their heads. One man, with whom I have the deepest sympathy, is having a hard struggle. He is an innkeeper and also a merchant, but has been a great drunkard and gambler. He is well known throughout the entire region, and has a respectable position among the Koreans. He accepted Christianity boldly, and thus became a marked man. He was the victim of practical jokes, ridicule and abuse. He took this all good naturedly and held on, but has had a hard battle with his temptations to drink. His former friends conspire to secure his fall, and beset him continually with temptations, insisting that he must drink with them, according to Korean custom, and accusing him of being false to his friends in refusing. He has often fled to my room to escape from yielding to their importunities, and has sought strength here in prayer. He has sometimes fallen, much to his own sorrow and my grief, but the Lord is helping him, and the victory is sure. The change in him is so great that his wife and brother, although they call him "crazy," and ridicule him for becoming a Christian, yet rejoice in his reformation, and look upon us as having done them the greatest favor in leading him to forsake his evil ways. His conversion has been talked about far and near, so that the Gospel has been brought to the attention of many who would otherwise have been indifferent.

PRAYING FOR A MISSIONARY.

In the course of a recent missionary journey in Siam, undertaken by Dr. Dunlap, and described in the "Church at Home and Abroad," he found whole provinces in which there was no missionary, but where there were here and there native Christians who had been converted in other provinces. He says: "At Panga we took a small coast steamer, commanded by a Malay, for the Trang Province, about 100 miles south. We were very sorry to have to pass by one Siamese Province. On our arrival at Trang we began work at the capital, and then took a canoe up the river, working in towns by the way, until we reached the main market town of the province, where we spent some delightful days in publishing the truth. The second Governor of the Province gave us free lodging in a Chinese hotel. The people received us very kindly. In this town we were glad to find an earnest Christian merchant, a Chinaman who was converted in Hong Kong. He was joyful because of our visit, and accompanied us in our work, giving up his business for the time that he might enjoy the preaching. He

told us that he had been praying for seven years that Christian missionaries might be sent to the province, and now realized that his prayers had been answered. He begged us to remain, offering to contribute for our support in the work, but we could only assure him that we would try to return next year. It gave us sorrow to leave him, and he was so sorry to have us go that he accompanied us twenty miles down the river, still entreating us to remain, and the following day walked twelve miles to bid us good-bye, bringing with him a lot of provisions to help us on our way. Pray for this one Christian on the coast."

A HARVEST SABBATH.

The baptism of twenty-four adult converts in a village in the Laos country on a recent Sunday, is described by Dr. James W. McKean of Chieng-Mai, in a letter to the "Church at Home and Abroad." It appears that two months before the letter was written, a request was received from the village that a teacher be sent, as two families had heard of the Gospel from a native convert and desired further instruction. An evangelist was sent and learned that the convert referred to, was a man who had received medical attention at the mission hospital and had carried the Gospel message to his neighbors. The evangelist labored for two months and at the end of that time had twenty-four persons as candidates for baptism. They were examined and gave answers which surprised the missionary by their intelligence as well as sincerity. All were baptized and there are still more inquirers who are expecting to be baptized shortly. Dr. McKean adds: Thus one Christian home in the darkness of that heathen village has, by the divine blessing, been the centre from which the leaven spread, permeating and giving life to a large portion of the village, and the end is not yet. What may we not expect to reap from the seed so constantly sown in other places in all the years past. Surely God has great things in store for his Church in this Laos land.

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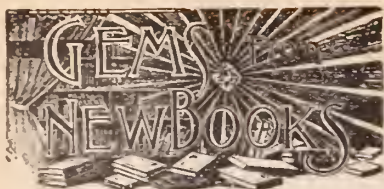
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UNIQUE POETRY.*

HEBREW poetry is entirely destitute of metre. It has often been supposed by scholars that they had detected what could be called rhythm, but however ingenious their theories none ever won general support or even any considerable following. The lack of vibratory movement of syllables and feet in the several words is compensated by a corresponding arrangement of clauses, called parallelism. Each separate utterance, whether narrative, doctrinal, ethical, or devotional, is thrown into an antithetical, form and thus is made a couplet or a triplet or an integral verse consisting of four, five, or six lines. The second line is often only a repetition of the first in other terms, or an utterance of its contrast, or an illustrative supplement to it, or an exceptive caution. Thus everywhere the poem is built up of members which balance each other; and they do this not because the logical development of thought require it, but because this is the established form of political composition. The same peculiarity is found in the remains of Egyptian and Assyrian literature, but not so well defined nor so fully developed as among the Hebrews. The peculiarity, apparently so arbitrary, is an immense advantage to the translator into a different language. The musical rhythm of the classic poets cannot be adequately rendered into other tongues. The sense may be given, but the charm of melody and form evaporates. Not so with the Hebrew muse. The forms into which it casts its passionate thought can be exactly reproduced even in languages at the farthest remove from kinship to what is oriental, such as our own.

The parallelism has been needlessly disregarded in the Authorized Version and in nearly all other modern translations. And it is worthy of careful attention, not only as a key to the meaning of what is ambiguous but also as showing the salient points of a passage in their true relation, and often greatly enhancing the beauty and force of the thought. "The amplifications of a given point are like the echoes of a solemn melody, the repetitions of it like a landscape reflected in the stream." As Dean Stanley says, "The rapid stroke as of alternate wings, the heaving and sinking as of the troubled heart, which have been beautifully described as the essence of the parallel structure of Hebrew verses are exactly suited for the endless play of human feeling and for the understanding of every age and nation."

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

When the average American boy "completes his education" in high school, academy, or college, what can he do for the world, either mentally or physically, that will be of service, and at the same time give him economic support? How can he stamp the regulation stock of learning, which he has acquired into the coinage of society? If he is unable to do this it will soon decay

*From *Anti Higher Criticism or Testimony to the Infallibility of the Bible*, a series of articles by Prof. Howard Crosby, W. Henry Green, Wm. G. Moore, and others. They are the papers read at the Conference at Asbury Park last year, which was arranged and managed by Dr. L. W. Munhall, who edits this book. The papers were designed to show that the eminent scholars who have been generally known as "the Higher Critics" were mistaken in the conclusions at which they have arrived. The extract given here is from a paper on The Book of Psalms, by Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., LL.D. The entire book contains 154 pages and is sold at \$1.50. Published by Hunt & Eaton, New York.

From *The Political Economy of Natural Law*, by Henry Wood. Pp. 16. Cloth covers, price \$1.25. Lee and Shepard, Boston, publishers.

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from lack of exercise. As before noted, only a minority of college graduates can find places in the "professions," with journalism and teaching included.

But what of the much larger number who conclude their course of study with the common or high school, and then wish to enter the active duties of life? They find the available fields of activity all filled to repletion, and are unable to get a foothold. Pride and lack of opportunity then forbid them to begin to learn the rudiments of any industrial trade or handicraft.

The American boy after the completion of his school course finds himself stranded. He has reached high-water mark and deterioration begins. He cannot utilize the kind of education he has received; and being unable to find occupation suited to his tastes and abilities, he soon drifts toward idleness and inefficiency. Even if of affluent family he is in reality much more helpless than his foreign-born associate who has been bred to manual effort. In addition to a false pride and a spurious social standard, the American boy has to contend with lack of opportunity and an education which is a misfit.

It is certain that manual training and trade schools, established and made efficient by the State, would greatly aid in the accomplishment of two most desirable objects. It would, in a measure, supply the missing education that has been lost through modern conditions and the decay of apprenticeship, and also greatly ennoble and dignify manual employment. It would furnish a potent remedial agency for the idleness and degeneration which are becoming so serious and prevalent.

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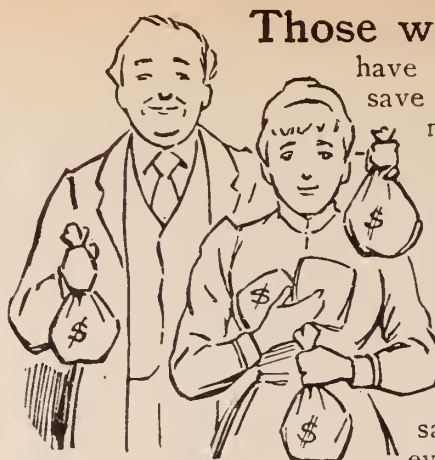
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JAPANESE GEORGE MULLER.

Jji Ishii, a Poor Youth Who Has Become a Great Christian Benefactor.

HEREVER Christianity extends, noble natures are found who by consecrated energy and unswerving devotion to the cause of Christ, make their light to shine so that all men may know that their faith is producing fruit in the saving and guiding of other souls to the truth. In a recent letter to the "Christian Alliance and Foreign Missionary Weekly," Rev. H. Lomis, a Missionary in Japan, tells this most interesting story:

Jji Ishii was born in the Province of Fuga, about thirty years ago. While still a boy his attention was called to Christianity by a picture of the Crusades in a book of history. At the early age of fifteen, he was married to one who has been a real helper to him in his spiritual life. He afterward left his native province and removed to Cayama. Up to that time he had never read the Bible, but he had learned from a Christian doctor the fundamentals. In 1884, he read of the gifts of \$2.00 each from an old man and woman in America to Dr. Nishima for the establishment of a Christian college in Japan. That these poor people should thus contribute of their small means for the spread of the Gospel in a distant land, and among a strange people, was a new and most impressive thought to him. And from that time he sought how he might devote his life to others. With this end in view, he at once opened at his own expense an old Shinto shrine in his native town of Takaneba a night school for poor children. This was kept up for four years. Then he says that it was not the money alone which was required; for as often as he forgot to pray in Okayama for the success of the school, he was sure to get a letter saying, "The school is running down." Then there was earnest prayer, and soon the message would come, "All goes well." And it was not once, but many times. He found plenty of profitable work in the line of his contemplated profession, but lost no opportunity to preach the Gospel. In this way while yet a student several of his patrons and friends were induced to embrace Christianity.

In December, 1884, Rev. George Muller came to Japan and told the story of what God had enabled him to accomplish. When Jji Ishii learned of this wonderful work, his mind filled with a new and powerful impulse. From the account of Mr. Muller he came to understand as never before the "living Heavenly Father," and his love, and he then committed his life and all to his service. He rented part of a large temple, and moving into it with his family in September, 1887, quietly opened his asylum. He began with no resources but his faith in God and his own resolute spirit. The institution has grown steadily in numbers, influence and good works. It has passed through many trials, but they have only served to strengthen one's faith in the spiritual verities of life. It has not infrequently been reduced to the last strain; but the prayer of faith has brought relief, and sometimes just at the moment of their need. Mr. Ishii has never refused shelter to any needy applicant. He only does he provide for the bodily wants of those who can come under his care. He has been especially efficient in imparting to these unfortunate ones the same helpful trust. They go out in bands with trumpet and flag, like the Salvation Army, to tell the people in various towns and villages that there is a God in heaven who loves all his creatures; and if they will but repent and forsake their sins, he will bless and save their souls. As the number of children has increased, donations have multiplied, until they have now land and buildings of their own and suited to their wants. The branch asylum at Nagoya has been removed to Okayama, and there are three hundred children gathered from various parts of the country as the result of the faith and love and zeal of this one devoted man. There is no fund for their support, and no nations are solicited by Mr. Ishii himself for the maintenance of this work. But he and the children ask of God for the gifts that are needed, and in one way or another their daily wants are supplied.

THE LAOS MARTYRS.

The end of a ruler who undertook to exterminate Christianity in his dominions by killing any of his subjects who became converts, is described by Dr. McGilvary of the Laos country in his report to the Presby-

terian Board. He says: The crowds that came to the mission in Laos at its very inception, and the boldness of the first converts in embracing the Gospel, showed a secret power that the viceroys could not understand, and suggested to him the plan of stopping it in its early stages. His religious zeal, combined possibly with political motives urged upon him by enemies, where the probable causes which led him to make martyrs of the converts. It was his design to compel us to leave, but people who were willing to die for the Gospel were not the ones to be deserted. An audience was held with the Chief before the whole Laos court. When the martyrdom was alluded to by one of our party the rage of the Viceroy knew no bounds. "Yes, he had killed the Christians, and would execute any of his people who became Christians. The missionaries might stay to doctor the people, or make merit in any other way, but rebellion against his god would be treated as rebellion against himself." All the court was alarmed at his rage. The audience closed. Nothing was accomplished. Apparently the mission must be relinquished. Our Laos friends were alarmed for our own safety. Next day the writer of this article called alone upon the Chief, and had a private interview. He was evidently a little anxious lest he had gone too far, and readily consented, and even advised us to remain till his return from Bangkok, for which trip his preparations were nearly complete. That gave what we wanted,—time to wait the development of Providence. In Bangkok he had an apoplectic attack. His friends were anxious that he should die in his own capital, but only his remains reached it. We had permission to remain till his return. So we are still there, even to the present hour, by the consent and advice of one who martyred Nai Sunyah and Nan Chai.

A SERMON IN A GUN-WAD.

A part of one of Dr. Talmage's printed sermons played an important part in a trial for murder in Texas recently. From a report in the "News" of Dallas, Tex., it appears that the trial took place at Canton, Tex., on April 20, and ended with the conviction of the accused. The evidence was wholly circumstantial. The murdered man had been shot at night as he stood on the gallery of his own house. Suspicion fell on a man named Coker, who was known to bear the dead man ill-will, on account of his having been a witness at a trial in which Coker's father had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Coker was arrested, and an important link in the chain of evidence was discovered. When the premises of the murdered man were searched, after the crime, the police found a newspaper, called the "Comanche Chief," from which a piece had been hastily torn. In Coker's shot-pouch was a piece of newspaper, part of which had been used for gun-wads. When that piece was compared with the newspaper, found on the premises of the murdered man, it corresponded exactly. That it was a part of the identical newspaper was evident from the printing on both. A column had been divided lengthwise by the rent and the half-lines on the fragment found in the pouch completed exactly the half-lines on the newspaper found near the body. One of Dr. Talmage's sermons was printed on that page and when the two pieces were joined, these words, which in the circumstances had a new significance, were read: "Who watched you last night? Who has been good to you all your life? Methinks the goodness of God would convert this whole audience to repentance." It was a singular coincidence that the words on the sheet of paper that the stealthy murderer tore in the darkness should have been a warning of God's omniscience. When they were read in the court-room, they must have sounded in the ears of the convicted man like a prophecy that had been fulfilled. Yet they were only the statement of a solemn fact which is generally admitted but seldom realized.

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Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

A MISSION IN A THEATRE.

The Gospel Union Mission of Portland and its Work for Christ—Practical Helpfulness and Spirituality Combined. How a Revival Began.



NOT with the sounding of trumpets, but rather quietly and unostentatiously, and often against great odds and a lack of sympathy, the Lord's work begins. Evidence of Divine guidance comes in its

subsequent expansion and development, and the hold it takes of men's hearts and lives.

Few American cities have passed through a more remarkable spiritual experience within a very brief period than Portland, Oregon. Six months ago, the Gospel Union Mission was organized, and an interdenominational work of the most practical Christian character was begun in the north end of that city. Since that time, an almost incalculable amount of good has been accomplished. The plain Gospel has been preached to 18,000 non-church-goers, the greater proportion of them belonging to the very lowest class. Between 400 and 500 have been converted, and substantial aid in money, meals, clothing and shelter has been extended to thousands of others who were either homeless or destitute.

To a very great extent, this remarkable work after the first few weeks, was cordially supported by the Christian people of Portland, and its suburbs who knew the good it was doing in lifting up the fallen and purging the worst portions of the city of vice and immorality. From the outset, the guiding spirit and most earnest and zealous laborer has been Superintendent Appel, of the Gospel Union Mission. Mr. Appel is a native of Ontario, Canada. At fifteen years of age he left home

to make his way in the world, and in his time he has traveled much and held many

different positions. While still a young man, he formed the drinking habit, and giving way to the degrading influence, he soon lost position, reputation, social standing and friends. No one cared to trust him or to employ him. There came a time, in a calmer moment, when, suddenly brought face to face with the vision of a drunkard's fate, he decided to make an effort to lead a better life. He did this, however, in his own strength and without imploring help from that source from which alone help can come, and the result was that after a period of six months, during which time he bravely forsook drink, the tempter overthrew him, and he became more a slave to the habit than ever. One evening he was attracted by the services in the Gospel Union Mission, at Los Angeles, where Major George A. Hilton was superintendent, and he entered. It seemed to him—so he afterward said—that every word uttered by the speaker was meant for him personally. The theme was the old story of the Prodigal Son, and when the speaker concluded, the poor drunkard's heart cried out, "I will arise and go to my father." In that hall he made a complete surrender of his life to Christ, and asked for divine help and grace to consecrate the remainder of his days to Christian service. The transformation from

heaven in his heart, to the patient seeker after righteousness and the new life, was complete. Temptation repeatedly assailed him, but he found grace and strength to resist successfully, and soon he was once again in a good position and praying with zeal to be permitted to go to work for the Lord.

He shortly afterward went to Chicago, and took a regular course of training at the Moody Institute in that city, as a means of preparing for the mission work on which he intended to enter. This finished, he at once began active service in the field, holding meetings at different places in Michigan, and being greatly blessed with a number of conversions. One of the most notable spiritual encouragements he had in his work, was a conversion at the town of Wadhams, Mich., where, it was said, there had not



JOHN C. APPEL, FOUNDER OF THE PORTLAND MISSION.



PORTLAND'S GREAT REVIVAL—MISSION SERVICES IN THE OLD PEOPLE'S THEATRE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

the weak, vacillating inebriate, with no thought and will of his own and no hope of

been a single triumph for the Gospel nor a solitary convert for Christ in forty years.

any mission such as he had in contemplation.

(Continued on page 317.)

In due time, there came a call for him to a new field in Oregon. Such an undertaking had not entered the mind of Mr. Appel, but he soon assured himself of the genuineness of the call, and began to prepare for the long journey to the west which involved the surrender of profitable business connections and the moving of his entire household. In July of last year he arrived in Portland, with no special idea as to the manner in which the work was to begin, and with no assurance from any citizen that he would be welcome among them, or in contemplation.



A CHEERFUL CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text: Solomon's Song 4: 1, "Behold thou art fair my love."

HIGHER criticism" says that this book of Solomon's Song is a love scene, a forlorn maiden sighing for her beau. If so it is an unclean and debauched utterance inserted in the pure Word of God and is not fit for common reading. My opinion is that it is an inspired ode setting forth the feeling of Christ toward the church and of the church toward Christ. Christ is the Bridegroom, and the church is the Bride. The same words we can utter to-day truthfully whether in regard to the church of God in general or this church in particular: "Behold, thou art fair, my love." The past week has been one of prolonged congratulation for that we have for twenty-five years been permitted to associate with each other in the relation of pastor and people. When I came to Brooklyn I found a small band of Christian disciples who from various causes had become less and less, until they stood upon the very verge of extinction as a church; and the question was being agitated from time to time whether it would be possible to maintain a church life longer. Indeed, had not those men and women been consecrated and earnest, they would have surrendered to the adverse circumstances. They marshalled a congregational meeting, and, gathering up all the forces possible, they cast nineteen votes for a pastor, all of which I am happy to have received.

It was not through any spirit of personal courage or reckless adventure that led me, from one of the warmest and most congenial pastorates in Philadelphia that a man ever enjoyed, to this then most uninviting field; but it was the feeling that God had called me to the work, and I was sure he would see me through.

I have thought that it might be profitable to us to state briefly what kind of a church we have been trying to establish.

In the first place, I remark that we have been trying to build here a Christian church—distinctively such; in other words, a church where we should preach the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified. My theology is all gone into five letters—Jesus. Jesus, the pardon of all offenses. Jesus, the foundation for all structures. Jesus, the balm for all wounds. Jesus, the eye-salve for all blindness. Jesus, the guide through all perplexities. Jesus, the hope for all discouragements. Jesus, the reform for all wrongs. I have faith to believe that there is more power in one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ to cure the woes of the world than in an ocean full of human quackery. Jesus is the grandest note in any minstrelsy. He is the brightest gem in any crown. Height overtopping all height. The centre of every circumference. The circumference to every centre. The pacifier of all turbulence. The umpire of all disputes. Jesus! Jesus! At his table all nations are to sit. Around his throne all worlds are to revolve. He is to be the irradiation of the universe. Jesus! Jesus! It is that truth that we have tried to preach in this Tabernacle.

Do you ask more minutely what we believe? I can tell you. We have no dry, withered, juiceless theology. We believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, the Deliverer of the distressed, the Home for the homeless, the Friend for the friendless. We believe in Jesus Christ, able to save to the uttermost, pardoning the

guilty, imputing his righteousness to the believer. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Sanctifier, cheering up the heart in life's ills, and kindling bright lights in every dark landing-place. We believe that the whole race is so sunken in sin that nothing but the omnipotent arm of God can ever lift it out. We believe in grace—free grace, sovereign grace, triumphant grace, eternal grace. We believe in a Bible—authentic in its statements, immaculate in its teachings, glorious in its promises. We believe in heaven, the abode of the righteous; and in hell, the residence of those who are soul-suicides—of their own free choice refusing the divine mercy. We believe in the salvation of all men who accept Christ by faith, be they sprinkled or immersed, worship they in cathedral or in log cabin, believe they in Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, dwell they under Italian skies or in Siberian snow-storms, be they Ethiopian or American. All one in Christ. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, on the way to one heaven. We built this Tabernacle for the purpose of setting forth these great theories of the Gospel of the Son of God. Would that we had been more faithful in the pulpit! Would that we had been more faithful in the pew!

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church distinctively unconventional. Instead of asking, as some people are disposed to do, how other people do it, we have asked the question how people do not do it. Imperious custom has decided that churches shall be angular, cheerless, gloomy, unsympathetic; forgetting that what men call a pious gloom is impious, and that that church has the best architecture where the people are the most comfortable, and that that is the most efficient Christian service where the people are made most sick of sin, and most anxious after Christ and heaven. And so we called the architects together for our first church building, and said, "Give us an amphitheatre"—that is, a large family circle, gathered around a fire-place. For many years we had felt that an amphitheatre was the only proper shape for an audience-room. The prominent architects of the country said, "It cannot be done. You need a churchly building." And so we had plan after plan of churchly buildings presented; but in due time God sent a man who grasped our idea and executed it. So far from being a failure, it satisfied our want, and all our three churches were built on the amphitheatrical plan, and scores of churches all over the country have adopted the same plan.

And, my brethren and sisters, we fail in our work just in proportion as we try to be like other churches. We believe that God intended every church, like every man, to be individual, gathering up all its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and hurling them all toward some good and grand object. In other words, no two churches ought ever to be just alike. Here is a church, for instance, whose object it is to prepare philosophers, and artists, and critics for heaven. God speed them in the difficult work! Here is a church, on the other hand, that proposes to bring only the poor into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, looking not after the rich. God speed such a church in its undertaking! But there is a larger idea that a church may take—bringing in the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low;

so that kneeling beside each other shall be the man faring sumptuously every day, and the man who could not get his breakfast. God speed such a church!

Oh! my friends, we need to break away from slavery to ecclesiastical custom. We dare not sing if anybody hears us. We dare not preach unless we have rounded off our sentences to suit the criticism of the world. We dare not dress for church until we have examined the fashion-plates, and would rather stay at home than appear with a coat or a hat not sanctioned by custom. When will the day of deliverance come to the Church of God, when, instead of a dead religion, laid out in state on a catafalque of pomp and insincerity, we shall have a living, bounding, sympathetic, glowing Christianity?

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build and to conduct a cheerful church. While, as you know, we have not held back the terrors of the law, and the sterner doctrines of the Gospel, we have tried in this house to present to this people the idea that the gladdest, brightest, happiest thing in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world; business men have so many anxieties; toiling men have so many fatigues; orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake, if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth. Let me say that I do not want anybody to come whining around me about the Christian religion. I have no faith in a religion made up of equal parts of wormwood, vinegar, and red pepper. If the religion that is presented to us be a depression, we will get along better without it. If it be a joy, let it shine out from your face, and from your conversation. If a man comes to my house to talk of religion with lugubrious countenance, and manner full of snuffle and dolorousness, I feel like saying to my wife, "You had better lock up the silver before he steals something." I have found it an invariable rule that men who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, priding themselves at the same time on their sanctimoniousness, always turn out badly. I never knew an exception. While those who are the most consistent, the most useful, and the most consecrated, have perfume in their conversation, and heaven in their face.

The happiest Christians that I have ever known have been persons from sixty to eighty years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society, and have no longer any patience with anything like imposture in religion. O Christian! how dare you be gloomy? Is not God your Father? Is not Jesus Christ your Saviour? Has not your path all through life been strewn with mercies? Are you insensible to the fact that there are glories awaiting you in the better land?—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs that resound under arches of strength, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with the faces of those who have gone up from you, and who are waiting for your coming, ready to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in songs that never cease, in hearts that never ache, in splendors that never die, to make you glad? Then take no more mercy at the hand of thy God! Give back the marriage-ring of love that Jesus put on your finger in the day of your espousal! Plant no more of the flowers of heaven where there ought to be nothing but nettles and nightshade!

We try to make this church a cheerful church. A man, on Saturday afternoon, stands in his store, and says, "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster that is coming upon me?" He goes home. Sabbath morning finds him in the house of God. Through the song, through the sermon, through the prayer, the Lord Jesus Christ says to that man, "O man! I have watched thee; I have seen all thy struggles. It is enough; I will see thee through; I will stand between thee

and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage, man! courage! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man; put your wings over his head; with your golden sceptres strike for his defense; throw around him all the defenses of eternity!" What is the consequence? That business man is strengthened. He goes to the store next day feeling that God is with him and ready to deliver.

That same Sunday there is a poor old woman in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh! how shrunken she is! She wears the same dress she wore twenty years ago. How faded it is, and now out of date! She sits and listens as well as she can. Her eyes are so dim she cannot see half-way across the church. Her ear is so imperfect that she can only catch occasionally a note of the psalm or a word of the preacher. Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, miss, thank you!" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide—
Oh! receive my soul at last.

And Jesus says to her, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, Jesus, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I cannot sew any more; I cannot knit any more. I am very poor." Jesus says to her, "Mother, would you like to rest?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—rest." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." She goes home. The next morning, in the tenement-house, some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and Jesus kept his promise. He said that he would give her rest, and he has given her rest. Glory be to God for the height, the depth, the length, and the breadth of such Christian comfort! Oh! that we might have such joy as that which inspired the men at the battle of Leuthen. They were singing a Christian song as they went into battle. A general said to the king, "Shall I stop those people singing?" "No," said the king; "men that can sing like that can fight." I would that we had a singing church, a joyful church, a jubilant church, a comforting church; for then we would have a triumphant church.

I remark, further, that we have here tried to build a church abreast of the times. It is all folly for us to try to do things the way they did fifty or a hundred years ago. We might as well be ploughing with Elijah's crooked stick, or go into battle with Saul's armor, or prefer a canal-boat to an express train, as to be clinging to old things. What we most need now is a wide-awake church. People who are out in the world all the week, jostling against this lightning-footed century, come into the church on the Sabbath, and go right to sleep, unless they have a spirited service. Men engaged in literary callings all the week, reading pungent, sharp writings, cannot be expected to come and hear our ecclesiastical humdrum. If a man stays at home on Sundays and reads the newspapers, it is because the newspapers are more interesting. We need, my brethren, to rouse up, and stop hunting with blank cartridges. The Church of God ought to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox-goad—when all around about us are iniquities to be slain.

Did I say that the Church ought to be abreast of the times? I take that back. The Church of God ought to be ahead of the times—as far in advance as the Cross of Christ is ahead of all human invention. Paul was a thousand years ahead of the day in which he lived. The swift-footed

ears that have passed since Luther died have not yet come up to Luther's grave. Five iniquity four thousand years the start, and the feet of Christianity are so nimble that if you will but give it full swing, it will catch up and pass it in two bounds. The Church of God ought to be ahead of the times.

I remark, further, that we have tried here, in the love and fear of God, to build a church that would be characterized by conversions. I have heard of very good people who could preach on for fifteen or twenty years, and see no conversions, but yet have faith. It takes a very good man to do that. I do not know how a man can keep his faith up if souls are not brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. That church that does not bring men and women to the feet of the Saviour is a failure. I care not how fine the building or how sweet the music, or how eloquent the preaching, or how elegant the surroundings—it is a failure. The Church of God was made for just one thing—to get men out of the world into the kingdom of heaven. The tendency in churches is to spend their time in giving fine touches to Christians already polished. We keep our religion too much indoors, and under shelter, when it ought to be climbing the rocks or hewing in the forests. Then it would be a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the Word, instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an earnest, active Christianity.

Here is Brooklyn, here is New York, here are the United States, here is the whole world, to be converted. It is eighteen hundred and ninety-four years since Christ came, and yet Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, are still unevangelized. More people born every year into the world than are born into the kingdom of God. At that rate, I ask any one who can do a simple sum in arithmetic to calculate when this world will be brought to Jesus. At that ratio, never! never! never! And yet we know that it is to be brought to Christ. But the Church will have to change its tack, and take a wider sweep with the Gospel net than any it has yet taken. I believe that the great masses of the people are now ready to receive the Gospel, if we give them a chance. A boy goes along the street at night, and sees a fine house beautifully lighted up, and hears music, and he says, "I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited;" and so he passes on. Here is the Church of God, lighted up with festivity and holy mirth, and the world passes along outside, hears the music, and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is not invited. Oh! invite the world to come in! Go out into the highways and hedges. Send a ticket of invitation, printed in these words, "Come, for all things are now ready."

We have had conventions all over the country discussing the subject, "How shall the great masses be brought to Christ?" They have passed splendid resolutions at the close of the meeting—a long list of eight, ten, or fifteen have been read, and then the presiding officer has said, "All those in favor of the resolutions for the conversion of the world, purifying the cities, and redeeming the masses, and making everything all right, say Ay." "Ay! Ay!" say a thousand voices. "All opposed—No." "The ayes have it." There! the world is converted. Ah! we do not seem to get along by such a process.

If this world is ever to be brought to God, it will not be by the handful of ministers we have in this country. It will be by the great masses of Christian men and women discharging their duty. If the private church membership of this country would but put on their armor, and go forth, I believe that in fifteen years this whole land would be redeemed for Christ.

Since we have been together as pastor and people how many have been promoted to the glories of heaven. They died sweetly, calmly, as only Christians can die. They

have put down the staff of their pilgrimage; they have taken up the palm of the victor. The Lord Jesus has swung his arm through this church a good many times. He has been up and down all these aisles. One who sat right here, so that when I used to preach I could almost put my hand on his head, when I came back from my summer vacation, was gone. Oh! how the glories of heaven shone around that old man's face as he sat here Sabbath after Sabbath! Gone now. Happy spirit! Happy with all those who have passed the flood!

One army of the living God—
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

I thank you for all your kindness, for all your sympathy, for all your prayers for me as pastor. It is a sorrow to me that I am to be absent even for a few months. I have worked to the full extent of physical, mental and spiritual endurance for this church.

Now we start out on our twenty-sixth year. How many of us will close it here, I know not.

A Galilean Fountain.

Was this the Well From Which the Water was Drawn That Became Wine?

HERE have been conflicting opinions regarding the true site of the ancient Cana of Galilee—the scene of the first of the Lord's miracles. It lay not far from Capernaum, and on higher ground, and is referred to by Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, as a village of Galilee. The site has, by a general concurrence of expert investigators, been usually identified with the little village called by the Syrians Keft Kenna, about four miles east of Nazareth, and in the highway of Tiberias. It is very small—a mere hamlet—and exceedingly neat and well-kept, looking pleasantly down from its hillside, where it nestles amid orchards and plantations of olives.

Our illustration shows a very old spring or fountain in the neighborhood of Cana, to which tradition points as being that from which water was drawn for the wedding feast at the time of the Saviour's visit to the village. The spring is enclosed by a wall

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.



NAME well-known to hymn lovers in America and the world over is that of Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, who has forwarded to the

Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the beautiful poem printed below.

Mrs. Hawks, whose portrait is given at the beginning of this article, was born in Hoodsick, New York, May 28, 1835. For several years past she has been a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. Although from early life she devoted much attention to educational and literary pursuits, yet little publicity was given to her effusions till about 1868, when her pastor, the Rev. R. Lowry, discovering her talent, encouraged her to write for the good of others. Among the first and tenderest of her hymns, was, "Why Weepst Thou?" and "Bright Jewels." Her songs have also appeared in "Pure Gold," "Royal Diadem," "Brightest and Best," and "Tidal Waves," and have been copied in numerous other musical compilations. Among her best known compositions are "In the Valley," whose familiar lines have been sung by many thousands, and "Here Am I." Among the other famous pieces from her pen are, "Who'll be the next?" "Yield, O Yield," "Wholly Thine," "Living for Christ," and the grandest and sweetest of all, "I Need Thee Every Hour." The last named was the outgrowth of her own experience. Having sent it to the Rev. Mr. Lowry, he caught the spirit of the hymn and gave it musical expression. It was first sung in the National Baptist Sunday School Convention in Cincinnati, November 10th, 1872 by three thousand people, and its popularity began from that hour.

The latest poem from her gift-pen, she has entitled:

SORROW-TOUCHED.

By the Authoress of "I Need Thee Every Hour," after hearing Dr. Talmage preach in Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sabbath morning, April 29, 1894.

JACOB wrestled with the angel
And prevailed at break of day;
But with halting step thereafter
Went along his pilgrim way.

So of those who are victorious
In the conflict, over sin,
All who rise from depths of sorrow
A sublimer height to win.

Sorrow-touched? be patient with them,
'Tis God's finger on them laid;
Though they neither shrink nor murmur
And in heart are undismayed.

Do not ask them to forget it;
Can that touch be lightly worn?
Wrestling by the brook of Jabbok—
Marks of conflict must be borne.

Sorrow-touched? they're ever with us;
Though our hearts with gladness thrill,
Some are wrestling with the angel
In the darkness—wrestling still.

Some have risen, though in weakness
As the angel sped his way; [ness,
For they saw with clearer vision
At the breaking of the day.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.

Accompanying the poem is a note from the authoress in which she says:

Rev. Dr. Talmage:

DEAR SIR:—In acknowledgment of the courtesy extended to me from your pulpit last Sunday, and its pleasant surprise, also with thanks for the comforting which your sermon held for me, I venture to enclose these lines, hurriedly written, and remain,
Very sincerely yours,

51 Park Pl., May 3, '94.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

SHORTEST PASTORATE ON RECORD.

A Record in Short Pastorates Appears in "The Congregationalist," which so far as we have heard has not been exceeded. It reports that a pastor in central New York accepted the call of a certain church, and on a recent Sunday morning preached his inaugural sermon. He found, however, that he had misunderstood the condition of the affairs of the church, and on the evening of the same day he preached a farewell discourse and left the town early the following morning.



A FOUNTAIN AT CANA OF GALILEE.

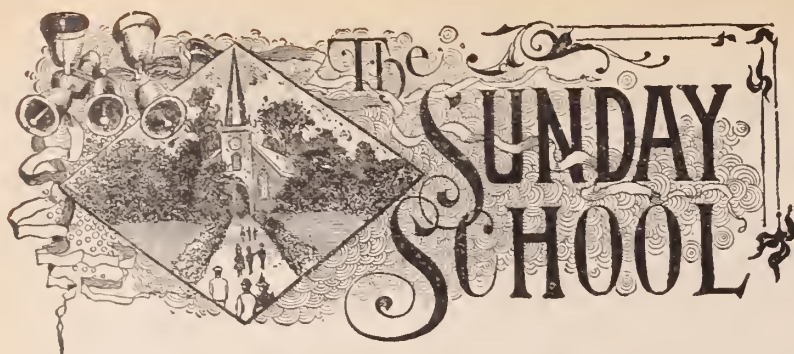
(From a photograph brought by Rev. Dr. Talmage from the Holy Land.)

But, living or dying, let us cling to Christ. Oh! that all the people would love him! I wish that I could take this audience this morning and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! he is such a dear Saviour! He is such a loving Jesus! He is so precious! Oh blessed Jesus! Sweetest sound I ever heard, or ever expect to hear, is thy name!

My closing prayer this morning is that God will have mercy on the dying population of our great cities, and that the whole earth will put on bridal array for the coming of her Lord. Ride on! King Jesus! Ride on! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen! and Amen!

of limestone. To visitors, some limestone jars, probably of great age, are shown as the veritable vessels that were used to hold the miraculous wine; but this story is of a piece with many other absurd claims made by monks and others. Another tradition declares that the jars, with one exception, were all brought to France in the time of the Crusaders. A Greek church in the village is said to have been built over the house in which the miracle was performed.

About eight miles to the northeast of Nazareth are the ruins of a place called Kana-el-Jellil, which some have been disposed to believe was more probably the true site of Cana. It also stands on high ground overlooking a plain. Once a considerable village, it is now little better than a heap of stones. Unlike the other site, it gives no absolute evidence of antiquity.



MOSES SENT AS DELIVERER.

S.S. Lesson for May 27, Ex. 3: 10-20. Golden Text, Isa. 41: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHAT child of God is there, among such as have been eminently used of him, who knows nothing of failure? Speaking of his own mistaken zeal in his days of unbelief, the Apostle Paul says: "I obtained mercy because I did ignorantly in unbelief; and, furthermore, he ventured to believe that God was glorified especially in the grace which he had shown to him, 'the chief of sinners.'" (1. Tim. 1: 13-16.) Something of the same sense of shame, mingled with the deepest gratitude to God, may have filled the heart of Moses when he entered the land of Midian as a refugee. His first halting place there was by a well. The seven daughters of Jethro, prince, or priest, of Midian, came to water the flock; for water was too precious at some seasons, to be left to the discretion of hired or slave shepherds. But other shepherds claimed the water, and drove away the young women. The courtly Moses could not suffer this, he "stood up, and helped them"—not too absorbed with his own unexpected reverse of fortune to forget, or fail to help, others who were in trouble. He is a coward who is self-absorbed. A mind stayed on God, does not brood over its own troubles or wrongs. The Lord was with Moses as he had been with Joseph. Jethro's daughters related to their father what had happened, and he reproved them for neglecting to bring the Egyptian stranger home with them. Moses found a humble occupation in tending Jethro's sheep; and in the eyes of God this was

No Degradation:

it was indeed a forward step towards the great ministry for which he was being surely prepared. He who has learned to accept anything and everything which God permits, has learned in a school of which the highest education of earth falls short. Forty years elapsed; Jethro's daughter, Zipporah, had become Moses' wife and had borne him two sons, one of whom he named Gershom—a "stranger here." It was a recognition that his stay in Midian was transient, that he had not yet entered upon his life's vocation. But if, as is probable, he was in the habit of communing with God in the neighborhood of Mount Horeb, the presence of God was still home to him, and in his banishment also "he endured, as seeing him who is invisible." His calling of God was still the thing he lived for; all else he passed through as a pilgrim and a stranger. God, who knows the value of time, had not accounted forty years too long a time for Moses to unlearn the forty years of his Egyptian education. In the littleness of daily life, he gave the future deliverer of his people the opportunity to test what the philosophy of Egypt could do for a man, and to prove how far all he had learned from man could enable him to bear the rude reverses to which he had been subjected. His after life proves that he learned in this school how to fall back upon God for all. Moses led his father-in-law's flock, "to the back of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb." How did Horeb come to be the mountain of God? May it not have been already, a place where God was wont to meet his servant, and commune with him, in those days of his banishment from Egypt?

God had Waited,

and now his appointed time was come. While Moses was tending the flock, "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush." All he saw was a bush burning, without turning to ashes. Moses was familiar enough with natural law to recognise in this something supernatural, and he said, "I

will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." Moses looked out for the first cause in everything; he was open to an interview with God; he knew how to pay attention, and God noticed it, and said, "Moses, Moses." "Here am I," was the ready answer. "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This was a lesson which Moses had not learned in Egypt: the noise of his own footsteps, the importance of his own presence was something to him there; men knew, and he knew, how learned he was, and mighty in words and deeds. (Acts 7:22.) But now he had learned to give place to God, to tread noiselessly, and to keep silence, to retire into the background that God might be all in all; now God could speak to him, and he could hear.

"I am." This was to be the strength of Moses' future service: he must learn that whatever God had revealed himself to be, that he is eternally: the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, unchangeably, forever. And the once mighty Moses, hid his face, as the seraphim veiled their faces. Curiosity gave way to holy worship: he was in the presence of his God. "And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them." Yes, Moses, hide thy face, shrink into nothingness: another has taken up the cause of thy people, and he will do what thy human energy and impetuosity failed to do. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

God can use only broken vessels for his highest service, only those who through the deep consciousness of their own failure and nothingness have learned really to count upon him. "Moses said unto God,

Who am I,

that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" Was this the same man who had been so astonished forty years before, that his people did not recognize his vocation? Yes, the same, but transformed by the forty years' training of his God. Let us learn the lesson. The deliverance of the people, including all the visitation of the ten plagues, did not probably occupy one entire year, while the preparation of the instrument needed forty years! God knows the value of time, and nothing is so precious in his sight as the preparation of his chosen ones for himself.

"Certainly I will be with Thee;"

was to be Moses' only, but sufficient equipment; this was all-inclusive. But God gave to his now emptied humbled servant, a token also that he had sent him: "When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." But Moses needed yet more; the people had lapsed into idolatry, and worshipped the gods of Egypt and he must give them some guarantee that he was a true messenger, and came with a true message. They might ask him: What is the name; what is the character of the God who thou savest hast sent thee? It is not sate to go on an errand for the Lord, without making sure of God before hand, for all contingencies which may arise. The kingdoms of this world may stand for a time, when made of mixed material—"iron mixed with miry clay"—but the kingdom of God does not stand by anything which man brings to it, either of power or wisdom. God may and does use man, but only as the instrument of his own power and his own wisdom. Oh how truly had Moses unlearned all which made him mighty in words and deeds! he could not go one step forward without his God. "What shall I tell them

about thy name?" "I am that I am," was God's answer; tell them, "I am hath sent me unto you." And moreover, tell them it is the God of their fathers, "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob . . . this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations." I am, not I was, the God Abraham; whatever I have been, that I am. "I, the Lord, change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Such was God's revelation of himself. Perhaps only Moses, Joshua and Caleb understood it, but it was the strength of Moses' career, and it is the strength of all those who really put their trust in the Lord. And God gave to his servant the details of his commission, and confided to him how it would be received; the elders of Israel would hearken to his voice, but Pharaoh would oppose himself, and then God would smite Egypt, manifest his own power, and afterwards the king should let Israel go.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



MENEPHTAH'S STATUE AT MEMPHIS.

ABOUT seventy-eight years intervene between this lesson and that of last week. According to the common chronology, which, however, is not accepted by all scholars, the date of this lesson would be B.C. 1491. The great Rameses was dead and his younger son, Menephtah, reigned in his stead. He was a weak but stubborn king, as we learn from the Bible and from the Egyptian records. A picture of his features, as carved by his orders on a statue at Memphis, forms the initial of this article. The statue was that of one of his predecessors of the twelfth dynasty, but Menephtah unscrupulously blotted out the face and had it carved in his own image, leaving the lower part of the statue untouched. A still more flagrant act was that of erasing the name of a predecessor from an inscription of brilliant achievements and inserting his own name in its place. Such acts show the character of the man with whom Moses had to deal. When Moses was called to his life-work, he was in Midian, in the vicinity of Sinai, the south-eastern part of the little triangular peninsula which is at the head of the Red Sea. It will be necessary for the teacher to explain how he came to be there. The story is given in the second chapter of Exodus. In Stephen's speech (Acts 7: 20-30), additional details are mentioned. From these it would appear that Moses might, if he had been so minded, have held aloof from his own people and have occupied a princely position in the Egyptian court. The temptation must have been a strong one, with all the advantages apparently on its side. The struggle is often repented in modern life. A man is happy in a quiet life with congenial home surroundings, but light from some common object or event, like the light from the burning bush, flashes a thought of duty into his heart. There is some vicious neighborhood near him which needs the Gospel, or there are heathen nations waiting for the news of Christ. He becomes uncomfortable. He wonders that no one takes up the work. Ought he to do so? He puts the thought from him. He is too weak, too insignificant, too halting in speech, the people will not listen to him and so on. But he cannot rest. Conscience reminds him that with God with him he will be strong and one after another the obstacles are removed and he is held strictly to his duty. Peace and rest go out of his life; henceforth he shall know nothing but anxiety, and worry, and misconstruction, and discouragement; but the great work is done and the slave of duty goes to his reward.

I will send thee. He whom God sends on any mission need give himself no concern about his safety, but only as to his own

faithfulness. The knowledge that God had sent him must have inspired Moses with courage. History tells how such a belief, even when wrongly founded, imparts intrepidity. When, in the year 1420, Joan of Arc presented herself at the Dauphin's court, and declared that her Lord had commissioned her to drive the English out of France, she was laughed at. Could she succeed when the most famous generals in France had failed? But the country girl could not be ridiculed out of her faith. With sublime confidence in God, who, as she believed, had commanded her to fight, she went forth and won one battle after another until the English dreaded her more than a veteran commander. It was not until she felt that she was obeying the King and was not acting under God's commands that she lost her confidence, suffered defeat, and met a cruel death at the hands of her enemies.

That thou mayest bring forth my people. It was a hard and a difficult task. God had said, "I am come down to deliver them," but he uses men to accomplish his purposes and Moses was chosen to serve him in this instance. He was evidently reluctant; but he obeyed. Moral courage is often combined with physical timidity. A story is told of two soldiers being detailed for an expedition of extreme peril. There was little probability of both escaping alive. One soldier was a reckless, defiant man and the other a delicate, nervous man, but true as steel to his duty. The latter looked pale and was silent as they left camp, and the other said to him contemptuously, "I believe you are afraid." The man stepped doggedly along as he answered: "I am; and if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would not go at all."

Who am I that I should go? The most successful servants of God have often been slow to believe that they were able to serve God as leaders or preachers. John Knox, who was one of the most faithful and intrepid servants of Christ, was such a man. His learning and well-known piety marked him out as a man who in Scotland's need was qualified for distinguished service, but his modesty kept him back. Again and again he was urged to preach, but without avail. At last, in a public service, John Rough, his pastor, addressed him by name from the pulpit. "Brother Knox," said he, "ye shall not be offended. I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, that in the name of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those who call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation." Knox, referring to this incident in the great church later in life, when Scotland rang with his name, quaintly wrote: "Whairat the said Johnne abasht byryst furth in moist abundant tearis and withdrew himself to his chamber." From that chamber Knox came forth ready to undertake the work, having been made obedient to the call.

Certainly I will be with thee. That promise must have cheered Moses in many a time of difficulty and peril in his after life, as it has supported many since who, like him, have engaged in the Lord's work. Some Indian chiefs, having become the open enemies of the Gospel, Mr. Eliot, "The Apostle of the American Indians," when in the wilderness without the company of any other white man, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men, yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution that he said, "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the chiefs in the country; I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare!" They heard and walked away.

This is my name forever. What power there is in a name! It calls up in the memory the character it represents. An army chaplain describing the death of a brave cavalry officer, says: "He was in a delirium when I went to him and was exhausting himself by frenzied efforts to rise from his bed. He tumbled himself on the field of battle and wanted to rally his troops, who he thought, were in retreat. His attendants were holding him down and he was struggling with them. It was a most distressing spectacle. I said to him: 'Do not excite yourself; you are near death. Let us fall to Jesus.' The mention of that name operated like a spell. His agitation ceased at once. After a moment's silence, he said 'Jesus, Jesus; yes, let us speak of him.' He needed him now. He said, come unto me and I will give you rest. I want rest; I am very weary. I will go to Jesus." He closed his eyes and fell into that sleep which has no waking in this world."



Where He Was Brought Up.

Our Traveler Visits the Childhood Home of Jesus—Children of Nazareth—The Virgin's Fountain—A Sad Funeral.

WE have never been so nearly in sympathy with Dr. Sharpe, or so intolerant with his wife's devout credulity, as after visiting the Latin and Greek churches built above the spots where the Virgin Mary received the visit of Gabriel and the announcement of the great glory to be bestowed upon her.

Each is in a crypt, and going first to that of the Greek church, we look respectfully, not reverently, at the dark, damp chamber, supplied with altar and the usual paraphernalia of the underground, or the upper-world shrine—candles, artificial flowers and other tawdry ornaments. We are in a sort of cellar, the stone walls of which are grim with time. A well yawns in the floor; beyond it is a locked gate. The sacristan thrusts his arm between the bars, and brows the light of a torch upon a flight of steps leading up into the darkness.

Our guide mechanically translates the Arabic that gurgles from his tongue:

"This church stands upon the site of the house of the Blessed Virgin. This was her kitchen. Here she was busy at work when the angel appeared to her and said, 'Hail, Mary! thou that art highly favored, for thou hast found favor with God.' The fountain bursts forth from the rock in celebration of the Event."

A cup is lowered into the well; we drink thereof, cross the palm of the sacristan with a piece of Turkish silver, and mount to the surface of the earth, obediently following our leader to another church, where the story is told, almost word for word, of a second subterranean chamber and spring.

A little heart-sick and a good deal disgusted, we thread the public ways of the "white city," discouragingly new in appearance, and long, as we have often and elsewhere longed, for something that will restore the best sympathy with what the place should recall.

"Mary and Joseph lived here," we say to ourselves and one another. "Here was the scene of the Annunciation; hence Mary went into the hill country in haste—perhaps up that slope over there—to visit Elizabeth. Here, her Son grew in favor with God and man. Here, cut to the quick by the home truths spoken to them by him in later years, the townspeople with whom he had been so popular as a youth, hurried him to the brow of the hill on which the city is built, and could have ended his ministry then and there but for a miracle." All this we know and believe, but cannot feel.

At a turn of the street we are confronted with something that alters the current of discontented meditation. A lad stands just without the threshold of a carpenter's shop. His tunic of blue serge is girt at the waist with a red sash; red slippers are upon the stockingless feet; the red tarboosh, or fez, worn by all Turkish subjects, sits jauntily upon short, fair curls. At sight of the leveled kodak, he laughs, and his hands chafe each nervously. From the recesses of the shop, black as midnight when one looks in from the outer light made more glaring by reflection from the white houses, a voice calls in not unkindly admonition, the boy laughs again, brightly and fearlessly, in moving away to his work. A bench extends from the door to the rear of the windowless shop, and two men, one turbaned, the other wearing the tarboosh, are busy about it. Our lad drops flat upon the ground, crosses his legs under him to gouge a square hole in a block into which a beam is to be mortised. He handles the chisel deftly, and now that he is at it, so diligently that he does not give us another look. But for the modern bench, the picture must be very like that which has been a theme beloved of such artists as Hol-

man Hunt and earlier masters. Presently, the elder of the men, who stands near the door, glances around, his notice attracted by our shadows upon the floor, and touches, first his forehead, then his heart, bowing profoundly:

"Naharak said!" (Peace be unto you), he says gravely.

"And unto you!" we instruct our interpreter to reply. He is an old man, but hale, with clear eyes and a full white beard. "Not a bad model for a Joseph in a Holy Family," we agree, after watching him for a minute longer, taking in all the accessories of the tableau, even to the play of a stray sunbeam upon the yellow shavings curling from the bench to the floor.

There is fascination in the scene, and soothing. We are brought again into touch with a past that filled our minds at the first sight of the hillside town. Thus might the supposed father and docile Son, "subject" to all the conditions of a Galilean artisan's life, have toiled together for many a day and week during the thirty years of preparation for his ministry and his death. "Mar salaami!" (Good-bye) we call out at length, moving on, and between the deeper tones of the two men, rises the silvery treble of the apprentice:

"Mar salaami!"



A GROUP OF CHILDREN IN NAZARETH, PALESTINE.

Photographed for "The Christian Herald" by Marion Harland.

"In what language did our Saviour speak?" questions Alcides, suddenly.

The query is apparently new to David Jamal and our other escort, a Nazarene Christian, and a graduate of the Beirut College, a fine intelligent young fellow, by the way, and an honor to his Alma Mater. It seems quite certain, after some minutes' talk, that in a country where customs have changed so little in nineteen centuries, that one can hardly take a dozen steps without seeing or hearing something illustrative of Biblical history—the peasantry at least may use the dialect familiar to the household of Joseph, the carpenter. Did the musical phrase of farewell that lingers in our ear, often pass his tongue?

We are still talking of it when another turn brings us into an open square that must be the rallying-point for both sexes of all classes, so alive is it with movement and murmur. Right before us is a group of children, chiefly boys, of varying ages, arrested in some game by the abrupt appearance of strangers. The foremost and tallest

boy lays a reassuring hand about the neck of a mere baby who is his charge, and blinks inquisitively at us in the broad sunshine; in the background on his right hand stands a much smaller child with a face of singular beauty. It is not possible to regard the children, especially the boys of Nazareth, with indifference, and there is something in this encounter that dizzies one by the swift rush of association.

"What do they know of the child Jesus?" we interrogate the young Nazarene student.

"Those who have Christian parents think and speak of him as do the children in your land and other Christian countries. The rest know little of him and care nothing for him. We have here Sunday and day schools in which the Bible is taught, and the story of our Lord's life and death is well known to the members of the Latin and Greek churches."

More children!

The soft thrud of their bare feet upon the pavement is hushed as they halt and huddle together in the exact focus of the insatiable kodak—neither timid nor bold, but moved by a common desire to inspect and make acquaintance with us. They are healthy, well-formed, and evidently well-cared-for. In all Nazareth, as we note with gratification, we see not one deformed child, or one professional beggar of tender years. All this may signify less than we fancy, but, without quite defining the sentiment to ourselves, we are glad that these things are so.

"The Fountain of the Virgin," says our

jars in their hands to be filled at the spout, or trudging up the wet stairs with full vessels upon their heads. They chatter cheerily among themselves, and the most notable are in no hurry to hie them back to home and indoor labor. Of all marketable possessions, time is least considered in the East.

Sometimes, as we are not surprised to hear, there are wrangles over the common wash-tub, and quarrels as to precedence in the matter of filling the great earthen jars. In the sunny noon of to-day good humor prevails, and sociability is at high tide.

Mary was a peasant and working-woman like these. We check ourselves, as it guilty of irreverence, in wondering if she bore the



A FUNERAL IN NAZARETH—ENTERING THE CHURCH.

From a photograph by Marion Harland.

narrow-necked "pitcher" upon her head with the audacious grace of that laughing girl who does not touch it with her hand, and if she adjusted it, before mounting the steps, upon a many-folded cloth such as the handsome woman down there has interposed between her veiled head and the dripping vessel. Yet—and again—the highly-favored among women was a daughter of the people, and her Son, at thirty-three years of age, had not where to lay his head.

A rhythmic murmur hums up the street leading to the open space about the Virgin's Fountain: the women cease their gossip; the children run off in the direction of the sound, and we follow more leisurely. All recognize the tuneless chant with which the mourners go about the streets. It is a Latin funeral, and the procession is led by a fat priest in full canonicals. An acolyte, clad in what always looks to be a white dressing-sacque, trimmed with cheap lace, swings a censer at his side. The coffin, borne upon the shoulders of friends or neighbors, is of a vivid scarlet with white bars crossing it. Behind a little company of what we take to be relatives and acquaintances, six cowed friars walk two-and-two. They are stalwart of frame and bearded up to the eyes; upon their large feet are strapped leathern sandals. Not a woman is seen in the band of mourners or among the lookers-on that struggle after the bier into the church.

We remain without the burial-ground until the short service is over. Church and cemetery are on the slope of the hill which rises far behind them. The whole town has the air of holding on for its life to the declivity. Every house is literally founded upon a rock, and the circumstance is but one of the numberless proofs daily laid before our eyes of the care with which the Nazarene Teacher studied the world in which he was brought up, and his tact in presenting to the "common people" analogies and types drawn from the life he shared with them.

The grave is partly dug, partly hewn, in the stone ground, and the bright red coffin, containing, we are told, the body of a young man, is set down upon the pile thrown up beside the mouth of the pit. The throng, augmented by many who have gathered from all quarters, closes about it, and the prayer committing dust to dust, is droned above it. Until now, all has been conducted as quietly as in an English churchyard, but at the conclusion of the service, the father, who has stood at the head of the grave, motionless, with folded arms and averted face, casts himself with an "exceeding loud and bitter cry," upon the coffin, and clutches it frantically. His friends close in about him, and with the feeling that we have no right to gaze upon a scene that has become exquisitely painful, we hurry down the hill.

Somewhere, on these steep slopes, the mortal remains of Our Lord's ancestors mouldered back to clay ages ago, and his pious foster-father was laid to rest, perhaps by the loving hands of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and in the death-agony committed his widowed mother to the care of his best-beloved disciple.

MARION HARLAND.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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TOO LARGE A BUSHEL.

WE expect too much of our children when they become Christians. Do not let us measure their qualifications by our own bushel. We ought not to look for a gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things, such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture-field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers into Christ's arms and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down were as full of romp as before they came to him. The boy that because he has become a Christian is disgusted with ball-playing; the little girl who because she has given her heart to God has lost her interest in her waxen doll, are morbid and unhealthy. You ought not to set the life of a vivacious child to the tune of Old Hundred.

When the little ones come before you and apply for church membership, do not puzzle them with big words, and expect large "experiences." It is now in the church as when the disciples of old told the mothers not to bother Christ with their babes. As in some households the grown people eat first, and the children have to wait till the second table, so there are persons who talk as though God would have the grown people first sit down at his banquet, and, if there is anything over, the little ones may come in for a share. No. No. If the supply at the Lord's table were limited, he would let the children come in first, and the older ones go without, as a punishment for not having come in while they themselves were children. If the wind is from the northeast, and the air is full of frost and snow, and part of the flock must be left out on the mountains, let it be the old sheep, for they can stand it better than the lambs. O, Shepherd of Israel! crowd them all in before the coming of the tempest!

IRRITATED DAYS.

THERE are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock A.M., till ten P.M., affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning and the room is cold, and a button is off and the breakfast is tough, and the stove smokes and the pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you showing you pictures of old Time and the hour-

glass, and death's scythe and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time, unless you take out papers in his company. Beside this you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint and no surgeon can set it.

The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane, you would find that the wind is north-east, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen some things that you will be sorry for afterward.

Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horseradish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. This world is a poor hitching-post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up.

THE TABERNACLE JUBILEE.

OWING to the very large edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, approximating 150,000 copies weekly, it is necessary to go to press a week in advance, and therefore the report of the National and International Reception tendered to Dr. Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Thursday and Friday cannot appear in this issue. Justice will, however, be done to the occasion in our next issue.

The programme of the celebration was a most attractive and imposing one, including a Brooklyn city celebration on Thursday evening, with Mayor Schieren presiding, and addresses by Hon. John Winslow, Rev. Drs. Gregg and Carson, representing the Brooklyn Presbytery; Hon. David A. Boody; Prof. Ogden Doremus; Rev. Dr. Roche; Rev. A. C. Dixon; Rev. Dr. Louis A. Banks; Father Malone, Regent of the University; Rabbi F. De Sola Mendes; Hon. Bernard Peters; Hon. S. V. White, and others. On Friday evening there was a National and International demonstration, ex-Secretary Gen. B. F. Tracy, presiding. The opening prayer was offered by Chaplin W. H. Milburn, of U. S. Senate. Addresses were delivered by Hon. Wm. M. Everts; Dr. Chauncey M. Depew; U. S. Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia; His Excellency Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Ambassador; Col. Frederic Grant; Rev. Dr. C. L. Thompson; Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix; U. S. Senator Daniels, of Virginia; U. S. Senator Manderson, of Nebraska; Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittridge; Hon. Wm. Ziegler, and others.

FARMERS TO THE FRONT.

WE rise to give out the hymn. It is the two hundred and seventy-sixth of the "Shovel and Hoe Harmony."

Whistle and hoe, sing as you go,
Shorten the row by the songs you know.

The agriculturists will all join in while some farmer gives the key-note with his pitchfork, and we are favored with drill and threshing machine accompaniment.

The outdoor life of our country friends now begins. We hope that they will plough up more health and good cheer than ever before. Standing and walking so much in the sunshine, they ought to be bright and glad. The breath of the field and woods ought to make them healthy. Their hard work ought to sharpen their appetite three times a day, and afford them eight or nine hours of sound sleep. We pray for their freedom from flood and drought, weevil and curculio; that there may be no longer storms after they get the grain down, no ring-boned or spavined horses at the time

when they want all the teams, no hollow-horn to depress the cows, no gaps for the rising generation of chickens, no incursion of neighbors' cattle into the bean patch. We shall have a prosperous agricultural year. "How do you know?" cry out the rural population. "What sign in sky or ground or atmosphere do you judge by?" Our reason for thinking so is that it is almost always so. The good Lord has a way of abundantly blessing the fields. When one crop fails others make it up, as blind eyes almost always insure super-excellent ears. In the last six thousand years we do not believe that there have been twenty crops that might be called dead failures.

We are certain that this year, with not more than one or two exceptions of crops, we shall have large peaches, luxuriant corn, golden wheat, sound potatoes, rich grass, and great affluence of turnips, celery, cabbage and squash. While you are guessing by the moon, or the squirrel's storage of nuts, or the state of the mountain stream, or the almanac, as to what is coming to pass, we refer to the first agricultural journal ever written, and find in it: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. A. C. Clark, Leola, S. D. Can you tell me who is the author of the lines:

The mills of the God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small?

They occur in Longfellow's poem, entitled, "Retribution."

Jane Daly, Jamaica Plains, Mass. What was the first prayer and by whom was it made?

In all probability the first prayer uttered by human lips was coeval with the Fall, and was probably associated with the first offering of sacrifice. The earliest recorded instance is that mentioned in Gen. 4: 26, during the lifetime of the Patriarch, Enoch: "Then men began to call upon the name of the Lord."

W. H. H., Lyman, Warren, Mass., writes:

In Dr. Talmage's recent sermon preached at Macon, Ala., the lines commencing: "Love to steal awhile away," were written by a Mrs. Brown of Monson, Mass., a few miles from my home. The words were set to music by Doodalos Dutton of Monson. In Lowell Mason's Boston Academy of Music, 1838, you will find two verses and notes named "Woodstock." Mrs. Brown was afflicted by a domestic sorrow and would retire at eventide to a grove nearby to offer prayer and there composed the verses.

Anxious Inquirer, Racine, Wis. What money and education are necessary to become a foreign missionary; and would the profession of a trained nurse be useful in a foreign field?

Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Missionary Training Institute, La Salle street, Chicago, for full particulars. Special training is a decided advantage and an educated missionary is always more desirable than an uneducated one. We believe that experience as a nurse, or any medical training or experience, would be considered an advantage, particularly in tropical countries.

Lily Burruss, Baltimore, Md. Why was the shaft known as "Cleopatra's needle" so called?

The two obelisks originally brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria in the reign of Tiberius and set up in front of the temple of Caesar, were so-called. They are believed to have been originally constructed in the reign of Thothmes III., in the Sixteenth Century before the Christian era. History does not divulge the source of the name "Cleopatra's needles," which was probably an Alexandrian freak.

J. C. H. It is claimed by Theosophists that Christ studied magic, by which he performed his miracles, during the interval between the ages of twelve last mentioned in the Bible and thirty, when he began his real life work. Have we anything to prove or disprove this assertion? Was any magician ever known to raise the dead?

Untrue and absurd, like most assertions from the same source. Proof and disproof are equally out of the question. No "magician" ever yet raised the dead; power over death belongs to Deity alone, although spiritualized human agencies have been divinely used as instruments at different times for that purpose.

Yola, Buffalo, N. Y. Is it certainly known, or only surmised that "an ancient manuscript has been found in a monastery of Thibet," representing Christ as having been taught Brahminism, Buddhism, etc.? A theosophist who has been disseminating his false doctrines through this locality, has made that assertion one of his strong points, with the view of attracting professing Christians to his pernicious theories. He has misled the young, who were trained in the Christian faith, to the sorrow of parents.

The statement of the finding of such a manuscript still lacks verification. Even if found, it may prove unauthentic. The story is to the effect that the document was discovered in a Thibetan monastery by a Russian traveler named Nicholas Notovich. It is a "Life of Jesus Christ," known and honored among the Buddhists of that country under the name of Issa. The story is said to be written in the Pali lan-

guage. According to the alleged translation Issa was born in the land of Israel. At the age of thirteen he fled from his father's house and went with merchants to Sindh. He learned to read and understand the Vedas. Then the priests threatened his life and he fled to another place. He went westward, preaching against idols, in Persia opposed the religion of Zoroaster, and returned to Judea at the age of twenty-nine. He at once began to preach there, was arrested, tried and found innocent, but was imprisoned, tortured and crucified in company with two thieves. The best Oriental scholars in Europe are thus far united in discrediting it, and believe the whole story about the origin and finding of the manuscript to be a fabrication.

Jennie Ellison, Reading Centre, N. Y. Who was Monte Cristo?

Monte Cristo is the name of a small island belonging to Italy, twenty-six miles south of Elba. It is a mountain of granite, 2,000 feet high, and inaccessible save by one landing-place. This island suggested to Dumas the hero of his famous story.

G. R. C., Hollidaysburg, Who were the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel?

Their heads or progenitors were: Reuben, the first-born; Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulun, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Asher, Naphtali, Joseph, and Benjamin. The tribe of Joseph was afterward subdivided into the two branches of Ephraim and Manasseh.

Subscriber, Vancouver, B. C. Do not the lighting of churches by electricity and gas, and the use of street cars on Sunday by Christian people, encourage the breaking of the Fifth Commandment?

We cannot see how they have any bearing, whatever, on the Commandment in question. "Subscriber" probably means the Fourth Commandment. As we have repeatedly stated in "The Mail-Bag," works of necessity and mercy alone are justifiable on the Lord's Day. If people live too far from church to walk, they must of necessity either ride or stay at home. And, similarly, since ministers cannot conduct evening service in the dark, illumination either by electricity, oil, or gas, would seem to be an absolute necessity, also.

W. A. N., Chicago, Ill. When a woman has left her husband on account of his abuse, cruelty and neglect, does Christianity demand it of her, after becoming a Christian, to go back and live with him and endure his brutal abuse and neglect?

Christianity demands that she make an effort to reform him and save him from himself. It is not necessary, however, that she should come again under the harrow of his abuse, and so impair or sacrifice her usefulness to the cause, and possibly imperil her own spiritual life. The whole question of duty in such a case must be a matter for the individual conscience. Some women, under like circumstances, might courageously return and conquer by love.

R. G. Stevenson, Britton's Neck, S. C. I noticed in a recent issue of your paper an account of the life of an aged negro woman. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD says that she is probably the "oldest Christian in America." There lives on my plantation an old negro woman whose exact age it is impossible to learn, though I know by certain incidents that she is past one hundred and fifteen. Her name is Phoebe Graves. She has been blind and bed-ridden for many years (at least ten), she enjoys tolerably good health, has a sound mind and body. This old woman is always cheerful, having implicit trust in God, though she lives in abject poverty. Strange to say, she was not converted until about four years ago.

Subscriber, New Providence, N. J. Yes; his address is 487 Greene Ave., Brooklyn.—C. L. Hewitt, Rollay, Minn. Contribution received acknowledged. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 4.—J. W. C. Hiles, Meadville, Pa. Contribution received. Have mailed you marked paper.—Friend, Port Royal, Va. Presbyterian.—K. M. H., Brooklyn. We have no information on the subject.—Friend, Rosedale, Pa. To renew your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and secure the premium *From Manger to Throne*, you should forward \$2 to this office.—J. W. Brash, Iowa Falls, Ia. The Eiffel Tower was 975 feet high, and its cost about \$700,000.—E. K. Wehry, Clarence, Ia. You should make such inquiries through a lawyer.—R. K. Garfield, La Fox, Ill. Webster's or Worcester's are both standard dictionaries. The two latest and most comprehensive are those issued by Funk & Wagnalls and the Century Publishing Company, both of New York.—Mrs. L. A. Foster, Grand Rapids, Mich. Presbyterian.—M. Montymet, Philadelphia. We have no record of the date.—J. O. B., Salem, Oregon. No.—C. S. R., New Orleans. We cannot undertake to recommend any particular concern in the way you ask.—Elwyn Speilker, Egan City, Ill. Write to Harper Bros., publishers, New York, for full information.—E. C. L., Lyons, N. Y. Bella Cooke's address is 492 Second avenue, New York.—Allred. You can secure the desired information by addressing the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—M. E. Dwyer, Roanoke, W. Va. Presbyterian.—V. D. Ransom, Elmwood, Ga. Write to Gen. B. F. Tracy, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. J. W. Sheerer, Cedar Rapids. We have not the information. Write to your local newspaper.—T. R., Wyoming, Pa. Write to Mr. Stearns, Secretary American Temperance Union, Reade st., New York.—Isaac W. Phares, Fowler, Ind., and H. C. Johnson, Devil's Lake, N. D. Write to Hubert P. Main, with Biglow & Main Co., music publishers, Ninth street, New York.—Geo. W. Jackson, Eureka Springs, Ark. We cannot give the information asked.—Mrs. Annie R. Hay, St. Joseph, Ill. The lines are from the famous hymn by Toplady, entitled, "Rock of Ages."—Subscriber, Mississippi. The meaning was that there should be no cessation of wars in his lifetime. 2. David was doubtless a converted man, but had backslidden when he sinned. 3. It means that we should hesitate at no sacrifice necessary for our spiritual welfare. 4. There are various descriptions, but probably none altogether authentic. 5. The Tabernacle's affairs are now permanently and satisfactorily adjusted. 6. Spring always imparts activity to business and brings more general employment in large cities. There are still thousands idle, but the majority are either employed or being helped in some way.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE TROUBLE AT BLUEFIELDS.

OUR governments are involved in the dispute at Bluefields on the Mosquito Coast of Central America, which lies to the east of Nicaragua. The Nicaraguan government has taken possession of Bluefields and proclaimed martial law; but the independence of the Mosquito people is guaranteed by England, and her interference has been invoked. Our government is also interested, inasmuch as the dispute may menace the control of the Canal now being cut across the isthmus to make a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The possession of the Mosquito coast has been coveted by Nicaragua ever since she became an independent Republic. England claimed it as part of Honduras but formally abandoned her claims in a treaty which secured the neutralization of the coast. The treaty had the approval of our government as well as those of England, Spain and Nicaragua. The Mosquito people appear to have had a dread of being absorbed by Nicaragua, and at their instance, it was stipulated that England should make herself responsible for their protection against their powerful neighbor. Nicaragua agreed, on condition that it received a slice of the Mosquito Coast, and that was done, and another slice was added to Honduras. As to the provocation offered to Nicaragua to bring about her recent interference, there is a conflict of testimony, which will probably be sifted by an arbitration court. It is well known, however, that the Mosquito government has been of a lax kind, and that the influence of the traders and smugglers who have come to the coast from various lands, has been most injurious to the Mosquito people. The majority of those on the seaboard are said to be lazy, drunken, vicious, and generally degraded. There is, however, another class, of a much better type. These are the people who have heard the Gospel at the station which the Moravians have established at Bluefields. "This mission," says a resident of the town, "has done much noble work among the Mosquito Indians, in educating them, both morally and spiritually, and bringing them gradually to a state of civilization." The Mosquito government appreciates the value of this work and contributes a considerable part of its support. It is significant that the strongest protests against Nicaraguan annexation come from the converts of the mission, who dread being in the power of a government which, though nominally Roman Catholic, they believe to be godless. The contrast in the condition of these two classes of the Mosquito people is very instructive. We are often told that commerce is more effective than religion as a civilizing influence, but it has not proved so on the Mosquito Coast. There, as in Africa and elsewhere, the advent of commerce has been followed by drunkenness and other vices, while the preaching of the Gospel has yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. (1. Cor. 1: 18.)

A Geometrician Confuted.

Some young men fresh from college are reported by a Boston journal to have been convinced against their will of a variation from a geometrical axiom. Many years ago, says the report, a party of young men traveling in Virginia, set out to explore the Scioto Valley. On the third night of their journey they reached Clarksburg where they lodged with a man who boasted the title of surveyor. He was old-fashioned and illiterate, and the young men were disposed to make merry over his pretensions. They asked him how far it was to Marietta, and he replied that the straight road which had

just been laid was exactly seventy-five miles, but there was a shorter road, which he pointed out. The young men laughed at the idea of any road being shorter than a straight line, and one of them gave the old surveyor a lecture on mathematics. The old man, however, would not yield to the authority of Euclid, for he declared that he had measured both roads. The next day the party set out, and in order to confute the old man, measured the roads. The straight road went over the hills, and the crooked road went round them, and, as the old man had said, the crooked road was the shorter. It is often so in the journey of life. The road by which God leads us may not be the one that seems best to us, nor the most direct according to our maxims, but in the end we shall find that it was the best way. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." (Jer. 10: 23.)

Orphaned Robins.

A naturalist, writing to the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," tells an interesting story of benevolence among birds. He says



THE MOSQUITO COAST TROUBLES—MORAVIAN MISSION AND SCHOOLS AT BLUEFIELDS.

that he was interested in watching the building of two nests near his house. One of them was built by two robins in the fence surrounding his garden; the other was built in a bush near by, by two cat birds. Both pairs hatched out their young about the same time, but soon afterward the robins disappeared. He supposes they were killed. The young robins, who had depended on their parents for food, appeared to be starving. When the catbirds came with a worm or bit of food for their young, the young robins would thrust up their heads and make a great noise. Presently it was noticed that the catbirds were feeding the hungry orphans. Every night, too, while one of the catbirds covered its own young its mate performed the same service for the young robins. In this way both broods were reared, the robins growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for by their own parents. Thus the robins benefited by the fact that bird-life is so much more simple than human life. Human beings placed in the same circumstances as the catbirds might have had some hesitation in yielding to the emotion of pity for the orphaned family. They might have felt that all their energies should be devoted to making provision for their own old age, or to accumulating a fortune for their own children, not to caring for other people's orphans. Men are, as Jesus said, much better than birds, but there are some lessons he would have us learn of them and one such lesson may be learned from these catbirds. (Matt. 6: 26.)

A Steamer Aground.

An unusual spectacle was witnessed at Great South Beach, Long Island, on May

3. It was the large ocean steamer, "Persian Monarch," lying helpless on the sandbar. There was considerable alarm as to her safety. The ocean swell rolled her from side to side, and it was seen that if rough weather came on during the night the steamer would probably become a total wreck. Happily it continued calm, and when morning broke, the steamer was still heavily settled on the bar. Tugs were dispatched to her assistance, and after two hundred tons of cargo had been taken out of her hold, she was dragged off at high tide. She had been eighteen hours on the bar and had sustained some damage. How she came to be on the bar was a mystery, as it is five miles out of her course. A pilot had been taken on board a short time before the accident, but had not assumed charge of the steamer. He perceived, however, on coming aboard that the steamer was too near shore and suggested a change of course. A few minutes later the ship ran aground. There was a haze on the water at the time, but that would not account for the steamer's proximity to the land. The pilot's theory is that the disaster was due to an aberration of the compass. He says that there is a great deal of iron in the sand at that point, and if a large vessel approaches too near the bar the needle is apt to be deflected by it. Something analogous to this has been known to occur in the voyage of life. The Christian whose course is too near the worldly line is liable to fall into disaster. Worldly maxims and principles in such cases affect the conscience so that it ceases

supposed that the future life of the soul depended on the preservation of its discarded habitation. We have learned better in this day, but we are not always so solicitous as they that our friends should have eternal life, otherwise we should make greater exertion than we do, to induce them to seek it where alone it can be obtained. (John 10:28.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Six Years ago there were Four Churches, ten elders, and 241 members in the Presbyterian Laos Mission. Now there are nine churches, thirty elders and 1,500 members.

A Correspondent of the "Record of Christian Work," says that at Dr. E. P. Hammond's meetings in Omaha, a large number of young people professed conversion. At one meeting over one hundred expressed the belief that they had passed from death unto life. "These have been days of great rejoicing in many families where there are new born souls."

Jewish Citizens of Great Britain are Much agitated by a proposal of the Government. The new bill for regulating Parliamentary elections has a clause requiring them to be held on a Saturday. The Jews are getting petitions signed against the clause, which, they declare, will prevent any conscientious Jew voting. They would consider it a violation of the Sabbath to mark a voting paper on that day.

A Society for Christian Work has been Organized in Union Theological Seminary, New York. So many of the students have given all the time they could spare from their studies to work in the missions and Sunday Schools, and the slums of the city, that it is found necessary to organize their labors to make them more systematic and efficient. Every student who wishes to engage in such work is invited to enroll himself for service and the Committee will see that he has the opportunity.

A Free Employment Bureau has been Established in New York to aid workmen who are seeking employment. No charge for registration is made either to the employer or employee. It is under the care of a committee of clergymen and philanthropists of which Dr. MacArthur, Dr. Greer and Dr. W. S. Rainsford are members. The President is Rev. John B. Devins.

At the Recent Meeting of the Managers of the American Bible Society, the announcement was made that a donation of \$26.67 had been received from an auxiliary Bible Society, which had been organized at Soochow, China.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is Holding Union Evangelistic services at Mobile, Ala. His departure from Canton, O. at the close of his work there will not soon be forgotten by any who witnessed it. Fully three thousand persons followed him to the railroad depot to bid him Godspeed, and to express their gratitude for the blessing which had rested on his work. The Christian parents and friends of the converts were prominent in the procession, and gave the great evangelist such an ovation as is not often witnessed. The number of those who made profession of faith during the services was 535, and they are distributed among twenty-one churches. The Methodist Episcopal Church received a larger number than any other denomination.

Mr. D. L. Moody says that in his judgment, the whole country to-day is unusually susceptible to Christian influences. He is firmly convinced, however, that the old methods of meeting such an opportunity are the only safe ones: there can be no wholesale social regeneration, but men must enter one by one into the kingdom. Society can only be regenerated by the regeneration of individuals.

The "Interior" has Calculated that if the Foreign Missionary Societies could receive a contribution of five cents a week from each member of the evangelical churches of to-day, the whole world would have an opportunity of hearing of Jesus during this generation.

The Rev. John McNeill, whose Recent Visit here will be long remembered, has gone to South Africa to hold revival services. Writing from Kimberley, Mr. J. W. Burke, his assistant, says: "The way has opened up wonderfully here for us, and our meetings have been very good."

Many Religious Organizations and Benevolent Societies are deploring the loss they have sustained by the sudden death of Mr. Elbert E. Monroe. He was one of the Managers of the American Bible Society, Chairman of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, President of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute, and held many other responsible offices. The freedom with which he gave his labor, time and money to religious and philanthropic work, made a place for him in the community which will not be easily filled.

Mrs. Baxter and Pastor Stockmayer have been holding meetings in Nashville, Tenn., Allegheny City, Pa., and other places. They have been deeply interested in the services they held at Fisk University, the Roger William Institute at the Central Tennessee College. Mrs. Baxter writes that "the intense attention of the students was most touching, and our hearts have been greatly drawn out toward them as God enabled us to open to them in the Scriptures, the life of Christ in his people and the coming of the Lord."

Additional Contributions for the Relief of the destitute in New York:

A sister's mite, Lyons, N.Y., 50c; Duff, Alexander, \$1; Friend, Blue Rapids, Kan., \$1; Friend, Montpelier, Vt., 60c.; Friend, Thomaston, L. I., \$2; Hawkins, Mary, \$2; Howard, Florence, \$1; Hall, R., 50c.; In His Name, Pleasant Grove, Ind., 70c.; Passer by Relief Station No. 12, \$4; Passer by Relief Station No. 12, \$1.50; Simpson S. S., \$4.50; Sub'r, Mich., \$2; Mrs. N. St. Souvens, 77c.; C. W. and E. L. E., Lyons, N. Y., \$1.

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE TWO HEREDITIES.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: John 3: 6, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

THIS saying constitutes our Lord's justification for his stern demand for the new birth. Why must a man be born again? Because of his fallen nature. Nicodemus represents the culturists of the present day, who are always saying: "Educate men: develop them, bring out the good that is in them." "Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher come from God!" exclaimed this ruler of the Jews. As though he had said, "men need training and educating and thou art sent to be our divine instructor." "Nay," answers Jesus, "it is not instruction but regeneration which men need; verily, verily I say unto you except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Because men have been ill born they must be re-born. The flesh is flesh however cultivated, educated and developed, but it does not thereby become spirit. A new nature must be communicated before a new direction can be imparted: sin must have a divine life in order to have a divine character. Let us consider the two natures and the two heredities resulting therefrom.

1. The power of

Natural Heredity.

That sounds like a terribly severe saying which is promulgated in Exodus. "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." But if we bring in physiology to interpret theology it is simply saying that the stream of natural descent is irresistible and that whatever gets into its current will flow on through many generations. And there is no point in which history and the Bible more perfectly harmonize than here. The consequences of one man's sin may not come out in his own life, or in the life of his immediate descendants, but they are certain to come out sooner or later. A dead body in a river may float on for miles under the surface and out of sight, and then suddenly come to the top to defile the whole atmosphere with its putridity. So a sin persistently committed and pursued for a life-time will start a disease or curse which may not come to the surface for generations, but it is almost certain to re-emerge sooner or later. This is the only way I can account for certain facts which come under my observation. The suffering and sickness and calamity which I sometimes find in families which seem not to deserve any such thing appalls me. But the secret often comes out in this—that some ancestor has poisoned the stream of descent very far back, and that the stream has not yet run itself clear. It is, I admit, a terrible law and one which has been much blamed by the wisdom of this world. But the simple fact is that such is the law and we must submit to and obey it. The self-indulgences of to-day are draughts on posterity payable two or three generations hence.

The Obligation.

What a tremendous obligation does this law put upon us to live sober and righteous and godly lives. What Napoleon said to his army at the pyramids, "soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you," we may almost reverse and say, "forty generations are looking up to you." The character which you are constructing is not your own. It is the building-material out of which other generations will quarry stones for the temple of life. See to it therefore that it be granite and not shale. Of the two I would rather inherit a faulty character than transmit one, which is saying that I had rather be sinned against than sinning. For I conceive of no greater remorse to heap on one than to gather his children and children's children about him at the judgment day, and set their sins and woes and misfortunes before him and say—"It is your heritage of

transgression that treasured up wrath against the day of wrath for these." And then to take up the proverb of Scripture against him, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." It is your sin and suffering which have brought that eternal weight of woe upon these who are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. The laws of heredity are irresistible: my descendants cannot reap a harvest of "well done's" if I spend my life in sowing a seed field of ill-doing.

And what a far-reaching influence does this fact endow us with. It makes us the teachers and

Rulers of Generations yet Unborn.

Great wisdom as well as wit is contained in that answer of Dr. Holmes to the question of a friend. He was asked how early parental training should begin and he replied: "A hundred years before the child is born." You call that a paradox: I call it the deepest philosophy. In the present life of your child you may shape what is plastic and changeable, but what is fixed and unchangeable has been determined for generations back. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," says the proverb. True! with the pressure of your fingers you can twist a sapling so that it shall for all its life be gnarled and crooked, or straight and beautiful, as the case may be. But whether the tree shall bear sweet fruit or sour: whether it shall bear figs or acorns—that is something that cannot be determined by the pressure of your fingers,—the roots that strike far down and run far back. And heredity is the root of life, underlying long generations and taking the quality from them. A Puritan root was planted in the soil of Great Britain and nourished by rigid self-culture. In the Mayflower a slip of it was brought to our shores and here planted. It sent out its boughs unto the sea and its branches unto the river, and the oppressed of all nations came to find shelter under it. It is the quality of that root with its hundreds of years of rigid training and righteous living that has made New England character what it is. And when one of your Boston liberals stands up in his pulpit and preaches about "ethical culture," and says: "See how moral and virtuous we are, and how little need we have to depend on a dismal puritan orthodoxy to produce virtuous living," we reply in the words of Scripture: "Boast not thyself against the branches: but if thou boast thou barest not the root but the root tree." The very morality of Boston liberalism is the product of Puritan orthodoxy, and the very virtues of these advanced thinkers, as they call themselves, are the fruit of that old Calvinistic belief which stood for every point and punctilio of orthodoxy as though the destiny of the race depended on it. Culture can perhaps bend the sapling so that the tree which grows from it shall be straighter than it otherwise had been, but it cannot determine the future of that sapling, so that it is a thorn-tree now, it shall yet bear grapes hereafter. But regeneration in which the Puritan believed can do this. Yes! it is a wise saying: "Begin the training of the child a hundred years before it is born, and if you ask yourself 'when does my training and influence and example end let the answer be, 'A hundred years after I am dead.'"

II. The power of

Divine Heredity.

There is a text in the first epistle of John bearing on this point which is very striking: "Whosoever is born of God does not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is begotten of God." It is a saying which is very staggering to one's faith, and the interpretation of it has led to very opposite results—despair on the one hand and presumption on the other. One has said: "Alas, that settles it with me. It is no use for me to hope

any further. I am sensible of constant lapses into sin, and if the Bible says that 'whosoever is born of God does not commit sin' then certainly I must surrender, and concede that I am a stranger to the new birth," and so the words drive some to despair. Another says: "Yes, that is very clear: one that is born of God cannot commit sin. Therefore it is possible to attain to sinless perfection. And that is what I have done. I believe I have lived for several years now without committing a sin." And so the words lead others to despair. They should produce a result exactly midway between these two—an intense striving after holiness and an intense humility because we come so far short of it.

What then is the true meaning of the words; This: "Whosoever is born of God doth not habitually and willfully commit sin. Sin is

No Longer His Element

and sphere. If he falls into sin he escapes from it as soon as possible. While he was unregenerated he lived in sin and loved it: now that he is regenerate he lapses into sin and loathes it. A fish when thrown out of the water struggles in pain and anguish because out of his element: a wounded dove when dropped into the water flutters and struggles because out of its element. One's home is in the air, and the other's in the deep, and neither can be easy in the other's habitude. The Christian "is born from above" in the language of Scripture, and is therefore a citizen of heaven. He cannot drop into the element of earthliness and sin without being made miserable just as a man whose home and habitude is in sin and corruption would be unutterably wretched if thrust into heaven among the angels and redeemed spirits. And why is it said that the regenerate man doth not commit sin? "Because God's seed remaineth in him." That is to say, his birth from God gives him the abiding life of God—the eternal life, the divine nature, which

Tends to Holiness

as strongly as the natural life tends to sin. Birth and blood will tell to the latest generation. If some ancestor of mine got intoxicated a hundred years ago at General Washington's inauguration-day, I am somewhat the worse for it since a grain of wrong can be transmitted in its evil effects through generations. But praise God if some fore-father of mine "lived soberly and righteously and godly" a hundred years ago, I am so much the likelier to do the same since the seeds of righteous character are surely conveyed from parent to children and children's children. This is what the apostle means by these words. "Whosoever is born of God, God's seed remaineth in him." He has a divine ancestry to keep him toward holy living, to give him an impulse and tendency to righteousness.

What astonishing words are those when we seriously meditate upon them: "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." The very life of very God dwelling within him as the source and spring of holy action. That life is sinless and incapable of begetting sin. Reproduce it a thousand times and the fruit will be the same, sinless and only sinless. "Eternal life means a life without end," you say. Yes, and just as truly it means

A Life Without Beginning.

Therefore the Christian is a man whose training began not a hundred years before he was born, but a hundred ages. The springs of his holy living take their rise in the beginning with God. As a boat thrust out into the current of the Amazon or of the Congo has all the momentum of the headwaters of those mighty rivers behind it to bear it on, so a soul which by faith believes on Christ and thus comes into eternal life has the impulse of God's beginningless life behind it to bear it onward in righteous living.

Here is encouragement for the weakest sinner. You say, O, young man, "Alas, what is the use of trying to be good? My whole nature is against me. What avails it to turn the weather-vane to the South, when the wind is blowing from the North? And it is just as much use for me to say, 'I will do right, I will be good, when the whole trend and tendency of my nature is against me.' Very true, and therefore Scripture saith plainly: "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed, can be." That settles it. You cannot get right-doing out of wrong-being. You cannot get a rising virtue out of a fallen nature. Therefore, it is that when we believe, God puts another mind within us. "It is called the law of the

Spirit of life," which makes us free from the law of sin and death. Therefore, I beseech you, to let go of the fallen life of self, and lay hold of the risen life of Christ. The old life which is a perennial fountain of sin and death must be distrusted, mortified and put off: the new life in Christ Jesus must become our supreme reliance. For it is not only written "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," but it is also written, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh and these are contrary the one to the other." Take sides, therefore, with the Spirit and against the flesh. Trust to the death of Christ for the remission of sin: trust to the life of Christ for overcoming sin. So shall you be "conquerors and more than conquerors," through him that loved and gave himself for us.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

In an Emergency Missionaries Appeal to God instead of to the Law.

CPROVIDENTIAL escape from robbery and violence in China is thus narrated in the Baptist Missionary Magazine, by Rev. Edwin N. Fletcher, of Huchau:

The Lord has granted us a most marked deliverance out of the hands of our enemies, giving us very distinct answers to our prayers and greatly strengthening our faith. Just before the Chinese New Year there is a ceremony called "Welcoming Spring." In this city the chief feature is a procession of all the high officials to the temple just outside our gate. Of course a crowd gathers to witness the pageant, and the most favorable point for seeing the sight is on the wall and in the open spaces just around our buildings. In view of the large numbers and the miscellaneous character of the visitors likely to come in on such a day we thought it best to keep the doors closed and explain that on account of the presence of large numbers and the danger of petty thieving, to say the least, we would ask them to call another day. This seemed to occasion some disappointment to those who sought admission, although most of them at first accepted our explanations pleasantly enough. But they gradually became more boisterous, pounding on the doors and saucily demanding admittance. We began to be apprehensive, as there were as many as a thousand people about, and the dangers of the mob spirit are great.

The first direct violence was a volley of stones against our front windows. Our house is right upon the street along which the procession passes and the crowd gathers. Before we could close our shutters more or less panes were smashed in all but one of the windows on the two exposed sides of our house. This happened about half past ten, and they kept trying to force an entrance all the forenoon, for it was now apparent that there was a number of desperate spirits in the crowd.

You may well believe we were all praying most earnestly for deliverance. My wife and baby had gone over to the other house, where they had also smashed out all the glass in the one window they could reach. We remained praying with the brethren. At about half past twelve they succeeded in forcing the back gate of the large compound by digging out the wall around the doors, which is there composed of bricks instead of solid mud. Even after the door was broken down Brother Mason was able to keep them out for a time. Finally, however, they poured in, a hundred or more, in spite of our efforts to hold the door, rushed up the yard, burst into the house and poured up the stairway until both the upper rooms were full.

Brother Mason soon followed them up, finding he could do nothing at the gate, and going up the stairs among them prevented further thieving, and persuaded them to go down and out, some of the crowd joining him and exclaiming against the thieving. The vicious ones found they were too helpless a minority to attempt violence, and in less than an hour the yard was cleared and we were left in peace. When the crowd left some officials of low degree appeared to assess damage and promise restitution. This makes very clear the fact that it was of the Lord and not of men that we were not consumed. In fact it was just as an answer to the burden of our prayer that deliverance came, for we had been praying not for help from the yamen but that God would move the hearts of the people and turn them from their evil purposes. It was just this that saved us.

He Spoke to the Heart.

How Christmas Evans, the Great Welsh Preacher, Moved a Strange Audience.

CHRISTMAS EVANS, the great Welsh preacher, came to his reputation in a curious way, wrote the late Rev. E. Paxton Hood, a famous English clergyman and author. It was at one of those wonderful gatherings, held at Velinvole, in the immediate neighborhood of Llanelltyd. A great concourse of people was assembled in the open air. There was, perhaps, some hitch in the arrangements. Two great men were expected, but still some one other was wanted to break the ice—to prepare the way. On so short a notice, notwithstanding the abundant preaching power, no one was found willing to take the vacant place. Christmas Evans was there, walking about on the edge of a crowd—a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. The master of the ceremonies for the occasion, the pastor of the district, was in an agony of perplexity to find his man—one who, if not equal to the mightiest, would yet be sufficient for the occasion. In his despair, he went to Timothy Thomas; but he, declining for himself, said abruptly, "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the North? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully."

So the pastor went to him. He instantly consented. Many who were there afterwards expressed the surprise they felt at the communication going on between the pastor and the odd-looking youth. "Surely," they said, "he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" They felt that an egregious mistake was being committed, and some went away to refresh themselves, and others to rest beneath the hedges around, until the great men should come; and others, who stayed, comforted themselves with the assurance that, at any rate, the one-eyed lad would have the good sense to be very short.

But for the young preacher—while he was musing, the fire was burning—he was now for the first time to front one of those grand Welsh audiences, and to be the preacher of an occasion, which, through all his life after, was to be his constant work. He took a grand text: "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy, and unblamable, and unreprouvable in his sight."

Old men used to describe afterward how he justified their first fears by his stiff, awkward movements; but the organ was, in those first moments, building, and soon it began to play. He showed himself a master of the instrument of speech. Closer and closer, the audience began to gather near to him. They got up, and came in from the hedges. The crowd grew more and more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation.

The throng of preachers present confessed that they were dazzled by the brilliance of the language and the imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected young prophet. The surprise grew to amazement. Presently, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started to their feet; and in the pauses, if pauses were permitted in the paragraphs, the question went, "Who is this? Who have we here?"

His words went rocking to and fro; he had caught the people; he went swelling along at full sail. The people began to cry, "Gogoniad!" "Bendigedig!" The excitement was at its highest, when, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the mighty multitude, the preacher came to an end. Drawn together from all parts of Wales to the meeting, when they went their separate ways home they carried the memory of "the one-eyed lad" with them. Christmas Evans was from that moment one of the most famous preachers in the principality. Lord Byron tells us how he woke up one morning and found himself great. In those days a new great Welsh preacher was quite as famous a birth in the little country of Wales as the more famous reputation in the literary world of England.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

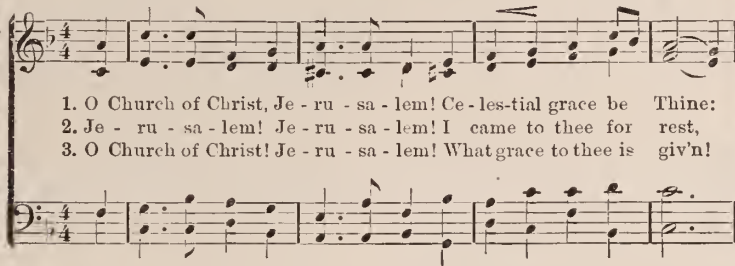


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

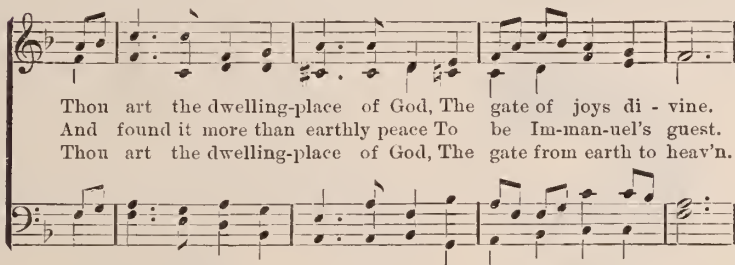
O Church of Christ.

H. BUTTERWORTH

REV. GEO. G. PRIPPS.



1. O Church of Christ, Je - ru - sa - lem! Ce - les - tial grace be Thine:
2. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! I came to thee for rest,
3. O Church of Christ! Je - ru - sa - lem! What grace to thee is giv'n!



Thou art the dwelling-place of God, The gate of joys di - vine.
And found it more than earthly peace To be Im-man-uel's guest.
Thou art the dwelling-place of God, The gate from earth to heav'n.



Where'er for me the sun may set, Wherever I may dwell, My heart shall



nev-er-more forget, My heart shall never-more forget Thy courts, Immanuel!

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From SELECT SONGS No. 2, by per. of the Publishers.

"IN HIS KEEPING."

SAVIOUR, keep me by thy side,
Nevermore from thee to stray;
Take me, and my weakness hide
In thy keeping day by day.

In his keeping, Oh! how sweet!
What could tempt my soul away?
Resting at my Saviour's feet,
In his keeping, come what may.

When the world would win my heart,
And my footsteps almost stray,
Jesus saith, "My child, thou art
In my keeping; come away."

Trouble cometh—grief and pain,
Friends and loved ones find release,
Thro' it hear the sweet refrain,
"In his keeping there is peace."

When thy face the storm doth hide,
And the water upward swell,
May we know, whate'er betide,
In thy keeping, all is well.

Then, when this brief life is past,
All its sighs and strivings o'er,

We shall reach our Home at last,
In his keeping, evermore.

R. F. MCCORMACK.

CHRIST SUFFICIENT.

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know my Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners crucified:
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

—DR. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

THE MILLENNIAL REIGN.

Christ's Reign on Earth During the Thousand Years to Be a Time of Universal Righteousness.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

(Concluded from page 297.)

ISAIAH transported with the glory of the millennial vision, bursts forth into the glowing, burning words: "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the nations shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory." (Isa. 60: 21, 62: 1-2.) Yes; and seeing that righteousness, and the exalted position which Israel in consequence thereof occupies, the inhabitants of the world will learn that it is "righteousness alone that exalteth a nation."

Lastly, all ultra-natural incentives to unrighteousness will be absolutely banished from the earth. Hitherto the story of Eve's temptation in the garden has been the history of all Eve's children. Not only as "the prince of the power of the air," has Satan "worked in the children of disobedience;" and "as a roaring lion" gone about "seeking whom he may devour;" but even of himself and the saints at Ephesus, Paul says: "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places," or, rather, "the aerial regions." (Eph. 6: 12.) "And I saw," says John, "an angel, having the key of the abyss and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the abyss, and shut it, and sealed it over him, that he should deceive the nations no more until the thousand years should be finished." (Rev. 20: 1-2.)

And how great a boon this banishment of Satan and his hosts will be to the world we can in some measure realize, not only from the history of the past, but also from the terrible results which almost immediately ensue, when, at the conclusion of the Millennial age, Satan will for "a little season be loosed out of prison and go forth to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth." Why this brief return of Satan to the earth, to work such dire mischief is divinely permitted; why, according to St. John, it "must" needs be so, is indeed harder to understand further than this: (1) that it will conclusively demonstrate the inherent frailty of the natural man even at his best estate and under the most favorable circumstances; and (2) the incurable malignity and wickedness of Satan which is in nowise eradicated or subdued, even by the penal judgment of a thousand years.

These, then, are the four strong pillars on which the righteousness of the coming kingdom will securely rest. It must not be supposed, however, that during the Millennial period the reign of righteousness will be universal—that is, beyond the limits of Israel, "the righteous nation that keepeth the truth," for the contrary is plainly implied in Zech. 14: 16-19, and other passages; but whereas now it may with truth be said that unrighteousness is the rule and righteousness the exception, then it will be equally true that righteousness shall be the rule and unrighteousness the exception.

Meanwhile, as the darkness falls, which is to deepen into a very "noon of night" over the world; as "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived;" as lawlessness, the noxious growth of ages, ripens its last deadly fruit; as the perilous times of the last days multiply their signs around us; still, above the shouts of victory that rise from the camp of the enemy, and amid the tumult of a world in arms against the Lord and against his Anointed, the watchful Christian can hear the Divine Voice, calm with the assurance of invincible power and immutable purpose, saying, "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord has said unto me, thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover, 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Erie House, New York.



CHRIST'S CALL.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing May 27. Ephesians 4: 1-6; 17-32.

CHRISTIANITY needs to be viewed in the light of a calling. Perhaps it has not so often been looked at in that point of view as it should have been. The importance of doctrine and right belief cannot be exaggerated, but they are not the whole of Christianity. We expect that right belief will issue in right conduct, and it ought to do so; but as a matter of experience we find that the effect does not always follow the cause. Irreproachable orthodoxy may, as many sad examples prove, be allied with unrighteousness. Character and conduct are essential parts of the religion of Christ. He came to save his people from their sins. They were to be delivered from the bondage of sin, from the dominion of the flesh, and from subservience to the principles of the world. They were called to a new life and were encouraged to obey the call by the assurance of forgiveness for past misconduct, and the promise of divine power for future holiness of life. The new birth was to be an introduction to a new relation to God, a naturalization in his kingdom, involving obedience to the laws of the kingdom and a behavior becoming citizens. The Apostle gives in the passage selected for the Topic a summary of these laws. As we read it we are impressed by the exalted conception of Christian life and character. A community in which every member was governed by such rules of action would be a model community, free from wrong-doing, from unkindness, from malice, uncharitable feelings, untruthfulness and all the ills of thought and speech and action which afflict human life in the world. It would be more. Negative goodness is not sufficient; there must be active love and helpfulness. Every member is expected to seek opportunities of doing good. This is not in mere gifts of money; charity, as we understand the word, is mentioned only incidentally. But there is to be a spirit of brotherhood cultivated, a readiness to serve others and promote their happiness. There is no limit to this spirit. Each one must be willing and eager to sacrifice his own interests, his time and labor in the service of the society or his individual brother. His own life must be pure, and he must be actively beneficent. That is the law of the kingdom, and it is easy to see how delightful and joyous life in such a kingdom must be. With all the mean, sordid, selfish, ambitious principles which govern life in the present day, banished, and in their place, love, gentleness, forbearance, kindness and helpfulness installed, the elements of true happiness are combined. It is to this that we are called. This is the kingdom Christ came to set up, not in heaven, but in this world. The call comes to each and every one that takes upon him the name of Christ. What if some do not obey? What if some are unfaithful? Then there is the more need of obedience on the part of others. There should be no complaining, but each should so live that if all were like him, the society would exist as Christ conceived of it.

THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION.

The prospects are good for a most successful convention of the Baptist Young People's Union at Toronto on July 19-22. Massey Music Hall has been engaged for the meetings. Prof. Vogt, the organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, has consented to take charge of the music during the convention, and since he is a musician of distinguished reputation, and a choir leader with few equals in this country, this part of the convention programme will be of superior order. The Transportation Committee has succeeded in making favorable arrangements with the railroads. All the passenger associations of the country from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from Winni-

peg, Quebec and Halifax to the Gulf have granted a one fare round trip rate, save the Western Passenger, which, too, is expected to follow in a few days. The special rate it is hoped will be extended west of the Mississippi to the Rockies, perhaps to the coast. Present indications are that it will be the largest convention for attendance in the history of the Union.

AN ACTIVE B. Y. P. UNION.

We are apt to think of the various young people's organizations as masses, and to dwell upon their strength and work in the gross as seen in their annual conventions; but it should not be forgotten that each organization is made up of small societies and its usefulness depends on the activity and fidelity of those component parts. The Convention is the field-day when these Societies appear in brigade formation for celebration and review. The real work and the real



MR. EDGAR C. LANE,

President of the B. Y. P. U. of Tremont Temple, Boston.

benefit come in the ordinary routine of the individual Society. In recognition of this fact, we publish this week the record of one Baptist Young People's Union which has become conspicuous by its activity and usefulness. It is the Union of Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., of which Dr. Lorimer is pastor. This was organized in September, 1891, and has now 337 members. During that period the sum raised and disbursed amounted to \$3,228.94. Over one-half of this sum went to the home and foreign Missionary Societies of the Baptist denomination, and the remainder for local objects of religious or philanthropic character. The Union is thoroughly organized for aggressive work. Its committees are numerous and their names indicate the kind of field they cover. These comprise Committees denominated respectively: Devotional, Instruction, Entertainment, Social, Missionary, Publication, Strangers, and Visitation of the Sick. These Committees are expected to render reports of their work to the general Society once a month. The aim of the Union is to interest every member in some special line of work for which he or she is best adapted and to secure active, personal labor directly in the work. In so large a church as that of Tremont Temple which has over two thousand members, there are ample opportunities for helpful personal effort. These the Union endeavors to fill, and it reaches beyond them to the non-churchgoing people in the city and to the special classes who are in any way in need of Christian sympathy and kindness. The President of the Union during its infancy was Mr. C. F. Jameson, one of the Deacons of the church. His successor, elected last month, is Mr. Edgar C. Lane, whose portrait with that of the Vice-President, Mrs. Edgar L. Rhodes, appears on this page. Both these officers, with Mr. F. F. McLeod, the second Vice-President, and the

Chairmen of the various Committees, are devoted to the interests of the Union, and have originated excellent plans for increasing its efficiency, and developing its powers of usefulness.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.

The Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters presented its second annual report at a large meeting recently held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Mrs. G. H. McGrew presided. The financial report showed that about \$3,500 had been raised during the year for the work, whose demands had been so great these hard times as to absorb this income and all but about \$700 of a balance from last year amounting to \$2,000. The report of the superintendent showed the following particulars: that the calls at the office were 7,073; average number of families under care each month, 102; cases of special nursing, 76; garments distributed, 5,913; bunches of flowers distributed, 15,008; mothers and children sent on day excursions, 596; mothers sent to the country for two weeks, 10; children sent, 255; ice tickets distributed, 689; days' work secured for women, 1,446; for men, 1,304; through the East Side Relief Committee and for street cleaning, 1,698; permanent work for men and women, 46; and that in the Penny Deposit Bank there are seven hundred depositors. Mr. Jacob Riis, the devoted friend of the poor, whose works have been the means of arousing sympathy and gaining help for the needy, eloquently presented the claims of the chapter to the support of the ladies of the city.

THE WORLD'S C. E. UNION.

The suggestion that a World's Union of Christian Endeavor Societies be organized, comes from Rev. J. W. L. Closs, President of the New South Wales Colonial Union. It has been well received here and in England and has the hearty approval of Dr. F. E. Clark, who says, editorially, "Of course



MRS. E. L. RHODES,

Vice-Pres of the B. Y. P. U. of Tremont Temple, Boston.

the World's Union, if formed, would rest on the basis on which all other Endeavor unions are. It would exert no authority over local Societies any more than the United Societies or State Unions. In the future, as in the past, the Society will owe allegiance only to its own church. It will stand for spiritual, not organic, unity. This World's Union will not multiply meetings, or increase our responsibilities. The little management that it will need can be safely entrusted to a small body of directors from the various Christian Endeavor countries, but it will stand for our spiritual unity, and represent our world-wide fellowship in a tangible, intelligible form."

THE Y. M. C. A. IN NEW YORK.

An exhaustive report of the Young Men's Christian Associations, of New York State, has just been issued by the State Committee, whose headquarters are at 40 East Twenty-third street, New York City. The report shows that there are now in the State in active operation 149 Associations, with an aggregate membership of 39,540. Work is carried on at twenty-seven points for railroad men, with a membership of 8,472. There are twenty-one College Associations with 1,526 members. Efforts are, also, made to reach French and German young men at four points. The Boys' Department have

a membership of 3,576. There are forty-nine buildings in the State, valued at \$3,048,050.

The lines of work include Educational classes in which special effort is made to help young men in their daily vocations, physical culture, social entertainments, Bible classes, Gospel meetings and the many attractions of fully equipped "homes" for the all-round development of the young men in our cities and towns. Connected with these statistics is a report of the proceedings of the annual convention, showing with more detail the progress made in the year. Addresses by Rev. R. A. Torrey of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, and by Association men, dealing with Association topics upon Educational, Athletic, College, Railroad work, etc., and the problems in the development of this particular field of work which were delivered at the convention are included in the report.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor Societies and the Sunday School Association of St. Louis have raised more than \$4,000 for those out of work.

Mr. W. G. Sprigg, of the Melbourne Y. M. C. A., is leaving Australia to take up the work at Cape Town, where he has been appointed general secretary.

At the end of April the Epworth League comprised 12,290 Chapters and 2,526 Juniors. This shows a gain during the month of over three hundred Chapters or more than ten a day.

The "Northwestern Christian Advocate" says that a prayer-meeting is held at five o'clock every Sunday morning by a number of young men of a Pennsylvania Epworth League to pray for the salvation of their friends.

The newly organized Young Men's Christian Association at Calcutta, India, is about to establish a branch in the centre of the native student population. Thousands of these natives speak English, and it is believed that a great work can be accomplished among them.

Native Young Men's Christian Association work has been begun at Chefoo, North China, with encouraging prospects. Dr. Corbett, of the American Presbyterian Mission, presided. Four or five Christian natives spoke. A second place has been opened and at present it is hoped to work the two, three nights a week each.

The National Council of the Y. M. C. A., of Sweden, have arranged for a grand Swedish concert at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, June 5, at 3 p. m., to be given by a select choir of sixty-eight high-class Swedish singers, who will visit England to sing during the Jubilee of Y. M. C. A. there. The object of the concert is to support the work of the Associations in Sweden.

The General Secretary of the Epworth League is expected shortly on the Pacific coast and preparations are being made there to give him a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. Dr. Schell's journey thither will be broken at various points to give the Leaguers an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with him.

A branch of the Young Women's Christian Association was formed at Rathowen County, Westmeath, Ireland, about a year ago in connection with a gathering for sewing and Bible study which had for some time been held among the women of the neighborhood. With God's blessing the work has grown and flourished so much that it now numbers thirty-nine members, who meet weekly. In the last twelve months 210 articles of clothing have been made for the poor Protestants of the neighborhood.

The new organization of the Boston Y. P. U., is divided into four districts, one for each Association. The Central Union acts through its governing board as an advisory board to the four Associational Unions. There are to be two meetings or "rallies" of the Central Union every year; one in March, the other in September. The March rally is to be the business meeting and election of officers and committees. The Associational Unions are to hold rallies in each of the four Associations at least every two months. R. J. Condon has been elected president.



A Royal Outing.

Queen Victoria's Visit to Italy—The Beautiful Villa Fabbriotti.

AT the present season, when Europe is at peace, and crowned heads are amiably disposed towards each other, an interchange of courtesies is going on which, to us at a distance, looks very charming indeed. Quite recently, Queen Victoria visited Italy, and was received with great pomp and demonstration by King Humbert and a host of Italian officials. On her arrival in "the City of Flowers," as Florence is poetically called, she was driven to the beautiful Villa Fabbriotti over a path literally strewn with flowers, flung by enthusiastic Florentines. At the Villa, a huge posy of lilies of the valley in a great majolica vase, awaited her, together with a bouquet of red roses.

The Villa Fabbriotti (which is shown in the illustration), is one of the most charming residences in Europe. It is on an eminence known as the Collina Montughi and overlooks Florence. Built by the famous Connt Fabbriotti in 1848, it is a sumptuous, ornate, and imposing edifice, surrounded by a spacious terrace. The east and west wings of the building are connected by an entrance court roofed with glass and adorned with fresco paintings on the walls; balconies on the first floor, adjoining the Queen's private apartments, command a delightful view. The gardens, though on a steep ascent, are laid out with many beautiful walks. Indeed, the whole hill is covered with gardens and looks like a semi-tropical Paradise, with its brilliant display of flowers of every hue, fragrant shrubberies and dark green cypresses as a background. The view to be had from the windows and terraces is incomparably fine, taking in a sweeping circle of hills, with snow-tipped peaks, while the green vale of Arno lies below, marked here and there by farms and villages.

There are few buildings in Southern Europe, outside of the palaces, that have been more enriched by art than the Villa Fabbriotti. Its walls and ceilings are frescoed by eminent artists, and the grounds are made still more beautiful by the addition of statuary and bronzes. In one of the old rooms of the Villa, Princess Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's loveliest sister, passed away. She was in many respects a remarkable woman, and almost worshipped her brother, whose death at St. Helena gave her a shock from which she never recovered.

There is a portion of the eminence of Montughi, on which the Villa is built, that possesses a strange historical and religious interest. The Ughi were a powerful family with many palaces and strongholds. They were called the "Avvocati della Hlensa," or Advocates of the Church, and in this capacity represented the Bishop of Florence in all quarrels which, according to mediæval custom, had to be decided by an appeal to arms, or, as it was then called, to the "judgment of God." The Bishop, as a priest, could not fight in person, so he retained the Ughi to fight for him, and the tie between the two parties was acknowledged by an annual offering of certain articles of food from the Bishop to his advocates. On a special day in the year this offering was brought with great pomp from the Bishopric to the Ughi Palace, and the custom continued until quite a recent date.

Royalty has its embarrassments, and,

when it takes to the country for an outing, it is pleasant to know that its surroundings are usually shorn of much of their pomp and display. At the Villa Fabbriotti Victoria has reserved for her own use a simple suite of four rooms on the first floor. Every day there is religious service at the Villa, but on Sunday the service is specially fine. Princess Beatrice trains a choir for the Sunday service. There are only a few guests. In the mornings of week days the Queen drives about the neighborhood in her familiar donkey-carriage, and later in the day she usually accompanies some of her grandchildren on a short outing to the Armo, the Pitti Palace, or some other place in the suburbs, or to the English cemetery, where she can often be found musing among the monuments.

Poverty No Bar to Success.

Interview the most successful business men you know, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that they began life as poor as

woman who was obliged to wait at the breakfast table for a dozen boarders to straggle down, in her waiting moments manufactured yards of a dainty lace, which she found a profitable way of employing the time. Another young woman, who daily waited a quarter of an hour for an elderly friend to go driving, kept a book on the hall table, and in waiting times of one summer, managed to do a creditable amount of historical reading. Another kept a book "going" in each room of the house, and whenever she waited for dinner, managed to read a few chapters of whichever book was handiest. The only reading moments of one busy woman was the time she spent every day putting her baby to sleep, and her book was kept in readiness for the operation.

Home Prayers.

What shall we gain from family prayer? For ourselves, an uplift for the day, the starting of our work upon a higher plane, an added assurance of help wherever we shall find need, and the setting straight of what has already gone awry; for our children and the stranger who may be within our gates the proof, if proof be needed, that our religion is first and foremost in our hearts, a thing of which we have no cause to be ashamed, no desire to keep in the background, that we may rely upon our God for help in all we are to do and meet throughout the day. If, then, into the little service we put what is best in ourselves, will not the children, even though they may receive no immediate benefit, recall the hour and circumstances after they have gone away from us—possibly some word, or

FRIENDSHIP.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them; and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land,
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—ALICE CARY.

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

IF the Lord's day is made a day of peculiar delight to children, with the understanding on their part—as they come to years of understanding—that this is because the day is peculiarly the Lord's day, there is a gain to them, so far, in the Lord's plan of the Sabbath for man's welfare in the loving service of the loving God, writes Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. But if, on the other hand, the first impressions in the children's minds concerning this day of days are, that it is day of harsh prohibitions and of dreariness and discomforts, there is so far a dishonoring in their minds of the day and of him whose day it is; and for this result their unwise parents are, of course, responsible.

As children grow older, and are capable of comprehending more fully the spiritual meanings and privileges and possibilities of the Sabbath, they need more help from their parents—not less help, but more—in order to their wise use of the day, and to the gaining of its greatest advantages. The hour of family worship ought to have more in it on the Lord's day than on any other day of the week. Its exercises should be ampler and more varied. Either at that hour, or at some other, the Sunday School lesson for the week should be taken up and studied by parents and children together.

There are homes where the children have a Sunday School of their own, at a convenient hour of the day, in the family room, led by father or mother, or by older brother or sister, with the help of maps and blackboards, or slates. There are other homes in which the father leads a children's service of worship, in the early evening, and reads a little sermon from some one of the many published volumes of sermons for children.

Wherever either of these plans is adopted, there should be a part for each of the children, not only in the singing and reading, but in asking and answering questions.

Apart from such formal exercises as these, one child can be showing and explaining a book of Bible pictures or of Scripture cards to younger children; or one group of children can be picking out Bible places or Bible persons from their recent lessons. Variety in methods is desirable from week to week, and variety is quite practicable.

A Chinese Idea of the Piano.

A Chinaman, lately returned from a trip to Europe, treated his countrymen to the following description of the piano: "The Europeans keep a four-legged beast, which they can make to sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, while, at the same time, striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird's, is pleasant to hear. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."



VILLA FABBRICOTTI, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA LODGED WHEN IN ITALY.

the poorest. But they did not seek their betterment at the hands of other people. With character, industry and a resolute spirit, they carved their own fortunes; and this is true of the tens of thousands who control to-day the financial resources of our land. It is true that in America, as elsewhere, idleness and dissipation and bad business methods will clothe a man in rags; but the men who retain their success longest are as a rule those who have made it by their own earnest efforts.

Saving the Odd Minutes.

Fifteen minutes waiting for the lazy ones to come down to breakfast! writes Mrs. Margaret Sangster. Fifteen minutes for the unpunctual ones to go for a walk or a drive! Fifteen minutes waiting for the luncheon or dinner bell to ring! Fifteen minutes waiting for a dressmaker's pleasure, for the child to come back from an errand, or for the restless baby to go to sleep! Not to speak of the half-hours and hours spent in trains and boats! Something can be done with these odd moments which are so exasperatingly unproductive to the diligent ones. A

prayer, or verse, and because of it he kept or helped in ways we dream not of? Of course, there is the danger of its becoming a mere form, and so in time growing distasteful and irksome, but that lies in our proper power to prevent.

Walking Biographies.

In Japan, every part of one's toilet is eloquent. Every fold of the dress, every turn of the sash, has its meaning. You can tell the sex of the tiniest baby by its garments, for the little girls have the brightest, gayest colors. Every woman is a walking biography of herself. You know by the dress, the coiffure, the sash, her rank, her age, her position. The wife's dress differs from the maiden's, and pure womanhood has its insignia of honor which immoral women may not wear. You might object to the dress etiquette which betrays years in the arrangement of the costume, but in Japan it is considered quite as much of a compliment to ask a woman her age as it would here be considered an impertinence. She will always answer you at first by saying, "How old do you think?"



CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

MRS. LANIER expressed no further solicitude as to the chances of detention in his homeward journey. The clear shining of his holiday mood continued throughout the walk and talk.

Mrs. Paull paused for a last look at the outer scene before entering the house.

"Our white Christmas is over!" she said, regretfully. "There goes the stroke of twelve! Ah, well! we have enjoyed every blessed minute of it. 'From early morn to dewy eve,' it has been without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. We give it back to God as pure as when we received it from his hand."

"And so went our white king to his burial!"

Her brother looked at her in surprised inquiry.

"You spoke of a ringing in your ears or brain, of a certain snatch of a song. That sentence has haunted me all day. I read it in an account of the execution of Charles I., written as you may know, by a devoted royalist. The snow fell upon his bier as they carried it to the vault; when it got there, the black velvet was as white as wool. 'And so went our white king to his burial,' are the concluding words of the narrative. That they should pursue me to-day is an absurd, and, so far as I can judge, a causeless haunting, although I do not deny that I am a Stuart-lover."

"Now, your lines are beautiful, comforting and always apt."

He hummed them in putting together the brands on the hearth, and piling on stout logs that would be ablaze by the time Lanier and Marie returned:

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.

"I don't know that I care to get away from my 'haunting.' I could lay nothing pleasanter to heart. And the inevitable association of 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows' is a soft pillow for temples a-throb with the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches."

"Good night, my Evangel! God bless and keep you and give you many, many more white days!"

Mrs. Paull caught up his haunting rhyme, going over words and tune musingly, a smile upon her lip, as she laid off her dress, put on a wrapper, and went back to the parlor-fire. She stirred the bed of scarlet coals, lay back in her father's chair, her feet upon the embroidered stool and thought her own happy thoughts until the merry-makers found her there, fully awake to the interest of the story of their drive and entertainment.

Marie kissed her of her own accord, outside of her mother's chamber-door.

"You are too good to me, mamma! I wish I were a better child to you!"

"All dear and lovely things have come to me this Christmas-tide!" murmured the mother as she laid her head on the pillow and heard the toll of "one" from the hall-clock.

She was talking asleep when the humming of a distant choir seemed to bring to her the fragment of the "old song our father loved to hear you sing." She could have fancied that she heard her brother's voice in the celestial music:

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.

She sat up, startled, but partially awake; then smiled and sank back among the pillows.

"Dear, dear old Roger! No wonder that I dream of him!"

The stillness of night and slumber enwrapped dreaming household and landscape. Except that the morning pines responded fitfully to the captive winds under the ice, and that long, brooding breathings stirred the unclothed limbs of oaks and hickories, nothing moved in the solemn amphitheatre within the rampart of the hills, until, at four o'clock, the snow began to fall.

Great flakes drifted straight eastward, and caught upon and clung to the trees, floating down and down, slow and large, until the nearest hills were invisible behind the wavering white veil. The trees ceased their sighing under the increasing weight of damp snow; the mysterious groans beneath the ice were muffled out of hearing; the earth that had slept while the moon shone, lay dead in her misty shroud.

Over her, morning broke dimly and reluctantly. Everything in the landscape had suffered a snow-change; fences were buried out of sight, and all traces of highways were obliterated; the lake was no more level than the meadow beyond it; one-half of the benignant snow-image presented to view a misshapen obelisk, majestic still in disfigurement. On the northward and lakeward sides of the dwelling, there were embankments of snow against the foundation, darkening the cellar, and upon the roof, pediments and turrets never built there by mortal architecture, and white "pointings" of bricks and stones that were not there yesterday. On one end and the front the gray dawn could not penetrate the snow-encrusted windows, and the red shine of the newly-kindled fires showed murky from without, even after the inmates were up and stirring to make all ready for Uncle Roger's early breakfast.

The panes of the south chamber case-ments were clear. Facing that which looked toward the east—as one who watched to see the day break and the shadows flee away—with a smile that was not expectation, but fullness of satisfaction upon his lips, lay a pale sleeper who would not arise with the rest at the call of the new day.

"And so went our white king to his burial!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
I know each day will bring its task
And—being blind—no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that someone came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."
—H. H.

Roger Lanier's loving thoughtfulness for his sister thrown so sadly upon his generosity and protection, and whom he had cherished fondly to the end, was further exemplified in his will.

The property bequeathed to her by their father, and judiciously invested by the son, was committed to the care of his fellow and surviving trustee, who was also his business partner. For himself, he devised to Alice Paull, and her children after her, Pinehurst with garden, orchard and woodlands adjacent—in all, thirty acres; ten thousand dollars for her own use in fee simple, and two thousand to each of her five children; Lanier's and Marie's legacies to be paid to them at once, those of the younger children to accumulate under their mother's management, until each should reach his, or her majority. There was a long list of minor bequests, including one hundred dollars a piece to Mary Williams and Elspeth Boyd.

He had forgotten nobody whom want or worth had brought to his notice. From the grave in which they laid, that white Christmas week, all of him that could die, he continued to exert the beneficent influence that had been an essential part of his nature. Being dead, he yet spoke of the Divine lavishness learned at the feet of him who gave his all for an unloving world.

Above that grave there arose in due time a stately obelisk, bearing upon one side of the base the last text upon which his living eyes had rested, and which his reverent tongue had uttered:

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,
For the end of that man is peace.

Upon the obelisk, and beneath the brief record of his name and age were the lines:

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.

"He has fallen, as he would have wished—with his full armor on!"—wife and sister said to one another. "For him the exchange is all gain. For us—"

Words failed them there. Apart, and in her own home, each gathered her children under her wings, and, looking upon their helplessness, braced body and spirit to do a woman's part in her shattered life.

Upon the peaceful household of Pinehurst, the bereavement had fallen with terrible suddenness and weight. Mrs. Paull had herself gone to knock at her brother's door in season to awaken him for his breakfast and journey, and receiving no reply, entered, supposing that he had arisen and gone down stairs to make observations as to the depth of the snow-fall, and calculate the chances of reaching the city in time to keep his engagement.

When the numbness of the first shock passed before returning and poignant sentience, nurse, son and servant were alarmed for her health and reason. The exquisitely tender and vivid memories of Roger's latest words and looks, of the graceful play of fun and fancy that had enlivened the sweet counsel they had held together on that never-to-be-forgotten night; the full and affectionate confidence he had poured out upon her—his "Evangel!"—added keenest regret to natural grief at the loss of the strong staff of her worse-than-widowhood.

For ten hours after she had found her brother asleep, with the frozen sweetness of the smile that visits mortal lineaments but once, upon the finely-molded face, not a single tear softened eyes that were perilously bright; the flush of cheek and lips reminded Elspeth and Mrs. Williams of the earlier stage of the illness that had once nearly wrecked life and mind. Relief came strangely and unexpectedly.

Owing to the heavy fall of snow, not only the highway to Pedlington was blocked up, but the railway from that town to New York was not cleared for passenger-trains before the afternoon, and Mrs. Lanier did not reach Pinehurst until after dark. As the distant sound of sleigh-bells warned Mrs. Paull of her approach, she came out upon the piazza to receive her sister-in-law and espied the fallen bulk of the snow-image, hurriedly toppled over by the shovels that had removed the drifts, and now prone and unconsidered among the heaps thrown up in cutting a path to the carriage-drive. The arm, outstretched in welcome or benediction, was gone, and the lower limbs were confused with the surrounding masses, but trunk and head were distinguishable in the moonlight, and the indelible expression of majestic calm the effigy had worn while upright.

"It would not surprise me out of my wits if our venerable friend there were to break loose from his moorings and fall into step with us."

The gay laugh that went with the pleasantry rang anew in her ear, and the manly tones that were henceforth to be but an echo for all time.

"It is nothing but snow and it has outlasted him!" she cried out, and lapsed into wild weeping in her son's arms.

"Thank God!" said Dr. Lyell aside to his brother-in-law. "The worst is over!"

The two men, with Mrs. Morse, had been at the house, or attending to business connected with the sad event, all day. They accompanied the remains to the city and were present at the funeral and burial—quiet, unobtrusive and efficient, such friends and neighbors as prosperity seldom develops. The day of the interment was one of fierce tempest—an ice-storm long-remembered by those who were exposed to it. By request of the widow and sister of the deceased, Mr. Morse offered the prayer of committal at the grave, standing bare-headed during the brief service, and driving back to town in his wet clothes.

The next afflictive news brought to the mourners in the lakeside homestead was of his severe, and soon, his dangerous illness. Four weeks' suspension between his bed and the tomb left him the spectre of his hale and comely self. As soon as he could travel, his brother-in-law asked leave of absence for him of the church, which was instantly granted, and early in February he sailed, under Dr. Lyell's care for the south of France.

All had come to pass with terrifying swiftness—when one recalls the jocund spirits of the parsonage and Pinehurst households on the Christmas afternoon, re-

moved into the far past in the imaginations of the participants in the innocent revelry. It required no common exercise of will to readjust domestic machinery and to lay again a firm hand upon the guiding lever.

As Mrs. Morse drove through the wood separating the Pinehurst house from the highway, one bleak March afternoon, she awoke abruptly to the conviction that, into the intercourse of the past few weeks which had ripened warm friendliness into intimacy, she had received, rather than imparted hopeful courage. She had fallen into the habit of repairing to Mrs. Paull when she was lonely or despondent because of her husband's absence and ill-health; when an expected letter did not arrive; when a parishioner was capacious, or over-sensitive, or there was sickness in her nursery—and she never went away unsatisfied. She was ingenuous with herself as well as impulsive with her friends, and her eyes once opened, she did not spare self-rebuke.

"One might suppose that I was deserted and bereaved—and not she!" jerking the reins upon the unoffending horse. "I have taken everything, and given nothing. I have talked of myself and my concerns like a selfish baby, and she has listened like a sympathizing angel. Just let me get a chance to turn the tables once—and won't I try to stand better in my own opinion?"

Not a human creature was in sight when she drew up at the lakeward front, and although the blinds were open, the dwelling had to her fancy a lonely aspect, enhanced by the trim order of grounds and outhouses, which generally relieved the isolation of the location. She was about to tie her horse to the hitching-post at the right of the house, when a door opened in the barn, and a red-haired Scotchman who had been employed upon the place for a year or more, issued from it.

"Is Mrs. Paull at home, Robert?"

"Na,—and she's not, ma'am. I'm just back from driving her to Pedlington—her, and the wee missie."

"Then,"—began the visitor, disappointed—

"Wull ye be sae guile as to walk in ma'am?" said Elspeth from behind her. "Robert! ye'll look after the beast. My mistress lett a word for ye, if ye suld call as she thoct like ye might. Wull ye step into the parlor, if ye please, ma'am?"

"Let me come right into the kitchen where you were sitting, Elspeth,"—suitsing movement to word. "I am always delighted to get a peep at it. Nobody else's kitchen is so neat and cheerful,—and indeed so pretty now, that your geraniums are all in bloom. How do you coax them to blossom all the time? This is more like a green-house than a kitchen. And, I declare, your roses are all in bud!"

An odd agitation in the woman's demeanor prompted her to talk on to give Elspeth a chance to resume her usual manner.

"Robert says that Mrs. Paull has gone to Pedlington and taken Gladys with her. Will she come home on the stage, or stay all night in New York?"

Elspeth tossed her apron over her head and sobbed chokingly, still standing bolt upright in the middle of the floor.

"What has happened? Is there any bad news? Tell me, quick!" demanded Mrs. Morse, her heart sinking desperately low.

"O, do try to speak!"

"Bad news, ma'am! There could hardly be waur for us a'! It's nane that wull mak' ye more than middlin' sorry!" faltered the handmaiden between the gulps that essayed to swallow her emotion. "She bade me not to keep back the truth frae ye, who ay lo'ed the misguided lassie weel and hae proven yersel' the true friend to us in a' our adversity."

Mrs. Morse whitened under an awful foreboding.

"You cannot be talking about Marie. She is not—dead?"

"Mayhap it wad be better for us and for hersel' an' she war!" hopelessly Gaelic in the sloughs of her distress. "She's gane, Mrs. Morse! gane awa' to join hersel' to him! God forgie me! but I could wish he had sunken to the bottom o' th' seas when he crossed them himsel', before, like the eerie de'il he is, before he temptit me bairnie wha I nursed i' these arms when she waur but ane hour auld—to follow him!"

Mrs. Morse felt the cold sweat ooze out upon lips and forehead.

"Elspeth, what are you saying? I cannot—I will not believe that Marie has eloped! she would not run away from home and friends to join any man alive. There is some frightful mistake in all this."

(To be Continued.)

A Mission in a Theatre.

(Continued from first page.)

tion; but such was his faith in God and his confidence that the work would be divinely sustained, that in September of that year he had completed all arrangements for opening the Portland mission. It was in the highest sense a work of faith, and the result has shown that reliance on divine approval was abundantly justified.

The following shows the work of the Gospel Union Mission for the six months ending March 31, 1894:

	Attendance	Daily Average	Rose for prayer	Converted	Meals furnished	Lodgings	Employ. found	Clothing given	Medicine given	Reading room
October	2768	90	116	39	20	9	7	2	2	1300
November	4565	152	200	78	341	265	30	26	2	1560
December	5800	187	233	125	101	1144	23	22	1	1820
January	4575	148	177	69	110	946	39	37	3	2050
February	4395	157	195	80	90	1100	20	41	2	1950
March	4695	151	294	84	93	155	14	16	1	450
Total	27798	147	1215	475	755	3619	133	144	11	9160

Many pastors in Portland, irrespective of denomination, have united in commending the work of the Mission. Rev. Roland D. Grant, of the First Baptist Church, writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on this subject, says:

"I never saw any more striking evidence of divine guidance than in the coming of Mr. John C. Appel to our city, and the work done by him. The work began from the first evening, and began right. Novelties here are held off at arm's length as long as possible, and not given a very warm welcome. But there was no holding this off; it had not come for that purpose. Mr. Appel is perfectly adapted to every department of Christian work, well balanced and full of a beautiful faith. The poor, sinning men yield easily to his tender but firm appeals. Every body has perfect confidence in him, and it is now no longer a question of how much the Christian people can do for the Mission, but how much spiritual good and inspiration they can get from the Mission. I do not mean in the number of converts, but in the spiritual blessings to the workers in the different churches, who go so willingly and hungrily to the nightly services. Incidents of intense interest could be related. The conversions have been of the deeper and stronger sort, to encourage a high grade of faith."

One of the most gratifying results of the Mission work has been an earnest awakening among the local churches of Portland. In the First Baptist Church, a season of remarkably successful evangelistic services recently closed, at which many accepted Christ. The Second Baptist Church had a somewhat similar experience, with numerous conversions and substantial growth in membership. The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Portland held five weeks of revival services, at which upwards of 100 persons entered into the Christian life. St. Paul's M. E. Church and Grace M. E. Church also had rich spiritual awakenings. The First, Third and Fourth Presbyterian, Forbes, Westminster, St. John's, Cavalry, and Bethany, all Presbyterian, and the First United Presbyterian, all shared in the general revival and were materially strengthened in membership. While the meetings were in progress, the power of the spirit was made manifest in the many requests for prayer and the genuine conversions that took place at almost every service in the different churches.

The directors of the Gospel Union of Portland are: J. C. Appel, Superintendent; Finley McKercher, G. M. Weister, R. G. Hamilton, E. H. Moorehouse, W. J. McKean, W. J. Hunter, W. A. Currie, W. C. Lee. Mr. McKean is President of the Board, and Mr. Hunter is Treasurer. There is, in connection with the work, a highly efficient Ladies Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Amelia J. Mead is President. The headquarters of the Mission are at No. 37½ North Portland street, in the building formerly occupied as the People's Theatre, but which has now been consecrated anew to the work of the Lord. In this old playhouse—the scene, in former years, of many wild gatherings—hundreds of precious souls have been brought to Christ. A portrait of Mr. Appel, Superintendent and Founder of the Mission, and an illustration representing the theatre during service, accompany this article.

A CHINA WOMAN'S GIFT.

A touching story of liberal giving in a heathen country is that of the old Chinese woman in the town of Chiva, near Tokio. She was a Christian, and her church was making great efforts to obtain a regular

church building. The members were assessed moderate sums and in most instances far surpassed the assessment, giving, as one of their number expressed it, "the double of the double." But this old woman, who had been wretchedly poor all her days, and had been saving money little by little for years to obtain for herself the fine funeral in which Chinese delight, gave to the church building fund all she had saved, the sum of fifty yen.

FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS.

(By a Reader of "The Christian Herald" in honor of Dr. Talnage's Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his Brooklyn Pastorate.)

FOR "five and twenty years,"
The banner's been unfurled;
The "Gospel of the Kingdom"
Has been preached around the world;
The voice that spoke it then,
Proclaims it still to-day,
While thousands are rejoicing,
And walking in "the way."

Up from the mines of earth,
And down from heights sublime;
From Russia's frozen regions,
And from Africa's sunny clime;
From far-off Australasia,
The islands of the sea,
These happy voices mingle,
And send good-cheer to thee.

What though the seas before thee,
And mountains round thee stand;
What though the powers of darkness,
Would push thee to the strand;
So soon as faith steps forward,
Those waters will divide,
For thee, a wall of safety,
To them, a whelming tide.

The jubilatic trumpets
Are sounding loud to-day;
While yet the cloudy pillar
Leads onward in the way;
The Marahs and the Elims
Will still thy spirit try,
But, Canaan is before thee,
And Jordan will be dry.

The shadows have departed,
The clouds have rolled away,
And God, in his good providence,
Brings in a better day;
Take courage then, nor falter,
But throw away thy fears,
And find thy compensations,
In "five and twenty years."

A MISSIONARY'S FAITH.

The Rev. Erwin H. Richards had labored in the heart of Africa for seven years, and not a single person had been converted. He was reading to the natives one day the passage, "Give to every one that asketh thee." The natives asked what that meant. Mr. Richards attempted to explain after the fashion of scientific charity. But the natives said that will not do. "Does your God not mean what he says?" And Mr. Richards said he would take some time to study what it did mean. He prayed to God for illumination, and when he returned to his class he told them that Jesus meant just what he said. Now the natives were the greatest thieves in the world, and when they heard what Mr. Richards said about God, they came to his house and began to carry his things away. Mr. Richards made no resistance. There was nothing left at last but the medicine chest, and his wife said, "Surely you will not let that go?" He replied that he guessed he would; that Jesus must have known what he said; and that he doubted not he would overrule the event for good. And the medicine chest went, and all was gone. That day was necessarily spent in fasting, but towards the evening one of the chiefs of the natives called the people together, and said unto them that he thought they were the most contemptible people on earth.

Here was the minister who believed in the word of his God and had not resisted when they took all he had. He proposed to give everything back that he had taken. All with one accord, followed his example, and before night Mr. Richards had more in the house than he had before. But that was not all. Three hundred of them were converted after that at one meeting, and from being the worst natives in Africa, they became the best, according to the testimony of Mr. Stanley. They had no locks on their

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doors in that country. Thieving was unknown. They practiced the principle of love towards each other.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

From "Friend," Spokane, Wash., \$1 for Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem; From Nellie Armstrong, \$15 for the China Inland Mission.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: "Friend," Charlestown, Ind., 25 cents; L. G., Randolph, Pa., 50 cents. Previously acknowledged, \$234.67. Total \$235.42.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: D. B., Brooklyn, \$6; "Friend," St. Paul, Minn., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$339.50. Total, \$346.50.

For the Bethany Lodging-House for Homeless Women: "Friend," \$1; Friend, Charlestown, Ind., 25 cents.

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work: Mrs. R. Lender, \$1; "Friend," Berkshire Co., Mass., \$1.

THE CONVERT'S ORDEAL.

Writing from Foochow, China, to the "Missionary Herald," Mr. Peet, the American Board's Missionary there, says that the mission was then at a season of the year which is particularly trying to native Christians. There is the sacrifice to this deity and to that deity; the worship of this idol and of that idol, so that during this time those who have professed the name of Christ stand out as marked men more than at any other part of the year. Two nights ago occurred the sacrifice to the kitchen gods. These idols are small in size, but are feared perhaps more than any other. I am told that they are the last ones to be given up. These households gods are supposed to start out on their annual visit to the supreme ruler to report to him the conduct of the people. The fortunes of a family for the coming year will depend on the account the household gods can give of the members of that family for the past year. It is highly important, therefore, that the gods should leave the earth with good impressions, and so feasts are gotten up in their honor, fire-crackers are set off, and incense burned before them. The students who have been connected with the mission school the past year, and who have been taught the wickedness of idolatry will be sorely tried, but we have good reason to believe that some, at least, will stand firm to their convictions. Two of the boys have already placed themselves on record by notifying their parents in advance that this year they will take no part in the ceremony.

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Salem, Ore.
We have a boy 9 months old who has been taking Mellin's Food for 8 months; he is healthy and happy. Mrs. McCALL.

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THE TRUE EVOLUTION.*

PHYSICALLY, notwithstanding the great general likeness between man and the higher animals, there is a distinct difference; for man had the power of modifying his environment, and only in a slight degree does he need to modify himself. He does not need to develop defensive armor against the attacks of wild beasts, does not require to don scales against his enemy as the crocodile does, nor grow sharp teeth and claws as the tiger does, nor to mimic offensive and nauseous qualities as the butterflies seem to do. He does not need to be so strong, or so swift, or so cunning as other animals. He has found ways less expensive than organic modification, and he has acted on them. He does not need to lengthen or to strengthen his arm in order to be able to lift heavy weights; he has in effect done both by discovering and utilizing the lever. His eye is not so keen as the eye of the eagle; but with an eye less keen he can see farther, for he has discovered the telescope. His eye may not be so fitted for microscopic vision as that of the fly; but he can see things so small as to be invisible to the eye of any other creature. He cannot spring so far as the tiger can; but he has discovered that a rifle bullet is swifter than a tiger's leap and stronger than a tiger's muscles. In short, he has ceased to modify his physical organism, having found out that he can succeed as well by modifying tools and weapons and making them serve his purpose. In winter many animals have to modify themselves to protect themselves from cold. But man simply puts on a thicker overcoat. They build their nests, they seek out dens and caves of the earth, or they may use other means of a simpler sort to protect themselves. But man has learnt to build houses, to warm them with fire, to supply himself with light when the sun goes down and in a hundred other ways to make a climate at his pleasure. Not only has he ceased to modify himself, and modifies his environment instead; he has pressed the organic modifications of other animals into his service. He has directed the modifications of certain grasses until he has produced wheat. He has taken animals and moulded them into a form which makes them of greater use to him. He makes use of the swiftness of the horse, and of the qualities of other animals which he has tamed and made submissive to his wishes. He has chained the lightning, he has harnessed steam to his carriage, and there is hardly any limit to the use he has made and is making of the agents and powers of the world. As with tools and weapons and houses and garments, so also with the power of recording and transmitting experience, man has found a more excellent and a more economic way. He does not inscribe his experience in the convolutions of the brain; he writes them in a book, and books are less expensive than brains, and the supply of book-material is much more ample and more easily procurable than brain matter. It is also more lasting; for brains vanish with the individual, and books last for all time. There is a marked difference between this kind of evolution and that with which we are familiar in the organic world. Here it is not the physical organism that is evolved; it is something else. No one will say that there is a growth of the human brain or the

nervous system which proceeds 'pari passu' with the evolutions of tools, of languages, of civilization. If in all physical characteristics man is man from the time when he first appears on the earth, then the evolution of arts, science, civilization has not been accompanied by corresponding organic changes. It would be well to recognize this, and for mental progress to devise a formula of evolution not now expressed in terms of matter and motion, but in terms of mind and reason. Not that we can dispense with mind and reason in the case of physical and organic development, for in it are discovered all the principles of a rational order; but in the latter kind of evolution both the order and the method of it and the thing which is developed can be expressed in terms of mind alone.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Songs of the Pentecost, Hymns and Music for the Forward Gospel Movement; International and Interdenominational; edited by Charles H. Gabriel and Rev. Isaac Naylor. Pp. 224; board covers; price 30 cts. Geo. Hughes & Co., Bible House, N. Y., publishers.

Bible Class Expositions: The Gospel of Mark; by Alexander MacLaren, D.D., an effort to render assistance to the teachers of the senior classes in the Sunday School by way of information and suggestion. 247 pp.; price \$1; published by A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York.

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A Strange Demonstration.

Bands of Unemployed Men March to Washington—The "Coxey Army."

A MOST remarkable demonstration occurred in Washington, recently, when several hundred men, representing all classes of the unemployed, and organized under the title of the "Army of the Commonwealth," arrived in the National Capital, after a long and arduous march from Ohio. Their leader, Jacob S. Coxey, is an extreme reformer, and their avowed object is neither war nor disturbance, but the securing of work for the idle and aid for the distressed, by Congressional action. Simultaneously with the movement of the

season, there are often heavy storms, yet they have never failed to appear. Now they have come to live here so as to attend day-school. They are nice-looking, well-behaved girls, very anxious to learn. To-night we have twenty-nine women and girls sleeping at the station on our side of the stream. Three or four are girls who usually sleep here Saturday nights so as to attend the Sunday services. The boys have started another preaching station. Mr. Currie is preparing four young men who will devote their time to evangelistic work—there are so many villages which we cannot reach.

MR. MOODY'S TRAINED WORKERS.

WHILE engaged in prosecuting his Columbian Evangelistic Campaign in Chicago, last year, Mr. D. L. Moody was fortunate in having at command one indispensable agency on which he could always draw in every emergency. This was the Chicago Bible Institute, a description of which appeared in this journal in January of last year. It was organized by Mr. Moody several years ago, for the training of Christian workers for all departments of service. There he found a small army of trained men and women ready and willing to serve at call. Some interesting facts concerning former students of the Institute have recently been collected, showing that 129 of their number have already gone forth into the field of missions; 64 into Africa, Burmah, China, Japan, Corea, India, Ceylon, Persia, Syria, Siam, Turkey, Micronesia, the West Indies, South America and Mexico, and 55 have taken up home mission work, in city and country, among Indians and Freedmen, and for Jews and Greeks. There are 28 engaged as secretaries of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, pastors' assistants and church visitors. Over 70 have become pastors of churches, in eight different denominations; 41 have entered into evangelistic work, and 8 are Gospel singers. There are 23 in various positions of responsibility, as superintendents of Mission Halls, principals of Academy and College, secretaries of various Christian organizations, matrons of Industrial Schools, choir leaders, colporteurs, etc. A large number have also entered various Theological and Medical Colleges, to secure fuller preparation for home pastorates or foreign missions. Thus already have the working forces of the kingdom of God been mightily reinforced through the agency of the Chicago Bible Institute, while hundreds more are passing through the same courses of training to the same end.

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

A sad story illustrating the law of heredity is told by Dr. F. Horton of the Isle of Wight, England. He says that a bright little girl joined a juvenile temperance society and was very earnest in getting her young friends to join. But her crowning achievement on which she had set her heart was getting her father to sign the pledge. He was a confirmed tippler, but he loved his child, and to please her he signed. The man went away and broke the pledge, but the little maid would not be discouraged, and in a few weeks she induced him to sign again, and this time he kept it. When this child grew to be a girl of seventeen she was one day invited to tea by some of her friends, who thought her a fanatic on the subject of temperance, and had concocted a plot to have a joke on her. When the first cup of tea was passed round and she had tasted it she burst into laughter which was almost maniacal. They asked her how she liked it. She said, "Very much," "Do you know what was in it?" they said. "No," she answered, "but whatever it was I will have some more." They had put rum in the tea, and the girl took some more, and that night she was carried home drunk, and from that night she never could be kept from the drink. She wandered away to Portsmouth, and there she ultimately died an outcast on the street. The little maid

had saved her father, but the virus of the father's sin was in the child's blood, and she perished through that taint.

A SUNDAY OBSERVER HONORED.

The command to honor the Sabbath is one which is so widely disobeyed in many parts of the civilized world, that it is refreshing to learn of any striking instance of obedience, even at the risk of great personal loss. Mr. Bond, a naval officer, began his career as private secretary to Admiral Sir Home Popham, who on one occasion while in Jamaica, directed him to prepare dispatches on the Lord's Day. "When are they required, Sir Home?" "For the home-ward mail," was the reply. "They shall be ready in time, but I cannot write them to-day," was the reply. "Mr. Bond, you should obey my orders." "I have done so, Sir Home, and will always, except when your orders interfere with my duty to God." Sir Home was greatly displeased, and abruptly left the office, and Mr. Bond joined his other brethren in their worship. When he handed in the dispatches, completed in ample time, Sir Home very generously said to him, "You were quite right; I sincerely regret speaking to you as I did, and you may rest assured that I shall not again ask you to do anything on the Sabbath which can be possibly avoided."



JACOB S. COXEY.

Coxey contingent, other bands of the unemployed gathered in several States, including California, Colorado, Illinois, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and set out for Washington, expecting to reach that city by May 1. Various causes combined to prevent the carrying out of the programme, and with the exception of Coxey's own band, none had reached the rendezvous at the time appointed. The latter, footsore and weary, came in with white flags of peace flying, and marched to the steps of the Capitol, where Congress was in session. The Washington police prevented them from going further and two of the leaders were arrested and the band dispersed. The leaders were afterwards released on bail. It was their purpose to submit to Congress a petition in the name of the unemployed men in the different States, asking for the enactment of various laws which they considered would improve the condition of labor and also demanding that the government give work to all.

This fanatical and misdirected movement, which has thus far happily been productive of no serious disturbance, has excited considerable sympathy for the men, who have experienced many hardships already. Coxey, the leader, is a resident of Massillon, O., where he has a farm and considerable other property. He, as well as other leaders, seem to have voluntarily devoted whatever substance they were possessed of to the Commonwealth cause.

It is unfortunate for the cause of the unemployed, and for the country generally, that such demonstrations should occur in a land where redress for all unjust burdens imposed upon any considerable portion of the community is more readily secured than in any other country on the globe. Such occurrences as that in Washington, far from helping the cause of the toilers, must really operate as a set-back, since they array class against class, and allow the spirit of demagogism and discontent to take the place of that cordial, fraternal feeling which usually exists among the citizens of the republic.

EAGER LEARNERS.

A letter from Cisamba, in West Africa, where Dr. Currie is successfully laboring, comes to the "Missionary Herald" from Miss Johnston of that station. She says: This week seven new girls have come to stay at the station, from Kapitango, a district six miles away, where some of our evangelists hold a service every Sunday afternoon. These girls have walked that distance and back every Sunday to attend the morning service and Sunday School, in fine or hot weather, and this being the rainy

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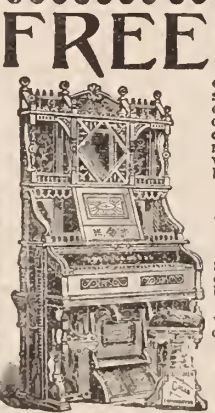
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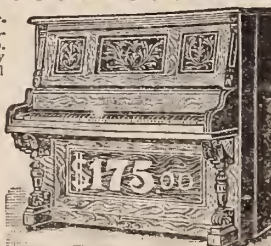
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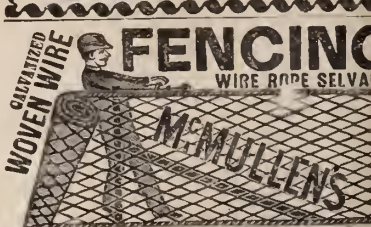
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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1894.

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* JUBILEE AND CONFLAGRATION. *

After a Splendid Two Days' National and International Celebration, in honor of its Pastor, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is Destroyed by Fire—Rejoicing Turned to Sorrow.

ONCE more the Brooklyn Tabernacle has been temporarily overwhelmed by disaster, and its pastor and people plunged in the deepest sorrow. The glorious building, finest and largest among the Protestant churches of America, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, May 13th. The week just closed had been one of unusual joy in the Tabernacle. On the evenings of May 10th and 11th, the spacious edifice was the scene of a demonstration,

in Brooklyn, and was made the occasion of a spontaneous popular tribute by the leading minds in the church, in literature, art, law, statesmanship and commercial life on two continents, expressive of the word-wide love and admiration in which the Tabernacle pastor is held. It was a tribute so spontaneous, emphatic and universal that it can be construed as nothing else than an inspiration on the part of the best elements of human society everywhere to cheer and encourage the world's greatest preacher to still higher, wider and, if possible, more consecrated effort in the Master's work. Such an outpouring of cordial appreciation seldom has fallen to the lot of any man on a public platform; a testimony so varied that it may be said to have come from all religions and all classes and conditions of men. The story of the reception is given here; that of the terrible conflagration that followed two days

had not reckoned on the many thousands of Dr. Talmage's friends in the different States, who for years, have read his sermons in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and who lovingly lay claim to be considered as a part of his audience and congregation. These friends naturally wished to share in the tribute to the great preacher, and so also with the still other and more remote thousands in distant lands, north and south of us and across the seas, who also wanted to be represented. Thus, as the arrangements progressed, the proposed tribute assumed a national and international character.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

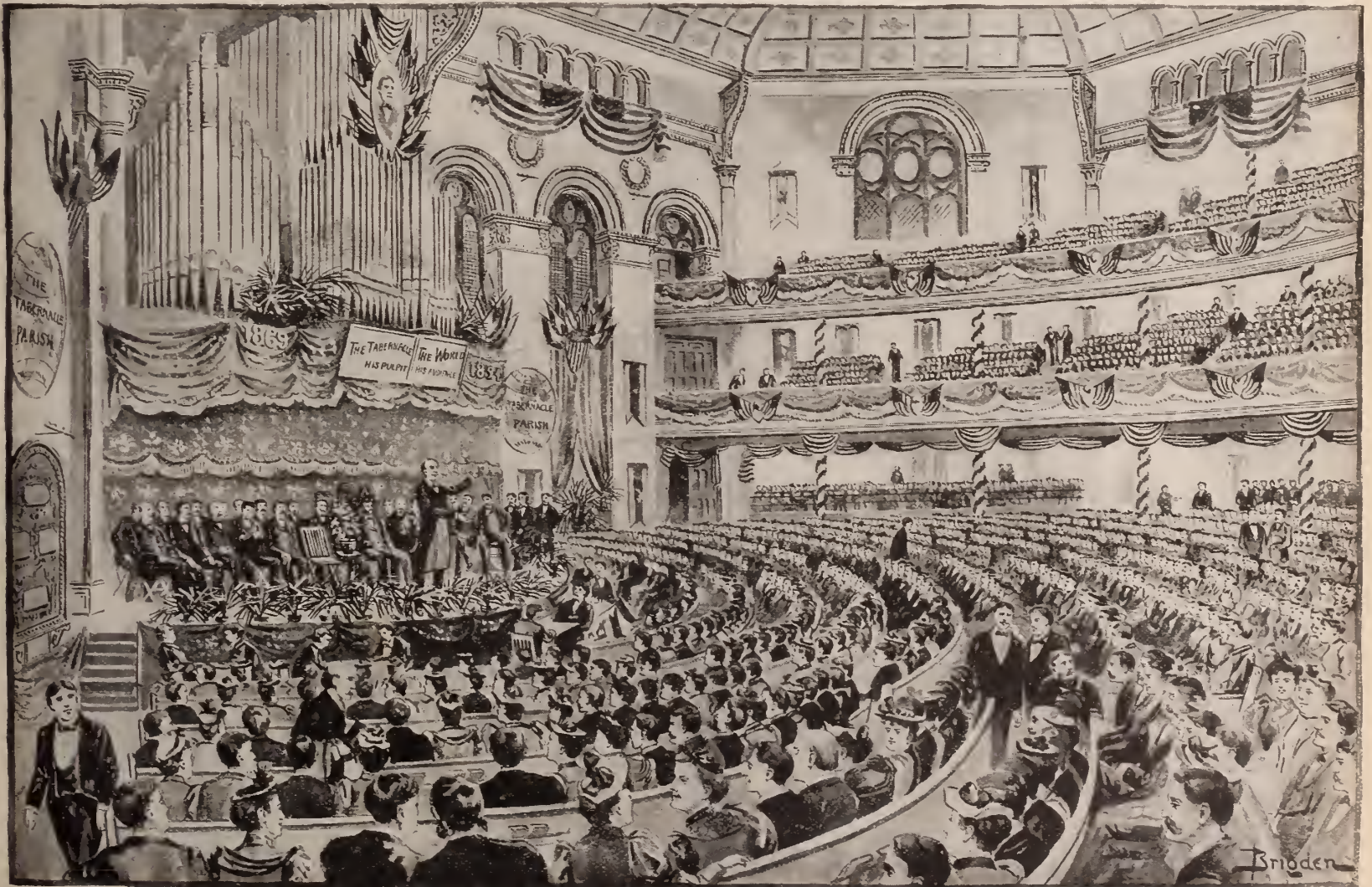
When the doors of the Tabernacle were thrown open on the evening of May 10th, and the vast crowds that had assembled outside pressed for admission, a brilliant scene greeted their eyes. The whole interior of the great building was richly decorated with flowers and bunting; the galleries were draped with plush, and encircling the auditorium were panels on which were the flags of the different nations of the world.

"The Tabernacle Parish, Eastern District," and the left representing the western hemisphere, and inscribed, "The Tabernacle Parish, Western District." Above the platform, in front of the great organ, was a portrait of Dr. Talmage wreathed with international flags and inscribed with the words, "Our Pastor," while on either side in large letters of silver on a ground of dark velvet, were the dates 1869 and 1894, with the two expressive legends, "The Tabernacle His Pulpit," "The World His Audience."

The front of the platform was rendered still more brilliant by a floral display. Wherever the eye lighted on any part of the great building, flags, bunting, the glitter of silver or the sheen of rich velvet draperies of royal purple were visible.

ON THE PLATFORM.

It had been arranged that the first evening celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Dr. Talmage's pastorate should be of a civic character. Such an audience had never before been seen in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.



THE CIVIC, STATE AND INTERNATIONAL RECEPTION TO REV. DR. TALMAGE, MAY 10 and 11, 1894.
(Scene in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, afterward Destroyed by Fire. From a sketch by a special artist of "The Christian Herald.")

which for magnitude, representative significance, and enthusiasm has never been equalled in any church in America. Over twenty thousand persons took part in it. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's pastorate

later, appears on another page of this issue. Several weeks ago, a number of gentlemen undertook the preparation for what was at the outset intended to be an expression of local esteem by the people of Brooklyn, but the movement quickly developed. They

The background of the platform was hung with royal purple velvet, dazzling with stars of silver. Flanking either side of the platform was a large representation of the globe, the right representing the continents of the Old World, and bearing the inscription,

It was as closely packed and eager as ever was a national convention, and was quite as appreciative, both sexes being equally demonstrative in the applause that greeted the speakers.

Six thousand persons were quickly seated

In the auditorium and galleries, and still the thousands kept coming, filling the aisles, crowding the halls, and blocking the Tabernacle steps on Greene and Clinton avenues. It was impossible to repress the enthusiasm of those who sought admission. On the platform was a large and most distinguished gathering. In the chair, as presiding officer of the evening, was Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, and on his right sat Dr. Talmage as the guest of honor. Prominent clergymen without distinction of race or creed were there, including Jew, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Dutch Reformed. Side by side with Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, sat Rev. Sylvester Malone, the Regent of the Catholic University, and Rabbi deSola Mendes, a Hebrew; ex-Mayors Booth, Boody and Howell, all of Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Louis A. Banks, Hanson Place M. E. Church; Gen. John B. Woodward; ex-Congressman Hendrix; S. B. Dutcher; Revs. David Gregg, John F. Carson, John A. Roche, and Jas. W. Farrar; J. S. T. Stranahan; Leonard Moody; Stephen V. White; Judge Clement; Assemblyman Burtis; Rev. Chandler A. Oakes; Isaac J. Lansing; Coleman Benedict; Joseph Sanderson; Rev. Thomas J. Evans, George Ostrander; Charles Minor, of London; Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and over a score of others, prominent in religious, official and private life. On the right, screened in a bower of palms, was the band of the 13th Regiment National Guard (the regiment of which Dr. Talmage has been chaplain for a number of years), and its strains enlivened the proceedings throughout the evening.

MAYOR SCHIEREN'S REMARKS.

When the wave of applause that swept over the vast audience, as it greeted Mayor Schieren, Dr. Talmage and other well-known faces, had subsided, Rev. Chandler A. Oakes, Assistant Pastor of the Tabernacle, invited all present to join in the long metre doxology, after which prayer was offered by Rev. James M. Farrar. Mayor Charles A. Schieren then made a brief and very appropriate opening address, in the course of which he declared that the name and fame of the Tabernacle pastor as a preacher and writer were known not only wherever the English language is spoken, but into many foreign languages his sermons and books have been translated and are eagerly read by citizens of all countries, irrespective of creed or denomination. Even in Germany, that land of profound thinking and great learning, which has attained the highest reputation in theological literature, Dr. Talmage's sermons are translated and reprinted in the religious periodicals. Surely you are justified in claiming "the world as his pulpit." Brooklyn is indebted to Dr. Talmage for his genius and his energy and his never tiring efforts to spread the Gospel truths of Christ before the people and spread them broadcast over the world.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST'S TRIBUTE.

After a short address, by Mr. Bernard Peters, in which he pointed out that Beecher and Talmage and Storrs and Cuyler and Abbott and Meredith, had made Brooklyn pulpits famous the world over, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, a venerable Catholic priest of great learning and eloquence, took the platform, and delivered a brief address. He began by saying that this was probably the first occasion in America where a Catholic priest had appeared on a platform in a Protestant church to honor a Protestant minister. This remark was loudly applauded. He added:

Here I have the honor to be present and add my poor words to the praises that are so justly merited by your worthy pastor. He is the friend of all. Where did he ever drop the word that would be offensive to any Catholic priest? I have never read of it nor any other Catholic ever read of it. My religion has never been insulted by him. He had advocated his own religion on such broad Catholic principles that it is true of him that 25,000,000 of readers has he every week throughout the English-speaking world. It is because his principles are thoroughly Catholic that he carries with him the deep, fundamental principles of the Christian religion. He carries with him the profound reverence for the Master of us all, the Saviour of the world and it is in this as in his generous and kind nature that he has the mastery of all these minds and these many souls and is so great a success in the magnificent work he has done in the past and I hope he will live long years to continue it.

A PRESBYTERIAN TESTIMONY.

The next speaker was Rev. D. Gregg, a Presbyterian clergyman of Brooklyn, whose remarks frequently elicited applause from the great audience, which filling every nook of the vast building even to the highest galleries, listened with rapt attention and quick appreciation to the addresses. Dr. Gregg, among other remarks, said:

As Dr. Talmage's nearest Presbyterian neighbor, and as one of the delegates of the Brooklyn presbytery appointed to stand on this platform, I bring to Dr. Talmage and his great flock, the good will and the prayers and the good speed of the Presbyterian community in this city of churches. I have come to this meeting to-night for another reason. It is a

reason which all the ministers here have for coming. I come, as my brethren here come, to demonstrate to the public the freedom from jealousy which characterizes the men of the American pulpit. [Applause.] We heartily rejoice in the success of every true man of God, and we are glad of the opportunity to pay to every such man the tribute which he has lawfully earned.

In conclusion, he eloquently described Dr. Talmage as the greatest word painter of any continent on earth. "He paints for Christ. He paints with a large brush, with colors that burn and glow, and nations gather around his pictures and feel an uplift and a holy thrill."

"THE OLD STORY" THE BEST.

Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, also a Presbyterian, followed. He declared that the sermons preached from the Tabernacle pulpit had emphasized the abiding power and vitality of the Gospel, and stimulated ministers everywhere to preach the old story.

After paying tribute to Dr. Talmage's "broad churchmanship," Dr. Carson went on to add:

We honor Dr. Talmage because of his faithful presentation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Were I asked to express in a sentence the substance of the preaching of the Tabernacle Pulpit I could find no better sentence than this, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." From this pulpit there has gone out into all the world the ringing message, "I am not ashamed of

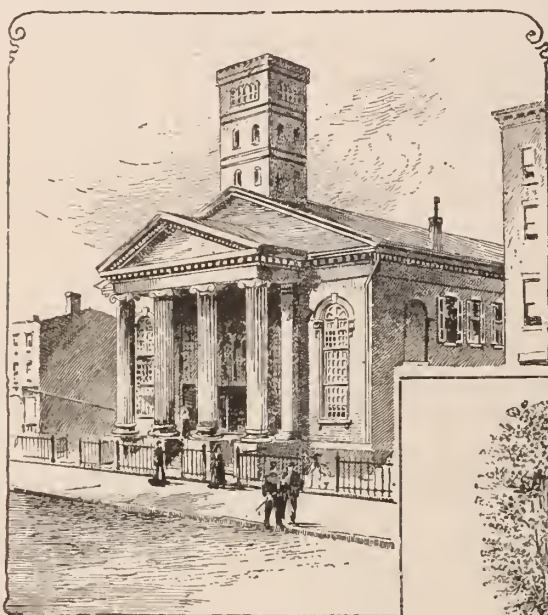
crown the quarter century mark of a noble career of public usefulness would have been somewhat incomplete had not a Jew been actively present. We Hebrews feel gratefully at home when it comes to honoring Dr. Talmage.

Much more the learned rabbi said in this strain. He admitted that there were many differences of opinion between Dr. Talmage and himself, but added "whatever our differences of belief, there is no difference between us as to what constitutes a noble life, well spent in honoring the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

THE TABERNACLE A GIBRALTAR.

After a brief musical interlude, the speeches were resumed, Rev. Louis A. Banks, of the Methodist Church, taking the platform. Dr. Banks said he had come with a handful of wild flowers from the Oregon hillsides to add to the chaplet upon the head of the chieftain of the American pulpit, the most universally read of all preachers now living in the world. He believes Dr. Talmage had done more to revolutionize preaching and make it entertaining and interesting than any other man now among us. No other minister had done so much to give consecrated individuality the right of way. During all these twenty-five years the Tabernacle pulpit has stood as a Gibraltar for a cheering faith

in God who, having made the world, was able to take care of it and bring it at last to a successful issue. Though Dr. Talmage has preached much of the sins and vices of the community, he has never failed to present a Christ, mighty in love and power and wisdom; one able to save the lowest and the vilest and bring them to spiritual health and saintship.



DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST BROOKLYN CHURCH—1869.

the Gospel of Christ." Who can tell the effect that has been wrought by the simple fact that the Tabernacle Pulpit has found the old Gospel all sufficient for man's comfort and man's salvation and rich enough and full enough for thousands of sermons of rare beauty and power and richness.

We honor him for his broad philanthropy. What does the Tabernacle pulpit stand for? A loving Gospel where there are souls to be saved; a world-rending protest where there is oppression, bread where there is famine. If there are starving people in Russia, Dr. Talmage starts a movement to feed them, and goes to Russia to superintend the distribution of the food. If there are starving people in Brooklyn he gives them bread and meat. If there are starving people in New York, he raises through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD \$25,000, and their destitution is relieved. Hundreds who have been fed when hungry, greet Dr. Talmage to-night.

RABBI MENDES SPEAKS FOR THE JEWS.

Every eye in the vast throng was fixed on the platform when Rabbi deSola Mendes, was introduced. His address throughout was brilliant and interesting. He began by thanking the audience for the privilege, in behalf of the Jews, of "interweaving a leaf of recognition in the silver chaplet this night so gloriously placed upon the brow of this distinguished laborer in God's best vineyard." He continued:

What with a Christian bishop elbowing his way through the throng to do honor to the obsequies of a Jewish banker last week; what with an invitation to me, of the least of the Hebrews to come and speak a word here to-night, it does seem as if the words of the prophet were approaching fulfillment. "In those days ten men of the nations shall take hold of the skirt of a Jewish man and say, 'Let us go with you.' [Applause.] I do not suppose that you are all quite ready to do that, but I verily believe you are getting to feel, as I feel, quite at home in each other's company, quite at home as children in the same Father's house. [Applause.] This is the first time I have ever spoken in a Christian church, and I must confess I am surprised that I do not feel myself more strange than I do. You are ready to grasp the Jew's skirt yet, but I should think you would find it difficult to say a harsh thing or do a hard one against the Jew, when you recollect the consoling relationship which exists between us. And this I know, that under the leadership of this large hearted, generous and faithful servant of God you have never been taught any but the tenderest sympathy, the most brotherly regard, for the members of the Hebrew race. Therefore, all this sublime spectacle of the uprising of thousands to

dence of deep agitation. Then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he said:

"Forever photographed upon my mind and heart is this scene of May 10, 1894. Two feelings dominate me to-night—gratitude and unworthiness; gratitude first to God, and next to all who have complimented me.

"My twenty-five years in Brooklyn have been happy years. Hard work, of course. This is the fourth church in which I have preached since coming to Brooklyn, and how much of the difficult work of church building that implies, you can appreciate. This church had its mother and its grandmother and its great-grandmother. I could not tell the story of disasters without telling the story of heroes and heroines, and around me in all these years have stood men and women of whom the world was not worthy.

"But for the most part the twenty-five years have been to me a great happiness. And the question is already absorbing my entire nature, 'What can I do to repay Brooklyn for this great uprising?' Here is my hand and heart for a campaign of harder work for God and righteousness than I have ever yet accomplished.

"I have been told that sometimes in the Alps there are great avalanches called down by a shepherd's voice. The pure white snow is so delicately and evenly poised that the vibration caused by the human voice will send down the avalanche with overwhelming power. Well, to-night I think that the heavens above us are full of pure white blessing, mountains of mercy on mountains of mercy, and it will not take much to bring down the avalanche of benediction, and so I lift my voice to start it. And now let the avalanche of blessing come upon your bodies, your minds, your souls, your homes, your churches and your city. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen and amen!"



THE LAST BROOKLYN TABERNACLE. BUILT 1891, BURNED 1894.

Brief addresses were made by Rev. Spencer F. Roche, John Winslow and Congressman Stephen V. White, Rev. A. C. Dixon (Baptist) and several other gentlemen. Dr. Dixon thought that as Dr. Talmage for the last twenty-five years had had the world around him, it was but fair that he should now go round the world. He is the world's chief dispenser of Christian sunshine. He added:

Among the first things I ever read from Dr. Talmage, was his illustration of a child trying to eat sunshine with a spoon. He has learned the secret of living on sunshine, and dealing it out to others. I suppose he has his ailments, his worries, and his troubles, but I have not heard of them. Sydney Smith wrote to a friend, "I have asthma, gout, and seven other maladies, otherwise, I am quite well." Dr. Talmage has taught us to look at the "otherwise," he keeps on the sunward side of every cloud, and therefore, sees the rainbow. He prefers gazing at the stars to peering into the darkness. This is an optimism of faith and hope and charity. His religion is like that of the old English farmer who wrote on the weather vane of his barn. "God is love." A neighbor remonstrated, saying that it was a very changeable place to write so immutable a truth. "It means," replied the farmer, "that God is love, no matter which way the wind blows." Such an optimism fills heart and home with good cheer.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

Letters of regret were read from a number of distinguished persons who had been prevented from attending the first day's celebration of the Silver Jubilee. They spoke in glowing terms of eulogy of Dr. Talmage's beneficent pulpit career.

DR. TALMAGE'S REMARKS.

All eyes were upon Dr. Talmage as he rose to face the great multitude. He stood silent for a moment, his face giving evi-

The eloquent response of the pastor was followed by a moment of profound silence, which was succeeded by an outburst of applause.

After listening to several other brief addresses, a hymn was sung, the benediction was pronounced, and the great audience dispersed to the strains of a triumphal march on the grand organ.

Second Day of the Jubilee.

A Glorious Demonstration at the National and International Celebration—Speeches by Many Distinguished Men—The Brilliant Assemblage.

WHEN the doors of the Brooklyn Tabernacle were opened May 11, the second evening of the anniversary celebration of Dr. Talmage's Silver Jubilee, the crush of admiring thousands who sought to enter was even greater than on the preceding night. Clinton and Greene Avenues, were packed for a considerable distance with a solid mass of people, all eager to witness the national and international services. Within, the great church had been rendered still more beautiful by additions to the decorations; and viewed from every point, filled to overflowing with a brilliant audience and brightly lighted, it now looked like a scene from some fairyland, with a thousand vari-colored hangings dazzling amid silk and silver and purple velvet. The church was fragrant with the odor of flowers and made cool and pleasant to the eye by the tasteful disposition of great banks of palms, ferns and hydrangeas. On the platform were many

celebrated in national affairs, including Gen. B. F. Tracy, Ex-Secretary of the Navy; U. S. Ex-Senator Wm. M. Everts, U. S. Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia; Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, the chaplain of the United States Senate; Fessell Sage, Murat Halstead, Rev. S. M. Janson, of Denver; Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, Rev. Thomas J. Evans, Rev. W. W. Ewlish, Rev. Joseph Sanderson, Rev. Luis A. Banks, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, I. Louis Klopsch, Rev. R. S. Pardington, Fv. Louis Wolferz and a number of others. It was the end of a quarter century of service in the Tabernacle, and the great audience could have had no thought that it would be the last occasion on which such an assemblage would meet there. Everything was happy, and the brilliant scene, with its flowers, music and decorations, had an inspiring effect upon the orators on the platform.

THE BLIND CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

When the whole audience had sung the evening hymn, the venerable blind chaplain of the United States Senate, Dr. Milburn, offered the opening prayer. Referring to the tribulations of the pastor, he said: "Although his faith and that of his people is now and again been tried 'so as by fire,' as silver is refined and gold purged, we bless thee that in the midst of the fierce glare and heat of the flames, one like unto the Son of God hath been with them, and that the glory of this latter house is greater than was the glory of the former houses. We heartily bless thee for the brave, manly, kindly faith, the sweet, wholesome, life-giving Christian truth, so steadily preached from this pulpit whereby thousands have been converted from sin to righteousness, and thousands more confirmed in ways of 'well-doing and holiness.'"

Gen. Tracy, on assuming the chair as presiding officer of the evening made a most felicitous speech, in which he referred to the long-continued Dr. Talmage's ministry had taken upon the national scene. "No preacher," he said, "has ever been so widely read in his lifetime as Dr. Talmage. His sermons are regularly preached in 3,000 different newspapers, each of which has thousands of readers. Indeed, there is no town in this country, from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf, which has not a paper publishing his sermons in all every week. The same is true in England, and his sermons are, moreover, published in Australia, New Zealand, and other countries, being translated into many different languages. Therefore does it seem unreasonable to estimate that 6,000,000 people hear and read his sermons every week? He speaks in a language that finds a response in every human heart."

SENATORS EVARTS AND WALSH.

He was followed by Hon. Wm. M. Everts, the greatest of America's living lawyers, who was received with demonstrations of cordial approval by the great audience. He spoke briefly and eloquently of the power wielded by the pulpit in public affairs, and of the salutary and moral influence of the Tabernacle on Brooklyn and the whole nation. United States Senator Walsh followed in a brilliant speech expressing the sentiments of the people of Georgia "in commendation of a man whose labors have been devoted to the gospel of peace and good will." He said:

For two generations the name of Talmage has been respected and honored by the people of Georgia. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has devoted his life to the cause of God and humanity. He has been not only a hearer, but a doer of the word. When the South was prostrated by the isolation of war, when her homes were destroyed, her lands and industries wasted, when her sons and daughters were weeping for the loved and lost, when despair wrung the hearts of her people, his voice was heard appealing to the victors for justice to the vanquished, and from that day to this he has reached the gospel of peace, fraternity, liberty, and equality. His countrymen admire him for his splendid gifts. They admire him for the example of his noble life. We of the South honor him for his loving the sections into peace. His love of country is one of his strongest virtues. It is above party and above section. He is a patriot, deprecating the passions and prejudices of partisan politics and always contending for a united people and a united country. Dr. Talmage's benevolence has not been confined to his own country. Wherever humanity is suffering his heart goes out in sympathy to the afflicted of all races and all creeds. He

would succor the heathen in densest Africa as he fed the poor in Russia. He would clothe the naked and lift up the suffering and oppressed in every land, because he is an American [applause] and believes that all men are created free and equal.

Ex-Congressman Hendrix, of Brooklyn, next spoke, in a strain that won hearty plaudits from the assemblage. He described Dr. Talmage as only one who knew him could do, and said, among other things:

He draws his illustrations from the great book of human experience. No one has ever questioned his orthodoxy. He has never sought to redress the old creed of his fathers. No one has needed a map or a guide book to find out his theological views. They are as old-fashioned and as plain as a country road. He has never lost any time trying to refit his doctrines to the passing tastes of men. His pulpit work has been consistent. His last sermon does not quarrel with his first. He hammers out the pure gold of the gospel in his own way, and is always willing to give the elbow room which he asks for himself. No one comes to his church for a Sunday morning nap. He keeps everybody awake. His sermons are never too long. Nobody goes away tired. He gives every one something to think about. He puts a little sunshine into every heart. He tries to do good in the world, tries earnestly and devotedly, and he succeeds.

GREETINGS FROM ALL THE WORLD.

Here the interest of the audience was aroused to a lively pitch by the reading by Dr. Louis Klopsch of a number of congratulatory letters and telegrams from prominent persons in different parts of the globe.

enriched by his labors. Many a life has become beautiful through his teachings. All classes have shared in the benefactions of his heart and hand. I trust he may have many more years of similar success in the great work to which he has been called. The Reception is one worthy of the man and of his church. Too much cannot be said on the occasion. What may be said in his praise will be only a stimulant for larger efforts and more heroic undertakings.

Letter from U. S. Senator John Sherman:

There is no one of whom I would more cheerfully express my sincere regard and hearty appreciation of his wonderful ability than Mr. Talmage. I have heard him, and heard of him for so many years, and have read so many of his sermons, that I hold him in my estimation as the greatest preacher of our time. All this and much more would I say for him were I at liberty to amend, but I fear that my official duties here will not permit me to leave at a time when so many interests are involved in the legislation of Congress.

Telegram from Bishop John H. Vincent, Methodist Episcopal Church:

I sincerely regret that ill health renders it impossible for me to make my engagements for the next two months. I rejoice in all successes which crown Dr. Talmage, the brilliant and loyal American preacher.

B. Fay Mills, the distinguished Evangelist, wrote:

No man, by tongue and pen, has preached the Gospel to so many people, since the world began. And the best of it is that it has been a Gospel of hope and good cheer; which, while never compromising in any way what you have felt to be true, has uplifted and strengthened countless multitudes of men and women of all climes and tongues and customs and religions. My own ministry has been stronger than

for good, in the direction of public sentiment, extends beyond his own church and own congregation; it is felt all over our country, and even beyond the seas. Please convey to the Doctor my regards and congratulations.

In addition to the foregoing, many of which were loudly applauded, letters and telegrams were received from Gov. Northern of Georgia, Governor Rich of Michigan, Governor O'Farrell of Virginia, U. S. Senator Hoar, Governor Lewelling of Kansas, Governor Richards of Montana, Hon. Wm. Walter Phelps of New Jersey, Governor Smith of New Hampshire, Governor Osborne, of Wyoming, U. S. Senator Cary and others.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

After the reading of letters and telegrams, speaking was resumed. Rev. Charles L. Thompson, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, very happily described the office of the preacher. "There is no possibility," he observed, "of honoring De Witt Talmage and leaving the Gospel out of account, or even relegating it to a second place." Continuing Dr. Thompson said: "Talmage indeed belongs to Brooklyn and New York, and our country and other countries—but the best title he can wear tonight, and the one I know he would bind closest to his heart, is that on which twenty-five growing and beautiful years have passed their accumulated seals—this, viz. 'God's man.'—I, who know him well, mistake him radically, if it be not better to his ear, than all the plaudits of men, to be called 'De Witt Talmage—the slave of Jesus Christ.' This, then, to my mind, is the crown of this celebration, that it is one more leaf in the laurel crown of Jesus Christ,—one more sign of the coming of that kingdom for which this man has fought so valiantly for more than a generation."

The speaker referred to the use of the Tabernacle sermons in many rural communities and prairie towns where there is no preacher and where the living words of Dr. Talmage, couched in homely phrase that reaches every heart, are read in rooms and school-houses to the conversion of souls.

DR. TALMAGE'S HAPPY REPLY.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the audience sang "America" and Hon. Murat Halstead spoke briefly, after which Rev. I. J. Lansing, of Park street church, Boston, made an excellent address which was listened to with rapt attention from beginning to end. It was 10:30 p. m. when the seven thousand auditors greeted the Tabernacle pastor as he came forward to deliver the last public address in the beautiful edifice, so soon to be consumed by fire, like its predecessors. He was greeted with tumultuous applause, lasting several minutes. Dr. Talmage began by referring pleasantly to the distinguished speakers who had preceded him that evening, and excited applause by the felicitous style in which he complimented each. Touching the honors paid to himself, he illustrated his own feelings by a story:

Dr. George Bethune, once a great preacher on Brooklyn heights, was stopping over night at a Pennsylvania farm house. In the morning the doctor sat at the breakfast table alone, for the good housewife felt that was the best way to honor him. And when the buckwheat cakes were put upon his plate the good woman stood by him with the molasses cup to pour the sweetness on his cakes, and she said to him, "How will you take this molasses on these cakes? Will you take it crinkle crinkle or all in a puddle?" Tonight to me the sweetness has come in the latter way, all in a puddle. [Applause.]

This is the supreme hour of my life. Many emotions stir my soul, but neither the Brooklyn city reception last night nor the national and international reception to-night, so far as I know my own heart, has created in me one feeling of exaltation or pride. It has only stirred in me a profound wish and prayer that I might hereafter prove myself worthy of all this kindness. Up till 40 years of age a man may have ambition for himself, but for the most part after that it is ambition for his children; and I shall hand over to my children in every form that I can preserve the memories of last night and to-night. I shall tell them never to forget the men who stood on this platform, and when the sons of these men come on the stage of action, to seek to cheer them as much as their fathers have cheered me. [Applause.]

Then followed a remarkable scene. The entire audience, auditorium and galleries, rose at Dr. Talmage's request to honor the illustrious guests of the evening and the air was a sea of waving handkerchiefs. Three times they waved and fluttered, in token of three cheers, and then when the demonstra-



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., LL.D.

(Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, which was destroyed by fire May 13, 1894.)

Among them were the following:

Cablegram from Count Andre Bobrinsky, St. Petersburg, Russia:

Heart-felt congratulations from gratefully remembering Russian friends.

Letter from Herbert Gladstone, Dollis Hill, London, N. W.:

Mr. Gladstone being somewhat out of health, has to restrict his correspondence as much as possible, but he desires me to say for him that Dr. Talmage always has his best wishes, and that he remembers with much interest the occasions when he has had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Talmage.

Cablegram from London:

Cordial congratulations, grateful acknowledgment of splendid service in ministry during last twenty-five years, and warmest wishes for future prosperity. Signed by Arch-Deacon of London. Canon Wilherforce. Thain Davidson. Prof. Simpson of Edinburgh. The Bishop of London.

Letter from Bishop John F. Hurst, of Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C.:

By pen and on platform and in pulpit, Dr. Talmage has achieved a great and wonderful success. The church in this and all other countries has been

it could have been without the influence of his matchless words, and I doubt whether there be a minister of Christ on earth who does not consciously or unconsciously, owe to him a real debt of gratitude.

Letter from U. S. Senator, Wm. F. Vilas:

Heartily thanks for the distinguished compliment of your invitation, which I regret my public duties prevent accepting. I cordially join in the congratulations which Dr. Talmage will have from millions of his countrymen.

Governor Smith, of New Hampshire, said in his letter:

Dr. Talmage's sermons are yearly commanding a wider publication, an evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by the people, and a test of merit which cannot be gainsaid.

Letter from the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, Ottawa:

I regret that owing to engagements here, I am compelled to decline the courteous invitation extended to me, but I beg to offer good wishes in relation to this demonstration. Esteem and good-will toward Dr. Talmage.

Letter from Hon. Wm. McKinley, Governor of Ohio, Columbus, O.

While it is impossible for me to be present, I take occasion to give expression to the great respect and esteem in which I hold Dr. Talmage. His influence

tion had subsided, the organ pealed forth the notes of "Old Lang Syne," and the thousands, with one voice, joined in the strain. The benediction brought the Jubilee to a close, and thus ended the greatest and most successful occasion ever witnessed in any church in America, as a testimony of the popular love and appreciation of a pastor who has been very dear to the countless thousands of Christian people in every country on the globe.

The Tabernacle in Ashes.

A Great Calamity Overtakes Dr. Talmage's Congregation — The Third Tabernacle is Destroyed by Fire — Already Planning to Rebuild it.

IT is one of those mysteries that will never be revealed this side eternity. Our church is gone; but we will trust in God.

These were the words spoken by Dr. Talmage, sitting in his own home in Brooklyn, bowed down by the burden of a great and sudden disaster. His beloved Tabernacle, the pride of the city and the largest Protestant church in America, had been swept away by flames, without a moment's warning. It mattered little to the devoted pastor that he had barely escaped with his own life. His church was gone—that beautiful temple of worship, which was known and loved to the ends of the earth—and the light of his life seemed for a time to be extinguished with it.

But great as was the disaster, still greater had been the mercy that prevented a worse calamity. Not a life had been lost, as far as was known. The fire occurred on Sunday, May 13, immediately after the close of the forenoon service. The sermon had held the audience with more than usual interest, since it was the pastor's farewell before departing on his long journey around the globe. In his prayer, he had been especially fervent and touching, and had invoked the Divine protection and blessing on all who had participated in the great Jubilee service of the preceding week. He had recalled all the kindnesses that had been shown toward the church on that occasion by other churches and their pastors, and his whole prayer was an outpouring of heartfelt gratitude for himself and his flock.

Dr. Talmage, at the conclusion of the service, had left the platform and was in the centre aisle, shaking hands with his people, as is his custom every Sunday. Almost all had passed out of the building, and the pastor, Mrs. Talmage, Assistant Pastor Oakes, and the officers of the church were also preparing to leave, when a faint puff of smoke was observed at the bottom of the organ. Mrs. Talmage was standing in her pew, the centre of a little group of ladies, who were on the point of leaving. The great Tabernacle was still en fête, the decorations of the Jubilee services not yet having been removed. The palms above the organ pipes waved and the air grew hotter, yet the glittering banners and rich velvet hangings flapped as though in a breeze. Some one called the attention of Mr. Dey, the sexton, to the smoke, and he at once set out to investigate. The entrance to the organ is through a room in the rear of the auditorium, and when the sexton, climbing up a ladder that stood there, pushed aside the scuttle over the interior of the organ, he saw through the thick smoke flames creeping around the pipes. Leaping back, he ran into the auditorium and gave the alarm. There were then only half a hundred persons in the church. Smoke began to pour out of the organ in dense volumes. Dr. Talmage heard the alarm and saw the smoke, but did not seem for the instant to realize his peril. Mrs. Talmage called out to him that the church was on fire, and those who stood by urged him to go, as the organ pipes were in imminent danger of falling. The pastor gazed upward toward the roof of his beloved Tabernacle, where the tongues of fire shooting upward had already begun to lick the fretwork on the ceiling. He ran up the platform steps, entered his study and emerged a moment later with his hat and overcoat. The church was now nearly empty. He started for the door, but at that instant the great pipes of the organ, already half consumed by the flames, fell outward with a crash and into the auditorium. Another step, and the pastor of the Tabernacle would have been buried in the blazing mass. As it was, he quickly turned and hastened to the exit from the study. At the last moment he would have returned to the plat-

form; but friends conveyed him, safe and unhurt, but still dazed from his terrible experience, to the outer air on Greene avenue. Others greeted him joyfully on the sidewalk, believing him to have perished in the church, which was now a roaring furnace of flame.

There were several other narrow escapes, but fortunately all were out of the doomed building before the fire and smoke filled the auditorium. Mr. Frederick W. Lawrence, Treasurer Thomas Pittblado, Trustee T. E. Matthews and others were among those who were exposed to serious peril, and their escape was providential. Mr. Lawrence crept out on hands and knees to the open air, and Mr. Matthews and a few others were almost suffocated when they reached the street. Meanwhile, the fire had made tremendous headway and the interior of the great building was all ablaze. The beautiful decorations, hired for the occasion, valued at \$15,000, were swept away in a moment; the organ was a wreck, and the woodwork of auditorium and galleries was all aflame. Flames shot through the roof in broad sheets, and the Hotel Regent, the finest in Brooklyn, was soon the prey of the fire. Vast crowds of spectators assembled in the streets, and the entire fire department of the city was summoned to the spot to fight the devouring element. But the efforts were unavailing. Soon the noble Tabernacle was a shapeless, blackened ruin, only the tottering and broken walls being left of the magnifi-

"But if we can feel sure that our dear pastor will continue to break the bread of life to us and to the great multitudes that are accustomed to throng the Tabernacle, we are willing to undertake the work, firmly believing that we can safely count upon the blessing of God and the practical sympathy of all Christian people.

"Will you kindly give us the encouragement of your promise to serve the Tabernacle as its pastor, if we will dedicate a new building free from debt, to the honor, the glory, and the service of God?"

"TRUSTEES OF THE TABERNACLE."

On reading the letter Dr. Talmage replied: "Thank you, my brethren, thank you! I have buried the dead, baptized the children, and married the young men and maidens of this people, and my heart is with them. I would rather serve them than any other people on the face of the earth. Under the conditions you name, I will remain the Tabernacle's pastor."

Although the cause of the conflagration cannot now be ascertained, it is generally believed that it was produced by an electric spark from one of the wires that supplied the power necessary to run the organ. The wire probably rubbed against a reel, wearing off the insulation. Prof. Browne, the organist, was seated at the instrument playing, until he was driven off by the smoke. There was considerable delay on the part of the firemen in responding to the alarm, and their conduct is to be investigated. Arrangements will be made at once by the Trustees to re-build the Tabernacle, either on the old site or a new one to be selected hereafter. The work will be pushed vigorously, and the co-operation of all Christian communities in America and Europe will be invoked. Already a substantial sum has been subscribed by the



THE SECOND BROOKLYN TABERNACLE—DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1889.

cent temple that had stood as a landmark for Christianity in America. The destruction was swift and complete. In less than an hour after the fire began, the interior of the great church, stripped of its glory, its rose-tinted cathedral windows, its carvings and gildings, all lapped up by the flame, lay a charred and smoking mass of ruins. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle had met the fate of its two immediate predecessors.

The flames had still other fuel to feed upon, for the Hotel Regent could not be saved. It was completely gutted and several dwellings nearby also suffered. A number of inmates of the hotel were rescued with difficulty. Sparks and blazing timbers filled the air for many blocks around. The Summerfield M. E. Church caught fire on the roof, and its trustees pluckily fought back the flames with a bucket brigade till the engines arrived. After a hard battle, the firemen were successful in preventing the destruction of further property.

At his home Dr. Talmage was the recipient of many condolences. Neighboring churches sent committees to tender the use of their pulpits; telegrams flowed in, and visitors came from all quarters. In the afternoon the Tabernacle Trustees met at the pastor's residence and Dr. Louis Klopsch submitted the following letter, which was adopted and tendered to the pastor:

"DEAR DR. TALMAGE: With saddened hearts, but undismayed, and with faith in God unshaken and undisturbed, the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have unanimously resolved to rebuild the Tabernacle. We find that, after paying the present indebtedness, there will be nothing left to begin with.

Trustees and other amounts are promised, so that a considerable start for a building fund is assured at the outset. The press is full of expressions of sympathy for Dr. Talmage and his flock. Says the New York "Morning Advertiser:

"If every sigh of regret for the loss of Dr. Talmage's beautiful new church could be coined into a penny, they would replace the burned Tabernacle with an edifice as fine as St. Peter's in Rome."

The New York "Tribune" has the following cheering words to the stricken pastor and people: "Dr. Talmage will have the sympathies of a host of well-wishers in his new reverse of fortune. The manifestations of hearty appreciation and respect which have been drawn out by his impressive anniversary meetings, can hardly fail to encourage him to face with calm confidence the calamity which has overwhelmed him on the eve of his long vacation journey. He has a work yet to do, and Brooklyn, which has been the scene of his trials, triumphs, disasters, and harassing financial anxieties, is the place for him to go on with it undismayed and unconquerable."

The Brooklyn "Standard Union," in a similar spirit, has these encouraging remarks:

"The officers of the Tabernacle congregation have met the occasion in a spirit worthy its historical and dramatic conspicuity. They have calmly resolved to go on and rebuild, and Dr. Talmage goes on the journey he had planned for his recreation and education, the accumulation of the material the world affords, as stored energy in his brain to give to the world again; not as if nothing had happened, but with a

sharpened consciousness of duty and a augmented sense of devotion to his labor; and a spirit chastened, but not broken; bowed, but clearer and loftier in the conception of the breadth and glory of the work to be done."

The Brooklyn "Times" says: "The opportunity has been given, sooner than had been anticipated, to test the sincerity of all the friendly congratulations that were recently showered upon the Tabernacle and its pastor, and the 'Times' believe that the friendship so warmly expressed will stand the test of trial. Dr. Talmage and his people need tangible evidence of the sympathy of the Christian world, and such evidence should not be withheld or given grudgingly."

"The noble structure," says the "Mail and Express," "so suddenly destroyed, was not only the home-altar of Dr. Talmage's immediate followers, but also the heart-shrine of that larger congregation of uncounted thousands who received his inspiring words from the wings of the press." Similar expressions come from every quarter, and kind words are productive of equally kind deeds, the rehabilitation of the Tabernacle the near future is assured. It is the fourth church that Dr. Talmage has occupied during his twenty-five years' ministry in Brooklyn, and the third in succession that has been lost by fire. The first to fall before the flame was the Tabernacle in Schermerhorn street near Third avenue, which was built in 18 of wood and iron. On Sunday morning, December 22, 1872, it was consumed by fire. Next, a larger church, capable of seating 5,000 persons, was erected in 1874, near the previous site. On Sunday morning, October 13, 1889, it also fell a prey to the flame, having, as was believed, been struck by lightning during the night. The late Tabernacle was erected in 1891, at a cost of \$450,000, including the site. The organ cost \$30,000, and was the finest instrument in the country. The windows were marvels of the stainer's art. The loss by the recent fire is one that will bear heavily on the congregation. Out of the insurance, the existing debt will be paid, and the site will be sacrificed to do this, if necessary. The total loss on the Tabernacle building is estimated at \$300,000; loss on decoration \$15,000; uninsured. The loss on the Regent Hotel is placed at \$650,000; partially covered by insurance, and the damage to other neighboring buildings will aggregate \$700,000, nearly all being insured.

What the plans of the Trustees will be for the future are not yet decided. A building in some convenient neighborhood will probably be engaged for temporary use, until the question of a new building is decided. Dr. Louis Klopsch may maintain the Sabbath school intact and perhaps Rev. B. F. Mills, who was engaged sometime ago to conduct services during the summer, will preach to the Tabernacle flock while Dr. Talmage is absent.

The latter has departed on his trip around the world, as arranged, to return in October, when he hopes to devote himself to the Lord's service in Brooklyn, where he has already rounded out a successful quarter of a century of church work. Sermons, prepared specially for that purpose, will continue to appear regularly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

DR. TALMAGE'S RESOLVE.

Dr. Talmage, before leaving for the West, wrote the following communication to friends and the friends of Brooklyn Tabernacle everywhere, to be transmitted through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

THIS church has again been halted by a sword of flame. The destruction of the first Brooklyn Tabernacle was a mystery. The destruction of the second was greater profound. This third calamity adjourns to the Judgment Day for explanation. The home of a vast multitude of souls, it has become a heap of ashes. Whether it will ever rise again is a prophecy we will not undertake. God rules the world and makes no mistake. He has a way with churches as with individuals. One thing is certain: the pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle will continue to preach as long as life and health last. We have no anxieties about a place to preach in. But we ask for the prayers of all good people for the pastor and people of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

T. De Witt Talmage



RECOVERED FAMILIES.

Rv. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at Little Rock, Ark. Text:

I. Sam. 30: 4, 19, "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept, until they had no more power to weep. . . . David recovered all."

HERE is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come hne. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses are blown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get tough with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his hand on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they edged the battle-axe! and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half-healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march home, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling-places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. As! the curling smoke above the ruin tells a tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried off mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The earthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a double-quick. Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half-dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says, "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye four hundred brave men of Israel! Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight

for their wives and children. Ah! there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind! Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed underfoot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine), shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison.

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women, and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where stayed the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up. No battering-ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family, and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh! how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement.

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in

the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him, "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh no! You say, "The world is not so bright to us as once it was;" and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day, because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. Do you want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said, "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's-feet" on their faces, were the marks of the black raven of trouble.

Off the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I have to tell you that between us and com-

ing into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed, there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer us. Who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and find him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire where he had moved to. Our departed friends have taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living? are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question, this morning, is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystalized tears, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken-hearted man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor. God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death, you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April, Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all.

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and into the presence of Christ whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."



THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

S.S. Lesson for June 3, Ex. 12: 1-14. Golden Text, 1. Cor. 5: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," fills all time. He is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." He appears in the early pages of Genesis in the sacrifice of Abel; and he is the central figure in the last pages of our Bible, the book of Revelation. It is the "Lamb as it had been slain," who is in the midst of the throne, and who is the centre of Heaven's worship (Rev. 5: 6-14); it is the Lamb whose wrath is dreaded (Rev. 6: 17); those who have come out of great tribulation, stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, they "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and the marriage, for which the Bride has been preparing for so many ages, and which is the culminating point of this Christian dispensation is

"The Marriage of the Lamb."

The children of Israel were yet in Egypt. God had wrought great signs, and wonders, and visited Egypt with all his plagues. But his people were not yet delivered; they were still in the land of their hard and cruel masters. God had sent by Moses, a message of judgment upon Egypt, that he would slay all their firstborn, throughout the whole land; a message which Moses, at first shrunk from delivering. But at the same time he sent a word of deliverance to his own chosen people, and this was the message of the Lamb of God.

So great, so all important, in God's eyes was this institution of the Passover, that he would have his people date everything from this time. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you." If we have learned to know "the Lamb of God," which taketh away the sin of the world," that knowledge cuts us off from the past; we cannot, we will not, have to do with that, from which the blood of the Lamb of God has separated us. Our life has a new beginning, a new birth; we are born again, and our new birth through his blood shed and believed in, is the beginning of all things for us.

The message of the Lamb was individual, it was to "all the congregation of Israel;" they must "take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house." Only in the case of a family being too small, two neighboring families might share their lamb. It must be without blemish, it must be a male, it must be one year old; just fully grown. That was to be a night of death in Egypt, a night of judgment which would eclipse all the terrible judgments which had preceded it. Death was to reign in every house throughout all the land of Egypt. But for his own people God would provide a way.

Through Death, to Escape Death.

All the congregation of Israel must slay their lamb, and eat the flesh, before the fatal blow should fall upon the Egyptians, and then, the moment of their unparalleled consternation should be the moment of deliverance to the people of God. But before the flesh of the lamb was eaten, every head of a family must take the blood of his lamb, and "strike it on the two sideposts, and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it." It was the token that a death had taken place; and that the destroying angel had no mission there. It was a token that God could be justified in delivering a people who deserved death as the Egyptians deserved death. The slain lamb, with its sprinkled blood, was an appeal which Divine justice could admit, and it was no outrage to the holiness of God when the sheltered family within and the

destroying angel without were separated by an impassable barrier; the blood of the slain lamb. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt."

How far do we understand and appreciate the Lamb of God? It was no virtue of the children of Israel which saved them from the sword of the destroying angel; the fact of their being God's chosen people was not that which wrought deliverance. Apart from the slain lamb, they were in the same danger and the same condemnation as the Egyptians; they too had lapsed into idolatry; and the reproach of Egypt was upon them. But "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" has voluntarily offered himself as our Representative, and "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53: 6); that he by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." (Heb. 2: 9.) Do we understand all we owe to the Lamb of God? how really he has died our death and borne our shame; but, also, how that very death cuts us off from our past shame and glory alike, so that to take him is the beginning of another life to us? The Lamb, to be anything to us, must be personally appropriated, but also must be for the household; "A Lamb for a house." When God brings one member of a family to know him, he has a heart for all the remaining members of that family. He would not save Noah without his family: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark" (Gen. 7: 1); Paul, in answer to the Philippian jailer's cry, said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." (Acts 16: 31.) Is every member of our family under the shelter of the blood?

The children of Israel must also eat the flesh of the lamb, this was to be their food in circumstances altogether new, for which they must be prepared. "Eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand." (verse 11.) Are we ready at a moment's notice to turn our back upon our past and be led through a pilgrim life to "a city of habitation."

The lamb was not slain to save any Israelite who chose to remain in Egypt; God's people were spared to be delivered from Egypt. Our Lord Jesus Christ gave himself for our sins,

That He Might Deliver us

from this present evil world (or age) according to the will of God and our Father: To whom be glory for ever and ever." If we are not delivered from the world, from its spirit, from its hopes, from its fears, from its opinions, from the "vain conversation (or manner of life) received by tradition from our fathers," (1. Pet. 1: 18) what has the blood of Christ, the slain Lamb, done for us? Are we not still in Egypt?

The children of Egypt must eat no leavened bread when they kept the passover, nothing which had a tendency to corrupt, no mixture of flesh and spirit in the worship offered to the Lamb. But the same precious blood which calls to us to be separate from the past is in itself the power which makes a new life possible; a life which has its source, not in ourselves, but in him who says: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Just in measure as we prize our redemption, and value the blood which bought us, just as we enter into, and understand what would be our danger and ruin, but for him who shed it,—we are brought to trust him only, but wholly, for the grace we need each moment of the day to walk in "newness of life."

The Moment of Judgment

and deliverance came. A cry of terror and despair arose from every house in Egypt, for "there was not a house where there

was not one dead." Egypt knew where the blow came from, and by the royal command of Pharaoh the children of Israel went out of Egypt. Their slavery was at an end, their bonds were loosed; the Egyptians hastened their departure, and loaded them with anything they asked for, so that "they spoiled the Egyptians." When God's moment is come, he knows how to deliver. Until the lamb was slain, every Israelite was a slave, detained in Egypt by the power of the oppressors; now, not one of God's people was a slave. He led them out with a high hand. Understand the power of the blood of Christ, and doubts, and fears, and self-distrust vanish. Another has taken up your cause; his blood bears the past, His blood is the guarantee for the future. "They overcame him (Satan) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death." (Rev. 12: 11.) If the blood of Christ shows us the truth about ourselves, there is no longer any possibility of our being discouraged; we are too low down in our own eyes to expect anything from ourselves.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HOUSE.

THE observance of the feast of the Passover marks the beginning of the national life of the Hebrews. From a family they were to become a nation, and this ceremony stood at the threshold of the nation's life, momentous and memorable. The dread night on which it was first celebrated was probably about a year and nine months after the call of Moses. To Pharaoh and his people it had been a period of dire disaster. He may in the beginning have refused to regard the calamities as anything more than natural phenomena, or the product of magic. But his magicians, who had duplicated the first two plagues, failed in their attempt to duplicate the third and told him that it was the work of God. Still later his officers and counsellors, appalled by the succession of evils, went to him and implored him to let the people go. "Knowest thou not yet," they said, "that Egypt is destroyed?" There was no doubt in their minds about the cause of the trouble, and they wished the king to yield, before other and worse evils befell the country. But still he remained irresolute and vacillating, promising under the pressure of calamity to let the people go, and breaking his promise when the pressure was removed. People often do that now, when in severe illness, or when some disaster seems to be impending, making vows to God which they break after they are relieved of their dread. After nine plagues had failed to bring submission and Pharaoh had threatened Moses with death if he came before him again with warnings and appeals, the approach of the tenth calamity was made known to Moses. This, he learned, was to end the long conflict. Pharaoh would yield and the Hebrews would be thrust out of the country eagerly and precipitately; the king and people caring not on what terms they went, so long as they went quickly. Here was a test of faith. They were to prepare for a sudden journey. If they believed Moses they would obey; if they trusted to appearances and experience they would think that the king would act as on former occasions and there would be no journey. There was another and most momentous test. Their houses were to be sprinkled with blood. Death would visit the houses of Egypt that night and seize the pride and hope of each family as its prey; but into any house with blood sprinkled hither he would not enter. There, was the plain and visible proof of faith. Any Israelite who thought the command unimportant, who doubted Moses in any way would not trouble himself with an act apparently so meaningless, yet really so vital. The scene on that night has had no parallels. The meal spread in each house identical in character; everyone eating as they stood, ready shod for the journey and at each door the sentinel of blood. Most

minute were the instructions as to the preparation and consumption of this strange meal, and it was to be observed annually while they remained a nation. It is still observed by the Jews the world over, with modifications in some particulars.

The beginning of months. This was to be the great era of the nation, the beginning of the Jewish year. The Jewish civil year begins in October, but they still continue to reckon their ecclesiastical or religious year from the celebration of the Passover, which occurs at the same time as the Christian Easter. Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, was asked the time and place of his birth. "What matters either?" was his reply, "I arrived in Rome March 8, 1797," thus intimating that the beginning of his life as an artist, which was his real life, was of more moment than the beginning of his physical life. So an aged Christian left directions at his death, that when his tombstone was erected it should bear the words, "Here lies an old man seven years of age," implying that the time which had elapsed since he was converted, was the only part of his life worth considering.

The blood shall be for a token. Dr. Cuyler relates an old Jewish legend which as he says, may or may not be true, but is certainly not improbable. It states that on that fatal night, a young Jewish girl, the first-born of the family, knowing that her life depended on the command being obeyed, said to her father, "Are you sure that the blood has been sprinkled on the doorstep?" He replied that he had ordered it to be done. But the girl was uncomfortable and apprehensive. It meant so much to her young life. Finally, she could rest content no longer and went herself to see if the blood was there and lo! it was not there. The order of her father had been neglected and it was nearly midnight. The father made haste to sprinkle the blood and his child's life was saved.

All the firstborn. None in all Egypt suffered so much by the death of his firstborn, as did Pharaoh himself. If, as most Egyptologists believe, the Pharaoh was Menephtah, he was indebted to his son for his throne. From the Egyptian records, it appears that eight years after the great Ramesses died, a rebellion broke out in Egypt and Menephtah, his son and successor, fled with such of his army as remained faithful to him. He took refuge in Ethiopia and remained there twelve years. With him was his only son Seti-Menephtah, a boy six years old, the son of his father's old age. When this boy reached the age of eighteen, he put himself at the head of his father's royal followers and marched back to Egypt. He was successful in every engagement and his valor inspired the soldiers who had been disgusted by his father's cowardice. He subdued all Egypt and restored his father to his throne. He governed in conjunction with his father and the dread of his valor and genius was upon all the enemies of the government. Many pictures and sculptures of him beautifully executed have been found in Egypt and are now in the British Museum. He was evidently a young man of singular beauty and strength of character, with a profile strongly resembling that of Napoleon I. But there is this singular fact about him: None of the monuments represent him as becoming Pharaoh. It is always as a prince that he is depicted, with the insignia of that rank. The later sculptures of him end their list of his titles with the ominous sign signifying justified, or, as we should say, deceased. "The heir to the throne," one of the inscriptions runs, "the Royal Scribe, the Chief of Soldiers, the Great Royal Son, beloved, Seti-Menephtah, deceased." As this was cut by his father's order it is evident that the young man died before his father. There is no record of his death yet deciphered. Probably none is in existence, as the king would be reluctant to chronicle the facts, but the Bible tells us how it occurred. He was the victim of his father's obstinacy, for "at midnight, the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne," etc. (Ex. 12: 29). The expression, "that sat on his throne," exactly describes Seti-Menephtah's position, prince governing as a Pharaoh, while his father still had the rank and title. He was probably away from the capital at the time when the stroke fell upon him, but his father would have little doubt, as he saw the mourning families around him, that his beloved son, too, was dead. The blow was very bitter, as shown by the inscriptions caused to be cut on statues and monuments deploring his son and bewailing his loss.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

EARTHQUAKE IN VENEZUELA.

A DISPATCH from our minister at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, in South America, received on May 9, reports a most disastrous earthquake which occurred ten days before. There has been, according to his account, a terrible destruction of life and property. Complete devastation has befallen the four cities of Merida, Lagunillas, Chiguara and San Juan. Many villages also had been wrecked. The full details had not been learned at the time the dispatch was sent, but it was believed that the number of lives lost would exceed ten thousand. The cities mentioned are all in the State of Los Andes, in the north-west of the Republic. They are at the base of the spur of mountains called there the Sierra Nevada de Merida, which are a part of the eastern Andes. Merida is the largest of the four cities, and early in this century it was the largest in Venezuela, but in 1812 it was destroyed by an earthquake, and although it was rebuilt, it never recovered its former prosperity. The earthquake of that year did fearful damage in Caracas, the capital, where twelve thousand persons were buried in the ruins of the overthrown buildings. Last month was remarkable for seismic disturbances in widely separated parts of the world. Early in the month Japan was visited, and Tokio and Yokohama were severely shaken. Then came the shocks in Greece, extending over two weeks, with serious loss of life and property. Now comes the news from Venezuela. To those Christians who are looking for the coming of the Lord in the near future, the fact is full of significance, for "earthquakes in divers places" were to be a sign of the nearness of his advent. (Matt. 24: 7.)

Tenants in Peril.

The building inspectors in New York are in conflict with the occupants of an old house in Greenwich street. Their attention was called last week to the condition of the house and they at once pronounced it dangerous. The front wall, which is of brick, has bulged nearly ten inches out of the perpendicular and the rear wall which is of timber has been shored up. An examination showed also that the beams were decayed. An attempt had been made to anchor the front and rear walls together, but the anchors would not hold and they have slipped from their places. The building inspectors say that the movement of any heavy piece of furniture on an upper floor would cause the house to collapse. There are six families comprising thirty persons in the house and they were notified that the building was unsafe. They all, however, refused to leave. They said the house was no worse than it had been for several years and they believed it would not fall. Persuasion was useless, so the building inspectors have commenced legal proceedings for their eviction. In the meantime a policeman has been placed on guard, to call ambulances in the event of a collapse. It is seldom that people are so reckless of their physical safety, though similar recklessness about spiritual safety is all too common, although the consequences of disaster in that case are infinitely more serious. (Luke 12: 4, 5.)

Great Subterranean Rivers.

A remarkable discovery has been made by a sea-captain who is engaged in the Central American trade. He reports that in the Gulf of Mexico it is possible to obtain fresh water far out at sea. The report is confirmed by other captains, who say that two great streams of fresh water run at the bottom of the sea, one ten miles and the other twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. They had formed the opinion that they boiled up from the ocean bed, but there is good reason to believe that they flow under Texas and are enormous subterranean rivers which have their source in the Rocky Mountains. That theory derives support from the fact that, between the mountains and the sea, many artesian wells have been driven, each of which has yielded an abundant supply of beautiful, clear, cold water. If it is really true that the rivers

maintain their freshness so many miles out at sea, we can form some idea of the enormous momentum they must acquire on their long, dark journey from the mountains. At whatever point the force of that momentum is exhausted, there the waters of the rivers are absorbed by the water of the sea and become of its nature. So would it be with the lives of Christians, who are in the world but not of it, if the divine power which was in them at the beginning of their course were not renewed day by day, keeping them from the pollution which surrounds them. (John 17: 15.)

A Repentant Patient.

A strange incident has occurred in the Bicetre hospital in Paris. At a recent public fete, two Belgian workmen, who were warm friends, became intoxicated at a Paris cafe and quarrelled. The cause of the quarrel was trifling, but they were both violent tempered men and could not be pacified by their fellow-workmen who interfered. They left the cafe inflamed with their potations, and fought in an open space near by. One of them was severely beaten, and in his mad rage drew his knife and tried to kill his opponent. His blow was warded off, but it struck the side of the head and completely

other. In his search he came to a place called Confederate Gulch, where he found two men who wanted to sell their claim. It had not yielded to their satisfaction, but gold in very small quantities had been found. They offered him the claim for four hundred dollars. He was disposed to purchase, but decided to take the opinion of a friend who was a mining expert. The friend tested the ground, examined the workings and reported unfavorably. The man therefore declined to purchase. He continued his search farther up the country but could not find any opening for his capital. As he turned toward his former home, he passed again through Confederate Gulch. He saw that there was some excitement there and going to the claim that had been offered him a few weeks before, he saw a mule team just setting out with a load of gold which had been taken out of the claim. Ten armed men were marching on each side the wagon which contained gold said to be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. How chagrined he must have felt as he reflected that he might have been the possessor of that gold if he had not relied on the expert opinion and rejected the offer of the mine! Infinitely more poignant sorrow will be felt at the last day by some who, when they were disposed at some solemn service to accept the offers of Christ and become his disciples, allowed friends to win them back to the world (II. Peter 3:17.)

Locating a Town.

The decision of the courts is awaited as to the position of a town known as Yuma. It stands near the boundaries of California and Arizona and there have been several disputes as to which of the two it be-



THE EARTHQUAKE IN VENEZUELA—LA GUYARA, THE PORT OF THE CAPITAL.

severed the ear. Both men were taken to the hospital, where, when they became sober, they were ashamed and sorry for their quarrel. The one who had maimed his friend was especially grieved when he was told of the injury he had inflicted. He was but little hurt himself, and as he visited his friend, he again and again begged his forgiveness, and protested his sorrow for what he had done. The surgeon was present when he made these protestations. He asked the man if he was sincere, and was assured that he was. "Then," he said, "you would be glad to save him from disfigurement if you could?" The man said he would. The surgeon explained to him that it might be done if he would consent to give a piece of his flesh to replace the missing ear. It would be a painful operation, and it was optional with him whether he submitted to it. The man consented, and a piece of flesh the size of the ear was cut from his arm and attached to the wound. The surgeon gave it as his opinion that the flesh would unite and the patient would not be much disfigured. There can be no question now that his injurer was sincerely repentant since he voluntarily suffered to make such atonement as he could. It is such sincere repentance that Christ expects of those whom he saves. They must be ready to prove their sincerity by sacrifices painful as the loss of a right hand or a right eye, if they would enter into life. (Matt. 18: 9.)

A Mining Expert's Blunder.

In an obituary notice in a journal of Butte, Mont., is a story of a lost opportunity which the deceased used to relate with chagrin. It appears that he had been a gold miner in his younger days and had accumulated about a thousand dollars. His claim was worked out and he looked around for an-

no interest in life after she was dead: He grew gloomy and morose and, at last, became demented. He and his two motherless boys were taken to the almshouse, where he died about a year afterwards. The boys did not turn out well and, after staying in the institution about four years, the elder ran away, and soon afterwards his brother followed. No great search was made for them until a short time ago, when a letter arrived from Leipsic from an old lady who said they were her grandsons. Their father was her son. His letters to her had been few and at long intervals, so that when they ceased altogether it was some time before she became concerned about his silence. She did not know to whom to apply for information, and she has only recently learned of his death in the almshouse. She says she has considerable property, and if her grandsons will come to her, she will make them her heirs. But since they ran away all traces of them have been lost. Any man who sought them out and informed them of their good fortune, would be doing them a kindly service for which they would surely be very grateful. It is such a service, of infinitely greater value, that Christian workers are engaged in. They are taking the news of an eternal inheritance to wanderers from God whom he waits to welcome. (Hos. 14: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Chicago Society for the Prevention of Crime have extended a call to Dr. Parkhurst to participate in the effort to suppress the crime in that city. It is the intention of the society to hold mass meetings in different parts of the city, at which Dr. Parkhurst is invited to speak.

The Presbyterian General Assembly which met at Saratoga, N. Y., last week will be asked to deal with a case similar to that of Professor Briggs. It is that of Prof. Henry P. Smith, of Cincinnati, which comes up from the Synod of Ohio on his appeal, and with it the questions of Old Testament criticism will recur.

The International Missionary Union will hold its eleventh annual meeting at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 13th-20th.

In Fiji, which in 1835 was a heathen land, there is a circuit which has 16 ministers, 310 local preachers, and upward of 7,000 members, with 27,000 adherents. Of the ministers, all but one are natives.

Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt has just closed a most successful series of meetings with the Immanuel church, Minneapolis, and is now holding special meeting with the First Church of that city, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, pastor.

During the Year 1893, Sixty-three new missionaries reached Shanghai, in connection with the China Inland Mission. There are others on the way, bringing the number dispatched since January 1, 1893, up to eighty-six, and at least one hundred young men evangelists are still needed.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Services at Mobile, Ala., are attracting enormous audiences. On May 6th a service for young people was held in the Rink, at which over fifteen hundred were present. At this service two hundred and thirty-four solemnly pledged themselves to Christ. On the evening of the same day the Rink was again crowded by grown people, and Dr. Munhall preached a most impressive sermon. Two meetings are held each day.

The Receipts of the American Board for April were \$54,813, a marked increase over April, '93, \$38,282. The gain was, however, in legacies, which were \$38,494, against \$5,303 last April. The regular donations have fallen off from \$29,320 to \$24,842. The receipts for eight months have been \$406,926 against \$412,961 last year.

Gen. A. O. Howard, Speaking Recently of his life at West Point as a boy, said that his courage was never so severely tried in facing the enemy on a battlefield as it was in persevering in going to Sunday School and attending to his religious duties in the face of the sneers and taunts of his college mates. He added: "I gripped my Bible, shut my teeth hard, and went for my mother's sake."

There is now no Hope of the Safety of the Children's Missionary Ship, the "Robert W. Logan." She has not been heard of since she sailed from Ruk to Yokohama in Japan for repairs, more than three months ago. It is supposed that she foundered at sea. There were several severe typhoons shortly after leaving port, and probably one of them caused her to capsize. Happily, there were no missionaries aboard at the time.

Additional Contributions for the Relief of the destitute in New York:

—Pasadena, Cal., \$1; Coulter, Edna and Ethel, 50c; McAlister, Mrs. Thomas, \$1; Treat, Grace E., \$2; Belden, Mrs. Nona, 50c; Jesus Sake, Springfield, Ariz., \$2; Brother and Sister in Christ, Kingston, N. C., \$5; Friend, Blackwell's Mills, \$2; Culp, Blanche and George, 20c; Thorsend, T., \$1; Garinger, Mrs. Alice C., \$1; Contributor, Louisville, Ky., \$1; Trenham, Mrs. H. A., \$3; Cook, Vesta A., \$1; Class and Teacher of First Presbyterian Church of Pomeroy, Ohio, \$1; Duffin, Mrs. Lee, \$3; Goodrich, Zephania, \$1; H. N., Penn. Yarn, N. Y., \$1; Friend, Batesville, Ohio, \$1; Friend, Guildford, Me., \$1; Findlay, Dr. W. G., \$1; Damon, Mrs. Chas. E., 50c; Stone, W. E., 30c; A widow's mite, Can., \$1; J. T. M., New Haven, Ct., \$1; Eldridge, Josie, \$1; Pirie, Agnes M., \$1; Evans, Wm. M., \$1; Mahon, Mary A., \$1; Reader, Nunda, N. Y., 50c; Sunday School of Olmitz, Kan., \$1.05; Robinson, Mrs. John, \$1; Carpenter, L. C., \$1; Johnson, Mrs. W. H., \$3.25; Lareck, Mrs. Minnie, 50c; Friend, Nordhoff, Cal., 50c; Robins, Emma, \$1; Bradley, Mrs. C. J., 25c; Norton, T., \$1.

1 box of clothing from Vesta A. Cook, East Dummerston, Vt.; 1 bag of potatoes from Bath; 1 box of dry goods from Georgetown; 2 bbls. of clothing from Y. P. S. C. E. Congregational Church, Peachman, Vt.

Two Runaway Heirs.

Search is being made for two young men who, when boys, eight years ago, ran away from an almshouse in New Jersey. Their parents came to this country from Germany in 1876, and settled in Jersey City. The boys were then respectively one and three years old. The family made no friends, and no one seemed to know anything of their antecedents. They were poor, but the man was industrious, and by hard work managed to maintain his family. In 1879, his wife died and the man grieved intensely over his loss. He had loved her deeply in his dull, silent way, and he took



DELIVERANCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning June 3.
John 8: 31-36.

NOT all are so ignorant of themselves as the Jews who, when Christ promised them freedom, answered, "We were never in bondage." In our better moments we know we are not always free. The rule of the spirit over human nature is feeble and irresolute. Some power forces us to do the things we had resolved not to do, and prevents our doing the things we had decided on doing. That power takes many forms; but it is the same power, and from it we need deliverance. It is the supreme need of our nature. A great philosopher has said, "If some great power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of a clock and wound up every morning, I should close with the offer." He was conscious that free, sentient power, involving responsibility, had been so utter a failure that right thinking and acting would be cheaply purchased by surrendering the power and accepting mechanical operation in its stead. The declaration was a humiliating confession. It implied the misuse or the non-use of power inherent in human nature. It was as though a man who owned a garden complained that it was full of weeds and wished himself a self-operating hoe that they might be rooted up. But he only voiced a common consciousness. Who is there, that waking in the morning and reviewing the events of the preceding day and his conduct in them, does not see that here and there he fell short of his ideal? With power over his thoughts, words and actions, they have not been what he wished and intended them to be. He has not been free. As the steel is drawn by the magnet so his nature has been drawn by evil. We may accept that situation as a settled fact confirmed by experience. Going one step farther we make the discovery that we cannot make ourselves impervious to this influence—we cannot deliver ourselves, but must be delivered, if we are to be delivered at all, by some power outside of us. This power exists and is at our disposal. Christ said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There was only one condition to this promise and that was the becoming his disciples and continuing in his word. The process is not very clear, though, doubtless, he saw it clearly. But the assurance is sufficient for us. Dropping all curiosity as to the means which may be, and probably are, miraculous, we have the solid fact that if we become Christ's disciples we shall be emancipated. It all depends then on being Christ's disciples and we have to find out what that means. Happily there is no difficulty in doing so. The directions are few and explicit. His disciples were called on to deny themselves and take up the cross; to love him so well that they were prepared to leave all to follow him; his word was their law of thought and conduct. That is the way to emancipation.

THE B. Y. P. U. IN GEORGIA.

At the recent convention of the Baptist Churches of Georgia, held at Macon, the subject of the Baptist Young People's Union was thoroughly considered and discussed. As Georgia is one of the strongest Southern States in the Baptist denomination, any action on the part of this convention was looked for as of deep significance to the future of the movement. "The Baptist Union" gives the full text of the resolutions passed by the Convention. The ministers appear to have thought a State convention or organization of the young people's societies premature and to have recommended waiting until the societies in connection with the individual churches were more generally organized. With all this conservative feeling and with the particularly cautious expression of the opinion

that "There is danger in a great movement like this," the convention gave the movement "cordial recognition and hearty encouragement." It then went on to say: "It is not wise to refuse the help of a great movement of wonderful power because there is possible danger. We must take hold of it and give it right conditions and wise management. The organization of our young people for training is earnestly recommended under the following conditions: All Unions shall be strictly Baptist, not interdenominational. They shall be in and under the control of the local churches. All contributions of the Unions shall be through the local churches to the boards fostered by the churches. All matters of detail and of affiliations shall be left where they belong, with the local churches in which the Unions exist."

TWO DEVOTED KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Among the reports sent to the headquarters of the Order of King's Daughters and



MRS. J. M. PORTER.

published in the "Silver Cross," are two from circles which may serve as specimens of thousands which are affiliated in this noble and Christ-like order. One of these is the Golden Rule Circle, of Allegheny, Pa. The President of the Circle is Mrs. J. M. Porter, whose portrait appears on this page. The Circle is now seven years old, having been organized in April, 1887. It was a small Circle at first, and contemplated chiefly spiritual work and mutual edification; but it speedily realized the value of the opportunities of usefulness within its reach, and its duty in regard to them. One of its members, Mrs. T. M. Morrow, had long been active in philanthropic work, and was in the habit of visiting the patients in the hospitals. Through association with her, one and another of her sister King's Daughters became interested in the same sphere of labor, until the whole Circle was engaged in the work. In the homes of the poor and in the three hospitals of the city, the visits of the King's Daughters are now events eagerly expected and joyfully welcomed. The kindly word, the sympathetic smile, the little bouquet of fragrant flowers, and in cases of need, more substantial help, have helped lift many a burden; while the sad and sorrowing have been pointed to the great Burden-Bearer in whose name his followers do their loving deeds. There are now thirty-two members of the Circle, all of whom are actively engaged in this beneficent occupation. They have recently furnished a room in the West Pennsylvania Hospital, at a cost of two hundred dollars, and have given time, labor and money freely in other ways in the Lord's service.

Another typical Circle is that at Hempstead, L. I., which calls itself the Charity Circle. It was organized in 1887, chiefly through the joint efforts of Mrs. Frances Payson and Miss Harriet Mulford, who

have toiled unceasingly in developing the efficiency and directing the work of the Circle. Since Mrs. Payson left the town, Miss Mulford has continued the leadership alone and has been President for four years. Her portrait appears on this page. The members of the Circle belong to various denominations, for all Christians can work for the needy, in his name, but the majority are connected with St. George's Church. The late rector, the Rev. W. H. Moore, D.D., took a deep interest in the Circle, and gave its work the help of his counsel and co-operation. As in many other localities, the need of clothing and food has for many months past been the most urgent necessity at Hempstead, and the Charity Circle, true to its name and principles, has made strenuous exertions to relieve the distressed people. Subscriptions to the amount of \$500 have been raised, materials purchased, garments made and provisions secured by these consecrated workers. In Hempstead, as in other cities and towns, the people who are outside the Christian Church have learned by actual experience, more than in any previous time of suffering, that Christ's people are moved by his principles and are living in his spirit.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

At the recent Central Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, held at Allahabad, the Epworth League was regularly organized. The Committee appointed to consider the step reported that: "We regard the Epworth League as admirably adapted to the needs and requirements of our rapidly extending work in this empire, and believe it to have great possibilities of usefulness to the young people of our Church. We urge on our presiding elders and pastors to utilize to the fullest extent the great advantages which the League offers; and by thorough organization, judicious administration, and earnest prayerful effort to make it a moral power throughout all our borders. To secure the largest possible measure of uniformity and most efficiently further the important objects of the League in India and Malaysia, we recommend that at this session a Central Conference Epworth League be organized." This was done and a full set of officers was elected, with Rev. E. W. Parker



MISS HARRIET MULFORD.

as President. A ringing address is made to Epworthians in the "Indian Witness," by Rev. H. A. Crane. He urges the vigorous prosecution of the movement by means of conventions. "In connection with our Central, Annual and District Conferences let us have Epworth League Anniversaries. And besides these let us have in every district an annual or semi-annual gathering in which we can come together for discussion of methods as well as for needed fellowship and inspiration. And secondly, let us get into closest touch with the Epworth League at home by regular enrollment." Mr. Crane also advises organizing as far as possible on the same lines and with the same constitution as in the United States, and sagely observes: "The model constitution recommended by the Board of Control, while not in all points obligatory is the product of the large experience of many successful workers among young people. It has been found admirably adapted to the work of the League all over the United States, in China, Japan, India, Bulgaria, Italy and Germany, and is not likely to be improved by the tinkering of novices."

The League at Rangoon, has a Sunday School at the soldiers' barracks which has been carried on faithfully during the year, the League furnishing the picture lesson papers. The Christian workers' department has also given considerable help in the services at the coffee rooms and on the river. All meetings of the League are well attended and considerable interest is felt in the work.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavorers of Memphis, Mo., have organized a mission Sunday school in the railway station.

Epworth leagues are being organized in nearly all of the congregations of the Methodist Episcopal church in Italy.

At Xenia, O., ten converts were recently received into the Baptist Church who ascribed their conversion to God's blessing on the meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union.

Dr. L. A. Crandall, pastor of Memorial Church, Chicago, has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of B. Y. P. U. A., in place of Dr. Hulbert who resigned and is now in Europe.

The Golden Rule reports a Christian Endeavor union in Wales,—the Swansea Union, that already has enrolled 24 societies, with 1,100 members. This union was not in existence four months ago.

At the recent State Convention of the King's Daughters of Maryland, held in the Mt. Vernon M. E. Church of Baltimore, 210 delegates were present and forty-two circles were officially represented.

The Loving Service Circle of King's Daughters, of Baltimore, Md., connected with the Reformed Church, numbers fifty-three members, and has one member as a missionary in Japan, to whose support the home members contribute.

At a recent conference of the Madras Young Men's Christian Association it was proposed that daily at noon, when the gun fires, each member, wherever he may be, should pause for at least one minute and lift his heart in prayer to God for blessing on the Association.

Epworth Leagues everywhere will be glad to know that Messrs. Hunt & Eaton have published a series of responsive services, intended for testimony, exhortation, confession, and general use, with a special service for the installation of officers and a form of reception of members into the league.

Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, Mass., has assigned to his company of the Baptist Boys' Brigade a part in the morning service. The boys occupy the front seats and sing one of the hymns. This not only tends to interest them in the church, but interests the church in them and their organization.

The Young Men's Christian Association in the Island of Malta has been holding its first anniversary, the reports at which were very encouraging. One hundred and seventy-three members had joined since formation, but as the members chiefly belong to the garrison, frequent changes reduced the average to eighty-three.

A Baptist Church has grown out of an effort made by the B. Y. P. U., of Omaha, Neb., to establish a Sunday School in a neglected quarter of the city. The Sunday School was organized, and its teachers, all of whom were members of the B. Y. P. U., persevered in its support. Then preaching services were held in the School, and now a regular church has been formed and duly recognized.

From an active member of a Christian Endeavor Society in Japan comes the following report: "Our work is increasing day by day. At first our fellow-Christians felt that we are those who like curiosities, and founded this society simply to imitate the foreign society without any good, firm reasons. But they have seen our work in Sunday School, prayer meetings, social meetings and work for the poor, and cannot help believing that we are in earnest."



From Nain to Jezreel.

Mud-Cabins and Ruins—A Child's Funeral—Camping on Esdraelion—The Traditional House of Elisha.



HE leaves of our Bible turn heavily, being damp with coming rain, as, guided by the 'Biblical Gazetteer' at the back, we look up Luke 7: 11-15, and read that on the day succeeding the healing of the centurion's servant, Our Lord "went into a city called Nain, and many of his disciples went with him and much people."

"Now when he came nigh unto the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her."

"Where is the city?" we interrupt the reading to inquire. David points to a cluster of wretched huts, walled with clay and roofed with straw plastered over with mud. "A Moslem village!" we pronounce decidedly, as the scent of low-hanging smoke from hovel-fires is brought down by the moist wind.

Two kinds of fuel are in general use in such hamlets, chaff, and cakes of dried camel's manure, the latter predominating in regions where the ungainly "ship of the desert" is brought into the service of man. One of the most important branches of woman's labor in these circumstances is collecting the manure, moulding it into flat cakes, and spreading it to dry upon stones, walls, and house-tops. I have seen roofs literally tiled with the malodorous combustible, and whole rods of stone-wall caked with it.

We smell chaff now, and prefer it. "Did I tell you," remarks Alcides, reining back Massoud into a conversational walk, "what the Rev. Mr. Jamal, the Nazareth pastor, said of chaff fires? In the village ovens they never go out, day or night, but smoulder and smoke continually. He says that is the meaning of the 'unquenchable fire,' into which the chaff is to be cast—the fire that is not allowed to go out."

"Quite so, sir!" This from David, who is within ear-shot. "Matthew third chapter and twelfth verse. Likewise Luke, the third chapter and seventeenth verse. They are the words of John the Baptist. The end of chaff in this country is to be burned. I do not know what the poorer people would do without it."

We are gazing at the knot of poor cabins that look as if a sweeping rain might wash them down into the plain some winter night, and marvelling that no sign of a walled town remains, by the gate of which the funeral train may have emerged on their way to the rocky tombs we are told lie further down, and not so remote from the old Nazareth road as the ruins of the city—when something moves quickly across the lower plain directly within our field of vision. Four men hold aloft a misshapen burden, and half a-dozen others keep pace with them in the long lope swifter than a slow run would be.

Serkeese grunts and says something we judge to be contemptuous.

David translates:

"He says 'they have done up the dead man to look like our luncheon tent'—and the boy is right."

The luncheon-tent being swung across the very mule the "boy" bestrides at this moment, we can testify to the truth of the criticism. It is, nevertheless, a human body which the "fellaheen," (Svrian peasants) are carrying to the most desolate tract of a territory unrelieved by tree or shrub for many acres. Turning our horses in the direction they have taken, we come up with

them as they deposit the figure, swathed in course matting, upon the naked earth, and begin with rude mattocks to make a hole among the stones—I cannot call the business "grave-digging." There are no mounds in what we now perceive is a cemetery, but ovals of round stones are set thickly all over the place, each designating a grave, and at long intervals we descry a low, upright block of granite, unlettered. The man who directs the gruesome task, answers readily and civilly the few questions put through the interpreter.

"It is a child who has died. A boy of eight. He has escaped much trouble. He is better off here than living. Allah is good!"

Other figures appear from behind the shoulders of the bleak hills, women, bare-legged, but shrouded as to heads and faces, in the dark-blue cotton mantles that uniform matrons and girls of the lower classes. They walk well and fleetly, and, approaching the grave-makers, without evincing the slightest curiosity at sight of us, seat themselves upon the ground about the motionless bundle and begin to sob in a subdued key, breaking finally into a chant, without beginning, middle, end, or the remotest suggestion of musical idea. The men pay no attention whatever to the performance. We

characterize it silently as "the people making a noise," very much the same, doubtless as was kept up by the "much people of the city," winding down from the Nain which is no more, when the Master's hand fell upon the bier and those that bare it stood still. One woman, as we note, neither sobs nor chants but, her muffled face bowed upon her knees, sits at the head of the dead boy, motionless, as if as deaf as himself to all that passes.

David explains aside that the women of the neighborhood take advantage of each funeral to visit the graves of their own relatives, and shows us other, and smaller groups, now arriving and scattered over the face of the hill. All crouch upon the earth soaked by yesterday's rain, and the humid air makes the dissonant croon of each family, "mourning by itself apart," audible to all the rest. Almost under Massoud's forefeet, one woman has thrown herself face downward beside a long, egg-shaped round of stones, and cries out over and over, the same form of words to the newly-turned earth. David hearkens attentively, and interprets, line by line, in his grave undertone. Over against this translation, Alcides—having what he chooses to call, "a fatal facility for rhyme"—pencils a metrical version almost as literal:

I arose and came to the grave, at the breaking of day,
To the grave on the barren hillside where Abou, my husband, lay;
I called on him by his name, but no answer came again;
Once more I repeated the cry, but repeated it in vain.
No dear voice answered my cry, from the rough, forbidding stones.
He sleeps too deep beneath the earth to hark the widow's moans,
Who will help his children now, since my calls are all unheard?
O, form in the grave there, among the rocks! answer a single word!

The workmen step out of the shallow hole they have scooped, and lay the mattocks aside. Another relay cover the bottom of the pit with stones, and lay the uncoffined body upon them. Earth is thrown in until it is nearly level with the surface, and a second layer of larger stones to hinder the depredations of jackals and hyænas; more earth, which is beaten hard, and the ring of great pebbles defines the last home of the little fellow who "has escaped much trouble."

We were surprised, but not shocked, to learn that our informant—the dignified man in a brown-and-white "abieh" and gray beard—is the father of the dead boy. While the grave is filling, an aged man, whom we take to be a priest, sits near by upon a grave-stone and mutters fast some form of prayer, his hands extended, palms outward. Four old men respond, when he pauses for breath, their hands outspread in like manner.

Now that all is over, the priest rises, and approaching the father, kisses him solemnly upon both cheeks, an example imitated by all the men present. The mother has not stirred, nor has any one spoken to her that we have been able to see, when we ride away and resume our journey.

The funeral must have drawn to a centre all the population of the surrounding country, for during the next two hours, we pass no human being except a swarthy well-built "fellaheen" who is sowing grain in a field lately scratched over by the wooden plough used by the so-named husbandmen of Palestine. He has made a "lap" of his outer garment, and it is full of grain. There is promise of an abundance of rain to settle the furrows, and he may be that phenomenon in this old land—a "forehanded" man.

Tabor lifts a gently rounded crest upon our left, and the wide plain passed an hour ago was the field in which Barak and Deborah overcame Sisera. Whenever we rise out of the occasional "dips" in the road,



TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF ELISHA AT SHUNEM.

which is nothing but a bridle-path—we look for and find the snowy brow of Mount Hermon upon the horizon.

"Which Hermon the Sidonians call Sirion, and the Amorites call it Shener," writes the author of Deuteronomy, parenthetically.

At Shunem we pause to get a picture that we do not, for a moment, attempt to believe is the house of Elisha, and to arrange to our satisfaction in which of the no longer fertile fields the boy, now grown to be a lad, was "making believe" help the reapers when the fierce sun struck the young head.

"Did you ever think?"—one muses aloud—"what a risk the poor mother ran in venturing out in the terrible midday heat that had killed her child? And in excitement and haste that were in themselves dangerous?"

There is no immediate response, but we know that the thoughts of all are with the solitary figure crouched together at the head of the flat, nameless grave in sight of the hill on which once stood Nain, and that each ponders upon the mother-love which is one and the same to-day with that which cast the Shunammite woman, bitter of soul and speechless, at the prophet's feet.

Our luncheon-tent is pitched within the ancient bounds of Naboth's vineyard. The threatening rain-clouds, after a spiteful

shower, have rolled by to mass themselves beyond Hermon and the hill Mizar. The sun shines kindly upon a spot which no man in his senses would covet at this day. Earlier comers have pre-empted the ground about the well that may have been here and used to irrigate the vines when Ahab went down to survey the blood-bought plot, and met Elijah face to face.

One of my pet abominations, a camel, an uncommon ugly specimen at that, erects his head against the pale sky. His master, his master's wife and his master's child, and the family donkey are enjoying their "noon-ing." The human creatures stare stupidly at us; the donkey is stolidly indifferent to our vicinity; the camel is supercilious. Hardy grasses push their way between the stones of every form and size that cumber the soil, and rank weeds fringe a lazy pool where a woman sits upon her heels, alternately beating wet clothes against the rocks, and going through the form of rubbing them between her fists while she gazes over her shoulder at the "foreign animals" feeding in their tent.

The Plain of Esdraelion stretches beyond to the foot of the mountains; the gleam of standing water gives back the sunlight at a dozen different points; copes of scrub trees diversify the level growth. It is not a barren outlook; neither is it attractive.

"A garden of herbs!" reads Alcides from "the best Baedeker for Palestine." "That didn't mean parsley, summer-savory, thyme, sweet marjoram, or even rosemary-and-rue, I take it,—hey, David?"

"I have often reflected upon that, sir, and in my humble judgment, King Ahab had a fancy for ornamental flower-gardens—terraces and the like—that could have been well contrived here. He was a spoiled child—was King Ahab—and his wife kept him spoiled—and a child—for reasons of her own. What are we to think of a man of years, and the king of a great nation, who takes to his bed and will not eat his dinner because he cannot get a bit of land he has set his heart upon? There was something evil at work besides his own folly. And when the evil outside of a man is a woman—!"

He shakes the crumbs vigorously from the table-cloth at the tent door with the gesture of one aware of the impotency of speech.

The vineyard was close under the walls of Ahab's palace or "house" as he called it in bargaining with Naboth. There is as little vestige of one as the other now. From out of the shelter of the tent, as we lie luxuriously upon our rugs, we gaze up at all that is left of Jezreel—a ruined watch-tower. From that height the watchman spied the armed company approaching and recognized the foremost as Jehu the son of Nimshi, "for he driveth furiously."

"The marginal reading has it 'in madness,'" interpolates Alcides. "Hark!"

The thunder of racing hoofs is in the air; across the base of the hill rushes a drove of half-wild horses bred upon the Plain of Esdraelion; leaping tall boulders and broad pools; tearing up the slope within pistol range of us, wheeling, as at a spoken order, and dashing off, until lost in the scrub.

We laugh, consciously, before confessing that for an instant we had seen, as by a flash, the mad driving of the rude usurper, the intrepid old queen, her eyes defiant between the painted lids, the tiara upon her wrinkled forehead, looking from her high window to fling her last taunt, barbed with a threat, at the soldier of fortune in her court-yard.

Alcides looks at a cur who is nosing about in the grass for scraps, and shudders. "I don't fancy the breed—here!"

The text he has in mind is upon the open page before our eyes:

"In the portion of Jezreel, shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel."

MARION HARLAND.



Oriental Fountains.

The Famous Spring and Temple of Ain Abou-Nabout, at Jaffa.

WHEREVER one goes in the East he meets with evidence on every hand of a beautiful reverence that is paid to the aged. Whether he travel among Christians or Moslems, it is the same; the high respect in which all Orientals hold their aged relatives is found everywhere. To the devout dead, who have left behind them an honored name, there is paid the tribute of a reverence that almost amounts to worship. This is especially the case among the Mohammedans, who find in the memory of their ancestors who have been orthodox in the religion of the Prophet, a provocation to deeds of charity and to the rearing of monuments, fountains and other structures that stand as testimonies of their esteem for those who have gone.

Among the Moslems are a class of devotees, called "Wilies," who are credited with the possession of supernatural powers, by which they miraculously cure the sick by touching them only. They are believed to be the appointed mediators between the prophet, Mohammed, and his adherents on earth. Abou-Nabout, one of the greatest of these "Wilies," lived, died and was buried at Jaffa, many generations ago. The Jaffa Moslems built him a splendid tomb, which serves also as a place of worship. Attached to it is a fountain named in honor of the saint—Abou-Nabout—signifying "father of the great staff," a name denoting that the bearer was a warrior of prowess, and noted also for his administrative capacity. All who drink there are asked to remember the devotion of him after whom the fountain is named. Such fountains, at the graves of the Mohammedan great, are called "Sabeel," or "a place where for the great one's sake, water can be had freely and abundantly." Anyone who approaches is expected to repeat the Mohammedan creed, and implore God's mercy upon the soul of the deceased.

The tomb of Nabout, which is shown in our illustration, is open during the daytime for purposes of public worship. Such tombs serve also the rather incongruous purpose of a depository for merchandise, and if some one in the neighborhood has anything which he believes to be unsafe at home, he places it within the tomb. The Moslems believe that if a thief breaks into these places, the spirit of the dead one may rise and kill him; therefore robbers rarely dare to break into tombs. A worshipper may go in and see here a heap of apples, there a sack of figs,

and yonder a large quantity of pomegranates, but he will not touch them.

Beside the tomb of Abou-Nabout are two graceful poplar trees, and to the right are others of a wilder variety, forming quite a bush. At one corner stands a mukari (mule or camel-driver) who probably came ahead of his caravan to see if there was room at the fountain for watering his animals, as he expects every minute his camels to come and drink. Near the mukari is a young man, probably a native of Jaffa, whose donkey has come to the fountain to drink. The whole picture is one that is essentially characteristic of everyday traveling experience in Syria.

Happy Dispositions.

A woman with a happy disposition is far more to a man as a wife than the woman with a great fortune, for riches take wings. Worldly prosperity has a way of altering, and if once money vanishes the gloomy individual does naught but sit down and

is out of office, generally puts before him five to ten per cent. of the letters received daily. The rest are answered by her or her brothers, Henry and Herbert, when at home. Mrs. Drew also lays before her father such few books as she thinks will interest him and not take much time. Many an author owes to the early favorable notice from Mr. Gladstone's pen the popularity which he has obtained in later life.

Playing Dog.

Our youngster used to insist on our dropping the pen, and playing dog, writes Dr. Talmage. It seemed to be her model idea of sport. All that she demanded was that we get down on our hands and knees and advance rapidly, with a bark not natural to our human species. It being a moderate demand, we undertook to gratify it, and succeeded as well as could be expected.

We thought at the time how many are engaged unwittingly in this game of playing dog. They are so many men after each other in all occupations and professions, with sharp teeth and threatening bark, that it seems as if all the spite and enmity of men were being unkenneled; merchants after merchants; clergymen after clergymen; doctors after doctors; politicians after politicians. They are doing what our little girl demanded of us. They are "playing dog." They bite and devour each other. They get on the track, and run down their game. Sometimes it is the great mastiff after the small rat-terrier. Then it is little poodles after great Newfoundland. If men want to go a-hunting, why do they not go after that which ought to be hunted?

THE KING COMETH.

Written for "The Christian Herald."

I KNOW my Lord will come again, I know
The sky will kindle with supernal glow,
From east to west burn through our fading
night,
With far-swept splendor of celestial light.

I know his feet upon the cloud shall rest,
With gold of heaven engirt his kingly breast,
His face shall shine refulgent as the sun,
Haloed with diadems his valor won.

I know the splendor of his eyes shall trace
The record of each life in every face.
Great King transcendent on the judgment
throne,
Just with his foes, and tender with his own!

I know with lifted hands and bended knee,
I shall adore him whom my eyes shall see,
As the worn wanderer of Galilee,
Yea, as the man of tears who died for me.

—HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

THE habit of observation may or may not enrich a soul; it depends upon the original gift of receptivity and the power of quick and wise selection. What shall seeing avail if we always see the wrong thing and always take from it a pessimistic impression? We are apt to find what we most diligently look for, and if we set out with a theory in hand the whole universe will seem built to nourish and coddle it. But the eye that is disengaged and has no theory as to the source of its light, finds wherever it turns, the precious well-springs of original,

unbiased and unconditional inspiration. Science has taught us the value of the fact distinct from its connection with theory; a myriad facts suddenly coalesce and form a discovery; and it is with the imagination as with prosaic understanding; all things tend from the simple to the complex, so that what we come to at last is always a combination of simples. The poet who is nearest to nature at this moment, says "The Chautauquan," is most like the poets of twenty-five centuries ago who was



THE FOUNTAIN OF AIN ABOU-NABOUT, AT JAFFA.

(From a Photograph brought from Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

weep, having no word of encouragement for the husband, on whom the blow falls most heavily. The happy-dispositioned wife will see a way out of the difficulty, or will accept matters as they are in a sweet spirit of cheerfulness that endows her husband with new zeal, and causes him to look upon her as the guiding star of his existence. If God has not given you such a disposition, cultivate it as far as possible. It does no good to brood over troubles. It doesn't help matters out a bit. Be on the lookout for bright rays, and you will certainly find them.

Mr. Gladstone's Daughter.

Mr. Gladstone has a great objection to signing autograph albums which come to him frequently. These applications are controlled and held in check by his second daughter, Mrs. Drew. At Hawarden Castle there arrive every morning by post an average of a hundred letters, many of them from abroad. Mrs. Drew, when her father

There are all the foxes of human deceit, and the roaring lions of infernal cruelty and hate that ought to be pursued. Whistle up all your dogs for this chase. Keep them in the leash till the right moment comes, and then, with clap of hand, and stamp of foot, and halloo of voice, set them on the black brood of death. When there are so many horned and hooved and tusked enemies of God and man to be overtaken and brought to grief, there is not much use in social life that men should spend their time "playing dog."

Sowing the Seed.

Not a word we say falls fruitless,
Not a deed we do decays:
Every thought and word and action
Will be found in future days.

Grant then, Lord of all the harvest,
That the seeds we daily sow
May refresh the hearts of others,
Spreading blessings as they grow.

then very close to nature; for although there is no monotony in life, there is in it the fine, inextinguishable oneness of truth by which every change is referable to unchangeable law. Whenever we lay our ear to Nature's breast we hear back to the first throb that ever beat there.

Kingsley's Tender Heart.

As everybody knows, Charles Kingsley loved well "both man and bird and beast." This feature in his character was curiously displayed one Sunday in church. He was just about to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon, when all of a sudden he disappeared from the view of the congregation. What was amiss? It was soon seen, however, that nothing serious had happened. He had only stooped in search of something on the floor, which, when found, he had taken to the vestry. And what was that something? An injured butterfly which was fluttering about. Being unable to fly away, owing to its hurt, Kingsley was afraid it might be trodden on, and so he interrupted the service of the church until he had removed the insect out of harm's way.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

C. M. Hixon, Weiser, Idaho. 1. Can we, and ought we to forgive an enemy before he repents? 2. Does God forgive us before we repent?

1. The injunction to love our enemies implies forgiveness before repentance. Kindness and magnanimity frequently induce repentance more quickly and surely than any other method. Christ's prayer for his murderers is an example for us. The stipulation as to repentance before forgiveness in Luke 17: 3, 4 appears to refer primarily to church discipline when an offending member of a church should not be forgiven until he has repented. 2. God as a righteous Judge requires repentance, but he loves us while we are yet sinners, while hating our sin. It is his love which most frequently induces repentance. It is certain that unless we are sorry for our sins and forsake them, we shall not be forgiven. But this comes when we exercise faith in Christ, and God gives the grace of repentance. Frequently faith precedes repentance and leads to it.

Subscriber, Brownsville, Tex. Can we be Christians and sinners at the same time? Ought any one to join a church so long as he sometimes commits sin? If any one commits sin does not that prove that he is not a Christian?

Christians are not and do not profess to be perfect. They give themselves to Christ to be sanctified and purified and made holy. The process is often a slow one, but the trend should always be upward, and will be so in proportion to the degree in which the man yields himself to the Spirit's influence. The Christian falling into sin goes to Christ in deep sorrow, feeling himself unworthy to bear his name, hating his sin and pleading for forgiveness and more power to resist temptation. So there is this difference between two men who commit the same sin: One is unconcerned and has no remorse about it, so long as he escapes punishment; but the other grieves over it and strives against a repetition of it. In the latter case, the man may be a Christian while yet a sinner.

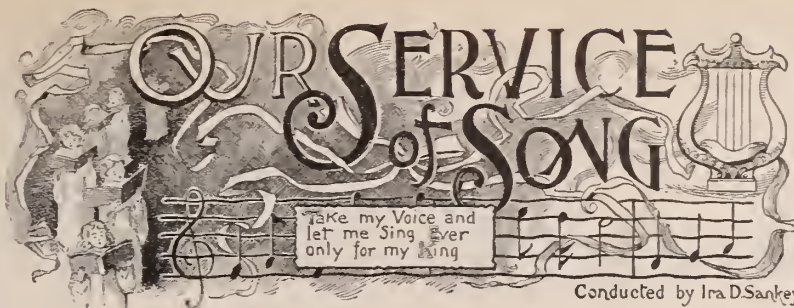
Truthseeker. 1. Should a minister preach what he does not practise? 2. What does Paul mean by saying he was all things to all men 1 Cor. 9: 22?

1. He should preach the truth as he sees it, and as the Holy Spirit reveals it to him. If his conduct is inconsistent with his preaching the power of his ministry will be impaired. He is nevertheless bound to preach the truth and is not relieved of that duty by any consciousness he may have that his conduct is not up to the standard he raises. A minister's conduct, like the conduct of his hearers, is not likely to be equal to his ideal. If he is not striving to attain his ideal he is better out of the pulpit; but he is quite right in preaching a standard that he is striving to attain even if he has not attained it. 2. Merely that he adapted himself to the condition and modes of thought of the people he addressed. When speaking to the Jews he talked of the law and the types as a Jew would, showing how Jesus fulfilled them. When he spoke to the Athenians on Mars' Hill, he spoke as a Greek scholar quoting their poets.

G. Hyllton, Elmwood, Neb. What, in brief, are the doctrines of the Universalists?

There are diversities of belief among them, but we believe all agree that all men will be saved in the end. Dr. Ballou, who lived at the beginning of this century, believed that all sin was punished in this life and there was no punishment after death. Many Universalists became his adherents; but the majority hold that there is punishment beyond the grave for all who die impenitent. That punishment, however, they think, is not eternal, but continues until the subject of it is reformed and is ready to obey God and love him. He is ultimately received into heaven, and in the end sin is utterly destroyed, and in all God's universe there is nothing offensive in his sight. There have been Universalists ever since the Christian era, and in modern times some eminent members of the Protestant Episcopal Church have held the doctrines of Universalism, while not uniting themselves with the Universalist Church. Frederick W. Robertson was, and Canon Farrar is, among the best known of these. The theologians of the Presbyterian and other evangelical churches continue, as a rule, to hold and preach the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Williston P. Wood, Grand Vall-y, Pa. See answer to Subscriber, Vancouver, B. C., in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—P. M. D., Newark. Address Rev. D. M. Heydrick, 500 Deane St., Brooklyn, N. Y. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund is now closed.—Sister in need. We are overwhelmed with similar demands from different quarters.—C. W. F., Kan-as. Send the papers to B. Brandon, Bedford, Minniedosa, Manitoba, Canada.—Mrs. F. D. Palmer, Kansas City, Mo. You have probably been misinformed. We have no knowledge of it.—Mrs. C. W. S., Sank Centre, Minn. Your contribution of \$1 has been received by Bella Cooke.—L. D. Redding, Muskegon, Mich. The fact of the words being retained in the Revised Version is a sufficient proof of their being genuine.—Christian Herald Reader. By dividing the hoof is meant such a foot as the ox or the sheep. The camel was not to be eaten.—H. V. Leach. Your question has been answered several times. See answer in our issue of January 3, to Edward Brown, Grand Rapids, Mich.—John Bachman, Roseville, Ill. Consult your pastor, or write to Rev. R. E. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago.—S. A. MacGregor, Forestville, Ind. All information as to the Epworth League can be obtained from a Methodist minister, or by writing to the Secretary, Dr. Schell, 57 Washington street, Chicago.

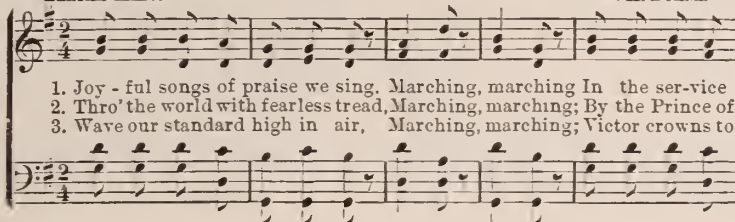


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

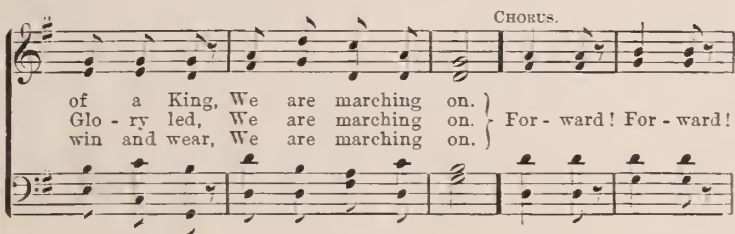
Joyful Songs we Sing.

BERTHA MASON.

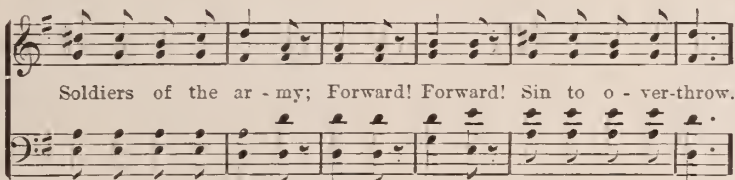
W. H. DOANE.



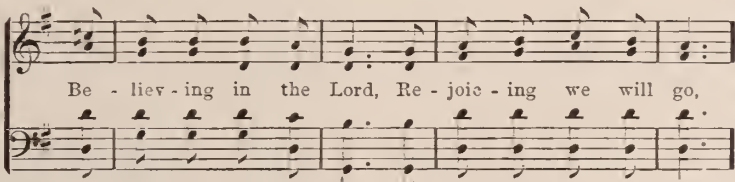
1. Joy - ful songs of praise we sing, Marching, marching In the ser-vice
2. Thro' the world with fearless tread, Marching, marching; By the Prince of
3. Wave our standard high in air, Marching, marching; Victor crowns to



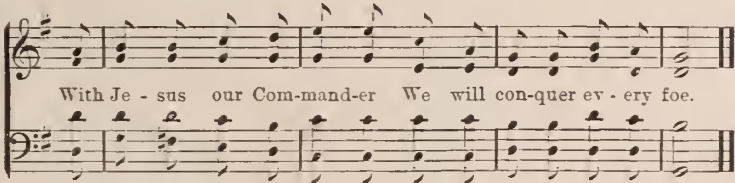
of a King, We are marching on. } For - ward! For - ward!
 Glo - ry led, We are marching on. }
 win and wear, We are marching on. }



Soldiers of the ar - my; Forward! Forward! Sin to o - ver-throw.



Be - liev - ing in the Lord, Re - joice - ing we will go,



With Je - sus our Com-mand-er We will con-quer ev - ery foe.

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, by per. of the Publishers.

HOW SWEET 'Twill BE.

HOW sweet 'twill be at even,
 When all our work is done,
 To view the rolling splendor
 Of life's descending sun,
 And think that on that morning
 Which soon shall greet our eyes,
 No storm-clouds of affliction,
 Or sorrow e'er shall rise.
 How sweet 'twill be in Zion—
 With no more to endure—
 To know that all our trials
 But served to make us pure:
 Just as the gold and silver,
 Their value to display,
 Must first go through the furnace
 To melt the dross away.
 How sweet 'twill be in heaven,
 Where endless morn appears.
 To meet our friends and know them—
 The lost of other years.
 And with them and the angels,
 Whose songs eternal rise,
 Sit at the marriage supper—
 The banquet of the skies.

—MRS. V. A. BELDEN.

UNEXPRESSED.

UNEXPRESSED! the word of kindness
 Which we might have said;
 But we, in our human blindness,
 Let it fall back—dead!
 And the heart which yearned for friendship,
 Pined and starved to death;
 When we might have satisfied it,
 Almost with a breath.
 Unexpressed, the word of anger,
 Which I almost said;
 But I closed my lips upon it—
 Let it fall back—dead!
 And the heart it would have wounded,
 Did not feel the pain;
 And our lives flowed on together,
 Peacefully again.
 Unexpressed! life's deepest feelings,
 For the lack of speech;
 Beauteous thoughts by God implanted,
 Which we never reach:
 But beyond the shining river
 In the land of rest,
 We shall speak our thoughts forever—
 Nothing unexpressed.

Campbell, Tex.

—L. A. W.

JEWISH RESTORATION.

A Rabbi's Declaration of his belief that the Jews will Return to Palestine.

AN impression prevails that the Jews are not expecting or desiring restoration to Palestine. It is based on the remarks of so-called reformed Jews, who have practically abandoned their ancient faith. The Christian who knows that the partial restoration of the Jews will be an unmistakable sign of the proximity of Christ's return, is interested in this question. He will, therefore, appreciate the significance of the following remarks which are part of an address recently delivered by Rev. H. Gollancz, M.A., a Jewish Rabbi, in connection with the Chovevi Zion Society at the Jewish Working Men's Club:

With regard to the arousing of your interest in the work of the society itself, it seems to me that you require no words of encouragement from me in order to increase your enthusiasm and love for the land assigned to us for an everlasting inheritance by the title-deeds of old, and hallowed to us by the joyous and sorrowful experiences of which that land has been the scene in ancient and modern history. It is not the work of a year, it may not be of decades of years, but it is a work of caution and deliberation, it is a work that, with God's help, is to succeed as the realization of prophecy.

Small beginnings have already been made in the matter of colonization, and where these have been made with prudence and extreme caution they have succeeded. But, my friends, it does not mean that because we cannot get the whole thing at once, we should therefore neglect everything towards the accomplishment of a hope which we pray will one day be realized. Let the Jew do his share in helping to bring about the word of prophecy and God will put his seal upon the work and bring it to pass in his own good time. Let us not be frightened or depressed because difficulties stare us in the face or crop up on every side. What earnest, believing Jew need be told to love Zion? What devout Jew need be told not to give up the hope of the promised restoration and the rebuilding of the Temple? Why this is part and parcel of his faith as a Jew.

That portion of prophecy has been fulfilled which predicted our dispersion consequent upon the destruction of the Temple and the desolation of our country. Why may we not hope that the other portion of the prophecy will be fulfilled which promised the return to Zion, and the restoration of Israel to the desolate and uninhabited cities of the Holy Land? Who does not call to mind the beautiful and pathetic dialogue adduced in the Midrash, which took place between Rabbis of different ways of thinking. The four Rabbis, Gamaliel, R. Elazar ben Azariah, R. Jehosuah and R. Akiba once came to Jerusalem. When they beheld the desolation round about they tore their garments; but when they came to the mount where the Temple once stood and saw foxes running wild on the very spot where once stood the Holy of Holies, three of the Rabbis wept bitterly, whilst R. Akiba showed actual signs of joy and began to laugh. They looked at him in astonishment and said, "We weep and you laugh: you are a perfect riddle to us." But Akiba replied and asked, "Why do you weep?" "Shall we not weep," said they, "when we see how literally has been fulfilled the decree, 'Upon the Mountain of Zion which is desolate, foxes walk upon it.'" "This is just the reason why I am joyous and glad; for I am convinced that, if the prediction which prophesied evil has come to pass in such dreadful reality, the prophecy of Zechariah (which foretold good things), will undoubtedly also come to pass: 'Thus saith the Lord, I am returned unto Zion and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem. . . . There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'" And, dear friends, as far as we at the present day are concerned, might we not derive hope and comfort from the continuation of these words of the prophet Zechariah: "Thus said the Lord of hosts, I will save my people from the east country and from the west country; and I will bring them so that they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem."

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover: 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Bible House, New York.



CHAPTER XVII. Continued.

IT'S heaven's ain truth, ma'am!" said Elspeth. "If the mistress had na' carried awa' wi' her to show to Mrs. Lanier, the bit letter that cam' by the day's mail frae th' puir childie herself, I could read it oot to ye unner her ain hand and seal. Sae shakey and scratchet-like, Mrs. Morse, I could guess she war greeting sair the while she wrote it. I had it in me hand, whilst I could read it twice over, and I mind weel how it ran. That wha' sinks far in the heart by way o' th' een, aye lingers there lang.

"It war maistly like this she wrote: 'Dear mither,—my feyther is ill in Paw,' (did e'er a Christian hear o' sic an ill-begotten name for a toun?) Verra ill, and mayhap like to dee. I hae been in correspondence wi' him sin' last September. He is puir and an invaleed, wi' naeboddy to care for, or be wi' him. In his last letter just received—the whilk I eencluse—ye wull see that he hae little or nae hope o' getting weel. I hae plenty o' money to tak' care o' him while he is alive, wha' wi' my Uncle Roger's legacy and the bit I hae contrivt to save thae two years.'

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that, Mrs. Morse? She will hae fair starved herself to put by siller for that—de'il!" sputtering with the vain effort to think up another and as forcible, if less hackneyed epithet.

"Poor, dear child! Go on! what else did she say?"

"That she had kenned a' th' while that he wad need her; that he had na askit her to come to him; that he war in nae eemmedeate danger, and that the medical man thought if he could get to Algeria, he might e'en recover. She kenned better than that, she said. Her feyther was trying to deceive her to keep her mind easy.

"At the last she set down this postscript: 'Mother, ve'll forgie me when ye reflect how ye ance lo'ed him yersel'. I hae lo'ed him allers—me dear, noble feyther! sae noble and sae unhappy! Ane day ye wull be convinced of his ennoquence, and wull bless me because I did na leave him to dee alane amang strangers. Kees the children for me and beg Lanier not to be fashed wi' me.' And at the verra fut o' th' page, 'Love to Elspeth. She maun na' scold me.'

Her voice went to pieces again in the surf of her sobs.

Mrs. Morse sat miserable and helpless for a minute, then a ray darted upon her mind. "Was the name of the place where Mr. Paull is, Pau?" she asked eagerly. "Why, my husband and brother are going there—so a letter from Mr. Morse, received to-day, tells me. They will look him up."

The fire in Elspeth's eyes dried the tears. "'Deed, ma'am, I've me doobts if he's ever been there, or ill at all. I've kenned him twenty year an' mair, an' the times he tellt th' truth war mair seldom than th' times he leed, an' kenned he war leeing. All he wants is to get mair siller frae the innocent baby. In the smooth, fause letter frae him slippet into hers, he speaks o' money she's sent him, and that it saved him frae starving, and gat him meedical attendance, an' that the sight o' it aye gared him greet—ah! ma'am, is it ony wonder I lose me wits an' me bonnie Engleesh in thinkin' o' my sweet, headstrong bairnie in the hands o' that mon, and his maister, the de'il, only kens in what manner o' companv beside?"

"It is all very sad—very terrible!" assented the listener, forced to collect her senses by the frenzied state of the whilom phlegmatic Scotchwoman. "But Mrs. Paull may get to New York in time to stop her. When was she to sail?"

"Yesterday. Mrs. Paull will gae straight to her sister-in-law, and the two will try to find by what steamer she's gane. They can do naught else. I'll carry the mither's face wi' me down to me grave. 'Twas like one wha' had gat her death-call. An' never a bitter word or look! Only, 'Elspeth, ve'll not tell the boys what's gane wrang.' I'll

leave them at hame. I maun tak' the dochter he's left to me, with me to her aunt's. God will strengthen me for this day, also." There maun be summat far agley in the world, Mrs. Morse, when sic a mon can mar the life o' sic a woman."

"I cannot but hope that Mr. Morse can be of some service to her, and to our poor little Marie," said the pastor's wife consolingly. "I will write to him to-night, and the letter will go out by Saturday's steamer. Whether her father is at Pau or not—(the word was spelled P-a-u, wasn't it?) Marie will go straight there, expecting to find him. What a wild, imprudent idea it was—flying off to the ends of the earth alone! A young, pretty girl, who has never been a hundred miles from home?"

"She was aye as brave as brawss—her mither's ain bairn for speerit—and wha wad gae through fire an' water for love's sake. Ance he gets hold o' her, he'll ne'er let her gang till every bit and bittock o' her hard-got siller is in his pouch. God forgie me, a sinner, Mrs. Morse! but when I think o' it, I could stop his fausse breath wi' me twa auld hands, if he stood here before me!"

Mrs. Morse was a peaceable Christian woman, yet she did not look horrified at the blood-thirsty outburst. She asked, quietly: "Where are Tom and Edwin?"

"In their play-shop in th' attic, happy as kings, wi' never a thocht o' what's come to their sister, an' th' mither's heart-break."

"Let me take them home with me for the night—until their mother comes back. My boys will be overjoyed to have them, and you will be more comfortable to have them away while you are so unhappy."

She bore the two lads off with her, delighted on their parts with the prospect of the visit, leaving Elspeth to nurse her grief and wrath, or to reason and pray herself into a gentler mood. There was literally nothing for her hands to do until it should be time to set about getting supper for Robert and herself. It was but four o'clock when Mrs. Morse departed; the house was in perfect order; the kitchen, her especial domain, was speckless and shining from the polished floor to the copper boiler to the left of the range, and the row of tins gracing the shelf above the dresser. Moreover, for perhaps the first time since she was a woman grown, she had no heart to work. All the inherited savagery of her Gaelic blood was in a ferment. The stern integrity and uncompromising judgment of her Covenant forbears were arrayed with her love for her stolen nursling and fealty to her beloved mistress against the author of this latest and foulest wrong to an unoffending household. She had never really believed in Earnest Paull, even when he won the unquestioning devotion of Alice Lanier's heart, yet in all her years of service in his family, she had held her peace as to this, her private opinion. Now, she felt as if her soul were swollen blackly with the accumulated distrust and dislike of twenty-five years. He was the impersonation of all the sorrow that had followed her mistress, until, but for Divine grace and the gallant championship of him who was now no more, she must have been hounded into her grave. At the thought of Roger Lanier, an odd constriction closed upon the faithful heart; two tears forced themselves from her hot eyes.

"If he war here, this wad na' a come about!" she muttered. "It mak's me fair mad to think his money, that he meant sould be a peace-offering to the blind, doited bairn, sould fa' into sic dirty hands!"

A loud ring at the door-bell aroused her. She was sitting in the chimney-corner facing the windows that opened upon the piazza. When Mrs. Morse went away, the cautious care-taker had locked the main entrance-door, leading into the hall, and the two parlors upon the left and right of this. Never a tramp had been seen about the place, but the canny Scot always made provision for the unexpected. Glancing from the window nearest her, and seeing no vehicle in the car-

riage-drive, she decided to answer the appellant by way of the kitchen-door.

Opening it, and stepping beyond the threshold to get a better view of the visitor, she saw a well-dressed man standing with his back to the door at which he had rung. He faced the lake and looked about him with apparent interest in the landscape or premises; his profile was turned to Elspeth; one hand, cast carelessly behind him, was gloved; the other held a cane and was bare.

Elspeth believed, when she came to look back upon the scene and interview, that she recognized this ungloved hand and the easy grace of his attitude before she knew the face to be Ernest Paull's.

He had not heard her open the kitchen door. The March wind was blustering, and the pines made loud moan in his ears. When, drawn perhaps by the steady glare of her angry eyes, he looked toward her, she had shut herself out with him, and her heels upon the sill of the stout door, had the mien of one defending a fortress.

He walked quickly down the piazza, his feet ringing upon the brick pavement. She recollected his gait so well! the slight roll that never degenerated into a swagger, and a springy rise upon the toes—the carriage of a man who thought well of himself and was used to being thought well of by the world.

In nearing her, he changed the cane into his left hand and held out the bare right.

"Ah, Elspeth! I how do you do?"

She folded her arms so tightly that nothing but her own will or a crowbar could have undone them; her stare was stony, yet lurid, like the "slag" of a smelting-pot; her mouth was a grim, straight line that gave her the physiognomy of a North American Indian. She neither budged nor spoke.

"Why, Elspeth! my good woman!" with a laugh of friendly patronage, "Am I so changed that you do not know me?"

"I ken ye weel—mair's the peety."

Her voice rasped like the sharpening of a saw.

He laughed again, less good-humoredly, and with a scornful cadence, and spoke like one who had no disposition to dally with whims.

"Where is your mistress?"

"She's awa' frae her hame. Where is me mistress's dochter?"

"See here, Elspeth! You cannot impose upon me with any of your high-tragedy airs. We know one another of old, and I am less inclined to submit to impertinence now than then. I asked, civilly—more civilly than you deserve to be treated, where Mrs. Paull is."

"And I asked for Miss Marie that ye've tolled frae hame and freends and nateeve land to follow ye to the eends of th' airth, and ye here in free and eenlichtend America, whilst she's gane to speir after ye in a place where ye've never set a fute, for a' I ken."

His change of color was perceptible through the bronze of a recent sea-voyage.

"What under heaven are you talking about?" he interrogated, harshly.

"Just wha I hae tellt to ye! that my mistress wha used to be yer wife before yer pre-fairred Jeezebeel to Esther"—stingingly acrimonious—"hae gane to th' ceety for tidings o' her child wha sailit yestreen to tend ye on yer seek bed and mayhap to receive yer last breath—(heaven save and keep us frae sic awfu' prevarication and lees!) ye having fuffed the puir, blind lassie's haid wi' sic stuff o' yer poverty and seekness as micht turn the stummick o' a cast-iron pot!"

"Do you really mean"—coming a step nearer, and speaking hurriedly—"that the silly child sailed yesterday for France, hoping to see me there? Why did her mother allow it? Was there no one to stop her? This is abominable!"

"Ye have used the reet word for ance! If me relegion allowed me to put in a harder, I wud fleen it at ye. And the abomination is at yer door, the sin upon yer heid, where th' punctionment will be too in the Day when he maketh eenqueesection for the blood o' hearts and o' souls."

"Hold your tongue, woman! You say that Mrs. Paull is in town? Where?"

Elspeth was mute.

"Can't you understand English? Speak!"

No response.

"I'll make you answer!" Beside himself with anxiety and suspense, he put out his hand as if to take her by the shoulder.

Without shrinking so much as a hair's breadth away from him, she drew herself up to her full height, until she towered above him; her eyes glowed dangerously.

"Lay th' weight o' yer cowardly finger upo' me, and I'll stretch ye at me feet,

ye fausse carle! Ye bade me 'haud me tongue!' and I hae haud it. I'll rend it oot by th' root before I'll tell ye where me mistress is. What are ye to her? What is she to ye, wha desairted her and deesgraced the bairns she had borne to ye, and wad hae let them starve had it na been for him wha made ye afraid to veesit America unteel his body wae unner th' sod, and his speerit in heaven, where the likes o' ye wull be lang in meeting him, while there's a God o' justice to rule the airth and th' heavens! If ye hae any ane grain o' good in ye, gae ye back to the far cuntry where ye hae been spending that poor lassie's substance in reetous leaving, and send her hame again!"

"When will Mrs. Paull be at home?" as if he had not heard a word of denunciation, or counsel.

"I dinna ken. If I did, ye wad 'be nane the wiser."

"Where are the children?"

"They're nane o' them within."

"Did they go with their mother?"

Obstinate silence again.

"Elspeth!" persuasively.

Not a syllable.

He walked up the piazza, close to the wall of the house, eying the closed shutters sharply in passing, his hands behind his back, turned at the far end, and came directly up to her, with the mien of a man willing to reason, yet resolved to end a debate by stringent action.

"You must comprehend, Elspeth, being an unusually sensible woman, that you cannot keep up this sort of thing with me. The children are mine, and I can get out a writ that will give them to me. If you go too far, I will do it. No power on earth can hinder me. It is as well that your mistress should know this. If she is in New York I advise you to communicate with her at once and inform her as to my intentions. If—as I more than suspect, she is in this house"—stepping back to survey the upper windows, and raising his voice—"you may tell her that I will call again in a week for her answer."

Misled by Elspeth's immobility and down-dropt eyes, he went on more threateningly:

"In point of fact, I have the right, legal and moral, to search the premises for myself. You certainly have not the right to prevent me."

"I'll tak' it then! Ye'll enter this door over my deid body. And suld ye try it, a skreel from me wad fetch a lang-legged laddie from yon barn wha think na mair o' tossing ye, neck and crop, oot into the loch over there, than if ye were a mad dog. I may not ken muckle o' th' la', but I ken wha hae the stranger body o' twa men, an' ye are nae Goliath o' Garth!"

"You run a great risk," returned Mr. Paull, with affected coolness. "I have warned you. Upon your head be the consequences. I have crossed the ocean to see my wife and to claim my children—and I shall do both. You may deliver my message to Mrs. Paull, or not, as you like. It makes no difference to me."

He sauntered deliberately off the porch and along the drive to the road leading to the highway, striking at stones and fallen leaves with his cane, in an idle, lounging fashion. Between tree trunks and naked branches Elspeth saw him get into a buggy in which sat another man, and the two drove away together.

She was left in victorious possession of the field.

For how long?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. St. Paul.

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross, and nothing worth.
"Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth."

M. E. Sangster.

In one particular, at least, Elspeth's scepticism with regard to the statements made by her former master, was, in a measure, unjust.

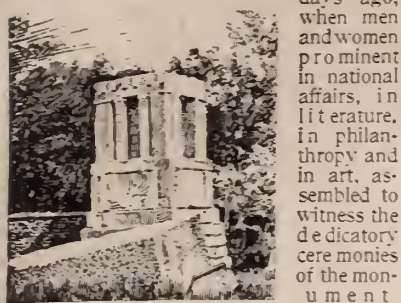
The man who strode moodily through the Pinehurst Woods on that blustering March afternoon was not in robust health. Had her excitement suffered her to use her eyes as faithfully as was her custom she must have observed that he was thinner than when she saw him last, and that a peculiar hollowing of the chest caused him to stoop slightly in walking. He breathed fast, and not regularly after swinging himself up into the hired carriage awaiting him; leaned back, slouched his hat over his brows, and remained silent until he alighted at the railway station at Pedlington.

(To be Continued.)

The Mother of Washington.

The Monument, Which "The Christian Herald" Readers Helped to Complete, Dedicated at Fredericksburg.

There was a notable gathering at the historic town of Fredericksburg, Va., a few days ago, when men and women prominent in national affairs, in literature, in philanthropy and in art, assembled to witness the dedicatory ceremonies of the monument erected to the memory of Mary Washington, the mother of our first President, by the women of America.



THE UNFINISHED MONUMENT.

Among those who participated were the President and Vice-President, Chief Justice Fuller of the U. S. Supreme Court, Secretaries Gresham, Lamont, Carlisle and Morton, Postmaster-General Bissell, and a

since for a long period she had labored earnestly and ceaselessly to interest the Maries of America in the completion of the monument. The occasion was made one of military display, and the whole town was en fete to greet the arrival of the visitors from different parts of the Union.

On a knoll a little distance above the town, is located the simple shaft which was to be dedicated. The inscriptions, "Mary the Mother of Washington," on one side, and on the other, "Erected by her Countrywomen," tell briefly to the world the story the shaft commemorates. Here the dedicatory party assembled, and the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith. Addresses were delivered by the mayor of the city, Gov. O'Ferrall, President Cleveland, Senator Daniels, and others.

The corner-stone of this monument (a photograph of which in its completed condition appears on this page), was laid by President Jackson in 1833, in the presence of over 10,000 persons. For sixty years it remained unfinished, the pedestal alone standing, while the obelisk which it was to have supported, lay mouldering beside it. It was the work of a private citizen who desired to honor the name and memory of the mother of Washington, and Marion Harland in her book entitled, "The Story of Mary Washington," indicates the cause that led to the temporary abandonment of the work. She was the prime mover in the attempt which has now been successfully made to rehabilitate and complete the monument, and it has been largely in response to her appeals through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and otherwise, that the patriotic Maries of America made so noble and generous a response. The entire cost of the monument was in the neighborhood of \$11,000. It is fifty feet high, a monolith of Vermont granite rising from a base eleven feet square. The old monument, which had to be discarded, has been largely distributed as relics, and some of it will be built into the wall enclosing the finished shaft.

EPWORTH LEAGUES IN INDIA.

The Epworth Leagues of India and Malaysia have elected as general secretary, subject to the approval of the board of control for India conferences, Rev. Homer C. Stuntz of Naini, Tal. He has begun his work by securing an Epworth League column in the official Methodist paper, the "Indian Witness."

That Tired Feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla a Great Blessing—Stronger and Better.

"The grip left me weak and with terrible rheumatic pains in my shoulders, a general feeling of great fatigue. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now am free from rheumatic pains, stronger and my general health is better. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a blessing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

for it not only built up my system but it cured me of nervousness and that tired feeling." Mrs. L. P. SMITH, Waitsfield, Vt.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

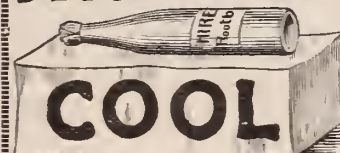
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Make New Rich Blood.

"Best Liver Pill Made"

Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE, Liver and Bowel Complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Price 35 cts. five \$1.00. Full particulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St. Boston, Mass.

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And it will Keep You Cool

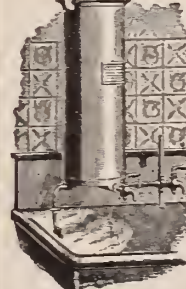
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MAIZE, KAS., JAN. 28, '94.



For many years I suffered from Catarrh of the head and throat, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not understand conversation at all. Could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing had ever given me the slightest relief. Last summer I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and had not used it three weeks until my hearing began to improve, and has steadily improved ever since, and now I can hear common conversation across a room without difficulty; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away, with the door closed, and I think I am entirely cured and my hearing permanently restored. I urge all who are afflicted as I was, to obtain Dr. Moore's treatment.

EDWIN COLEMAN.

MEDICINES FOR THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT FREE.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

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Not a stitch in the web The hold of a vice

Not a tear—Not a cut

Sold Everywhere—Made by Warner Bros., N. Y. and Chicago.



THE MARY WASHINGTON SHAFT, As Dedicated at Fredericksburg, May 10.

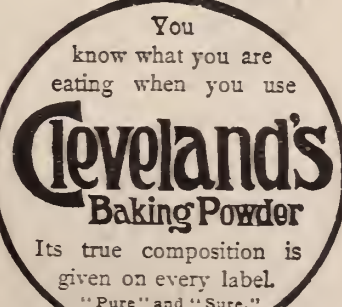
number of ladies, including the Daughters of the Revolution, and Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune (Marion Harland). To Mrs. Terhune, probably more than to any other lady present, the occasion was one of rejoicing,

A Late Breakfast

Is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.

TO BIBLE STUDENTS.

You will find the new Monthly Magazine "The Lamp of Life" indispensable in Sunday School, Mission and Church work. As its name indicates, its object is to give light. Many questions are asked in the present day to which Biblical students often fail to obtain answers. These relate to the meaning of obscure passages of Scripture; to the character of obnoxious events as indicated in prophecy; to the condition of the soul immediately after death; to the identity of the Lost ten tribes, and to many other subjects. "The Lamp of Life" sheds light on all these subjects. It also shows the significance of events in the political, social and religious world, and how prophecy is being fulfilled in our day, as in the past. Its method is exclusively Scriptural. It gives new translations by eminent scholars of different passages, and by comparing one Scripture with another, enables the reader to get a comprehensive and exhaustive conception of God's revelation. Sample copy ten cents. Annual subscription \$1. All orders to be sent to Dr. B. O. Kinnear, 101 West Seventy-fourth street, New York.



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WAITING.

Written after reading the words of Aunt Jane Brown aged 101 years in "The Christian Herald" of May 2nd: "I'm just waitin' till my place is ready for me."

I AM waiting 'mid the shadows
Of this dark and dismal shore,
I am waiting by the current
For the Lord to bear me o'er.
For a century I've wandered
Mid the murky shades of earth;
Now I long for heaven's glory—
World of happiness and mirth.

All my earthly tasks are finished—
I'm just waiting for my Lord;
Soon my journey will be ended,
And I'll go to my reward,
Soon the boatman o'er the current
Will come gliding, with his bark,
And he'll bear me o'er the billows
That are rolling, deep and dark.

Soon the sunlight of the heaven,
That is built for man on high,
Will, in beams of brightest glory,
Fall in triumph from the sky,
While I mount from death and darkness
To behold the glowing face
Of the Christ I love so dearly,
And to rest in his embrace.

Only waiting for the morning—
Waiting by the current, dark;
Waiting for the coming signal
For my mansion to embark,
And I know the boatman's near me,
For it seems I hear the oar
Of the boat that soon will bear me
To the bright, ecstatic shore.

Farewell, earth, with all thy shadows,
Farewell, darkness, death and pain,
I am going home to glory,
With the saints on high to reign.
There these eyes shall see the splendors
Of the city built on high,
Where these feet shall tread the pave-
Where none ever droop and die.

Imman, Nebr.

J. N. GORTNER.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff. The same axiom is equally true regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla as compared to many other medicines.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

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of youth
lies
in a
Pure
Clear
Skin.

Toilet preparations and powders clog the pores and are unnatural and injurious.

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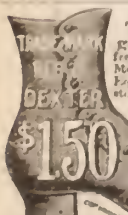
Complexion Brush

and SOAP clean and free the pores and create the glow of perfect health.

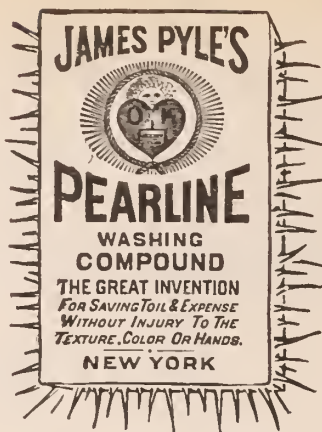
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Bailey's Complexion Soap . . . 25 cts.
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Found at high grade dealers in Toilet Goods or mailed on receipt of price.

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less to any washable substance or fabric.

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you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

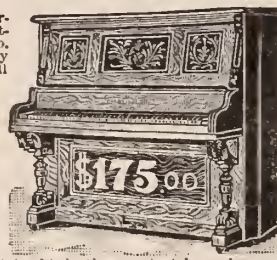
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl Line." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends James Pyle, New York.

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1,800 yards Fancy Black Watered Silks, \$1.00 per yard; standard value \$1.50.

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50 pieces of Figured and Bayadere designs in Pongees, at 50 cents a yard; regular price 75 cents.

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A large list of Types (over 44) with Figures, Holder, Indefinite Ink, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

It bristles with good points.

And the minute they spy dirt they rise up and go for it. No matter what it's on—linen, laces, silk, woolens, flannel, marble, china, glass, wood, metal, or your own person, Pearl Line will get the dirt off with the least trouble and labor.

It saves that ruinous wear and tear that comes from rubbing. But there's another point to think about, more important still:

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Is unequalled for house, barn, factory or outbuildings, and costs half the price of shingles, tin or iron. It is ready for use, and easily applied by any one.

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easily made water-tight and fire-proof at small expense, with dark red slate paint. On decayed shingles it fills the pores, and gives a substantial roof, that lasts years. Curled or warped shingles it brings to their places and keeps them there. Genuine slate-paint requires no heating, and contains no tar.

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Absorbs the ulcers and heals all affected parts. Sent post-paid. PRICE \$1.00.

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A VIRGINIA COLPORTEUR.

A WHITE-BEARDED, bent, old man, hat, clothes, boots, all looking as though they had never been new, astride a black horse which is never ridden out of a walk, and which carries also a pair of ample saddle-bags. Such are the Rev. W. F. Yarbrough, the Virginia colporteur, and his horse, "John the Baptist." These two are known throughout the state and West Virginia. They have been inseparable for the last sixteen years. No place is too wild and lawless for them to penetrate, to leave a Bible here, a tract there, or for the colporteur to preach a sermon in some mountain fastness, whose inhabitants never heard a church bell or the story of the Cross.

W. T. Yarbrough was born some seventy years ago in Albemarle County, Va., and there spent his youth and early manhood. His betrothed dying before their marriage, he has remained constant to her memory. He is a Baptist, but a most liberal one, and strong in the temperance cause. He sells a few books when he can, to supply his wants, which are few, as he finds a welcome to board and bed wherever his fancy or duty may lead him. An earnest, untiring, humble Christian, he has endeared himself to hundreds of his fellow workers of all denominations.

Though he speaks not with the eloquence of Apollos, his sermons carry the conviction that he is terribly in earnest and they are his honest opinions. While his lot is cast with the Baptist Church, he knows no doctrine but faith and recognizes all Christians as brothers. He has spent his life in hardships; his lines have not been cast in pleasant places; yet, he has passed the allotted period and is still full of cheer. All have some wish they hope to have gratified—and so with this faithful old worker. He said lately, to a friend,

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Is vitalizing in its effect on the nervous system.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Proca Discovery. Write to The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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right as a bicycle can be made. Moreover, Columbias are backed by a broad, liberal, and reliable guarantee.

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TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no charge. Send 2c stamp for circular. L. M. Ney Smith, Specialist, 721 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

"I think I will get some medicine to sell on commission. I want some money."

"Why, Uncle Billy, what do you want with money?"

"Well," said the veteran, "old John is getting too stiff to climb the mountains, and we'll have to part. I want to buy another horse, a blanket and a mattress, and make another trip through these mountains before I go home. When I'm called, I want to be on duty."

May this old servant of the Lord hear, at the last, the blessed words, "Well done," and find rest after his life of patient, humble labor.

—L. W.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

SEVENTH INTERVIEW.

By our Special Commissioner

With Mr. William Hunt, The Grove, Newton Abbot, November, 1892.

Among the many people in Newton Abbot who have received marked benefit from Mr. Congreve's treatment for Consumption is Mr. William Hunt, of the Grove, who is in the employ of a well-known firm of the town.

This young man seems to have enjoyed fairly good health until a year or two ago.

"Then," he says, "I became seriously ill. My chest was affected. The doctor told me that my lungs were very weak indeed, that it was likely I should go into Consumption. He gave me medicine, but it did me no good."

"How long were you sick altogether, Mr. Hunt?" I asked.

"About twelve months; but during a part of that time I was able to go to work. But by and by I caught a chill, and I became very bad indeed. I had a great deal of pain about the chest; I raised a quantity of expectoration, sometimes with traces of blood. I lost flesh, and became so weak that I was compelled to give up work. Then I took to my bed, and remained there three weeks."

"Was it then that you applied to Mr. Congreve?"

"Just about that time."

"I suppose you commenced to take the medicine directly—what was the result?"

"It picked me up at once. I got stronger. In time I was cured and able to go to work again."

"Was it long before you were able to start work?"

"From three to four months."

In answer to my next question, he said:

"I have kept well ever since, and have kept at work."

"What is your occupation, Mr. Hunt?"

"I am engaged at a large business house in the town. Sometimes I have to lift heavy weights—not very often; and, of course, I am exposed to the weather a great deal."

"Now, Mr. Hunt, if you knew anyone who had any disease of the lungs, what advice would you give them?"

"I should strongly advise them to go to Mr. Congreve."

Owing to the impossibility of executing the numerous orders sent to Mr. Congreve in London, on account of the difficulties and cost of sending small packages through the Custom House, he has lately opened a depot at 211 Foster St., New York, and now wishes it to be known that henceforth all sufferers in America can promptly obtain, by addressing him there,

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, which even in advanced stages of that terrible disease may be used with certainty of relief.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read his book on Consumption of the lungs or decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 perfectly cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cents, or it will be sent gratis with every first order of \$1.00 trial bottle of Congreve's Balsamic Elixir, if ordered direct from

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE,

London, Eng., and 4 Wooster Street, New York. Please mention this paper.

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Guaranteed for 25 yrs., have been played and praised for nearly 30 yrs.; to-day they are the most popular instruments made. Secure our **SPECIAL TERMS of Credit**, framed to suit the times. Remember this grand book is sent **FREE**. Write for it at once. **CORNISH & CO.** (Estab. nearly 30 yrs.) Washington, N. J.

New Practical Books. EXCELSIOR WEBSTER POCKET SPELLER AND DEFINER.

Of the English language containing over 25,000 words. This work gives the correct orthography and definition of all the words in common use.

Containing 320 pages, double column, it weighs 21-2 ounces, size 5x21-2 inches, neatly bound in Elegant American Russia Leather, Burnished Edges, and indexed. 50c. Seal 75c.

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But an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory, and yet we have tons of fact for every ounce of theory.

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CONVINCED OF ITS MERITS

NEW YORK, Dec. 20th, 1893.

Myself and family have derived so much benefit from the Electropoise, and I have become so thoroughly convinced of its merits, that I feel warranted in commending it without reserve to the public. A friend, a highly esteemed clergyman and educator, has said he "would not take one thousand dollars for his Electropoise."

REV. W. H. DEPUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D.,
Assistant Editor of *Christian Advocate*.

EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 4th, 1891.

I had a violent attack of La Grippe, which left me in a feeble state. I was persuaded to try the Electropoise; now, after a year (during which time I have used no medicine), I find myself in better health than for fifteen years, and all traces of La Grippe are gone. Its effects have been remarkable.

REV. WM. McDONALD,
Editor Boston *Christian Witness*.

COUGH—INSOMNIA

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 5th, 1894.

We use the Electropoise in our family, and would not part with it under any circumstance. I have found that no medicine will so quickly give relief as the Electropoise, and particularly is this the case with a cough or sleeplessness. I have taken frequent occasions to speak of its wonderful curative powers.

MRS. HOWELL E. JACKSON,
Wife of Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

RHEUMATISM.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 14, 1893.

I have suffered with constitutional rheumatism all my life; for several years I was compelled to use a crutch, and then could not walk fifty yards. I commenced the Electropoise with no faith in it; the good results have been wonderful. I can now walk without a crutch, and my heart trouble is cured.

DR. W. H. MORGAN, D.D.S.,
Former President of Nat. Dental Association.

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The wide range of disease mentioned in these letters indicates the fact that the principle involved is of corresponding application, and the so-called incurable cases have often yielded to the treatment in a remarkable way.

Electropoise simply reinforces vitality and conquers disease; not a battery or belt; no shock, but a simple, easily applied home cure without medicine.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

TRUE SHEPHERDS OF THE LAMBS.

The American Sunday School Union's Seventy Years of Labor among the Children of the United States—A Glorious Record of Successful Work.



Institutions were like human beings there would be something very sad about the anniversary celebrated last Sunday by the American Sunday School Union. It was its seventieth birthday, and its life has been so useful, so helpful and so blessed that we should all mourn if we had to say of it as of ourselves: "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." The venerable organization renews its youth year by year, and its present strength and vitality have in them all the promise of centuries of life, not enfeebled by the passing of the years, but enriched and invigorated by the fruits of experience. The children, whom it gathered in its early years, have grown old and gray, and have gone to the tomb; generation after generation has been blessed; and still the patient, well-rewarded work goes on, and the men and women who will stand in the forefront of the battle, and march in the ranks when we are gone, will have among them none more valiant and steadfast than those who will have reason to bless the Sunday School Union. The recruits it brings to Christ's army are the best soldiers. We are thankful when we see a hoary-headed sinner converted to God, but it is chiefly for his sake; it is gratifying to see the middle-aged man quit the ways of sin and turn to Christ, but we lament the years he has given to sin; but when a child is converted, we have the best reason to rejoice, for there is hope in him of long service and of his winning many other souls for Christ. So in consecrating its work to the conversion of the children, the Union has a most delightful and most hopeful field. It is sowing the good seed in ground not choked with the cares of this world, the love of riches or the noxious weeds of evil habits. It is dealing with the spiritual material when it is most impressionable, before the evil days come when the soul says, it has "no pleasure in them,"

and when one and another plot of virgin ground is added to the vineyard of the Great Husbandman, we rejoice in the hope of rare and precious fruit. Every Sunday School teacher should realize that what the world will be twenty or thirty years hence, depends more on his fidelity and earnestness, and on God's blessing on his labors, than on the work of pastors and churches.

The Sunday School Union, which organizes, systematizes and directs this most momentous work was established in 1824. Already several local unions existed, some for States, and

Bishop White, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Dr. William Currie, Thomas Mendenhall, Peter Thompson, Matthew Carey, Thomas P. Cope, Joseph Sharpless and Captain Nathaniel Falconer. Honored names are they now, which ought to be known and revered in every Sunday School in the land. At that meeting was organized "The Society for the Institution and Support of First-Day or Sunday Schools in the city of Philadelphia and the Districts of Southwark and the Northern Liberties." The idea at that time was almost wholly educational and the schools were for the benefit of "the children of indigent parents, who had not proper opportunities of instruction previous to their being apprenticed to trades." Spelling-books and primers were used in the school for the more ignorant, and the Bible was to be read

school. He was Rev. Robert May, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, who was on his way to India. He told his fellow-workers what had been done by Robert Raikes in England, where Sunday School work antedated the work here by about nine years. Mr. May was the first to introduce reward tickets and to bring the more distinct religious element to the front in the Philadelphia schools. The Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia was the first to formally adopt the movement and make it a part of church work. One of the teachers of the First Day Society suggested the idea, and his daughter, with several other ladies organized the first school in April, 1815 and became its teachers. The movement spread to New

York, and in 1816 a society was organized in that city, with Dr. Isaac Ferris, as President. Mr. Eleazer Lord, who had removed from Philadelphia to New York in the previous year, had the honor of bringing the good seed of the Sunday School idea with him and introducing it to the attention of Dr. Ferris and others.

By 1817, there were forty schools in existence in the two cities, and two in South Carolina and one in New Jersey. In 1819, the number of schools had increased to 127, in which there were 10,550 white and 660 colored children.

Auxiliary societies reported to the Philadelphia Society from Massachusetts, Maryland and New York, and the project of forming a National Union was launched, which on May 25, 1824, was carried into execution.

The occasion was the seventh annual meeting of the Philadelphia Sunday School Union, to which representatives of other Unions had been invited. It is interesting at this day to read the resolution which defined the objects of the Union showing, as it does, how closely and faithfully the American Sunday School Union has followed the programme then sketched. It stated that the aim should be, "To concentrate the efforts of Sabbath School Societies in the different parts of our country, to strengthen the hands of the friends

of pious instruction on the Lord's Day, to disseminate useful information, circulate moral and religious publications in every part of the land, and to endeavor to plant a Sunday School wherever there is a population. With these objects, the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult Sabbath School Union,

(Continued on page 339)



OFFICERS OF AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

1. Dr. J. M. Crowell. 2. Rev. E. W. Rice, DD. 3. Mr. R. Ashhurst. 4. Mr. L. Knowles. 5. Hon. W. Strong

others for districts, counties, cities and towns. Sunday School work had been prosecuted for thirty-four years. It dated from Dec. 19, 1790, when a meeting was held in Philadelphia to "take into consideration the establishment of Sunday Schools in the city. The persons present at that meeting were

and extracts copied by those children who could read and write. Salaried teachers were employed. This continued to 1810-16, when the teachers served gratuitously. In 1811, a visitor from England, who was an enthusiast in the new movement, spent some time in Philadelphia and founded a



HEAVY WEIGHTS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday at San Francisco, Cal. Text: Psalms 55: 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

DAVID was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. During the past few days tidings came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good, and kind, and gracious, and beneficent. Word comes to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

In the far East, wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have got a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." He cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want.

In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be in this assemblage, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks

to another brother: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are ploughed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the life-boats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat, "Here, John, catch this gold; there are three thousand dollars; take it home to my old mother, it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; he knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsaleable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard-stick down to that sale of the last

yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime-minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wall; he hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; he knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead; he sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache; he sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had admirers. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of Envy and Jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for Church or State, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoff and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist Church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find someone of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his Dutch Republic, tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that, he said: "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knew all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then, there are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants.

Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgia and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is? It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous!

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. D

your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past, it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family: "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage."

This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh ye, who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!"

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas, me! for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas, me! for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Ay, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come to glory.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud and the rapine and the murder and the crime of all centuries! Ay, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

True Shepherds of the Lambs.

Continued from first page.

and such other similar societies as may unite with it, do hereby associate under the title of The American Sunday School Union."

At the time this resolution was passed, the number of Sunday Schools known to be in existence was 723. They were of many denominations, including Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches. There was some doubt whether a union could be formed of these various elements, but it was impressed on all that it was not to be a union of churches but of Christians, in a work in which all Christians have a common interest. The seventy years of the American S. S. Union and the seventy-eight years of the American Bible Society prove that such co-operation can be secured. The total population of the country was at that time estimated at ten million persons, of whom probably nearly three millions were children. The Union thought that twenty-seven thousand schools ought to be in existence at that time and expressed the opinion that five men in each of the twenty-four States might be wisely employed for many years in establishing such schools. A year later, the report showed that the number of schools was 1,150, the number of teachers 11,205 and the number of pupils 82,697.

The Rev. W. C. Blair, the first missionary, had traveled extensively during the year and much of this first year's success was due to his exertions. This missionary work the Union has never suffered to languish. Its value was proved at the commencement and every year has confirmed the first estimate of its usefulness. In new communities beyond the churches, where religious affiliations are so varied that no denominational church could live, the missionaries have organized Sunday Schools, from which not unfrequently union churches have grown.

During its seventy years of life the Union has organized on an average, every year, over thirteen hundred such schools, and in the year just closed no less than 1,785 were organized. In the West, South, and Southwest the Union had a multitude of opportunities for the work, and right nobly has it used them. Dr. W. P. Paxson, who has charge of the South-western district and has labored indefatigably to plant the standard of the Cross wherever a band of children could be gathered, reports from five to six hundred Sunday Schools a year organized in his district alone. That field has a special interest for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, because of the labors of Rev. George W. Sharp, their own missionary whom they have supported for three years past, and who has proved one of Dr. Paxson's most efficient helpers. The Union has 138 missionaries engaged, whose zeal and devotion to duty is beyond praise.

The work of the Sunday School Union has not, however, been confined to missionary effort. It has undertaken the publication of books and periodicals specially adapted for the Sunday School. Such works as Dr.

Rice's famous "Bible Dictionary," his no less valuable "Our Sixty-six Sacred Books," and Prof. Bissell's "Bible Antiquities," are specimens of the books issued by the Union. They are sold at low prices, that teachers might have no difficulty in equipping themselves for their duties. Besides these larger works, leaflets and booklets suitable for the children have been produced, and many of these have been freely given away when schools in poor neighborhoods have needed them, but have been unable to purchase. To those who know with what avidity children will devour all literature that comes in their way, there is no need to point out how useful is this effort of the Union to disseminate the truth in attractive form.

On this page we give a picture of the headquarters of this most beneficent organization, which is located at 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This is the centre from which pulsates to the remotest part of our wide land the living energy that is building up the future generation in the knowledge and love of Christ. Here the meetings of the managers are held—men of eminence who receive no compensation but such as comes from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed for Christ's sake, and here the officers at the head of the various departments labor constantly to keep the work in a state of thorough efficiency and usefulness. Portraits of a group of these officers appear on the first page, which will be of interest in every Sunday School in the land.



THE AMERICAN S. S. UNION'S SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.
Headquarters of the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia.

day, and until 1880, when he resigned his seat on the Supreme Court bench, one of the most honored members of that high tribunal. He is a native of Connecticut, and is now in his eighty-seventh year. He served eleven years as Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and ten years on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. His profound knowledge of law, his marvelous powers of analysis and discrimination, and his rigorous logic, made him an invaluable associate in consultation, and an authority on technical and national questions, whose opinions are universally respected. The significance of a man so learned, able and distinguished giving his time to Sunday School affairs cannot be overestimated.

Another member of the group is Mr. Levi Knowles, the senior Vice-President of the Union. Mr. Knowles has long been one of the most prominent of Philadelphia's business men, and one of her chief philanthropists. He is now eighty-one years of age, and he has been fifty-two years one of the managers of the Sunday School Union. For fifteen years he served the Union as its Treasurer, without compensation, and has

in many other ways freely given of his labor, time and money to advance its interests. With a keen knowledge of business, a strong practical mind, and rare powers of organization, Mr. Knowles has been invaluable on the Board of Managers, and he avers that the happiest years of his life are those of his association with the Union.

A third portrait is that of Rev. Edwin W. Rice, D.D., the editor of the Society's publications. Dr. Rice is now in his sixty-third year, and the thirty-fifth in the service of the Sunday School Union. He brought to the high position he now holds an experience of the most practical kind. He had served as a missionary of the Union in the Northwest, as Superintendent of an important district, and as Assistant Secretary of missionary work. He was therefore thoroughly familiar with the whole sphere of the Union's work, and has proved during the sixteen years he has held his present office, his eminent adaptation to its duties. He knew by personal observation what teachers and pupils needed, and few men could have met the need so ably. The "Scholars' Handbook," the "Lesson Leaves," and the first "Sunday School Quarterly" ever issued, besides fifteen exhaustive works of larger scope, two of which we have already mentioned, are evidences of his devotion and capacity in service.

Rev. James M. Crowell, D.D., a fourth member of the group on the first page is the Secretary of the Union's Missionary department. Dr. Crowell is a well-known minister of the Presbyterian Church, and has filled important pastorates in Pennsylvania and New York. He has also served his church in responsible offices on its general boards and as a member of the Board of Trustees of Princeton college.

Mr. Richard Ashhurst, whose portrait also appears on the first page, is the Union's Treasurer. He inherits his love for the American Sunday School Union from his father, the late Louis R. Ashhurst, for so many years identified with its interests, and an active member of both the Publication and Missionary Committees. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Department of Arts, and the Law School, Mr. Ashhurst was admitted to the bar, but has since become identified with business interests in Philadelphia. Mr. Ashhurst holds a responsible position as treasurer of the Union, and is one of those upon whose vigilance and care for its interests the Managers rely with the utmost confidence.

The remarkable adaptation of all these officers to the work of their special departments has been a feature of the Union's experience from the beginning. It has been so with the Superintendents and Missionaries. No salary could compensate those devoted men for the toil and exposure and danger they undergo in their labors. Long journeys over dreary roads, meagre accommodations, and sometimes rebuffs and scurrilous abuse are their experience. In some of the settlements they visit they find strong opposition to the institution of any religious work. This has to be overcome, and the few who do appreciate the effort, have to be encouraged and helped in the beginning, their diffidence removed and their faith strengthened. All this the missionary expects. He toils on, and when he leaves the neighborhood, he generally leaves a school regularly organized, which he visits from time to time to guide and help the work along. The life requires tact and patience and devotion of no ordinary kind. But the rewards are great as they esteem values. In the Sunday Schools they plant and in the meetings they hold on their visits, conversions occur which gladden their hearts and fill their souls with thankfulness to God. During the past year the reports of the missionaries in the various fields contain an aggregate record of no less than 10,679 cases in which profession of faith in Christ has been made in these humble outlying schools, and that is by no means an unusual record for a year. Besides this, churches are continually being developed from the schools. Last year there were over a hundred churches so organized, and some of them were in districts in which when the missionary first visited them, no religious service was ever held, and no effort made to win souls for Christ. It is gratifying to learn that the general financial depression has not affected the income of this most beneficent society. Last year its income was \$120,158, which is an increase of ten thousand dollars over the previous year. No cause better deserves the support it receives, and none could so usefully extend its operation if still larger sums were at its command.



PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

S. S. Lesson for June 10. Ex. 14: 19-29. Golden Text, Heb. 9: 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL God's training of Moses in the land of Midian, and all his humiliations there, did not accomplish for him as much as was accomplished on the Passover night. All else had been a preparation for this. Now he was prepared in the strength of that divine food, the flesh of the lamb, to suffer with his God in the meekness of a lamb, the manners of his people forty years in the wilderness. (Acts 13: 8). Until Moses had so taken in the meaning of the slain lamb, he could not be the deliverer of his people, and they, too, must know that only by the blood of the lamb would they escape from death, and from bondage in Egypt. Things must be set right with God before there could be deliverance from man.

God commanded Moses to speak to the children of Israel that they should turn back and encamp by the sea (chap. 14: 1), and he revealed to Moses all that should happen; Pharaoh would say: "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." He would harden Pharaoh's heart, that he should pursue them, but God would get him honor upon Pharaoh and upon all his host, "and

The Egyptians shall Know

that I am the Lord." God's people had dwelt among the Egyptians, but instead of being made a blessing to them, they had imitated their idolatry, and God could only make himself known to this land of their bondage in the way of judgment. Joseph had indeed brought God near to them in blessing, but Joseph's people had fallen under their influence, and had no power to bless them. How we are reminded that "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The want of grown up, fully developed "sons of God" keeps the creation groaning under bondage and suffering. The creature, the animals as well as the oppressed among men cannot be delivered from its suffering until God's purpose in this dispensation shall be effected, or till he has gathered out from the nations a people for his name.

Forewarned though they were, yet when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel "were sore afraid." They lifted up their eyes, not like Moses who "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," they lifted up their eyes on "the things which are seen and temporal." They saw the Egyptians, the chariots of Pharaoh, his horsemen and his power, and how near to them he was coming: they judged according to the sight of their eyes in spite of the word which the Lord had spoken. Orly Moses trusted God, and to him the position was not one of danger because God was in charge, and he knew that God was mightier than Pharaoh: all the plagues of Egypt had not sufficed to teach the people this.

The children of Israel cried out unto the Lord, but they dealt with man, and bitterly reproached Moses; they said unto him: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? wherefore has thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying: Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness." Where was the man who forty years before had been so shocked and surprised that his brethren did not understand that God by his hand would give them deliverance. Where was the man who again and again argued with his God, in his fear that his people would not believe?

A Great Change

had come over Moses. The man once mighty in words and in deeds, had become "very

meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." The Lamb had taken possession of him; he had understood something of the Lamb of God; and instead of defending himself against the unjust and untrue accusations of the people, he ignored himself and comforted those who injured him. "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians which ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." We only have power with others in the measure in which all that is personal is put quite out of the question. If Moses had thought for a moment of his own wrongs, he could not have helped the people, but he had seen, in the slain lamb, a greater than he "led to the slaughter," and when on the Mount of Transfiguration he saw him in his glory, only one subject occupied him, it was Christ's decease, which he had seen from afar. If he, the Son of God, should be led to the slaughter, Moses could afford to sacrifice himself. The children of Israel must learn to

Stand Still

that they might learn, later on, to go forward. Every step forward is the result of having learned to trust God in a moment of peril or difficulty. The people, having learned this lesson, got their marching orders. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward; but lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it." In order that the people may go forward, the man who stands near to God, must exercise his faith in the difficulties and impossibilities of the situation. Again the Lord repeats to Moses his programme and the end of his dealings: "And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I have gotten me honor upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen."

And now the angel of the Lord in the pillar of cloud and of fire changed his position; he had gone before the people; now he "removed, and went behind them." He came between them and the Egyptians; to the latter "it was cloud and darkness;" to God's own people it "gave light by night;" so that the one came not near the other all the night. God's presence is cloud and darkness to those who know nothing of the slain Lamb, but it is light to his redeemed and saved ones. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The people must first learn to trust, then God can work his deliverance. Let us never forget that when he was at Nazareth, our Lord could "there do no mighty works. . . . And he marvelled because of their unbelief." Are there none of us who are impatient with God when he delays some deliverance, while we are anxious instead of trustful about it?

Then Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night." He had said it, but his people had not taken in what was so outside of all their experience; Moses alone had been at rest in the certainty of safety in his God. "The redeemed of the Lord" learn to tread where it would naturally have been death to tread, but God had made dry land where there was none. He is equal to all situations; "There is no want to them that fear him." The very waters, which seemed to cut off all escape from the Egyptians, "were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left," and the pillar of cloud was a wall to them in their rear. Oh, how wonderful is our God! The very greatest difficulties are made by him

Our Greatest Safeguard,

just as soon as we can learn to accept them from him, to take our eyes off the circumstances, to trust, to stand still, and to see the salvation of our God.

The Egyptians pursued; our enemies will always pursue, but if, in very deed, the Lord is between us and them, they cannot touch us; the presence of God is a sure shield, an impossible barrier. They went after God's people on to ground which God had made only for his redeemed, but they were not covered by the blood of the Lamb; and the way of life for Israel was the way of death for Egypt. The whole of the Egyptian army was already marching over the dried-up bed of the sea; it was a daring thing for Pharaoh, after all the lessons which God had taught him, to intrude thus upon this God-made ground. It was not courage, but the audacity of a man who has yielded himself to Satan in conscious rebellion against God. But surely those who reject the atonement of Christ and yet claim fellowship with God, are guilty of a like sin.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



the Egyptians discovered the death of their eldest children they hurried the Hebrews away in terror and dismay, lest still greater calamities should fall upon them. In our translation it is stated that the Hebrews borrowed of the Egyptians jewels and valuables. The word has given rise to a misconception. The Hebrew word occurs in several other parts of the Bible and is nowhere but in this place rendered borrowed. Elsewhere it is translated, "asked." It should be so here, and it means that they asked the gifts which are usually given to a servant when he leaves his employment, what is now known in Oriental lands under the name of "backsheesh." The Egyptians willingly complied, being glad that the Hebrews should go on any terms. So, the whole people set out with the plain of Succoth as a rendezvous. This was the usual camping-ground for caravans bound eastward. Although there were three routes to Palestine, circumstances compelled them to take the longest one. The Bible says there were about six hundred thousand men, and the company must therefore have numbered in all about two million. One of the ways was blocked by a fortified wall, which was held by the Egyptians; a second led through the Philistine country, through which there was little chance of their going in so large numbers in safety. The third route by the Red Sea was therefore the one selected. Assuming that Rameses or Goshen lay to the east of the Nile, the great company moved in a south easterly direction toward the head of the gulf of Suez. Resting at Etham, a new course was taken thence and a circuit made, bringing them again into Egyptian territory. Divinely led, they came to a place called Pi-hahiroth, on the borders of the Red Sea. It appears to have been about fifty miles from Rameses which would be about as far as they could go in three days. Here the ominous news reached them that Pharaoh was coming in pursuit of them with the pick of his army. The people lost heart at once, and reproached Moses. Their words give us light on the difficulties Moses had experienced in his work which was not given directly in the narrative. They reminded him that they had been opposed to the movement at the start, and said to him, "Let us alone that we may serve the Egyptians." Moses must have felt that he had a thankless task in saving such a people. So every reformer and deliverer has suffered. The reproaches must have been hard to bear, and Moses went to God in his perplexity. The deliverance is described in the lesson. Scholars are at issue as to the place where it occurred. There is a growing opinion among explorers that it was near the Suez canal in the bitter lake district, farther north than the gulf now extends. Others think that the passage was made at the head of the Gulf, where a northeast wind still often

drives the water back, and where in the spring, when the Israelites crossed, there is a difference of fully nine feet between high and low tide.

Made the sea dry land. God often opens a way for those who trust in him, when all ways seem closed. Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a story of an incident which occurred in the home of his grandfather where he was brought up. The old man was a poor minister who had to practice the utmost frugality to cover the expenses of his household. It was therefore a sad misfortune to him when his cow died. The poor pastor's children were then left without their staff of life. His wife was a practical woman of somewhat weak faith. "What shall we do now?" she asked her husband. "God will provide," was the reply. "But," said the wife, "in the meantime where shall I get milk for the children?" The husband shook his head. "I don't know," he said, "but all will be right. God knows about it, and he will see that provision is made. Do not worry." The good man went on with his work, perfectly at ease, although he could not see, any more than his wife could, how the need would be met. The confidence was justified. On the previous day, a meeting had been held 80 miles away in London of a Board of Trustees who had charge of a fund for the benefit of needy ministers. Old Mr. Spurgeon had never made applications for help from this fund; but on this particular day when all appropriations had been made there was a balance worth \$25 left over. A member of the Board not knowing of the special need in the Spurgeon household — indeed at that time it had not arisen — proposed that the \$25 should be sent to Mr. Spurgeon whom he knew. Another member of the Board supported the proposition adding that Spurgeon was a very worthy man, and "here," said he, "is something to send with it," and he put down a bank note for double the amount. "I should like to add a little to that gift," said another member, and he put down a note worth \$25. So the whole hundred dollars were sent which was sufficient to buy another cow, and it reached the good minister within an hour of the time when he had made his declaration of faith in God's providing care.

Cloud and darkness to them . . . but light to these. One of Shakespeare's characters is represented describing the death of a libertine and drunkard to a party of the dead man's friends. They urge her to tell just what he said and how he died. She said that he was much troubled and often spoke of God, and "I to comfort him bid him 'a should not think of God.'" The Christian dying would think that a strange way of comforting him, for at such a time his only hope is in God. But the woman's conduct was perfectly natural, because the dying man would surely be troubled by the thought that he was going to meet God. So much depends on our standpoint. Those who love God and serve him in life, necessarily must have a very different emotion aroused by the mention of him when they are dying, from the emotion aroused in the breast of one who has not made his peace with him. The difference is as great as that between the emotions experienced in the two parties who on that night were crossing the Red Sea, when God looked from the pillar of cloud.

The children of Israel went into the midst of the sea. These must have been some who were in great terror, but there is safety in obedience to God's commands. The first duty is obedience and God will take care of the rest. A German captain was some time ago drilling a company of volunteers. The parade ground was a field close to the sea-side. They were marching in the line of the water, at some distance from it. He resolved to give them an order to march directly towards the water, and see how far they would go. The men are marching along. "Halt company," says the captain. In a moment they halt. "Right face" is the next word, and instantly they wheel round. "Forward march is then the order, in the captain's broken English. At once they begin to march directly towards the water; or they go, nearer and nearer to it. Soon they reach the edge of the water. Then there is a sudden halt. "Vat for you stop? I no say halt," cried the captain. "Why, captain, here is the water," said one of the men. "Vell, vot of it?" cried he, greatly excited. "vater is nothing; fire is nothing; every thing is nothing; ven I say forward march den you must forward march." The captain was right; the first duty of a soldier is to learn to obey.



Gideon's Fountain at Dothan.

Our Traveler Halted by Turkish Red-Tape—Camping at the Fountain—Two Rival "Joseph's Wells."

WE diverge from the regular route connecting Jezreel with Nablous, because Alcides has a strong desire, dating from his childish liking for "Gideon's band," to visit Gideon's Fountain. It is but a mile or so from our road. The rocks bound it on one side; on the other marsh lands stretch away into arid slopes which lose themselves in the barren bleakness of the mountains of Gilboa. Had David lived in this century, he would not have troubled himself to call down the curse of dewless and rainless seasons upon the naked sides and bald brows.

The "Fountain" is a shallow pool, perhaps sixty feet square, having its source in the rocks and finding an outlet in the sluggish brook. Of course, everybody alights for a drink at the spot where we imagine Gideon may have tested the qualifications of his host for the expedition of the morrow, and equally, of course, nobody gets down upon his knees upon the brink to put his lips to the water. Then the horses are ridden slowly across the fountain and back again to wash and cool their hoofs.

"Dr. Sharpe does not believe that this is the pool of Gideon," remarks our guide, letting Dervish stand for a grateful minute up to the fetlocks in the gliding stream. "And Dr. Sharpe is a very learned man. However, we have always been told that it was here that the three hundred were chosen to march against the enemy encamped upon the Plain of Esdraelon. If the Captain,"—a title newly bestowed by him upon Alcides—"will turn to Judges, chapter sixth, and fifth verse, he will there read how they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number; and they entered into the land to destroy it." No wonder Gideon was afraid to undertake the business of dispersing them. See verse fifteenth, if you please, sir—where he asks the Lord—"Wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." At that very time, he was himself threshing his wheat when it was hardly ripe, to keep it out of the hands of the Midianites.

The clouds return after the rain, this time in a steady downpour, before we gain the shelter of the camp. It is pitched without the precincts of Jenin, a market-town for the surrounding country, situated near the southern point of the mighty oasis we have been traversing, and which, I may say here, becomes impassable during the January rains, to blossom with lily and rose and a riotous host of other wild flowers in March and April. Through the descending floods we made out the outlines of what looked like a barrack as we hurried into the tents. Before we have had time or means for drawing a dry breath we are advised that we are uncomfortably near an arm of law, if not of order, by the apparition of a couple of uniformed representatives. It is not easy to lay hand immediately upon the passports for which we have had no use since leaving Damascus, but it is presently apparent that they must be exhibited to the doughty officer who does the talking. He may be the embodiment of the armed constabulary of his city, or responsible to his government for all suspicious strangers found loitering under the walls of Jenin. He is peremptory enough to be a triune Mayor, High Sheriff and Pacha, as he drips over John's cook-stove, and rains Arabic gutturals upon the conductor of the obnoxious foreigners.

It is the first moment of actual discomfort we have had in camp, for everything is wet that the rain could reach, and Syrian rain is a force to be remembered when once encountered. But a damp portmanteau is hastily overhauled, and from the very bottom is dragged a long envelope, marked "Passports," armed with which Alcides dashes across the rainy area to present it, defiantly, to His Highmightiness. David intercepts it, unfolds it in the kitchen-tent and extends it in dumb dignity. The official motions to Imbarak to hold a candle at his shoulder, and proceeds to peruse the document from top to bottom. Seen from the tent-door opposite, the scene has striking features, and Rembrandtish effects of light and gloom. We have time to study them all before the official snatches the candle and throws the gleam full upon the face of Alcides, standing unguardedly near.

"He has a beard!" dramatically. If he does not add, "It is not so nominated in the bond," it is because Shakespeare is an unknown quantity in the list of his learning and accomplishments. He insists upon what amounts to the same thing, and so doggedly that for the only time upon record, our worthy dragoman for a season bids farewell to his temper, and absolutely talks his countryman into shamed silence.

This is the first insult offered his travelers, and he means that it shall be the last,



MARION HARLAND AND HER SON IN CAMP IN PALESTINE.

Photographed by David Jamal for "The Christian Herald."

if he has to complain to the government in person of the stupidity of a man who pretends to serve it, and does not know that a gentleman has a right to shave his chin, or to let his beard grow, as pleases him, without asking permission of the Jenin police. No! the gentleman will not go up to the town, or one step out of his tent, to have his passport "vised." The official knows, as well as the speaker, that the office where this should be done is locked up for the night. If he—the official—wants to pocket the contemptible "beschlik" (sixpence) it would cost to "vise" the "tezkere" (passport), the speaker will pay it to him out of hand, and here, to end a matter that disgraces the honorable Government under which both parties live. The conclusion of the whole matter is the ignominious retreat of the intruder, followed by his subordinate, who has not uttered a sound throughout the affair, and the business of camp-life can go on in the customary manner. David's calm spirit is too deeply ruffled to subside at once, and as we sink to slumber three hours thereafter,

we catch, between the dashes of rain upon the canvas roof, the murmur, not loud, but deep, of his rehearsal of the grievance to his lieutenants as they smoke together in the kitchen-tent.

Camp is broken next morning, and the cavalcade sets forward under a sky as softly blue as ever bowed over Italy. Our first halt is at "Joseph's Well."

"What we believe is the pit into which his brethren put him," is our introduction to the walled quadrangle and old stone building toward which the horses turn of their own accord.

"But we surely passed such a pit, four days ago?"

"The Mohammedans are responsible for that blunder, sir. They claim that Joseph was let down into that well. Whereas, as every reader of the Old Testament knows, we learn in the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis, the seventeenth verse, that Joseph's brethren were in Dothan. This is Dothan."

As to the last statement, there is no question. We exchange incredulous glances as, after having left the horse with Serkeese, severely enjoining him to keep his wits and all the bridles well in hand, we enter a gap in the low stone wall and perceive that the building it surrounds is a mill, erected above a square well. A water-wheel turns creakingly within this, constructed after a primitive pattern, jars being bound to the broad rim, going down empty and coming up full. The place is very dark until our eyes become accustomed to the change from the outer day; we walk up to the "pit," and look down into it.

"And the pit was empty; there was no water in it! Is it ever dry now?"

There is one in Egypt, the peculiar property of the Copts. The place has other associations of which we speak softly to one another, after we have lunched, and David and Serkeese are breaking their fast in the shadow of old walls. The country is fertile and beautiful with olive orchards.



A GROUP OUTSIDE THE MILL.

(From a photograph by Marion Harland.)

The wet leaves glisten in the morning hours as from a bath of silver, and now, as far as the eye can reach, clothe the plain, and round off the heights. Hermon shows faint but fair, in the remote distance, already a beloved land-mark for which we look upon rising each hill. Peasants are ploughing the brown fields with patient oxen, flocks of crows—gray instead of black—hopping and foraging in the shallow furrows.

In these meadows the sons of Jacob fed their flock, and compared notes concerning the little brother who was taking unwarrantable airs upon himself. We pictured them herding morosely together at sight of the slender figure crossing the plain, appearing and reappearing under the low olive-boughs. They would know him, when vet a long way off, by the many-colored coat. Did he fling it back as he ran, as the fellaheen whose salute we return as he goes by to the mill-yard, lets his brown-and-white abieh slip from one shoulder?

The boy had told tales out of school to their old father of the misdoings of his half-brothers, but his dreams were a more grievous offence in their sight. If—our mood more confiding with our talk—they did, indeed, cast him into the (then dry) pit behind us, they must have awaited his approach about where we were sitting upon the sun-warmed rocks, and in sight of the old caravan road from Gilead to Egypt. They were eating their luncheon (maybe nigh unto the spot selected by our attendants to-day, who knows?) when they espied the dark line of Ishmaelites with their camels, bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it to the richest land in the known world.

The Dothan—compassed at night by a host, both with horses and chariots, sent to take the prophet who told the King of Israel the words spoken by the King of Syria in his bed-chamber—has disappeared from the face of the earth with lesser and greater cities of the Holy Land. We do not know which of the picturesque hills bounding our view was the "mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha," made visible to the eyes of the terrified servant in answer to his master's prayer. But the way by which the blinded Syrian troops were led by Elisha to Samaria must be nearly, if not quite, the route we were to take this afternoon.

MARION HARLAND.

COLORED MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

The successful work of a colored missionary in Virginia, who has been living in the Congo country, is described in a Presbyterian journal. It appears that Mr. Sheppard, a young colored student, was impressed by the needs of Africa and volunteered to go. He had for his colleague in missionary work, Mr. Lapsley, the son of a slave owner. Desiring to penetrate the Kuba country, the white man was refused permission to enter; the king had no objection to the colored man going and he went. Mr. Lapsley is now dead and Mr. Sheppard has come home hoping to obtain two consecrated colored men to go back with him.

The miller holds up his hands in deprecation. What would, then, become of his business? And the visitors can see for themselves how many bring hither corn to be ground.

They are sitting about on stones outside, genuine children of Ishmael, albeit lounging against the wall precisely as Yankee and Western loungers haunt grist-mill or "store."

"The sight makes one quite homesick!" declares Alcides, pensively. "All they lack to complete the picture is the national jack-knife and shingle."

The one exception to what passes with the saturnine race for sociability, is a solitary wrapped in his abieh and withdrawn to a corner of the mill-yard. Beside him on the wall are the trappings of a horse or mule. He regards us gloomily from the shadows of his kayfeyeh. In the kodak-book he is registered as a "Study of Reuben." Gen. 37: 29, 30.

Try as we will, we cannot take Joseph's Pit seriously. There are two many of them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

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OUT OF THE RUTS.

THE Church of to-day is divided into two parties—the Ruts and the Anti-Ruts. The former are in favor of driving along in just the way that all the preceding religious vehicles have gone. They want ministers to run their sermons along the same established grooves, and their prayers. Anything new, in manner or mode, is frightful. They say, "Who ever heard of such a thing? My father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather never did. These new men are disorganizers and iconoclasts. Their front wheels have got out of the ruts. Pull these innovators off of the box! They are not fit to drive. By some strong ecclesiastical pry let us get the clerical wagon down up to the hubs in the old crevices."

But the Anti-Ruts would rather be out than in the old grooves. Yet they want to be sure that they are on the right road. It is the terminus they are looking after, not so much the way of reaching it. They have rougher riding than those who keep in the ruts. The vehicle bounces sometimes fearfully. Obstacles are apt to be thrown in their way. These persons get now and then a sound jolt; but that is good for indigestion. Besides, roughnesses in the road are apt to keep a man wide-awake and observant of the scenery. The Anti-Ruts can more easily change their course if they desire so to do. We like them better than their antagonists. We see no reason why a sermon should have the stereotyped three heads, when one head, or ten heads, would be more convenient and effective; nor why it should begin with an exordium preparing an audience for a discourse, if they happen to be already prepared; nor of postponing the application of a sermon to the close, if one feels like making a running application; nor of sticking to stale modes of illustrating truth when you know of something else that will shake the people up more effectively; nor why a church should be conducted like all other churches, when you think you have a better plan. Let us say to young men that their safety depends in never starting in the old grooves. Get once in the regular ruts, and you cannot get out without breaking the shafts or twisting the tire off the wheel. We have seen teamsters by the quarter of an hour trying to get the carts out of the old track; and the horses sweated, and the driver lost his patience. If a young man start in the rut at eighteen, he will be in the rut at eighty. An octogenarian at twenty-four is an Egyptian mummy, fit only for the shelf of a museum and to be laid away amid fossiliferous specimens.

So much as to mode. As to the matter, put into it as much of Christian sunshine as we can. Almost any one can endure a word of encouragement. There is nothing

more depressing in a commercial or mechanical establishment, when a young man is trying to do his duty, than to meet with entire silence on the part of his employers, save when he has done something wrong or failed in a specific undertaking. And if men need encouragement in secular service, how much more do they need it in the service of God! Let Christian men tell all the joyous things they know, and recite the most exhilarant promises of the Gospel, and breathe out of their own life anything, by way of encouragement, into the hearts of those who may be depressed and despondent. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the grandest practical encouragement any man can have. It is not a mere sentiment or whim or phantasy; it is something which a man may enter with his entire physical, mental, and moral nature.

The religion of Jesus Christ is illumination. There are a thousand things in life that are very dark to us. There are many things in our own constitution that need explanation. We are coming across a hundred things in life that are beyond our capacity for solution. How grand to come back from all the mysteries in life to the glorious Gospel, and find there an explanation for everything! The religion of Christ is never in all the Bible once represented as darkness. It is a lamp. It is a lantern. It is a daybreak. It is a noontide glory. It is an irradiation. More than that, our religion is warmth. It is not a light falling on icebergs. It is sympathy, kindness, congeniality. There may be men so egotistical or so self-poised that they can go through life without any help on the part of others; but we do not know such men.

The vast majority of persons whom we have happened to meet are those who need the comfort, the all-heartedness of religion. It is more than all this, for it is an anticipation. It pays down into a man's soul certain instalments of grace and satisfaction, but it goes on to say there will be other instalments—when days of trial and perplexity come, more instalments; when death itself shall appear before the soul, another instalment; the final instalment when the soul stands before the throne of God eternally emancipated. So that, however much religion may be to us now, it is a very small affair compared with what it will be to us after awhile, when we have clambered up into the higher associations, and have gained other victories.

LETTER-WRITING FOR SOULS.

MANY of our readers during the course of the year write hundreds of letters. They usually begin with the cold "Sir," and end with the cold "Respectfully," and all between filled up with dollars, cents, per centages, pounds, yards, articles of merchandise. Can it be that you have never, in your letter-writing from day to day, expressed your friendship for Christ and for those who love him? Many of those to whom you wrote are Christian merchants. Do you not greet them kindly and lovingly? Some of them are old, and they want condolence now that the ailments of life have come upon them. Why do you not recite some of your own experiences, and in some of those business letters tell them of the God of Isaac and Jacob and of Paul the aged, and of all those who put their trust in him? Why do you not tell them that when the eyesight fails, and the limbs tremble, and the appetite becomes uncertain, and the foot that once leaped like the hart, staggers and stumbles along the street—why do you not tell them that there is such a thing as eternal youth, and that those who gain it shall always have good vision and always be strong and always young in the presence of their God?

Then you write to many men in mid-life who are staggering on the verge of great temptations. Why do you not tell them of the God who is willing to be beside them in the fire? You know from the circumstances of those business men that they are tried from day to day. You have heard their credit is not as good as it once was.

Why do you not bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ in your business letters to those men?

Then, some of them are young men. They have started out in life, and for the first time they feel the pressure of active business life. They are mightily tempted. You know how hard it is for a young man in this day to start in business and succeed in it. Why do you not tell that young man in your letter to-morrow that you have been through all that struggle, and know all about business life, its disappointments and perplexities? Let us make our correspondence a Christian correspondence. There is no getting away from a pungent, Christian letter.

OCEAN SCARES.

WE find much trepidation among those who are expecting to visit Europe this summer. Some of the people who have engaged passage for Europe are wondering whether they had better start or allow their friends to start. Absurd! There never was a safer time to cross the ocean than now. Pilots and captains and stokers were never more careful than they will be this season. The sea is a nurse for a thousand aches and disquietudes. You cannot hear the door-bell there, and no telegrams will chase you, as the submarine wire has no stations midway the Atlantic.

There may be dangers on the sea, but there are dangers also on the land. Better not walk down the street, for a wall may drop on you. Better not ride in a carriage, for a horse may run away with you. Better not eat your dinner, for a wicked servant may have dropped some poison in it. If a man wants to hunt up dangers, he can find whole flocks of them, multitudinous as quails starting up at the first snap of his fire-lock. Better get your accounts settled for the next world, and then quit all your apprehensions, and, if you can afford the time and the money, go across the Atlantic and see the churches, and towers, and institutions which were old when Christopher Columbus was a baby. And, as we may not see you again before you go—good-by! We will look after things as well as we can while you are gone. Put a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in your pocket as a sort of life-preserver. As you sail down the Bay, we shake out after you our newly-ironed white pocket-handkerchief.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Sidney Aldrich, Wells Bridge, N. Y. How were the various cities of Egypt that we read of being uncovered and discovered, covered up? Was it by volcanic eruptions or some other cause?

Many were levelled by war, and the debris built over; others were engulfed by volcanic eruption, earthquake, sand storm, or inundation of the sea.

D. W. Underwood, New Bedford, Mass. Please locate the following passage: "I, even I, am he that blotted out thy sins by the blood of my Son: I will forgive thee all, notwithstanding thy rebellion, and thy too great lukewarmness."

It is not in the Bible. The nearest to it is Isa. 43: 25. The quotation may be a mingling of several passages.

S. M. Liscomb, Buffalo, N. Y. What is the cost per annum of the standing armies of the European Powers in times of war and in peace?

We have not all the data at hand, but recent statistics show that, in 1892, the aggregate annual cost of European armament, by land and sea, was \$1,650,000,000. At the same time, the combined national debts of Europe reached the sum of \$25,000,000,000, or five thousand millions sterling.

Subscriber, Mitchellville, Md. 1. At what time were Cleopatra's needles built? 2. Of what material? 3. Were they so called in honor of that queen?

1. They are believed to have been built in Heliopolis, Egypt, in the sixteenth century before the Christian era. 2. Red granitic stone. 3. They were probably re-named in her honor, centuries afterward.

B. Wahlman, Junction, N. J. An aged Christian, now ill, recollects this couplet from a stanza quoted seventy years ago in a class-meeting room in England. Can any of your many readers supply the rest?

"Above the rest this note shall swell:
My Jesus hath done all things well."

Perhaps some reader may be able to furnish the desired information.

J. G. Randall, D-a Molnes, Ia. It seems to me that Christians of all sects and denominations should get into the way of wearing a distinguishing badge by which to confess their belief in a saving Christ, and also to recognize one another. The Salvation Army use a uniform and a badge; the numerous benevolent and secret societies wear something for members to recognize one another by. In Eng-

lish seaports, Christian captains of vessels and fishing boats fly a particular flag to know each other by—a small triangular white flag with blue star in the centre. Now, why should not all denominations of Christians unite on some small, neat, distinguishing badge to be worn on the dress, for this purpose, something entirely unsectarian and perhaps not involving even a connection with any church—this as it may be thought best; say a piece of purple ribbon with G. A. C., in letters of gold (Grand Army of the Cross).

Subscriber, Camden, N. J. and others. What is the origin of Children's Day?

In 1868, the Methodist General Conference recommended the annual observance of the second Sunday in June as Children's Day; in 1870, the Methodist Board of Education took similar action, and two years later, the General Conference adopted a disciplinary rule, establishing the day. In 1881, the Methodist Ecumenical Council in London, in its official address, recommended the general adoption of "one day in every year as Children's Day." Two years later, the Presbyterian General Assembly designated the second Sunday in June, and this was followed in 1887 by similar action on the part of the Congregational Churches, the other denominations subsequently doing the same.

A. R. L. If a lady and gentleman were to go through the marriage ceremony together, and promised each other as they would before a minister, would they be married in the sight of God, providing there was one witness? Would it be a sin to do so? Would it be a legal marriage in the sight of the world?

Marriage ceremonies that are not performed by regularly ordained pastors in the case of a religious ceremony, or by the authorized official in civil marriages, are irregular and unrecognized by the courts and the community. Such ceremonies, if intended seriously, are a disgraceful travesty of a sacred ordinance, and, if undertaken in the spirit of jest, are not only sinful, but in execrable taste. No Christian can afford to have a share in such follies. "Mock marriages" are usually prolific of evil to all concerned, and unsolemnized, irregular marriages usually result in leaving the wife at the mercy of one who should have begun the new relation by surrounding her with every honorable safeguard and protection. No such union as our correspondent describes can hope for the divine approval.

C. L. H., Fargo, N. Dak. 1. How far did Naaman travel for his healing? 2. Was Benhadad king of Syria at that time? 3. Was the royal city of Syria Babylon at that time? If not then what was the place of Naaman's residence?

1. From Damascus to Samaria, the distance is less than 200 miles, unless a circuitous route was taken. 2. Yes, of Damascus Syria. 3. No; Benhadad's capital was Damascus, and was probably the residence of Naaman.

C. L. Hewitt, Rollway, Minn. 1. Is there any record to determine the number of the children of Israel who came out of Egypt with Moses? 2. What is supposed to be, the number of the tribe of the Levites?

1. The total is believed, by the most careful and thorough students of sacred history, to have aggregated about 2,000,000 souls. 2. About 22,000. (See Numbers 3: 39).

Miss A. M. Greene, Free Soil, Kan. Dr. Talmage has already started on his around-the-world journey. S. M. Biddle, Monmouth, Ill. You will find in Marion Harland's article "Among the Lepers," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 11, an answer to your questions.—Subscriber, Caledonia, O. It is well done consciously it was a sin and should be repented of. Few transgressors at first enter fully into the spirit of their transgression and it is well for them if, after the first contact, they turn from it with loathing and regret.—Eva. Write for list of books to American Sunday School Union, Bible House, New York.—Constant Reader. We know of none.—W. C. Rose, Timmonsville, S. C. Selah is an expression indicating a pause in music.—E. Witham, Crainsville, Ill. We are not in a position to undertake what you ask.—Emma H. Jacobus, Remous, N. Y. Rev. Geo. W. Sharp's address is Kirkville, Mo.—Subscriber, Spring Brook, N. Y. We are disposed rather to suspect the accuracy of the almanac.

2. Where is the sentence you quote taken from?—Grant E. Rose, Ladoga, Ind. Yes.—R. M. Banning, Cal. Already answered repeatedly in "The Mail-Bag."—R. A. B. Wymann, Ia. Send to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.—J. N. Yeomans, Chicago. Thanks. Letter heartily appreciated.—Eva Frew. Either *Subscriber's* or *The Century*.

D. Walden, N. Y. Help all you can, within your own circle and as your means permit. The nite may be as valuable an offering as the most precious coin.—Pasquello. The American Consul to Barcelona, Spain, is Herbert W. Bowen. A letter addressed to him there would reach him.

M. L. Finkel, Martinsburg, W. Va. Von doubtless refer to Editor Stead who was lately in this country.—H. B. Bidlock, Gatesville, Tex. We believe it is no longer published.—F. E. Reed, McDonald, O. Write to the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., for full information.—J. E. Martin, Philadelphia. No. It is never right to dally and trifle with what we know to be sin.—Mrs. G. Waldron, Addison, Vt. His son accompanies him.—H. H. Flick, Davidsville, Pa. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.

D. N. Freeman, Cardington, O. Any modern encyclopedia will supply all the information you ask on that subject.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE BURNED TABERNACLE.

THE story of the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle on May 13 was told in these columns last week. On this page is a picture, reproduced from a photograph, of the ruins, as they appeared on the day after the fire, before the fire department had pulled down the portions of the walls which menaced the safety of the public. The picture shows how complete was the destruction of the edifice and all it contained. The loss of the magnificent organ, in which the fire started that consumed the church, is regarded on all hands as nothing short of a public calamity, for it was the finest instrument of its kind in the city, if not in the whole country.

Messages of sympathy with Dr. Talmage and his church have come from all quarters, and the famous preacher and his friends have been deeply touched by the general kindness shown to them in their trouble. They also feel how providential it was that the fire should have occurred at a time when no congregation was assembled within its walls, and that with all the destruction of property, not a single life was lost. For this and for the condolence of friends the world over, they are devoutly thankful, but they must mourn as did the prophet of old, that "Our holy and our beautiful house is burned with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." (Isa. 64: 11.)

Self-Generating Light.

A novel experiment in lighting moving trains has been tried during the past week in the cars on the Brooklyn Bridge. Sixteen incandescent burners are attached to the sides of the car and are supplied by a dynamo beneath. The power that works the dynamo comes from the axles of the cars. The lights would go out when the cars are at rest were it not that the axles when in motion generate more electricity than is used by the lights, and this is stored by a new process and keeps the lights burning while the cars are motionless. When the cars start on their return trip, the motion of the axles is reversed, as the cars move on the shuttle principle. It is therefore necessary to reverse the polarity of the dynamo and this is provided for by automatic changer and cut-out, beneath one of the seats of the car. At the experimental trials, the system was a complete success, the lights burned brilliantly not only on the journeys to and fro, but while the cars stood to allow passengers to get on and off. Thus the cars are lighted by their own motion

and they get light from the movement which propels them. There is an analogous process in Christian life. Those who under the power of the Holy Spirit go about in Christ's service are seldom troubled by the darkness of doubt. They get light from the same source that gives them strength and energy. Jesus said: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." (John 7: 17.)

A Long Journey for Help.

A weather-beaten life-boat reached Savannah, Ga., on May 15, which had made a long and perilous voyage. It belonged to the steamer "Clandeboyne" then anchored two hundred miles from the Bahama Islands. Four stalwart sailors whose faces

if, instead of seeking help from any other voyagers, going from one to another teacher for guidance, he would go to God for help and light, he would save himself trouble and disappointment. (James 1: 5.)

Married By Proxy.

A singular marriage ceremony was performed in New York on May 11. It was a wedding at which the bridegroom was not present. He was lying ill at El Paso, Tex. He, like his bride, was a resident of New York, and they had been engaged for some time, but owing to various circumstances the marriage had been postponed. Three months ago the young man's health failed, and he went to El Paso in the hope of recovering. There he became worse, and was told by his physician that death was near and inevitable. He had set his heart on being married, and he knew how sorely the young lady would grieve if he died without making her his wife. He therefore telegraphed to her, asking her to arrange a marriage by proxy. She consulted a lawyer who assured her that, as marriage was a contract, it might, like any other contract, be entered upon by a properly accredited

landslides have already occurred, the last one carrying away a large house. In an outlying part of the town the river has undermined the ground on which five houses stood and they have fallen in ruins. The foundations of the railroad bridge have also been weakened, and it is feared that if that gives away the whole village will be swept off by the current. The people appear to be fully aware of their danger, and are deserting the exposed places, so unless some large section of land suddenly becomes detached, it may be hoped that there will be no loss of life. So much cannot be hoped of some who are in spiritual danger. When a man has built all his hopes on this world, and all his thoughts are occupied with worldly things, he is apt to forget that the world passeth away and only those are secure who have a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. (II Cor. 5: 1.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Sunday School of THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE held a large and enthusiastic meeting on May 20, in the Pouch Mansion on Clinton avenue, near the site of the burned church. This was the first meeting since the destruction of the church, and notwithstanding the stormy weather the

attendance was unusually large. A vote was taken as to whether the sessions should be continued until the commencement of the summer vacation and it was unanimously in favor of doing so. The school also determined to support spiritually and financially the evangelistic services which Rev. B. Fay Mills has arranged to conduct during Dr. Talmage's absence. The prospects of rebuilding the Tabernacle are encouraging and every effort in that direction will have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the Sunday School.

A Protest against the election of Rev. Thomas Spurgeon to the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been numerous signed and sent to the elders and deacons of the church. The petition asked that if it was deemed necessary to appoint Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Pierson might be invited to become Mr. Spurgeon's copastor. The elders and

deacons in reply declined to accede to the request, believing such an arrangement would be detrimental to the interests of the church.

The World's Blind are computed to number about 1,000,000—about one sightless person to every 1,480 of the population.

The Statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1894, just published, show a total membership, ministerial and lay, of 1,345,210, a gain during the past year of 39,405. The number of itinerant preachers is 5,487, a gain of 119, and of local preachers, 6,513, a gain of 32.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Services at Mobile, Ala., have stirred the whole city. The Mobile Daily Register, says, the service on Sunday afternoon, May 30, was the most memorable meeting in the history of the city since the war. It was a meeting for men only, and was held in the rink, which was thronged. About 150 rose to ask the prayers of God's people for their conversion.

The United Presbyterian Church has one more synod and two more presbyteries than it had last year. There are 833 ministers, an increase of 23; 70 students in theology, a gain of 4; 939 congregations, which is 4 more than last year; and 175,272 members, which is a net gain of a little over 4,000. There are 1,096 Sunday Schools, with 101,667 scholars. The total contributions of the church were \$1,506,064.

Mrs. M. Baxter with Pastor and Mrs. Stockmayer, have been holding meetings at Manchester, N. H. in the People's Tabernacle. Early next month they have arranged for a series of meetings at Mount Pleasant, O. Their services in New York attracted wide attention and were the means of great blessing. The afternoon services were in German, and were held in the Second Street Methodist Church, and the evening services in English in the Hope of Israel Mission in Madison street.



THE RUINS OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, BURNED MAY 13, 1894.

(Photographed Expressly for "The Christian Herald" by Hasler & Co., Photographers, Brooklyn.)

and limbs bore marks of exposure to wind and weather, manned the life-boat. They said that the steamer to which they belonged started from Cardiff, in Wales, on April 2d, on a voyage to Vera Cruz. On April 22d she broke her shaft and the crew were unable to repair it. The vessel had drifted helplessly for seventeen days, the crew eagerly looking for a sight of land or some steamer that would take them in tow. There was no help from either quarter and as the provisions were getting low the captain concluded that the only hope lay in sending a boat to the nearest land. The four sailors volunteered for the dangerous service. They were supplied with a compass and provisions and set out. They rowed day and night for nearly a week having gone two hundred miles out of their course in efforts to attract the notice of steamers whose smoke they saw on the horizon. At last, they ceased these efforts and directed their course to the land where they were sure of obtaining help. Soon after their arrival at Savannah, two tugs were dispatched to tow the disabled steamer into port. It is much to be wished that when a man is in need of spiritual help he would adopt that course.

deputy. Armed with this opinion, she found a clergyman willing to perform the strange ceremony. A young man who was a friend of the absent bridegroom consented to represent him on the occasion, and made the promises on his behalf. Forty-eight hours after the conclusion of the ceremony, a telegram from El Paso informed the bride that she had become a widow. Eminent lawyers doubt the validity of the marriage, but it appears to have contented the parties concerned, and the widow calls herself by the name of the dead man. Whether she has the right to do so, the courts may yet have to decide. There are many persons who call themselves by the name of Christ, whom he will refuse to acknowledge at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and some of them have been assured of their union with him by men who claim to represent him here upon earth. (Matt. 7: 22, 23.)

A Town Slipping Away.

Dispatches to Quebec from St. Anne de la Parade report that town to be in a precarious situation. The heavy rainfall has so increased the volume of the river that it is gradually undermining the town. Great



THE PUNISHMENT OF SIN.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 10. Ps. 1: 1-6; Rom. 5: 12-21.

LESS of difficulty and mystery would be involved in the doctrine of the eternal punishment of sin, if our own human experience were consulted, rather than our intellect only. Every father and mother and teacher has enough suggestions in the attitude of a child and the success or failure of the methods employed in managing him, to give the clue to the problem of God's government. Christ's revelation had for its key-note the fatherhood of God. He not only spoke of him as his own Father, but as the Father of ordinary men and, in the prayer he gave as a pattern, taught them to address him as "Our Father." It is not therefore presumptuous, in trying to understand what God is, to look for analogies in the affections and solicitude of human fatherhood. We infer from Christ's words that as a human father feels toward his children, so with infinite wisdom and power and love God feels toward men. How, then, does a father treat his son, who has misbehaved himself? If he is wise,—and it is only the wisest and best of fathers who can in any degree help by analogy in the solution of the problem—he does not lightly pass over misconduct. He argues that the boy if unrepented will continue behaving badly, will grow up a bad man, will ruin his own life and be a nuisance in the world. For his own sake the boy must be reprov'd and, if he is unrepentant and persistent in wrongdoing he must be punished. The higher and the purer his own character, the more is the father shocked and grieved by seeing in his son proclivities to evil. He loathes them and longs to eradicate them before they develop and gain greater power. The rules of the household must be obeyed, otherwise the son may grow up a lawless man. He must be taught the beauty of unselfishness, the glory of purity and the necessity for bringing his lower nature into sub-servience to his spirit, otherwise his manhood will be degraded, sordid and mischievous. With some children an explanation of all this is possible. With others, who are dull and stupid, no explanation has any influence and punishment in one form or another must be administered, that the boy may learn obedience by the things that he suffers.

If all discipline and all effort to reclaim him fail and the boy grows up a bad man, the father mourns and deplores his conduct and would lose no opportunity of doing him

good; but he would make it clear to his son that while he loves him, he hates the life he is leading. There could be no association, no affectionate intercourse, so long as he persisted in that life. He is forbidden coming to the paternal home; he is no longer regarded as one of the family; and, as an extreme measure, his name is omitted from his father's will. No one is surprised that a father acts so toward an incorrigible son.

that if he could, or would, separate himself from the evil, that his father would welcome him with gladness. He has excluded himself from his home and his father's heart.

THE BROOKLYN C. E. CONVENTION.

Brooklyn's Christian Endeavor Union held its annual Convention on May 16-17, in Tompkins Ave. Congregational Church. Seldom has the city witnessed so large and enthusiastic a gathering of any religious society. It opened with a sunrise prayer at 6.30 A.M., at which over three hundred persons were present. At the first evening meeting, stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. H. C. Farrar, D.D. of Albany and Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D. of New York. Dr. Burrell's address was on "Good Citizenship," and he made a strong plea to the young men of the Christian Endeavor Society to help in the great work of reforming and purifying municipal government. He thought if Jesus Christ came to New York he would not say as he did in Palestine,

like men, upholding with stalwart steadfastness the institutions of truth and righteousness, the waste places of the earth shall be glad because of them, and the coming of the Lord shall surely be hastened in his time."

During the year the Brooklyn Union has made rapid progress. The report read on May 17 by Mr. Samuel S. McCurdy, the Secretary of the Union, showed this. Mr. McCurdy said: "At the convention a year ago there were reported 115 Christian Endeavor Societies, 86 senior and 29 junior. To-day we have 136 societies, 94 senior and 42 junior. A year ago the membership of the senior societies was 4,683 active and 1,520 associate. To-day it is 4,674 active and 1,496 associate. Last year the junior membership was 665 active and 133 associate. To-day it is 1,475 active and 232 associate. When we add to these figures the number of our affiliated members, we have in our county a Christian Endeavor army of nearly 9,000. Although the Congregationalists maintain their lead in number of societies, having twenty-four to their credit, they are excelled in point of actual membership by the Presbyterians with their twenty-two societies." The Baptist and Reformed

societies number seventeen each. The Reformed Episcopal and African Methodist Episcopal churches are represented by two societies each, and nearly every other evangelical denomination in the city is represented by one society."

Dr. Teunis Hamlin of Washington and Dr. Francis E. Clark, the President of the United Society, and Mrs. Clark were the chief speakers of the second day's session. Dr. Clark, referring to Dr. Burrell's speech of the preceding day, fully endorsed his appeal and said: "I serve notice here that we are not going to be used by any politician or party. But we are in politics to this extent—we stand for the purity of politics and for better government in our cities, our States and our nation. Good men must be elected and good work done or the politicians will hear from our young people."

THE ORDERS.

Epworth Leagues are reminded that there is an Epworth Children's Home at Ravenswood, Chicago. It is now well established and has been a year in operation. Its usefulness is universally acknowledged, but funds are needed, and any League willing to help cannot do better than mail a contribution to the Superintendent, Mrs. Adelaide Abbott, 2297 Commercial street, Ravenswood, Ill.

Nebraska Conference Epworth League is in a flourishing condition. It held its third annual convention at Beatrice lately when 350 delegates attended. The convention continued three days, and is to meet next year at Lincoln.

The Baptist Young People's Unions of Missouri are preparing for a great annual convention to be held at Marshall June 19 and 20. Delegates from every Union in the State will be present, and Baptist Churches which have no young people's societies of any kind are invited to send delegates.

The question of amalgamating the Young Women's Christian Association with the Y. M. C. A. was discussed at the recent convention of the English Y. W. C. A's. The preponderance of opinion seemed to be in favor of co-operation not amalgamation.



AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE Y. M. C. A. JUBILEE.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Mr. J. E. Debebaugh. | 3. Mr. R. R. McBurney. | 5. Mr. G. M. Bierce. | 7. Mr. George A. Hall. |
| 2. Mr. L. E. Brown. | 4. Mr. F. J. Fedarb. | 6. Mr. H. M. Clarke. | 8. Mr. Fleming H. Revell. |

Any one who knows his patient, long-suffering, strenuous effort to redeem him and sees how it has been met, wonders only that paternal affection has survived so long. The son knows that had he been submissive in boyhood, it would have been better for him; and even at the end he is aware

"Go and tell that fox," but, "Go and tell that tiger." Dr. Burrell said: "The young men of the Christian Churches are presently to bear the full responsibility of the welfare of the State. If they flinch or waver in the hour of trial, the generation of the future must suffer for it. If they quit themselves

ITS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

The Celebration in London of the Fiftieth Birthday of the Young Men's Christian Association—A Royal Reception of Delegates—The Origin of the Movement.

THE date on this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the eve of the great jubilee celebration of the Young Men's Christian Association of the world, respecting which we have given information from time to time during the past few months. On June 1, the great company of delegates from every land will assemble in England's historical fane, Westminster Abbey, when



ENTRANCE TO EXETER HALL, LONDON.

with full choral service led, as a special favor, by the famous choir of the Abbey, the jubilee will be inaugurated by a sermon from the Bishop of London. This will be followed by a reception at Exeter Hall, the headquarters of the London Association, when Dr. Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, will welcome the delegates in speeches in English, French, German and Italian. The grand day of the celebration will be Wednesday, June 6, as it was on June 6, 1844, that the first Young Men's Christian Association was organized. A preparatory service will be held on the previous evening in St. Paul's Cathedral, a vast temple which will accommodate fifteen thousand persons. The most eloquent of English bishops, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, will preach the sermon, and the musical part of the service will be rendered by the Cathedral choir. The exercises of Jubilee Day include commemorative meetings in Exeter Hall, and a grand demonstration in the great Albert Hall at Kensington. At the latter a choir of a thousand voices will sing choruses from famous Oratorios; there will be an athletic exhibition and a great meeting in the evening, when Canon Fleming, Dr. Joseph Parker, and other eminent clergymen and laymen will speak. A beautiful marble bust of Mr. George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, will be unveiled and presented to him. It is expected that this ceremony will be performed by the Duke of York, the son of the Prince of Wales or some other member of the Royal Family. By special invitation of the queen, the delegates will go on the following day to her royal palace, Windsor Castle, where they will be entertained, and will inspect the royal apartments, and the many treasures of art collected there. The Lord Mayor of London also proposes to give the delegates a hearty welcome on behalf of the city. The Aldermen and Common Council have appropriated five thousand dollars to defray the cost of an entertainment, which will be given in the ancient Guildhall under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Every day, during the Jubilee week, there will be a great social meal in a large tent erected, by permission of the Lord Mayor, on the Thames embankment. There delegates from all lands will be cordially welcome, and will have an opportunity of making acquaintance with each other in an informal manner. How diversified and international this gathering will be is seen from the fact that when it was decided to print the Doxology in every language of every country to be represented, it was found that it must be printed in no less than twenty-two languages.

The regular delegates are two thousand in number, but these will form only a part of the anniversary assemblages. All members of Young Men's Christian Associations will be welcome and probably more

than five times the number of delegates will be present from European and American Associations. The proportion of delegates is one to every five Associations. The United States delegation will be the largest from any one country. Of all the Associations in the world, about one-fourth are located in our land, and reckoning the nationality of all the members of Young Men's Christian Associations, over one-half are residents of the United States. On the opposite page, is a group of eight of the delegates, who will represent our Associations at the Jubilee. Of these, Mr. R. R. McBurney is the General Secretary of the New York Association; Mr. F. J. Fedarb is General Secretary at Ottawa, Ont.; Mr. J. M. Bierce is Chairman of the Ohio State Committee; Mr. I. E. Brown is State Secretary of Illinois; Mr. J. E. Defebaugh is the editor of the "Young Men's Era," the organ of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America; Mr. H. M. Clarke is State Secretary of Michigan; Mr. Fleming H. Revell, the well-known publisher, is a prominent member of the Chicago Association; and Mr. George A. Hall is State Secretary of New York. Beside these, Mr. Thomas K. Cree and other officers of the International Committee, whose portraits appeared in this journal on May 2 are delegates, and will worthily represent the United States in this international assemblage.

The event which is to be celebrated on its fiftieth anniversary was sufficiently inconspicuous at the time it occurred. A few years before, a godly young man, George Williams by name, went up to London from the country districts of Somersetshire to become a clerk to Mr. George Hitchcock who kept a dry-goods store near St. Paul's Cathedral. The young countryman proved to have true business genius, and the London clerks who hold countrymen in light esteem, found him pushing ahead of them, promoted from one department to another until he was at the head of the whole force of clerks and the responsible manager of his branch of the business. His employer had the utmost confidence in him, and

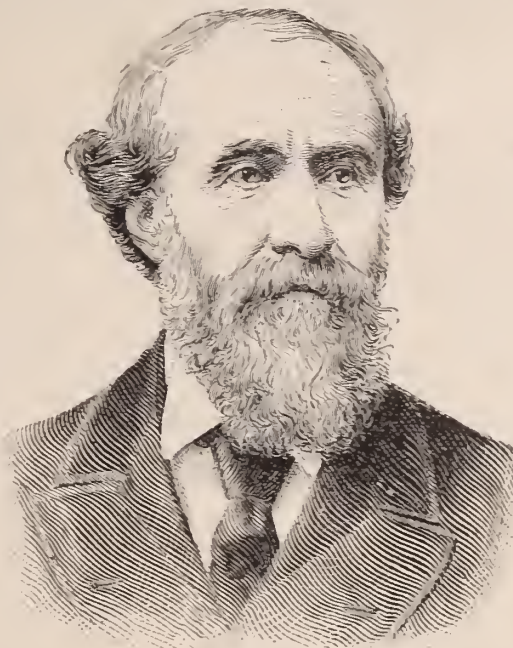
to help the young man in his effort to resist temptation and to encourage him to live a godly life.

His first step was to have morning prayer in one of the rooms of the store for all the clerks who were willing to attend. It was a little meeting at first, but the numbers grew. That meeting after the passage of more than half a century is still continued. Most of the clerks at that time lived in the house where the business was conducted, and Mr. Williams had therefore opportunity of having evening meetings. The clerks appreciated his interest in their welfare, which was then unhappily a very rare thing in the great London business establishments. It was far more common to find themselves treated merely as "hands."

Mr. Williams, encouraged by the good resulting from his effort, and knowing how little was being done in the same direction, conceived the idea of organizing a society which should include clerks in other houses. He held a meeting accordingly on June 6, 1844, in the little room, a picture of which appears on this page, of his own helpers and a few others like-minded. There were, he estimated, at that time 150,000 young men serving as clerks in banks and lawyers' and business establishments in London, for

of Mr. Williams's employer, who throughout his life was a liberal benefactor and a warm friend to the movement. By the end of the fourth year branches of the Association had been organized in large towns outside of London, and the membership had grown to over a thousand.

How the seed thus sown found a lodgment on this side of the Atlantic is told by the Rev. Russell Sturgis in a communication to the "Young Men's Era." He says that in 1851 the "Watchman," of Boston, Mass., published a letter from an American visitor to London, in which he spoke of the Young Men's Society. Captain Sullivan, an earnest Methodist, saw the letter, and on his next trip across the Atlantic, visited the Society and sent a fuller description of it. The result of his report was a meeting of thirty-two young men in the Central Congrega-



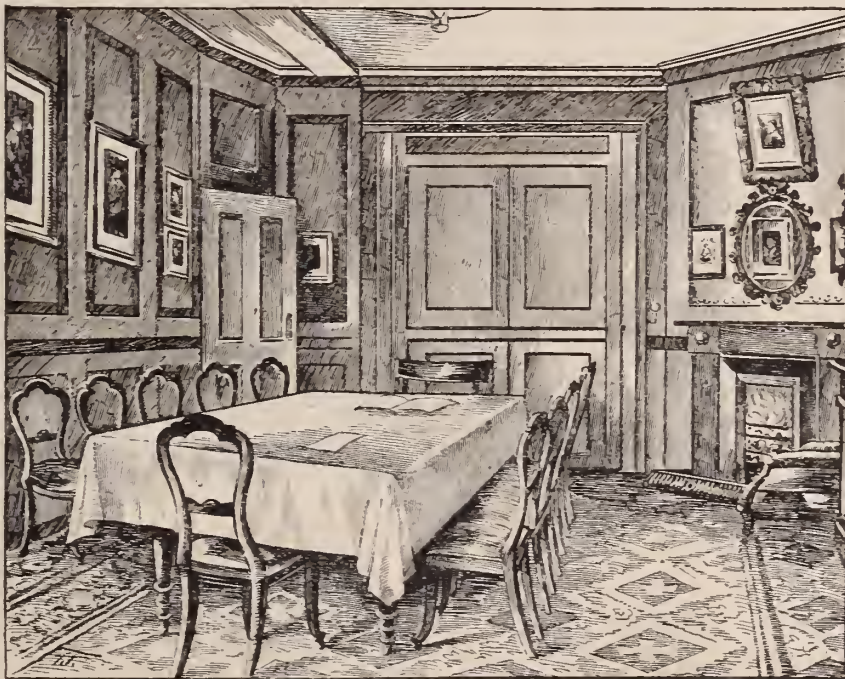
MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF THE FIRST Y.M.C.A.

tional Church on December 15, 1851, at which it was decided to organize a similar society in Boston, and a meeting was called for the purpose on December 29. It was held in the Old South Chapel in Spring Lane, and there a constitution was drawn up, and the first American Young Men's Christian Association was organized.

Mr. R. P. Parrish, who was one of the thirty-two present at the first meeting gives the same journal his reminiscences of those early days. "Some of our meetings," he says, "seemed more like a prayer-meeting than a social or business meeting, and it seems to me now, after these many years, that God did meet with us. Gradually, others who learned of our work, came into our meetings, and we increased in numbers rapidly. We held larger meetings in the lecture room of Central Church on Winter street. I know of only two besides myself who were the earliest workers in our good cause: Franklin W. Smith and W. W. Mair. Other may be living, but I know not where. We had influence and money with us at once. Francis I. Watts, a learned and Christian lawyer, was our first president,—an Episcopalian. The first large hall occupied was on the third story, corner of Summer and Washington streets, a room 80 by 30 feet. We soon had to procure larger quarters, and went into the older Tremont Temple.

We found great interest centered in our union Sunday evening meetings, which were usually held in the Tremont Temple. We had addresses from the leading divines. Henry Ward Beecher was one great attraction, and would not take any pay for his expenses. The venerable Dr. Stephen Tyng also came to our help. When I think what God has wrought for the good of our young men, and that I was permitted to be one to help in this great work, and from such a small beginning, I feel rejoiced. My happiness in my old age is to realize what has been done and is still doing in this blessed Young Men's Christian Association work, and God bless and help you all to the end of your work on earth and the blessed reward hereafter.

There are now 1,356 Associations in the United States, with 247,707 members, Great Britain and her colonies, including Canada and Australia, have 1,069 Associations, with 112,392 members. Germany's quota is 1,005 Associations and 58,797 members. Holland stands next on the list and Switzerland next. In twenty-two other countries the Association has obtained a foothold; these include Persia, China, Japan, Egypt, Syria and Madagascar. Altogether, the world's grand total, as far as registered is 5,148 Associations, with an aggregate membership of 467,515.



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE FIRST YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WAS ORGANIZED.

finally when the young man became suitor for his daughter's hand, he gave his consent, and Mr. Williams became his son-in-law and a partner in the firm. Prior, however, to attaining this dignity occurred the event the anniversary of which is to be celebrated this week. Mr. Williams did not leave his religion behind him when he went up to London, nor forget in the great metropolis, as so many country young men do, the godly associations of home. He saw with concern how many temptations surrounded young men new to city life, and, as his responsibility for the clerks in the house increased, this concern increased. He thought something might, and ought, to be done by employers and by good men

whom no special religious provision was made. This was in his opinion, a sufficient reason for organizing the society, and so it appeared to his friends. At that meeting a society was formed which was at first called "The Society for Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men Engaged in the Drapery and other Trades." That was the acorn from which grew the Association which has spread its branches throughout the world, and now numbers nearly half a million members. The first list of members contained only eight names, and three years afterward there were only seventy, but from that time the number grew rapidly. A convenient room in the business quarter of the city was hired and furnished at the expense



Jericho's Lonely Plain.

One of the Dreariest Spots for Travelers Journeying through Palestine, yet it is all Historic Ground.

FEW pictures afford a better idea of the utter desolation of some parts of the Holy Land, than the photograph reproduced on this page. The plain of Jericho—"the great plain," as it was called in Bible times—had for its eastern boundaries the barren mountains of Moab, and on its western side an equally sterile range of hills, that stretched from Scythopolis to Sodom and the Dead Sea. At one end of the plain, its margin fringed by vegetation and dotted with villages, lay Lake Tiberias, its waters sweet and pellucid as those of a mountain stream; at the other was Lake Asphaltites, buoyant, but bitter, and its borders almost destitute of any signs of animal or vegetable life. The soil of the plain in ancient days was equal to the most fertile sections of Palestine, and even yet, strewn as it is with ruins and rubbish of every description, there are patches that smile out at the traveler in vernal beauty, a pleasing contrast to the general barrenness of the surroundings.

Our photograph, taken at the time when Dr. Talmage, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and Dr. Louis Klopsch, its proprietor, with their party, passed over the plain en route from Jerusalem to Jericho, shows, more than any mere words can describe, the desolate aspect of what was in bygone ages the pleasure-ground of the Israelitish kings. Jericho, which lay at one end of the plain, was almost a royal city. The Jordan flowed leisurely through this great valley, broadening its channel and hurrying its flight as it neared the Dead Sea. Abundant ruins afford evidence of the existence on the plain of many towns and villages concerning which history tells little or nothing—their very names forgotten in the passing centuries. Tall towers, citadels, fortresses, and palaces, stood where now are broken boulders and innumerable fragments of limestone rock, some with the fragments of cement, laid by workmen thousands of years ago, still clinging to their ragged edges. By what mighty forces those buildings were levelled, whether by siege, or fire, or earthquake, cannot now be determined. Like many of the ruins that lie scattered over the plains and valleys of the land of Moab, across the Jordan, they have come down to us in heaps of unidentified debris, that tell nothing of their history, and only serve to show how complete has been their ruin and how insignificant are the lives and actions and ambitions of men.

Across this plain of Jericho, great armies have ridden, and it has been a frequent scene of battle, with the troops of Pompey and of Ptolemy, Maccabees, Arabs, Saracens, Crusaders, and Moslems, moving in succession in the panorama of its history. In later days, it was the resort of hordes of banditti. Somewhere between Jericho and Jerusalem, is said the scene in the parable mentioned in Luke 10: 30-36.

In the time of Christ's earthly sojourn, the plain was doubtless less of a wilderness than now, and Jericho, then in its early decadence, was still "the City of the Palms," while the surrounding country was rich in orchards and olive groves, and even the plain was dotted with fruit trees, henna plants, and aromatic shrubs. All the palms have disappeared, the valley has grown sterile and the proud city, too, has passed away, its site being occupied by a group of some forty or fifty wretched-looking dwellings, called by the Arabs "Er-Riha." Nearby, a few fields are cultivated by the villagers, who raise crops of potatoes, wheat, and corn. Some fig trees only serve to emphasize the forlornness of the landscape.

It has been frequently remarked by travelers that the people of Er-Riha—the modern Jericho—are regarded with something akin to aversion by the inhabitants of other villages. Their surroundings would indicate that they have sunk to an exceedingly low social and moral level, and their honesty is

the prospect of water and some cool oasis, where men and horses may rest and refresh themselves, after the intolerable heat. It is not unusual for a traveling party to pitch its camp at some height on the plain, for the sake of the cooler air and there rest overnight. They are liable, however, to sleep but little, for the heat, the noise of jackals and the incessant croaking of the frogs at the bottom of the hill, put sleep almost out of the question.

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A Comforting thought for Parents.

A minister who had lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other side until his daughter was married and went over there to live, and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there.

"Now," said he, "I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much nearer than ever it has been before."

Shall we not just let our hearts and affections be set on the other side of the river? It is but a step; it is but a veil; we shall soon be in the other world.

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The Sweet Faith of a Child.

A mother living not far from the post-office, in this city, says a writer in the "Rescue Home," tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment, the other day, to rest for a few seconds. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself; and curious to

A PILGRIM'S SONG.

UP the stepping-stones of time,
Days and weeks and years,
With exultant heart I climb,
Heedless of my fears.
Should I fear, when on this way
Christ, my Saviour, trod?
When, according to my day,
Strength is given by God?

If this strength were only mine,
I should be o'eraken;
But the strength which is divine
Cannot e'er be shaken.
He who gives it formed, the land,
Speaks, and earth is riven;
Holds the waters in his hand,
Reins the winds of heaven.

Tread we thus the heavenly road,
Caring for our brother;
Holding fellowship with God,
Loving one another.
Up the stepping-stones of time,
Days and months and years,
With exultant hearts we climb,
Heedless of our fears.

SARAH M. DALE.

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HEROISM IN WOMAN.

WOMAN is as heroic as man. Her life is just as earnest, writes Rev. John L. Brandt, her trials are just as hard, her conflicts just as sharp, her troubles just as trying, her position just as responsible, and her sphere just as useful as that of man. She operates just as subtle springs, and touches just as many chords as man. Heroism on the part of women has not been as open and conspicuous as on the part of men. Many men have come to the public as heroes who were pushed forward by their heroines. If a woman, as a helpmate of man, makes a heroic struggle against adversity, alongside of her husband, does she not deserve praise and credit as well as he?

Are not the mothers who comfort their children, throw a hallowed influence around them, and encourage them in everything which is true and lofty, worthy of partaking of the name of heroine? The girl who labors in the kitchen, in order to support herself, and stay the hand of intamy, acts the part of a heroine. The wife who, with an invalid husband, or with a trifling husband, sustains herself and family, acts the part of a heroine. The widow who relies on her industry for a livelihood, acts the part of a heroine. The young lady who braves the fashions of life, and attends school until she adorns her mind with useful knowledge, has in her the elements of heroism. The young lady who qualifies herself for business, and preters to make in that business some money that she can call her own, rather than to depend upon her father for all she receives, is worthy of being called a heroine. Hundreds of such heroines are found in shops, in factories, in stores, in kitchens, and in schools; women who went forth to labor. She is a heroine who says: "I shall strive to make myself ready, in body, mind, and soul, for every work that God shall give me."

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Why She Loved her Mother.

"Papa, how old was I when mamma died?" asked a little daughter of her parent. "Only six months, my child," he replied. "Then I can't say that I ever saw her, for I don't remember her at all. But you have always tried to make me love her by telling me how good and kind she was; and I do love her, although I have never seen her."

The simple love of the little one for a parent she had not seen was the means of drawing out the love of the father's heart to the Saviour. So familiar an illustration furnishes an unanswerable argument to those who have not yet learned to love him, not having seen him.



TRAVELERS ON THE PLAIN OF JERICHO.

(From a Photograph brought from Palestine by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

not above suspicion. They annoy travelers by their impudent demands for "back-sheesh," and some of the men volunteer to amuse strangers by performing dances that have a strange resemblance to those common in certain heathen lands. With industry and ambition, these villagers might make a good living out of the soil, for the whole plain is well watered and capable of producing excellent crops. In its present condition, it is little better than a desert, and a survey of it recalls vividly the frequent allusions to this district in those psalms that refer to incidents in the life of David, when he found shelter among the rocks and caves.

There are many gorges, high precipitous banks, and dry channels which, at times, may be filled by mountain torrents, and some of these localities would furnish ideal hiding-places. On the more level lands, such as that shown in the photograph, the dreariness of the scene is unrelieved, save by the piles of ruins and the glimpses of hill and mountain beyond, with

know to whom she was talking, stopped a minute at the half-opened door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone, and stood upon it with the ear piece against the side of her head.

The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation her mother heard, while tears stood thick in her eyes—the little one carrying on both sides, as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!" "Well, who's there?" "Is God there?" "Yes." "Tell Jesus I want to speak to him." "Well?" "Is that you, Jesus?" "Yes, what is it?" "Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well. Won't you?" No answer, and statement and question again repeated, answered by—"Yes."

The little one put the ear piece back on its hook, clambered down from her chair, and with a radiant face went for her mother, who caught her in her arms. The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day, and got well.

BIBLE-WOMEN OF CAIRO.

A Lady's Description of the Work of the American U. P. Mission.

MARIE IMANDT, in a recent letter from Cairo, gives a most interesting account of a visit to the headquarters of the United Presbyterian Mission in that city. The work of this mission began there in 1854, and has been vastly extended. There are at present missionaries located at seven central points, and the number of stations now occupied is 156. The work among women seems to be of a most important nature. Not only are the ladies, whose department it is to look to the interests of their sisters in Egypt, changing the ways of looking at the life of these women, but they are inspiring them with a desire to learn to read and to search into the truth of things for themselves. That the women appreciate being taught to read is amply evidenced by the fact that many are willing to pay for lessons from the missionary ladies. These Egyptian women are so ignorant that they cannot understand a chapter read to them from the Bible in Arabic; it has to be reduced to the most simple language. At present, some six or seven hundred women are taking lessons.

"There are three American missionaries in Cairo—Dr. Watson, Rev. William Harvey, D.D., and the Rev. E. M. Giffen. Each of these gentlemen has his special department," says the writer. "Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Giffen also contribute their share, each bestowing her energy in some particular branch of the work. For the school and harem work there are four ladies. With two of the Bible-women my morning was spent. We found Miss Smith and her assistants busily at work. The story of one life was a very sad one. This girl had been one of the brightest in the school. Among the male converts there was a young man, and when the two married it was considered in every way a suitable union. Suddenly the husband declared that he was to go back to Mohammedanism. So the happy home was broken up, and the wife went back to her teaching to work for herself and her child. Armed with her Bible, Miss Smith led the way into one house after another, all of a similar nature, all small rooms with mud floors, up flights of worn stone stairs. In one house there was a wonderful attempt at cleanliness. Round Arab rooms there are low divans, which in this case were covered with linen. The floor was flagged with red bricks, and a few pictures on the walls gave evidence of an attempt at decoration. Here Miss Smith took out her Bible and read a chapter to the women, all leaving their grain-sifting to come and stand around her, answering the questions she put from time to time with evident interest.

"The native provision for paupers or for aged people is of the most miserable. The poorhouse, known as the Tekeia, lies at some distance from Cairo. The paupers are herded together anyhow, and fed on any sort of wretched stuff. It is quite a common thing to this day among the Arabs to turn the aged or infirm out of the houses to die from exposure, and so relieve their relations of all responsibility.

"Miss Thompson's special life is harem work. She pointed out several houses where the mission ladies had pupils, and told me there were six Bible-women engaged in that part of the city. Again, we made a tour through houses where poverty and its attendant misery were rampant. One of these was a single room where a mother and two daughters, one of whom was married, lived. One girl brought out her Bible and read.

"From here we went to pay our respects to a newly-married pupil of Miss Thompson's. They were people of good position, and the house was a very pretty one. The marriage had been celebrated the evening before, but, according to their custom, the bride was receiving the congratulations of her friends. She was wearing her bridal gown and all her diamonds, and was in the harem, surrounded by her friends, who were all in gala dress, all laden with diamonds, and who were amusing themselves by smoking cigarettes and drinking sherbet. The nautch girls were seated on the floor beating their odd instruments, and singing the queer Arabic melody that gets rather pleasing when one becomes familiar with it. In all the houses the mission ladies were warmly welcomed by rich and by poor alike. Their influence seems to be slowly altering the opinions and beliefs of those among whom they work, and in many cases doing away with the national customs."



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Lead, Kindly Light.

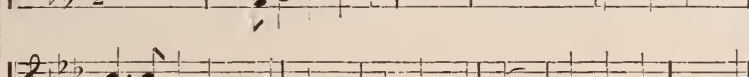
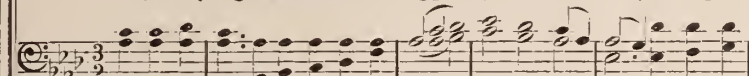
"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

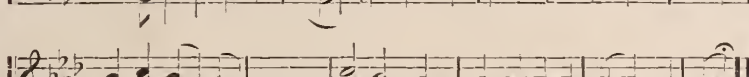
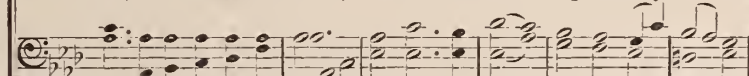
JOHN B. DYKES.



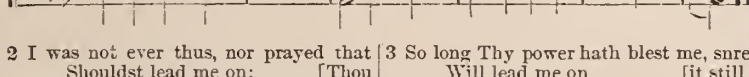
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is



dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Shouldst lead me on; [Thou I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

43

From GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6. Used by per. of the Publishers.

ENDUED WITH POWER.

(LUKE 24: 49.)

MORE power to serve thee, Lord,
And spread thy Word;
Persuasive power to win
Wanderers from sin.
This grace we now implore:
Wisdom to serve thee more.
Whom we adore.

Humbly we here confess
Unworthiness;
Yet deign to use us still—
Our souls to fill
With zeal that shall refine,
A sacred zeal like thine,
O Love divine!

Guide us in word and deed;
Warm love we need—
Large hearts embracing all
To give thy call.
Give power to help the weak,
Like thee, most High, most Meek,
The lowest seek.

Give power in prayer that gains,
And good obtains,
For those both far and near,
For friends most dear;
That heathen souls be sought,
By Christian love be taught,
And to thee brought.

Alone we would not come
To Heaven our home;
But many trophies bring
Our Saviour King.
What joy before thy throne
If thou wilt say, "Well done
My faithful one!"

—MRS. MARTHA TYLER GALE.

HE KNOWETH MY FRAME.

HE knoweth my frame when I'm weary,
Despondent and lonely and weak,
He comforts my soul with his presence,
Gives joy that my lips cannot speak.
He whispers of love everlasting,
Of peace that shall ever endure,
Of patience, of rest, strength and courage,
Of hope that is steadfast and sure.

He knoweth my frame in temptation;
He knows that I cannot withstand
The armies of sin that assail me,
With fury on every hand.
But Satan and all his battalions
Fall back with no power to harm,
When I am on Jesus relying
And trusting the strength of his arm.

When tempests of sorrow break o'er me
To rend and to shiver my soul,
He knows all the wreck and the ruin,
And tenderly maketh me whole.
His arms are beneath and about me,
And sweetly he teaches me trust.
He knoweth my frame—for he made it—
Remembers that I am but dust.

He knoweth my frame in all trouble,
He knows it in life or in death;
And I never need fear for a moment,
For this is the word that he saith:
"My child, fear thou not, I am with thee—
My strength will uphold to the end;
Yea, I am thy Rock and thy Refuge,
Thy lover, Redeemer and friend."

How blessed my life is with Jesus!
I know I shall conquer at length;
In him all my faults shall be hidden,
In him all my weakness is strength.
How tenderly Jesus doth lead me!
He knoweth my frame, and I must
Love him who forever remembers—
Remembers that I am but dust.

Vineland, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

THE PORTENTS.

Signs to be Recognized as Indications of Christ's Coming.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

WHEN our Lord was asked if there would be any events which when they occurred, might be recognized as signs of his return to the earth, he said: "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the Ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat and drink, bought and sold, planted and builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and it destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed" (Luke 17: 26-30). The Apostle confirms this: "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, 'Peace and safety,' then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape" (1. Thess. 5: 3).

There was nothing specially to alarm the antediluvians before the day that Noah entered the ark; nothing special to startle the men of Sodom ere the fire from heaven fell upon them; and like as it was in those days so will it be in these. All going on just as usual, no single sign to attract the world's attention. "None of the wicked shall understand" the true state of affairs, only the wise and those enlightened by the word of prophecy.

I would like to give what I believe to be the chief of these signs, and I desire rather to speak suggestively than exhaustively. We have six separate and distinct sets of signs, each one of which seems sufficient to indicate that we are on the verge of the establishment on earth of the eternal kingdom of the Son of Man—that blessed One who shall set up a reign of righteousness and peace, of which the millennial Sabbath is but the portal and introduction. We have: first, political signs; second, ecclesiastical signs; third, Jewish signs; fourth, Mohammedan signs; fifth, general social signs; and sixth, chronological signs.

1. As to political signs, allow me to make a few simple suggestions. I met coming here this morning a gentleman who has long been a Christian, a student of God's Word, a worker in his service, but he said he had bestowed only a little time on the study of prophecy; he came here rather as a learner than anything else. Now there may be many such here; let me refer for the sake of such to a great political chart of the world's history contained in Dan. 2, and especially as compared with Daniel 7, that the time which we have reached in the world's history may be apparent. There we have in brief the history of the last twenty-five centuries. It was rewritten—visions and clearer descriptions, and multiplied predictions—and the whole thing lay bare and unfolded; and all history itself has run on these lines exactly as foretold.

I can only add on this point of political signs that each power has run its appointed course. The Babylonian Empire rose, reached a certain height, ran a certain course, and was then overthrown by the Persian Empire. The Medo-Persian Empire succeeded and reached a certain development, and also fell. The Grecian Empire followed, and ruled and perished. Then rose the Roman Empire, which was to be first united and then divided. Comparing these Old Testament predictions with those of the New, and with history, what do we perceive? The history has run on these very lines, that these events have been fulfilled, and therefore do not remain to be fulfilled. Babylon rose and perished, so did Persia; so did Greece; so did Rome Pagan and Rome Papal. All this has been accomplished, and here we are at the close of the predicted course of the last of these four empires. We are, therefore, close to the manifestation, the unveiling, the shining forth, the glorious establishment of the Kingdom of God which shall never pass away. That is the next thing to occur.

(To be Continued.)

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover; 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Bible House, New York.



CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.)

ERNEST PAULL was bitterly chagrined at the result of his expedition. Just two weeks before, he had picked up a copy of a New York paper two months old, in a barber's shop in Monte Carlo. The paper contained what purported to be an abstract of the will of the late Roger Lanier, wherein his estate was estimated at over a million dollars. In the list of legacies was one of thirty thousand dollars and a handsome country seat in New Jersey to his sister, Mrs. Paull, and two thousand dollars to each of her five children.

Marie had written briefly in her weekly letter, of her uncle's death,—brevity her father was incapable of attributing to her remorseful disinclination to dwell upon the event. She had not alluded to the will at all, and the news was momentous to the exile. The tidings of Roger Lanier's decease could not be otherwise than welcome. So far as Ernest Paull had ascertained, his brother-in-law was the only person, except perhaps his former employers, who was acquainted with all the particulars of his dishonorable flight from America. A better man than he to whom it was addressed would have found it difficult to forgive the letter that followed him to Nice. The writer had wasted no words in giving the refugee to understand that his expatriation was perpetual.

"I have refunded the stolen funds," he wrote tersely. "I did this to save my sister's name from open disgrace. Should you attempt to return to this country, or in any manner annoy her or her children, you will be given up to justice. The sum you stole was put into the hands of your late employers with this distinct understanding. They will prosecute you without mercy. Your crime is not condoned by their acceptance of what they consider in such an event, 'hush-money,' to be returned to me. If, as I have reason to believe, you added forgery to theft, the prosecution would be a yet graver affair."

The gate of return to home, country and a show of respectability was double-locked and barred. He had no resource but to live by his wits. When Mr. and Mrs. Paull Morgan became notorious as card-sharpers in one place, they removed to another, and assumed another alias, until his partner wearied of the precarious existence and of him, and left him to speculate alone. It would have been surprising in these circumstances had poor Marie's piteous epistles reached him. With all his keen watch of New York papers, he never saw one line relative to him, or his family, until his eyes lighted upon the notice of his daughter's appointment as organist in St. Gudule's. His letter to her was a cast into the water that proved unexpectedly profitable. Her answer enclosed a bill of exchange for one hundred dollars, and she had sent him two hundred since without intimating that the amount represented self-denial on her part that was actual hardship. He had played unscrupulously upon her passionate attachment to the parent idealized by memory and imagination. The child evidently had resources and a fat private purse. To whom was her tribute due, if not to him?

The letter containing the grievous story of his invalidism, and the physician's recommendation of Algeria as the one hope of saving his life, was a mixed tissue of truth and deceit. He was feebly convalescent from a seizure of what the English doctor summoned hastily to the gambling hell in which he fell ill pronounced a menace of "angina pectoris."

"You have been living at the pace that kills, my friend," he warned the patient. "Pull up, or you will make short work of the rest of the way."

Without the remotest intention of tempting his young daughter to come to him, he had written in his best style that he had been nigh unto the gates of death, and could not obey the doctor's advice for want of

means. He calculated upon the receipt of another, and a larger cheque than the previous remittances, and was counting the days before it could reach him when the paragraph in the old journal gave a new phase to life and expectation.

That his enemy was dead had meant something in the line of fortunate possibilities for him. He had little fear of prosecution, or disgraceful publicity from the men he had robbed, now that their inflexible prompter was out of the way, yet he felt but a slight drawing homeward. Marie's money would go further on this side of the ocean. In New York he must work, or feign to work for a living, and he loved foreign bohemianism better than domestic respectability.

Thirty thousand dollars, added to the sum settled upon Alice by her father, would bring a tolerable income, even in America, when one had a roof over her head. He would go home and get his share of the goods provided. He was positive, with his knowledge of his wife's character, she would not turn him from her door. If he had sinned against her, he had expiated his transgression by living from hand to mouth, and by enforced separation from his children. His eyes watered at the latter thought. His was an affectionate shallow nature, and such make a specious show to the world and to themselves. In the light of his interesting discovery, his love for the darlings of his fireside approximated heart-hunger. He convinced himself that impatience to clasp them once more to his bosom impelled him to risk his fate upon one audacious venture. With the superstition common to weak natures, he resolved to hazard the remnant of Marie's last remittance at "rouge-et-noir" that night. If he won, he would on the morrow buy a ticket to New York. If he lost, he could not go—therefore, Destiny had decreed a different lot for him. He won four times the sum he laid upon the table.

His first call, after landing in New York, was at Mrs. Marcy's fashionable Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. His inquiry for Miss Paull was answered by the information that she was not in, and that the footman could not say when she would be. He believed that she had been called out of town by the illness of a friend. He "believed it was her mother."

"Can I see Mrs. Marcy?" asked the stranger.

"Mrs. Marcy is not at home."

"One of the teachers, then. I must know where to find Miss Paull."

With dexterity acquired by foreign practice, he slipped a dollar into the man's hand, and was, forthwith, ushered into a reception room. To him presently descended an under-teacher, hurried and fagged, who knew nothing beyond what Mrs. Marcy had dropped incidentally, in her hearing; namely, that a substitute must be found for Miss Paull, who had been summoned to the sick-bed of a relative.

"I asked no questions," added the drudge, who looked too tired to be inquisitive. "But, knowing that Miss Paull's family reside in New Jersey, I took it for granted that she had gone there."

She was not especially interested in her fellow-teacher, or chronic fatigue made her unobservant, else she might have noted the striking resemblance between the inquirer and the absent girl. The footman had made better use of his opportunities, for, at luncheon, he reported in the kitchen his impression that the disappointed visitor was Miss Paull's uncle from abroad, who had probably come to America to give her a fortune. "He was a genuine swell and a perfect gentleman, and enough like Miss Marie to be her father forty times over."

With the dazed sensation of a dreamer who must awake presently and find himself at home in bed, Ernest Paull trod the once-familiar streets without seeing a friend he knew, or being recognized by any one.

He had landed early in the morning, and had time to dine at his hotel before taking an afternoon train to Pequod.

The aspect of Pinehurst pleased him more than he had expected. It was a cozy corner in which to recover strength, and to be rehabilitated by degrees from the effect of circumstances. During the drive from Peddlington he had speculated as to the possible seriousness of his wife's illness, if she were the ailing relative. A sensation-lover inborn, he arranged a tableau of reconciliation in the sick-chamber,—perhaps, even at the death-bed of an otherwise exemplary woman, who had lent too ready an ear to the worldly maxims of a designing brother. Should Alice die—would it be found that her brother's bequest was hers in fee simple? or would it be ungenerously lodged with trustees or entailed upon the heirs of her body? In any event he could depend upon his sweet Marie's disposition toward him. It might perhaps be as well—in the mind of Providence—if the noble girl were to become the head of the household. He could be very comfortable in the country until next winter, with little Marie to cater for and nurse him.

This conclusion was prominent in his thoughts, as turning to contemplate the wing of the picturesque colonial homestead, he met Elspeth's blazing eye.

The dialogue with her was the kick of the dreamer to the basket of Alaschar. Even while he vaped to her of his rights and determination to maintain them, he was aware that she must discover, ere long, the absurdity of his position. Roger Lanier was dead, but his wife, a woman of much force of character, was fondly attached to her sister-in-law, and, rather than allow her to be imposed upon by the returned husband, was quite capable of enforcing his warning to the banished man. His only hope lay in her unwillingness to make public a page of family history that might wound her pride. He wished, when it was too late, that he had forced an entrance into the house which was morally his own. If Alice were really there and ill, Marie's place was at her bedside.

Unless, and subsequent reflection made him more and more fearful of this—the story of her departure for France were true, and not a fabrication of the Scotch virago. He had never known Elspeth to tell a lie; he had known her to be truthful to her own disadvantage. Her excitement was unfeigned, and what would arise from the loss of one of the children she had brought up.

His heart stood still in the horror of the admitted probability. Next to himself, he cared more for his eldest daughter than for any other living thing. He comprehended far better than untraveled Elspeth could divine, what must be the position of a beautiful young girl, alone and unsophisticated, who should set on foot, in Pau, unaided and bewildered, inquiries concerning "Mr. James Ellis," the name he had worn there for a few months, and to which Marie had addressed several letters, one of which contained a bill of exchange. He was not utterly depraved. Few men are. Bohemianized to the core though he was, callous in sensibilities and conscience as only such a career as his had been abroad, can make a human creature who once yielded outward obedience to moral principles—he would rather have resigned the hope of future pecuniary aid from his daughter, than introduce her into the scenes that had known him most intimately of late. He had not scrupled to rob his child; he would not demoralize her even in thought. America and the parental roof were the places for girls.

The more he thought of the awful possibilities contingent upon what he stigmatized as "a mad, romantic escapade," the more the horror grew. He drank heavily as bedtime drew near, to court sleep and respite from the visions multiplying and looming before his imagination. At midnight, he arose from an uneasy pillow to dose himself with an opiate prescribed by the English physician. He had hardly lain down before terrible pain seized him with tiger-like fierceness.

He knew the teeth and grip of his enemy. It was part of the price that he paid for "the pace that kills." After repeated attempts to rise, the dread of dying in agony alone, nerved him to a mighty effort. He rolled from the bed, and, by partly dragging, partly rolling himself across the room, reached the bell, pulled himself up to it, rang and rang, then fell upon the floor.

Three days of unspeakable suffering had elapsed when he left his chamber, haggard and feeble, as from as many weeks of illness. When pain and alternating stupor

let him think during this confinement, his mind ran with feverish persistence upon one topic.

Marie, on the sea; a friendless wanderer, landing at a foreign port with no one to welcome or care for her, distraught and terrified amid the pushing, curious crowds of the popular resort where she had hoped to find him. Always, she was a sacrifice to filial devotion. Sometimes, he was angry at the unworlly recklessness with which she had thrown up her position in the school, and probably in the church, to fly to him. Oftener, he could have dashed his head against the wall in mad regret for his overstrained appeal to her love and compassion that had resulted so calamitously.

To him—alone, suffering and nearly penniless in a city where his nearest of blood would repudiate, or, at best, merely tolerate him! He had blundered atrociously in letting temper get the better of discretion when provoked by Elspeth's insolence. Whatever relents might, under favorable circumstances, have visited his wife's heart, he had antagonized her by threatening to deprive her of her children. Empty as she might know the menace to be after his wilful desertion of his family, and two years of silence, she would accept the gasconade as a token that he was prepared for war, rather than for peace. He had put her on her guard, and presumably on her mettle, and he knew the quality of the Lanier spirit. Twice, he wrote to her, once, in the doughty strain of an injured man, demanding an interview and opportunity for explanation. The letter lay on his table all night; was re-read in the morning and burned. It offended his taste and was undiplomatic. The second was studiously incoherent, and sincere only so far as he represented himself as distracted at the rash step taken by their daughter. His florid appeals to the love his wife had once professed for him, his protestations of remorseful tenderness, and entreaties to be received back into some measure of regard as the lover of her youth, and father of her children—were so strained and artificial as to disgust himself before the message was completed.

He could imagine how Alice would look while reading it. She was a true Lanier in her lofty disdain of sham sentiment. He had never been afraid of her in the old times. He quailed at the idea of meeting her clear, honest eyes now, that she knew him for what he was—forgery, thief, liar, and bigamist. Roger Lanier had frankly applied all of these titles to him in the scathing letter addressed to "Mr. Paul Morgan, Nice, France." Marie had written respectfully of her mother, but with no affectation of concealment of her uncle's influence over his sister. "Uncle Roger has settled mother and the children in one of his country-houses, which he has spared no money or pains in making comfortable, and is advisor-general in everything that concerns the household." "He and I are distinctly polite to one another," said another letter. "While he is your enemy, he can never be my friend, and this he has been made to understand more than once. All the same, I cannot question his attachment to mother and to Lanier."

On the sixth day after the attack that had stolen so much of his strength an energy, Ernest Paull paid his week's board, and had exactly one dollar and thirty cents left in the world. The doctor's fees had been unexpectedly large, and illness in a city hotel is a costly indulgence. Under the spur of the discovery, he made up his mind abruptly to call upon Roger Lanier's widow.

Putting upon the errand the face which he imagined it would be dressed in by conscious innocence, he sent up a card upon which he had pencilled his real name.

Mrs. Lanier came down at once; a handsome woman, doubly dignified by widow's weeds; collected and serious in demeanor, and so utterly free from discomposure of any kind, that he was instantly aware of her knowledge of what Elspeth could tell.

Her next action, after acknowledging his respectful salutation by a silent bend of the head, defined their relative position. She remained standing, in an easy, expectant attitude, by a table near the front windows of the drawing-room, thus compelling him to remain upon his feet. He had retained his hat, and not removed his overcoat, and felt awkwardly isolated in the exact middle of the apartment. A tax-gatherer or a plumber would have had more gracious audience. Supersensitive to trifles, he appreciated her advantage and his loss at the outset.

(To be Continued.)

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

THE COW AND THE IDOL.

FROM an observant traveler in China comes an interesting story of an event that led to the decay of idol influence in one district at least. "A poor man," he writes, "went to pray to an idol that had been placed outside the temple. I do not know what he asked for, but he promised if the idol would answer him he would give him his cow. The man's prayer was answered, but he repented of his bargain, and as he did not wish to part with his cow, he went to the idol again to let him off. He said, 'I know I promised to give you my cow, but I am very poor; I have only one cow; if I give it to you how shall I get my fields ploughed?' and so on, ending up by asking to be allowed to keep his cow. The idol would not let him off, but said the cow must be left. At last the man could do nothing else but tether the cow to the idol's chair and go sorrowfully home, wondering how he was ever going to get on. Here were his fields ready to be ploughed, but no cow, and no money to hire a cow to do it for him. He sat down in his room to think over his troubles, and lo! he has not sat long before he hears a great shouting. He goes to the door to see—what do you think? here is his own cow coming along the road as hard as it can, dragging the idol after it. How the people laughed, and how glad the man was, for of course he was not wise enough to see that it was the cow had brought the idol: oh, no, it was the idol had repented and brought back the cow! Nearly all the people knew at the bottom of their hearts that the idol had nothing at all to do with it, and some of them were not afraid to say that the idol was useless."

AN ICELANDIC SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

At the town of Reykjavik, in Iceland is a most interesting school for women, which represents the patriotic love and self-sacrifice of Icelandic women, as it was founded and is supported through the exertions of one woman, who lectures in Europe on the needs of her native island, and the generosity of other women who brought their heirlooms and poured them into the lap of the founder, that she might sell them and appropriate the proceeds to the school. These heirlooms were quaint and beautiful belts, flagree tubes for confining the tassel on the every-day cap, snuff horns and silver embroidery. Several women were sent to Europe to be trained as teachers with the money thus raised, and many more at home receive a higher form of education than otherwise would have been possible. Women students are admitted to the medical and theological seminaries for instruction and final examinations, and to the Latin school for examination if they have prepared themselves. A diploma from any one of these institutions admits to the University of Copenhagen. Such sacrifice and endeavor are well worthy of imitation by believers to enable those who can to go forth amongst the heathen and preach the Gospel.

A NOBLEMAN'S CURE.

A remarkable patient has recently been treated at the Presbyterian Missionary Hospital at Chieng-Mai, in the Laos country. Dr. James W. McKean, who has charge there, thus reports the case in "The Church at Home and Abroad." This man was a noble living at Muong Sing, and was one of the Governor's chief men. Soon after building a beautiful house, he was taken with a very painful disease. Fearing that he had in some way offended the spirits in the building of the house, he made frequent and valuable offerings to them, but all to no purpose. His disease growing more painful, he tore down his fine house, hoping thereby to placate the spirits, but this also failed. He then tried merit-making. Although he had once been a priest and had the reputation of being a very learned man, he concluded to re-enter the priesthood, hoping thereby to derive sufficient merit to cure him of his malady. In order to do this he must leave his home and family. As all priests' heads are closely shaven, he must also forfeit his hair, which was more than five feet and a half in length and of which he was very proud. But the man was in earnest. So cutting off his hair and presenting it to the governor, he entered the priesthood, where

he remained for many months. But even this failed to cure him. Native medicines gave no relief and the man was in despair. At last he determined to apply to the Christian doctors. He was so ill that he had to be carried in a litter and was a whole year on the road. His adventures on the way were of a thrilling character. Once his bearers set him down in a forest and refused to carry him farther unless he gave them seventy rupees to buy opium. He refused, but yielded when he found they were preparing to run away and leave him in the forest to die. At another part of the journey robbers broke into the camp and carried off all the money and valuables they could find. When at last he reached the mission he was penniless. An operation was performed and the man was completely cured. Dr. McKean adds: It was a great joy to us as well as to him that he was so entirely relieved from all suffering. During his stay of several months he was daily instructed in the Christian religion. Learned in the Buddhist faith he readily comprehended the superiority of Christianity and seemed to receive it gladly. When he left for his distant home he professed to be a believer in Christ.

HE GOT THE BLESSING.

Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who, hearing the Gospel preached, determined that, if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and, in his untutored way, said, "Didn't ye say I could have the blessing now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' without it." And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of this man who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine!" Then the name of this poor man went in the sad list of the "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."

A DEMENTED PATIENT.

Among the cases quoted by Dr. McKean as having been treated through the agency of the Medical Mission at Chieng-Mai, in the Laos country, was one that the natives regarded as demoniacal possession. "All disturbances of mental functions," says the good physician, "are here attributed to evil spirits. This man surely seemed to be possessed of the devil. So violent had he become that his friends had removed him from his house and had bound him with two chains to the posts of the rice granary. His brother, who was a noted spirit doctor, had tried all his charms and incantations for the poor man's relief, but without avail. It happened that two of our native evangelists were teaching in this village. These evangelists taking pity on the poor maniac, applied for medicine for his relief. It must be confessed that it was with little hope of cure that medicine was given. A few days later, however, the evangelists reported that after taking the medicine for two days, he was so much improved that his chains were removed. After continuing the treatment for several weeks, the man was apparently cured. A few months later we had the joy of seeing this man, clothed and in his right mind,

received into the visible church, together with his whole family, including his brother, the spirit doctor. Almost a year has elapsed. The man is well, and to all appearances is a devout and consistent disciple of the Lord. A few days ago at a Sabbath service at which this man was present, the native Christians were remarking upon his cure and agreed in saying that the divine power manifestly exercised therein closely resembled that exercised in apostolic times."

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

It is pitiful to see the women of India construed into an omen of terrible evil that which is the herald of the day of their emancipation and salvation. Their case is strikingly set forth in the touching legend of the dove of Dacca. A Hindoo rajah was made aware of the approach of an invading band of Mohammedans. He went out bravely to meet them, taking with him a white dove, whose return to the palace was to be the sign to his family of his defeat, and the signal to them to destroy themselves and their home ere the violent invaders could arrive. The battle was fought and the rajah gained the day; he turned towards home, but as he stopped by a river to drink the dove escaped and flew home. Eager eyes had been watching for the token of defeat, and they thought they saw it as the bird drew near, and although the rajah hastened on his way at the utmost possible speed he only reached his house in time to throw himself upon the burning ruins. The Holy Spirit, like a dove, is drawing near to thousands of Indian homes to-day, and the unenlightened women are fearing it as if it was coming to injure them. Who will go that they may be enlightened?

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When the splendid Brooklyn Tabernacle was erected, three years ago, there was a great demand from all parts of the country for pictures of the largest Protestant church in America. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at that time sent out to its subscribers large quantities of those beautiful engravings to supply this demand. Shortly after the recent disastrous fire, a photograph of the ruined Tabernacle was taken, which shows how thorough and devastating was the work of the flames. Copies of this photograph, measuring 11 by 14 inches, will be forwarded to any of our readers who send fifty cents to this office.

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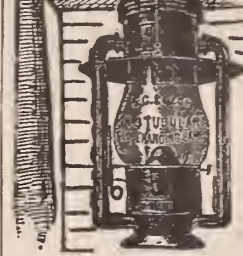
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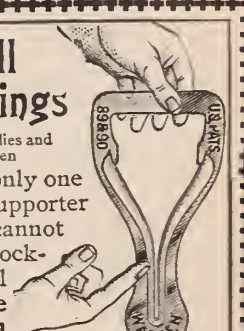
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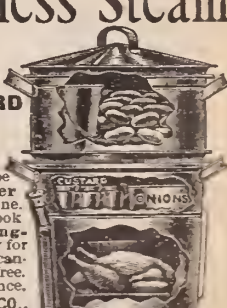
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SAPOLIO

THE BOOK SHELF

THE KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM.*

GREAT were the difficulties of Godfrey's kingdom, but he overcame them. Wedged in between the rival Caliphates of Cairo and Bagdad, he had to defend it from both. The population of Jerusalem, his capital, was made up of Crusaders, Syrians, Greeks, renegades from all religions, adventurers from every land. His soldiers were fanatics and criminals.

He divided the conquered territory among his companions, but they were refractory; and the papal Patriarch, Cardinal Daimbert, was arrogant and troublesome. The soldiers said that they had conquered the land by their valor, but the priests ascribed the conquest to their prayers. All laid claim to reward, and all were more or less disobedient.

Two hundred knights and less than a thousand foot were the available strength for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre. Strictly speaking government, such as it was, was confined to only a few towns; the country population was thievish and rebellious.

The only good road was that from Joppa to Jerusalem. Seawulf, an English pilgrim who passed it in 1103, saw many uninterred corpses lie on the way; men refused to bury them, because it imperilled their own life.

The King, according to the Code, was elected, but in case of his demise, his next of kin was preferred, if possible; the Barons comprised his Council.

The King solemnly promised to be a good lord; then the Barons took the oath of allegiance. He was presented with the insignia of his office, to wit, a ring denoting fidelity; a sword importing his defence of the Holy Sepulchre; a crown and a sceptre as symbols of authority and justice. He took the crown to the Temple and deposited it on the spot where Jesus was presented, but upon a fixed redemption it was restored to him.

The whole transaction imported that the Holy Sepulchre was the real Sovereign, and the King only its supreme defender.

Military service was feudal; the same applied to a multitude of personal relations and obligations for mutual protection.

There were three Courts of justice. In the Supreme Court, called the Court of the Barons, the King presided in person; it was composed of all the nobles who held their land immediately of the crown. The second Court, called the Court of Burgesses, was composed of a limited number of chosen citizens; the third Court, called the Court of the Syrians, or native Christians who spoke Arabic, was composed of a select number of Syrians. The principle which underlay these several Courts was the broad one that as each was chosen by its own order, so every citizen was judged by his peers, and in the case of the Syrians, they were judged by their own national law.

The "Assize of Jerusalem" recognized and protected with singular justice and liberality all men capable of bearing arms, but treated villains, slaves, serfs, and captives of war with hardly more consideration than objects of poverty; the old mediæval values remained, according to which a slave and a falcon were rated alike, and three slaves equalled the value of a war-horse, which as late as the fourteenth century was valued at three hundred pieces of gold.

The status of the Clergy was of the most pronounced assertion; they claimed supremacy by divine right. The Code allowed judicial combat, and the ordeal by iron and fire in criminal causes, sometimes also in civil matters. By far the most efficient protection of the Kingdom of Jerusalem was afforded by the celebrated military Orders of the "Knights of St. John," and of the "Knights Templars."

Godfrey reigned only one year. He died July 13, 1100,—it is said from poisoned fruit

—universally regretted, and was fitly laid to rest near the Holy Sepulchre.

THE PERFECT TONGUE.*

There can be no perfection in art or science without attention to little things. One of the truest marks of genius is the power, in presence of the highest ideal, to attend to even the least details. No chain is stronger than its feeblest link. The weakest point in the character of a Christian is the measure of his nearness to perfection. It is in the little things of daily life that perfection is attained and proved.

The tongue is a little member. A word of the tongue is, oh! such a little thing in the eyes of many. And yet we are told by none less than our blessed Lord: "By thy words shalt thou be justified." When the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father to render to every man according to his deeds, every word will be taken into account. In the light of the great day of God, if any man stumble not in word, the same is a perfect man. This is the full-grown man, who has attained maturity, who has reached unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

But is it possible for any man to be thus perfect, and not to stumble in a single word? Has not James just said, "In many things we all stumble?" Just think of all the foolish words one hears among Christians, the sharp words, the hasty, thoughtless, unloving words, the words that are only half honest and not spoken from the heart. Think of all the sins of the tongue against the law of perfect love and perfect truth, and we must admit the terrible force of James' statement: "In many things we all stumble." When he adds, "If any stumble not in word, the same is a perfect man," can he really mean that God expects that we should live so, and that we must seek and expect it too?

Let us think. With what object does he use these words? In the beginning of his Epistle he had spoken of patience having its perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing. There, entire perfection, with nothing lacking, is set before us as a definite promise to those who let patience have its perfect work. His Epistle is written, as all the Epistles are, under the painful impression of how far ordinary Christian experience is from such perfection, but in the faith that it is no hopeless task to teach God's people that they ought to be, that they can be, perfect and entire, lacking in nothing. Where he begins to speak of the tongue, the two sides of the truth again rise up before him. The ordinary experience he expresses in the general statement: "In many things we all stumble." The will of God and the power of grace he sets forth in the blessed and not impossible ideal of all who seek to be perfect and entire: "If any man stumble not in word, the same is a perfect man." James speaks of it in all simplicity as a condition as actual as the other of all stumbling.

THE FAITH OF YOUTH.*

There comes a day to every soul when the traditional faith of childhood has to be exchanged for the personal conviction of man-

* From *Be Perfect*, a message from the Father in Heaven to his Children on Earth; Meditations for a month, by Rev. Andrew Murray. 150 pp; price 75c. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

† From *The Boy Jesus*, and other Sermons, by William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., pp. 301, cloth covers, price \$1.75. A. C. Armstrong & Son, N. Y., pub'rs.

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hood; and in days of unsettlement like those in which we live, that time is likely to prove one of great anxiety. But still the experience of the effects of their childhood's faith is not a tradition. That is a part of their own personal history, and with that it is easier for them to keep hold of the faith than it would be without it. There may be some, I believe that there are some, who lose their faith in spite of their early experience. But they do so with regret, like that of him who wrote,—

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

And to counterbalance these there are many more, who, after being tossed to and fro upon the sea of doubt, come back at length to their old anchorage, in the faith of their childhood. Therefore, let there be no ungenerous suspicions of the genuineness of the piety of children, and no dark forebodings of its lack of permanence. God has often moved on the hearts of little ones, and we should labor and pray that the people of our homes and of our churches may grow up from their earliest years in the love and service of the Lord Jesus.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Gospel of John, by Alexander MacLaren, D.D. A volume of the Bible Class Expositors' Series, especially valuable to the student and Sunday School teacher. 231 pp; price \$1. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth St., New York.

Now I lay me down to sleep, the prayer of childhood in literature and song, by Wm. Oland Bourne. Music to the Prayer, and incidents in connection with it. 135 pp; price \$1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Ave., New York.

Songs of Love and Praise for use in meetings for Christian work or worship, edited by John R. Sweney, W. J. Kirkpatrick and H. L. Gilmour. 224 pp; with music; price 35 cents. Published by John J. Hood, 1024 Arch St., Philadelphia.

God's Simple Truth on Holiness, by J. R. McFarren; a Booklet for Christian Readers. Published by the author at 220 Red River street, Gainesville, Tex.

The Second Book of Kings (Expositor's Bible Series); by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster. 496 pp; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. Tenth St., New York.

Crowning Glory: A volume of Hymns and music, revised for use in the Church, Evangelistic Meetings, etc. By P. P. Bilhorn; contains 211 hymns words and music; price by mail, 35cts. Published by Bilhorn Brothers, Garden City Block, Chicago.

The Traffic in Girls and the Florence Crittenton Missions, by Charles Edholm. A most interesting account of the Christian work accomplished by these missions. Pp. 307; illustrated; cloth covers; price \$1. Published by Woman's Temperance Pub. Association, Chicago.

Alpha and Omega; or the Birth and Death of the World, the Science of the Creation, or the Coming Crisis and the Golden Age; by Capt. R. Kelso Carter, C. E., pp. 613; copiously illustrated; cloth covers. O. H. Elliot, San Francisco, publisher.

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ALIEN CHILDREN LED TO CHRIST.

Evangelistic Work Among the Spanish-Cuban-Americans in New York—Miss Strong's Efforts in Their Behalf—A Story of Loving and Unselfish Christian Service.



AMONG the many problems that confront Christian workers in America, and more particularly in the great cities with cosmopolitan populations, is that which deals with the evangelizing of the children of parents coming here from Catholic countries. In a majority of cases, the spiritual natures of these little ones have been utterly neglected. In still other instances, their

dis satisfaction with the religion of Rome, with its empty rites and exorbitant demands, has already caused them to break away from its restraints and to lead lives practically without religion. This is specially true of those who have come from Mexico, Spain and Cuba, where superstition and fanaticism hold the masses in spiritual and secular bondage.

In New York City and Brooklyn there are over 45,000 Spanish-speaking people. For several years, Miss Caroline M. Strong has been doing effective service among them having had special preparation by work among the Spanish in Mexico under the American Board. Miss Strong's experience in a land dominated by Spanish rule with its allied papal power, was such as to enlist all her powers against their oppression. Her work is largely among the homes where the Spanish women live, in seclusion, ignorant, lonely and sad, but glad to receive the Word of Life. The children are beautiful and affectionate, and if they could be taught, would be early led into the fold, and

through them many of the parents would be saved. Miss Strong, together with her sister, Miss Susan Strong, has conducted a special work among the children, which promises excellent spiritual results. These ladies have devoted not only their time, but their personal means, to this work, which has become to them a sacred charge. They have gathered about them a number of Spanish children, the daughters of poor Cuban, Mexican or Spanish Catholic parents in the metropolis, and have educated them and trained them in fields of usefulness, in addition to bringing them into the light and joy of the Gospel of Jesus. At their own residence in New York, these ladies established a home school for the little ones, and there they have passed several years of loving

evangelical mission of considerable importance.

Concerning the work, Miss Strong makes this statement for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "I began evangelistic duty among the Spanish in New York City eight years ago. From experience gained in Mexico, I knew that the mothers must first be reached, so I organized an industrial sewing class for the mothers, and at each meeting a portion of the Scriptures in their own language was read. To make these meetings attractive, Gospel hymns were sung in their own language. From this work grew a Sunday School, which in a few months numbered sixty-five pupils. Through this Sunday School the Spanish Episcopal Church in San-



MISSIONARY WORK AMONG SPANISH CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN NEW YORK.

Miss Strong, Founder of the Work, and a Group of Eight of her Young Spanish Proteges.

service among their youthful charges. A group of these interesting children is presented in a photograph on this page, together with a portrait of Miss Caroline M. Strong, the founder of what promises in the near future to expand into a training school and

tiago received thirteen members and the Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, now under the care of Rev. Moya, was organized. The Spanish Evangelistic Church now under the care of Rev. J. M. Lopez Guillen, was also organized as an outcome

of the work. It has a membership of fifty seven. I regard the work as hardly yet begun, for American Christians do not fully appreciate the importance of giving the Gospel to these people from Spain, Mexico, South America and Cuba in the Spanish tongue. As a nationality, the Spaniards when converted become aggressive, enterprising Christians, and they are the best agents possible for evangelizing the Spanish speaking countries, representing 60,000,000 people. Our evangelistic work in New York and Brooklyn is under the care of

Congregational Home Missionary Society. "The training-school is undenominational and is supported by voluntary contributions from all denominations. It has been a severe struggle to sustain this work. To provide a building, my own salary from the Home Missionary Society has been freely given for the past three years. Had we

Continued on Page 353



MARTYRS OF THE NEEDLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Latest Sermon. Text: Matt. 19: 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

WHETHER this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment, I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing-woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the Emperor would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demanded. But, as soon as they had sinned, the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at four-score years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with dishevelled hair, reading the last novel; and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-case and go out to make calls; and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be, how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty,

and outrage of that father and mother, who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Stael said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman! have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night; or some elders or deacons of our churches may get up a fictitious company, and induce your orphans to put their money into it, and if it be lost, prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and heavenly style. O, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until God puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down to the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grog-shop. His old comrades came in and said, as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush up! he is dead!"—"Ah, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for three and four dollars per week, who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn-out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the twelve-dollar gaiters in which her mother walked; and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade, that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence, and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that though our young women may embroider slippers, and crochet, and make mats for lamps to stand on, without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable

work, I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantel-ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical, if you would, in the eyes of refined society, preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests, and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogsheads of good pure air. You must, by some kind of usefulness, pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created, — the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day, and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds, before our race came upon it. In one sense, we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

If we want a place in this world we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark, by its morning song, earns its breakfast before it eats it; the Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve, when it says if he "will not work, neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health; and very soon Nature says, "This man has refused to pay his rent; out with him!"

Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is, that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art, or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting-house.

It is said, if woman is given such opportunities, she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say, if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel, and to her home, as men have.

But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history, what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting, and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-axe have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who, by hardest toil, supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house-rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family, appears in church, with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected.

Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work,

and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of wash-tub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. O the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere, in any honorable calling!

I go still further, and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government: for a long while women clerks in Washington got nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men received eighteen hundred.

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative: starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations; and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death; and their employers know it!

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South-American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill-stones of his wrath, and grind them to powder!

I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries: give her justice!

There are about fifty thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm, hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning, as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or a crust they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! the working girls of the city! These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, enamelling, cigar-making, book-binding, labelling, feather-picking, print-coloring, paper-box making, but, most overworked of all, and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents! If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat! You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire: look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death!

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium, she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents!"

eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwards that she was making garments at eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited is not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?"—"Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats, and have shoes made, and contract for the Southern and Western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say: "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss; but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men, beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen, and milliners, and mantua-makers? If a woman asks a dollar for her work, does not her female employer ask her if she will not take ninety cents? You say "only ten cents difference;" but that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive—woman never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's ballot.

Never will she get it from man's ballot. How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able, after a while, to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can, in a store, sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and to demand them successfully. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given; skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great, and the supply very small.

Start with the idea that work is honorable, and that you can do some one thing better than any one else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are, after a while, called into another relation you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self-reliance; or if you are called to stay as you are, you can be happy and self-supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak, and woman the vine that climbs it; but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break; the factory-band

may slip; the wages may fail; but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stupendous wings of the Almighty.

Many of you will go single-handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman, and ask God to make you an humble, active, earnest Christian.

What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet-strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands, scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and fringes and gold-settes and golden clasps.

The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first, the farce afterward; but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life, and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such an one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited, or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray, or sing "Rock of Ages," for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older, there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part Auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas-eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things.

Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—Auntie always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God is, of great price.

When old Auntie died, you all gathered lovingly about her; and as you carried her out to rest, the Sunday School class almost covered the coffin with japonicas; and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly; and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded: "I say unto thee, arise!"

Alien Children Led to Christ.

Continued from first page.

the necessary financial support, we could take many interesting Spanish children whose cases so strongly appeal to us, and who would soon become evangelizing agents for many other homes. The training-school, through the kindness of friends, has been located for the summer on the banks of the Connecticut river, at Middle Haddam, Conn.

"Some of the cases we encounter in the work," she added, "are peculiarly interesting. One is that of a mother of two bright, interesting boys. She felt herself to be dying, and commended the two boys to our care to be trained in the Protestant faith. She was a Catholic. Another was that of a dying girl of seventeen, who, three years previous, had found Christ to be precious. She sighed heavily, as she exclaimed, 'In no other way can the Gospel reach our people, except through training our children in the right way. I beg that you will take my sisters and teach them while their hearts are tender. I am so thankful that my mother taught me to love Jesus. Promise me that you will seek out the children of our nationality, and teach them while they are young.' This was five years ago, and I have tried to fulfil my promise to the dying girl, whose triumphant end led others to the same Saviour that she had found."

"Again and again have dying ones, who



A BLIND SYRIAN WATER-SELLER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

had themselves accepted the Gospel, committed their little ones to us to be trained for Jesus. A man who had read the Bible in secret for twelve years, implored us to teach his girls of the love of God. 'Many of our nationalities have been taught to fear him,' he said, 'but few have been taught to love him.' So, scattered through New York and Brooklyn, we have many awaiting us to fulfill our promise to dying ones.

"A Spanish mother in Cuba, through reading her Bible, became a Protestant, and desiring a Christian education for her little girl—a beautiful child of eight—brought her to New York and placed her in our school at 181 West Tenth street. Many efforts have been made by her fanatic friends to take the child from us, but the mother stands firmly in her faith that God will aid her in securing a Protestant Christian education for her child. One of our little girls, after being in our home school a few months, became very anxious for her father, and procuring a Spanish Bible, sent it to him with passages marked in it for him to read. She never forgets to pray for him and asks others to do the same. Another, a bright, intelligent girl, frequently prays that her intemperate mother may be reclaimed. Already the children who have been in our home the past three years have exerted a marked influence for good in the homes they represent. In no other way can the Gospel of Christ so readily find an entrance into dark places as through the hearts of these little children, trained to read and study

the Bible, and to practice its precepts in their lives. Some earnest Christian workers are found among them who have sacrificed much, from a worldly point of view, to give the Gospel to their own people."

The Congregational Home Missionary Society has five Spanish churches under its charge: two in New Mexico, one in Texas, one in Florida, and one in New York. The work is going forward year by year.

Mrs. Flora K. Regal, of Oberlin, O., who has had considerable missionary experience among Spanish-Americans, writes concerning the Cuban-Spanish: "They are a somewhat restless, adventurous people, pleasure-seeking, fond of festivities and public amusements, not much devoted to education or literary pursuits, and following the Roman Catholic faith at so great a distance as to receive little of either bane or blessing from its teachings. They do not change materially by being transplanted to the United States. Their work days may be fuller of tasks, but their Sundays are just as much given up to excursions, horse racing, baseball games and festivities of every sort as in more easy-going Cuba or their remoter ancestors' home in Spain. A lady who went to Tampa and Ybor City, where the largest numbers of them are congregated, purposely to study the condition of these Spanish-speaking Americans, was struck by the utter absence of anything suggestive of religious observance. One man indeed boasted to her that he was not like the rest, he had his baby baptized. Searching in his pockets for a coin he drew forth a handful of miscellaneous objects, among which were some lottery tickets. The lady manifested her surprise, saying, 'You don't use those, do you?' 'O, yes!' he replied, 'we all do. If we take this new religion you offer us, shall we have to give up the lottery?'"

It is for the rescue and training of the children of parents of this class that Miss Strong's work is conducted, and in view of the excellent results already accomplished and the wide possibilities before it, it deserves the approval and support of Christians everywhere. She can be addressed at Middle Haddam, Conn.

EASTERN WATER-VENDERS.

IN Oriental lands, in spite of some modern innovations, there are still many localities where water is a costly luxury and the possession of a well a thing greatly to be desired. Wells have become links in the history and landmarks in the topography of many places in Palestine and throughout Arabia. They are usually excavated from the solid limestone rock, and are arranged so as to be easily accessible to the water-carriers, who are generally women.

In the cities, towns and villages, a familiar figure is that of the water-seller, who passes through the streets and highways with his loaded water-skin strapped across his muscular shoulders, crying his wares to the passersby. These skin-bottles keep the water wonderfully fresh and cool for many hours; but to a European or American, accustomed to an abundant supply of excellent water, and to cities where public fountains toss the crystal liquid across lawns and gardens, the draught from a water-seller's cup in Cairo, Jerusalem or Joppa would seem unpalatable and even nauseating.

Our illustration is taken from a photograph brought from the East by Rev. Dr. Talmage, and represents a blind Syrian water-vender and his daughter, on their rounds in a neighborhood where fresh water is a rarity, and kitchen faucets, street hydrants and fountains are unknown.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

The Russian Easter fetes began on Saturday, April 29 (the last day of Passover week). A large proportion of the population are so incapacitated by the excesses of these fetes as to be unfit for any decent work till the following week. The long Lenten fast is only broken at midnight—it is possible, on cakes and coffee blessed by a priest. The wealthy have the priests to visit them at home, whilst the poor sit patiently round the cathedrals and churches till the midnight service is over, and the priests are at liberty to bless. The exteriors of St. Isaac's and Razan Cathedrals on Easter eve present a picture more like a fair than anything else, the massive granite steps being covered with women in gay dresses, each jealously guarding her little basket containing a whipped cream cake and aniseed biscuits, waiting for the Paschal blessing. Inside, the crowd has stood for five or six hours packed close, and steaming into the dimly-lighted, suffocating naves.



THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD.

S.S. Lesson for June 17. Prov. 23:29-35. Golden Text, Prov. 23:31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT is a terrible thing when a man, created in the image of God has so far fallen from the dignity of his being, that he does not hesitate to put himself under a power which he knows by experience to be stronger than himself, and which makes him its piteous, miserable, degraded slave. Drunkenness originates in self-indulgence. Those parents who do not teach their children self-control from their earliest years, are preparing those children to fall under the power of their own lust, through drunkenness, or other vices which may be worse. The woes of the drunkard begin long before he becomes a drunkard. When he is a self-willed child, and obtains, by worrying his parents, just what his fancy craves at the moment, his woes have begun; he does not know the sweetness of self-denial for others, or the dignity of self-control; he has already become a slave. There is no creature on earth so miserable as he who is a slave to his own caprice, his life is one series of disappointments, one long history of imperious demands on others to gratify him, and discontent with all and everything with which he seeks in vain to satisfy his morbid, diseased will. Seeking to make everybody serve him, he becomes the most abject vassal to his tyrannical self.

God never created man to live for himself—Jesus the pattern-man, the Man, the second Adam, “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a Ransom for many.” And “He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again.” The self-indulgent man not only ruins himself, but brings a curse and misery on all with whom he comes in contact. The man who lives not unto himself, but unto Christ, brings life and joy to those to whom God sends him. What is more miserable than a drunkard’s home? He has lost the respect and confidence of wife and children, his presence is dreaded, instead of welcomed; his absence is a relief, and this he knows, and yet it maddens him, instead of humbling him, and instead of confessing his own culpability, he, in his frenzy, persecutes those whom he has made to suffer. The poor drunkard is

A Possessed Man;

he has sold himself. No man can stand alone, every man is possessed either by God or the devil, who gives little peace to the drunkard whom he has succeeded in possessing. Who hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Go to the houses of the slaves of drink, poor or rich, for the answer. A look round will suffice; the samples are to be seen by the thousand. “Contention,” complaining, needless wounds, wounds in no useful cause; “redness of eyes;” this is the drunkard’s only gain! this is the fruit of his lost reputation, his empty house, his ruined health, his degraded humanity, his lost soul! And yet so utterly enslaved is he that he cannot break loose himself; knowing that the drink has caused all his misery, yet his last word is: “I will seek it again.” Even when its awful consequence—delirium tremens—has come upon him; no sooner does he recover, it God spares his life, than his steps return to the path of his former destruction: “I will seek it yet again.” His sensations have been indescribably horrible: “as one that lieth down in the midst of the sea;” the awful sensation of drowning! as one that “lieth on the top of a mast;” no possibility of balancing himself! Seeing enemies around, and unable to take account of them. “They have stricken me, and I was not hurt, they have beaten me and I felt it not.” Who is the “they” alluded to? Let those speak who have stood by a

drunkard’s deathbed, and heard his terrible description of the devils which he saw around him. “When shall I awake?” is his cry, but it is only succeeded by the wail of his miserable, fatal bondage: “I will seek it yet again.” And yet there is

Mercy for the Drunkard!

From such degradation the Lord is able to save, and save thoroughly. From every curse and every depth of sin Christ has redeemed us, “being made a curse for us.” If the drunkard can get low enough, in his own eyes, to take his place with Jesus on the Cross, he may die to his sin there. The great trouble is that Satan, who enslaves him, makes the miserable drunkard either deny his sin or justify himself. It is much more difficult for an habitual, open sinner to confess his sinfulness than for one who has led a comparatively blameless life. The drunkard’s conscience has been sinned against until it is paralyzed, while one who has obeyed his conscience has a conscience which has strengthened by exercise. But the same Lord who found a way to save the poor man who was possessed by the legion of demons, has a way open for every drunkard who will throw himself in desperation upon his mercy, and he who could turn the impure woman of Samaria into an evangelist in one single day, can do as much for any who will give in, as that woman did, when he begins to enter into judgment with them about their past lives.

But there is a drunkenness, not from wine or stimulants, which also has its dangers and its woes. Again and again, in the Word of God, we are exhorted to be sober. The drunkard and the opium slave put themselves under the power of intoxicants and narcotics, and the enemy of God and man, makes both fools and tools of them. He makes words to come out of their lips which in sober moments they would repudiate and shrink from with loathing. He makes them commit acts which they would rather die than do if the spell which is upon them were broken; but they are out of themselves, no longer their own masters, they have yielded themselves servants to obey sin, and sin has conquered and enslaved them. Can it be that true Christians can, in any sense, resemble the drunkard by their lack of sobriety which the Scripture enjoins? There are Christians who become intoxicated with success, even in Christian work, and they are as much out of themselves in their exultation, as the drunkard is when he is under the influence of stimulants. The excitement of joy to which they give themselves up leads them beyond themselves, and in unguarded moments the enemy comes in and sows his seed of spiritual pride, of self-esteem, and of self-dependence, and forgetting in his intoxication of joy that he is a poor instrument whom God has been pleased to use, the child of God, thus stimulated, becomes impatient of rebuke and manifests an overbearing spirit, which in sober moments would shock him. How many get led away by excitement in a meeting, and give the rein to their feelings of gladness in anything but a sober way, believing all the time that they are serving God, while really they are yielding to an intoxication which must have its reaction.

Follow them to their homes; the joy they have experienced does not make them meek and gentle under injustice and oppression. The very self which was indulged in

Their Excessive Expressions

of joy, asserts itself under the rubs and vexations of daily life, and they fret against them, and feel something like a sense of being wronged if they, so used and so blest, are crossed as other people are. The true joy of the Lord never intoxicates, it is the joy of giving him joy, and this is always sober. Spiritual intoxication is a joy which does not last, it consists in emotions which,

in their very nature are transient, just like the passing courage, and passing hilarity of the miserable drunkard. Especially in relation to the Lord’s coming are we exhorted to be sober. In I. Thes. 5:1-3, Paul has been speaking of the coming of the Lord as a thief unexpectedly and without warning: “When they shall say: Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them,” and they shall not escape. “But,” he adds, “ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief; for ye are all sons of light and sons of the day, ye are not of night nor of darkness, so then, let us not sleep as do the rest, but let us watch and be sober.” Anything in our life which unites us for the coming of our Lord is a want of sobriety. Exultation, because of our usefulness, or because of our Christian experience; or depression, if we are not used as others are, and, if our experience is not similar to theirs, are equally lacking in the sobriety, the holy awe, which befits those who are looking for him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ON THE TOP OF THE MAST.

THOUSANDS can bear witness from sad experience that the words of the lesson are an accurate and life-like picture of the drunkard’s condition. The inspired writer did not exaggerate when he compared the dangerous position of the drunkard to that of a man on the mast of a ship. Trouble, and sorrow, and quarrels, and silly talking, and injuries, and disfigurement—all these are the common lot of the man who becomes intoxicated. No child in a Sunday School needs to have this proved to him; he sees it for himself. He instinctively despises a drunken man, and naturally believes that he is in no danger of becoming the thing he holds in contempt. But the teacher can do a useful service by pointing out that the drunkard never intended to become what he is. When he was a boy he thought there was no danger. Thousands of drunkards have said so. There are boys now who are not apprehensive, but who will become drunkards, such as the lesson describes. It is a fate to be dreaded. The sure way to avoid it is never to enter the path that leads to it. Once started on the road, momentum is acquired at every step, until it is as difficult to stop, as for a man to stop who sets out to run down a steep hill. Some there are who travel on that road and escape, by perpetual vigilance and great firmness, but a large proportion fall. The chief reason is, that when the traveller first realizes his danger, he is powerless to defend himself. He does not have a fair fight because there is a craving within him that takes sides with the enemy. So insidiously and stealthily does the love of intoxicants grow; and so gradually does the victim get to depend on them, that when he discovers that he is in danger of becoming a drunkard, nothing can save him but a strong and resolute effort of the will, and this he is incapable of making. If children are induced to exercise their power of self-restraint while they have it, they will be safe from this hideous and revolting vice. That course should be urged as the only path of safety.

It biteth like a serpent. Gough used to tell a parable to this effect: A man saw a snake surrounded by a circle of fire. “Help me out of my difficulty,” said the snake. “If I do,” said the man, “you will bite me.” “Oh, no, I won’t,” “I am afraid to trust you,” “Help me out of the fire or it will consume me, and I promise on my word of honor, I won’t bite you.” The man took hold of the snake and lifted it out of the fiery circle. Then the reptile said, “Now, I’ll bite you.” “But didn’t you promise me you wouldn’t?” “Yes, but don’t you know it’s my nature to bite and I can’t help it.” So it is with

the drink. It is its nature to bite; it is its nature to deceive.

At the last. Then is the bitter time. There is bitterness at intervals all along the drunkard’s path; but at the last when he finds that there is no power that can stop his swift descent to a drunkard’s grave, then he realizes how the adder has stung him. The story is told of a coachman who for many years had driven a coach to and fro between the towns. There were many steep hills on the road and the coach was fitted out with one of those strong brakes which are operated by the coachman with his foot. The coachman felt sick, and death was coming on him swiftly and surely. His sister was watching him, and observed him making a restless motion with his foot. “George,” she said, “Why do you keep bending your knee? What is the matter with your foot?” “Oh,” he said, “I am on an awful down grade, and I can’t find the brake. That is the way with a man who discovers that the power of the drink habit has gained the mastery over him. He thought he could stop when he made up his mind to do so, but he is on an awful down grade and cannot find the brake.

Thine eyes shall behold strange things. (R.V.) Gough had delirium tremens before he became a total abstainer, and he thus describes his sensations: The victim is scared by images, by visions of creeping things about and around him. Now, if these things were realities, they would not startle him so much. Suppose, at night, an animal frightful in appearance came into your room with heavy tread, what would you do? It were a reality, you would spring at it, you would fight with it, and gather fresh courage from every resounding blow. You are fighting a tangible thing. Suppose that thing comes with soft foot-fall into your room, and you seize a weapon and strike a blow at it. Your weapon passes through the horrid thing, and you find it is a phantom. You grasp at it, and grasp again, and clutch nothing; still there is a mocking look on its frightful face. You are not simply frightened, but transfixed with horror. The skin lifts from the scalp to the ankles; your hair stands on end, for you know there is nothing there to fight. Men have been found dead in the attitude of keeping off some awful image like this. I once knew a man that was tormented with a horrid human face that glared at him from the wall. He struck at it, but he only bruised his hand against the wall. He stepped back a pace or two, and still the fearful thing leared at him. Madened to desperation he struck at it again and again, until the bones of his hand were broken and the wall marred with his blood—all this in beating a phantom. That is the horror of delirium tremens. I shall never forget it.

Who hath woe? The warden of a jail in New York says that in the experience of many years one instance of almost maddening sorrow and remorse lives in his memory, as the most terrible mental agony he ever witnessed. A man was brought in at night crazy with liquor and was thrust into a cell. He had committed a murder in his frenzy. It was morning before he recovered his reason sufficiently to understand where he was, and the warden went to see him. “Why am I here? What am I charged with?” the prisoner cried. The warden said, “You have committed murder.” The prisoner gave a piercing shriek. “Murder! O, my poor wife! What will she say? It will break her heart!” The warden looked upon him pityingly, but the truth had to be told and he said solemnly, “It is you wife that you have murdered.” Then the agony began which ultimately ended in madness and suicide.

When shall I awake I will seek it yet again. A Chicago physician says that the most sad and distressing case he ever treated was that of a sufferer from delirium tremens. His patient was an intimate friend who had been at college with him. Knowing how much the doctor loved him, the sick man’s family sent for him when the madness first showed itself. With great difficulty the doctor saved his friend’s life. He told him when he was recovering how narrowly he had escaped and pleaded with him never to touch the destroyer again. All his efforts were vain. “I cannot resist,” was the reply. “It is useless to promise; I should break any promise of that kind it I made it.” The first opportunity he had of leaving home alone, he used to get brandy. He was miserable and feeble and he meant to take only enough to give him strength. But he drank enough to bring on a relapse, from which he died.



Marion Harland In Palestine

"The Burden of Samaria."

Our Traveller at Omri's Ancient Capital—Samaritan Boys—An Ungracious Welcome—Sorcery and the Kodak.



"SHE ANSWERED TESTILY."

ment of a prophecy pronounced against the laughing rival of Jerusalem, two thousand six hundred years ago. The turns of the road are made by buried ruins; here and there, a carved fragment has been washed bare, the corner of a stone sarcophagus projects. The thoroughfare is ancient, and probably the same by which the four leprous men stole down in the twilight from the gate of the besieged city into the camp of the Syrians, in the desperation of famine: "If they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die."

The route is as solitary and silent now as when the night hid from the trembling outcasts the deserted tents and ways of what they had expected to find teeming with life. Of the old Samaria, nothing is left but heaps upon heaps, and bordering the neglected road upon a plateau more than half-way up the mountain, a line of truncated granite columns, the remains, say some, of the market-place, or forum of Omri's city.

"If you please, Captain, you will find that in First Kings, the sixteenth chapter, twenty-fourth verse," interjects a respectful voice from the head of the little cavalcade. The Bible cushion in these wayside lectures is the pommel of the saddle generously pressed upon Alcides by the beloved physician in Beirut as infinitely more comfortable than the ordinary Arabian. From the peripatetic desk we hear the first record made of the celebrated town.

"And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city, which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, 'Samaria,'" or, as the margin has it, "Shomeron," or, "Watch-fort." An orchard of olive-trees backs the ruined pillars, and a little further on, the road ends in the modern village of Samaria.

We have only time to see that it is like a majority of other Syrian hamlets—less thrifty than Nazareth, and not so large, and cleaner than Jenin, when our guide rides back from the front to the spot where we have paused for a view of the landscape, and the shining ribbon of the Mediterranean bounding it upon our right.

"If you please, here is something you will like to see,—the boys of Samaria at the very games, I doubt not, which the holy men of old when children, played in Israel and Samaria, and in like manner."

We hasten into an open space,—the village common, it may be called,—peopled, at this instant, with a wild rabble of youngsters, scratching, biting, kicking and swearing; there is no mistaking the tone of profanity, however strange the tongue, like a pack of quarrelsome hounds.

Jeremiah would have laughed with us, at the unexpected climax of our expectation, and the added stimulus of the grieved chagrin eloquent in the honest bronzed visage of the showman, at our shout of "Holy men of old! O, David!"

"And they were so peaceful and friendly not three minutes ago, I do assure you!"

They are neither friendly nor reasonable,

for when they can be persuaded to stop fighting one another, they despise the admonition to "go on playing," and after basely accepting a bribe to get into position, get into position by driving a stick into the ground, then, catching sight of the kodak, raise a shriek of "sorcerer!" and pelt up the hill, carrying the money with them.

Our respect for Crusaders deepens with each visit to such memorials of their occupancy of the Sacred Soil as the ruins of magnificent bridges, strong fortresses and noble churches which the wanton Saracen and pitiless Time have not succeeded in effacing utterly. The impression is too general, even among educated Christians, that the impetuous zeal to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel, expended itself in a great measure is spasmodic fury such as was displayed by the bereaved bridegroom who—

Threw his life away, fighting with the Turk.

Treasure and taste were lavished, no less than the best blood of Christendom, in the effort to establish the true faith in the land that had given the Founder of faith to the whole world, and it is not in human nature

gaged here, the last vestige of Christian architecture will, in a few days, be obliterated. Holding, as we do, as a principle of good breeding, the obligation to bear ourselves decorously in whatever place of worship we may visit, we have made the round of the place, quietly, and are on our way to the entrance when a man who seems to be the superintendent of the work men, steps up in front of us and addresses us in Arabic, to which David replies.

We next ask to see the reputed tomb of John the Baptist in the crypt "It is by no means probable that he was buried here," we are informed. "It is believed that John was beheaded at Herod's castle at Machias beyond the Jordan, and as the Captain will see in St. Matt. 14: 12, and likewise in St. Mark 6: 29, his disciples got possession of his body and buried it. St. Mark says, 'laid it in a tomb.' Then 'they went and told Jesus.' They would hardly bring

says she is herself afraid of it. Sorcery! and in the nineteenth century!" Apparently, it is the Christians with whom the Samaritans, now-a-days, will have no dealings. Beyond the dreary line of nameless col-



THEY WENT UP THE HILL, TAKING THE MONEY WITH THEM.

umns lining the ancient market-place and the olive-orchard, amid a thicket of low trees—known by Christian peasants as the "Christ-thorn," because of the legend that from a branch of this thorny crown was platted—and a tangle of fuzzy growth, gathered when dry for fuel by the poorest women, is the alleged site of the "ivory palace of Ahab's queen."

Almost a century after the memory of the wicked sovereign and his wicked consort had rotted from the mind of the nation they had misruled, the herdman of Tekoa saw in a vision the fairy-like structure that was the coronet of mighty Samaria, and prophesied concerning it:

"And I will smite the winter house with the summer house: and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord."

Lizards, green and black, slip in and out of the jungle, scampering faster as the branches are stirred by a lean, starved-looking donkey, who pokes his head between two thorn-bushes to look at us. We have seen no dearer spot, unless it were the heap of stones passed soon after leaving Damascus, a cairn covering the reputed grave of Nimrod.

No one who has read the weird lines could refrain from reciting aloud here—

They say the Lion and Lizard keep
The courts where Jamsheed gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter, the wild Ass,
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

The prickly furze—for which we know no other name—is at the driest now, and Bedouin women, from the encampment of booths we see in a hollow of the great hill down there, are cutting it with bill-hooks, binding it into immense bundles and bearing it home upon their heads. It is light, although so bulky; yet we watch them with wonder, stepping fleetly over stones and stubble, straight and strong, apparently careless of the loads.

In the direction toward which our faces are turned a panorama of fertile loveliness unfolds itself to the delight of eyes wearied by sterile terraces and jutting crags. Slopes are greening under a day of blandest sunshine: in sheltered crevices, flowers—pink, white and yellow—are beginning to bloom, and in the gentle descent into the Valley of Shechem, the silver-green groves are vocal with the laughter and prattle of children who are gathering purple olives from laden boughs. They fall into line and return our salute as we pass.

"The labor of the olive has not ceased," says one, yet, in the mournful recollection of the matted jungle overgrowing the fallen stones of the royal palace, another wondrous prophecy is read aloud before the "guide book" is returned to the saddle-pocket:

"And it shall come to pass in that day that every place shall be, where there were a thousand vines and a thousand silverings, it shall be even for briars and thorns;

"With arrows and with bows shall men come hither: because all the land shall become briars and thorns."

This is Isaiah's cry against "the head of Ephraim, which is Samaria."

And "For all this, his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still."

MARION HARLAND.



CHILDREN OF SAMARIA GATHERING OLIVES.

(Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald".)

not to grow bitter, sometimes, at thought and sight of the desecration that has succeeded a sublime, if ill-judged enterprise.

A fondly-cherished family tradition has to do with a renowned champion of the Cross, who fought every inch of his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and left his bones in the dust of Mount Zion. We have never acknowledged the kinship more fully than the indignant leap of our pulses at an incident of our visit to the Church of St. John the Baptist, the one object of interest in modern Samaria. The walls have withstood the action of almost nine centuries, "Crusaders' work" being the synonym for stability from corner to cap-stone. Hammer and trowel are busy upon the interior as we cross the marble threshold. The whole church is gutted, and is undergoing alteration into a Mohammedan mosque. Portions of it have been thus used for a hundred years. Under the hands now en-

him to Samaria. There was a splendid temple here then, built by Herod, I have heard, and dedicated to the Emperor Augustus Cæsar."

He pauses to speak to a woman sitting upon the ground, an earthenware bowl of dough between her knees, in the door of a stone building plastered with mud. She replies to his kind tone, testily, without looking at him, and draws her veil over the lower part of her face. We know the place for a public oven, having seen such elsewhere, and having, also, witnessed the friendly favor gained by our dragoman with all sorts and conditions of people, are amazed that this acquaintance should snub him decidedly. He shakes his head sorrowfully in walking away.

"That woman's husband was sick last year, and I was kind to him, and to-day it is she who has told the boys that we are sorcerers, on account of the kodak, and she

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EDITOR.

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THE "FOOD FUND" BALANCE SHEET.

IN this issue, we lay before our readers the balance sheet of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, covering the entire period of its operations, from January 24 to May 31. From this statement can be seen at a glance the marvellous growth of the Fund, the wide scope of its charities, and the army of destitute families and individuals who were succored from famine during the time of the greatest distress this country has probably ever known.

From first to last, the Food Fund was a glorious illustration of the virtue and blessedness of Christian helpfulness. It was the spontaneous outpouring of thousands of sympathetic hearts "In His Name" and for the sake of His poor. And of these multitudinous gifts, prayerfully sent and received in the spirit of gratitude, not one missed the mark. Every dime as well as every dollar contributed, brought relief and joy to some home whose inmates, sick with want and well-nigh despairing of aid from God or man, were strengthened in body and in spirit. The Food Fund was the means of saving the lives of many feeble ones—men, women, and children—whose vitality, undermined by long privation, must soon have surrendered; but its spiritual results, and the number of fainting and despairing souls whom, under Divine guidance, it was instrumental in leading to the recognition of God's infinite goodness and care for all his children, can only be known in the hereafter. Those devoted pastors who helped us in the distribution, as well as our own missionaries, bear testimony to the fact that the prayers and the gifts of the Fund contributors found a rich spiritual response in many conversions.

There are many among the poor to whom the improved condition of things has brought but little relief, and in such homes the children are perhaps the greatest sufferers. Living in squalor and want during the coming torrid months of summer, after the hardships of a terrible winter, their condition will be a pitiful one indeed. Many of these children have been taught to regard the Food Fund as the benefactor who saved their homes at the time of cold and hunger; and their further care, for a time at least, comes as a legacy from the relief work of the winter. It is the purpose of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the approval of its friends, to apply the unexpended balance of the Food Fund toward the establishment of a Fresh Air Mission, and thus by caring for the children and providing for their physical and spiritual needs during the summer, to carry out that generous philanthropy to its fullest conclusion. Next week we shall submit to our readers the details of this new charity which, before these lines meet the eyes of our subscribers, will already be in practical operation.

"The Christian Herald" Food Fund Summary

Financial Statement, Showing the Receipts and Disbursements of the Fund From January 24, 1894, to May 31, 1894, Inclusive.

RECEIPTS.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Contributions by Mail, etc.		Supplies.	
Jan. 24.....	\$ 744 10	Bread.....	261,020 loaves \$ 5220 40
" 25.....	113 60	Flour.....	26,044 lbs. 494 84
" 26.....	81 55	Tea.....	3,101 lbs. 620 20
" 27.....	126 55	Coffee.....	12,103 lbs. 1815 45
" 28.....	409 96	Sugar.....	32,577 lbs. 1404 07
" 29.....	192 00	Rice.....	560 lbs. 14 00
" 30.....	213 65	Crushed Oats.....	25,950 lbs. 648 75
Feb. 1.....	408 50	Beans.....	27,706 lbs. 739 75
" 2.....	458 94	Split Peas.....	18,925 lbs. 473 13
" 3.....	525 69	Honiny.....	2,900 lbs. 43 50
" 4.....	1193 20	Codfish.....	9,920 lbs. 545 60
" 5.....	801 05	Corned Beef.....	2,302 lbs. 221 00
" 6.....	808 69	Potatoes.....	125 bbls. 172 50
" 7.....	604 47	Smoked Shoulder.....	13,396 lbs. 1172 15
" 8.....	520 81	Condensed Milk.....	16,725 cans 1309 57
" 9.....	1000 62	Salt.....	45 sacks 13 00
" 10.....	319 55	Coal.....	92 tons 506 00
" 11.....	510 01	Wood.....	6,639 bbls. 73 03
" 12.....	426 34	Soap.....	11,200 bars 212 80
" 13.....	506 54	Kerosene.....	932 gals. 74 56
" 14.....	808 04	Canned goods, corn, peas, etc.....	984 cans 102 50
" 15.....	560 50	Jellies.....	120 jars 37 50
" 16.....	357 36	Prepared Cocoa.....	147 boxes 61 74
" 17.....	440 58	Canned Salmon.....	144 cans 13 20
" 18.....	731 52	Tomatoes.....	312 cans 28 60
" 19.....	415 56	Beef Extract.....	156 cans 57 85
" 20.....	805 14	Sundry Food Supplies.....	129 42
" 21.....	458 25	Furniture, cooking utensils, etc.,	24 00
" 22.....	510 45		
" 23.....	566 75		
" 24.....	434 00		
" 25.....	341 45		
" 26.....	560 24		
" 27.....	319 76		
" 28.....	230 45		
" 29.....	235 13		
" 30.....	241 11		
" 31.....	185 81		
March 1.....	692 44		
" 2.....	229 55		
" 3.....	221 20		
" 4.....	215 80		
" 5.....	105 84		
" 6.....	223 88		
" 7.....	320 26		
" 8.....	193 97		
" 9.....	160 16		
" 10.....	223 48		
" 11.....	130 25		
" 12.....	140 85		
" 13.....	289 60		
" 14.....	97 58		
" 15.....	130 59		
" 16.....	128 50		
" 17.....	105 01		
" 18.....	114 27		
April 1.....	255 14		
" 2.....	40 51		
" 3.....	93 30		
" 4.....	57 20		
" 5.....	64 31		
" 6.....	51 10		
" 7.....	63 65		
" 8.....	19 98		
" 9.....	12 04		
" 10.....	56 38		
" 11.....	35 22		
" 12.....	23 00		
" 13.....	35 10		
" 14.....	13 60		
" 15.....	21 00		
" 16.....	12 35		
" 17.....	14 75		
" 18.....	26 80		
" 19.....	8 90		
" 20.....	4 50		
" 21.....	3 25		
" 22.....	8 10		
" 23.....	15 77		
" 24.....	5 20		
" 25.....	49 05		
May 1 to May 31, inclusive.....	49 05		
Special Contributions.		For Clothing and Shoes Account.	
Car lot of flour, 41,680 lbs., from friends at Monndridge, Kans. \$ 600 37		Free clothing, hats and shoes distributed..... \$7700 00	
Salver from Missionary ladies in Japan, sold for..... 20 00		For material for underclothing, sheets, etc..... 90 60	
Six machines from Vermont for use in sewing room.....		For six sewing machine girls, wages..... 242 00	
15,000 garments contributed by friends in different States, estimated value..... 7500 00		Purchases of shoes for special cases..... 18 75	
Hats and shoes contributed..... 200 00		Sewing materials, various..... 73 60	
55 sacks and barrels of potatoes, cabbage, etc., contributed in Eastern States, estimated value 50 00		For Special Cash Charities.	
Sundries.		Rents paid for families..... \$ 26 00	
Discoms..... \$ 369 71		Funeral Expenses..... 41 75	
Empty barrels and cases sold..... 19 61		Medicine and sick calls..... 13 23	
Total..... \$32,671 15		Donations in money..... 75 00	
		For Sundries.	
		Sacks for country produce..... 4 50	
		Expressage on special contributions..... 85 00	
		Baskets and boxes for carrying groceries..... 8 00	
		Freight on flour..... 181 22	
		Stencils..... 1 00	
		For Management of Stations.	
		Missionaries, visitors, and delivery messengers, salaries for 13 weeks..... \$1627 00	
		Drivers' wages..... 156 00	
		Rent of stations..... 313 95	
		Gas..... 15 00	
		Postage, cartage and incidentals..... 144 54	
		Printing weekly supply tickets, 13 weeks..... 175 65	
		Stationery, etc..... 12 00	
		For Equipment of Stations.	
		Desks and tables at two stations..... \$ 50 00	
		One relief wagon..... 160 00	
		Painters, carpenters, stove-makers, plumbers, etc., fitting up two stations..... 204 26	
		Balance on hand..... \$4923 99	
		(See first column this page.)	
		Total..... \$32,671 15	

WHERE THE DISTRIBUTION TOOK PLACE.

STATION	LOCATION	MISSIONARY OR PASTOR IN CHARGE	NO. OF FAMILIES FED.
* 1	210 Eighth Avenue W. Side	Mrs. Cater and Mission staff.	350
2	130 Stanton Street E. Side	Helping Hand Mission.	100
3	144 Sullivan Street W. Side	Rev. J. B. Stansberry.	100
4	113 Lane Street W. Side	J. M. Stratton, D.D.	100
5	145 East Eleventh Street E. Side	Rev. E. L. Fox.	100
6	142 Oliver Street E. Side	Rev. J. C. Thomas.	100
7	144 W. Sixty-eighth Street W. Side	Rev. R. S. McArthur.	100
8	147 W. Eighteenth Street W. Side	Rev. J. A. Wilson.	100
9	142 Second Avenue E. Side	Mrs. Bella Cooke.	100
10	142 Bedford & Morton W. Side	Rev. C. Wright.	100
11	126 Forsyth Street E. Side	Rev. Herman Faust.	100
* 12	142 Stevens Street E. Side	Miss Emmler and Mission staff.	350
13	141 Rivington Street E. Side	Rev. Wm. Hamilton.	100
Washington Square M. F. Church, Rev. C. W. Millard, temporary station.....			50
Travelers' Club, 210 Eighth Avenue W. Side.....		Homeless men.....	1500
Workmen's Home, 99 Roosevelt Street E. Side.....		Homeless Men.....	25
Destitute West Side Women and Children daily meals for.....			350
Totals.....		1875	1850

Total 1875—Individuals, 1875; families, 1850—or, with an average of five to a family, making a grand maximum aggregate of 11,125 persons fed daily.

* Nos. 1 and 12 were the permanent stations of the Food Fund which remained open until the close of the Fund, the others being only temporary help to which were supplied for a number of weeks.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. D. Wyman, Beaver River, Can. Is Marion Harland who is traveling in Palestine for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a married lady? Who is her companion?

Yes; she is the wife of Rev. Mr. Terhune, a Brooklyn clergyman. Her companion is her son. She has besides, the usual attendants including a dragoman or guide, indispensable to those who travel in the Orient.

Leonard Fillkins, Cincinnati, O. 1. Is the balance of trade still against the U. S. as it was a year ago? 2. What was it in 1888?

1. No; it is slightly in our favor, the exports for the last twelve months being nearly \$325,000,000 in excess of imports. 2. Exports, \$695,900,000; imports, \$723,900,000. Economists do not regard the "balance of trade" as an infallible criterion of a country's prosperity.

Mrs. May Long, Paw Paw, Mich., and others. In sending out religious literature to the various prisons for the benefit of the prisoners, will you please inform us how and to whom it should be sent—whether to the Chaplain or Warden?

To the Chaplain, preferably, although the warden would doubtless see that it reached its destination. Send to the Chaplain at Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Illinois State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill.; Elmira Reformatory, Elmira, N. Y.; Pennsylvania State Prison, or to similar institutions in your own state, in all of which it will be appreciated.

Subscriber, Burson, Cal. Where does it say in the Bible that the soul is immortal?

See Psalm 17: 15; Psalm 73: 24; Isa. 26: 19; Ezekiel 18: 4-9 and 27; Habakkuk 3: 17, 18; 1 Thess. 4: 13; Phil. 1: 21; Phil. 3: 10; II Cor. 5: 1; I Thess. 4: 18; II Tim. 4: 6-8; John 11: 25; John 22: 19, 20; John 21: 14; Luke 22: 14; 51; Luke 23: 43; Matt. 28: 20; Job 19: 25. These are only a few of the passages, but others might be quoted, all showing indisputably that the inspired writers kept clearly and strongly in view the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

Seaton Greene, Boiling Springs, N. C. Is it an evidence that one is a Christian when he desires to see Christian virtues in the actions and conduct of others?

It can be regarded as in the nature of collateral evidence. The best proof of one's own Christianity is the testimony of a pure and upright life and a holy and helpful example. When this exists, there will come as a natural result, the desire to lead others to the same enviable condition and to awaken in them the wish to cultivate those virtues that are the crown of the true Christian character.

J. L. Sinnott, Kansas City, Mo. What is the Gethsemane System?

It is a plan adopted in that Swedish city for the regulating of the licensing system whereby the city authorities contract for three years with a limited company which takes the whole number of licenses, and hands over to the town treasury the net proceeds of its trade. The result has been the reduction of licenses to less than half of the former number, and a decrease of 22 per cent in the arrests for drunkenness. The liquor traffic is suspended between 6 p. m. Saturday and 8 a. m. Monday. The saloon as an element in Scandinavian politics is now unknown.

J. C. Griffin, Mooseville, Ind. Who organized the first Sabbath School?

The founder of the first Sunday School was Robert Raikes, a printer, of Gloucester, England. He saw that the spiritual condition of the children of his native town was greatly neglected, and he engaged four persons who had been accustomed to teaching, and undertook to send children to them every Sunday for religious instructions. The hours at first were from 10 to 12 a. m., then, after a brief intermission, another short session at 1 p. m., after which the children were taken to church. After church they were employed repeating the catechism till 5.30, and were then dismissed with an injunction to "go home without making a noise, and by no means to play on the street." This was the general outline of the regulations established by Mr. Raikes in a letter dated June 5, 1784. His school soon had hundreds of imitators and within a few years a Sunday School Union was formed, and Sunday religious instructions began to be general throughout the United Kingdom. It is said, however, that for more than thirty years prior to Mr. Raikes' organized experiment, Rev. John Wesley had been in the habit of assembling children in different parts of England for religious instruction; but these gatherings took place on other days than Sunday.

Subscriber, New Rochelle, N. Y. We have no data from which to answer your questions—Subscriber, Englewood, Ill. We cannot open "The Mail-Bag" to discuss politics. One may exercise all the privileges of citizenship, including the suffrage, without detriment to the spiritual life.—J. Jettors, Redfield, Ia. The United States public debt in 1865 was \$2,680,647,869.74. In January, 1893, it was \$1,563,456,353.63.—J. I. H. Salem, O. We would caution you against trusting your money in such alluring schemes. They are generally swindles.—Miss O. C. Stearns, Mammoth Springs, Ark. We have no trace whatever of the hymn you mention.—Subscriber, Springbrook, N. Y. R. V. stands for "Revised Version." 2. Moses' wife, Zipporah, was probably an Arab and copper-colored. It is not improbable that the mention by Josephus, the historian, of "an Ethiopian wife," had reference to Zipporah, rather than to a black-skinned, Cushite woman, as some have interpreted it. 3. We cannot.—S. J. Tatum, Percy, Ill. We believe it is utter nonsense.—Subscriber, Voshing, Miss. We have never heard of it, and cannot say where you may be able to find it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE MATABELE SURRENDER.

CN artist attached to the expedition in Matabeleland sends home a sketch, reproduced on this page, of the scene at the surrender of one of Lobengula's chiefs which had just occurred. It appears that there was no more skilful leader nor more valiant warrior in Lobengula's service than his son-in-law, Gambo. He was the greatest "induna" in the country and had so large a following that he was feared by Lobengula himself. When he came to surrender to Jameson, the British commander at Bulawayo, he was accompanied by other indunas and followers and herds of cattle. Bokwela, his friend and chief supporter, who commanded the Matabele regiments in the fight against Col. Goid Adams's division, was with him. They squatted in front of the British officers and talked freely of the situation. Gambo said that all the indunas had now submitted. He said with a touch of pride that he was the last to come in and he wished to make the best terms he could. He was satisfied that no benefit could come from prolonging the war and expressed his regret that it had been begun. The interview ended satisfactorily to both sides and Gambo was assured of immunity from molestation. The news soon afterward reached the British camp that he was dead and the messenger said he had been poisoned but it was not then known by whom, but probably by the agent of some rival chief. Gambo is said to have been the most enthusiastic advocate of war, and to have done more than any other Matabele chief to bring it about. His humiliating and tragic death are fulfillments of the warning the Bible gives to those who stir up strife. (Matt. 26: 52.)

A Traveler's Night of Peril.

The police of Jersey City, N. J., were informed by telephone a few days ago that some man had fallen over the cliff at Summit Avenue and was badly hurt. A man passing at night over the bridge had heard his cries for help but had been unable to find him. The police promptly despatched an ambulance and drags, and searched the cut and the embankment, but neither could they find any injured person. Early the following morning a man presented himself at the hospital and asked for help. He had a broken arm and several bad contusions. He said that he lived at Boston and was making his way thither from Schuylers County, N. Y. He had made most of the journey on freight trains and was on a train on the Pennsylvania road on the previous night. When the train made a stop at West Ferry he alighted intending to walk to the ferry. He followed the railroad embankment until he reached Summit Avenue, where he missed his footing and fell headlong. The cliff is eighty feet high at that place, but the man did not fall the whole distance. Some projection stopped his fall and hurt him so that for a time he lost consciousness. When he recovered his senses, he tried to ascertain where he was but it was dark and he could feel nothing above, or below, or around him and concluded to remain where he was until dawn. During the night he suffered severely and thought he must have fainted, but he instinctively maintained his hold. When morning broke he found himself lying on a large water-pipe which runs on a narrow ledge across the top of the bridge. As he looked down at the rocky abyss over forty feet below him he realized how near he had been to death. He crawled along the main, and reached the hospital in safety. He said he should never forget the long agony of suspense that he endured through the dark hours of that night. There are Christians who have passed through periods of spiritual darkness similarly trying, and often it is the result of wandering in forbidden paths.

They cannot understand their position, and know not what to do. A step in any direction seems beset with danger. In such cases it is generally the wisest course to wait quietly until light breaks from heaven, for the promise is sure to all God's children, that light is given to a man whose way is hedged in. (Job 3: 23.)

A Climb for Life.

A dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., to the daily press describes the narrow escape near that town on May 24th, of a party of New York business men from a terrible death. They were nine in number, and all connected with the Coal Exchange. They were inspecting the South Wilkesbarre breakers, and had descended the shaft to the workings a thousand feet below the surface. Another party of nine followed them in the descending carriage, and had reached a point half way down, when a terrific explosion



GAMBO, THE MATABELE CHIEF—DISCUSSING TERMS OF SURRENDER IN THE BRITISH CAMP.

occurred. It was the bursting of one of the eighteen boilers at the head of the shaft. The head of the huge cylinder was blown clean off and was carried five hundred feet away. The roof of the boiler house was torn to fragments, which scattered in all directions. Happily for the descending party the carriage did not fall when the engine stopped, and they were soon drawn up with ropes. Those at the bottom of the shaft were, however, in imminent peril. They were in one of the most gaseous mines in the country, and the great ventilator and fan which kept the air fit for human breathing had suddenly stopped. Not a moment was to be lost, but there was no means of being raised to the surface. But there were cross pieces nailed to the side of the shaft and they could be used as a ladder. The visitors declared they could not climb a thousand feet on the wet and slippery timbers of this rough perpendicular ladder; but the man in charge told them it was "climb or die." Finally, one after another grasped the wooden bars and toiled slowly and painfully to the surface. Two of the party, on reaching the head of the shaft fainted from fright and exertion. Perhaps no other alternative than that dreadful one, "climb or die," would have induced them to make the toilsome ascent. But men will do much and sacrifice much to save their lives. If they were as solicitous about their spiritual lives many might be saved who are now in a social atmosphere as fatal to the soul as

the air of that mine was to the body. All such should obey the injunction of the prophet and hasten away at any cost, that "they may not die in the pit." (Isa. 51: 13, 14.)

A Missing Wife Found.

A telegram from San Francisco to a gentleman in New York on May 21, brought him welcome news which started him on a quick railroad journey across the continent. Three years ago, he was startled and distressed, on returning to his home after his day at his office in New York, to find that his wife had left home and taken their seven-year-old son with her. The husband was at no loss to understand what had occurred. A sudden fit of dementia, to which he knew she was liable, had unbalanced her mind. Their could be no other cause for flight, as they had lived happily together and he knew her to be a pure, high-minded lady. All his efforts to trace her failed, but after several months he had tidings of her. They came through the agent who collected the rents of a large number of houses which she owns in the north ern section of New York. She had written to the agent for money and had given her address, but laid strict injunctions upon him

a pole was seen to which a torn shirt was attached as a signal. A piece of paper fixed to the pole bore the pathetic inscription: "Out of provisions; no water; have struck out for the foot of this canon." The searchers followed in the direction indicated, and after a journey of five miles came upon the bodies of two of the Americans. Camp utensils, rifles and cartridges were scattered around. The men had evidently died of starvation and thirst. Their bodies were reverently buried and the searchers set out to look for the third American and the Mexicans. Ten days were spent in tramping over the desolate country, but without avail; no trace of the missing men could be found, and the search was reluctantly abandoned. There is no doubt that they, like their companions, perished of want. Why they did not return when their provisions began to get low, and before they came to the last awful extremity, is a mystery. Men are fully aware that food and water are necessities, and will not pursue their search for gold when those are liable to fail; although it is not uncommon to

see them so eager in their race for wealth that they will not turn back when they find that their souls are being starved for the lack of spiritual food and the water of life which they are too much engrossed in their pursuit to secure. (Mark 4: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The BROOKLYN TABERNACLE Congregation assembled for worship on Sunday, May 20, in the Columbia Theatre. Rev. W. P. George, D.D., of Kansas City, Mo., preached morning and evening to large audiences. Dr. George, in the course of an eloquent sermon in the morning, referred to the unparalleled disasters which had fallen on the church, and reminded the people how often times of trial had been followed by times of great blessing. In the course of the service a telegram of benediction was received from Dr. Tal-

mage in San Francisco, which was read to the congregation. Dr. George announced that Rev. B. Fay Mills would commence on May 27 the series of services arranged for before the burning of the Tabernacle.

The People's Church of Boston, Mass. has provided a place where bicycles will be cared for during church service, and invites people who live at a distance to come to church on their wheels.

Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett, of Philadelphia, has left an estate valued at \$75,000, which after the death of her husband is to be divided among the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions and the benevolent institutions of the Presbyterian Church.

The Congregational Church Building Society, during 1893, paid out \$126,032 in aid of new buildings, and \$20,108 in aid of parsonages. The society since 1852 has received for such work \$2,524,568, and has aided 2,445 churches and 429 parsonages.

The Methodist Ministers of Chicago, at their last meeting again discussed the subject of publishing notices in the Sunday papers. A resolution was passed that a memorial be sent to all Protestant clergymen in the city, informing them the Methodists had refused to have their notices published, and requesting co-operation.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has just given five lectures at Iowa College on the Kingdom of God. They were heard by large audiences, aroused much interest and quickened the religious life of the college and the community.

An Interesting Department of Mission Work in Japan, is the railway mission, organized to evangelize men connected with the railway service in that country, there being thirty-four thousand employed in different ways.

Bethshan, London, where many American visitors have stayed does not now receive invalids to reside there. It is now a Missionary Training Home from which many trained workers have gone, and others are preparing to go, to labor for Christ in heathen lands.

The Students of the Montreal Diocesan College are going to support a missionary in Moosonee, a diocese which has special claims upon them from the fact that its bishop is one of their own alumni. The missionary to be supported, Mr. Farley, is an Indian, a native of Moosonee, who was taken down by the late Bishop Horden to be educated in Montreal.

The New York State Sunday School Association will hold its thirty-ninth annual convention at Ithaca on June 26-28. Upward of one thousand delegates from all parts of the State are expected. Intending visitors should communicate with Mr. A. A. McKay, Ithaca, N. Y., who will furnish all information respecting entertainment, etc., or with Mr. Timothy Hough, Secretary, Syracuse, New York.

Mrs. Davenport, an Aged Christian Lady of Troy, N. Y., and a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has become the purchaser of the beautiful Japanese tray, presented by the American Missionary ladies of Yokohama to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund. It will be remembered that the tray, or salver, was originally intended as a gift to the Emperor of Japan, on the occasion of his silver wedding, but the ladies afterward decided to send it to the Food Fund.

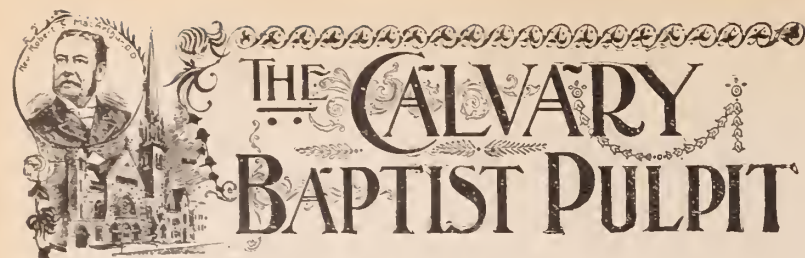
Additional Contributions for the Relief of the destitute in New York:

Mrs. E. S. Turner, \$1; H. Jennie Ramsay, \$1; In His Name, Weston, 30c; Friend, Grapeland, Cal., 20c; Mother Gray, Callao, Mo., \$1.

that he was not to communicate it to her husband, but he might tell him that she and the child were alive and well. Similar letters have come since then at intervals of months and the husband has sent messages to his wife through the agent's hands. Now, however, after three years' separation, he has gone to meet her. A telegram from San Francisco told him that she had recovered her normal mental condition and was waiting and wanting to meet him. During her three years' absence she has wandered over Europe, Australia and India. But when she came to herself, she came back to her own country and sought her husband, who had loved her tenderly and pitied her all the time. The separation had been her own doing, but her husband was eager to welcome her and crossed the continent to do so. So it is with those who have wandered away from God. When they seek him he is found of them. (II. Chron. 7: 4.)

Starved in the Wilderness.

An exploring party has just returned to San Francisco from a sad expedition into the Sierra Madre Mountains. They have been away five weeks trying to find three Americans and two Mexican guides, who, several months ago, started from Salto, Mexico, on a prospecting tour and had not afterwards been heard from. The exploring party searched the bleak and inhospitable region thoroughly. In a ravine about forty miles from Salto they found parts of a camping outfit and about ten miles farther



CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D. Text: Gal. 5: 22, 23, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."

IN the preceding verses we have an account of what are called the works of the flesh. It is ever more true that what is born of the flesh is flesh, and what is born of the spirit is spirit. Nothing can be spiritual in this scriptural sense except it be born of the spirit. Like produces like, in the spiritual as in the natural world; no law is more uniform and universal than this. We see here that the deeds of the flesh are called works; they are what unrenewed human nature produces. They are not fruit in the strict sense; not in the same natural and blessed sense in which the spirit of God bears fruit in the lives of men. We have not here an exhaustive catalogue of the works of the flesh, but the apostle gives us a few specimens of the results which this fleshly spirit inevitably produces in human life and experience.

We have now passed over in the text from darkness to light; from sin to holiness; from the region of sorrow and death to that of life, light and joy. The fruit of the spirit, as here described, is a glorious list of Christian graces. It is always true that the right spirit among men is born of the presence and power of the holy Spirit of God. The divine spirit is the sacred fountain whence flow blessed and divine streams in human character and influence. We often speak of the "fruits" of the Spirit; but it is interesting to observe here that the apostle does not say "fruits," but "fruit." He seems carefully to avoid the plural and carefully to choose the singular form of the word. Strictly speaking, there is only one fruit of the spirit; but that one fruit consists of many parts, many divine elements, and manifests itself in many blessed forms. The apostle designedly speaks of this

Divine Fruit

as that of the Spirit; these divine virtues are produced by a divine agent—the Holy Spirit of God. Even renewed hearts are not their fountain, in the strict meaning of words. We also see that the spiritual life does not consist merely in action; actions are the result, the fruit; but not the life of the renewed heart. The apostle carefully calls attention to tempers, to states of mind; these, under the influence of the divine Spirit, are the fountains whence holy actions, as divine streams constantly flow.

It will be profitable for us to examine these Christian graces, this holy fruit, in the order given us in the text. Our attention is first called to love as an element in the fruit of the Spirit. Rightly does the noble apostle begin with love. Love is the foundation stone in this sublime and divine structure. Love is the first link in this golden chain; love is the brightest jewel in this royal crown. Love is an abridgement of the divine law, and is a fundamental precept in the holy Gospel. Finely does Luther call it "the shortest and longest divinity; shortest for the form of words; long, yea everlasting, for the use and practice, for love never shall cease." Love is the true spirit prompting right action in every line of Christian duty. Love covers a multitude of sins. Love is the feet of duty running out in the path of obedience; love is the hands of duty dispensing blessings. Love is never put up; but is kind in heart, lowly in spirit, and helpful in service. The love mentioned includes love both to God and man. Perhaps love to men is intended to be especially prominent. The apostle is here placing the fruit of the spirit in opposition to the thoughts and acts which spring from an unregenerate, and so unloving, heart. Love is therefore the bond of perfectness, and the true touch-stone of all creeds and confessions. It is the heart and soul of all true religion. Well did Mr. Beecher, quoting the words, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love—these three, but the greatest of these is love," add, "For love is the seraph, and faith and

hope are but the wings by which it flies." Love, we are clearly taught in the apostle Paul's Psalm of Love, as the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians has been finely called, excels eloquence, excels knowledge, excels faith and hope, excels all gifts beside. Going back to the figure underlying the text, we may say that love is the juice of the fruit, and juice that is sweet both to God and to men. May God give us this blessed fruit of the divine Spirit—"Love divine, all love excelling."

The next element in the fruit of the Spirit is Joy. The joy here meant springs from a realization of the love of God in the soul; it is joy in the evidence of forgiveness; it is the holy exaltation which springs from a sense of pardon. It is joy arising from the performance of duty, from the endurance of trial, and from the hope of heaven. There is matchless and marvelous

Joy in Suffering

and laboring for Christ. There is joy in the new discoveries the Christian makes of the love of God, and the blessings which that love constantly imparts. He has never truly known joy who has not experienced the blessedness of working for God in the conversions of souls and in the comforting of saints. Compared with this, all other joy is sorrow, all other brightness is darkness, all other peace is turmoil, all other bliss is misery. Unconverted men have a joy which is comparable to the joy of the Christian only as lightning is comparable to light; lightning scorches and blasts, but light is helpful and healing. The joy of a sinner is as the crackling of thorns under a pot; it is a joy that is temporary; it is a joy that leaves behind it the stings of conscience, and the goads of memory. But the Christian's joy is peaceful, beautiful, exultant, radiant, eternal. It is joy resulting from the consciousness of God's presence, from harmony with God's will, and from the assurance of walking in the path of holy obedience. It is a joy which is a balm in the miseries of life, and which is a foretaste of the blessedness of heaven. Never was there a greater mistake than is made by those who represent the Christian life as one of darkness and gloom. A life without joy, is a life without power. It is a life like an instrument out of tune. Joy in the Christian life is not simply a privilege; it is a duty. We are positively commanded to rejoice. The apostle Paul distinctly says, "rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." Only a Christian really has a right to rejoice. Unconverted men and women might well march through this world with bowed heads, with aching hearts, and keeping step to funeral music; but the Christian has even here a foretaste of

The Joy of the Angels

in heaven. He hears even now strains of heavenly music, and feels the uplift of the divine presence. Men of the world are dependent upon external circumstances for joy; their joy is merely happiness; merely what "happens" or falls to them from without. But the Christian's delight is not merely happiness, but joy; it is that which springs up from within and is, to a great degree, independent of external conditions. Blessed are they who rejoice constantly in the Lord their God; they, and only they, know real joy; a joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

The next fruit of the Spirit, as given in this blessed catalogue, is Peace. This peace is the result of reconciliation with God. It is peace within the conscience of the believer; and so understood, it is peace which is deep and which cannot be disturbed by the varied experiences of life. It is peace which Christ sheds abroad in the heart; a peace which expels all disturbing conditions, and which is in the soul as the music of heaven, without a jarring strain or a dis-

cordant note. There is a calm in the soul like that in the ocean far below the surface waters. We know that these waters may flow in fury before the hurricane; they may dash themselves in huge waves and wild foam, and beneath these surface waters, there are mighty depths where winds never blow, and waves never roll; depths calm as an Autumn noon; depths peaceful as a summer evening, when not even a zephyr disturbs the unbroken calmness. Amid the varying noises of the world the believer enjoys this peace; amid its cares he has repose; amid its disappointments he has sweet realizations; amid its surface storms he has an inner calm, a calm which is like the unruffled peace of God himself. Unconverted men may strive to call their anxieties nothing, and try to quiet them by chanting some syren song, saying to their souls, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." For does not the Scripture say, "there is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." Nothing is more certain than this solemn statement. Wicked men cannot know substantial

Peace in Business

or pleasures of life; they can have no peace of conscience in their moments of moral thoughtfulness. They certainly cannot have a substantial peace on a bed of death; they can have no peace at the judgment bar of God; they can have no peace when banished from the presence of God. But blessed are God's true children, concerning whom we read "great shall be the peace of thy children." Jesus Christ came into the world as "the Prince of Peace." The angels sang the song of "peace on earth" the night he was born. The entire tendency of his reign was to promote universal peace. Before he left his disciples on the night on which he was betrayed, he said, "These things I have spoken unto you that ye might have peace;" and he also said to them, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." He desired to impart to them the peace which he himself enjoys, that peace, which the apostle tells us, "passeth all understanding." His first salutation to his disciples, on the evening of his resurrection day when he stood in the midst of them, was "Peace be unto you." God is spoken of repeatedly by the apostle Paul "as the God of peace." Thrice blessed are those in whose soul peace abides as divine love, sweetly reposing on the green pastures and beside the still waters. This peace is the soul's celestial music; it is the first experience of that peace which is the believer's blessedness in eternity.

Another element in the Spirit's fruit is Longsuffering. The word here used strictly means long-mindedness. It is the patient bearing with the reproaches received for Christ's sake; it is also a manifestation of patience with the frailties of others. It is the spirit which leads us

To Forgive the Wrong

done by others, because God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us. We know that the mind makes the man; tools do not really make the workman. Many of the noblest discoveries were made with very imperfect apparatus. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail; and Rittenhouse, who became the distinguished astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough handle. An internal condition resulting from great mindedness makes us, in our endurance of criticism, largely independent of the critics. Large mindedness is one of the noblest traits of man, as it is one of the best gifts of God. There is a greatness of soul which makes us heroes whatever our external circumstances may be. He who can bear false charges, upheld by the consciousness of noble motives and exalted aims, is superior to the bitterness of such charges. He is a king among men; he can be calm as a June morning, however much others storm about him and at him. He is like a rock against which the waves beat; he is like a lighthouse while his critics are the flies which dash into and are consumed by the steady flame. The apostle Paul well knew what it was to possess, and manifest the grace of longsuffering. He would rather suffer wrong than do wrong; he would rather hope all things and believe all things, than be guilty of uncharitableness of thought or unkindness of action. Let us study to be so filled with the spirit of Christ that we shall not be disturbed by the opposition of men, or even the onsets of Satan. He who fears God fully, need fear none besides.

Another grace is Gentleness. The word here so translated is also translated kindness. It means goodness, kindness, be-

nignity; it is opposed to all harshness of temper, and all crabbedness of disposition. It includes mildness, calmness, and urbanity of disposition and manifestation. This grace is one of the natural effects of the spirit's presence in the soul. True religion never sours, but always sweetens the temper; never makes the nature irritable, but always gentle and gracious. True religion is sunshine, joy and peace: true religion is the school of true politeness. The Golden Rule, as given by our Lord, is the fundamental law of

True Etiquette.

Politeness can be learned in the school of Christ better than in that of any Chesterfield. Courtesy is an important element in Christianity. Archdeacon Hare has said that a Christian is God Almighty's gentleman; in a very real sense, Christ was the first gentleman of the world. The spirit of Christ in the heart makes men considerate of their fellowmen, and such consideration is a distinguishing element of gentlemanly deportment. Piety and politeness are closely related; rudeness and boorishness are far removed from true religious experience and conduct. There is no religious virtue in social ugliness. The spirit dwelling in the soul produces gentleness in the life. Gentleness carpets the rough path in life, puts a pillow under the aching head and furnishes a sweet solace for the weary heart. The gentleness of Jesus gave him irresistible power, and every Christian ought to be able, humbly and joyously, to say of Jesus, as the Psalmist has taught us: "Thy gentleness hath made thee great."

Another fruit of the Spirit is Goodness. This word is doubtless here used in the sense of doing good; in the sense of beneficence. There is a marked difference between beneficence and benevolence. Benevolence is simply good in thought, in purpose, in feeling, in volition; but beneficence is

Good in Action

in doing, in achieving. In this passage we are not simply taught to abstain from evil, but actually to perform good. We have not, therefore, a negative, but a positive quality endorsed and emphasized. We are to follow the example of our blessed Lord, who went about doing good. Goodness, as here presented, is a progressive determination not only to be good, but to do good. It is love actually at work for God and for man. It is love, as has been said, "with its hand at the plough; love with a burden on its back." It is love feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, watching beside the sick, guiding the blind, teaching the ignorant and helping all men in every possible way. It is love, also, going with the message of the Gospel to the heathen; it is love going with Howard to the wretched prisons of the world, and with Carey and Judson carrying the precious light of life to those dying in ignorance and sin. Goodness is greatness; he who is truly a good man is really a great man. Greatness of this character is within the reach of all men.

Still another grace of the Spirit is Faith. Probably the word is used here in the sense of fidelity; it denotes a faithful man in his relations to his fellowmen, rather than a man of faith, in the technical sense, in his real relations to God. The apostle's purpose here is not so much to illustrate the feeling one may have toward God, as to emphasize the influence of the Spirit over our lives in our relations with those about us. True religion

Makes Men Faithful

in all their relations with their fellowmen. It makes a man faithful as a pastor to his people; a man faithful as a lawyer to his client; faithful as a physician to his patient; faithful as an employer to his employees, and also as an employee to the employer. It makes men faithful as husbands, fathers and sons, as friends and as neighbors; faithful in all their contracts, promises and endeavors. All professions of religion, not accompanied by faithful performances, are valueless. Consistent Christian lives are irresistible arguments for the divinity of Christianity. The best argument for Christianity is Christianity. If we are not loving to men whom we see, how can we show that we are loyal to God, whom we do not see?

The next grace enumerated here is Meekness. This is one of the noblest of all qualities of the Christian life. It includes patience toward the erring, it implies the suffering of an injury without the desire for revenge. It is, in many respects, the balancing of all the other qualities of the soul. It is far removed from meanness; Christianity has given dignity and glory to the milder virtues in character; it has made lowliness loft-

ess and meekness mightiness. Virtue to the ancient Roman meant simply physical bravery; the noble moral quality which we now attach to the word, was entirely wanting in Greek and Roman thought. Christianity puts a new and higher meaning into these old words; it makes virtue now the synonym of moral goodness, of rectitude, and of all that opposes vice. In like manner meekness has been exalted to its true and to its noble place in the dictionaries of the world, and in the thought, experience and practice of noble souls whose lives are governed by him who said: "I am meek and lowly in heart." The promise of Christ is that

The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth.

In a real sense, the truly meek man inherits the earth here and now. He lives in a condition of enviable peace, and in the exercise of genuine power. Meekness is inseparable from true greatness; it adds beauty to the character and lustre even to the countenance. Attention has been called to the fact that we only read of three in Scripture whose faces shone—Christ, Moses and Stephens; and we know that they were all conspicuous examples of meekness. Meekness in its true sense is learned in the school of Christ. When we empty ourselves of self, and are filled with the spirit of God; when we put off the robe of self-righteousness, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, then we are meek in the right sense of that great word.

The last virtue mentioned in this remarkable catalogue is Temperance. The word used in the original has a much broader meaning, however, than our word temperance. It means self-control, as its composition clearly shows. It indicates that we are to obtain the mastery over all our purposes, passions, and propensities. We have come to limit our word, for the most part, to abstinence from intoxicating liquors; but that meaning is only one element which enters into this great and strong word. It includes the dominion over every evil desire, and every unholy purpose. This is the word used by the apostle Paul in his great address to Felix, when as the apostle "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Here he teaches Felix the duty of control of all passions and inclinations. It is

A Lesson of Prudence,

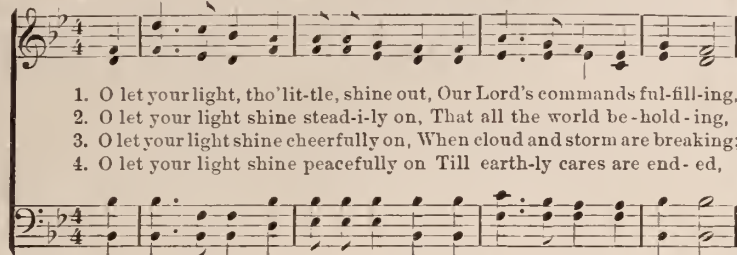
chastity and moderation in the largest sense of these words. The use of the word in this connection was eminently appropriate because of the relations maintained between Felix and Drusilla. Paul wished to bring him to repentance and so used this form of exhortation. In the passage immediately before us we are taught that the influences of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of Christians will make them moderate in all lawful indulgences; will early restrain them from sinful propensities, and from wicked pursuits. The word may indeed be applied to restrain from excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks; but it covers the whole range of thought and feeling regarding all that is inherently evil, and all that may become evil by undue indulgence. A Christian man must be master of himself; no man can fully rule others except he first rule himself. No man can rightly command but he who has learned wisely to obey. We master law by submitting to law; opposing law we are destroyed by that law. He who reveals to me a new law of conduct which I ought to observe is God's messenger to me, and is my friend in a divinely beautiful sense.

All who manifest the graces of character given in this catalogue are free from law; because they are in harmony with this highest law. The apostle follows the catalogue of virtues with the statement, "against such there is no law." There is no law to condemn such persons; the servant of God is the true freeman; all others are slaves. The servant of God rises above all other service; he who fears God truly fears none other even partially. A life of sin is a life of slavery. "The wages of sin are death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." When we become the servants of righteousness we are free from sin; then we become ashamed of the fruits which we bore when in the service of sin and Satan; a service whose end is death. God help us all to know the glorious liberty of the children of God! God help us all to adorn the crown of our Christian character by these resplendent jewels—Love, Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness and Temperance!

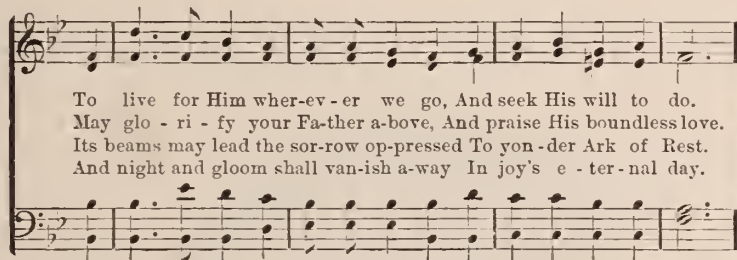


Little Light, Shine Out. (Primary.)

FANNY D. CROSBY. "Let your light so shine before men"—Matt. 5:16. W. H. DOANE.

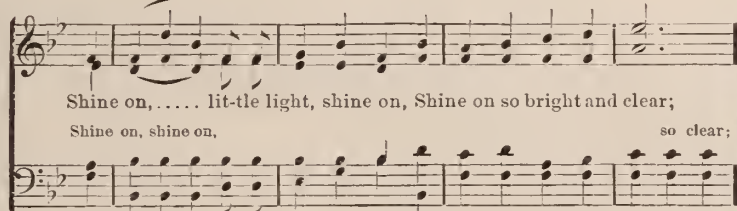


1. O let your light, tho' lit-tle, shine out, Our Lord's commands ful-fill-ing,
2. O let your light shine stead-i-ly on, That all the world be-hold-ing,
3. O let your light shine cheer-fully on, When cloud and storm are breaking;
4. O let your light shine peacefully on Till earth-ly cares are end-ed,

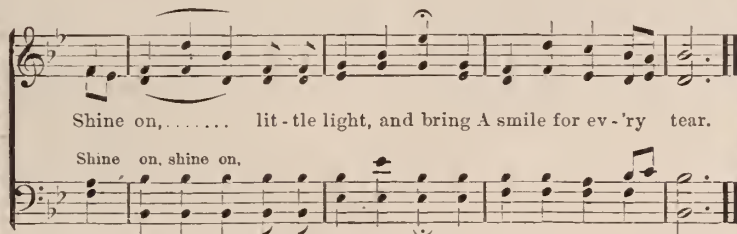


To live for Him wher-ev-er we go, And seek His will to do.
May glo-ri-fy your Fa-ther a-bove, And praise His boundless love.
Its beams may lead the sor-row op-pressed To yon-der Ark of Rest.
And night and gloom shall van-ish a-way In joy's e-ter-nal day.

REFRAIN.



Shine on, lit-tle light, shine on, Shine on so bright and clear;
Shine on, shine on, so clear;



Shine on, lit-tle light, and bring A smile for ev-'ry tear.
Shine on, shine on,

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From SUNNY-SIDE SONGS, by per. of the Publishers.

THE SONGS OF HEAVEN.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O, smile and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight!

Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise,
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil:
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—

And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

—ANON.

HAST THOU A CARE SO DEEP?

HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that naught may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

THE PORTENTS.

Signs to be Recognized as Indications of Christ's Coming.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

(Continued from page 347.)

LET me suggest, that the Book of Daniel is the introduction to the Apocalypse; the Book of John the completion of the Book of Daniel. They are two parts of the same book, they treat one subject, use the same symbols, employ the same hieroglyphics, and speak of the same course of events. These two books contain a series of visions in which the same ground is to a certain extent traversed again and again. The first vision in these two books is the simplest and most comprehensive. It starts from the time of Daniel, reaches right on to eternity, and embraces the whole course of the times of the Gentiles. In the well-known vision of the fourfold image, representing the course of four great world-empires, Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, we have a complete chart of Gentile history.

And using the word "chart" reminds me of a very simple illustration that may be of value to some on the question of signs, and the point we have reached in the history of the world. Suppose you cross the ocean, and, travelling for many days or weeks, you reach a certain part of the voyage still out of sight of land, when one day you hear a rumor that the ship is approaching the port to which you are bound. You go to the captain and enquire, "Is it so?" "Yes; it is; we should sight the land at three o'clock this afternoon." "How do you know?" The captain unrolls his chart, and says, "There is the port; there is our present position." He lays his finger on the exact point reached by the ship. "How do you know we are there?" "Do you see that line drawn across the chart? that is our course; we have followed it: we are just there, and will sight land to-day at three o'clock." You ask for further light on the subject, for you cannot understand how he can be so sure. "Well, our voyage has run along such and such a course, we have come so many miles, the ship has kept the track marked there; on the way we have passed certain points, certain headlands, indicated there, as Ceylon, Aden, and so forth, just as they are marked in the chart. Now the distance from Ceylon to the port we are making is so many miles; we have just run within twenty miles of it, and by three o'clock we will make the rest. The chart with the reckoning of time and distance shows exactly where we are." As he predicts so it comes to pass.

Now, God has been pleased in this Book to give us a chart of history; not merely past history but future history—anticipating history in prophecy. He has unfolded to us the future, and given us no uncertain or dim light upon this subject, but broad, clear light. A most important part of that light is prophecy with reference to the political world, and the history of the great Gentile powers. What a marvellous thing it is, when one really considers it, that twenty-five centuries ago, when the time of the Gentiles began, when the Jewish subjection to the Gentile power commenced, when God put down Israel on account of her sins, and set up the Gentile power, that the course of Gentile power was clearly foreseen and distinctly foretold, and laid down, and marked out, and written in God's Holy Word.

As regards ecclesiastical signs, I think arranging them in this order helps us to understand the matter. Of course the history of the Gentile world is a different thing from the history of the Christian Church. Take then the latter: a great deal is foretold with regard to the history of the Christian Church. That Church was to grow, according to prophecy. Beginning with small things, it was to attain success to a wonderful extent. From a small seed it was to spring into a great tree, spreading out its branches in which the birds of the air were to come and build. Then a wonderful change was, according to the prophecy and the predictions of our Lord, and the still clearer prediction of Paul, to take place. Our Lord foretold the apostasy in the Church. Paul more clearly, again and again, in epistle after epistle, spoke also of the apostasy; and John foretells it with still greater detail.

(To be Continued.)

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover: 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Bible House, New York.



TEMPERANCE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 17. Prov. 21: 15-30.

TEMPERANCE, in our day, has come to be associated exclusively with the total abstinence movement. This has resulted from the peculiar circumstances of our social condition and the gigantic proportions of the individual and social evils of drunkenness. In choosing as a topic, "Temperance in all things," the Committee has, however, recognized the fact that there is need of temperance in other matters beside intoxicants. The Christian should temper, or regulate, or keep in subjection, all his physical propensities and should not act or speak extravagantly or impulsively. He is in this life a composite being allied on the one side to God himself, and on the other to the brutes. His aim should be to strengthen, by the means God has provided, the higher side of his nature, so that it shall reign supreme over the lower. The body should be a servant, obeying the spirit, not rebelling against its will. To attain this condition there must be a struggle, more or less severe according to the nature of the man. In some, owing to heredity, or physical circumstances, or habit, the physical nature is disproportionately strong and predisposed to insubordination; in others it is weak, and the struggle to bring it into subjection is easier, but in all cases there must be a struggle. Paul's metaphor of the athlete is singularly vivid and accurate in its characteristics. While the athlete is training he is careful of his diet, of his exercise, of his pleasures, and rigorously avoids excesses of every kind, denying himself gratification that he may develop himself and win the prize. Now Paul says that what the athlete will do temporarily to gain a temporal prize the Christian should do continuously to attain an eternal prize. He should so train himself that he would not be distressed or perturbed if the gratification of any passion or appetite were denied him. Food is necessary to sustain life, but he who has accustomed himself to rare and delicate viands, would suffer misery if he were limited by some necessity to a diet of bread and water. So with the other physical appetites. The denial of any one or more should be matters of indifference. The man is about other and higher business and cannot afford to worry about lower matters. He dies to them. They have lost their power to harass or distress him. He supplies their wants so that he may have a sound body, but he looks not to them for pleasure or enjoyment. When that condition is attained, it is not difficult for him to deny any one of his appetites if, as in the case of intoxicating liquor, there is a spiritual reason for his doing so. The bridling of the tongue, which James thought was the most difficult of all achievements, so that it should not slander, or lie, or curse, is part of this struggle for the supremacy of the higher over the lower nature. In the whole conflict from first to last, God by his Holy Spirit is waiting to help and the assurance is given for our encouragement that "if ye walk in the Spirit, ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh."

THE ENGLISH C. E. CONVENTION.

The great national Convention of the English Christian Endeavor Societies was held in London, May 12-15. The chief sessions were held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in which the huge congregations which used to gather to hear the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, assembled.

On Sunday, May 13, in many of the London churches, special sermons were preached dealing with the work of the Y.P.S.C.E., and the needs of young people generally.

The proceedings of Monday commenced with a prayer and praise-meeting in the

Tabernacle at nine o'clock, when there was a large muster of Endeavorers, and a happy time was spent in rendering to God thanks for all his goodness in the blessing which has followed the work of the Christian Endeavor Society, since its start thirteen years ago; and in prayer for still greater and more extended blessing in the days to come.

At eleven o'clock the first session of the Conference was held, presided over by Alderman F. F. Belsey, who welcomed the provincial delegates to London, expressing his belief that the enthusiasm from the northern Societies would give additional

in that town had united in prayer and effort against the opening of the new race-course there, and called upon all Endeavorers everywhere to stand together in opposing the evils of betting and gambling. Representatives spoke from India, New South Wales and South Africa. Rev. Wm. Carey evoked a loud outburst of applause when he said, "Let every Christian Endeavor Society have a foreign mission committee, and let there be a missionary in the field representing the Society, and let there be a special fund to support such missionary."

Mrs. Peill drew a very interesting picture of the Christian Endeavorers in Madagascar going out into the rice-fields and telling the bright glad news of the Gospel to their heathen brothers and sisters. A worker from Berkshire told of Gospel effort being carried on in the villages; another told of a society in London the members of which organize for parties of poor children, who seldom have a sight at the green fields in the country; and a delegate from Birmingham brought a message from Dr. Dale, who has a live C. E. Society at Carr's Lane.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon was the chairman at the evening meeting, and he bade the visitors a cordial welcome. After telling of some of his experiences with Christian

ist, the Methodist a better Methodist, and the Presbyterian a better Presbyterian, and, above all, to make them all better Christians, and to inspire them to work together in Christian brotherhood for the one great end of saving the world from sin."

An address of fraternal fellowship was then delivered by the Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States. His rising was the signal for a remarkable outburst of enthusiasm, everybody in the building standing and waving handkerchiefs, while Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were crossed and held aloft while the audience sang the hymn,

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

Mr. Wanamaker gave some interesting particulars of the progress of the movement in America, remarking that an average of 100 new societies were being registered every week. In closing, he called upon all Endeavorers to advance along the line, to keep the flag flying, and to sing the song and tell the story till the whole world is girdled with the love of Christ.



THE Y. M. C. A. IN THE BOWERY.

Differing in many respects from ordinary Association work, the Branch established in the Bowery in New York has a mission, the usefulness of which, especially in these times, cannot be exaggerated. Its aim is to help those who have fallen in the struggle of life and need a kindly hand extended to them. Young men who need employment, who need to be helped over a time of trial and difficulty, in short, who need help of any kind, are welcome there, and an effort is made to serve them and save them. On this page is a picture of the building where many have found a modern type of the Good Samaritan. Besides the provisions for the spiritual needs of the members and strangers, consisting of Praise and Gospel meetings, Daily Family Prayers, a weekly Bible Class, and a weekly Devotional Service, the Association keeps a Free Employment Bureau, and has arrangements for supplying food, clothing and lodgings to destitute young men. Two dormitories are in the building itself, and the Secretary has a standing contract with cheap hotels and private boarding houses in the neighborhood to receive any applicants who cannot be accommodated in the building. The following extracts from letters received recently from men whom the Association has helped, show how beneficent is the work the Association is doing:

Bridgeport, Conn.—"Sometimes I may have come to your mind, and you have perchance wondered how I was doing. At the outset I will say, God is still with me, and I am deeply interested in Mission Work here. We have a lovely Mission Room, seating two hundred, and the place is crowded. I thank God I am privileged to be one of the active ones, and God blesses my efforts. Lately I have been thinking how much I would enjoy dropping in at the Bowery Branch, and when I think of the condition in which I came to you, almost four years ago, homeless, friendless, without one penny or a friend I could go to, with any confidence that my appeal would meet with favorable response, my heart cries out in gratitude to God, that he put it in the heart of men to found an institution like yours. Truly it was the turning point in my life, and since then I have known that there is something in life worth living for. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

A young man now at Wilmington, N. C., writes: "Your kind letter, 5th inst., duly to hand. I think one of the grand features of the Bowery Branch work is the conducting of correspondence with its former proteges. I have full charge of the works, and we employ sixty-five hands. My employers seem well satisfied with my work, and this to me is a source of encouragement, but above all I thank God that he has revealed himself to me, for I find in his service a peace and consolation which I never knew before. I hope to visit the dear old Branch at an early date."



Mr. Charles A. Edsall, State President of the Baptist Young people's Union of Pennsylvania, received an ovation on his recent visit to Philadelphia. The occasion was the semi-annual reunion of the city Unions, and Mr. Edsall made a telling speech. After the meeting Mr. Edsall received from each Union a little memento of his visit, presented by a representative of the Union.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.

impetus to the movement in London and in the southern counties. Those hallowed halls, he said, had rarely contained an assembly presenting features of greater interest than that convention of the youth of the churches consecrating their opening lives to Christ and his Church. He referred to the phenomenally rapid growth of the movement, and spoke with hopefulness as to the blessings it was conferring on the churches. The movement had grown because the churches appreciated it, saw its possibilities and knew its power.

A number of papers were then read on "The Work of the Committee," those dealt with including the "look-out," prayer-meeting, social, temperance, sunshine and good literature committees. A free parliament followed, one after another rising until about twenty had spoken, telling of ways of working in their own Societies, and making all sorts of useful suggestions, and throwing out valuable hints for improving and adapting the "machinery" in use. Emphasis was repeatedly laid on the necessity of getting the members interested in such practical work as spreading the principles of total abstinence. A delegate from Birmingham referred to the way in which the churches and members of the C. E. Societies

Endeavorers in New Zealand, he gave a brief address, exhorting all Endeavorers to covet earnestly the best gifts, and to be constantly provoking one another to love and to good works.

A report of the year's progress was presented by Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, one of the secretaries of the British National Council, who remarked that at the convention held at Bradford last June the existence of 650 registered societies in Great Britain was reported. The registered number is now 1453, or an addition of 803 societies in one year. The societies are distributed among the churches of all denominations. The figures show that there are 391 in Baptist churches, 353 in Congregational, 85 Presbyterian, 4 Episcopalian, 37 Wesleyan, 40 Primitive Methodist, 18 Bible Christian, 60 United Methodist Free Church, and 66 Methodist New Connexion. In an approximate estimate of membership Mr. Chaplin said there were 40,750 active, 18,710 associate, and 5,080 honorary members, making a total of 65,440.

In the course of his address, Mr. Chaplin said:—"This Society is inter-denominational, not anti-denominational. It aims at making the Baptist a better Baptist, the Congregationalist a better Congregational-



The Antwerp Exhibition.

A Remarkable Collection of Art and Industry in the Old Flemish City—Opened by King Leopold in Person.



EXHIBITIONS of the products of art and every branch of human industry have been more numerous in the last half of the closing nineteenth century, than ever before since the world began. London, Paris, Vienna,

Berlin, Philadelphia, Chicago, have all contributed to the popularizing of these mammoth national and international enterprises, the very latest of which was recently opened at the ancient Flemish city of Antwerp, in Belgium. Small as Belgium is, and comparatively insignificant beside the powerful European States, the little kingdom has ever held a high position in all that relates to human progress and civilization, whether in the line of science, art, industry or exploration, and in the present exhibition this standard has been well maintained. King Leopold, who had come over from Brussels with all the royal family, opened the exhibition in person on May 5, the ceremonial taking place immediately under the dome at the main entrance (shown in the illustration on this page.) Antwerp kept holiday for the occasion. The military display was unusually fine, and great crowds of citizens and visitors from other parts of Europe assembled on the Antwerp Boulevard, along which the King and Queen drove, accompanied by a number of Belgian and German princes and princesses. At the grand entrance they were received by Count de Colesburg, President of the Executive Committee and other officials of the Exhibition, Ministers, Ambassadors, and many distinguished persons. After the formal opening there was a musical performance in the great festival hall.

During the present month, the Exhibition will be seen at its best. All the European countries are well represented. The Exhibition is situated close to the river Scheldt, in the southern or new quarter of the city. The grounds and buildings cover fully two hundred acres. The main buildings are somewhat florid specimens of architecture, with an elaborate facade and highly decorated dome surrounding the entrance hall. Belgium occupies the central block, with Britain and Germany to her left, and other countries behind, while on the right lie the important maritime section and the machinery hall. Further along are the picture galleries, where, besides the loans from various nations, Belgium holds a special modern "Salon" of her own.

The grounds are full of entertaining additions—a street in Cairo, an Algerian village, a water show, an Indian encampment and many restaurants. The Congo State is in great favor with a most realistic picture of African life, with native Africans busied in family duties. A little lake has canoes and fishermen at work. Then there is "old Antwerp"—the picturesque reproduction of the city in the sixteenth century, with its mediæval inhabitants at their various avocations and amusements. The buildings have been reconstructed from old drawings, and are quaint and beautiful. Festivities of the period are to be given here, and it seems as if "old Antwerp" would undoubtedly

prove the feature of the Exhibition. As the Exhibition remains open till November, the Antwerp folks are in high hopes of a rich harvest from visitors.

A Mother's Influence.

A young man who was being examined preparatory to uniting with the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was his reply; "I was converted under my mother's practising." What a tribute to a consecrated motherhood was that young man's answer! How very near to Christ must that mother have lived!

Siamese Marriages.

The declaration of marriage in Siam is very simple: You ask a lady to marry you by merely offering her a flower, or taking a light from a cigarette if it happens to be in her mouth; and your family and the bride's family have to put up at least \$200 apiece for a dowry. The principal impediment in the way of marriage is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain

as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly trappings and showy adornments, and be happier in the cosy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid houses.

Providence in Little Things.

God's providence in little things may be abundantly seen if looked for, though frequently they are treated as mere accidents. When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When the Protestants were besieged at Bezors and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident? When, in the Irish rebellion, a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on a rock in the night, and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? When the great Duke of Sully, was, as a Protestant student saved from death at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, through walking in the streets with a large book under his arm, by which he was mistaken for a priest, was it an accident? Rather may we not say God is continually working through his providence for the preservation of those whom he has chosen to accomplish his purposes.

The Blues.

Almost every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be

"GOOD-MORNING!"

"GOOD-MORNING world." On the window seat She balanced her two little timid feet, She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood Framed in like a picture of babyhood.

The clambering vines hung low and green 'Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen, As she stood with beauty and light imperaled, And bade "Good-morning!" to all the world.

"Good-morning, world!" and the great world heard; Each rustling tree and each singing bird. The dancing flowers and the fields of grass Nodded and waved at the little lass.

And the far-off hills and the sky overhead Listened and beamed as the word was said; And the old sun lifted his head and smiled—"Good-morning, world!" "Good-morning, child!"

HONOR THE MOTHERS.

ALL honor to motherhood! And all confusion seize those ideas and plans and systems, social and otherwise, where motherhood is discouraged. A young wife with a babe six weeks old, recently said with flashing eyes: "There are some women that I hate to see. They make me sad. They speak to me as though it was it a great calamity that I have my beautiful child. They seem to think that all a woman lives for is to gad and go."

In the Hebrew Scriptures those women are spoken of as highly blessed whose house is full of children, and the barren are commiserated. One would think that Christendom was trying to reverse this order. Alas for the wicked selfishness that shrinks from bearing children because the presence of these little ones in the house may interfere with social pleasures! We need to preach more of the honor of motherhood, for of all in the universe no one has so supreme a power for making others better, as the mother, who can write her holy dreams upon the souls of those children that are flesh of her flesh.

The Senses of Children.

Every child, every human being, wants the full use of his senses and other natural faculties. Eyes were made to see with, ears to hear with, vocal organs to speak and sing with, and hands to feel with. Any system of education, therefore, that is inspired by true benevolence toward the child will start by taking stock of his natural endowments, so as to correct, as far as possible, any defects that may attach to them and provide for their fullest development. Children are often far

from perceiving the benevolent intent in the systems of education to which they are subjected, and it is little wonder, in general, that it should be so.

But, however, if an earnest effort were being vigorously made to carry every natural faculty they possessed to its perfection—to make the eyes quick and true, the voice sweet and full, the hearing sensitive and discriminating, the bodily movements vigorous and graceful, and so on—the beneficence of the process would impress itself even on the juvenile mind, and thus half the battle would be gained, for we want the children's confidence before we can do them much good.

Nothing, we fully believe, would do so much toward the development of the all-important quality of self-respect as a careful physical training. It would, on the other hand, promote individuality, inasmuch as the child could be made to feel what he or she was capable of individually, and on the other, it would promote true comradeship, as it would awaken a consciousness of that common physical nature, with its varied powers, of which all partake. Here, therefore, is a part of education about which there can be no mistake—a preparation for perfect living in the physical sense—that perfect living which economizes both mental and moral force, and the individual in a position of advantage for the accomplishment of all the ends of life.



THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION—MAIN ENTRANCE ON OPENING DAY.

animals are allowed to intermarry; for instance, a person born in the year of the cat cannot marry with a person born in the year of the dog, or a person born in the year of the cow with a person born in the year of the tiger; and their similar embargoes about months and days, akin, perhaps, to the old superstitions in this country, that a marriage will be unlucky if the birth months of the bride and groom are far apart. April should not wed with November, nor January with June.

Right Living.

It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them

no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a north-east wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before. In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air, and the faces of cheerful men, and pleasant women, and frolicsome children, will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria rule. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in. Besides that, why sit with the blues? Shone upon by such stars, and breathed on by such air, and sung to by so many pleasant sounds, you ought not to be seen moping. Especially if light from the better world strikes its aurora through your night-sky, ought you be cheerful. You can afford, writes Dr. Talmage, to have a rough luncheon by the way if it is soon to end amid the banqueters in white.



CHAPTER XVIII. Continued.

ERNEST PAULL'S manner, under the trying circumstances, was self-respectful and deterrent, without a symptom of embarrassment.

"I have called, Mrs. Lanier, upon confidential and personal—that is, family affairs. Can we talk in some less public place?"

"It is my wish to hear what you have to say, here, Mr. Paull. Our interview will be, of necessity, short."

Polished ice would have been as fur compared with her accents; her eyes were steady.

He had known this woman from her childhood and his; as his sister-in-law, he had jested familiarly with her, had been wont to kiss her at meeting and at parting. His head whirled and a pang shot from the left to the right lung like a fiery needle. He must be master of himself,—at any rate, while here.

"I take your meaning, madam, and will be as brief as it is compatible with the gravity of my communication. I have been extremely ill since my unfortunate visit to Pequot, or I should have seen you before. I learned, then, to my astonishment and regret, that my daughter Marie had sailed for France to rejoin me—an extraordinary step which I should have opposed strenuously had I anticipated it. It is my earnest desire to repair, as far as may be, the indirect injury I have done the poor child in writing somewhat freely of the precarious state of my health, thereby inducing her—most unintentionally, as I solemnly declare—to come to me. I wish to sail by to-morrow's steamer to Havre; proceed thence to Pau, and bring her back to her mother and her home. It is the least that I can do and—I am grieved to say—the utmost."

"It is unnecessary to put yourself to so much trouble, Mr. Paull. We have sent a cable dispatch to friends on the other side to meet my niece upon her arrival at Havre, and send her, under a suitable escort, back to New York. You may be quite easy with regard to her."

A movement, slight but expressive, intimated her impression that, his business having been dispatched, he would take his leave. Words would not have been a more explicit dismissal. The blood rushed impetuously to his pale face; the tremor in his voice, if artistic, was genuine, if his ejaculation was more rhetorical than devout.

"Thank God! I have suffered untold agonies in reflecting upon the possible consequences of my child's rash generosity. You have taken an intolerable burden from my heart. I will detain you but a minute longer; Virginia! Mrs. Lanier! is there no mercy in the heart of a good woman for a penitent sinner?"

Another question—more decided and expressive than the former, arrested him on the word. The cold severity of her gaze did not change.

"I must decline to discuss abstract subjects with Mr. Paull," she said pointedly. He raised his head laughingly.

"I might have known what measure of Christian charity I should meet with in this house. I was a fool to hope for anything else. I came here with a heart full of sorrowful and loving thoughts—the broken and contrite spirit which pietists despise;—I am hungry for news of my wife and little ones—I am ruined in health and a beggar—and you, who could tell me all I long to know,—you who profess to follow in the footsteps of Him who called sinners to repentance,—sneer at me in my extremity, trample me under your feet with cold cruelty that reminds me whose pupil you are. I should have known better than to expect one crumb from any table in Roger Lanier's house. He hated me while he lived. I might have comprehended that, as his wife and a Christian, you must meet confession and petition with holy insult."

Furious as he appeared, angry as he really was, he had put the harangue together

cleverly until his mention of her husband's name. She lifted the hand that had rested lightly upon the table; chill civility was exchanged for severity as frigid.

"You have set your action in entering this house in the proper light by your last sentence. I have only, in closing this interview, to express my regret at granting it."

She moved toward the bell.

"You need not summon your footman to put me into the street," he said with biting emphasis. "To be driven off the premises of the elect twice in one week should convert even such a reprobate as I. Whatever becomes of the ruin the Laniers have made of what was once a man, the Creator of us all—if you will admit that He had a hand in my makeup—knows where the responsibility will rest."

The rapid patter of small feet sounded on the stairs; two little girls appeared in the arched doorway.

"Mamma!" twittered the taller of the two—"may Gladys and I—Oh! I beg pardon!" as she perceived that her mother was not alone.

Her black frock showed her to be a daughter of the house; the golden silk of her companion's curls, her limpid blue eyes and delicate features were Marie's and her father's.

He took one eager step toward her. Mrs. Lanier interposed her stately figure, and spoke with mild decision:

"Alice, dear, I am engaged, as you see. Take your cousin into the library, and shut the door when you go in. I will be there in a moment."

She was disappointed if she had anticipated a further scene. The wretched man walked directly to the front door, laid his hand on the lock and glanced back.

"Is her mother here, too?" he asked.

"She is not."

He stumbled on the stone steps, and caught at the railing to save himself. A man who was passing, after a quick glance at the handsome house he was leaving, and a keener at himself, stopped and came back.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you ill? Is there anything I can do for you?"

A hot oath flew from Paull's lips.

"What business is that of yours? Do I look like a tramp?"

"Not a bit! not a bit!" rejoined the the would-be helper, jocularly. "I beg your pardon! The man who needs me is my neighbor. If you don't—you're not! Good afternoon."

It was afternoon by now. People who had homes, and liberty to return to them, clogged all the uptown avenues of travel; the sea-air bit at him at every cross-street; raw with salt, and numbing to flesh and bone. Down these shorter streets he had glimpses of the west where the sun was going down and staining the river-fogs a dingy red. This would be one of the nights when it was wise to take the bridge-route to Brooklyn instead of the ferry.

The thought of Brooklyn strayed again into his mind, three hours later, as he emerged from a place he used to frequent when the exchequer was low. It was well down-town and he had had a hot supper there for thirty-five cents, several drinks at the bar, and the chance to gamble with the remaining half-dollar. The man who won it, laughed brutally in handing back eight cents.

"Three for the bridge and five for the street-car!" He was drunker than Paull, and disposed to be liberal. "You belong over the river, don't you? I won't give the New York cops a chance to run you in."

Paull pocketed the coins, and passed into the street. The fog was foul in that quarter, leaving a taint of oily uncleanness upon the tongue. Brooklyn would be sweeter—to breathe—and was a cheaper place to live in. He would go over and "prospect" this very night. He must leave that first-class hotel. He would go back after he had secured lodgings over the river, and get his trunk. It was full of handsome clothing,

A man in his profession could not afford to be shabby.

Apparent prosperity was a part of his capital. Still he must look up a Brooklyn pawnbroker to-morrow and "hock" a few things. He must have food and shelter until he could turn himself. He lived in Brooklyn once—or his family did. He would go to Brooklyn by all means. After all—might not Alice have kept her town-house? It was not likely that she lived all the year round in that beastly country hole. A cunning gleam lit his watery eyes. She was probably there now—in hiding. He laughed outright at the thought of how he would circumvent Virginia Lanier—the cold-blooded snake!

His thoughts were getting hazy. American drinks were "heavy."

He had walked very far, and was tired in legs and head. At 363 Mendebras avenue, they had answered rudely his civil inquiries for Mrs. Paull.

"No such person had ever lived there so far as they knew."

He decided to walk back to New York. That is, if he could "run" the ferry. He had had a watch when he called at Mrs. Lanier's. He recollected looking at it in a saloon on the Brooklyn side of the bridge.

A saloon with scarlet curtains at the windows, and frescoes on the inner walls. A band was playing "Razze Dazze," and girls with pointed bangs and red cheeks were waiting upon men who sat with their hats on and drank beer and cocktails, and smoked strong cigars. He had his watch then—and no small change to pay for his drinks. He mentioned this to the bar-keeper, and promised to call in to-morrow, early, and settle. The bar-keeper—or somebody else—had said that was "all right." He had his watch in his hand then, and did not recollect putting it back into his pocket when he got into the street. He would call at that saloon the first thing in the morning, and see if he had left it on the counter.

This was a nasty night, and Brooklyn had the beastliest climate on the globe. Catarrhal, consumptive, neuralgic—That must be neuralgia that stabbed him to the heart every few minutes. The beef-steak he had for supper was as tough as sole-leather.

Ten knives instead of one were struck into his chest, and a red-hot iron band seemed to crush in his lungs. With a despairing groan, he sank down upon a door-step, tearing at his clothes to loosen the awful pressure.

CHAPTER XIX.

Definite work is not always that which is cut and squared for us, but that which comes as a claim upon the conscience, whether it is nursing in a hospital, or hemming a handkerchief.

E. M. Sewall.

Christ in his heavenly garden walks all day, And calls to souls upon the world's highway. We croud with trifles, maimed and sick with sin, Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

—F. T. Inggrave.

"I am sadly afraid that Marie has not been quite candid in this affair," said Mrs. Barnes, with a look of real concern. "I am very fond of that child, with all her faults. She has a heart as deep as a well, and generous impulses. The very devotion to her wretched father which has warped one side of her nature, springs from a worthy root. But I cannot excuse her for telling her mother she has been in correspondence with him since last September, and leaving her to infer that she had not written to, or heard from him until then. Why, the first time I ever met her was in the post office in Fulton street, when she was asking for a stamp that would take a letter to Nice, in France. She stamped it, as it lay on the counter, and in the casual way in which one sees such things, I observed that it was addressed to 'Mr. Paul Morgan.' That was one of his aliases, you know. I should never have thought of the incident again had not her voice sounded so like her mother's that I looked at her, and followed her out to ask if her name were Paull. When Mrs. Paull told me yesterday that her husband had been known abroad as 'Mr. Paul Morgan,' it all flashed upon me. Of course, I said nothing to her of the meeting and the letter. She has sorrow enough without it. But I wish—I wish Marie has not said that!"

Mrs. Williams shook her head dolorously.

"I can't see through it—nor, for the matter of that, far into it. I'd have said, it asked, that while the child is headstrong and highstrung to that extent when her blood is up, I've thought to myself that I'd as lief strike matches on a powder-keg all day as live in the house with her—there isn't an atom of deceit into her. She's too outspoken for her own comfort and that of other people. If she has circumvented the truth this time, it's the outcropping of the father's blood in her. Her teeth are set on

edge, and sharpened to make mince-meat of facts, because such sour grapes have been 'the chief of his diet'—as Mother Goose says—for all these years."

"He has much to answer for if only for the wrong done to this one child."

"You may say it. I declare for it, Mrs. Barnes, when I get to studying over what depends upon the way fathers and mothers behave, and think and feel, I think that if I had children to raise, I'd begin to preach to them of their responsibility as parents by the time they could say, 'Now I lay me.'"

"One poor wife who labored prayerfully to bring up her children in the right way, is reaping a woeful harvest of her husband's sowing," returned Mrs. Barnes, sadly. "And here comes trouble upon trouble in his return to America. It was a bold thing to do, and yet, as it now appears, safe enough. Roger Lanier was the only man to be feared, and he knew it. But for her heroic faith, and her practice of trusting God in deed, as well as in theory, to care for the interests she commits to him, she must have gone wild over Ernest Paull's cowardly threat to claim the custody of the children. Of course, as Dr. Barnes says, it was all talk, intended to frighten women and children, but it shows the temper and spirit of the man."

"Where are the poor babies now?"

"Mrs. Morse has the two boys still. She carried them off with her on a visit to her mother in Philadelphia the day after Mr. Paull was in Pequot. Elspeth went to the Parsonage and told her all about it, then took the nine o'clock train to New York with a letter from Mrs. Morse to Mrs. Paull in her pocket, suggesting the very best thing to be done in the circumstances—a cable-gram to Mr. Morse. He answered Mrs. Paull within six hours after the dispatch left New York: 'I will take care of your bird. Do not worry.'"

"Isn't that like Mr. Morse? Who knows—don't laugh and tell me again that I have a keen nose for providence—but wouldn't it be a providence if this wild-geese chase of the dear child's should be the means of drawing her and Dr. Lyell nearer together? If ever a girl needed a steady, kind, right-minded husband, she does."

"I wish I could hope for such an ending to her mad folly. From what I have heard of Dr. Lyell, he considers the price of a discreet woman above rubies. Mrs. Lanier very considerably added to the dispatch, 'Her father is here.' Otherwise, no entreaties or commands would have brought Marie home."

"Gladys is still with Mrs. Lanier, you say?"

"She is. The poor mother went back to Pinehurst alone, three days ago. I spent yesterday and last night with her. She is brave and trustful, but worn to a mere shadow by these latest trials. It was bad enough to learn that her daughter had gone off alone to such a man as we know her father to be. It was worse, if possible, to think of her landing, unprotected and friendless, in a foreign country. But the hardest effort of faith is to believe that good can come of the appearance in the home given her by her brother (where she has toiled so nobly to defray her husband's debt to that brother), of this bad-tempered, vindictive, broken-down adventurer, whom she cannot present to her boys as their father. If he had returned penitent and decent, I believe—I am sure—that she would have received him. Her views of the might of the marriage-contract are exceedingly and righteously strict. As it is, so far as we can see, nothing but misery and disgrace can come of it. The Royal Road—a smile breaking through the cloud—"is the only way that is not hedged up for my afflicted friend."

"That never is hedged up, His Holy Name be praised!" responded Mrs. Williams, devoutly. "It is the highway where the redeemed of the Lord can always walk. She finds the burden of this dark day as much as she can bear with all the help she can get."

"It is all she can carry. I told her so, and she answered, 'Unless the Father should see fit to add to it. Then, He would have to increase the supply of daily grace. I am living up my allowance.' You can think how she would say it, and smile in saying it. As for me I caught myself listening by day and by night for that man's step upon the porch. If a shadow passed the window where we were at work, I started with the fear that he might be there armed with a search-warrant, or a writ of habeas corpus, or determined to see and talk with her."

(To be Continued.)

Saved From Lives of Sin.

Notable Conversions in the Slums—The "Jesus' Friends' Praying Band."



SOME three months ago a number of Christian men and women of New York, under the leadership of Mrs. Josephine Williamson, the well-known evangelist and mission worker, organized the "Jesus' Friends' Praying Band." Their field of duty was to be among the slums in the lower part of the city—a territory in which Mrs. Williamson, during the past twenty years, has been instrumental in rescuing many souls from lives of sin and shame. The Praying Band has opened a mission at 12 Pell street, room 52, where meetings have been held regularly during each week, commencing at 10 o'clock p. m., and lasting to 1 o'clock. It was at first intended for women only, but soon Chinamen began to attend the services. Several knelt with the Band in prayer, and some gave evidence of sins forgiven and promised to follow the Christian life.

Two remarkable conversions have lately occurred through the efforts of the "Jesus' Friends' Praying Band," the subjects in both instances being women who were keepers of notorious houses in the same quarter in which the Band has been working. One of these women, named Minnie —, who has been living in open sin eight years, and had been the means of leading many girls astray, was at last brought to realize her own lost condition, and was pointed to the Lord Jesus Christ. Mrs. Williamson visited her in her room and prayed with her. The woman attended several meetings of the Praying Band, and came under deep conviction of sin. Finally, after a severe struggle, she yielded her heart to Christ, and decided to leave her sinful calling forever.

Mrs. Williamson has learned from her long experience, that, whenever a noted sinner declared for Christ, it was well for her, as well as for all her former companions in sin, that the step should be taken publicly. At the funeral of the notorious "Morphine Laura," who was converted under Mrs. Williamson's ministrations, many of her companions who attended the services were so affected that they broke down, and from that moment decided to lead a new life. Accordingly, Mrs. Williamson persuaded Minnie to make public confession of her new faith, and the woman gladly consented to make her declaration in the presence of all of her former associates who could be summoned together. They were invited to a "Farewell Reception," which was held in the mission room, at No. 12 Pell street, and there Minnie, speaking from the mission platform, read to them from the Bible, prayed with and for them, and advised them to accept Jesus as their Saviour, as she herself had done. The scene was a most affecting one. Over two hundred persons—men and women from the slums and Chinese opium dens, most of them Minnie's old associates in sin—were present. Many broke down and cried out: "We want to follow Jesus!" and some have since then accepted salvation. They are now being visited by Mrs. Williamson. She has had great encouragement that the result of Minnie's example will yet tend to the conversion of other souls.

Another striking case was that of Rene —, also the keeper of a vicious resort, and who, although still young, had spent many years in sin. This woman has boldly come out, renouncing her sinful life and declaring for Christ. In her house were a number of fallen girls, and during her career she had been the means of bringing sorrow to many parents, whose children she had led to shame. She attended several of the meetings of the Praying Band, and was visited by Mrs. Williamson and other members, and after a time her eyes were opened to the enormity of her sins, and she was led to seek forgiveness. She decided to abandon the life she was leading, and was eager to do something to induce others to reform. She talked with the girls in her house in a different way from anything they had ever before heard from her lips, and showed them how the spirit had wrought a change in her, urging them at the same time to ask divine forgiveness and to enter on a new life. Shortly after her conversion, she was taken seriously ill, and the Mission Band sent her to a quiet place in the country to recuperate. Rene was the daughter of a Methodist minister in Pennsylvania, and had an excellent education with many advantages. It is hoped

that, when she is restored to health, her expectation of laboring in the field of active mission service may be fulfilled, and that she may yet become an earnest and useful member of the "Jesus' Friends' Praying Band."

These two cases are examples of other lives that have been transformed and souls soundly converted through the instrumentality of this zealous band of workers for Christ. The Band's headquarters are at the Bethany Lodging House, 19 Second street, New York, where all who are interested in the work can find full information regarding it.

A Christian Chinese Home.

Mr. Lai Soon and His Family—Yenths Youths Educated for the Mission Field.

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (toward the photograph which is reproduced on this page), Rev. Arthur Folsom, a returned missionary, writes as follows: Mr. Lai Soon, a tall, handsome Chinaman, was the first to call on us this morning after our arrival in Canton, China, in 1863; and you can imagine our surprise, to find him as well educated as ourselves, a graduate of Yale College and of Andover, Mass., Theological Seminary. He was one of three Christian young men sent on to be educated by the then Canton Mission of the A.B.C.F.M., which was afterwards transferred to the Presbyterian Board. The other two were Mr. Wing, a classmate of Lai

dissey, the first lady teacher sent from England to the Chinese in Java, before the Chinese ports were opened. Upon the opening of the ports, Miss Auldiss removed her school to Ningpo, and this pupil escaped from Java, and made herself a stowaway on shipboard till hunger drove her out. Of course, she continued a pupil until she graduated, and in course of events became the worthy wife of Mr. Lai Soon. In later years, I have lost track of them all.

TEMPERANCE IN JAPAN.

In the little Japanese island of Okushiri, the people are all either farmers or fishermen. Until 1884 they had been large consumers of the native intoxicating liquor, saki, spending about £600 a year for it. Sensible of the evil of this, some of the leading men, in July, 1884, induced the people to enter into a covenant to abandon wholly the sale, purchase, and use of alcoholic beverages for five years to test its utility. Order henceforth reigned completely, and prosperity came with rapid strides. The population increased fivefold in five years, and the capital invested in the fishing industry tenfold. Reed thatches were replaced by shingles. Four large granaries were kept full of rice, and, in addition, each house had stores of its own. There is now stored in the island rice sufficient to support the people three or four years, even though the herring fishery should fail entirely. Roads have been constructed in places where nothing of the kind existed before. The princi-

Fighting a Plague.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor's Thrilling Account of the First Work of the Upper Burma Mission.

EVERY year demonstrates more forcibly to the Christian world the value of medical missions among the heathen. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, in his autobiography, tells a remarkable story of the experience of the English missionaries at the outset of their work in Upper Burma in 1875. Permission had been granted by the Burmese Monarch for the missionaries to proceed to Bhamo. The long summer which followed brought plenty of medical work, for fever, small-pox, measles, and other diseases raged furiously. Some awful scenes were witnessed; and of one day's experience in the Chinese quarter of the city, Mr. Soltan, one of the missionaries, wrote:

"In one house, at the head of a narrow lane, we came upon four men all sick, and a fifth, who had been caring for them, also very ill himself. In the next house the wife is almost blind from virulent ophthalmia; while beyond again is a poor woman, with a little baby a few months old, rapidly sinking from exhaustion. Close by in another hut . . . within ten feet of him, lies the corpse of a man who died last night in the temple. In a shed across the way lies still another nian his eyes fast glazing in death.

"I cannot live," he says; "I have no desire to live, the pain is so great."

"Mr. Stevenson tells him in simple language about the Saviour Jesus, and the great love of God. . . . I understand part of what is said, and lift my heart for him in silent prayer. Leaving this wretched scene, we hasten back to the zavat. A dozen people are already waiting for medicines, and more come in. Having attended to their needs we go on to the river, to care for some sick Burmese there. The place is like a battlefield, dead and dying are all around us. Poor creatures! In their lives they have never heard of Jesus, and in death they pass away with none to comfort them, or tell them of his love."

Patients came to the dispensary from far and wide, the fame of the missionaries' skill and kindness in relieving sickness and pain, spreading very rapidly, and a good feeling was soon established with the people. Great kindness was shown to the visitors as they went from place to place, caring for the sick and preaching the Gospel among the mountain men.

For a long time the action of the Indian government prevented the Gospel message

being taken to western Chinese boundaries, but ultimately the gates were opened and the light of Fetter days began to shine. It came when least expected. Mr. Hudson Taylor, now much improved in health, started in 1876, with a band of new missionaries.

Many warnings were given that war was expected, and the missionaries already in the field were told to expect to receive orders to leave without delay! "But," wrote Mr. Taylor, "prayer had not failed." And this was true, for a change came over the spirit of the Chinese government, and on September 15th, 1876, was concluded the Chefoo Convention, which opened the door of access more widely than ever before to the heart of the Eastern Empire. In many cases the C. I. M. missionaries were the first to enter districts after the proclamation had been issued. For the next few years they traveled far and wide, scattering the good seed of the Kingdom, making journeys of long duration and no little peril, in remarkable safety and peace.

The Value of Good Bread

is appreciated by every one, but so few are able to secure uniformly good results. This is often due to the fact that when milk is used the character of it is exceedingly variable; by using Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream you will overcome this difficulty. Try it.



MR. LAI SOON AND HIS FAMILY.

Soon, and Dr. Wong, a graduate of Hamilton College and of the Medical Department of Edinburgh, Scotland University. It was thought that man thus prepared would make the best of native helpers in mission work. But it was soon found that there was no place for them at that stage of progress in the mission field, by reason of the disparity between them and other native helpers, who were so much less educated. They were then counseled to enter other avocations of their own choice, rather of God's choice, for at the time of the great Tim Sim massacre in 1871, they were called upon to assist the Chinese Government in settling matters with the several aggrieved nations; and thereafter it was upon their suggestion that their Government sent the three delegations of Chinese youth, one hundred in each, being appointed to have charge of them.

Mr. Lai Soon's two boys were among the number. The name of one of them was Elijah, who when Sophomore in Yale, took a prize for English declamation, and was elected class poet when Senior. I think it was in Mr. Hayes' Administration that Mr. Lai Soon as Ambassador represented his Government at Washington, D. C. I recollect reading about Mrs. Lai Soon and her two daughters at the President's reception, as being the peers of any of the ladies present, in point of education and culture.

Mrs. Lai Soon was a pupil of Miss Aul-

pal school has been greatly improved, and several branch schools have been established. New lands have been brought into cultivation, and hemp to the value of \$2,000 is grown annually for the manufacture of fishing nets, which before had to be imported entirely from the mainland. A large community of settlers in the neighboring island of Ezo, pledged themselves to a covenant similar to that of Okushiri, and with similar results. When the five years expired it was renewed for another term of five years.

CHRIST WILL GATHER HIS OWN.

CHRIST will gather his own To the place where he has gone, Where our heart and treasure lie, Where our life is hid on high.

Had he ask'd us, well we know We should cry, "O, spare this blow!" Yes, with streaming tears should pray, "Lord, we love him; let him stay."

But the Lord doth naught amiss, And, since he hath ordered this, We have naught to do but still Rest in silence on his will.

Many a heart no longer here, Ah! was all too inly dear; Yet, O Love, 't is thou dost call, Thou wilt be our All in All.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

REVIVAL BARRIERS.

DISCOVERY made by a missionary in Madagascar may be useful to some ministers in our own land. The Rev. J. Peill, who is laboring at Ambohimanga in Madagascar, writes that he and one or two of his people were deeply anxious for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Special meetings for prayer were held and special sermons were preached; the Gospel invitation was pressed earnestly and the hymns were chosen with a view to the nature of the work, and were well sung, but the blessing did not come. Mr. Peill was discouraged and begged God for light on the subject. None that he could recognize as such came. He preached, however, a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer. On the Sunday when the subject of the sermon was: "Forgive us our trespasses, for we have forgiven them that trespassed against us," he asked his people if they felt quite sure of God's forgiveness of them if they withheld forgiveness of one another. "I was led," he says, "to expand and explain and illustrate Christ's own emphatic teaching on this subject, where he distinctly states that 'if ye will not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.'"

"After that address two women, both Christians, who had entertained bitter and unkind thoughts of each other, and who had not even spoken for weeks, passing each other on the road without even a sign of recognition, both impelled by the same spirit, shook hands and each begged the other's pardon. That same day two church leaders, a pastor and an evangelist, forgave one another and were reconciled, and the spirit of reconciliation spread, until a much better and more loving spirit ruled in the hearts of many of the people. Then the way was opened, the Holy Spirit began to bless; hindrances were removed that had blocked up the path, and many were converted and turned to the Lord, in answer to the now united prayer and desire of God's people."

A CAPTIVE EAGLE SET FREE.

In an address to an audience in which were many worldly people of middle and old age an evangelist told this incident: An eagle had been confined under cover for many years, and no one had seen it even attempt to escape. Perfectly subdued, apparently unconscious of its native power, it remained inactive, and to all appearance, contented. But its owner was about to leave for a far country, never to return. He could not take the eagle with him. "I will do one act of kindness before I go," said he, and unloosed the chain from the captive bird. The bird continued to walk the usual round which had been the length of its chain, unconscious that it was free. Neighbors and children looked on in surprise and pity. The discovery came in a few moments. The slow rustling of a wing was heard. It was stretched, and then folded. Anon it was stretched to its full extent, and then slyly folded again. Then, slowly and cautiously, the eagle expanded both wings and looked up into the sky. One effort to mount, then another, and the wings have found their lost cunning; and upward, higher and speedier he mounted, until he soared right out of sight. Hast thou, O child of God, been pinioned long to the cares and toils of earth, so that thy wings of faith and love have lost their power to rise? Thou mayest soar again, "His grace is sufficient for thee."

TWO MANY FAREWELLS.

The question is often asked why Christ objected to one whom he called, saying farewell to his friends before he set out to follow him. (Luke 9: 61.) The reason probably was because of the temptations to which he would be subject, and also that his wishing to go indicated a spirit not yet given to Christ. An amusing illustration of this necessary separation is furnished by an incident reported in a Toronto journal. It states that after a wedding at Courtland, the bride and bridegroom repaired to the railway station to go to St. Thomas to spend their honeymoon. A large crowd assembled at the station to see them off, and after

the groom had assisted his wife into the coach of a Grand Trunk Railway train, he alighted upon the platform to shake hands with some of his friends. While he was doing so the train moved off with his bride. She arrived in the city, and upon telling her story to a fellow passenger, he assisted her in hunting up friends. On the following morning the husband arrived, and found his wife. The incident must have been annoying to both parties, but especially so to the gentleman, as it was the result of his own carelessness. He must have wished that he had paid less attention to his friends and more to his wife.

A DANGEROUS CROSSING.

As an illustration of the testimony of Paul to his concentration of purpose and energy, "I press toward the mark." (Phil. 3: 14.) Dr. J. B. Ross relates the following: When I was a very little boy I had to make a journey of some length in company with my father. We lived in the unsettled part of the State, and the journey lay over a stream which came down from the hills. On setting out we crossed this stream, stepping from stone to stone, and so got over almost dry-shod; but when we were returning we found the stream greatly swollen, there having been rain in the interval, and what had in the morning been a small stream was now a roaring torrent. At first my father hesitated to attempt to ford it; but, gathering courage, he took me by the hand, and we stepped into the stream.

As we advanced, the water gradually rose to my knees, to my waist, to my neck; we were then in the middle of the stream, and as I looked round and saw the water on every side, my heart failed me, my strength gave way, and I felt myself losing my feet. Just then my father looked down, and seeing my state, said, "Johnnie, do you see that white mark over there?" "Yes," I said. "Then keep your eyes on it and don't look from it." I did as I was told, and soon, under the careful guidance of my father, I reached the other side in safety. And is it not much the same way with the Christian? Though we are in a way trust in Christ, yet when we look around us and see the cares, trials and temptations of this life, we are apt to be troubled and lose our footing—our faith. But just then the voice of our Father comes, saying, "Fix your eyes on the mark in front—on the blessed Lord Jesus," and walking in faith, looking unto Jesus, and with our Father's tender care, we shall soon reach the other side in safety.

A NAIVE QUESTION.

Speaking recently on the text Ezek. 18: 20, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord," a minister told the following story of President Lincoln: Daniel J. Morrell took the mother of a runaway soldier to see President Lincoln in Washington, to plead for the life of her darling boy, who had been court-martialed and was to be shot in a few days. Lincoln first upbraided my friend for subjecting him to such an ordeal, but the poor woman was already in the room, sobbing as if her heart would break, and there was no help for it. Lincoln conducted her to a seat and asked a great many questions, learned that the boy had returned to work at Johnstown, and provided for his mother and sister from his earnings, giving as an excuse for leaving the army, that it was lying idle on the banks of the Potomac, and he knew it could not move until spring. The President mused a few moments, apparently undecided what action to take. Even the woman held her breath for the time, and awaited in silence

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We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferer's from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

the word which was to rejoice her or doom her to misery.

"Well, I don't believe it would do him any good to shoot him, do you, madam?" asked Abraham of the mother, in a tone of inquiry so natural that one would have thought he was actually in doubt upon the subject himself, and wanted the opinion of the person who knew the boy best.

The mother was speechless. During the inquiry the President had been rolling a small strip of paper into a ball. He handed this to Mr. Morrell, saying, "Read that when you get out, Daniel, but mind you don't tell Stanton."

Mr. Morrell beckoned the woman to the door, placed her in the carriage, read the slip, and ordered the coachman to drive at once to the office of the Provost Marshal. Here is what he found in that tiny strip: "P. M. Washington—Send Private Johnston, Company B, Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, to his regiment. A. L."

A NURSE GIRL'S PLEA.

In speaking not long ago about the failings of ministers, Rev. Sam Jones said:

Just a few years ago, one morning in our family room, I was sitting reading just after breakfast. There was a little nurse girl there, about sixteen years of age, and I heard my wife say to her, "Sally, you may go this morning, and tell your mother I don't want you any longer." I read along a minute or two, and then I looked. The girl was standing with the big tears running down her cheeks. She looked at my wife and said, "Mrs. Jones," and the lip began to quiver, "Mrs. Jones, please, ma'am, don't turn me off. I know I am the poorest servant you ever had, but let me stay with you and I'll try and do better." I got in to beg for the poor girl just as hard as I could, and I thought to myself if the Lord should come down here and say, "You may go; I don't want you any longer," I would do just like that poor girl—I would fall down at his feet and say, "Please, Lord, don't turn me off; I know I am the poorest servant you ever had; but, please, Lord, I'll try to do better." Let me live and die in God's service. But God won't turn you off. Go to work; let's do what we can for the glory of God and for the good of our fellow-men.

MY CHOICE.

If I'd my wish of house or land,

Of hill, or vale, or sea,

If I'd my choice of all the earth,

I'd choose but Thee.

If I'd my wish, not gold or stones,

Or silver would it be.

If I had thousands at my feet,

I'd choose but Thee.

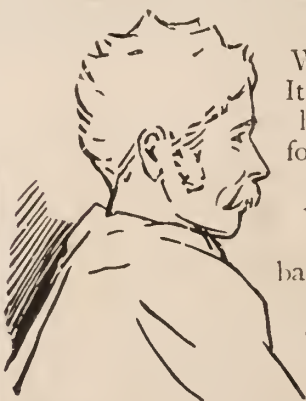
If I'd my wish of Cross or crown,

My choice the Cross would be,

Because I know, in choosing it,

I'd choose but thee.

A. W. S.



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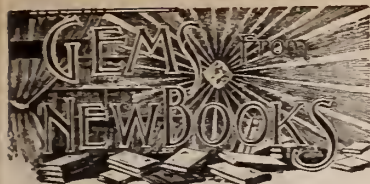
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AN INDIAN MASSACRE.*

MASSASOIT, chief sachem of the Wampanoags and the faithful ally of the Plymouth colonists, died in 1660, leaving two sons, Wamsuta and Metacom, or, as they were nicknamed by the English, Alexander and Philip. The former succeeded his father, but his reign was brief. He died on his return from Plymouth, where he was summoned to appear before the general court to explain rumors then current regarding certain hostile designs. In the summer of 1675 the jealousies and hostilities that had long been gathering, like a dark cloud, broke out into a furious and desolating war which spread terror and devastation to almost every settlement in New England. It lasted more than a year, and for a time threatened the extermination of the colonies. Of the ninety towns, according to Fiske, twelve were utterly destroyed, while more than forty others were the scene of fire and slaughter. More than a thousand men lost their lives, while scores of women and little children perished under the tomahawk. It was the most distressing period the country had ever seen, and almost every family was in mourning. On this occasion, for the first time, Rhode Island became exposed to the hostile attacks of the Indians. Many of the inhabitants of Providence and other towns removed to the island for safety. Williams, however, remained at home and accepted a commission as captain in the militia, and drilled companies in Providence. He also petitioned the town for leave to convert one of the houses into a garrison, and erect other defenses for the security of women and children. The petition was granted, and the defenses were made entirely at private expense, for which he subscribed ten pounds—by far the largest subscription on the list.

In spite of these preparations, Providence was attacked and twenty-nine houses were burned, among them the one in which the town records were kept. The records were partly destroyed, and the remainder were saved by being thrown into a pond, from which they were afterwards recovered. It is stated in the old traditions of Providence that when the Indians appeared on the heights north of the town, Williams took his staff and went forth to meet them, hoping, as on former occasions, to appease their vengeance. He counselled them to cease hostilities, by telling them of the power of England, and that Massachusetts could raise thousands of men, and, if they were killed, the King of England would supply their places as fast as they fell. "Well," answered one of the chieftains, "let them come. We are ready for them. But as for you, brother Williams, you are a good man. You have been kind to us for many years. Not a hair of your head shall be touched." This, the bloodiest of all the Indian wars, was brought to a close in August, 1676, by the death of Philip. The Pokanokets were nearly exterminated, and of the once powerful Narragansetts scarcely a hundred of them were left to return and occupy the lodges of the tribe. The terror, disaster and loss of life this war produced will explain, if they do not justify, the many acts of cruelty on the part of the whites, and their consigning the captives into slavery. . . . The most we can urge is that Williams, after long years of effort to better the condition of the In-

dians, his hopes for their civilization were completely shattered. Yet even in this frame of mind, he was more merciful than the leading men, ministers, and members of the general court of the other colonies.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

In Full Armor, by Rev. Arthur I. Pierson, D.D.: pp. 35; price, 25 cts. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth ave., New York.

The Jungle Book, a book for boys and girls; by Rudyard Kipling. A classic in children's literature; pp. 303; price \$1.50; published by the Century Co., N. Y.

The Century, 17447; New series, vol. 25; the bound volume of the monthly magazine from November, 1893 to April 1894. Profusely illustrated; pp. 900; published by the Century Co., New York.

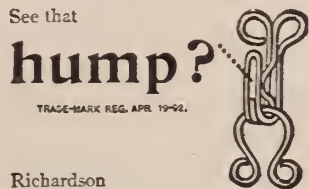
Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty; by Oscar S. Straus, containing new facts recently discovered by a careful search among old English archives. 257 pp; price \$1.25; published by the Century Co., New York.

A Great Mother, Sketches of Madame Willard, by her daughter, Miss Frances E. Willard and her kinswoman, Minerva Bruce Norton. With an introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. Pp. 287. Published by Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

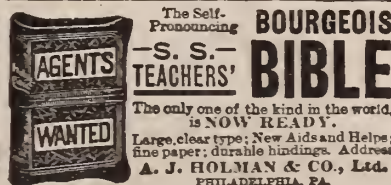
James Gillman and his Boys; by Richard Lovett, M.A. Principally letters some in fac-simile from the famous missionary to Mongolia, to his two young sons. A deeply interesting work. 288 pp; profusely illustrated; price, \$1.25. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth ave., New York.

The Yachts and Yachting of America: A standard work of reference, being a history of Yachting and Yacht Clubs, as well as of the various yachts, with biographies of the founders and members of the different Clubs in the United States and Canada. Edited by Henry A. Mott, Ph.D., LL.D., etc. Volume I. Published by the International Yacht Publishing Company, 155-157 Broadway, New York. This imposing volume, printed on excellent paper and superbly illustrated with numerous half-tone and line engravings, will be greatly appreciated not only by professional and amateur yachtsmen, but by all who take an interest in this healthy, manly sport. It is a work of great completeness, giving evidence of much painstaking research, and presenting in the most comprehensive form everything that the modern yachtsman wants to know. The evolution of boat and yacht building from the primitive raft or hollowed log to the magnificent floating palace of the present day, is closely followed and forms a most instructive opening chapter. The first volume contains 692 pages, and is valuable as a work of reference. Over \$50,000 have been expended in the preparation of the book.

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For accounts of "Lamp of Life" see *The Christian Herald* of May 23d, 1894, under article, "TO BIBLE STUDENTS."



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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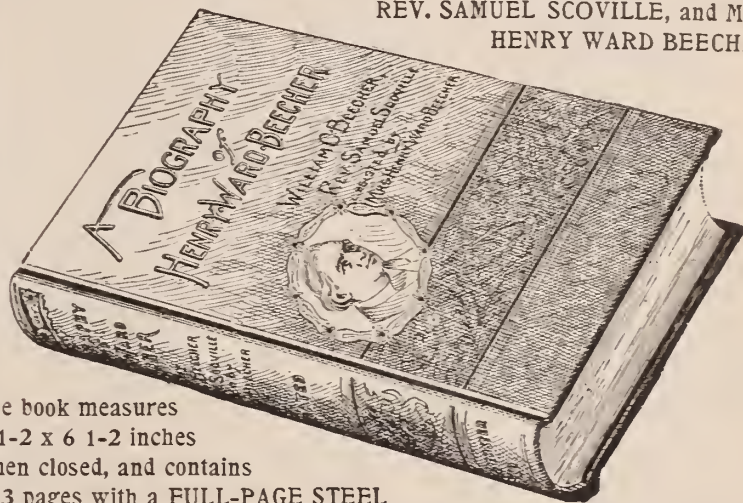
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13. Mr. Beecher's House at Indianapolis.
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17. Mr. Beecher at the close of the War.
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19. Cottage at Peekskill.
20. Old Apple-Tree.
21. Mr. Beecher on his Farm.
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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A FEW months ago, when the readers of this journal, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, were engaged in the work of relieving the destitute

* A CHILDREN'S PARADISE. *

Opening "The Christian Herald Children's Home" at Nyack, N. Y.—Nearly Two Thousand City Waifs to be its Guests During the Deadly Summer Heat—A Beautiful Charity that Grew out of the "Food Fund."

"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." Matt. 25: 45.



ed by the kindness of their benefactors, were persuaded to send their children to Sunday School, the Fund equipping them with decent garments from the many contributions of clothing received. No part of the widespread philanthropic work accomplished by the Food Fund afforded more gratifying results than this effort at reclaiming those waifs, and of setting

the children is one that has the cordial sympathy and approval of all who were in terested in the Food Fund, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged for its continuance, by opening a Children's Home on the banks of the beautiful Hud-

gaged in the work of relieving the destitute families of New York, the puny and neglected condition of the little children in many of these afflicted homes appealed strongly to the sympathies of the pastors and missionaries who were then laboring among them. Ill-clad and worse fed, untaught, and in many cases almost wholly neglected, hundreds of these tender little ones were found surrounded by conditions that augured ominously for their future.

Many had never seen a Sabbath School, and knew not the name of Jesus, except when they heard that sacred name uttered in profanity. They were as godless as heathen children. A movement was begun among them which has already been productive of much good. Parents, who had been careless before, touch-

their feet in the right path for the Heavenly Kingdom. Convinced that this special work among

the village of Nyack, in a delightful location, where hundreds of little ones, from the tenement alleys and slums of the sweltering metropolis, will be healthfully and pleasantly housed. The buildings at Mont Lawn consist of two commodious cottages, a chapel and a barn, with about two acres of ground. In the larger of the two cottages—which will be the Home proper—it is shown in the photograph on this page, the hall has been attractively fitted up as a Reception-room.

On the left, upon entering, is a spacious, well-ventilated and cheerful Dormitory for the children. Back of it is the Dining-room with Kitchen and laundry conveniently located alongside, equipped with closets, store-rooms etc. Upstairs are seven rooms that can be used as additional dormitories and which, together with the lower floor, are capable of accommodating altogether about sixty girls. The plumbing is of the latest modern sanitary type and best quality. The second cottage is the Lodge, and will be used as sleeping

quarters for the help at the Children's Home, with the exception of the second story, which is devoted to the purpose of a playroom for the children in stormy weather, when it is

Continued on Page 383.



THE "CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME," AT NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON.

son, an easy hour's ride by rail from New York. Buildings and grounds have been secured for this season at Mont Lawn, in



THE EXCITED GOVERNOR.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Latest Sermon. Text: Acts 24: 25, "*Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.*"

A CITY of marble was Cesarea—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tessellated, windows curtained, ceiling fretted, the whole scene affluent with Tyrian purple, and statues, and pictures, and carvings, sat a very dark-complexioned man by the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoræ of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption, one day, put an end to her abominations. Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, by the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that, the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace, and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertullus, as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear him speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will. I will order him up now from the guard-room." Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure—only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the Governor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking; give us now a specimen of your eloquence." Oh! if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there. He might have harangued them about Grecian art, about the wonderful water-works he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about the old mythologies; but "No!" Paul said to himself: "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity." And just there and then, there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his remarks, the stoop begins to go out of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his countenance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles rattle and grind as he lifts his fettered arm, and with it hurls upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Felix grew very white about the lips. His heart beat unevenly. He put his hand to his brow, as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare and his knees shake, and, as he clutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror, he orders

the sheriff to take Paul back to the guard-room. "Felix trembled, and said, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene, and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls; but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant it may be so with others.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guard-room, and adjourned this whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around; there was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian, he must send her back to Azizus, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul, sooner than I will do that." How many there are now who cannot get to be Christians, because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their church-going. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven; and now some of you will have to decide between the wine-cup, and unlawful amusements, and lascivious gratifications on the one hand, and eternal salvation on the other. Delilah sheared the locks of Samson; Salome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix. Yet when I present the subject now, I fear that some of you will say, "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirl of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'"

Another reason why Felix sent Paul back to the guard-room and adjourned this subject was, he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business, among other things, that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store—losses, gains, unfaithful employees. It is business in your law office—subpoenas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights, and the exhausted anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants, and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Ay, with some of those who are here, it is the annoyance of the kitchen, and the sitting-room, and the parlor—the wearing economy of trying to meet large expenses with a small income. Ten thou-

sand voices of "business, business, business," drown the voice of the Eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of eternity; and they cannot hear, they cannot listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum-books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money; and while I am entreating you about you soul and the danger of procrastination, you say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Oh Felix, why be bothered about the affairs of this world so much more than about the affairs of eternity? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exacting period of it—between the payment of the money and the taking of the receipt? The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in comparison with the affairs of an eternal world? Affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal? Will you put two hundred acres of ground against immensity? Will you put forty or fifty years of your life against millions of ages? Oh Felix, you might better postpone everything else! for do you not know that the upholstery of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade, and the marble blocks of Cesarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea; but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet, and yet, and yet you wave him back to the guard-room, saying, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument, because he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be compromised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be intensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I never saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half-mast, and the minute-guns on Boston Common throbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived, how censured of legislative resolutions, how caricatured of the pictorials; how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous; how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head; how, when struck down in Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him, served him right!" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners, that he might have a little peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken-hearted because he could not get to be President or Secretary of State. Oh Commonwealth of Massachusetts! who is that man that slept in your public hall, covered with garlands and wrapped in the Stars and Stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institutions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not, by one week of funeral eulogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for twenty-five years of maltreatment and caricature. When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives, and then buried under a great pile of garlands, and amidst the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself: What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor! You took twenty-five years in trying to pull down his fame, and then take twenty-five years in trying to build his

monument. My friends, was there ever a better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postponing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world, let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial, or presidential chair, let me show you your great mistake. Can it be that there is now any young man saying, "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion; but not now. 'Go thy way' for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee!"

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was reprobate and abandoned. And so was Drusilla.

One day in Southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion; they only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace; it went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it, that though you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought, "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No; wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to mid-life." I meet the same person in mid-life, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age, and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble; but rallying himself, he whispers, until I can hear him say, "I—am—waiting—for—a more—convenient—season"—and he is gone!

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year—it will be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be—it will be the Sabbath-day. I can tell you what hour it will be—it will be between eight and ten o'clock. It other words, it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the Holy Spirit is here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light, or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and a beating against the door of your soul as with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now is the best time, as it may be the only time."

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla, and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the Gospel, believed and was saved; but the white man struggled on in

arkness for a long while before he found light. After their peace in Christ, the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness, and you immediately found peace? The Indian replied, "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse his offer; but the prince comes along and he offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket and I throw that away, and take his offer. You, sir," continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness, you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness; but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace, I simply take it." My reader, why not now throw away the worn-out blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? Oh, Shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! Oh, Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigal! Oh, friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulchre, and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat, "Live! Live!"

"LITTLE FAITHFUL."

A clergyman relates this beautiful incident: During a severe storm the passen-

gers of a large steamer were in a state of despair. A little boy, about eight years old, was seen sitting quietly at one end of the ship, apparently not in the least afraid. At last a gentleman, who was rather calmer than most of the people, spoke to the little fellow. "Are you not afraid?" he asked; "do you know that we are in great danger?" "Yes, I know," replied the little boy; "but I am not afraid, because I have asked God to take care of me, so I know I shall be all right." The gentleman stared in astonishment at the little fellow who had such faith in God that he could sit without fear, when every one else was in such terror. Gradually it spread all over the ship that a little boy was not afraid, because he had asked God to save him, and firmly believed that he would. "Oh! will you pray for us?" some of them cried out; "perhaps God will answer the prayer of one who has so much faith." The request spread, and the little boy was hoisted on to a seat, where, with folded hands he prayed that "God would save all the people, and not let them be drowned."

The sight of the dear, trustful little fellow with his sweet, earnest expression, seemed to calm a great many, and there was not so much screaming at the close of the short prayer. For half an hour longer the storm raged without seeming to abate. Then, at the end of that time, when some of the people were beginning to lose heart once more, the captain's voice was heard in a ringing cheer. The wind had changed and the danger was over.

A shout of gratitude burst forth from many lips, and then arose the cry, "Where is little Faithful?" Once more the little boy was hoisted up, this time on the shoulders of the gentleman who first asked why he was not afraid, and from many hearts there went up a prayer that God would bless the dear child who trusted him when the faith of so many older people left them. "May it be a lesson to us," they said, "and may we never be so ready to doubt again."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN INDIA.

Bishop Thoburn Tells of the Work the Missionaries are Accomplishing There.

REV. J. M. THOBURN, the Methodist Missionary Bishop of India, whose work among the unevangelized natives of that populous country has already been fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, recently arrived in America on a business visit connected with the mission. In the course of an interview with the Bishop, the Northwestern Christian Advocate gives the following from his lips:

"When I left India, the statistics showed that we had somewhat more than 72,000 converts, of all ages. These were pure natives, no Europeans or Eurasians included, but my brethren have no doubt added 1,500 additional converts since I left the country. For three years past our people have baptized an average of fifty new converts every day throughout the year. There is no sign of abatement of the harvest. On the other hand, we all see marked signs of a still more vigorous advance. In fact, we have been holding back our native preachers during the past year, and urging them to give less attention to gaining new converts, and more attention to instructing those we already have.

"We have men of many kinds among

men did in former years. The reason is that they everywhere find so many people who can speak English that they are not forced to use the native tongue, and hence learn it slowly.

"We have missions in all parts of India, and in Malaysia also. Malaysia is a great island empire that lies beyond India. Our work in that remote region is extremely interesting, and bids fair to become very successful. Our missionaries are now preaching in sixteen languages. We have four printing presses in different parts of that great region, so that we may be able to print freely in all the sixteen languages in which we preach the gospel. The whole of this vast work is united, not only by being placed under the care of a bishop who superintends it all, but by its connection with a governing body called the "Central conference," which meets once in two years. The last session of this body took place a few months ago, and was an occasion of extreme interest. Delegates were present from distant Malaysia and from all parts of India. The interest at times became intense. As the delegates talked and sang in different languages, and all told the same story of victory, intense enthusiasm was manifested. If the success with which God has favored us continues ten or fifteen years longer, our mission will assume proportions which will attract the attention of the world, and produce a profound impression in all

artistic and should be ignored. This is a grave mistake. One may be a lover, even to infatuation, of the highest forms of symphonic music by the great composers and yet love the simple melodies which appeal to sentiment and the affections, many of which are connected with the services and ordinances of the church. If music is to be discarded merely because it is simple, we must give up "Sweet Home," "Nearer, My God to Thee," and a multitude of others. These and kindred songs may be sung by the best artists with the best effect, and he who despises them because they are simple may be a technical musician of a high order, with little appreciation of that which moves the heart.

PAUL'S PRISON AT CÆSAREA.

The illustration on this page (taken from a recent photograph), shows the ruins of the traditional prison-house of Paul, the Apostle, at Cæsarea, referred to by Rev. Dr. Talmage in his latest sermon published in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Cæsarea was one of the fortified cities built by Herod the Great, and was erected on a site known as Strato's Tower. Its fine, natural harbor gave it great commercial advantages over neighboring cities, and it had broad quays, splendid bazaars, noble public buildings and magnificently shaded avenues. One of the most imposing and fashionable cities of its time, Cæsarea derived additional importance from the fact that there Herod had his palace and court, the whole group of buildings constituting the fortress spoken of in the Gospel narrative of Paul's visit. It was in this fortress, whose walls alone are now standing, that Paul was confined, and he remained in "Herod's judgment hall" until he was conveyed to Rome. Here also occurred his famous experience with Agrippa and with Felix and Drusilla, which must be regarded as among the most remarkable episodes in the Apostle's eventful life.

MAORI MISSIONS.

In a recent address in England, Bishop Stuart, of New Zealand, said: "The last two Maori clergymen I ordained I laid hands on at the request of the Bishop of Auckland, to minister to the Waikatos. A meeting of the native church synod was held on the following day, when there was considerable opposition expressed on the part of many of the Maori members of the synod to their being sent out of the diocese. It was considered that these

young men were eminently qualified, and were likely to be so useful among already professing Christians, that it was a matter of deep regret that they should be sent to the heathen Waikatos. When it came my turn to sum up I was able to say, 'My dear friends, these arguments which you have urged are not new to me. I have often heard such arguments in my own country. I have no doubt they were urged in the case of those missionaries who first brought you the Gospel, but if they had prevailed, you would not be Christians now.'

"When they could not prevail with the young men themselves, they appealed to the wife of one. They said to her, 'You are here among your own people, beloved and respected, and you will go there among a strange people, and your very home will be doubtful, and the circumstances will be full of danger. Why don't you stop at home and do good work as the wife of a parish minister?' What did that good woman answer? She simply took the language of the Old Testament, and said of her husband, 'Where he goeth I will go. His God is my God. With him where he dieth I will die, and where he is buried will I be buried.' She could not be turned from her purpose of sharing his toil."



RUINS OF THE PRISON OF PAUL THE APOSTLE, AT CÆSAREA.

our native preachers, just as you have in this country; but we have now reached a stage where we can lay our hands upon a large number of men who are as true, and faithful, and trustworthy as any men on the globe. We now have four presiding elders who are natives in the strictest sense of the word, and three others who are Eurasians, that is, men of mixed Indian and European parentage, but the four natives win more converts than any other presiding elders we have.

"I cannot say precisely how many ordained missionaries we have, but during the past six years I have ordained 300 ministers. We had quite a number before I was placed in episcopal charge of the work. Of other preachers we have a great host. We have also a large number of Christian women who are regularly appointed at our conferences to the work. During the past year I assigned more than 2,000 workers of all kinds to different kinds of work in connection with our mission.

"The use of the English language is rapidly extending. I have for some time felt a little concern because our young men who go out from America no longer learn the Hindustani language as well as our young

mission fields. The next century will, in my opinion, be a century of missionary triumph. Nothing could produce a more telling and thrilling effect upon the great missionary bodies of the world than the spectacle of a thoroughly organized body of men and women working among the nationalities of Southern Asia, and winning 100,000 or more converts every year. The great victories of Christianity are in the near future. As I believe in God, I believe that an era of stupendous victories will attend the opening of another century."

CHILDREN'S CHOIRS.

Is the love of children's music in connection with Sunday School work dying out? By no means. Let a large choir be organized and properly drilled to-day, with suitable music, and it would have the same drawing power that it had thirty years ago. What is the cause of a decline of interest in children's singing? First, whenever recent attempts have been made to prepare a choir of children for some public occasion the musical selections have been such as the children dislike to sing or the people to hear.

An idea prevails among a certain class of musicians, viz., that simple melodies are in-



The Sons of Ishmael.

Our Traveler accepts a Great Sheikh's Invitation to Breakfast—A Bedouin Ceremonial—Eastern Hospitality.



MAKING COFFEE IN TENT.

WE see the black tents clustered, in winter, in sheltered hollows of the hills, which have been, from the date of our entrance into the Holy Land, objects of peculiar interest to us. Unlike those of Kedar, they are comely in our observant eyes. Once and again, we have alighted at a small encampment, and sat, for an hour in the tent of the sheikh, accepted coffee, and declined pipes and cigarettes upon one or another civil pretext, and talked (at second-hand) with the inmates of the temporary home. More frequently we have ridden near enough to witness the hospitable stir created by our approach, exchanged friendly salutations and passed on, for a twenty-minute, or half-hour call is an impossibility without giving deep offence to the astonished host.

We are now to pay our first regular visit to a Bedouin sheikh, whose village lies within three miles of the table-land where we pitched our camp last night, and directly in line with our projected route for to-day.

The potentate, in passing our door at sunset, had alighted to proffer in person a courteous request that we would honor his poor abode by a call at whatever hour it might please us to do so. All that he has, and whatever he can do, is according to his showing at our service, now and forever. His grave dignity and graceful deference of tone precluded ungrateful doubts of his sincerity.

Without emulating his deportment, we accepted the invitation, leaving our major-domo, as master of ceremonies, to clothe the acquiescence in terms sufficiently high-flown to satisfy himself and our would-be entertainer. Jamal came to the dining-tent when dinner was over, to post us up to the sheikh's rank and importance. He is one of the richest and most powerful Bedouins on this side of the Jordan, with a following of over five hundred families. His flocks of sheep, his herds of goats and larger cattle are immense, and his horses are the finest for many miles around. "He has but two wives," is a part of the story. "He is only forty years of age, and may, of course, add to the number. Yet that is not likely. He is a sensible man." Having witnessed the parting between the proprietor of our camp and the mighty sheikh, we quite comprehend the compliment of the call, and the friendliness of the pair.

We talk Bedouin until our early bed-time, comparing impressions and information with regard to the strange nomads. The two hours discussion is thus boiled down in Alides's note-book.

"Their object in living seems to be to rob other tribes, and to fight the injured parties afterward; to hunt, to ride, marry, and to wander from one chosen place to another. Their ostensible business is agriculture and stock-raising.

"Leading characteristics: Politeness and hospitality to guests; revenge and ill-doing to enemies, and a large and level eye to the main chance, especially in the matter of robbery and horse-trades.

"In morals of other kinds, their methods are summary. If a man suspects his wife of undue liking for another man, he invites her to accompany him upon a hunting expedition, or a pleasure ride, and comes back without her. She is never seen or named again and the murderer is honored for the deed. If a girl gets 'talked about,' there is no investigation of proofs. Her father or brother takes her off out of sight of the camp, and shoots her as he would a dog

suspected of hydrophobia. Half-way measures are unpopular among this simple-minded people."

At breakfast, the theme is still the sons of Ishmael and the visit we are to make. Imbarak, dwarfing the tent, as usual, waits without, tea-pot in hand, five minutes before his presence is perceived. He is too decorous to "hem," or shuffle, to call attention to the unimportant circumstance of his existence. And this morning, alas! he casts no shadow. He never casts much, as to width, but the sun which arose "red and lowering" has, as the old saying is, "gone to bed again," under an uncompromising gray curtain.

The curtain lets down more closely, on our side of the nearer hills, by the time we are on the march. As we reach the one irregular street defined by the low, black tents, preliminary drops have lengthened into business-like streams. It rains, and rains straight.



OUR HOST, THE BEDOUIN SHEIKH.

(Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald.")

"They were meaning to remove the encampment to-morrow, up to the hills," David says. "As you will see, the rains have made this flat, low situation quite muddy."

There are perhaps one hundred tents, all low, and some long, covered with a coarse fabric, woven of mingled goat's and camel's hair. Oddly enough, although smoke is rising everywhere through this stuff as through mosquito-netting, it is practically water-proof. On the rainward side curtains are fastened to the ground. As the day is not cold, only wet, the other sides and ends of the tents are open. The settlement is sparse in the suburbs, and diversified by trees and bushes. As we go on, the tents are nearer together, almost touching one another. They vary from ten to forty feet in length, and from ten to fifteen in depth; the sides are five feet high at the lowest, and about eight from the earth to the ridge-pole running from end to end. The largest is, as a matter of course, the sheikh's, and is further designated by a spear stuck in the ground.

Before we halt, half-a-dozen men rush out, ready to seize the bridles of the horses and assist us in alighting. As each takes

a visitor's hand to help him down, he tries to kiss it, with a gesture of profound humility. Alcides, whom David "coaches" upon nice points of Syrian etiquette, dexterously evades this ceremony by withdrawing his hand and touching the back of it to his own lips. A woman and a foreigner permits the salute, bowing and smiling appreciation of the compliment paid to her. We are escorted into the largest compartment of the tent, the reception, or guest-room. There are three divisions, that in which we are received, and one apiece for each wife and her children. In the middle of the earthen floor smoulders a fire of coals, and in the hot ashes are set three brass coffee-pots, the tops attached to them by slender chains.

The sheikh rises from a low stool at the left of the fire, and advances to welcome us, raising his hand first to his forehead, then to his heart. Behind him is a row of men, cross-legged upon rush matting unrolled from one end of the tent to another. All bow and touch their foreheads without rising. At the right of the fire, servants spread a crimson rug, thick and soft, the place in the centre of it a camel's saddle and housings, richly embroidered. Upon this, as the seat of honor, we are invited to place ourselves. Little is said while all this goes on, gestures, much salaaming and a few sedate Arabic gutturals doing the work of making us at home and comfortable. When we are seated, the attendants back to the rear wall of the tent, and stand, alert, but motionless, behind the line of sitting figures.

These, we are now aware, are fellow-guests with ourselves, invited to do us honor. Almost simultaneously, we find out

smoking mess of broth, thickened with lentils, until it would almost stand alone. About the basin is arranged upon the matting a circle of round, flat cakes of unleavened bread, hot from the oven or griddle on which they were baked. The central dish is flanked by a smaller of honey and one of lopped goats' milk, or lebben, the same delicacy offered by Jael to Sisera in a "lordly dish," probably no better as to quality than the brown ware in which the national article of diet is placed before us. As many guests as can conveniently gather about the "dishes," are collected by the host. They double their legs under them with the ease acquired by long practice, and each tearing off a fragment of the tough, warm cake, folds it with thumb and forefinger, plunges it into the reeking mess, and carries his spoil to his mouth. Portions of lebben and honey are partaken between times.

Our guide, always considerate of our well-being, assures us, in a guarded undertone, that we need not eat unless we desire it. He will represent the late and hearty breakfast we have had, and make all right. Alcides politely waives the apology, takes a distinguished place in the ring and tears off one "spoon" after another from his round of bread, as to the manor born. It is excruciatingly funny to behold when one's stomach has nothing at stake in the exhibition, and the trifling accident of a brown thumb withdrawn, dripping, from the trencher, and carried with the bread-ladle to bearded lips, signifies less than if the next dip and sop were to feed the beholder's inner man—or woman.

Coffee-making goes on all the time. The raw berries are roasted upon an iron plate shaken by a long handle over the enlivened coals; then they are turned into a mortar made of oak from Bashan and of a rich brown with age and use, and pounded with a pestle by a servant. As he pounds and grinds, he beats a sort of tune upon the resonant sides of the mortar, monotonous and not unmusical. Lastly, the coffee powder is put into one of the brass kettles, simmering on the fire, and boiled up three times, before it is poured into small cups, without handles, and passed to the guests. I taste it, and even drink half of the contents of the cup, although it is thick, unsweetened, and made absolutely odious to the uninitiated by a liberal pinch of allspice. The exhilarating draught is dispensed five times during the two hours of our stay within the hospitable precincts. Cooking is carried on as industriously in the adjoining compartment, to a subdued accompaniment of women's and children's voices. In the presence of so many men, the wives and women-servants are not allowed to show themselves. In view of the prejudice—or principle—enjoining the seclusion, we cannot admire too heartily, the perfection of breeding that extends to the paler-faced stranger of the interior sex, attention as marked as that received by her escorts. Not a glance, much less a word, testified to surprise at her uncovered face and assumption of equality with the men surrounding her. Furthermore, not a question is asked as to the antecedents or intentions or destination of the foreigners. The talk runs (or walks) on the weather, the crops and horses, and is led by the sheikh, who eats apart from the rest, as a token of humility. He is not worthy, he intimates by the separation, to dip his fingers in the dish prepared for those he delights to honor.

When the first guests have satisfied their hunger, another set takes their place; the central bowl is carried away to be refilled, more bread is brought in, and the bowls of honey and lebben, if emptied, are replenished. Napkins, finger-bowls, spoons, knives, and forks are unheard of accessories of civilization. All the furniture in the "drawing-room" has been mentioned, and there is little more in the "harem," or women's tent, except rugs and quilts used for bedding, and the few brass and earthenware vessels needed for primitive cookery.

"The Bedouin's life is not a happy one (in winter)," is scribbled upon a page of "Notes by the Wayside." The valleys and low-lying plains, selected because the winds there are less violent than upon higher ground, are at this season sodden with rain, and when the storm is violent, fowls and cattle rush pell-mell to the one available shelter, and will not be excluded. The floor is drenched by dripping fleeces and hides, and trodden into a quagmire by many hoofs, and it is not a rare circumstance for the human family to be driven to take refuge in one compartment, leaving the others for the

mb creatures. However crowded the premises, the guest, be he friend, stranger, or even foe, has the best place in the tent and the choicest portion of food, and the host would protect him at the risk of his life against insult or attack, were the assailant his own tribe and kindred. The parting token of hospitality that effects self in the desire to gratify the visitor given by our host, when, the sun break-



LOADING THE DONKEYS.

Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

ing forth for a brief half-hour, we are in the act of leaving the encampment, and Alcides quietly tries to get a picture of a woman crossing the open space about the principal tent. The intention is perceived by the Sheikh who overtakes her with a few strides, lays a hand upon her shoulder and turns her toward the kodak. He probably has no suspicion that he also appears upon the plate; the attitude is one which his compeers would consider derogatory to the dignity of his sex and office. Nevertheless, we believe that his action would have been the same had he had time to weigh the consequences of the attempt to meet the wishes of the parting guest.

MARION HARLAND.

WALKING ACROSS CHINA.

It was during the year 1877, writes Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, that Mr. John McCarthy made his historic walk across China, traversing many a hitherto untraveled region, and completing a solitary journey of seven months' duration and three thousand miles in length from east to west. He was the earliest non-official traveler to cross China, and the first evangelist to herald the glad tidings of the Gospel throughout a large part of the provinces, and thus solved the problem whether the interior was open to the evangelist or not.

His proposal to undertake the journey was first received with ridicule, "Walk across China? What madness!" said the critics. After waiting some months, however, Mr. Hudson Taylor's arrival at Shanghai at the end of the year liberated Mr. McCarthy from duties at the coast, to start upon the undertaking that had so long been laid upon his heart. A native Christian volunteered to accompany him on the bold expedition, but Mr. McCarthy, although glad of the offer, thought it well to warn him of the dangers they would encounter. "If Mr. McCarthy, a stranger from a foreign land, does not fear," replied the young man, "if he feels it laid upon his heart to carry the Gospel to Western China, at the risk of his life, certainly I, Ts'uen-ling, a native of the country, and also a believer in the one true God, must have equal faith."

This ended the matter, and so January, 1877, found them "en route" westward. Following the great Yang-tse, the travelers came to the magnificent, rich and fertile province of Si-chu'en, containing a population of at least twenty millions, with not a single Protestant missionary. In a lovely country district not far from Kwang-gau, the evangelists were entertained at the house of a young man they had met at Gan-k'ing, hundreds of miles away. Here they stopped about a fortnight, being invited from house to house and village to village. This made an excellent opening, and the curiosity of the natives was greatly aroused, not only in the "new religion," but in the condition of life in foreign lands.

Angola Folk-Tales.

Quaint Legends and Traditions of the West African Tribes.

AFRICAN folk-lore possesses many attractions for the linguist, the student of human nature and the philosopher. Of late years, considerable attention has been given to it, but by far the most important and interesting work on the subject is the volume, entitled, "Folk Tales of Angola," by 'Heli Chate-lain, just issued by the American Folk Lore Society, from the presses of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, New York. Mr. Chate-lain, who is missionary, linguist, explorer and author, has resided in Angola for several years, and was recently United States Commercial Agent at St. Paul de Loanda. He has thus enjoyed special facilities for conducting a very thorough and valuable investigation into the subject, and the fifty tales with the Ki-Mbundu text, literal English translation and notes which he now gives in this volume will be

accepted as the first comprehensive and satisfactory work that has been issued on the subject. Below, we give a few examples in English of these simple stories.

DOG AND THE KINGSHIP.

Mr. Dog, they wanted to invest him with the kingship. They sought all the things of royalty: the cap, the sceptre, the rings, the skin of mukaka. The things are complete; they say: "The day has come to install."

The headmen all came in full; they sent for the players of drum and marimba; they have come. They spread coarse mats and fine mats. Where the lord is going to sit, they laid a coarse mat; they spread on it a fine mat; they set a chair on. They say: "Let the lord sit down." He sat down. The people began to divide the victuals.

He, Mr. Dog, on seeing the breast of a fowl, greed grasped him. He stood up in haste; took the breast of the fowl; ran into the bush. The people said: "The lord, whom we are installing, has run away with the breast of the fowl into the bush!" The people separated.

Mr. Dog, who was going to be invested with the kingship, because of his thievery, the kingship he lost it.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SKULL.

A young man started on a journey; he arrived in middle of the path. He finds a skull of the head of a person. They all used to pass it by there. But he, when he arrived there, he struck it (with) staff, saying: "Thou, foolishness has killed thee." The skull said: "I, foolishness has killed me; thou, soon smartness shall kill thee." The young man said: "I have met an omen. The head of a person has spoken to me!"

And he returned: arrived at home. He finds others, old men, says. "You, gentlemen, I have met an ominous wonder." The old men said: "What omen?" He says: "The head of a person has spoken to me." The people say: "O man, thou hast told a lie. We all of us, at same place we are wont to pass by the head. We never yet heard it speak: how has the head spoken to thee?" He said: "Let us go. When I beat it (with) staff, if it does not speak, I, cut off my head." They say: "All right."

The crowd starts with him: they arrive at the place: they found it. The young man beat it (with) his staff: "Foolishness has killed thee." The head kept silent. He beat it again, the second time, saying: "Foolishness has killed thee." The head kept silent. The crowd say: "O man! thou didst tell a lie." They cut off his head. When they finished cutting it off, the skull said: "I, foolishness has killed me; thou, smartness has killed thee." The people said: "Why, we killed him unjustly: the head of a person has spoken."

Wits and foolishness, all are equal. The young man, his wits killed him.

THE WHITE MAN AND THE NEGRO.

Two men, a white man and a negro, had a discussion.

The white man said: "I, in my house there is lacking nothing. I have all (things). The negro said: "Untruth! In thy house, I look for a thing, I do not find it." The white man said: "You, negroes, you lack all things: I have to look for nothing."

The negro assented; went to his house. He spent a month. He wove his mat; he is sewing it. He arrives in the middle of the mat: the cords give out. There is no more a place where he can take the dry cords. He says: "How shall I do? I will go to the house of the white man, that he give me the cords, that I may finish the mat."

He arose: arrives at the white man's, says: "Sir, I am in need at the place) whence I come." The white man says: "What needest thou?" He says: "I was weaving a mat. It gave out. I said, 'I will go to the house, in which are all things: the white man that he give me a few cords, that I may finish my mat.'"

The white man looks at him: he laughs. He goes into the store: he looks in it. He says: "Negro, thou art lucky." He takes a hundred macutas; he gives them to the negro. The discussion, that the white man had with the negro, the negro won (it), the white man lost (it).

THE BUILDER OF ABILITY AND THE BUILDER OF HASTE.

Two men called themselves one name. This one said: "I (am) Ndala, the builder of ability." The other said: "I am Ndala, the builder of haste."

"They say: "We will go to trade." They start: they arrive in middle of road. A storm comes. They stop, saying: "Let us build grass-huts!"

Ndala, the builder of haste, built in haste; he entered into his hut. Ndala, the builder of ability, is building carefully. The storm comes: it kills him outside. Ndala, the

Royal Converts for Christ.

Princesses of Uganda, Daughters of King M'tesa, Serving the Saviour.

DESPITE the wars, rebellions and other troubles during the past two years, and in the face of a powerful Mohammedan influence, the Gospel continues to make substantial progress in Uganda. The chief interest centres in the work so long and successfully carried on by the Church Missionary Society of England. This work was commenced in 1876, in consequence of a request from M'tesa, King of Uganda made through Stanley the explorer. The first five converts to Christianity from Mohammedanism, the general religion of Uganda, were baptized in March, 1882. M'tesa died in 1884, and was succeeded by King M'wanga who, in 1885, attempted to exterminate Christianity. Some native Christians were cruelly tortured and afterwards burned to death. The cruelties of M'wanga caused a hostile combination of the Mohammedans and Christians and he was forced to flee the country, upon which he professed conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, for the Catholics had followed the Protestant missionaries and obtained a large number of adherents. Subsequently he was restored, and professed to become a believer in Protestantism.

Some of the earliest converts of the Christian missions in Uganda, Africa, conducted by the Church Missionary Society, brought their wives for instruction. In 1883, a "women's class" was established. Several of King M'tesa's daughters placed themselves under instruction among others, and a number were baptized. The illustration on this page is from a photograph by a missionary, showing a group of these native converts, awaiting baptism. During the subsequent persecution, not a few of these African women gave evidence that they possessed the true martyr spirit. One wo-



NATIVE CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM IN UGANDA, AFRICA.

builder of haste, escaped: because his hut was finished; it sheltered him when the storm came on."

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Two men were walking on road. They arrive in midst of road; they found a tapper of palm-wine: they say: "Give us palm-wine!"

The tapper says: "If I give you palm-wine, tell me your names!" The first said: "I am Whence-we-come." He who remained behind said: "I am Where-we-go." The tapper of palm-wine said: "Thou, Whence-we-come, hast a beautiful name; thou, Where-we-go, spakest evil. I will not give thee palm-wine!"

They began to quarrel: they go to be judged. They find So and So: they plead. So and So says: "Where-we-go is right, the tapper is wrong; because, where we have already left, we cannot thence get anything more. The thing that we shall find, is where we are going to." Finished.

man, named Sara, the widow of a convert, was put in stocks for the crime of teaching the Gospel to the princesses, and was only liberated through the intercession of the missionaries. Numbers of the Uganda women were eager for religious instruction. Book after book in the Gospels was read through with avidity and a fair appreciation of its truths. To-day the greatest need in Uganda is of women teachers. Considerable inconvenience has at times been experienced from this want: but until the route is rendered easier and more secure, it is difficult to send them out. Some Christian women have been appointed deaconesses.

Uganda is a large country and lies to the west and north-west of Lake Victoria Nyanza, about 600 miles from the coast. Its area is 90,000 square miles, and its population is estimated at between 300,000 and 500,000. It is part of the territory in East Africa allotted to England by the Anglo-German agreement, and was occupied by the East Africa Company until last year.



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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE GREAT AND GROWING WEST.

THE hardest and weariest thing I ever do is to do nothing. The most restful place in the world to me is the car of an express train going a mile a minute. Rest with me is not idleness, but change of occupation. The most entertaining prospect to me is not mountain, or valley, or lake, or sea, but the upturned faces of a genial and sympathetic audience. With these feelings I started to cross the continent. I might as well try to judge of your house by standing on the front steps, as you to judge this country by what you see on the Atlantic coast. Six days and nights of consecutive railroad travel will forever extirpate from your mind all fears that we are going to be overcrowded in this country. One pear tree alone, on a farm of a thousand acres, might as well shiver through all its leaves at the fear of not having room enough. Five hundred millions of people will not crowd us. Let the English come, five thousand a month. Let the Irish come. Let the French come. Let the Germans come. Let the Chinese come. Let all nations come. Plenty of room. If you do not believe it, take the Central Pacific or the Union Pacific railroad train. There are the great deserts, by artesian wells or tunnels from the snow-covered mountains, to be irrigated into gardens. The richest gardens on the American continent to-day are those growing where forty years ago there had never been one blade of grass. Irrigation! There is California once on the map of our schoolboy days set down as a mere strip of land, but really larger than the States of New York and Pennsylvania, with all the New England States added. Room for fifty nations between Omaha and Cheyenne. Room for more nations between Cheyenne and Ogden. Room for still more nations between Sacramento and Salt Lake City. Those who took Horace Greeley's advice about going West as a joke, staved here and consider themselves now fortunate if they can get a poor round of beef and no pudding; while many of those who took his advice in dead earnest are living to-day on venison and broiled pigeon.

Nothing more impressed me, and I think nothing would more impress you, by a transcontinental journey, than the capacity of this country for rapid city building. San Francisco forty-five years old only. Kansas City thirty-five years. Denver thirty-five years. Leadville sixteen years. A foreigner looking upon the city of Denver, with its palatial hotels and elegant private residences and cathedral churches, would say that the city had stood a hundred years.

On your way to San Francisco you will see as sweet and fruitful valleys as we ever gazed on. Everything grows in that climate and grows enormously. Beets weighing

one hundred and twenty-seven pounds each. Cabbages eighty pounds each. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, apricots fill the lap of the State of California. The tables morning, noon and night crowded with fruit the most luxurious. The season is not satisfied with giving one crop a year. The fig tree yields three crops and the potato two crops, and strawberries every month in the year. Fine stock everywhere. A thousand head of cattle grazing in one herd. Vast harvests of wheat. A few years ago a Mr. Jones of Stockton, raising 16,000 acres of wheat, preparing the ground for which, at one time he had 900 horses plowing. A single vineyard of 5,000 acres. It is a vast farm field, Sierra Nevada Mountains the fence on the one side and the Coast Range the fence on the other side. Fed by these orchards and grain fields, and swept by the most delicious air, stands San Francisco, looking off to the Pacific and up to the mountain. Her streets alive with business and fashion and mirth. The two finest, grandest hotels on this planet. Zoological gardens inviting the people to fresh air and recreation. Large and beautiful churches, in which stand a live and forceful ministry. Steamers pushing out for China and Japan. Rail trains starting for New York. A mere boy of a city, yet putting its hand on every land, lifting its voice in every money market, commanding the attention of the world. Everything on the largest and simplest scale. Chicago intensified. Quick, mighty, glorious city, long live San Francisco, prosperous be her commerce, crowded be her markets, blessed be her churches.

A GREAT QUESTION.

WHATEVER your worldly successes, do not lose your interest in the greatest secular question that this world has before it, and that is the question of bread. What a grand thing it is to have enough to eat, and to have that sufficiency year after year and through all our lives. What an awful thing to be hungry, and that hunger, as with hundreds of thousands, accompanying every step from cradle to grave. They are born hungry and they die hungry. The food that multitudes are compelled to take, or take nothing at all, is depraved. With no surplus of wages that allows them to purchase in bulk, and therefore purchase cheap, they are compelled to pay high prices for adulterated food which poisons them and poisons their children. The poor man's coffee is made out of chicory, and his sugar out of glass, and his tea out of hayseed, and his milk out of water, and his butter out of lard. Exhausted from lack of healthy food, he feels the need of stimulus and goes in for a bracing drink, and often there, instead of getting honest fire, it is mixed up with copperas and logwood and strychnine and cochineal and blue vitriol and nux vomica and deadly nightshade; and instead of the pure article of destruction it is adulterated damnation.

Churches of America, come down off your stilts and look after the bodily wants as well as the spiritual necessities of the human race. Bread for this life as well as bread for the next life is what is wanted. You cannot get men to take the Gospel on an empty stomach. The physical improvement of the race must go along with its spiritual elevation. In the time of the French Revolution, a great procession of starving women marched to the palace of Versailles and to the hall where the National Assembly were discussing some technicalities, and while one of the members was making a fine point about nothing one of the women cried out: "Stop that babble; that isn't the question; the question is bread!" We need to analyze this fearful cry which has been going up for centuries. Do not confuse it with the Anarchistic cry which demands bread, while it refuses to earn it even when wages are offered. It is a well man have work offered him and he refuses to do it, let him starve—let him starve. The apostle was right when he declared, "If any would not work, neither should he eat." Gibbon, the historian, mentions it as one of the signs of rapid decline, that

a vast population refused to do any kind of work, and for their advantage great public ovens were kept baking bread and these lazy people would get tickets and come there for bread for themselves and their families, declining actually to earn their living. But do not mix this communistic demand with the pleadings of those who cannot get work which they would gladly do, or who have invalids to support and the expense is beyond their ability, or those whom trouble and misfortune and sickness have flung. Draw a wide and positive line between the insolent demand of lazy desperadoes and the moan of God's poor.

Just why I should feel so sympathetic with this subject of bread I cannot say, for I have always had enough to eat, though my parents had to work hard to get it, as the perspiration on their brow and their tired look often attested. They somehow always won food enough for their children. But there is nothing that so stirs my soul as to see a hungry man or a hungry woman, and I say a hundred times at my family table, "what a grand thing it is to have enough to eat." May God balk all grain gamblers. Some of them, I am told, are members of churches. I should think that when they recite the Lord's prayer they would leave out as being too suggestive the words "daily bread," and when they are seated at the communion table and the silver plate is passed I would think that as they reached up to take the consecrated bread, it would cry out and say, "Hypocrite, how dare you touch me when you have robbed a hundred thousand of the Lord's poor of their honest bread?"

OUR MAIL-BAG.

S. E. Armitage, Troy, N. Y., R. H., N. Y. City, and several others, replying to the inquiry by Belle Waidman, Junction, N. J., write that the hymn she asked for can be found in the "Harp of Zion," published in New York, by John Arthur, in 1833. It opens:

Now in a song of grateful praise
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all the saints I'll join to tell:
My Jesus hath done all things well.

It was a great favorite in England during Richard Weaver's time. It can also be found in the "Songs of the Pentecost," issued by Hughes & Co., publishers, New York, where it is called "The Yorkshire Doxology," being No. 23 in the collection. Words and music are by Isaac Naylor. Among those who have sent in letters in answer to Belle Waidman's request are Henry Jenkin, Larrabee, Iowa; A. W. Hutchings, Stratford; Annie F. Muller, Lutor, Iowa; J. H. Griffin, Salem, W. Va.; Katie Ford, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. G. Colville, Maratine, Mo.; H. Baker, Lancaster, Wis.; E. Matthews, Philadelphia, and others.

Mrs. F. L. Pratt, North Adams, Mass.: I was very much pleased with the idea which J. G. Randall, Des Moines, Iowa, sent in this week's correspondence column relating to a badge for Christians. I think it might help young Christians, and in fact all who wear it, to stand up for Christ our Lord in every place, when perhaps otherwise their courage might fail them. The cost should be very small, so that even the poorest could obtain one.

Subscriber, Hiawatha, Kan.: Was there more than one Pharaoh in Egypt?

Yes; many Pharaohs. The name was a title or dynastic appellation, like King, Emperor, or Czar. It was the common title of the kings of ancient Egypt.

M. J. S., Stoues Mills, Pa.: Where does the quotation, "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb" occur?

We believe it can be found in the writings of Laurence Sterne. It is frequently mistaken for a Bible quotation.

Miss K. Mack, Jackson, Pa.: The question, "of what tribe was Christ?" was asked last Sunday. Please answer through the Mail-Bag.

Jesus derived his earthly descent from David (according to the tables of Matthew and Luke), not only by Joseph, but by Mary. He was of the tribe of Judah.

H. R. R., Linwood, N. Y.: Is discussing the Temperance question talking politics?

Not necessarily so. Although the question has become a political one, yet it can be discussed entirely on moral, economic and physiological grounds, wholly apart from politics and regardless of campaigns or candidates.

H. E. Cooke, Slatersville, R. I.: Please give the correct pronunciation of the following words: Pharaoh, Sinai, Sarai.

According to Webster, Pharaoh may be pronounced as if written Fair-o or Fair-a-o, but he prefers the former. So with Sinai. In Sarai he directs the second a to be sounded.

Wm. Stiles, Trenton, N. J.: Where does cholera start and how often has it appeared in this country?

Its starting points are variously given as Hurdwar, in Upper India—the scene of a great annual religious festival—Mecca, the focus of

the Moslem pilgrimages, and Meshed, in Persia, where vast multitudes assemble every year to worship at the tomb of a Mohammedan saint. It is usually brought to Europe by pilgrims. Several times it has appeared in the United States, but never to the same alarming extent as abroad. The experiences of 1892 and 1893 showed that rigid sanitation and strict quarantine are effective against cholera.

Graduate. Is it proper for a young girl to ask her gentleman friend to escort her the night she graduates, or should the parents alone accompany her in the carriage?

It would not be in good taste for a young girl to be escorted on such an occasion by any other than a relative, or by some friend of her own sex. Her friend could, however, with perfect propriety, witness the graduating exercises as a spectator.

W. F. H., Washington, D. C.: Will you please inform me by whom the Parliament of Religion at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, was opened? Was he the party originally invited to perform that office, or was he the substitute for another who failed to be present? If so, who was that party who failed?

The opening address, or address of welcome, was delivered by President Charles C. Bonney, of the World's Congress Auxiliary. If there was any other selection for opening speaker, it does not appear upon the official record of the Congress, published by Rev. John H. Barrows, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee.

Constant Reader, Thomaston, Conn.: Does not the statement in Hebrew 10: 26 exclude many from hope?

No; it simply means that all has been done that can be done for the salvation of men. "There remaineth no more sacrifice." If Christ's atonement does not avail to save men from sin and they go on sinning wilfully after they know all about it, what is there that could redeem them? Even God can do no more, having given his own Son.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.: At what hour of the day did the crucifixion take place? There appears to be some divergence in the accounts of the Evangelists.

Mark says (15: 25), it was about the third hour, or as we should say nine o'clock. Again the sixth hour is referred to by three of the Evangelists (Matt. 27: 45; Mark 15: 33; Luke 23: 44), when Jesus had apparently been three hours on the cross. In the next verses, in all three cases, the ninth hour is mentioned as the time of death, which would be three o'clock. The statement of John (19: 14), is believed to be due to a copyist's error or to his using the Roman mode of reckoning.

Oliver Harden, Ft. Worth, Tex.: Does Eccles. 3: 18-21 imply that there is no difference between the standing of a man and a beast?

The Preacher is describing the course of his thoughts during his search after the great and best good in life. At this stage (Chapter 3), he is disconsolate. It seems to him that a man has no advantages over the beast. Both die and are buried and turn to dust. But in the twenty-first verse, the thought of a difference occurs to him. Although the bodies of both have the same end, there is nothing to show that their souls go in the same direction. Indeed, the evidence is the other way. That thought causes him to pause, and he proceeds to describe his further meditations with the consideration in his mind.

I. W. Browne, Wells, Iowa.: 1. Why is the prohibition in Exodus 23: 3 given? 2. What kind of prayers are to be offered in compliance with Matt. 5: 44 for those who despiciously use us?

1. It means that strict and exact justice should be done in every case. The poor man is not to be favored because he is poor any more than should the rich litigant. 2. Prayers to their good, for their eyes to be opened to the wickedness of their conduct, and that they may be brought to a better state of mind. No prayer that they may be punished, but that they may be reclaimed.

Inquirer, Manhattan, Ill.: 1. In a recent lecture here, the statement was made that there still exists a footprint of the Saviour on Mt. Olivet, the very spot where Jesus ascended into heaven. Now, as Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch were there, and no doubt made a thorough investigation, will they not kindly tell us, what truth there is in such a statement? 2. The same lecture also said, that years ago an attempt was made to erect a large building over the spot, but that one morning after the roof was already being put on, the whole building—material and all—had suddenly disappeared during the night in mysterious way. Who is the author of this tradition, and what truth is there in it?

1. There is a small domed building on Olivet covering a rock, on which is an indentation which tradition declares to be the impress of Christ's foot, where he last touched the earth. According to the tradition, there were two such marks, but the Moslems removed one and placed it in the centre of the Mosque-el-Aksa. 2. We know nothing of such an occurrence. There are many legends and traditions relating concerning the sacred places of Palestine that are utterly untrustworthy, and are accorded no recognition by authoritative writers on this subject.

J. E. V., Greensburg, Pa.: It means the "seal of the Treasury of America," and the number of the decade—G. M. A., Schellerville. As far as can be learned he was not—J. L. S. Welch, Georgia. We have no data to supply the information desired.—Mr. E. B. Ball, Madison, N. J.: Send them to Chaplain Well, Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y.—Subscriber, Newark, N. J., and Mrs. E. Robertson, Hesperia, Mich.: She returned from Palestine a few weeks ago.—Friend, Pittsburg, Pa.: Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York. 2. We do not know.—Reader, Montreal, Can.: Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

TWO POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

POLAR exploration is to be pushed this season with extraordinary vigor. Beside the Peary and the Nansen parties which are already in the Polar regions, two other parties have just started. One of these is essentially a searching party. It has been organized primarily to find the two Swedish explorers Bjorling and Kallstenius who went to the Arctic two years ago and have not returned. Portraits of these two men appear on this page. Bjorling is a botanist twenty-three years of age and Kallstenius is three years older. They set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1893, in a schooner named the "Ripple" with a crew of three men to explore the unknown region beyond Hayes Sound. In June of last year the "Ripple" was found, by the Captain of a whaling vessel, ashore on one of the Cary Islands. Near by was a cairn in which was buried the body of one of the sailors. A tin case was also found which contained a statement by Bjorling dated October, 1892. In that he said that the provisions being low and the vessel lost they were going to seek Esquimaux with whom, if they could find them, they should spend the winter. Another cairn would be erected at Clarence Point on the western side of Baffin's Bay in which he would place a later account of the expedition. The whaling captain was unable because of the ice to penetrate to Clarence Point, but he carried home the news he had obtained. An expedition was organized under the leadership of Dr. Ohlin, and Wilson to reach Cape Clarence and find Bjorling's cairn. They will be guided by the statement they find there as to what course they take afterward. The second expedition is led by the American explorer Wellman, who has started from Tromso, in Norway with a novel equipment in the whaler, "Ragnvald Jarl," of which a picture appears on this page. Wellman takes with him a party of fifteen men beside the ship's crew of nine. He has also forty-eight dogs, accustomed to the work of towing boats on the Belgian canals. He also carries three aluminium sledges which the dogs are expected to drag over the ice. Rubber boots for the dogs are part of the equipment to protect their feet from the sharp edges of ice. The sledges have air-tight cases, which, when affixed, make them available as boats; so that the party may travel in them on land or water. Wellman's plan is to land as far north as he can get, probably about seven hundred miles from the Pole and then proceed for sixty days due north. At the end of twenty-five days half the party will return with dogs and sledges to report progress. The others will continue the journey on foot for thirty-five days longer, at the end of which time they will commence their retreat. A party is to meet them in October and bring them back to Tromso. Wellman is sanguine of reaching the Pole and has given minute attention to every detail of equipment and has carefully studied the history of former expeditions. Both parties are well aware that they are starting on a dangerous enterprise in the pursuit of which many have already lost their lives. It may be hoped in view of this fact that they have given the same careful attention to the preparations for that journey heavenward that they have given to their journey to the Arctic. Sometimes people distinguished for their foresight in worldly matters neglect the other matter, although it is infinitely more momentous to them. (Mark 8: 36).

A Cat's Service.

A citizen of Goshen, N. Y., relates an interesting experience of the affectionate behavior of a cat of which he has long made a pet. He was sick recently and his pet at

first would not leave his room. She evidently knew something was wrong with her master and watched him with concern. She hung about his bed in a disconsolate way, as if she wished to show her affection and sympathy. One day she caught a mouse and brought it and laid it on his bed. He threw the thing off, but the cat brought it back, and did so each time he flung it off. She apparently wanted him to eat it, and, to get rid of the nuisance, he pretended to do so. The cat was satisfied, and lay down contentedly at his feet. The next day she brought a squirrel and the following day a bird, both of which were laid by the cat as an offering on his bed, and which he pretended to eat. In each instance the cat would not leave until she thought her gift had been accepted and eaten. She evidently supposed that he would appreciate what would be dainties to her. Her master was much touched by her proofs of affection. He did not want the carrion she brought him, but he could understand why she brought it and was pleased, realizing that she could use only such intelligence as she had. So has it been in man's relations to God. It was not sacrifices that he desired, but he delighted and does so still in the love which prompts sacrifice. (Ps. 51: 16, 17.)

An Irishman's Passport.

Some discussion arose recently between the State Department and a prominent citizen of Irish birth in relation to a passport for which he applied. The Irishman proposed making a tour in Ireland, and was anxious to obtain a pledge from the Government assuring him of immunity from arrest. There was good reason for his con-

ing promised to those of whom men speak evil, if men have valid reason for speaking evil of them. (1 Peter 4: 15, 16.)

A Missing Marriage Certificate.

A hotel romance occupied a place in the New York daily journals a few days ago. When one of the old hotels of the city went out of business last year and was dismantled, a Bible was found in each room, which had been placed there through the benevolence of a friend of the Bible Society. A question arose as to what should be done with the Bibles as there would be no more guests to use them, and it was decided to distribute them among the regular patrons of the establishment. One of the recipients on looking into his copy found between its leaves the certificate of a marriage at which the late Dr. C. F. Deems officiated some years ago. He preserved the document and caused the fact of his having it to be published in the newspapers. No claimant, however, appeared, but he did not destroy it. The other day a widow came to his house and saying she had heard that he had found a certificate asked to see it. Her joy on perusing it, led him to ask if it was of importance to her. She told him that she and her husband traveled extensively after their marriage and her husband died before reaching home. She went to his parents who lived in Virginia and presented her claims as his widow for support for herself and her child. They had never approved of the marriage, and, as she had no certificate to show, they refused to believe that any marriage had taken place. She became almost destitute, although her husband had possessed a large estate. When she heard of the certificate being found in the Bible in the New York Hotel, she remembered placing it there after her marriage and at once came to New York to find it. She ought to have a kindly feelings for the book in which the paper was found that establishes her claims to an inheritance. If she will look into it, she will

willing to jump through a burning hoop, sham death on being shot, etc., could be persuaded to allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity. Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer, and the second time he nearly killed the trainer, who rather recklessly tried to get away the carcass. Finally the lion would tolerate the lamb in its den just as long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar. But the effort was so evidently forced, and the performance was so utterly lacking in smoothness



BJORLING.
The Missing Explorer.



KALLSTENIUS.

and interest, that it was abandoned after two or three attempts. The circus-man believed it could never be done. So people have often said about the reformation of some evil-minded vicious man and have spoken of him as "a hopeless case." But no case is hopeless to a man of strong faith. Experience has proved that the most fierce and wicked and abandoned man can be transformed by the same Divine Power which yet will cause the lion to lie down with the lamb. (Isa. 11: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Owing to the Destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the organizations of the church have availed themselves of various hospitalities. The Christian Endeavor Society meets in the Duryea Memorial Presbyterian Church; the Prayer Meeting assemblies in the Hanson Place Baptist Church; the Sunday School is held in the Pouch Mansion, and the Sunday preaching services in the Columbia Theatre.

Major George A. Hilton has been holding very successful services at Galt, Ont. The "Daily Reformer," of that town, says that six hundred persons were brought to Christ under the preaching of the evangelist. On the last Sunday of the meetings the large Baptist Church was filled with brief intermissions, from six in the morning till late at night.

The Last Day of the Munhall meetings in Mobile, Ala., will never be forgotten by any one who witnessed them. Three thousand persons are believed to have crowded into the Rink, and there were thrilling scenes as those who had been converted rose to their feet. Dr. Munhall preached an impressive farewell sermon in which he exhorted those whom he had been the means of blessing to hold fast their faith.

The Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy will be held at Chautauqua, July 3-12. The general topic will be "The Unification of Christendom." This will be treated under the three heads "The Incarnation," "The Church," and "The Reunion of Christendom." Many eminent professors and pastors have promised to read papers. The address of the President, Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., will be given on July 10. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. John B. Devins, 339 East Fourth street, New York.

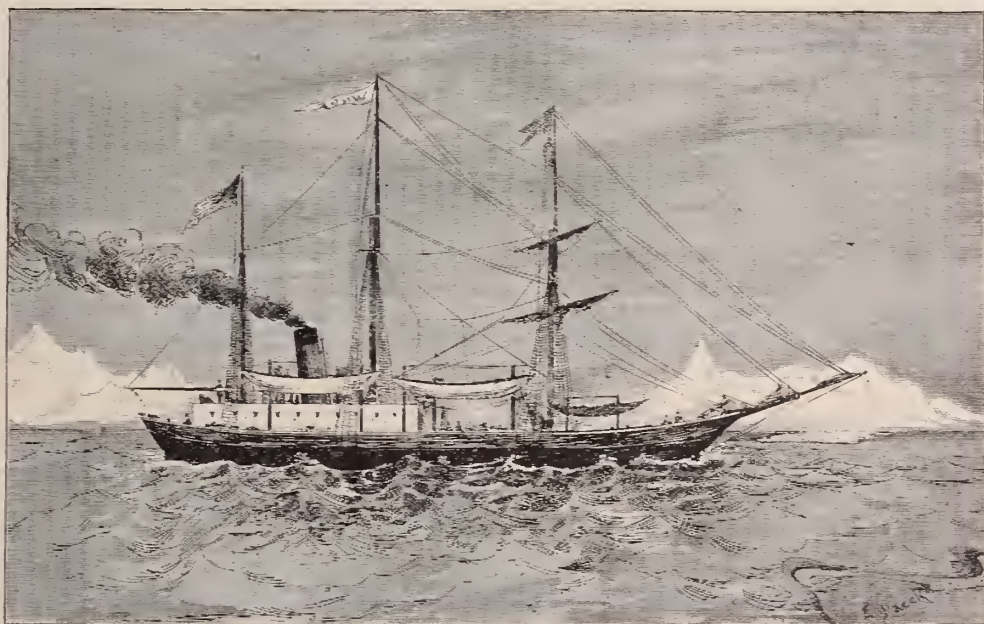
The Many Friends of Major Whittle will deeply sympathize with him in the sudden death of his son Charles, who was killed by a railroad train while riding his bicycle. The funeral services were held in the Chicago Avenue Church, and were conducted by Dr. E. P. Goodwin, who preached the funeral sermon. His pastor, Mr. Matteson, of Wheaton, bore witness to his manly Christian character and told how he had, especially of late, been greatly blessed in his work for the Master. He was twenty-eight years of age, and leaves a wife and two children.

Rev. B. Fay Mills Preached on Sunday last to the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation. Large audiences filled the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, Mr. Mills preaches there again next Sunday.

Dr. A. T. Pierson has Arranged to supply Salem Street Church, Worcester, Mass., for two months. In August Dr. Pierson preaches in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., for his friend, Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, and in September in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Foreigners Resident in Corea, including the missionaries, are in danger. The king has instructed his minister in Washington, D. C., to inform Mr. Gresham that a rebellion directed chiefly against his hospitality to foreigners has broken out. He urges the Government to send a warship to Seoul for the protection of American citizens.

The Gosner Mission in India has a Leper asylum with two hundred and forty-three inmates, of whom all but fifteen new-comers have been baptized. On a single Sunday of last year sixty-six received baptism; and the bulk of the evangelizing is performed by the poor creatures who themselves have tasted the joy of forgiveness through Christ.



WELLMAN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION—THE WHALER "RAGNVALD JARL."

cern, for he had already been imprisoned in Ireland for plotting against the Government, and was released only on condition that he should not return to the country for a term of years. The term has expired, but he is suspected of having continued his plots while it was running, and the British Government were inclined to attribute several of the dynamite outrages to his influences. Our Government received his application, but declined to grant such assurances of protection as he wished. On the other hand, they were willing to furnish him with a certificate showing that he was a naturalized citizen of the United States, and with that certificate he has been obliged to content himself. It will prove to the British Government that it has no longer any claim on his allegiance, but if during his visit he breaks the laws of the country, he will be liable to arrest. Christian people are placed in much the same position. God will not protect them from the consequences of their own wrong-doing, nor give them the bless-

find directions, even more valuable to her than her certificate, by which she may gain a heavenly inheritance and recognition as a child of God himself. (1 Peter 1: 3, 4.)

A Circus-Manager's Failure.

A retired circus-manager in giving some reminiscences to a newspaper man said that there was scarcely an animal trick that had ever been suggested to him that he had not succeeded in training the animal to perform. Sometimes it had involved great trouble and loss of time, but in only one case had he absolutely failed. It was in getting a lion to lie down with a lamb. Some dominie in a Western town had asked him if it had ever been done and told him of the Biblical reference. The circus-man had never heard of it, but perceived what an effective tableau it would make and determined to add it to the attractions of the show. The experiment was made with a very docile lion then in the circus. It took several lambs and also several weeks before the lion, which was



LIFE AND INCORRUPTION.

S. S. Lesson for June 24, 1. Cor. 15: 35-58. Golden Text, 2 Tim. 1: 9, 10. By Mrs. Baxter.*

WE live in a world which is subject to corruption. Death reigns; wherever man lives, provision is made for dying. Near to every town and village there is a burying ground, telling the story of death. The decay which tells of death, prevails around us; our garments wear out, our food, if left for a little time, corrupts and becomes unfit for use. Our houses fall to pieces, if they are not kept in repair; railroads, bridges, roads, ships, factories, and machinery, all are subject to corruption and decay; the stamp of corruptible and temporal is on every earthly thing. In vegetation, perhaps, more than in all else, we see corruption and decay, but here we have, as nowhere else, the promise and the fulfilment of life out of death, and the glory of the resurrection. "Sin entered into the world and death by sin," and most surely death has reigned, not over only the bodies of mankind; "Dead in trespasses and sins" speaks of something more than the body, yet most surely our Saviour Christ Jesus, brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel.

Christ and the resurrection is the glory of the Church, but it is the stone of offence to the unbelieving world, where death reigns, not only in the church-yards and cemeteries, but in the grovelling, earthly spirits of those who know nothing better, and expect nothing better, than what savors of corruption and decay. God never made man to die, death could never have found entrance into the world but by sin. Before our beloved and glorious Lord Jesus could redeem us from sin, which brought death, he must himself pass through death and prove himself its Master by the undeniable fact that he, the Sin offering, "made sin" by identifying himself with us, was nevertheless "without sin" and therefore it was not possible that he should be holden of (death). He partook of flesh and blood "that through death he might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage. By this means, by his death and resurrection, he had abolished death and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel."

But just as corruption, decay, death, touch all parts of our being; spirit, soul and body, so through the Gospel the good news of Christ and the resurrection—life and incorruption can enter into and transform all parts of our being, as we believe and so accept him. But all our being must come under the law of death and resurrection as Christ himself came under it for our sakes, that life and incorruption may take possession of us. In speaking of the death of the body says St. Paul, "Some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool! that which thou sowest is

Not Quickened Except it Die."

All incorruptible life comes out of the death of the corruptible life; whether it is the physical body or whether it is the intellectual, emotional life, or whether it is the life of the spirit that "hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible," that "inward man" which is "renewed day by day." Just as God did not create our bodies to corrupt and to die, so he did not create our souls to think corruptible thoughts or to be actuated by corruptible feelings. He did not mean our joys and sorrows to be passing things, or our thoughts and ideas to be such

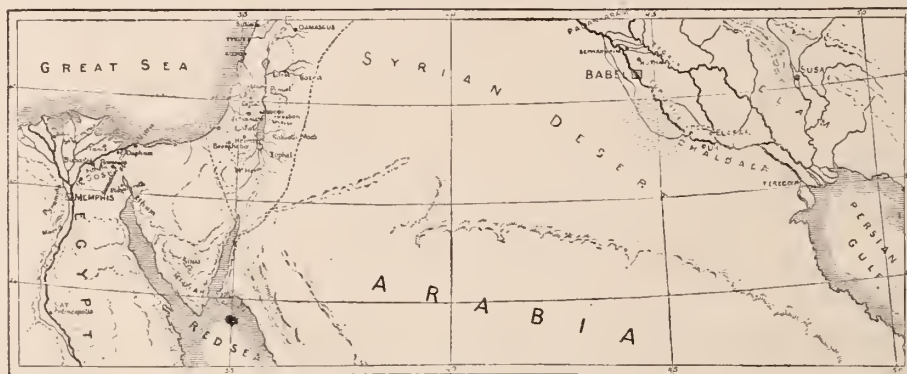
as could be transient and passing, like a fading flower or a withering leaf. Because sin has entered in, therefore "all flesh—the flesh which means our human bodies and the flesh in the sense of "the mind of the flesh"—is as grass, "and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field, the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." The same Spirit who is life to the inward man withers all which is corruptible and of the flesh; all which is of self; all which is no blessing to others. By virtue of his death for us, Jesus has given him, by his Father, power over all flesh, to give eternal life to as many as he has given him. Eternal life is the exact opposite to what is corruptible and transient; it cannot change or

first Adam in Paul was "a living soul," but there was no power to quicken others by his blameless life, his power of intellect, his high standing as a Hebrew and a Pharisee, while the incorruptible seed of the Word of God by which he was begotten again, and which was now making him its channel, was "a life-giving spirit." Even on earth, long before his body died, and before Christ could raise it again at his coming, it had become in some sense "a celestial body," for through his life and words he gave light from God to those who were still earthly, "terrestrial" bodies, and who were not living as though their citizenship was in heaven, because he had understood that that only can be quickened which dies. Paul understood very practically the Cross of Christ when he said: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

REVIEW Sunday affords a useful opportunity for taking a general survey of the period with which the past thirteen lessons have been concerned. The map published on this page will assist the teacher in tracing the course of the history. Starting with the return of Jacob



THE LANDS OF GENESIS AND EXODUS.

pass away. There is in it "the power of an endless life."

Elements of Incorruption.

But just as the seed which is sown in the earth must needs die, that it may bring forth fruit, just as the body which is to be raised incorruptible must needs die "sown in incorruption," so is it with the life of our will; our choice, our love and hate, our intellect and imagination; all must pass through death before it can be raised incorruptible. The very goodness of the flesh must wither as much as its badness. "All flesh is grass." The beautiful moral character of a Cornelius had to be crucified with Christ as much as the depraved demon-possessed character of a Mary Magdalene. All "old things must pass away," and all, without exception, "must become new." Not only must the terrible "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" of the persecuting Saul of Tarsus pass through death, but also the blamelessness of which he writes: "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." All that he was as an unconverted man, all that he was in himself as a converted man, must be crossed, must wither and fade, as the corruptible thing it was before life and incorruption could so permeate him as to make him such a conqueror over circumstances that he could see all things working together for good, that he could be in every trial, "more than conqueror through him that loved him." Thus in face of coming bonds and imprisonments he could see only the finishing his course with joy, and say: "None of these things move me," and could speak of his near martyrdom as a true conqueror: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I've kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." In self-pity there is corruption; it begets doubt of God's love and wisdom, it encourages dissatisfaction.

But the eternal life and incorruption, which lay in these words of Paul, which we have quoted, have quickened and encouraged thousands of God's children. The

tested against the heartless speech and would have flung the man a rope. But the others interfered. "He is a Jew; let him sink," they said. But a tall athletic man came up to the crowd and looked at the struggle. He heard the speech and disregarded it. Flinging off his coat and boots, he jumped into the river, seized the man as he was sinking, and struck out for the shore. In a few minutes both had come to land, when, to the confusion of the heartless crowd, it was discovered that the man who had been in danger of drowning, was not a Jew at all, but a Christian. His rescuer was a Jew.

He reproved kings for their sakes. Kings and lords and princes are apt to think that they are entitled to special favors and are not to be treated as common men. Even when justice is concerned some of them have thought that they ought to have what they want although justice is on the side of their less distinguished adversary. It is related that a Duke went to the home of Sir Matthew Hale, one of England's greatest judges and told him that he was engaged in a lawsuit which would come before Hale for judgment in a few days. He said he wanted to give Hale a statement of the case so that he might understand it when it came into his court. Hale reproved him sharply. "Not one word," he said, "will I hear. I will listen to the case in open court and decide it on its merits." The Duke said that the plaintiff was "only a common farmer." "That makes no difference," Hale said. "When

a man comes into my court, it is his case, not his rank that I consider." The Duke still protested. He wanted to acquaint the judge with certain facts that it would not be pleasant to mention in open court. Hale answered that if his visitor persisted and did not leave the house at once, he would commit him to prison. The Duke left and went to the King to complain. The King heard his story and laughed. "Faith," he said, "I think you are lucky. I wonder he did not send you to prison. I verily believe he would not hesitate to commit me to prison if he thought I was trying to get him to help me do some one a wrong."

Seek the Lord and his strength. A familiar object in the erection of buildings in moist soil is the pile-driver. It consists of a heavy weight raised by steam power to a great height, which being suddenly released, falls through a groove and strikes the head of the pile driving it into the ground. The principle is the secret of power for any one who hopes to do effectual work in building for Christ. The higher he is drawn toward God, the greater force he will have in his attempt to influence others for Christ.

He brought forth his people. An old Jewish legend has it that the pillar of cloud and fire which went before the people when they went out of Egypt, not only showed them the way, but planned it for them. Thus a road was made through all rough places, rocks and stones and bushes were cleared away and a road made hard and smooth over the desert sand. Doubtless, there is no truth in the legend, but God does sometimes make the path of duty straight and firm when he goes before his people to lead them to duties that he has set them to perform.

Made them stronger than their enemies. God is the fountain of strength. It is therefore the most obvious folly to rebel against a Being so powerful. Yet the infidel and the blasphemous are measuring their puny strength against him. Dr. Thomas tells the story of an ambitious Athenian, who, having been the victor in the Olympic games, desired to stand first in the respect of his countrymen. One thing vexed him. It was hearing others speak of a famous wrestler to whom he was compared to his disadvantage. He could not challenge this wrestler, for the man was dead, and he lamented that whatever he might do, men might still say that the wrestler was greater than he. But there was a marble statue of him erected in the public way, and with this statue he wrestled night after night. The statue was not moved, but the nightly conflict was renewed again and again. At last, by a mighty effort, the statue was stirred. He put forth all his strength, as he would if the wrestler himself was his antagonist, and then the statue reeled and fell upon him, crushing him by its dead weight.

* The International Lesson for June 24 is Review of the Quarter from Mt. Psalm 135. Heb. 11: 27-29. Golden Text Deut. 31: 9. Mrs. Baxter sends this article for the use of teachers who prefer not to devote the session to review.

A MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

ONE of the most earnest and faithful missionaries that ever went out to the heathen was James Gilmour, who traveled through Mongolia, telling the people of Jesus and his love. After he had been there for some years his wife died, and his two boys were sent to Scotland to be educated. Mr. Gilmour wrote many letters to his boys, and some of these are now printed. One letter says:

"My Dear Sons, — I am getting on well. I have had terrible weather lately, though my tent is only a cloth roof on six bamboo poles, put up in the market-place. We have had three days' wind. The first day the dust was terrible. But I had lots of patients and remained out all day. Next day the tent was blown down twice. I am so glad the people like us and trust us, and come about us for medicines. Just now the school-boys have holidays for the fair, and they stand for a long time together looking at me doctoring the people. When a man comes to have a tooth pulled, even the men are delighted, and advise him to have it out. They want to see the fun. Mothers send their little boys for medicine, and I am so pleased with some of the little lads. They are so modest and polite, making a deep bow as they go away. Always be modest and polite, my sons, and people will love you, and treat you well.

"The boys buy a lot of books, too, and I preach to them earnestly, because in ten years to come they will be men, and if they know about Jesus now, they may more easily become Christians some day soon. You, James, know Jesus. Does Willie? Teach him. Mamma is not here to teach him, and I am far away. You are his big brother.

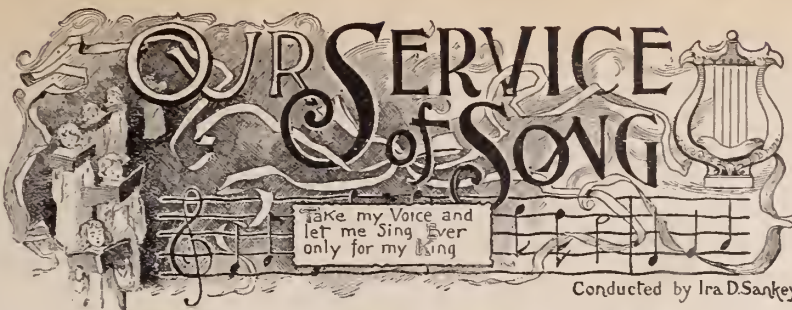
"The other day when I was preaching, a man was standing beside me with a little black pig under his arm. He wanted to hear me preach, but the pig would not be quiet. He held his mouth shut, but the little pig would still manage to give a squeak now and then. At last it would not be quiet at all, and he had to go away with it. I could not help smiling at him.

"Our Mongol donkey-man wants to be a Christian. I hope he is sincere, but he is very dull and slow at learning. There are three other men here who are learning about Jesus, but it is too early yet to say much about them. A good many people learn some and then stop."

BISHOP SMYTHIES' AFRICAN WORK.

In May, 1889, Bishop Smythies, (the missionary Bishop of Zanzibar and East Africa, who died last month), was in Usambara country, East Africa. He was so satisfied that the missionaries in the Usambara country were no longer in any danger that he felt he could safely proceed on his journey to Lake Nyassa, which he reached after a very trying and difficult walk through the valley of the Rovuma. He was often up to the waist in water, and the consequence was that he was laid up for a short time with fever. While in the Rovuma district he was able to confirm seventy candidates, twenty-two of them being at a station which had been in charge of a native deacon for only a year and a half. Later on he had the happiness of ordaining that native deacon to be the first native minister of the East African Church. The anxieties at this time so told on the Bishop's health that on arriving at Zanzibar he had a sharp attack of fever, lasting fifteen days, and he was ordered to England. He landed in April, 1890, but returned to Africa in the following November, restored to health by his rest.

Upon his return, the Bishop again entered zealously into his work, with the usual result in that climate, that he was soon again on the sick list, and was obliged to return to England in the summer of 1892. While there he called attention to the vastness of his diocese, and the great strides which had been made in missionary work, especially in the Nyassa district, with the result that a new bishopric of Nyassaland was made, over which Bishop Hornby was appointed first bishop, while Bishop Smythies' title was changed to that of Bishop of Zanzibar and Missionary Bishop of East Africa. Under his care the churches of East and Central Africa have flourished and extended to a degree that calls for devout gratitude from the children of God. The clergy and staff over whom he was placed number 150. Of these the Europeans are seventy-two, including twenty-three ladies, who are doing useful work alike in teaching and in tending the sick.

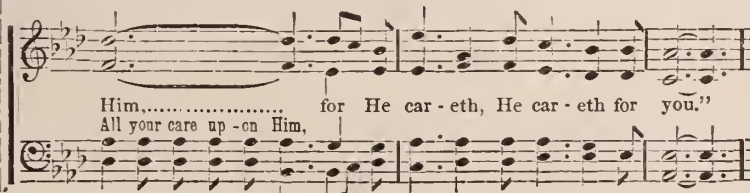
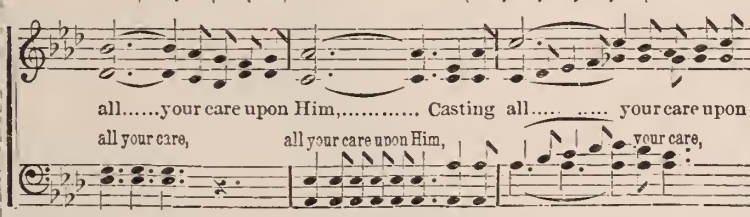
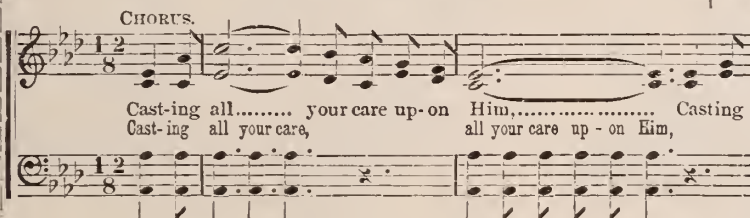
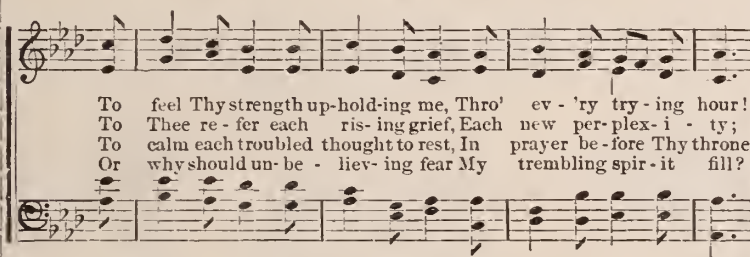
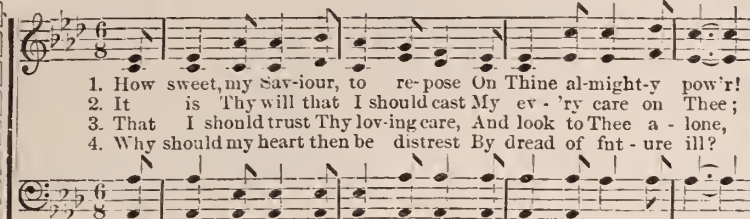


Casting all your Care upon Him.

From CÆSAR MALAN, by J. E. A.

1 PET. 5: 7.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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HEAVEN!

THERE is a dark and dismal stream,
And o'er its sullen wave
There is the land of which I dream,
Where vales with fadeless flowers teem,
Beyond the silent grave!

There is a city in that land,
Whose walls of jasper, bright,
Add beauty to the blooming strand,
Where walk the angels—happy land!
And there there is no night!

That city's streets are paved with gold,
Of pearl the gates are made,
Oh, wondrous city to behold!
Where funeral bells are never tolled,
Where flowers never fade!

No death is there and those who meet
Their friends upon that shore,
Upon the city's golden street,
Where tread the spotless angels' feet,
Are joined to part no more!

My dear ones on that happy side
Are waiting now for me:

Soon I shall cross the dismal tide
With them through ages to abide,
From sin and sorrow free!

Oh, happy morn when I shall rise,
To view my home above,
To pass beyond the starry skies,
Where that bright land of splendor lies,
That land of perfect love!

Inman, Neb.

J. A. GORTNER.

GOD'S FORGETFULNESS.

GOD can forget—else how could he
Whose presence fills immensity,
Have patience with our daily strife,
The cares and foibles of our life;
If he in love did not forget
All our shortcomings—things that fret
Our nature? When the night comes on,
And duties of the day are done,
As we kneel down, and in our way
Tell him the story of the day,
With all its cares and joys and slips,
From the confession of our lips
He treasures that which he thinks best,
And kissing us, forgets the rest.

E. H. SHANNON.

THE PORTENTS.

Signs to be Recognized as Indications of Christ's Coming.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

Concluded from page 361.

NOW observe, further, the bearing of this on the signs of the times. Is the Church in her infancy, or has she long ago reached maturity; has she, who was so small, become a great spreading tree, and have the birds of the air come and built in her branches? All this has become history, all has been fulfilled; so also another event foretold has taken place. In the history of the Church there has been a great falling away from the faith, and that apostasy was distinctly foretold. The subject there is ecclesiastical; the apostasy was to take place, not in the world, but in the Christian Church. Paul is writing of what is to take place in the Church, and of that pure and practical hope; and he is writing just there and then with reference to the coming of the Lord and our gathering together to him. Now, if that is not the coming of Christ for his people, I know not what is.

Now, it is a question of our gathering to him, and Paul says, "That day shall not come except there comes the falling away first." I believe that: just as I accept any other statement of inspiration.

I make but a brief allusion to the remaining three signs. Now, Mohammedanism is a tremendous fact, a tremendous factor in the world's history, in the history of Palestine, the Jewish race, and in that of the Christian Church. Mohammedanism is, as we know, a woe, as it was foretold it should be, a tremendous woe, on the apostate Eastern Church; and, of course, it has been a woe on Palestine, and on the Jewish people, too. It is remarkable how the Jews have been oppressed by the Papacy in the West, as well as by Mohammedanism in the East. And so Mohammedanism has oppressed the Jewish people, besides treading down their land and erecting the Mosque of Omar, still occupying the site of the temple—though now perhaps it may not be there much longer. Mohammedanism dominates one hundred and fifty millions of the human race. How long has it been in power? Some twelve to thirteen centuries. You remember how our Lord told us that Jerusalem should be trodden down "till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled;" and that power has trodden it down. But when you look on that power, and compare its present position with its past, with what it was in the days of its pomp and pride, when we compare that with the present state of things; when we recall the eight hundred years' history of the Turkish Empire; when the Ottoman power (the bone-breaker, as the name means), the destroyer of men, was shedding such a deluge of blood and proving himself a resistless and merciless destroyer—when we look at the present condition of Turkey, with its resources exhausted, see it lying sick and perishing, we judge ourselves justified in drawing an important inference with regard to the times in which we live, that these are the closing days of the Jewish desolation. We say, then, from the Mohammedan signs, it is very clear that the end is drawing very near.

With regard to Jewish signs, I will say only a sentence or two. I have here a Jewish calendar by Lindo, in which an outline is given of Jewish history; and I glance over the record of the suffering the Jews have passed through for twenty-five centuries, and especially during the last eighteen centuries.

On comparing their past experiences with the present position of the Jews, we see the yoke broken, the fetters snapped, liberty, freedom, equality granted, power and position gained. We find them members of Government, teachers in universities, amassing wealth enormously, and so forth. Seeing these things, what is the conclusion you reach? That the time of Jewish restoration is come. Palestine is being lifted up on the one hand; and we seem to hear the voice which has gone forth bidding desolate Zion, though long disconsolate, lift herself, and shake her garments from the dust of ages, for the time of her liberation and emancipation has come.

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover, 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Bible House, New York.



CHRIST'S IDEALS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning June 24. Matt. 5: 1-16, 48.

WARRING sects and rival creeds have contused our idea of Christ's mission and his kingdom. It is important that we come back to his own ideal. He is our King. What does he expect his subjects to be and to do? To his people and to all who aspire to become his people, this statement from his own lips is of supreme moment. There are, as he declares, eight kinds of character which he regards as blessed. They are not the kinds that are generally esteemed. Christ was an original Teacher, for he was a Revealer. He spoke the words he had heard of his Father. So we get from him new concepts, new standpoints and new ideals. This list of eight does not include the rich, nor the noble, nor the powerful, nor the learned. Surely they are blessed! We have always been taught so. But they are not in the list. It is made up of the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, they who hunger after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and they who are persecuted for righteousness. Then anyone, however humble and poor and ignorant may be blessed. The qualifications are all of character and conduct. It is not what men have, nor even what they believe, that makes them eligible—it is what they are. The most illustrious and the most lowly enter at the same gate. Neither is excluded on account of his condition or circumstances. The traits enumerated are those which characterize those whom Christ recognizes as his subjects.

Two qualities are expected in such a people. They are to be like salt and like light. Like salt in their preserving, penetrating, purifying influence, permeating the world which is tainted with corruption, putrid with sin and loathsome evils. "Ye are the salt," Christ says, your city, your street, workshop is to be the better and the purer for your being in it. We know such men, whose silent presence is a reproof to evil speaking, to profanity, to lying and slandering. His people are also to be light. The divine spark kindled within them is to shine and glow. Men will judge of God by them. Their character is to be so pure that when men look upon them they shall esteem God whom they have not seen, because these who have his nature in them, whom they can see, are so lovable and beneficent. Therefore, Christ says, let your light shine; it will lead darkened souls to the ineffable light. Although it be but a feeble spark, let it shine. It is the same in its nature as the sun, and it may give help to some benighted traveller. Thus we get, by simple figures, Christ's ideal of his church—good and doing good. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.



THE INTERNATIONAL Y. W. C. A.

On this page is a group of portraits of ladies who are toiling in the interest of the young women of this and other lands, seeking their best interests and helping them in their difficulties. They are the officers of the International Young Women's Christian Association, which now has branches in all our large cities and has been the means of great usefulness.

Few people enjoy being known by the reputation already gained by other members of the family, but the International Young Women's Christian Association is an exception, in that, as an organization, it so closely resembles the Y. M. C. A. that it is proud to be recognized by their leaders and work-

ers as their complementary organization and sister Association, doing among young women what they are doing among young men. The International Association is the result of an uprising in the universities and colleges of the country, dating as far back as 1872, inspired by and named for the Inter-collegiate movement of the young men. In 1886 there were 100 associations grouped in seven State organizations and these meeting in a convent at Lake Geneva, formulated the present International Association, with headquarters and executive Committee located in Chicago.

The departments of organization are the local i. e., city and college Associations, these unite to form the State Associations, and all in turn combine to make the International Association, and America

States, while the supervisory work of the entire country and Canada, and the organization and upbuilding of new local and state organizations belongs to the International Association through its executive, the International Committee.

The International Committee is composed of thirty-three women, and is divided into the following sub-committees: Publication, Secretarial, Finance, City, College, State, and Executive. Five of the Sub-committee as well as the entire International Committee hold a monthly meeting for the supervision of the work in all its departments.

With the opening of the fall, a general, two office, a college, editorial and international secretaries will be engaged all the time in the International Work, besides the many State and local Secretaries.

The summer schools, for Secretaries and the training of workers, have become quite a feature in the Association. This summer is the fourth season and three assemblies will be held, one each in Northfield, Mass., Lake Geneva, Wis., and Casadero, Cal.

The International Association measures its vitality and power for usefulness, not by years of existence but by actual work accomplished. In eight years it has grown to over three hundred associations in thirty-eight states with nineteen states supervised by thoroughly organized state organizations many of which have their own traveling secretaries. It stands for the best in womanhood and a large army of edu-



OFFICERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL Y. W. C. A.

1. Mrs. J. V. Farwell, Jr., President.
2. Mrs. L. M. Messer, Treasurer.
3. Miss Ellic K. Price, General Secretary.
4. Miss Thirsa F. Hall, Office Secretary.
5. Mrs. E. T. West, Secretary of Committee.

is linked with five other nations in a World's Young Women's Christian Association.

Each association governs its own work though limiting it to certain principles agreed upon by all. The Associations have opened gymnasias, parlors and halls in which a wide range of social life and entertainment is enjoyed; they have libraries and class rooms where thorough educational work is supplemented by practical talk along many important lines, noon-rest and lunch rooms, offices for general information and employment, Boarding House Directory and Boarding Clubs. They hold meetings for Bible Study and Special Training in Christian Work, services for prayer, praise and personal work, in fact, all that ministers to the physical, social, business, intellectual, and spiritual inspiration and development of young women.

The State Association, and its executive committee, becomes responsible for the extension and development of the work in the

cated, cultured and aspiring young women are enlisted in its ranks and their watchword is, "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."



THE B. Y. P. U. AT SARATOGA.

At the Baptist anniversaries at Saratoga, the Young People's Union was by no means overlooked. The Union is growing in the appreciation of the pastors and those most interested in the real work of the denomination. A series of morning conferences was held by the officers and members of the Union, in which several eminent ministers assisted. Among them were Dr. MacLaurin of Detroit, Mr. H. C. Vedder, Revs. C. H. Dodd, A. K. Fuller, Dr. A. G. Upham, C. A. Reese and Prof. J. M. Stifler. "The Baptist Union" reports a conference between its editor and other officers of the Society and the Secretaries of the older societies. Secretary Wilkins and Dr. Ira M. Price,

representing B. Y. P. U. A., laid before them the plans of the Course, and asked their co-operation in carrying out the same as far as it may concern their several societies. Dr. H. C. Mabie and O. O. Fletcher were present for the Missionary Union, Drs. T. J. Morgan and William M. Haigh for the Home Mission Society, and Col. Chas. H. Banes for the Publication Society. Mr. Henry C. Vedder, who has given valuable aid during the year as one of the official conductors of the C. C. C., was also present as a mutual friend and adviser. After a very full canvass of the whole subject, the following expression was placed on record as the result of the conference. "Having heard a statement from the officers of the B. Y. P. U. A. of the plan of the Conquest Missionary Studies, we, representatives of the American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Publication Society and the American Baptist Home Missionary Society express our approbation of the general scheme and our willingness to co-operate in utilizing it. Charles H. Banes, T. J. Morgan, H. C. Mabie."

It is understood that each of the old societies represented will take care that their missionary publications, their periodicals, pamphlets, books, etc., shall provide side-light reading for the students following the Missionary Course as the readings of the Course proceed.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Christian Endeavor society at Cedar Rapids, Neb., in nine months has increased from eleven to ninety members and brought twelve members to the church.



One of the delegates to the Jubilee Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in London is Prince Oscar Bernadotte, son of the King of Norway and Sweden. He has been elected a Vice-President of the International Y. M. C. A.



The membership of the different Circles of King's Daughters in Nashua, N. H., have united and formed a Benevolent Fund. They report a membership of more than one hundred, with the number increasing at every meeting.



Over five hundred delegates and visitors attended the recent Epworth League convention at Pueblo, Colo. There are in Colorado ninety senior chapters of the League, and thirty junior chapters with 2,680 seniors and 1,720 juniors, a gain of 2,171 during the year. The convention continued through two days. Among the speakers were General Secretary Schell, Dr. F. M. White, Dr. B. T. Vincent and Rev. Frank Crane.



The Christian Endeavor Society, at Fairhaven, Mass., meets every week in rooms hired in the poorest quarter of the town. These rooms are also open in the afternoon once or twice a week that the women that live near may gather there, bring their work and receive help about it.



The new Secretary and Editor of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is Rev. S. A. Steel, D.D. He is a native of Mississippi.



The honor of knighthood has been conferred by Queen Victoria on Mr. George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association in recognition of the service he thus rendered to the young men of the nation. Henceforward he will be addressed as Sir George Williams.



The fine building of the Melbourne Y. M. C. A., which cost \$275,000, and which was erected just prior to the commencement of the commercial depression still affecting Australia, has lapsed into the hands of the mortgagees, the savings bank, who had advanced half the purchase money.



The Christian Endeavor Societies of India recently held an enthusiastic meeting at Calcutta. About 500 persons were present, and songs were sung in Hindustani, Bengali, Malay, Chinese, English, German and Swedish. There was a delightful social reunion, and much enthusiasm was awakened by the reports that were given of work done.



Hawaiian Simplicity.

A Comparatively Happy, Pastoral People, Despite Recent Troubles—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Visit to the Islands.



BEFORE this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, Rev. Dr. Talmage, its editor, will have arrived in Hawaii, he having sailed from San Francisco

individual possessions, in many parts of Hawaii, seem to be valued only for the pleasure they enable the possessor to confer upon those around him, and there is no false modesty about asking for a thing, on the part of those who wish to share their neighbor's good fortune. It has sometimes happened that this very general custom has been decidedly embarrassing to foreigners traveling in Hawaii.

These islands owe much to the United States. It was the first country to establish missions there, and it has given them, too, about all the civilization they have. But life to the average Hawaiian is hardly the serious problem it is to the American or the European; he is a child of nature still, and

for Honolulu in the steamship, "Alameda," on May 31. This Sandwich Island port will be the first stage or stopping-place on his journey around the globe.

Of late years, Hawaii has been gradually becoming more and more Americanized. Not only do American commercial interests preponderate there, but since the monarchy was superseded by the republican "Provisional Government," the fraternal relations of the two countries have become closer than before, and the people of the little "Paradise of the Pacific" regard the powerful Western republic as their protector and defender.

Social life in Hawaii is in a state of transformation, the people being Christianized and civilized, yet clinging with patriotic tenacity to many of the old customs as well as the old style of native dress. In the seaport cities and especially in Honolulu and Hilo, where there is a liberal mixture of nationalities—the garb of modern civilization may be said to predominate; but in the privacy of native homes both there and in the rural districts, the simpler and less burdensome Hawaiian costume is preferred. Women wear the "holoku" or loose, flowing, native gown; but on festive occasions they appear in much more graceful dress, usually white, and garlanded on head, neck and shoulders with leis or wreaths of beautiful flowers. Flowers are everywhere in Hawaii. At a feast, the table is all abloom with them and the guests are each decked with leis as they take their seats.

If the dinner or supper be served native fashion, there are no chairs, but the guests recline on low benches or divans, in oriental style, some squatting on their heels. At receptions, too, flowers form a prominent and delightfully fragrant feature of the occasion, and almost the last thing a Hawaiian host does, before bidding his stranger guest good-bye, is to tling around his neck a wreath of the most beautiful flowers the gardens and woods afford—and there are many varieties to choose from.

Our illustration shows a group of Sandwich Island maids in festival dress. They are almost covered with garlands; indeed no one of either sex would ever attend a festival without them. But, although the natives are a pleasure-loving, easy-going people, their recreations are simple and comparatively innocent. Possessed of a happy temperament and with the most attractive surroundings; with few ambitions and no need of excessive toil, the average Hawaiian leads almost an ideal life. In village communities, the greatest sociability prevails. Those that are well to-do share freely with others less fortunate and the result is that while there are few rich, there are no paupers. Indeed,



A GROUP OF NATIVE HAWAIIAN GIRLS IN GALA DRESS.

his fishing, surf-riding, horse-back riding and flowers are of greater moment than aught else. He is probably the best specimen, physically and intellectually, of the Polynesian races, and has done what no other Polynesians have done, in endeavoring to give to others the excellent Gospel training he himself has received.

The Humors of Sea-Bathing.

While bathing, the ludicrous will often break through the grand. Swept hither and thither, you find, moving in reel and cotillon, saraband and rigadon and hornpipe, Quakers and Presbyterians who are down on the dance. Your sparse clothing feels the stress of the waves, and you think what an awful thing it would be if the girdle should burst or a button break, and you

should have, out of respect to the feelings of others, to go up the beach sidewise or backward or on your hands and knees.

Close beside you, in the surf, is a judge of the Court of Appeals, with a garment on that looks like his grandmother's nightgown just lifted from the wash-tub and not yet wrung out. On the other side is a maiden with a twenty-five-cent straw hat on a head that ordinarily sports a hundred dollars' worth of millinery. Yonder is a doctor of divinity with his head in the sand and his feet beating the air, traveling heavenward, while his right hand clutches his wife's foot, as much as to say, "My feet are useless in this emergency, give me the benefit of yours."

Now a stronger wave, for which none are ready, dashes in, and with it tumble ashore, in one great wreck of humanity, small craft and large, stout hulk and swift clipper, helm first, topsail down, forestay-sail in tatters, keel up, everything gone to pieces in the swash of the surges. This is the season when the humors of sea-bathing are about to begin.

The Nature of Obedience.

In the home, writes Emily Huntington Miller, the child ought to learn neatness and order. The market value of a child's work is not the measure of its worth. Whatever portion of the daily work falls to the

ourselves. If promptness be the most difficult of all virtues to teach our children, it is that whose possession will be a priceless boon to them. It is worth a small fortune to them to be taught to go without delay from one thing to another, neither wasting their own time nor stealing that of others.

CHOOSE JESUS TO-DAY.

BOAST not of to-morrow;
Though fair it may rise,
No rays of its glory
May gladden your eyes;
Your life as a vapor
May vanish away;
Wait not till to-morrow,
Choose Jesus to-day.

The ways you are treading
Apart from the Lord,
No real enjoyment
Can ever afford;
Your pleasures are fleeting
And mingled with pain;
All losses for Jesus
Are infinite gain.

This day of salvation
Be wise to improve,
Away from your peril
Make haste to remove;
In weak indecision
No longer delay;
Wait not till to-morrow,
Choose Jesus to-day.

DEAN STANLEY AND THE CHILDREN.

IT is related of Dean Stanley, that he always enjoyed the companionship of children, and the interest which he displayed in them in public was a most marked characteristic of his private life. As a young man he delighted to collect a number of them into a room with him by himself, to play with them and tell them stories; at Norwich, when staying at his father's house, he was accustomed to hold a Bible class for them on Sunday afternoons. As Dean of Westminster, he enjoyed taking them over the Abbey, especially if they were not too old to be on their good behavior, and would ask questions and listen to the answers. Dear little Barbara James had been his favorite companion on the Rhine steamer in 1840; the children of his servant, Waters, were his playmates in his home at Christchurch; the deanery at Westminster was seldom without the presence of a small nephew. And at all times his playful tenderness and thorough sympathy with innocent mirth and fun, not only attracted him to children, but in turn drew children to him. Services for children he especially delighted in. The Psalms were selected for such an occasion. The eighth Psalm was chosen to show how little children may find out the glory of God in the great works of nature; the fifteenth Psalm, that they might see how, from our earliest years down to our latest age, that in which God finds the most pleasure is the humble, pure, truthful, honorable mind; the 127th Psalm, in order to impress on parents what precious, inestimable gifts are given them in their little children.

The lessons were in the same way especially selected: "The first lesson to remind you how little Samuel knelt upon his knees morning and evening, waiting for the voice of God to tell him what he was to do: and the second, to set before us the example of our Saviour, Jesus Christ himself, as the little child."

Bible Toys.

Lately, a wise woman, long accustomed to infant-school teaching and skilled in kindergarten methods, has invented a set of Bible toys, in the shape, easily adjustable, of ladders, stars, and other devices, by which, while playing games, the children are taught the beautiful old Bible stories, as fascinating to the childish ear as stories from Homer or from fairyland—stories of the Garden of Eden, of the deluge, of Joseph, of Samson, of Gideon, of Samuel, of David and Goliath, of Solomon and Josiah, and, coming to later times, the wonderful stories of the New Testament.



CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"**C**S for our brave Elspeth," Mrs. Barnes' love of fun getting the better of her sympathy, in an actual laugh—"she stalks about the place like a grenadier, eyes alert and ears pricked up, and nostrils quivering—ready for battle. I have my suspicions that she feeds that big dog upon raw meat to make him savage. I know that she keeps him chained by the kitchen door all day, and that he patrols the premises all night. I used to hear his heavy feet marching up and down the piazza, and once an hour making the rounds of the house. Even Robert had a watchful look. I had not believed him capable of. Up to ten o'clock to-day, nothing more had been heard of Paul than if Elspeth had throttled him and thrust him under the rotten ice which is beginning to float down the lake. My husband does not like the looks of this. He thinks that Paul is planning some ugly—surprise that will annoy, if it does not terrify his wife; such as spying out the children's hiding-places, and trying to seize them. I think that he is waiting to get legal advice, or, what is more likely, hoping to wear out Alice's spirit by a mysterious silence. There is nothing harder to bear than a vague dread. I believe him to be capable of anything," added the wholesome little woman, who, like most warm lovers, was a good hater.

"If I had any opinion on the subject—which I don't presume to have"—Nurse Williams announced, folding up her knitting preparatory to going home—"it would be that he has taken vessel and gone back where he came from, to see if he can get hold of his daughter. He's maybe uneasy about her, knowing the ways of foreign parts as he does, and that women can't go kitting around there alone—especially when they are young and pretty—as they can over here (and particularly, as I will and always say in Brooklyn!) and he must have some natural feeling for the poor child. Leastways, he knows that she is the best card in his hand."

"Will you listen to me using gambling talk in my old age when I don't know queens from spades, nor hearts from jacks? It must be the talking and thinking so much about a man who's made his living that way. There's more things that's catching than measles and cholera. You'll let me know if you've any further news of them all? They are in my mind and prayers all the time I'm awake."

She had run in for an hour that evening expressly to inquire as to the case of her Pinehurst friends, and she carried them upon her great heart in her homeward walk. The weather was much colder than when she went into her pastor's house. The salt, yellow fogs were rolling seaward before a brisk nor'wester; the stars blinked frostily overhead.

"March will die like a roaring lion!" soliloquized the good soul "stepping out" at a rate of speed disproportioned to her years and weight. "His teeth are sharp, too!"

The nor'wester was a young gale when she faced it, bullying all weaker things after the manner of March winds, capricious, and no respecter of persons. Substantial as was her build, she had to duck her head, and shoulder the blast sidelong in crossing the streets. Thus advancing, she brought herself into contact with a stout man at the junction of the Avenue with Post Street. Both staggered, and he seized her arm to save her from falling, with—

"I beg your pardon, madam!"

"If it ain't Mr. Stevens!" cried she, with what breath the gale and shock had spared to her.

The home missionary laughed—a right round, jovial laugh that must have come all the way from his heels.

"This is one of the things people who know no better call 'wonderful!'" he said, jolly. "Such things as are all the time

happening to me—and to anybody who is on the lookout for them. I am on my way to your house. Just got off the car at the corner below."

"King's business?"

"That's as you look at it. Busy?"

"Just home from a billious-remittent yesterday, and pretty well rested out last night. Why! what's this?"

Mr. Stevens said "Halloo!" and both halted at the bottom of the steps leading up to the sign of "Mary Williams, Nurse, &c." A man crouched there, doubled up until his forehead rested on his knees, not—as the practised eye of the two spectators at once discerned—in the limp attitude of the drunkard, but tense with physical anguish. Mr. Stevens took him gently by the shoulder. He moaned, and tried to raise himself. The light of the street-lamp showed a face like chalk, made keen and old by extremity of pain.

"Aha!" escaped the missionary.

He let go of the shoulder, and beckoned the nurse a few steps apart.

"I've seen this man before to-day. He swore at me, then. That brings him fairly within the category of 'them that curse and spitefully use you.' So, my duty is to bless him. Can you take him in for an hour or so? He has a convulsion of some sort, and ought to be attended to at once."

"I'll see if the men-folks downstairs are at home. They can help you up to my sitting-room with him,"—mounting the steps hastily.

The "men-folks," a father and grown son—willingly lent a hand in the charitable deed. Whatever Mrs. Williams ordained respecting sick people was law and gospel to them. The three men got the groaning, and almost unconscious sufferer up the second floor, and laid him upon the lounge under the illustrated poem, Mrs. Williams's pride. At her next behest, the son ran off for Dr. Bacon.

"It's angina pectoris!" said Mr. Stevens, presently, watching the fierce spasms.

"We used to call it 'breast-pang,'" said the nurse in the same guarded key. "There's few worse things that the human body can endure. He's been drinking hard, too. May be to try to quit the pain, poor fellow! I've known people to mistake it for cramp in the stomach in the first stages. He looks like a gentleman."

The missionary nodded his grave pitying regards upon the convulsed features. Used as he was to witnessing every form of suffering, he appreciated that this was an extraordinary case, and that the peril was imminent. Hot fomentations were applied to his chest, and hot water-bags to his feet, without mitigation of the symptoms. It was a tedious half hour that rolled by before the bustle of the physician's arrival was heard upon the stairs. For the next hour little was said in the room besides the quick, authoritative directions of the chief in command, and the queries of the subordinates.

In that time, medicines were brought in; a folding bed was lowered and made up, the sufferer undressed and laid within it, apparently unconscious of everything except the intolerable torture of his mysterious malady. It was twelve o'clock when his groans ceased, and he lay in the stupor induced by anodynes and exhaustion.

Dr. Bacon picked up the coat he had taken off, the better to handle the writhing man, and whistled.

"By Jap! that was a near thing! I thought he was off a dozen times. Who and what is he? and how came you two in charge of this private hospital?"

"He was taken upon my steps," said Mrs. Williams.

"And you took him in. You may be thankful if he doesn't turn the tables. Such impulsive charity is pious, but poor policy, so far as the life that now is goes. What do you know of our patient, Mr. Stevens?"

"He is a traveler on the Jericho road, and

my neighbor. The priest and the Levite had probably had their look and their say about him, but they were out of sight before we came up."

The doctor's eyes twinkled with merry malice.

"S-o-o! a pair of good Samaritans, eh? The sacred drama is likely to cost you more than a pocketful of tuppences, and more time than you calculated upon. He can't be moved to-night, or to-morrow, without endangering his life. Which isn't worth taking odds upon, in any event. You've got a white elephant on your hands, my good sister. My advice (unprofessional) is that you examine his clothing for some clue to his identity. If he has friends, they ought to be informed as to what has happened."

The search was futile. Not a letter, or so much as a handkerchief, was in the pockets, and none of the garments were marked.

The doctor whistled again.

"That saying about the Jericho road wasn't amiss. Our uncertain man has certainly fallen among thieves, and thieves without honor at that."

The smile he turned upon the hostess was a broad grin of mischievous satisfaction.

"Here's a station on the Royal Road for you! Not having taken a ticket on that line myself, I humbly propose that you bundle him out of this to the hospital the minute I can say with any degree of truthfulness that he isn't likely to die on the way. If he dies here, there will be a newspaper inquest, and there's no telling what amount of talk and fuss."

"That's for to-morrow to decide—no you, nor yet me," she rejoined the nurse, composedly. "But this much I do say—until it's safe to move him, here he stays! A human life is a human life, and I haven't lived to be fifty-five years old to be scared by newspaper powder. They are mostly blank cartridges."

"O, I know you of old! No matter whom you are dealing with always write yourself down as 'No. 2.' See here, my friend—for I am your friend, whether you are foolish or sensible—this man is not one of your kind. There isn't a sign of the disciple about him. We doctors see enough of the side of life the knots are on, to make us keen in these matters. He's a genteel 'tough'—that's what he is—and just off of a hard 'tear.' Don't set your heart upon nursing him into a sheep. He's an out-and-out goat. I don't say you're to put him into the street to-night, but I'll look in to-morrow with a hospital permit in my pocket, and an elastic conscience in my manly bosom."

"Did you ever behold a more obstinate countenance in your born days?" pointing to Mrs. Williams who was quietly setting the disordered room into its accustomed condition. "She's a respectable woman, with a professional reputation to maintain, and it really won't do for her to be housing stragglers in this promiscuous manner. She ought, in the first place, to have sent off post-haste for an ambulance and shipped him to the hospital."

"Or station-house," put in Mr. Stevens, smiling quietly. "There were probably none on the turnpike to Jericho, or the priest and Levite would have thought of one. The Royal Road I heard you speak of just now is lined with Houses of Mercy and Ready Reliefs, and so on. That comes of living in the nineteenth century, I suppose."

The doctor was not disconcerted.

"As to charity—real charity—I believe in it as truly as any man. But these words of supererogation are outside of my province—and comprehension. I dare affirm—for I know you and respect your principles—that five out of every ten cases of so-called distress you relieve, prove, when you come to look into them, to have been frauds, or at least, exaggerated for the purpose of working up your sympathies to the alms-point. There is a continual pull upon your nervous forces and purse-strings, and for what? To further pauperize paupers, to instruct designing scamps in hypocrisy and cunning, and deplete good men's pockets. Am I right?"

"Better that ninety-nine guilty men go free than that one innocent man should be punished," quoted Mr. Stevens. "My conscience is easier for not taking the chance against the innocent one. As to the unworthy whom I feed and clothe, believing that I am obeying the Master's precept to provide for the destitute—what follows the action performed in this spirit is none of my business. It is done unto God—not unto man."

Dr. Bacon shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"And it is none of my business, you might say, to dictate to whom you are to give and when and how. Only, I beg you to believe that I am sincerely interested in our excellent Mrs. Williams, and I don't fancy the contract she has on her hands just now."

He moved toward the bed. The conversation had been held in the sub-tones trained nurses understand (or ought to understand) how to use, audible only to the interlocutor and free from the sibilations that arouse a sleeper more readily than a loud call.

The man lay like one dead, but for his low, labored respiration, the ground swell after the storm. His face was livid, the cheeks had fallen in; his jaw hung loosely.

"Send for me should the pain return," said the doctor, in leaving his side. "Should you find him sinking, don't call me up. It would be over before I could get here. It is touch-and-go with him for the next few hours."

Mr. Stevens took his departure half an hour later. He had left a sick man in New York to whom he had meant to send Mrs. Williams. He must secure another nurse before he could go to his own home.

"I will look in upon you to-morrow forenoon," was his parting promise. "Keep up a brave heart, my sister—and may the Sleepless Eye watch you!"

He had made his call, and Dr. Bacon his, before the patient gave any sign that he knew where he was—or indeed that he was at all. It was then the recurrence of the horrible grip upon his chest that aroused him from the protracted stupor. The paroxysm was slighter and briefer than the former, and when it was relieved, he moved and spoke with comparative ease. Another long night of lethargic slumber succeeded, and the Sabbath day dawned brightly.

"Treacherous, but delicious," Dr. Bacon pronounced the weather. "Nice, while it lasts, and profitable to the profession when it is over. I wish you could get a mouthful of the outer air before the storm it is breeding comes."

For answer, she looked at him across the stranger's pillow.

"O, I suppose so!" he retorted, crossly. "I feel like shaking you, all the same!"

The patient seemed unobservant of the by-play, although he was rational and fully awake, replying coherently, and in well-chosen terms to the physician's questions as to his physical condition. He suffered little actual pain, he said, but there were moments of distressing prostration when his heart stopped beating for a moment, and resumed action with difficulty. He supposed that, with returning strength, this sensation would pass away. He thanked the doctor for his kindly attentions, and complimented him, briefly but courteously, upon his skill.

"I was more dangerously ill from the same cause in February. I am not alarmed as to the final result."

After the doctor had gone, Mrs. Williams was slightly confused by the unexpected query: "Why did he want to shake you?"

"Pshaw! you mustn't mind Dr. Bacon's nonsense. He and I have worked together so many years that he says pretty much whatever comes into his head. Will you take your broth now?"

He complied, said "Thank you!" as she laid his head again on the pillow, and was so still she would have believed him drowsy, but for the wide gaze of the eyes straight forward into vacancy.

"You and Dr. Bacon consider me extremely ill,—do you not?" he asked, at length, without apparent emotion. "You may be nearer right than I."

"Nobody can suffer as you do, without becoming seriously ill, sir. There's always more or less danger in such attacks. I am very thankful to see you so much easier."

"You do not say 'better,'" I observe! Why are you taking care of me?"

"You fell ill at my door at ten o'clock at night. What could a Christian woman do but see that you did not die there? Then, too, I am a professional nurse, and there seemed to be a providence in it."

In the next interval of silence between them, the church-bell began to chime for the morning service; that of the Jeremy Taylor Memorial sonorous and clear, because close at hand. Mrs. Williams's head was reverently inclined as the final toll sounded the call to worship in the sanctuary of her love; believing herself unnoticed by her lodger, she folded her hands and joined in spirit in the invocation which she knew was said at that minute over the congregation bowed in prayer.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK SHELF

THE STORY OF ISSA.*

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reference was made to the alleged discovery in a Thibetan monastery by Nicolas Notovitch, a Russian traveler, of a very ancient manuscript, in the Pali language, purporting to be a record of the life of "Saint Issa," whom the Thibetans identify with Jesus. The chief value of the record, if authentic, would be to show how the intervening years from Christ's childhood in Nazareth to the time of his entrance upon his ministry, were passed—a matter touching which the New Testament affords us little information. The document, though still regarded with doubt by the most distinguished Biblical scholars, is of such interest that we feel justified in presenting to our readers the extracts below:

"When Issa was thirteen, the age at which an Israelite is expected to marry,

"Then Issa secretly absented himself from his father's house; left Jerusalem, and, in a train of merchants, journeyed toward the Sindh.

"With the object of perfecting himself in the knowledge of the word of God and the study of the laws of the great Buddhas.

"In his fourteenth year, young Issa, the Blessed One, came this side of the Sindh and settled among the Aryas, in the country beloved by his God.

"The common people loved Issa, for he lived in peace with the Vaisyas and the Sudras, to whom he taught the Holy Scriptures.

"He declaimed strongly against man's arrogating to himself the authority to deprive his fellow-beings of their human and spiritual rights. 'Verily,' he said, 'God has made no difference between his children, who are all alike dear to him.'

"Issa denied the divine inspiration of the Vedas and the Puranas, for, as he taught his followers, 'One law has been given to man to guide him in his actions.'

"The white priests and the warriors, who had learned of Issa's discourse to the Sudras, resolved upon his death, and sent their servants to find the young teacher and slay him.

"But Issa, warned by the Sudras of his danger, left by night Djagguernat, gained the mountain, and settled in the country of the Gautamides.

"When the just Issa had acquired the Pali language, he applied himself to the study of the sacred scrolls of the Sutras.

"After six years of study, he left Nepaul and the Himalaya mountains, descended into the valley of Radjipoutan and directed his steps toward the West, everywhere preaching to the people the supreme perfection attainable by man;

"And the good he must do to his fellow-men, which is the sure means of speedy union with the eternal Spirit. 'He who has recovered his primitive purity,' said Issa, 'shall die with his transgressions forgiven and have the right to contemplate the majesty of God.'

"When the divine Issa traversed the territories of the Pagans, he taught that the adoration of visible gods was contrary to natural law. He said:

"The eternal Lawgiver is One; there are no other Gods than he; he has parted the world with none, nor had he any counselor.

"Even as a father shows kindness toward his children, so will God judge men after death, in conformity with his merciful laws. He will never humiliate his child by casting his soul for chastisement into the body of a beast.

"The heavenly laws,' said the Creator, through the mouth of Issa, 'are opposed to the immolation of human sacrifices to a statue or an animal; for I, the God, have

sacrificed to man all the animals and all that the world contains.'

"The words of Issa spread among the Pagans, through whose country he passed, and the inhabitants abandoned their idols.

"Issa furthermore taught the Pagans that they should not endeavor to see the eternal Spirit with their eyes; but to perceive him with their hearts, and make themselves worthy of his favors by the purity of their souls.

"The countries round about were filled with the renown of Issa's preachings, and when he came into Persia, the priests grew afraid and forbade the people hearing him.

"Issa—whom the Creator had selected to recall to the worship of the true God, men sunk in sin—was twenty-nine years old when he arrived in the land of Israel.

"Since the departure therefrom of Issa, the Pagans had caused the Israelites to endure more atrocious sufferings than before, and they were filled with despair.

"Many among them had begun to neglect the laws of their God and those of Mossa (Moses), in the hope of winning the favor of their brutal conquerors.

"But Issa, notwithstanding their unhappy condition, exhorted his countrymen not to despair, because the day of their redemption from the yoke of sin was near, and he himself, by his example, confirmed their faith in the God of their fathers.

"Issa went from one city to another, strengthening by the word of God the courage of the Israelites, who were near to succumbing under their weight of woe, and thousands of people followed him to hear his teachings."

* From *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ*, by Nicolas Notovitch, translated by J. H. Connelly and L. Landsberg, pp. 288; cloth; G. W. Dillingham, New York, publisher.

JESUS THE MAGNET.

Without coming in contact with Christ and receiving his Spirit, his drawing power, we will never influence others to do that which is right and good and holy. If we desire to have an influence for good in this world we must, first of all, come to Christ ourselves, and receive this drawing power from him. You have doubtless seen those who have become Christians, and after they have given their hearts to Christ they have immediately begun to draw others. They go out and invite others to come to church, they invite others to go with them to the prayer-meeting, to come with them to the Sunday School, and so in every way they seek to influence others and draw them to Christ.

When Jesus was upon the earth vast multitudes attended him. Where he went they followed. But now when Jesus is no longer bodily present upon the earth, when we cannot see him with our natural eyes, we speak of walking by faith, and you may be curious to know what is meant by walking by faith. I think that I can illustrate it in this way: Here is a sheet of writing paper. Now above the writing paper I will place this magnet, and then below it I will place this small bit of iron. The attracting power of the magnet holds the iron up against the paper. Now, when I move this magnet on the upper side of the sheet from place to place, you will observe that this little piece of iron on the lower side of the sheet goes in the same direction. It follows the magnet very closely. The paper is between them. Now, if this paper was enlarged so as to be as long and as broad as the ceiling of this room, of course you would not be able to see the magnet. But as you would move the magnet from place to place, the little iron below would continue to follow it.

So Jesus Christ is no longer visible; we cannot see him with our natural eyes, but he draws the Christian who is in this world, and so the Christian follows him.

† From *Five Minute Object Sermons to Children*, by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Short talks preached before the main sermon on Sunday mornings. pp. 253. Cloth covers, price \$1. Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., publishers.

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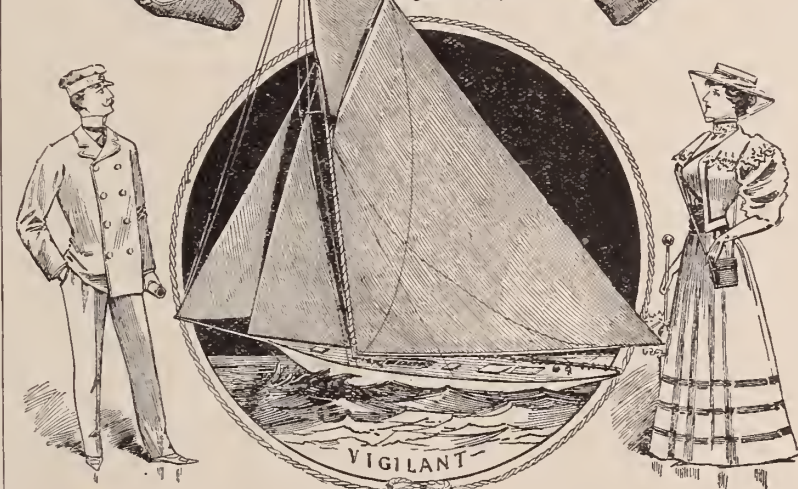
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Dr. Talmage Bids Good-bye.

He Starts on his Globe-Girdling Tour—Crossing the Continent—Some Reflections on Great Disasters—Church Fires and their Causes—A Word of Farewell.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 26, 1894.

AT half past nine o'clock, on the night of May 14th, 1894, I descended the front steps of my home in Brooklyn, New York. The sensation of leaving for a journey around the world is not all made up of bright anticipation. The miles to be traveled are so numerous, the seas to be crossed are so treacherous, the peradventures are so many, that the solemnities outnumber the expectations. My family accompany me to the railway train; will we all meet again? The climatic changes, the ships, the shoals, the hurricanes, the bridges, the cars, the epidemics, the possibilities, hinder any positiveness of prophecy. I come down the front steps of my home; will I ever again ascend them? The remarks made by Hon. Wm. M. Everts a few evenings before at the public Reception—on the conclusion of my twenty-fifth year of Brooklyn pastorate—though uttered in tactlessness, were consolatory. He said: "Dr. Talmage ought to realize that if he goes around the world, he will come out at the same place from which he started." May the God who holds the winds in one fist, and the ocean in the hollow of the other hand, protect us!

I leave home while the timbers of our destroyed church are still smoking. Three great churches have been consumed. Why this series of huge calamities, I know not. Had I not made all the arrangements for departure, and been assured by the Trustees of my church that they would take all the responsibilities upon themselves, I would have postponed my intended tour, or adjourned it forever; but all whom I have consulted tell me now is the time to go, and my face is toward the setting sun.

Six times before this have I crossed the American Continent, and I have seen the sun rise from the golden cradle of the Eastern sky and seen him buried beneath the pomp of the Western horizon. Three girths have been put around the American Continent; the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the Southern Pacific. All these girths have been tightened, and the buckles are moving ever and anon until the Continent is less and less in circumference. When I first crossed it, it took fully seven days. Instead of the elegant dining-cars of to-day, we stopped at restaurants with table-covers indescribable, for they had on them layers of other strata of breakfasts insulting in appearance. The first time I ever saw Judge Field, of the United States Supreme Court, was at one of these tables on the Rocky Mountains. Like myself, he had dismounted from the Union Pacific train. We sat opposite each other; the different courses of food were put upon the table, but his appetite and mine declined everything presented. Our eyes met, and we burst into a guffaw of laughter that was the introduction of a friendship that has been valuable to me ever since. A smile, as well as a tear, may open a chapter of hearty acquaintance-ship.

What is the meaning of the three fires? As I leave, people in many lands are discussing the question, for telegrams from across the Atlantic, as well as from many parts of this country, show that the fiery news had leaped every whither. Three vast structures dedicated to God, and the work of trying to make the world better, gone down, and all this within a few years. They were well built as to permanence and durability. All the talk about these buildings as mere fire-traps is the usual cant, for there is as much secular cant as religious cant. Have you heard in the last forty years of any church, or any hall, or any theatre which, after destruction, was not called a fire-trap? That charge always makes a lively opening for any description of a fire. There have been no better structures, secular or religious, put up in the last twenty-five years than the three Brooklyn Tabernacles, and the modes of egress from them so ample that the thousands of worshippers assembled in any of them could be put safely on the street inside of five minutes. The fact is that there is nothing in this world incombustible. When the great Chicago and Boston fires took place they burned up buildings and iron. The human race will go on building incombustible churches and incombustible banks and incombustible

store-houses and incombustible cities, and then all will be consumed in the world's last fire.

Builders who had large experience and established reputation, pronounced the Brooklyn Tabernacles perfect structures. But what is the meaning of the three fires? There may be a hundred different lessons learned by a hundred different people, and legitimate lessons. As for myself, I adjourn the most of the meaning to the next world. We will learn there in two minutes more than we can find out here in fifty years. With that anticipation, mysteries do not often bother me.

One reason for these consecutive disasters may be that the patience of the best people in the world, the members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was to be perfected. "Purified by fire." Mighty discipline for one of the Lord's hosts. Whether I ever meet them on earth or not, it will be a theme of heavenly reminiscence. We shall talk it all over, the story of the three fires.

Another reason why the last church went down may have been that some of us were idolizing the building, and the Lord will not allow idolatry. The house was such a Midsummer Night's Dream of beauty. Enchantment lifted in galleries and sprung in arches, and glorified in the light that came through windows, touching it with their dearest fingers. The acoustics so rare that thousands of ears were in easy reach of common accentuation. An organ which was a lullabie set up in pipes and banked in keys, waiting for a musician's manipulation, that would lead the congregational song as an archangel might lead heaven. Glorious organ! When it died down into the ashes of that fire, perhaps its soul went up where Handel and Haydn began to play on it. The most superb audience room that I ever gazed on, or ever expect to see, until I enter the Temple of the Sun. On one memorial wall of that building, a stone which I had rolled down from Mt. Calvary, where our Lord died, and two tables of stone that were sawed off from Mt. Sinai, and brought on camels across the desert by my arrangement, and a part of Paul's pulpit, which the Queen of Greece allowed me, from Mars Hill. Architecture so chaste, so grand, so appropriate, so suggestive, so stupendous. One of the doxologies of Heaven alighted. Well, perhaps we thought too much of it. When we think too much of our children, the Lord takes them, and when we think too much of our church, the Lord summarily removes it.

I suppose another reason for the departure of that house was that it had done its work. Church building, like individuals, accomplish what they were built for and then go. One person lives ninety years, another forty years, another three years, and when God takes an individual, whether at ninety, or forty, or three years, his mission is ended. This last church stood three years, and any person who knows what multitudes have there assembled, and what transactions for eternity have there taken place, will admit that it was well to build it, even if we had known at the start that it would only last from 1891 to 1894.

Another reason why I think this last church went down was to keep me humble. The Lord had widened my work through Christendom, and with two receptions the week before the conflagration, the one a city reception presided over by our Mayor, and the other a National and International reception, presided over by one of the chief men of the nation, who had recently stepped from the presidential cabinet, and the occasion honored by addresses, and letters, and cablegrams from men of world-wide fame in church and state, and the whole scene brilliant beyond description, and in compliment to myself, who was brought up a farmer's boy; there was danger that I might become puffed up and my soul be weakened for future work. I did not yet feel any stirrings of that sort, and had only

felt an humble gratitude for what had been said and done by friends transatlantic and cisatlantic, but I had ordered full reports of the meeting laid aside for future perusal, and I had engaged the fleetest stenographer I know of to take down every word, from the opening doxology of the first reception to the benediction of the last reception, and sometime, when less busy, I would take in all the eloquence and kindness and splendor of that memorable week. What might have been the result upon myself, I know not. I have seen upon others the withering effect of human praise. A cold chill of the world's neglect is no more destructive than the sunstroke from too much heat of popular approval. The disaster may have been needed, and it came so close upon the adulation, that it acted as an everlasting prevention. In the light of that awful blaze of that Sabbath in May, 1894, no self-sufficiency could stand a second.

Another reason for the fires, I think, is that somehow, and in a way that I know not, my opportunities are to widen. After each of the other fires, new doors were open. I prayerfully expect that such will be the sequence of the last conflagration.

Will the Brooklyn Tabernacle be re-built? I know not. What or when or where shall be my work, I cannot even guess, nor have I the least anxiety. Nothing but an inspired utterance of the Bible could bear such repetition as I have for the last twelve days given to the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

I have safely arrived on the Pacific Coast. A startling question was asked me just before I reached here. I was in deep slumber in a section of a sleeping car, when the curtain was pushed back, and a venerable lady seized hold of me and shrieked: "Who are you and what are you doing here?" It was a sudden calling of the roll of passengers, and I did not feel like answering to my name. The question was repeated in more earnestness and with louder voice. I could not at first understand why the interrogation as to my identity, but after gathering my senses together, I mildly suggested that perhaps she had mistaken my place for her own. This was no doubt the case, and she made a quick retreat. The fact is that the sections and berths of a sleeping car are very much alike. The new mode of hanging the number of the berth in large figures on the outside of the drapery of the sleeping place is a great improvement; but midnight perambulation, even under the best of circumstances, is more or less confusing. The mistake that the venerable lady made is a mistake that thousands of people make, for they think some one else has their place. Most of the struggle in the world is in trying to get some one else's berth. Better go back contented and take the place assigned you. In trying to get some one else's place, we may lose our own without getting his. I cannot jeer at the old lady's mistake, for that night on the Southern Pacific Railroad, I bethought myself that there are during every Presidential campaign at least 100,000 people trying to get the berths of the 100,000 present occupants.

Good-bye, my friends all over! On the other side of the world, I will think of those who have put me under obligation, and the first hour I have passed the latitude and longitude farthest away from home, and begin to return, I will count the weeks and days that stand between me and the lowest step of the front door, from which, on the evening of May 14th, I departed.

T. de Witt Talmage



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DR. B. O. KINNEAR, Editor.
(Author of "Impending Judgments," 121 per annum in advance. For account of "Lamp of Life" see The Christian Herald of May 23d, 1894, under article, "TO BIBLE STUDENTS.")

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A Children's Paradise.

(Continued from first page.)

impossible for them to frolic out-doors. The Chapel across the way, is a neat substantial wooden structure, capable of seating two hundred persons. Just behind it and in the same building is a nice, roomy Dining-hall, where one hundred children can sit down simultaneously at table. Off the Dining-hall is a wing in which sixty boys are to sleep in thirty double beds. The beds are of iron, and each has a bolster and mattress of woven wire, over which is a double blanket and sheet, then another sheet and a double blanket above.

On the grounds at Mont Lawn, there is an abundance of fruit and shade trees. A large lawn affords an ample play-ground. The property affords a magnificent view of the Hudson River and the villages of Nyack and Tarrytown, the elevation being over 300 feet above sea level. It has been leased for the purposes of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home from Rev. A. D. Laurence Jewett, D.D., at the nominal rental of \$30 per month. All the buildings have been comfortably furnished and every room will be utilized, not a niche being left unoccupied. It has been arranged that the children are to be brought from the city tenements and from the Sunday Schools belonging to the churches that co-operated with the Food Fund. Each relay or detachment of fifteen children will be assembled in room 98 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, New York, before being taken to the Home, and there examined by a physician. Those suffering from scalp diseases, affections of the eyes or ears, or any contagious or infectious maladies will be excluded. Those who pass the examination will be conveyed to the pier at the foot of West Tenth street, North River, and there transferred to the steamer "Chrystenah," in charge of a missionary, and taken to Nyack. A relay of fifteen children, boys and girls, will be taken up daily in the afternoon, starting at 4 p. m. and reaching their destination a little before 6 o'clock. Each returning relay of fifteen, having completed their ten days' stay at the Home, will be conveyed to the steamer dock at Nyack at 8 a. m. and will reach the Bible House about 10 a. m., where they will be safely restored to their parents or guardians. Every child, on leaving the Home, will receive some small souvenir to remind him of the pleasant days he has enjoyed. The first hundred to be sent to Mont Lawn will be exclusively Food Fund children, whose parents were helped during last winter. Fifteen hundred children will, during the summer, share the advantages thus afforded them through the liberality of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

At the Home, the stay of the children will be made a pleasant one. When the complement is full, there will be a happy family of sixty boys and sixty girls, all between the ages of six and twelve, and it is not improbable that an additional building may be secured sufficient to accommodate eighty more. One missionary is detailed to wait upon and care for every fifteen children. While the strictest discipline will be maintained, no effort will be spared to make the place as like a real home as possible, and to remove the idea of an institution. The dormitories are divided into large and small rooms, instead of being used as common sleeping halls, and the pretty white iron bedsteads and snowy spreads, with enough cosy little chairs for all, and the floors covered with soft Chinese matting, give them a neat and tasteful appearance.

Rising bell will ring at 7 o'clock and breakfast will be served at 8, preceded by a brief service in the chapel. The children, on leaving the chapel, will march to their places at table, and, while standing, will sing this little verse as their "grace" before the meal:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for his food.
By His hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

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Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Proca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

It is impossible to travel far with the man who rides with a hobby. But if you and your companion take Hood's Sarsaparilla you will have health and strength for long journeys.

This is repeated at each meal. For breakfast the bill of fare will be rice, hominy, oatmeal, cracked wheat, sugar, bread and butter, and as much milk as the children can drink. At twelve o'clock dinner, soup, meat, two vegetables, milk, bread and butter, and pudding will be served. Tea, or supper, at 5 p. m., will consist of some light dish, fruit, cake and milk. All the food will be of the best quality and served in sufficiently generous quantities to appease even the hungriest of the youngsters. Every week-day afternoon, when the weather permits, the children will be seated around the flag-staff on the lawn, with the Union flag flying above them, and taught to sing patriotic songs, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail Columbia," etc. It will be a pretty as well as a stirring sight to see those little ones, representing many different nationalities, joining in the tuneful praise of the great Republic that has given them shelter. Nor will the juvenile sports and pastimes of the children be forgotten, and whatever is necessary to their health and happiness during their stay at the Home will be supplied. It need hardly be added that the moral training of the children, brief as it must necessarily be, will be a prominent feature in the Home, and it is hoped the seeds of Christian kindness sown in those young hearts may bear much fruit hereafter.

The Children's Home will be opened on June 15, and when this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers it will practically be in actual operation. It will be under the management of skilful and experienced mission workers, Miss Matilda Faulhaber, formerly in charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund Station, No. 13, being Superintendent, with a staff consisting of six missionaries and several assistants, nearly all of whom were actively connected with the Food Fund's work during the past winter. From time to time, as the work advances, accounts of its progress will appear in these columns. It is a work in which we feel that all our readers have a deep personal interest since it was, like its predecessor the Food Fund, the offspring of their Christian generosity and sympathy for the "Lord's Poor."

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

From Old Subscriber, Georgia, \$25 for the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of the Sunday School Union in the Southwest; from —, Mt. Pleasant, Tex., \$1 for the Bethesda Home; from D. C. Steiner, \$35 for Foreign Missions; from Mrs. M. White, \$2 for the Door of Hope; from Mary E. Strout, 50 cents for the Mary Washington Fund; from J. R., Haydenville, Mass., \$1 for Sister Charlotte's Work and \$1 for Mrs. Jamal's School in Jerusalem; from Mrs. H. K. Morrison, \$10 for the Hebrew Christian work in New York.

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HERE KINGS FOUGHT AND FELL.

Ancient Ramoth-Gilead, as it Now Appears — Once a Fortified City of Refuge, the Spoil of Armies, now an almost Forgotten and Ruinous Village.

ENSCONCED on a slope of the mountain range known to the Arabs as Jebel Jilad (Mount Gilead), and in one of the most ruggedly picturesque parts of Palestine, lies the village of Es-Salt, which the leading Biblical scholars and ex-

plorers of the present day have identified with the ancient city of Ramoth-Gilead. Few cities have played a more important part in the history of Israel than this, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. Ramoth was allotted to the tribe of Levi, and occupied a central position in their territory. It was apparently a strong fortress, and there are even yet remains that point to the existence of ancient fortifications, such as might well surround a city which was considered the military key of the country. When Ramoth was captured by the Syrians, the kings of Israel and Judah both regarded the event as a national disaster and united their forces against the invader in a battle in which the Israelitish monarch sustained a mortal wound. (1. Kings 22: 34-37.) Josephus, the Jewish historian, relates with much detail, the circumstances of its recapture, years afterward, by the Israelites, and sacred chronicle tells of the subsequent

struggle of Hazael, King of Syria, to regain it, of the wounding of King Joram and his retirement to Jezreel to be healed, leaving the renowned Captain Jehu in command of the forces. It was at Ramoth that Jehu was anointed King of Israel, II. Kings 9: 12, and from thence that doughty warrior set

out on his divine commission to execute the vengeance of Jehovah on the house of Ahab.

After a series of wars, lasting over several reigns, and during which the city repeatedly exchanged masters, Ramoth seems to have disappeared from the stage of Jewish history. Possibly, like Jezreel, its numerous tragedies had made it no longer popular with the Jewish people and their rulers, or it may be that its demolition was effected in some of the last great campaigns in which it seems to have been the centre of military operations.

As its name (Ramoth, "heights"), implies, the city occupied a commanding position on the range of Gilead. It was at one time appointed a city of refuge, and from its lofty eminence must have been visible at a great distance. The ruins seen on the summit, are those of an ancient castle, with towers at the corners and a deep, rock-hewn moat surrounding it on all sides. Around the town itself are strong natural defenses in the shape of deep ravines and impassable cliffs. Numerous tombs and grottoes of great antiquity are found in these ravines.

On the neighboring slopes of the hills are famous vineyards that produce the finest raisins in Palestine, sweet and delicately flavored, which the inhabitants still produce in considerable quantities for the Jerusalem market. Small and insignificant as is the modern village, having less than three thousand inhabitants, it is still a place of remarkable strength, and its garrison, which is furnished by the Pasha of Damascus, keeps the plundering Bedouins of the district under comparative control. Only the walls and a part of the arch of the ancient fortress are standing and even now the antiquity of these ruins is somewhat doubtful, as some authorities hold that they are of Turkish and others of Saracenic origin, rather than Israelitish. Between the city and the river Jordan is a plateau where the battle was fought in which Ahab received his mortal wound. In no other part of that region could chariots have been used effectively.



THE VILLAGE OF ES-SALT, THE ANCIENT CITY OF RAMOTH-GILEAD, IN PALESTINE.
(From a Photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)



ANOTHER CHANCE.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Eccles. 11: 3, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

HERE is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude that there will be an opportunity in the next world to correct the mistakes of this; that, if we do make complete shipwreck of our earthly life, it will be on a shore up which we may walk to a palace; that, as a defendant may lose his case in the Circuit Court, and carry it up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and get a reversal of judgment in his behalf, all the costs being thrown over on the other party, so, if we fail in the earthly trial, we may in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the judgment of the lower court set aside, all the costs remitted, and we may be victorious defendants forever. My object in this sermon is to show that common sense, as well as my text, declares that such an expectation is chimerical. You say that the impenitent man, having got into the next world and seeing the disaster, will, as a result of that disaster, turn, the pain the cause of his reformation. But you can find ten thousand instances in this world of men who have done wrong and distress overtook them suddenly. Did the distress heal them? No; they went right on.

That man was flung of dissipations. "You must stop drinking," said the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers paroxysm after paroxysm; but, under skilful medical treatment, he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business. And, lo! he goes back to the same grog-shops for his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drams between. Flat down again! Same doctor! Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. Now, the illness is more protracted; the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive organs are more rebellious. But after awhile he is out again, goes back to the same dram-shops, and goes the same round of sacrilege against his physical health.

He sees that his downward course is ruining his household, that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vow, that that broken-hearted woman is so unlike the roseate young wife whom he married, that her old school-mates do not recognize her; that his sons are to be taunted for a life-time by the father's drunkenness, that the daughters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and, perhaps, for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is doing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a-tangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After awhile he has delirium tremens, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, crying: "Take these things off me!" As he sits pale and convalescent, the doctor says: "Now I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you have, you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die." He gets better and goes forth into the same round again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is no hope. Death ends the scene.

That process of inebriation, warning, and dissolution is going on within stone's throw of you, going on in all the neighborhoods of Christendom. Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform. What is true in one sense is true in all senses, and will forever be so, and yet men are expecting in the next world purgatorial rejuvenation. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States, and you will find that the vast majority of the incarcerated have been there before, some of them four, five, six times. With a million illustrations all working the other way in this world, people are expecting that distress in the next state will be salvatory. You cannot imagine any worse torture in any other world than that which some men have suffered here, and without any salutary consequence.

Furthermore, the prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In this world the life started with innocence of infancy. In the case supposed, the other life will open with all the accumulated bad habits of many years upon him. Surely, it is easier to build a strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to start with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a seraph evolved? Surely the sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of a half century. Surely upon a clean, white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will, than upon a sheet of paper all scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next life will succeed, though it starts with a dead failure.

"But," says some one, "I think we ought to have a chance in the next life, because this life is so short it allows only small opportunity. We hardly have time to turn around between cradle and tomb, the wood of the one almost touching the marble of the other." But do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century of their life-time than in the first hundred years, and still worse in the third century, and still worse all the way on to seven, eight, and nine hundred years, and the earth had to be washed, and scrubbed, and soaked, and anchored clear out of sight for more than a month before it could be made fit for decent people to live in. Longevity never cures impenitency. All the pictures of Time represent him with a scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a case of medicines to heal. Seneca says that Nero for the first five years of his public life was set up for an example of clemency and kindness, but his path all the way descended until at sixty-eight he became a suicide. If eight hundred years did not make antediluvians any better, but only made them worse, the ages of eternity could have no effect except prolongation of depravity.

"But," says some one, "in the future state, evil surroundings will be withdrawn and elevated influences substituted, and hence expurgation, and sublimation, and

glorification." But the righteous, all their sins forgiven, have passed on into a beatific state, and consequently the unsaved will be left alone. It cannot be expected that Doctor Duff, who exhausted himself in teaching Hindoos the way to heaven, and Doctor Abeel, who gave his life in the evangelization of China, and Adoniram Judson, who toiled for the redemption of Borneo, should be sent down by some celestial missionary society to educate those who wasted all their earthly existence. Evangelistic and missionary efforts are ended. The entire kingdom of the morally bankrupt by themselves, where are the salvatory influences to come from? Can one speckled and bad apple in a barrel of diseased apples turn the other apples good? Can those who are themselves down help others up? Can those who have themselves failed in the business of the soul pay the debts of their spiritual insolvents? Can a million wrongs make one right?

Poneropolis was a city where King Philip of Thracia put all the bad people of his kingdom. If any man had opened a primary school at Poneropolis, I do not think the parents from other cities would have sent their children there. Instead of amendment in the other world, all the associations, now that the good are evolved, will be degenerating and down. You would not want to send a man to a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health; and the great lazaretto of the next world, containing the diseased and plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. If the surroundings in this world were crowded of temptation, the surroundings of the next world, after the righteous have passed up and on, will be a thousand per cent. more crowded of temptation.

The Count of Chateaubriand made his little son sleep at night at the top of a castle turret, where the winds howled and where spectres were said to haunt the place; and while the mother and sisters almost died with fright, the son tells us that the process gave him nerves that could not tremble and a courage that never faltered. But I don't think that towers of darkness and the spectral world swept by sirocco and euroclydon will ever fit one for the land of eternal sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum of that college of Inferno, where, after proper preparation by the sins of this life, the candidate enters, passing on from freshman class of depravity to sophomore of abandonment, and from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and with diploma signed by Satan, the president, and other professorial demoniacs, attesting that the candidate has been long enough under their drill, he passes up to enter heaven! Pandemonium a preparative course for heavenly admission! Ah, my friends, Satan and his cohorts have fitted uncounted multitudes for ruin, but never fitted one soul for happiness.

Furthermore, it would not be safe for this world if men had another chance in the next. If it had been announced that, however wickedly a man might act in this world, he could fix it up all right in the next, society would be terribly demoralized, and the human race demolished in a few years. The fear that, if we are bad and unforgiven here, it will not be well for us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back to semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism from rushing into midnight savagery, and midnight savagery from extinction; for it is the astringent impression of all nations, Christian and heathen, that there is no future chance for those who have wasted this.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say, "Go to, now! Let me get all out of this life there is in it. Come, gluttony, and inebriation, and uncleanness, and revenge, and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life may be somewhat shortened in this world by dissoluteness, but that will only make heavenly indulgence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will overtake the saints at last, and will enter the Heavenly Temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will

on my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven via Gehenna and via Sheol." Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this.

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with judges and attorneys that it would be tried twice, and the first trial would be of little importance, but that the second would decide everything; for which trial would you make the most preparation, for which retain the ablest attorneys, for which be most anxious about the attendance of witnesses? You would put all the stress upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all the expenditure, saying, "The first is nothing, the last is everything." Give the race assurance of a second and more important trial in the subsequent life, and all the preparation for eternity would be "post-mortem," post-funeral, post-sepulchral, and the world with one jerk be pitched off into impiety and godlessness.

Furthermore, let me ask why a chance should be given in the next world if we have refused innumerable chances in this? Suppose you give a banquet, and you invite a vast number of friends, but one man declines to come, or treats your invitation with indifference. You in the course of twenty years give twenty banquets, and the same man is invited to them all, and treats them all in the same obnoxious way. After awhile you remove to another house, larger and better, and you again invite your friends, but send no invitation to the man who declined or neglected the other invitations. Are you to blame? Has he a right to expect to be invited after all the indignities he has done you? God in this world has invited us all to the banquet of his grace. He invited us by his Providence and his Spirit three hundred and sixty-five days of every year since we knew our right hand from our left. If we declined it every time, or treated the invitation with indifference, and gave twenty or forty or fifty years of indignity on our part toward the Banqueter, and at last he spreads the banquet in a more luxurious and kingly place, amid the heavenly gardens, have we a right to expect him to invite us again, and have we a right to blame him if he does not invite us?

If twelve gates of salvation stood open twenty years or fifty years for our admission, and at the end of that time they are closed, can we complain of it and say: "These gates ought to be open again. Give us another chance?" It the steamer is to sail for Hamburg, and we want to get to Germany by that line, and we read in every evening and every morning newspaper that it will sail on a certain day, for two weeks we have that advertisement before our eyes, and then we go down to the docks fifteen minutes after it has shoved off into the stream and say: "Come back. Give me another chance. It is not fair to treat me in this way. Swing up to the dock again, and throw out planks, and let me come on board." Such behavior would invite arrest as a madman.

And if, after the Gospel ship has lain at anchor before our eyes for years and years, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, as she might sail away at any moment, and after awhile she sails without us, is it common sense to expect her to come back? You might as well go out on the Highlands at Neversink and call to the "Majestic" after she has been three days out, and expect her to return, as to call back an opportunity for heaven when it once has sped away. All heaven offered us as a gratuity, and for a life-time we refuse to take it, and then rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler demanding another chance. There ought to be, there can be, there will be no such thing as posthumous opportunity. Thus, our common-sense agrees with my text — "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

You see that this idea lifts this world up from an unimportant way-station to a plat-

form of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. But one trial for which all the preparation must be made in this world, or never made at all. That piles up all the emphases and all the climax and all the destinies into life here. No other chance! Oh, how that augments the value and the importance of this chance!

Alexander with his army used to surround a city, and then would lift a great light in token to the people that, if they surrendered before that light went out, all would be well; but if once the light went out, then the battering-rams would swing against the wall, and demolition and disaster would follow. Well, all we need do for our present and everlasting safety is to make surrender to Christ, the King and Conqueror — surrender of our hearts, surrender of our lives, surrender of everything. And he keeps a great light burning, light of Gospel invitation, light kindled with the wood of the Cross and flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Surrender while that great light continues to burn, for after it goes out there will be no other opportunity of making peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk of another chance! Why, this is a supernatural chance!

In the time of Edward the Sixth, at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier, seeing that the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet, took off his own helmet and put it upon the head of the earl; and the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode safely out of the battle. But in our case, instead of a private soldier offering helmet to an earl, it is a King putting his crown upon an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and heaven. Tell it to all centuries, all ages, all millenniums, that we have such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in the next.

I am in the burnished Judgment Hall of the Last Day. A great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival, I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says: "I came from America, where forty years I heard the Gospel preached, and Bible read, and from the prayer that I learned in Infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had Gospel advantage, but, for some reason, I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the Judge to give me a new trial and another chance." "Strange!" says the other; "I had but one Gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."

Now the ground trembles with the approaching chariot. "Stand back!" cry the celestial ushers. "Stand back, and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through!" He takes the throne, and looking over the throng of nations, he says: "Come to judgment, the last judgment, the only judgment!" By one flash from the throne all the history of each one flames forth to the vision of himself and all others. "Divide!" says the Judge to the assembly.

And now the immortals separate, rushing this way and that, and after awhile there is a great aisle between them, and the Judge, turning to the throng on one side, says: "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still," and then, turning toward the throng on the opposite side, he says: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The high court of eternity is adjourned forever.

Dr. Hall's Perils in Korea.

Maltreated, Threatened, and his Helpers Beaten and Persecuted while he Heals the Sick and Preaches the Gospel.

OMINOUS news comes from Korea, the populous peninsula of Eastern China. The king of that country has notified our Government that a rebellion has broken out, that he finds it difficult to suppress. It is directed chiefly against his policy of admitting foreigners to the empire, which, until very recent times, was so jealously guarded from their entrance as to have earned the name of "The Hermit Kingdom." The rebels are apparently more embittered against foreigners than against the government, and the king fears for their lives. He urges the Washington Government to send a United States vessel to Korea at once so that American citizens may have a refuge in case of attack. The news excites apprehension as to the safety of the missionaries, one of whom, Dr. W. J. Hall, has frequently communicated with our readers through these columns. We have just received a letter from him, written, of course, some months before the outbreak which the king reports by cable, and it shows, unhappily, that at the time it was written Dr. Hall had already been made aware of the hostility of the people. He writes:

On the 10th of January I again left Seoul for my work in the north, Pyeng Yang. Mr. McKenzie, from Nova Scotia, accompanied me. God has given him a wonderful experience. He felt that God called him to Korea, and although his mission board did not feel able to start a mission here he trusted the Lord to supply the necessary funds for his outcoming and

our service, and a deep interest appeared to be manifested by a good number. Everything was moving on smoothly and all opposition had ceased. But on the morning of February 17, several of the leading men of the district came in and said they had been accustomed to receive 1500 cash (\$2.50) from this house every year to sacrifice to the evil spirits, and they wanted me to give the same amount. I told them of the sin they were committing in worshipping evil spirits instead of the true and living God. Shortly afterward my helper, a young man of twenty years but an earnest Christian was sent for by a man who lived near our home. He went and returned shortly afterward with torn clothes and told me they had seized and beaten him because we would not give the money for sacrifice. They gathered the people of the neighborhood together and decided to drive us out. I went to the magistrate and told him the whole story, and asked him not to punish the men but to quiet the disturbance which he promised to do. While I was gone the same man who had beaten my helper came to the house and seized a boy of eighteen years, who had been attending our services, tore his clothes and beat him severely. I shall never forget his testimony which he gave on my return. He was cheerful and happy, and showed no spirit of resentment. I asked him if he felt like giving up serving Christ when he was so sorely persecuted. A smile lighted up his countenance as he said, "I cannot give up serving my King, even if they kill me." Oh, friends in the home-land who can serve God under your own vine and fig-tree with none daring to molest or make you afraid, pray for those who are not so favorably situated. Some like Peter have denied their Lord. Others like Paul, are braving every

and tried to force me to take the liquor. When I still persisted in not complying with their request, one of the men ran and picked up a stone as large as my head, and, com-



REV. W. J. HALL, M.D.

ing up to me, was in the act of throwing it at me, when God stayed his hand, and the other men let go of me and I walked away. They stood and shouted after me for some time and then followed me for about a mile, shouting at the top of their voices. This and even far worse treatment our Christians have to endure when they refuse to drink liquor.

Late one Saturday night two of the native Presbyterian brethren came in and said there was a great deal of talk all over the city, and that the people said they would kill the Christians and the foreigners. They seemed much alarmed, and wanted us to secure protection for them. They thought of twenty-eight years ago when 4,000 Roman Catholics were beheaded for their faith. They said they would die, but they would not give up Jesus. We told them that God was stronger than all they who could be against us, and he would suffer no harm to befall us unless it was for our good and God's glory. As we were being persecuted, we talked together of Paul's experience, and God filled our hearts with joy and peace. We were ready to die for Jesus if he required it. We received great blessing from God's Word as we turned to the passages that then applied to our case. The following Sunday morning at our regular services we baptized two men who had given good evidence of saving faith in Christ. We are laying our foundation stones in the midst of persecution, and we believe they will be solid.

We have commenced the first Christian school in the interior of Korea, with a class of thirteen bright boys. We teach them the doctrines of Christianity, Chinese and the native language. We can win the children for Christ. I want the boys and girls to help me. Pray for them. Collect all the picture cards you can of all kinds, and I will paste a text of Scripture on the back of the cards and give them to the Korean boys and girls for you. In this way you can help to lead the Korean children to Jesus. Send them postpaid by mail [the rate is one cent for two ounces] to

W. J. HALL, M. D., Seoul, Korea.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

SONGS in the night! songs in the night! when sleep Refuses oft the boon of rest to send, Solace of song doth o'er the spirit bend, And beauties new unfold, when shadows deep Shut out the light of day, and vigils keep; Then to the weary soul shall far transcend The songs of night to those of day, and lend A calm to pain, and cool the eyes that weep. Songs in the night! songs in the night! oh come

And linger oft by every couch of pain; In life or death the victory impart: If here they wait or speed to heavenly home, In either case in Christ 'tis only gain, Who satisfieth every longing heart.

Nashville, Mich. — L. ADDIE NICHOLS.



SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA. SCENE OF DR. HALL'S RECENT LABORS.

support after teaching here. God always honors the faith of his children. We had blessed seasons of communion with God on the journey. I was only one day out when I was called to see a patient who had been badly cut and stabbed by robbers. I dressed the wounds and told the story of the Great Physician. The man's comrade had been so badly stabbed that he only lived a few minutes afterward. After seven days' journey I reached Pyeng Yang, and went at once to one of the houses which had been purchased for our use, but which on account of the opposition of the Governor we were unable to occupy for several months. It had been used as a home for dancing girls, and was still being used for the same purpose. After some difficulty they consented to give up the house. The following two nights the house was vigorously stoned by a band of men who had been accustomed to spend their evenings there, but had now been defeated in their evil purposes.

Every day we saw our patients and had a great many visitors who all heard the story of salvation. Every night we held

storm and allowing nothing to separate them from Christ. The following week our persecutors threatened those who came to our meetings. The numbers decreased. We held our service every night, and before the regular service held a Children's Meeting, at which fifteen bright boys attended. One boy who learned the catechism, was beaten by one of our persecutors and forbidden to come to the meeting. But praise God this cannot beat out the truth from their hearts and minds. It will yet yield a rich harvest. Dr. Scranton, our superintendent, was with us for two weeks and proved a great blessing to the work.

I had considerable difficulty with some under the influence of liquor. It is distilled by the natives, and is the same curse here as in the home-land. One afternoon after I had treated my patients, I took my usual walk. As I ascended a hill, three men were sitting in the pathway with a jug of liquor. After I had passed them, they followed me and asked me to drink. I told them I never drank liquor. They then seized me and dragged me to the place where the jug was



THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for July 1. Luke 2: 1-16. Golden Text, Luke 2: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HOW incomprehensible are the ways of God to the mind of finite man, who sees no further than the circumference of this one small planet, and who often sees only within the small area of his own surroundings and experiences! "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." Men would have imagined that so stupendous an event as God coming down to earth and dwelling among men, should be heralded with everything to make it impressive, and to draw the attention of the population of the whole world to it. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways saith the Lord," heaven-high above the earth are God's ways and God's thoughts. God had given his Word to man as the revelation of himself. Some there were who took heed to his Word and knew through the Scriptures that the coming of the Messiah was at hand. But the majority of mankind cared nothing for the coming of a Saviour, they lived for themselves, God was not in all their thoughts. The time of the birth of Jesus was drawing near, it had been foretold; the Scriptures which spoke of it, had been duly read in the synagogues, not only in Judea, but also in all the Jewish colonies, in the many parts of the world where Jewish merchants had established themselves; yet Israel did not know; God's people did not consider the glorious thing which was about to happen.

The World was Astir

with other matters. Cæsar, the world's conqueror and emperor, instituted a census, by which he might gratify his pride by the knowledge of how many were the people he reigned over. All were to be enrolled, and in a manner very burdensome, entailing no little trouble and expense, "all went to enroll themselves, everyone to his own city." How little did the Roman Emperor know that in giving the order for this universal census, he should serve the purpose of God to prove that the mother of the Messiah was the direct descendant of David, and that Joseph, to whom she had been betrothed, (R.V.), was, by another line, also of the lineage of David. How little did he know that he was the instrument of God in the fulfilment of the Scriptures, that Christ should be born in Bethlehem! "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little amongst the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." But so it was, for while they were there by the order of the Emperor, Jesus was born of Mary by the order of God the Father.

Mary knew by the Word of the Lord through Gabriel, that her Babe should be the Son of the Highest; Joseph knew it, too, but in Cæsar's palace, in Rome, in the palace of the high priest in Jerusalem, in Herod's palace, in the royal courts of the kings of this world who was there that knew anything of that, which for the first time since the fall of man, drew heaven and earth near together; who was there that knew that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us? "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not, he came unto his own and his own received him not." Even in the very inn, Jesus was pushed into a corner, and born in a stable, "because there was no room for him in the inn." The Maker of the world was only tolerated in the world which he had made, he received no welcome, he was appreciated by scarcely any. Have we taken in that "manner of love" by which we are called children of God; and have we taken in that

as he is, so are we in this world," and that therefore "the world knoweth us not," apprecieth us not, because it knew him not." Have we so understood, as never to marvel that we should be treated as he was treated, and that, we his followers should have the last place and the least? Room for every one but Jesus! Room for every one but us! Have we ceased to have within us the least movement of indignation if we are neglected, and put on one side, because we have the privilege of fellowship with his sufferings? There were in the country around Bethlehem

A Simple Folk—

shepherds by occupation, as David, the son of Jesse had been before them. Perhaps they, too, in their own way, had been looking for the coming of Messiah. When Jesus comes again it will be unto them that look for him," or wait for him. He forces himself on none. All Jerusalem and all Bethlehem might have known about the birth of the Saviour, had they studied the Scriptures and watched for his appearing, but the farm, the merchandise, the married wife, the buying and selling, the planting and building, the eating and drinking, the learning, the honors and the cares of this world, took first place, and filled all their thoughts, and they left to the very few the study of the Word of God. But those few "enquired and searched diligently . . . searching what and what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." Who knows but that these simple shepherds were more acquainted with the real meaning of the Scriptures, read in the synagogues, than the Levites, whose business it was to explain them? Who knows whether they had not laid to heart what was only head knowledge to their teachers?

Unexpectedly, heaven opened upon the shepherd men: the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. But their ears as well as their eyes were opened heavenwards, and the Angel could say to ears which heard: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." It was enough to overwhelm the shepherds that such an announcement should be made and made to them. How should they understand it, how believe that they of all people should be made the recipients of such a communication? Surely it would be made to those who were of more importance than such as they! Would it not be presumption for them to believe that God could entrust them with such tidings? Before they had time to think even such thoughts," suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," or "on earth peace among men of good pleasure."

What a revelation to the shepherds! If on earth God could find so few to pay attention to the great things which had happened, that he must needs commit the knowledge of it to the poor and ignorant shepherds, it was quite another thing in heaven.

All Heaven was Moved

with that which moved earth so little, and yet that on which the eternal destinies of man hung. Reason almost reels before the thought of the awful, terrible, indifference of men to the things of God and to their own destiny! Bethlehem was asleep, Jerusalem was asleep, but in a yet deeper sleep were the religionists of the day who studied the Scriptures without watching for the Messiah, only equalled by the religionists

of our own day, who are, many of them, more occupied in building fine churches and training an attractive choir to please the sense of man, than in being found ready when the Lord shall come! and our God is driven to find witnesses to his coming among the few, often poor and ignorant; among the most despised of his followers, whom "the world knoweth not," but who in heart and in fact have left all to follow him. These are they to whom, money, position, self-gratification, honor, comfort, and all which earth can give, have ceased to be an object; all they want is to be ready when their Lord shall come, and to be faithful in the post where he has placed them until he come. The shepherds must have been prepared men; the message sent them was on divine lines. God first—"Glory to God in the highest," and they understood it.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"NO ROOM IN THE INN."

THE time of our Lord's birth appears to have been fully four years before the beginning of the Christian Era. The error in fixing the date of the Era was made about five centuries afterwards, when the custom of dating the years from the birth of Christ became general. There are many reasons for so fixing the date of his birth. The chief is that Herod, who slew the children, hoping to kill Jesus, died in April of 4 B. C. This fact we know from secular history. It is probable that Christ's birth took place in December, although shepherds would not be in the field at night in that month. The sheep referred to were perhaps the Passover lambs which were required to be kept out of doors for some months prior to their being killed for the feast. The men who watched them were not ordinary shepherds, but men especially appointed, whose station was on "Migdal Eder," the Tower of the Flock. Edersheim says that the Jews had a very ancient tradition that the advent of the Messiah would be first observed from Migdal Eder. The place of his birth was Bethlehem, where David was born, where Boaz lived and Ruth gleaned. It was a singular combination of circumstances that brought about this fulfilment of the prophecy of Micah 5: 2. Mary and Joseph did not live there, but at Nazareth, fifty miles away. How, then, in those days of infrequent journeys was Mary likely to be brought to Bethlehem at that time? God has ways unknown to man for bringing about his purposes. Augustus Cæsar in Rome ordered a census of the whole Roman Empire for taxing purposes. The order would be obnoxious in Judæa, as Herod very well knew. With ready tact he contrived to associate with it a mark of respect for Jewish traditions. The people were not to be enrolled in the towns where they lived, as they were in other parts of the Roman Empire, but according to the ancient families to which they belonged. For that purpose they must go to the family-seat to register. Thus Joseph, and doubtless Mary, being of the house of David, must go to Bethlehem, and there the Christ was born, as had been predicted. David's descendants being numerous, the little town was crowded, and Joseph and Mary were glad to accept the shelter of the cave at the back of the inn. Thompson says that such accommodation is still common in Palestine. It is not unusual to see two sides of the room fitted with mangers made of wood and fashioned like a kneading trough, out of which in winter the cattle eat, while in the other part of the room, the floor of which is elevated about two feet, live the farmer and his family. The mangers, when cleaned up, would do very well to lay a baby in.

No room for them in the inn. We are disposed to blame those who had secured accommodation that none of them gave up his place for a mother and babe. But are not many acting now with similar indifference? When Christ is knocking at the

door of the heart, does he not often find that it is so full of business, or love of pleasure, or sin, that there is no room for him. A traveler on the Congo states that he has seen huts so full of idols, that no room is left for the family.

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour. Such tidings, the angels, who know more about the joy of being saved and the agony of being lost than we do, described as tidings of great joy. But this Saviour would win salvation for his people at great cost to himself. Even lower types of salvation are often purchased by the sacrifice of the saviour. Years ago a striking incident is said to have occurred in Paris. In a back street of that city a fire broke out at night. It was in a narrow court, and the houses were built with the upper stories overhanging, so that the top stories almost touched. In the middle of the night, a father sleeping with his small children was suddenly awakened by the smoke. In a moment he jumped out of bed, swept away the framework of his window, and the next moment was safe across through the window of the opposite house. But he had forgotten the children. When he saw their terrified faces, without a moment's hesitation he placed his foot against the sill of the house where he was, launched his body forward and grasped the window of the burning house, thus making himself a living bridge between the two. One by one his children crawled over his body to the other side, but as the last one was passing, the father cried, "Quick, quick, I can't hold much longer." No sooner did the cheers of the crowd announce that the last child was over, than the father's hold relaxed, and he fell to the pavement and was taken up dead, an illustration of the work of Him who bridged the chasm for the race at the cost of his life.

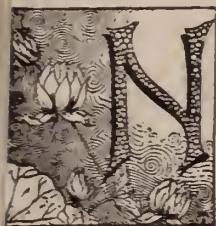
One of the early Moravian missionaries to the Esquimaux found that their language had no literal equivalent for the word, Saviour. He says, "I could not find out that they had any direct notion of such a divine Friend. But I said to them, 'Does it not happen sometimes, when you are out fishing, that a storm arises and some of you are lost and some saved?' They said, 'Oh, yes, very often.' 'But,' I asked again, 'does it ever happen that you are in the water, and owe your safety to some brother or friend who stretches out his hand to help you?' 'Very frequently.' 'Then what do call that friend?' They gave me in answer a word in their language, and I immediately wrote it against the word, Saviour, in the Bible and ever afterward the idea was clear and intelligible to all of them."

To all people. A long tubular bridge crosses the Menai Straits between Carnarvon in Wales and the island of Anglesea. Heavy trains run through this bridge and observations have been made as to the depression they cause in the structure. It has been found that the departure from the horizontal line of the bridge under the weight of a train is smaller than is the departure caused by one single hour's sunshine. The silent shining of the sun has more power over the gigantic metal girders than the weight of the heavy clattering train. So it has been with the Gospel. Whatever the character of the people to whom it has been sent, whether cultured or savage, the quiet, loving influence has exerted more power over them than a display of force.

Ye shall find the babe. There are some who in early life reject Christ, and in their later years regret what they have done, and seek him. The story is told of a man in Tahiti, when it was still a heathen land, who was away on a journey in the mountains when a child was born to him. On his return he was told that as it was only a girl baby it had been buried alive. He went at once to the place and found that a hole had been dug and half filled with leaves. The child had been laid on the leaves and covered with a board on which the earth was heaped. He lifted out the baby, and finding it still alive, conveyed it secretly to the isle of Eimeo, about seventy miles away, where it was brought up. He did not dare tell his wife and her family what he had done, but before he died he told the foster mother of the child. After the advent of Christianity the mother became a Christian, and often grieved over what had been done to her little girl babe. One day she spoke of it at a Christian meeting, and her voice, broken with tears, failed her as she lamented that the new religion did not come earlier, so that she might have kept her child. At the close of the meeting the foster mother, leading a blooming girl by the hand, went to her and gave the child to her mother.

"SAVE THESE CHRISTLESS MILLIONS!"

Moody's Trumpet Call for God's People to Aid in the Greatest of all Missionary Fields—The Chicago Bible Institute and Its Urgent and Immediate Needs—An Opportunity for All to Aid this Marvelous Work for Christ.



Man in America and possibly none the world over, in the present generation, has done more to stir the souls of men to a true sense of their relations toward God and their fellow-beings than

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites the co-operation of its readers and their friends in this grand Gospel crusade. In the past, they have been distinguished by their generous and sympathetic response to the cry of human suffering. The present appeal is of infinitely greater importance than any other that could be made. We confidently leave it in their hands, believing that they will be led to appreciate the full significance of such a letter from one who is recognized as the foremost living exponent of the Gospel methods employed by the apostles and evangelists themselves—a true and fearless servant of Jesus Christ!

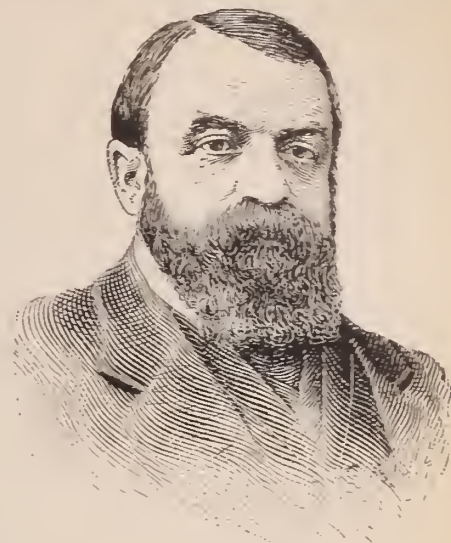
Mr. Moody's career has been one of sacrifice. To the unalterable purpose of spreading the Gospel he long ago consecrated all his energies and activities, and upon this altar he has uncomplainingly laid down all the personal ambitions and worldly allurements that invariably tempt men of brilliant abilities. Attractive offers, holding out the promise of lucrative income and a certain fame, were unhesitatingly set aside. It was the desire of his heart to become an apostle of Christ to the unevangelized masses at home—those millions who, living in a Christian land, were yet outside the pale of the Church and debarred from entering by social conditions they could not change

trained in the Chicago Institute, have justified the plan pursued by Mr. Moody is abundantly evident from the results, for to-day they are distributed as follows:

Pastors of Congregational Churches.....	26
Pastors, Cumberland Presbyterian Church.....	5
Pastors of Presbyterian Churches.....	23
Pastor of Evangelical Church.....	1
Minister among the Friends.....	1
Pastors of Baptist Churches.....	21
Pastors of M. E. Churches.....	14
Pastors of United Brethren Churches.....	3
Circuit-Preachers in M. E. Church.....	4
Probationers.....	1
Pastor of United Presbyterian Church.....	1
Pastor of German Evangelical Church.....	1
Pastor of Evangelical Association Church.....	1
Pastor of Advent Christian Church.....	1
Pastor of Free Baptist Church.....	1
Pastor of Free-Will Baptist Church.....	1
Pastor of Independent Church.....	1
Choir-leader in M. E. Church.....	1
Engaged as Home Missionaries.....	8
Among the American Indians.....	13
Sunday School Missionaries.....	13
City Missionaries.....	16
Jewish City Missionaries.....	2
Greek City Missionary.....	1
Children's Missionary.....	1
Salvation Army Work.....	1
Y. M. C. A. Secretaries.....	4
Pastors' assistants.....	14
Church Visitors.....	7
Evangelical singers.....	14
Evangelists.....	62
Assisting their husbands in pastoral or evangelistic work.....	32

Nor has Mr. Moody been unmindful of the Gospel needs of foreign lands. But, while "the field is the world," the centres of greatest activity are among those who have aptly been described as "the home heathen." Former students of the Bible Institute are to be found in a multitude of responsible positions where Christian abilities

Moody believes that the Gospel of Jesus should be sung as well as preached, and all the students are taught both vocal and instrumental music, sometimes not less than



DWIGHT L. MOODY, THE EVANGELIST.

500, representing many different denominations, but all brothers and sisters in Christ, being in a single vocal class. Mrs. S. B. Capron, who was a missionary in India for thirty years, superintends the Women Students' Department, and has a corps of assistants whose experience, ability and kindness never fail to win the love and admiration of the students. Taken as a whole, the Chicago Institute on LaSalle Avenue, is one of the grandest agencies ever organized for bringing the Gospel home to the hearts and lives of those who have no opportunities of hearing it through other channels. In Mr. Moody's own words: "It is a school where the Bible is studied under competent teachers and where training is given in all kinds of Christian work, each student being required to do daily personal service in missions, tents, homes and elsewhere, to fit him or her for wider service hereafter."

Especially does the training qualify them for effort among non-church going families. If the mother can be reached in the home, her heart touched and her spiritual nature quickened, then she in turn becomes the teacher, and so the Gospel seed is multiplied in the family.

Mr. Moody's whole work has been one of faith up to the present time, and his firm reliance upon the Divine approval and support has never been shaken. He believes that even now, with the arrival of a more serious exigency than the Institute has ever known, it will not be permitted to languish, but that the great spiritual harvest-field of our churchless millions will be reaped by faithful and skilled laborers, whom the Lord will raise up, through touching the hearts of his people. "God loves to be helped," and happy the one who is such a helper, whether by word, or deed, or gift, or prayer. There could be no better or more direct help in this work at the present time, than a contribution to the Gospel Fund for enabling the Bible Institute to go forward in the training of these young men and women. The general depression in trade threatens to greatly impair its usefulness, and unless Christian people come to the rescue, the cause will suffer materially. In this emergency, faith and works, prayers and gifts should unite in such generous measure that there can be no doubt about the issue. Even the smallest offering will help, if given in the right spirit. It is a work that appeals to the poor as well as the rich, and which cannot fail to be fruitful of blessing to all who aid it. Every contribution should be addressed to "Moody Gospel Fund, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York," and all will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

The following sums have already been contributed toward a

MOODY GOSPEL FUND.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.....	\$100 00
Louis Klopsch, New York.....	100 00
P. B. Bromfield.....	25 00
B. J. F., Brooklyn.....	5 00
K. F. Knapp, New York.....	2 00
Rev. G. W. Mooney.....	2 00
Theo. Gratz.....	2 50
G. H. S., Brooklyn.....	5 00
W. McIntyre, Greenville, N. J.....	1 00
J. C. Earl, New York.....	2 00

MR. MOODY'S LETTER OF APPEAL.

*E. Northfield.
June 1, 1894.*

Dear Mr. Klopsch:

The Christian Public will ever be indebted to you for your leadership in the work which has been accomplished among the suffering of Russia and unemployed of New York. Allow me now to call your attention to a work for the 34 million people in this land, who do not come under the influence of our regular churches. As they do not come to the Church, the Church must send the Gospel to them. In order to train up a class of efficient workers, we have founded the Bible Institute at Chicago, where we now have over 300 young men and women in training to fit themselves for the field so great has been the demand, however, for our students, that we feel the necessity of enlarging the work. May I not entreat your sympathetic cooperation.

*Yours truly,
D. L. Moody.*

or control. To these masses, living in the poorest quarters of our great crowded cities, East and West, Mr. Moody reaches out the uplifting hand of Christian fellowship as no other has done in our day. It was his brain that conceived and his efforts that established the Bible Institute in Chicago for the training of Christian Workers, and the influence of that institution is to-day felt in a thousand different localities throughout the Union. The young men and women trained there to win souls for Christ have entered the field spiritually equipped and panoplied, and with advantages in method and previous experience that are of the utmost value in the actual work. Each and every worker is imbued with the right home missionary spirit, recognizing as the most important and urgent duty of all, that which lies nearest at hand and within our own gates. As keepers of the Lord's vineyards, it must not be said of them that their zeal has blinded them to the crying need of missionary work at home and that "their own vineyards they have not kept." That these godly men and women, educated and

and activities are employed in soul-saving. Some are pastors, others Superintendents of Gospel Rescue Missions, Bethels, Children's Missions, Newsboys' Homes and Industrial Schools. Still others are principals of Colleges and Academies, managers or matrons of Technical Institutes and Homes of Industry, and many are colporteurs, and teachers. Nearly one hundred are pursuing their studies in theological and medical colleges, preparing for pastoral or evangelistic work. No attempt is made to furnish a classical education, but the curriculum embraces a thorough course of studies in exegesis, Bible readings, construction of sermons and talks, music and methods of work. Rev. R. A. Torrey, the superintendent, studied at Yale Theological Seminary and was for some time a very successful worker at Mr. Moody's meetings in the East. He was called to the superintendency in 1889 and has proved the fitness of the selection by the most excellent spiritual results. Prof. H. H. McGranahan the Director of the Music Department, is known as the composer of many beautiful Christian hymns. Mr.

Dwight L. Moody. None has probed more deeply into the hearts and consciences of the multitude, or been more instrumental, under divine leading, in turning men and women from the paths in sin into the way of life everlasting. His whole life has been an inspiration for good and a powerful spiritual stimulus to unnumbered souls. All over the world, wherever the English language is spoken, Mr. Moody's name is cherished and his noble character loved and esteemed by multitudes of men and women, who date their first experience of a new and vital Christian life from the day they heard the plain, convincing Gospel from his lips.

To-day we publish on this page a letter from the pen of this devoted servant of the Master, that must come home to the hearts of God's people everywhere like a summons to a duty which they, as loyal followers of Him who preached the Gospel among the very poorest when here on earth, cannot ignore. It is a summons that comes with special timeliness, since, on every hand, both in the churches and among thoughtful, earnest people generally, there are evidences of a mighty spiritual awakening. Young men and women in great numbers are seeking for an opening by which they may enter into Christian work, in behalf of the reclamation of the unevangelized masses in our large cities. Many have already been trained within the last few years at the Chicago Bible Institute, and are now in the field doing valiant service for Christ; but their numbers are as a few drops to the mighty ocean in contrast with the thirty millions in America who are out of Christ. "Thirty millions of people in this land who do not go to church," is what he writes in this letter, which sounds like a trumpet-peak to arouse professing Christians to spiritual activity and zeal. Thirty millions of souls at our very doors, careless of the future, and knowing nothing of the higher life. Who shall enlighten them and "how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. 10: 14, 15.) There is no lack of sincere, consecrated men and women who are ready to volunteer for this service. Never were so many eager to enter the field of Christian work as to-day. Every mail brings to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD letters from some who are waiting to be shown the way to the vineyard, and who are ready to leave all and go in and labor. Every week, similar offers reach Mr. Moody. In Protestant churches of all denominations, the fire of Christian service has been kindled and thousands of young men and women have been stirred up to the duty of personal effort in the bringing of souls. But the work among the 30,000,000 lies outside of the reach of the churches, and is only to be accomplished by going outside of church methods. To reach them we must go out into the "highways and byways," the homes of the non-church-going mechanics and laborers; the alleys, slums, tenements and rookeries; the filthy and vicious purlieus, and the hovels of the hopelessly poor.

In his letter, Mr. Moody very frankly explains the magnitude of the work undertaken by the Bible Institute and the urgent need of practical co-operation by Christian people all over the Union, to bring the work up to the standard of spiritual success. It is an enterprise for eternity, in which every follower of Jesus has an interest that must lie very near to the heart indeed. In these days of Gospel quickening, no one can do too much for the cause—no sacrifice should be accounted too great. To work side by side with a man whose labors heretofore have been so signally blessed to many thousands, is a great privilege; to be the means, perhaps, of bringing some wandering soul into the fold, is inestimably greater.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

THE MOODY GOSPEL FUND

WE take pleasure in calling attention to an autograph letter from Mr. D. L. Moody which appears on the preceding page. Its publication in this journal is very gratifying to us and we are sure that it will be so to our readers. It is a tribute of respect to them and confidence in them from the great evangelist, which is very significant. Mr. Moody is doing a great work for the Master in our land, and he finds that God is placing within his reach an opportunity for usefulness far larger, and far richer in prospective results, than he foresaw when he commenced it. His heart is gladdened by the wealth of the harvest-field, the gate of which God has opened to him. He would use it to the full and looking around for people who will hold up his hands and give him the sinews for work, which will enable him to gather in the imperishable grain, he turns to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as the people who will be in most hearty sympathy with him and invites their co-operation in the grand and glorious work. Mr. Moody writes:

E. NORTHFIELD, June 1, 1894.

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH:

The Christian public will ever be indebted to you for your leadership in the work which has been accomplished among the sufferers of Russia and the unemployed of New York. Allow me now to call your attention to a work for the thirty million people in this land, who do not come under the influences of our regular churches. As they do not come to the church, the church must send the Gospel to them. In order to train up a class of efficient workers, we have founded the Bible Institute at Chicago, where we now have over 300 young men and women in training to fit themselves for the field. So great has been the demand, however, for our students, that we feel the necessity of enlarging the work.

May I not enlist your sympathy and co-operation?

Yours truly,

D. L. MOODY.

It will be seen that, as his habit is, Mr. Moody is relying upon God for the means of extending the work and he naturally explains his position to our readers as, like the companions of the ancient king, they are "a band whose hearts God has touched." He would not expect nor would he seek the help of worldlings in a matter in which they would naturally have no interest; but to our readers he speaks as to people likeminded with himself having a burning desire that all men should be brought to the knowledge of Christ. He would make them partners with himself in this glorious undertaking and we are sure that they will appreciate the opportunity and count it a precious privilege to be engaged with him in his labor. Like one who is seeking rich treasure for his

king, Mr. Moody comes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, saying, "See what I have found; come and help me to carry it into the treasury of Him who is your and my Lord."

There is a significance in Mr. Moody's appeal at this juncture which will be at once perceived by every observer of the signs of the times. The conspicuous characteristic of the present time is not so much the large numbers being added to the church—although that is matter for abounding joy and thankfulness—as the extent to which the spirit of enthusiastic service is being poured on the young people of the Church. Never before, in the nineteen centuries of the Church's history, have there been so many young people coming forward and begging to be employed in the work of winning souls. "Here am I; send me," is the cry on all hands, whether the call is from our own or heathen lands. From all classes come responses to every call for laborers, and every volunteer desires nothing better than to be employed. The Holy Spirit is pointing the way for us; it is for us to follow his leading. He knows what is most needed in any age, and he is showing us that the need of our day is the equipment of volunteers, that they may do efficient service in gathering from the world's population a people for the Lord before he comes.

To such a man as Mr. Moody they instinctively turn. They are not seeking learning or science, but the power to use "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." They want to work, as he works, with such a knowledge of the mightiest of all weapons, as to do valiant service for Christ; to win not honor, or glory, or wealth, but to win souls. Mr. Moody is ready to help them, but his means are not sufficient for a work so extensive. The large sum he receives as royalty on his books he spends to the last cent in this and the other educational work he is conducting. Mr. Moody modestly says nothing about these royalties, but we learn from another source that they have never been paid to him at all, but by his order have been paid, as they came in, to the treasurers of his institutions for the support of the work. During the last twenty years they have aggregated a million and a quarter dollars, not one dollar of which has been handled by him or applied to his personal use. This he has given cheerfully and gladly; but he looks longingly at the vast field that he has no means to enter, and grieves over the number of promising young men and women who might be preachers, missionaries, and teachers, winning souls, if he could give them the help for which they are begging him. This is the opportunity offered us. We have the privilege of following the Holy Spirit's leading, of giving effect to his almighty influence, of aiding in sending out, throughout the length and breadth of this land, an army of Christ's soldiers, equipped and trained by a master mind, to carry the banner of the Cross to its remotest corner. The privilege of helping in this glorious effort is for those who will have it, and in the day when all our property is left behind, and we stand face to face with God, who is beckoning us to this field, it will be the most blissful of all experiences to hear that loving voice say, in glory, as it said in humiliation, "They have done what they could."

OUR ACCOUNTABILITY.

WE ought to realize that we shall be called upon to give an account for the employment of this physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot, we must answer for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society, or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong, and our step elastic, will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of counsels are given to invalids. I address these words to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this physical organism. These invalids have comparatively little to account for, perhaps.

They could not lift twenty pounds; they could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest.

I am compelled to ask myself, how shall I account to God for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness! Rising up in judgment, standing beside the men and women who had only little physical energy and yet who consumed that energy in a conflagration of useful enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed? Oh, men of the strong arm and stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent whether it were a physical energy or a mental acumen or a spiritual power?

The day approaches and I see one who in this world was an invalid, and as she stands before the throne of God to answer, she says: "I was sick all my days, I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could, being kind to those that were more sick and more suffering than I," and Christ will say: "Well done, faithful servant."

And then a little, simple child will stand before the throne, and she will say: "On earth I had a curvature of the spine and was very weak, and I was very sick, but I used to gather flowers out of the wild wood and bring them to my sick mother and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wild wood. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say as he takes her up in his arms and kisses her: "Well done, faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

INEXORABLE statistics show that for the last half century, out of one hundred business men, ninety-eight failed. Out of these ninety-eight I am not willing to admit that more than ten failed discreditably to their moral character. When I hear that a man has been obliged to compromise with his creditors, or that the sheriff has shut up his store, it excites in me no more suspicions about his character than if I had been told that he was down with typhoid or apoplexy. It is high time in this country that we made a distinction between the man who fails honestly and the man who fails dishonestly.

Crime in this country is apt to be excused in proportion as it is great. The poor waif of the street steals a smoked beef from the corner grocery and the police turn out in full force, and the cry is loud as when a pack of hounds come down the wind on a fox hunt, "Stop thief!" But if a man steal enough we are disposed to let him off. Men are not incarcerated for stealing so much as for the fact that they do not steal enough. If it is a large amount, then it is not theft—it is "watering stock," it is "rehypothecating" securities.

As a matter of general congratulation I mention the fact that the lidgets and financial hysterics of Wall street are having less effect than formerly upon the business prosperity of the country. Three or five or ten years ago the scenes of recent months would have produced a universal panic, and our whole commerce would have been swept down as by a cyclone. Let us rejoice that the day seems gone by when a few Jay Goulds and Jim Fisks can hold this nation at their mercy. Happy that day, and may God hasten it, when straightforward dealing between brokers and bankers and merchants shall become the inviolable rule, and the chimes of Trinity Church at the head of Wall street shall ring in the Christmas jubilee of practical and universal brotherhood. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Wolf's Grove Sunday School, Shawnee, O. T. Will some one please send song books to a little Sunday School that needs them very much? Gospel Hymns preferred, as we have a few of them already.

Subscriber, Seattle, Wash. Please give me the passages that are most direct against strong drink. Is. 5: 11 and 28: 8; Prov. 20: 1; Matt. 24: 49-51; Luke 21: 34; Rom. 13: 13; 1 Cor. 5: 11, and 8: 13; Gal. 5: 21; 1 Thess. 5: 7, 1 Peter 4: 5; Eph. 5: 18; Prov. 23: 29, 35; Dan. 5: 1-4.

Mrs. M. McDaniel, Carlisle, Ill. What is the address of some of the foreign Missionaries in Turkey under whose auspices Mr. and Mrs. Jamal are laboring in Jerusalem?

For all information on this matter, write to Mrs. Terhune, 487 Greene ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Reader, Lexington, Ill. Where can I get information of missionary work in China?

We would refer you to "Glances at China," by Rev. Gilbert Reid, published by the religious Tract Society, London; "Larger Outlook on Missionary Lands," by Rev. A. B. Simpson, Christian Alliance Publishing Co., 692 Eighth avenue, and "The Chinese," by Robert Colman, Jr., M.D. F. A. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., publisher.

R. Fenwick, Junction, N. J. In gratitude to those subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who replied to Sister Waidman's request for the hymn:

"Above the rest this note shall swell,"

The replies came from California to Maine and from Alabama to New York. I thank these Christians sincerely for their sympathy and prayers, and Sister Waidman for her kind interest in my behalf. Enclosed please find the hymn. Some of your readers will expect to see the hymn in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as an evidence of its having been received.

I am convalescing, which I believe is due to the prayers of these good Christians.

The hymn is published in another part of this issue.

J. A. C. Keagy, New York City. I have a very dear friend who professes to be a Christian, but who does not attend any church or Gospel meeting. She holds to the idea that a person can be a Christian without attending or contributing to the good work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I have been working with her, trying to get her into the church, to let her light shine and minister to others, that they may reach the feet of our dear Lord.

It is part of the duty of every one who professes to be a Christian to employ the ordinances and means of grace afforded by the Christian Church, and to confess the Saviour publicly by such action (see Matt. 10: 32, Luke 12: 8). Except where the person lives remote from a place of worship, or is prevented by sickness or bodily disability from attending, there can be no justification for such neglect. We are distinctly told that we must not despise the means (Ezek. 22: 8; Heb. 10: 25). These are helps, not essentials, it is true; but in a great majority of cases they are helps of inestimable value to those who really desire to follow Christ.

A. W. B., Emporia, Kan. Several Gospel Union workers have been doing great good in this county and many souls have been saved. But toward the end of this meeting, they refused any money from anybody but Christians, and many took offence, both saints and sinners, and several who were under strong conviction got so angry that it does seem as if all hope in them was lost. Gen. 14: 23; Rom. 8: 8; John 1: 7, and several other passages were referred to. Give us your opinion of their action.

It would be difficult and in some cases unjust to discriminate too sharply in accepting such gifts. In many cases the very fact of offering such a gift may be an indication of sincere repentance on the part of the sinner. (See Rom. 14, the whole chapter.) Yet where the offer is made by one living in open and flagrant sin, it may well be refused. When the Jews were rebuilding the Temple, a number of tribes who had apostatized, offered to help, but their proffer was refused, as they were then living in idolatry, and not in the worship of the true God. (See Ezra 4: 3; Nehemiah 2: 20.)

Della Cummings, Marshall, O. 1. Yes; if we prayerfully and believingly ask Divine guidance it will never fail us. See Ps. 37: 5; Prov. 3: 6; 2 Cor. 6: 14. The Word itself furnishes light by which we may walk in such matters. 2. No; we do not believe it. It is fatalistic nonsense.—Subscriber, Del Norte, Marion Harland returned from Palestine several weeks ago. Her letters which were written abroad, have not yet all appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—T. J. Marsden, Philadelphia. The premium offers of the International Teachers' Bible and "From Manger to Throne," are still open. By sending \$2 to this office, you can secure THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year and a copy of the International Bible or "From Manger to Throne," sent by express, prepaid.—Subscriber, Columbia, S. C. We cannot advise in the matter.—J. H. Middleton, Omaha, Ark. The Methodist lands those who have named in point of numbers.—B. D. Allright, Bethlehem, Pa. It was published recently.—Subscriber, Pontiac, Miss. 1. We have never observed that any one used such an expression. It may possibly be an inadvertence. 2. It is sufficient for the Christian to believe that, through Christ, he has become acceptable to the Father. He is content to leave the rest to the Divine will, knowing that all things will be well and wisely ordered. See Dr. Talmage's recent sermon on "Heavenly Recognition."—Dyspeptic, Montrose, Pa. Write to editor, Review of Reviews, Astor Place, New York.—Enquirer, Washington, D. C. Write to Messrs. Scribner, New York. They have published a guide book to Ireland, we think, or may be able to inform you where such a book can be had.—Miss L. Gutheridge, Atlantic City, N. J. There is no passage specifically forbidding such a practice, but many that may be rightly construed as embracing it among other follies to be avoided by those who desire spiritual growth.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FINDING THE PHARAOHS.

RECENT discoveries of antiquarian interest are reported from Egypt. When it was noticed how ruthless were the depredations of the modern Egyptians on the ancient structures of the country, a society was formed in England and America to find and preserve at least some of the treasures of antiquity. The modern Arab has no respect for anything in the tombs and ruins except such jewels and ornaments as he can turn into ready cash, and he has no compunction about crushing stones and bricks bearing inscriptions of priceless value, to make mortar for building his hut or fertilizer for his garden. Yet the ancient Egyptians were such extensive builders, that the traveler stands amazed at the number and splendor of the ruins that remain after all the ravages of the centuries. The Egypt Exploration Fund is used for the exploration of these ruins, and every year hundreds of laborers are digging at three or four places under the command of learned Egyptologists. A new point of interest was selected two years ago, but was afterwards abandoned. This year work has been resumed there under the direction of M. J. de Morgan, the French explorer, and has been rewarded with important discoveries. The mounds explored, were those which the Arabs call the Black Pyramids, at Dahchoor. They stand in the desert not far from the site of ancient Memphis, and there was little doubt that they were the tombs of Pharaohs of the more ancient dynasties. The Pyramids are built of bricks, but were once covered with stone to preserve the bricks from decay. The stone covering has long since been stripped off, but the bricks are still firm and strong. The skill with which they were made of exact mathematical proportions and laid with precision in their courses, is the admiration of modern builders. M. de Morgan in excavating concentrated his efforts on finding from the outside the entrance to these cities of the royal dead. These paths were kept a jealously guarded secret and their discovery has taxed the patience and perseverance of the explorers. The picture on this page depicts the group at the moment of success. The entrance to the vaulted passage, leading to the heart of one of the brick pyramids, has just been found, and the explorer is about to walk along a path that has not been trodden by the foot of man for more than three thousand years. Within four hours after entering, he had found the great burial chamber where were deposited the bodies of Osirtasen II, Osirtasen III and Amenemha III, the principal monarchs of the Twelfth Dynasty. So much care was taken by the ancient Egyptians in embalming and hiding the bodies of their distinguished dead, because of their theory that the prize of immortality would be conferred only on those whose corpses were preserved for a thousand years. The contrast between their conduct and that of some among us to-day is remarkable. They were so intensely desirous of acquiring eternal life that they went to huge expense and labor to secure it, while in our day preachers and Christian workers have to entreat men to accept it as a gift. (1 John 5: 11.)

A Dangerous Patient.

A perilous operation on an elephant is described by a dentist in the "Globe-Democrat" of St. Louis. He was summoned by the keeper of a travelling circus to examine the teeth of one of the elephants in the show. The keeper told him that the animal had been one of the most docile and affectionate he had in his possession, but for several weeks past he had been gloomy and irritable. His trunk and tail hung limp and lifeless, and he would lie for hours rubbing his jaw against the ground. It occurred to the keeper that he might be suffering from toothache, and on looking at his jaw he noticed a tooth that had suspicious appearance. The dentist was accordingly summoned, and having examined the tooth advised that it be filled. The elephant was furious when the tooth was touched,

and if the dentist had not taken refuge behind a beam he would have been killed. The keepers chained the animal's feet and secured his trunk firmly to a beam overhead and then the dentist went quickly to work. But there was an evil look in the elephant's eye, and his frequent trumpetings and his struggles to free himself indicated how he would deal with the dentist if he could have his liberty. But before the operation was half over, the big beast seemed to realize that the pain was for his good. The angry look went out of his eyes, and he ceased to struggle. When the work was done the elephant recovered his former appetite and spirits, but the most remarkable change was noticed when the dentist entered the elephant house the next day to inquire after his patient. The animal saw him and knew him. He extended his trunk, flourished his tail and tried to express by his actions his regard and grati-

tered antidotes and worked over the boys all night. But their efforts to save their lives were futile. Before morning all five died in great agony. Other boys who had eaten a little of the root also suffered much pain, but they recovered. Possibly, there might have been no deaths at all if the five boys had been generous and the roots had been distributed among their companions. But their own selfishness and greediness proved fatal to them. The same disposition has been known to lead to the far worse catastrophe of eternal death. Of all the contestants in the mad race for wealth those stand in the greatest danger of losing their souls in the struggle who hoard their riches for themselves and refuse the privilege of distributing to their needy brethren. (Ec. 5:13.)

A Name that Lost a Fortune.

A San Francisco journal says that there is in one of the public schools of that city a nephew of a noted multi-millionaire who died a few months ago. The boy has lost both his parents, and, though not destitute, is in very humble circumstances. It appears he might have been a millionaire if his father had called him by a different name. The father at the child's birth, wrote to his millionaire brother informing him of the new arrival, and the brother replied in congratulatory phrase, saying that if the boy was named after himself he would



DISCOVERY OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS IN THE PYRAMIDS.

tude to the man whom the day before he had tried to kill. The animal had discovered what some men fail to discover with all their superior faculties, that pain is sometimes inflicted in love, not in anger, and results in the benefit of the afflicted one. (Heb. 12: 11.)

Fatal Greediness.

The accidental poisoning of five boys is reported from Tarrytown, N. Y. The boys were inmates of an institution there and were members of a party which was permitted to have a day's outing in the fields and woods. In all, there were about thirty boys. During the day they stopped to watch some men who were digging a trench. One of the boys, who was about twelve years old, noticed some roots projecting from the side of the trench and thinking they were sweet flag roots, he pulled them up and ate some. He told four other boys about it and they too ate the white roots. There were not many and when other boys came and wanted to share, the first five contended with them for the prize and secured most of it for themselves. It had a sharp, sweet taste and the boys enjoyed it hugely. On their return to the institution, however, the poisonous nature of the root was proved. The five boys who had eaten most of it were seized with violent pains in the region of the heart and there was general alarm. Physicians were summoned, who adminis-

leave him something handsome. The child's father complied, but to the name of the brother he added the name of Frederick, so that the boy might not have to write "junior" to his name so long as his uncle lived. The boy was called Fred in the home and by his companions, and when his millionaire uncle called at the house during one of his Western trips, he observed that though the boy did bear his name as stipulated, it was ignored. He made no complaint, but when he died recently, and his millions were distributed by his will, it was found that the document contained no reference to his namesake. He was evidently piqued that his wish as to the name had been observed in the letter, but ignored in the spirit. Is it possible that someone who bears the name "Christian," and hope to receive the eternal inheritance promised to the followers of Christ, may miss it because they so live that no one knows them by that name? (II Timothy 2: 19.)

Converting a Quicksand.

In the current number of a scientific magazine is a description of a process designed by an eminent engineer for turning quicksand into solid concrete. His plan is to thoroughly impregnate the quicksand, by atmospheric pressure, with powdered dry hydraulic cement. He uses for the purpose a long pipe with perforated walls. At the upper end a rubber-tube connects it with an

injector which forces compressed air into it. The air easily makes a passage for the pipe into the sand and it penetrates by its own weight without pressure. In some instances a depth of nineteen feet has been reached. The cement is then fed to it and the compressed air drives it through the perforated sides of the pipe, permeating the quicksand all around it as the pipe is gradually withdrawn. The surface is divided into sections of one square foot each and the pipe is successively sunk in each section. The cement thus applied, turns the quicksand into concrete which in a few weeks becomes hard enough for a foundation. In earlier times the man who could turn quicksand into concrete would have been called a miracle-worker, so impossible seemed the achievement. Science has accomplished the transmutation by infusion. It is so, by God's grace, that the infinitely greater transmutation of human nature is effected, when the divine nature is implanted and sanctification is carried on and the stony heart becomes flesh. And that is really a miracle. (Ezek. 36: 26, 27.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Northfield Seminary Buildings have been secured for the conference of the young women interested in church work, which will be held June 22 to 28.

Rev. Charles A. Oakes, D.D., Assistant Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, has accepted a call to Kingston, N. Y., and commenced his ministry there on June 10.

The Fourth Annual Session of the Summer Bible and Training School for young women will be held on the grounds of the Western Secretarial Institute, Lake Geneva, Wis., July 4 to 17.

The American Presbyterian Synod of China has decided upon the formation of a missionary society for sending out Chinese as missionaries to new and unoccupied fields in that country.

The Religious Tract Society of London at its recent annual meeting reported total receipts of \$908,000. There had been 583 publications sent out during the year. The society now publishes in 209 languages, dialects and characters.

A Tablet to the Memory of E. P. Roe, Author of *Barriers Burned Away*, etc., was unveiled last week in the Roe Memorial Park, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. The Grand Army Post and the benevolent and other societies took part in the exercises. Dr. Lyman Abbott officiated.

At the General Convention of the Christian Church, South, at Norfolk, Va., Rev. W. W. Staley, D.D., was elected president. The report on Elon College showed that \$30,000 had been collected for the building fund, and that the entire assets amounted to \$67,000. This is the centennial year of the church.

At the Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Union at Saratoga, the Secretary reported a large decrease of income. The appropriations had been cut down to \$524,657, but even so the year would close with an indebtedness of \$203,595. The year started with a balance in hand of \$25,113.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society has been holding its sixty-eighth annual meeting at Omaha, Neb., in the First Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Dr. S. T. Duryea, formerly of Brooklyn and Boston, is pastor. The financial statement shows receipts in the year of \$521,608 56. It spent for missionary labor and expenses \$701,441.16.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, the Honored Pastor emeritus of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has suffered a relapse. He had so far recovered from the affliction which caused his resignation of the active pastorate as to give hope of a renewal of his work. Unfavorable symptoms have now, however, developed, and he has been in an enfeebled state since his seizure.

Mr. Fred W. Clarke, Whose Schools and Orphanages at Spezia, Italy, have long been doing Evangelical work in that land, writes: "A great part of the Italian people have no real religion; while we are trying to reach them, they are relying on their children to be the future Protestant evangelists and teachers of Italy. We have seven hundred in our day schools. To these we give a thorough training."

The Organization of a League of the Liberal party in the Presbyterian Church is announced by the New York Times. It states that the Conservatives are already well organized, but heretofore the Liberals have had no union. The managers of the new League are an Executive Committee of fifteen clergymen and laymen, with the Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., of the Park Presbyterian Church at the head.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, at Albany, Ore., was well attended. The reports of the different boards showed excellent advance. John A. Wilson, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary at Alleghany, was elected moderator. The opening sermon by the retiring moderator, Dr. James Bruce of Andes, N. Y., was an earnest plea for setting forth the strength of the Church by prayer, faith, spirituality, truth and unity.

The Moral Cleansing of Boston, Mass., seems to be a matter demanding the attention of the Churches. Rev. Isaac S. Lansing, pastor of the Park Street Church, who has been staying for a week or two in New York, saw something of the work Dr. Parkhurst is doing. On his return to Boston, he made inquiries which resulted in the discovery that there are grounds for suspecting the existence of a similar collusion between the police and the lawbreakers, to that which Dr. Parkhurst declares exists in New York.

Advices from Corea Report the Rapid Spread of the rebellion. The insurgents number nearly 50,000; they have killed the governor of one of the Provinces and thirty-four prominent persons, including several high officials, and were at last reports marching on Seoul. They have issued a manifesto demanding the expulsion of all foreigners. Our Government has ordered the "Baltimore," which was on the Japanese station, to proceed to Corea to protect American citizens. Great Britain has a fleet there already and will give refuge to any foreigners who may desire to come on board.

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Sermon Preached in the First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D. Text: Act 7: 26, "Why do ye wrong one to another?"

THIS is the protest which Moses uttered when he saw two Hebrews quarrelling and smiting each other. In these words he expressed the substance of the law which was afterwards delivered to him on Sinai—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—and which Christ so beautifully expounded in his sermon on the Mount.

Christianity is not a perfected science of human conduct. It simply teaches us the comprehensive duty of love to all men. It forbids us to render evil unto any man, and enjoins us to do good as we have opportunity to all men. But to avoid doing evil to our fellows we must know what is hurtful to them, and to be helpful to them we must know what is for their good. This knowledge we get largely by observation and experience. What men have learned through the ages upon this subject is found in the maxims of sociology and the principles of international law. But there is nothing true and good in the science of sociology that is not based on the great law of love revealed in the sacred Scriptures. Any social law or custom that is contrary to the golden rule of the Gospel—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"—is false, and fruitful only of evil to mankind. Social science can never get beyond and above the ideal life of that Man of men—the Man Christ Jesus. What he taught, and what he was, can never be improved or outgrown. There can be no law better than his law of love, and there is no conceivable exercise of human nature higher than the life he lived.

The highest duty of every man is to study the social conditions of the country and age in which he lives, to see wherein men are being

Wronged by their Fellow-men, and to use all the means within his reach to shield the oppressed, and to bring the oppressor into subjection to the law of Christ. I would lay this duty especially upon the consciences of young men who are about to leave the halls of learning, and go forth to take their places among the forces which are to control the conduct and shape the character of the social life of their country. Intellectual culture can have no higher and holier mission than the vindication of human rights, the redress of human wrongs, and the uplifting and strengthening of the great principles of human brotherhood.

A distinguished writer has said, that the Columbian Exposition emphasized the great doctrine of human brotherhood. He calls attention to the fact, that within the bounds of the Exposition and among all the workers and visitors from the various nations of the globe, there was not a single slave. He reminds us, too, that of all the fabrics put on exhibition, excepting a few relics of the dead past, there was not one that had been wrought by the hands of a slave. What a change! That Exposition was named for a man who did not flink it a crime to enslave men, and to sell them as chattels in the markets of the world. Having planted the Cross on the shores of this Western world, he captured the natives and sent them back to be sold in the cities of his own country. Fifty years ago there could have been no International Exposition unmarked by the presence of human bondage. In this last decade of the nineteenth century the world rings with the shout of freedom. But let us not forget that all this philanthropic exultation is over the abolition of only one form of human bondage, and that in the very shadow of the stately edifices in which men gathered to celebrate the triumphs of freedom, there exists a bondage in comparison with which African slavery in this country was an institution of mercy.

When Prince Albert instituted the first World's Fair, forty-three years ago, he said that one of the great ends to which it would contribute, was the realization of the unity

of mankind. His prophetic words have been abundantly verified. The last World's Fair showed that great progress has been made in bringing the sundered races of mankind into closer sympathy and fellowship.

But while all this is true—while it is undeniable that the world is making progress in the direction of universal brotherhood—it is also true, that, even in great Christian countries like our own, "man's inhumanity to man makes millions mourn." In the midst of all the splendid achievements of philosophy and science and art, under the eaves of temples reared to the glory of him who taught us to love all men as we love ourselves, surrounded by all the visibilities of a civilization that we call Christian, there are wrongs wicked and cruel.

We are confronted to-day with what is called "The Army of the Unemployed." More than a half million of men and women, dependent upon their daily labor for food, clothing and shelter, are without work. Something less than a hundred thousand of these are tramping over the country in every direction

Looking for Employment, and begging bread. Without pausing to consider who is responsible for the condition of these unfortunate beings, let us look at the treatment which they receive from American society, as represented by the State. In the face of all the facts, as they have appeared in the public press, I am prepared to say that the conduct of society towards these thousands of homeless, penniless, wretched people, is not only un-Christian and un-brotherly, but inhuman. It will not be denied that at least nine-tenths of this vast army of the employed are accustomed to work, and to provide for themselves and those dependent upon them, and that there is nothing they covet so much as honest and remunerative employment. Many of them have as much self-respect and virtuous pride as any of us. Their idleness is unsought, and they deplore it with a bitterness of soul that no human speech can express. Their begging is a dire necessity. Without it would come all the pangs and horrors of starvation.

Such people deserve our respect. They have a right to our profoundest sympathy. The requirements of Christianity, and the common instincts of humanity, demand that we commiserate their condition, and help them according to the measure of our ability. To despise them or ignore them—to brand them as tramps and vagabonds—or to let them pass unhelped and unpitied, is to prove ourselves a thousand times more degraded than they, and to invite the scorn and reprobation of every virtuous being in God's universe.

The doctrine of American society is that every idle man without visible means of subsistence is a pariah, a loafer, a liar, a reprobate, and therefore unworthy of human respect or sympathy. Even if it were true that every idler and beggar is a reprobate, while I believe in the fatherhood of God and

The Brotherhood of Man.

I dare not divorce him from my sympathy and respect. If Jesus Christ pitied and blessed publicans and harlots, what are you and I that we should despise a penniless and sore-footed tramp begging bread? We cannot despise him without despising the spirit and teaching of the Gospel, and defying the authority power and wrath of that Divine Being, who so identified himself with humanity that to wrong any human being is to wrong him.

We should have no sympathy with voluntary idleness. It is despicable in the last degree. To encourage it is a crime. But let us distinguish between the idler and his idleness. Let the degradation into which he has fallen excite our sympathy, and move us to adopt some method of treatment that will quicken his dormant faculties, bring

back self-respect, and place him in a condition to recover his lost manhood. Nothing less than this will meet the requirements of religion and humanity.

The distinguished journalist, William T. Stead, in a recent book entitled, "If Christ Came to Chicago," presents an array of facts which shows the injustice and cruelty of the verdict of American society against "the army of the unemployed." He tells us that during last winter, it was not uncommon to find after night-fall at least two thousand of these helpless people crowded into the corridors and on the stairways of the City Hall building in Chicago. "The air was nipping keen, and when the sleeping room was filled, men preferred to stand in the warm, close, fetid atmosphere of the crowded building rather than shiver in the frost and snow outside." He tells us that, considering their hunger, the hard cold stone floor on which they slept, and the many other discomforts to which they were subjected, they were singularly quiet. He declares that most of them were "hard-working men, honestly anxious to find work." He says, "It was impossible to do more than sample this mass of

Human Wretchedness;

but Prof. Hourwich, with a band of students from the University, subjected a hundred of this crowd of two thousand to a searching analysis. Only ten of the one hundred selected at random belonged to labor unions. Only two had worked for less than a dollar a day. Sixty-four had earned from one to two dollars a day, and twenty from two to four dollars. Fifty-nine were native-born Americans; forty-one were foreigners. The most of the men were in the prime of life. Only one was below twenty, and four were above fifty. They represented the following occupations: Common laborers, teamsters, painters, waiters, molders, bakers, machinists, miners, cooks, sailors, cigar-makers, shoe-makers, carpenters, wood-finishers, brick-makers, clerks, plumbers, steam-fitters and salesmen. Several of the men were well educated. One was a graduate of the University of Nebraska. Most of them had come to Chicago seeking work, and none of them found it. Of all the disheartening occupations, that of seeking work and finding none, is one of the worst. The curse that in the Bible is said to have followed the "fall," is often in the modern world an unattainable boom. It was a quaint but true conceit of Mrs. Brown-ing's, that "God in cursing gives us better gifts than man in blessing." But whether malediction or benediction, work was what these men wanted, and work was the one thing they could not get.

Do you say that such men—men honestly seeking labor and finding none—men sinking into untimely graves from hunger, exposure and heart-ache—are unworthy of your sympathy and respect? Do you brand them as loafers, liars, reprobates, and vultures? If you do, your level of life is a thousand fathoms lower than theirs, and there is not a vermin-covered wretch among them who is not an angel of purity and beauty in comparison with you.

Mr. Stead, in the same work from which I have quoted, says, "Harrison Street Police Station is one of

The Nerve Centres

of Chicago. It is a central cess-pool whence drain the poisonous drippings of the city. The floor is of stone. In each cell there is one bench on which the first comers can sit, while the others stand. The place is lit with gas, and warmed, but the atmosphere is heavy and fetid and the cages and corridors reek with the associations of vice and crime.

This, my friends, is one of the places in which the great rich city of Chicago lodges a large share of the homeless "army of the unemployed." Into this criminal stock-pot, where toughs and felons stew, these honest and unfortunate sons of toil are nightly plunged by the officials of city government. What do you think of it? What does God think of it? Is this under-ground Inferno a suitable resting-place for human beings, for American citizens, whose only crime is that they are poor and out of work?

"Why do ye wrong one to another?" is the question that should be upon the lips of every Christian patriot and every lover of humanity, who has a habitation and a name on the soil of this great country which claims to be, but is not, a refuge for the oppressed of all nations. The inhumanity of Chicago society is not exceptional. It is more visible and somewhat more brazen and remorseless there, perhaps, than in other places, but the spirit of it is manifest in

all the cities, and is growing in every community of our broad land.

Here, my friends, is the problem of the age. The great task which lies immediately before the Christianity, the philanthropy, the patriotism, and the statesmanship of this country, is how to stop this butchery of men, and how to build up a public sentiment that shall render the repetition of it an impossibility. It will not be denied that there is a deep dark yawning chasm between capital and labor—a chasm which threatens government and institutions with remediless destruction. What made this chasm? Wrongs—wrongs on the part of capital in multiplying the burdens and hardships of labor, and wrongs on the part of labor in its manifold unlawful methods of retaliation. Look at

Some of the Wrongs

with which capital is chargeable. In almost every state in the Union the effort has been made to get a statutory limitation of child-labor. Seeing the thousands of children that were put into factories and work-shops before nature had given them the strength requisite for such labor, and before they had acquired even the rudiments of an education, philanthropic men and women have petitioned State legislatures to fix the period of life at which it shall be lawful to employ children in such institutions, and the number of hours that they shall be permitted to labor each day. In every instance they have met with the most persistent and determined opposition—not from labor, but from capital. To the mind of the laboring man these facts indicate the most criminal selfishness on the part of the manufacturer. They prove to him that the manufacturer's devotion to Mammon has deprived him of his humane instincts, and that he has only a commercial interest in the lives and destinies of the toiling poor of our country. If there were no other, this one wrong would make a chasm between capital and labor.

Another wrong that has helped to alienate the laboring poor from the wealthier classes, is the unrighteous interference of capital with the freedom of the ballot. "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," is oftener true than false. But how seldom in these degenerate times, do we hear at the ballot box the voice of the people. We hear something which the political newspapers call the voice of the people, but in reality it is only the voice of the monopolists and their hired henchmen. Mr. Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," is, in this country, an ideal and not a reality. Is that a government of the people where thousands of them are restrained, by fear of losing their business situations and their means of subsistence, from voting according to their own convictions of truth and right? Is that

A Government by the People

where a combination of capitalists, by an iniquitous use of their money, secure the passage of laws which are meant to be golden girdles to one class and galling shackles to another? Is that a people's government where there is neither a free ballot nor a fair count? No! The man who says it is, is either an idiot or a knave. A chasm yawns between capital and labor because labor knows that its voice is not heard and that its will is not expressed in the government of the country.

Another thing which makes the breach between capital and labor, is the unjust distribution of the burden of taxation. The man who has a hundred thousand dollars worth of property to be protected, should pay to the government ten times as much revenue as the man who owns only ten thousand dollars worth of property. Any departure from this principle of taxation is unmitigated robbery. But who will deny that the capitalists of this country have practically repudiated the wise and righteous principle of political economy? A man, who is known to be worth thirty millions of dollars, has his personal property assessed at only twenty thousand dollars, when the tax assessors know that the paintings in his house alone cost more than a hundred thousand dollars. Another man, who is known to be worth twenty millions, has his personal property assessed at only five thousand dollars, when the assessors know that his carriages and horses cost twice that amount. The result of this unblushing dishonesty, is that the hard-working and honest mechanic has to pay for the protection of his own meagre possessions five times as much as is his just proportion. In the light of these facts how can you wonder at the dissatisfaction and unrest of the laboring classes?

No intelligent and honest man will contend that the laboring elements themselves are not responsible in a great degree for the calamitous strife that now exists between capital and labor. Thousands of them have committed themselves to the false and revolutionary principle that "wealth is a crime." The assertion of a doctrine so unjust and satanic, is enough to engender suspicion and bitterness. It is the right of any organization of laborers to strike for higher wages, if they believe that they are not justly remunerated for their toil. But they have no right, legal or moral, to say to other laborers, "Unless you join us in this strike, you shall not work at all." No despotism could be worse than that. No unfriendliness of capital towards labor will justify any such retaliation as the blowing up of a mine, the burning of a factory, the destruction of a railroad, or the taking of human life. In resorting to such diabolical measures, labor has not only enlarged the barrier between it and capital, but it has forfeited much sympathy which virtuous people once felt for it in its unequal conflict. But without looking further into the causes of this bitter and

Direful Alienation,

let us be deeply impressed with the solemn fact that it exists, and let us with earnest hearts and a firm reliance upon the guidance of Divine wisdom and the support of Divine power, devote ourselves to the patriotic and benevolent task of removing the trouble. Let us, if possible, calm these tempests of unbrotherly and unholy passion in the breasts of these contending factions. Let us bring these disaffected classes face to face for a righteous adjustment of their differences; let us knit them together into a homogeneous whole, in which the strong shall bear the burdens of the weak, and the rich and poor shall dwell together in all the blessedness of fraternal sympathy, love and peace. Young man, of strength and culture, here is a task worthy of your loftiest ambition. Here you may build for yourself a higher and more enduring monument than the noblest of the stony pyramids that rise colossal over the sands of Egypt. Here you may stand and write your name "where stars are lit, on fame's imperial seat." Christian statesman, here is an opportunity for the display of a political wisdom above any that has ever illumined the councils of our Nation. He who is foremost in the grand work of closing the chasm which threatens to engulf this country, will project his life into distant future, and shall stand in the ages to come as one of the most colossal figures in human history.

An Opportunity.

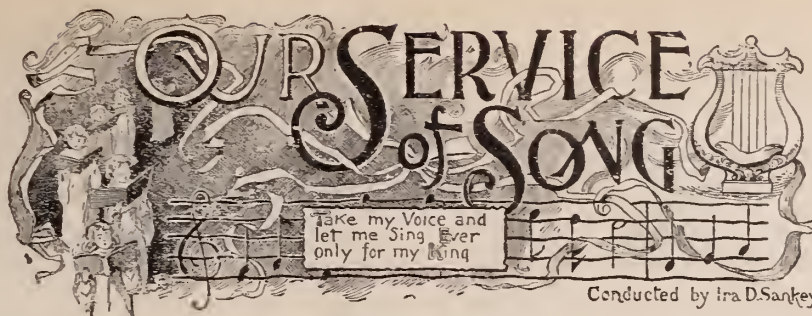
People of the living God, representatives of him over whose cradle the angels sang, "Peace, and on earth good will towards men," you, above all others, are called to this high and holy task. With united hearts and hands, America's army of twenty million Christians could quiet these warring elements, blot this era of oppression out, and lead a blessed freedom in. If this work of love and mercy were accomplished, with angelic gladness we could lift up our heads and sing:

Bright sunbeams deck the sky; hosannas fill the air, All heaven is shouting victory, and hell is in despair.

To perform this mission we must not be partisans, but mediators. We must be brave, but kind, wise as serpents, but harmless as doves. We must get into closer contact with these multitudes of dissatisfied, discouraged and suffering sons and daughters of toil, and preach Christ's Gospel to them, not only by our lips, but also by deeds of sympathy and love. Each of us should be to them, as far as our limited natures and opportunities will allow, another Christ. Let the Christ-life in us go out of us day by day to unite itself to their lives. Let us discipline our hearts into the completest sensibility to their unhappy condition. Let us suffer and sacrifice for them in the spirit in which our Redeemer, suffered and sacrificed for us. Let us make their cause, in so far as it is just and right in the sight of God, our cause. Let us plant ourselves firmly between them and their oppressors, and by all the means at our command strive to shield them from wrong. Let us do these things and we shall conquer both them and their enemies.

Oh who would not a hero be,
In this the noblest chivalry?
For there be those who ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory.

Work, brothers, work; work hand and brain!
To win the better day again.
We will, we will true heroes be,
In this the grandest chivalry.



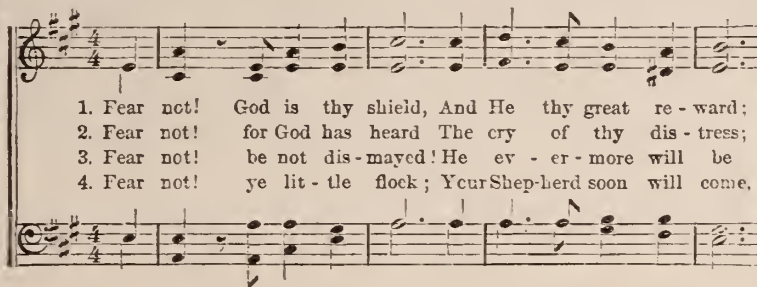
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Fear Not!

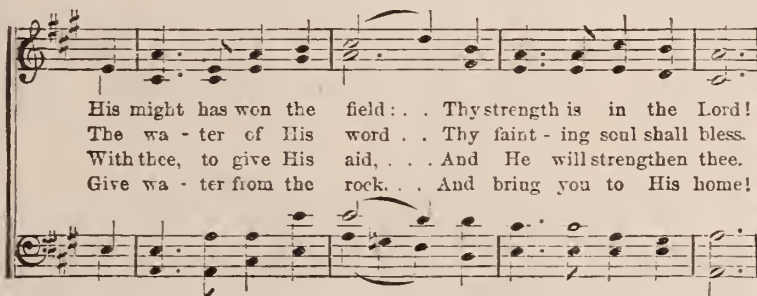
"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

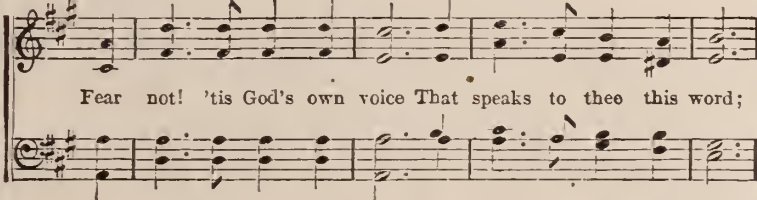


1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re - ward;
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis - tress;
3. Fear not! be not dis - mayed! He ev - er - more will be
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shep-herd soon will come.

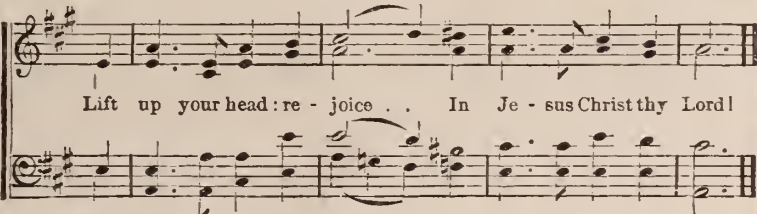


His might has won the field: . . Thy strength is in the Lord!
The wa - ter of His word . . Thy faint - ing soul shall bless.
With thee, to give His aid, . . And He will strengthen thee.
Give wa - ter from the rock, . . And bring you to His home!

REFRAIN.



Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word;



Lift up your head: re - joice . . In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!

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THE TWO WAYS.

I LOOKED at her jeweled fingers,
I looked at her sable furs,
Her silk, and lace,
With their dainty grace,
Oh, the wages of sin were hers!
I looked at my hands, all work-worn,
And barren of jewels fine,
And then looked down,
At my faded gown,
Oh, the wages of toil were mine!
"Why do this?" something whispered,
As I dragged along the street,
"Royal ease awaits,
Lo! the gilded gates,
Stand open at your feet!"

Just then, from a shaded corner,
Amid all the noise and din,
Wild and weird, yet sweet,
From the crowded street,
Rose the notes of a violin.

Then the strain came clearer, louder,
'Twas "Nearer My God to Thee;"

Oh it filled my soul
With a peace untold;
It was oil on a troubled sea.
Ah, poor, blind wandering minstrel,
Thy tender, quavering lay,
Made my footsteps shrink
From temptation's brink,
Back into the narrow way.
A year since then has vanished,
And she I envied so,
I saw to-day,
On her lonely way
To a grave on the hillside go.
Not a friend to mourn her parting,
Or watch close the failing breath,
Or flowers to strew,
Ah, I thought 'tis true,
"The wages of sin is death."

And though my way was toilsome,
And I wearied of the strife,
It has since grown bright,
With love and light,
And it leads to eternal life.

Calistoga, Cal.

HELEN E. RICHARDSON.

IN THE PENUMBRA.

The Coming Dispensation Indicated
Like the Shadow of an Eclipse.

BY REV. BURLINGTON B. WALE.

DISPENSATIONS do not, like the day at midnight, strike the hour of their own decease, and expire with the final stroke, but glide insensibly into, and for a time overlap each other. That this has been the case with the dispensations of the past is susceptible of easy proof. And reasoning from analogy, (if we were left to that alone, which we are not), we might fairly conclude that it will be so in the future. The judgment which closed the Antediluvian dispensation, and which culminated in the Deluge, was announced 120 years before—and for that period the Antediluvian world was passing farther and farther from day to day, and hour to hour, into the ever-deepening, ever-advancing shadow of that awful judgment—passing so to speak into the penumbra of that terrible eclipse, slowly but surely stealing upon them, till light was swallowed up of darkness, and life was swallowed up of death. Yet through all this lengthening period, the inhabitants of the Antediluvian world disregarded the note of warning, and passed on thoughtlessly and laughingly to their doom. They disregarded indeed not only the note of warning which announced the coming judgment, but the building of the Ark, which spoke of salvation in the hour of judgment, a judgment through which Noah and his family passed safely while the world around them was destroyed.

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be! for as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the Ark and the flood came and took them all away, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

In the person of Noah and in his family the Antediluvian and Patriarchal dispensations met and overlapped each other. His last recorded act before the deluge was to complete and build the Ark. His first act after the deluge to offer sacrifice as the head of the household, the patriarchal ruler, and thus to inaugurate the Patriarchal dispensation. The distinctive characteristic of this dispensation was that to the father of the family, the ruler and the representative of the household, pertained the right and the privilege of offering sacrifice.

Imperceptibly and noiselessly does the patriarchal dispensation, after lasting 500 years, glide into the Mosaic. The knell of the patriarchal dispensation had virtually sounded when Moses stood before Pharaoh, commissioned to deliver Israel; but the hour did not strike until Moses was called up into the mountain to receive from God the specified details of the tabernacle, and instructions for the establishment of a divinely ordained priesthood. Yet how vast the ecclesiastical difference between the two dispensations, for that which had been acceptable to God in the patriarchal sacrifice offered by the individual—would have been and was—the greatest criminality in the Mosaic.

In a similar, and yet in a more remarkable way and manner, was the Mosaic supplanted by the Christian dispensation. Virtually the handwriting was upon the wall—begun though not finished—when John the Baptist commenced his ministry.

Hence, as an initial step, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" was as the herald of doom to the temple worship, and the Mosaic ritual; the second step towards the "vanishing away" of that dispensation may be recognized in the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration; there stands Moses the legislator of the peishing dispensation—he who said fifteen centuries before—"a prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me, and to him shall ye hearken." That prophet now stood before Moses on the mountain top. Moses was there to lay down his credentials at the feet of Jesus, and when on the cross the Saviour said, "it is finished," and gave up the ghost, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain, the handwriting was finished, and the temple had no longer a standing before God.

(To be Continued.)

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover; 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Bible House, New York



THE CHRISTIAN NATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning July 1.
P. 35: 8-22.

THE question appointed for discussion is, "What has Christianity done for our country?" Perhaps, the most honest answer would be that it has done all that we would allow it to do. It has done so much that it is a marvel that it has not done more. It is capable of effecting transformations so blessed and so beneficent, of working such changes in business, in society and in government, that did we let it exert its power, heaven might be begun here below. The problems that perplex us, the social anomalies that gail us and the anxieties that make our lives a burden, would disappear if Christianity were the rule of private, social and public life. We already owe to it the refining, civilizing, moral influences which have raised the nation to its present high plane. Our hospitals, our charities and our various institutions for the alleviation of suffering and the relief of poverty, had their origin in the love that Jesus manifested and kindled in the hearts of his people. The Sunday rest, the sanctity of home and family ties, the merciful treatment of unfortunates and wrongdoers are all fruits of Christianity's influence. They do not exist where Christianity in some form does not operate on the public conscience. So far have we progressed from the old system of autocratic rule and disregard of the welfare of the people. The last century has seen the greatest advances, because Christ and his principles have been better understood than ever before. By no previous generation since his earthly life closed have he and his mission been so clearly seen and appreciated as by this. And the light is growing. We see now the meaning and value of much that he said, which our fathers did not see, and as we see more, society will approximate more and more nearly to his ideal. Yet Christ had nothing to say about government or social institutions. He repudiated all authority on the matter and even refused to interfere in a case of disputed inheritance. His reliance for the reform of society was on the reform of the individual. The broad principles of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man which he labored to instill in the hearts of his followers, are sufficient for the regeneration of our social relations. It is these principles on which is built all of good there is in our land and to the growing influence of these principles we look for the brightness of the future. It is these principles that the missionary carries to heathen lands and he sees that there they produce the same fruit of love and kindness and helpfulness. So shall the seed be sown broadcast and bear its fruit in every land until all the nations become the kingdom of Christ.

THE TENEMENT CHAPTER.

Few even among the King's Daughters have any idea of the extent of the work being quietly done by the Tenement House Chapter of this royal order. A contributor to the "Silver Cross," who is evidently acquainted with its details, gives a sketch of it which deserves careful perusal. The work is genuine charity of the most Christly kind. It is not the charity which contents itself with a money gift, but one that seeks wisely and intelligently to fulfill the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." The Superintendent's room gives the key to the character of the work. Here is the general resort of all the people in the neighborhood who are in any kind of acute trouble. The woman who wants some one to intercede with her landlord for time with the rent; the woman who must go out to work, but wants her children taken care of while she is away; the woman who wants some one to give her growing daughter a

word of advice about her behavior; the woman who has an old blind father and wants some influence to get him into a home; the woman whose husband is out of work and would like him to get a place in the street-cleaning department—all these and others with almost infinite variety of needs come to the Superintendent as to a personal friend, and are sure that all she can do, she will do for them. Then there is another room which never lacks visitors. Little shoes and stockings, the gifts of King's Daughters in near and far away cities, and little garments made with their own hands, are neatly stored in this room. Mothers come

they can dig to their hearts' delight, anywhere except the border where the potted plants are. These the bigger children water and tend and make pets of. Every Circle in New York and Brooklyn should send a deputation to see the work in this delightful home of the Chapter and should see that it wants for nothing.

THE COLUMBUS, Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the handsome home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Columbus, O. It is a substantially built edifice of five stories, covering a site of sixty feet by a hundred and eighty-seven. The cost of the land and building was \$125,000. The association which has the gratification of possessing the commodious quarters was organized in 1875, and has made an uninterrupted advance from the beginning. It has now a membership of nearly four hundred, of which the active list comprises fully one third. The association has an active boys' auxiliary of 160 members, with rooms assigned for its use in the new building. The work is thorough in all its branches. A small but well-selected library of three hundred volumes, and a spacious reading-room renders the rooms a favorite place of resort, and the well



THE NEW YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING AT COLUMBUS, O.

with their ragged barefooted little ones, explaining that they are out all day working and all their earnings are spent in food, and they have no money to buy materials, nor time to make them up. Cannot the little one have some particular garment? The Visitor will see if this story is true, and if so, the mother will get what she needs. The Visitor looks after the sick and can dispose of any quantity of arrowroot and other sick-room viands. Tea and sugar, and almost anything eatable or drinkable she can place where it will be appreciated. She can even do a business, and does it, in sewing machines, for there are women who must temporarily, at any rate, stay at home and if they can have the use of a sewing machine for a few days or weeks they can turn the time to advantage for themselves or in working for the stores. Besides this branch of the work, there are organizations in the headquarters at 77 Madison street, which are doing valuable service. There is a kindergarten for the children, a club and sewing class for the big girls, a mothers' sewing circle and a paradise for children in the back yard, which is dignified with the name of the King's Garden where

equipped gymnasium, baths, etc., are attractions which are appreciated by the young men of the city.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS.

There appears to have been a drawn battle in the South on the subject of the Baptist Young People's Union. There was no question raised at the Dallas Convention as to the recognition of the Union. It had to be recognized, seeing that it was in existence. Indeed, more than one of the ministers pointed out that the denomination would suffer loss if its young people were not trained to Christian activity. It was also apprehended that the denomination might suffer loss if the young people desiring training and finding no opportunity provided under Baptist auspices, should seek it in other organizations. The pastors realizing this fact, recognized and approved the Union and decided to take hold of it and control it. The divergence arose as to the extent to which it should be controlled. A committee was appointed to consider this question. Its report recommended large individuality. It advised leaving the control to the individual churches, making each

Union practically autonomous. Dr. Eaton was anxious to legislate on this point. He wished to make it prohibitory for a union to unite with any outside body or even to affiliate with the International Union. It was evident that a resolution to affiliate could not be carried, but, on the other hand, the resolution prohibiting affiliation was rejected. The debate was vigorous, but it ended with the prudent compromise of leaving the Unions absolutely free to affiliate or not as each might be disposed. It was understood, however, that there would be no objection to city or State organization and it is probable that the Unions will perceive the advantage to be gained by such combination.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The meeting of the Nebraska State Epworth League, which will be held at Grand Island June 21-24, is expected to be the greatest convention of Methodist workers ever assembled in the state.

Over three hundred delegates attended the semi-annual convention of the Epworth Leagues of the New York East Conference at Rye, N. Y., on June 7th. In addition to routine business and papers by various members, an address was given by Rev. John O. Wilson, D.D., of Brooklyn.

The State convention, held at Topeka, Kan., May 24-27, was attended by nearly 1,800 delegates. Dr. F. E. Clark and Mr. J. W. Baer made addresses. The daily sunrise prayer meetings were crowded, and on the closing evening there were eight mass meetings in different parts of the city.

The members of the Epworth League represented at the recent conference at Lamont, Iowa, numbered 2,500. The reports read and the papers prepared show that the Leagues in that district are imbued with an earnest, aggressive spirit, and are doing the right kind of work.

The Epworth League Convention of the Nebraska Conference was held at Beatrice. It was the most enthusiastic yet held in the State. More than 400 delegates, besides the Beatrice contingent, attended the convention. Dr. Crook, chancellor of the Nebraska Wesleyan University, presided at the first sessions.

The Maryland Council of King's Daughters held its annual meeting recently in Washington, D. C. The sessions were held in the Church of the Ascension. The officers elected for the year were: President, Mary C. Davenport, of Anacostia; Vice-President, Miss Griffith, of Baltimore; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Roome, of Mount Pleasant.

Through the efforts made in behalf of the sailors by the societies of San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego and Eureka, Cal., 300 signers of the Endeavor pledge have been gained among the men employed on British vessels. One vessel had not a Christian in the crew on its arrival at San Francisco carried with it when it sailed an Endeavor Society numbering thirteen.

The "Baptist Young People's Union" says that the attendance at the approaching National Convention at Toronto, July 19-22, will be so large as to require a double set of meetings, at least at the evening services, to accommodate the people. The Metropolitan M. E. Church, which has a capacity for 2,500, has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the Convention. The church is only a few feet from Massey Music Hall, in which the principal meetings are to be held.

The New Jersey Epworth League Convention at Camden continued two days. The reports of the officers showed progress all along the line. That of the corresponding secretary, showed 243 Senior Leagues with 28,772 members; 146 Junior, with 7,942 members; total, 389 chapters, 36,714 members; an increase during the year of 88 chapters, 13,007 members. Two hundred and seventy-eight chapters reported having raised \$21,904.90. There are five city unions: Newark, Camden, Elizabeth, Jersey City and Paterson. S. H. Thompson, superintendent of Junior work, reported an increase of seventy-five chapters and 4,500 members since the last convention.



Our Children's Happy Day.

Arrival of the first Contingent at "The Christian Herald Children's Home" at Nyack—A Delightful and Surprising Experience for the Little Ones.



OPENING-DAY in "The Children's Home," established at Nyack-on-the-Hudson by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has come and gone, and the beautiful charity is now in full and successful operation. It was a

bright, sunny afternoon when the first bat-

talions of eager youngsters were gathered from their homes in the tenements and taken to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, where they were marshalled in line before a physician for medical examination. Such an array of anxious faces as they stood up to undergo the ordeal of "passing the doctor!" One by one, they were looked over, and apprehension gave way to open smiles of gladness as the words were pronounced that qualified them for ten days of such enjoyment as hardly any of them had ever known in their lives. Only two out of the entire band of twenty-five bright

eyed little lasses were rejected, as they were suffering from some temporary ailment which might have proved infectious; but they were greatly consoled by a trifling gift and the promise that they could report again and, in all probability, they might be taken to the Home a few weeks hence.

After the examination, our children were taken in charge by a missionary, each little girl being supplied with a canvas bag, in which she was told to put the parcel of belongings she had brought with her for the ten days' outing. These bags served a double purpose, being more convenient to carry than parcels, which are liable to come loose or get lost, and serving also to identify the children, in the event of any of them straying from the main party—each bag being clearly marked on the outside with the address: "Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y." Then, after a short ride on the street cars to the wharf at the foot of West Tenth street, our young excursionists were safely embarked on the steamer "Chrystenah." The sail up the

Hudson was like a journey heavenward to the little ones, who made the deck resound with their gleeful shouts and merry prattle. The steamer made her dock at Nyack shortly before 6 P. M. There the party was met by the large and handsome wagonette which Dr. Louis Klopsch has placed at the service of our Children's Home for the season. There was much merriment among the young folks in securing seats. At last all were comfortably settled in the wagonette and with a crack of the whip, the drive to Mont Lawn was begun, through a most beautiful country. On the way they pointed out to each other in admiring surprise the grassy fields, the hedges and the wild flowers. They could hardly be restrained. It was a new wonderland into which they had come; for many had never seen the country before, their little lives having been passed amid the tall tenements and

river trip and mountain drive. Miss Faulhaber, the Superintendent, asked a blessing, and then plates of cold roast beef, dishes of sugared cherries, strawberries with "real cream" (as one chit slyly observed), dainty cakes and piles of bread and butter disappeared almost magically. There were some amusing incidents of awkwardness at the table, but on the whole our children behaved very creditably.

Supper ended, the children were led to the dormitory they were to occupy, and their pleasure on seeing the trim iron cots, with their snowy spreads and nice surroundings, was shown in many expressions of delight. It was all beyond their comprehension that anybody should take so much thought for them and bring them to such an enchanted realm. And as they emptied their satchels and stowed away their few belongings in the neat little lockers, they rubbed their eyes and wondered still more. It was all so strange! Some were pinching themselves to see if they were really awake. Yes, there were the lockers, each like a little chest, and every girl had a whole one for her own self. While they stood there, an attendant fastened on each locker a label bearing the name of the child who was to use it.

Next, a short visit was made to the chapel, where a brief evening service was held. After an opening hymn, in which the piping trebles joined shrilly, they listened to a little talk by the Superintendent. She told them among other things what their duties would be, and how they could serve the Lord by obeying the rules of the Home. Then all

HERALD Food Fund. Similar accessions were made daily until the complement was full and the Home comfortably crowded. After a ten days' stay, they will be returned to their homes in the city and new relays will take their places. Thus far, our Children's Home experiment has been a complete success, and there is no happier household between the Atlantic and the Rockies than the family at Mont Lawn.

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The Eye that Sees Beauty.

If one were compelled to choose between foregoing the seeing of splendid art galleries of great cities, or the sight of country fields and lanes spangled in the early spring with the golden dandelions and later with white and red clover and wild phlox and tiger lilies and all the common wild flowers that grow spontaneously wherever they can, who would prefer the art galleries? Yet the lanes and the fields yield these delights to the poorest as well as the richest, says a writer in "The Interior." All that is needed for any one to enter into and possess this rich inheritance of beauty and delight, an inheritance that brings no care and whose enjoyment leaves no sting, is the seeing eye and the hearing ear.

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REBUKING CHILDREN.

PROBABLY most parents, even kindly ones, writes Helen Hunt Jackson, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself, "Sure-

ly, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty and warning flash from her gentle eyes to his; but nothing did any good. Nature was too much for him; he could not at that time force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "O Charley, come here a minute! I want to tell you something!" No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his behavior. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork and said: "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," she said. Nobody but me understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way.



OPENING OUR CHILDREN'S HOME AT NYACK—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST PARTY AT MONT LAWN.

streets innocent of a particle of verdure. A few pleaded with the driver to stop that they might descend from the wagonette and pick some birch. When they clambered into their seats again, their arms were full of daisies and buttercups, over which they lavished ecstasies of praise. The singing of the birds in the trees overhead awoke the music in their own hearts and soon the wagonette, like a happy chariot, was a burst of childish song!

In about twenty minutes after leaving the dock, the children reached the Home at Mont Lawn, and the wagonette drew up in front of the chapel where a photograph was taken, which is reproduced on this page. This operation caused much amusement among the youngsters. They were then ushered into the private dining room in the main building, and after a few minutes devoted to washing their hands, were seated at the table, where they ate heartily of a nice supper. It was intended to make this first meal for our new-comers a more than usually tempting one, and they did it ample justice, their appetites sharpened by the

repeated a brief prayer, which was followed by the "Lord's Prayer" and the evening hymn:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Thro' the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

It was now 7:15 P. M., and our children were let loose for a frolic on the smooth lawn. They enjoyed their romp thoroughly for an hour, being rather constrained at first, however, and bewildered by all about them; but the freedom of childhood soon made them familiar with their surroundings. At 8 P. M. the retiring bell sounded, and the children entered the dormitory tired but very happy, and soon the attendants had them snugly covered up in bed and fast asleep.

On the following day, twenty-five boys came up to Mont Lawn from the city, the second detachment. On the two days following fifty came—boys and girls—the first hundred being composed exclusively of little ones whose parents had been helped during the past winter by THE CHRISTIAN



CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"It is Sunday—is it not?" came from Mrs. Williams' companion.

"Yes, and a beautiful Sabbath, sir. I'm always grateful for a lovely Lord's Day."

"You were praying, just now. Did you pray for me?"

"Yes, I have been praying constantly for you all the morning—and yesterday—and night before."

"Thank you!"

The weak voice, she could have fancied it was weaker every time she listened to it, spoke again after a long pause.

"Are you not in the habit of reading your Bible on Sundays when you do not go to church?"

"Always." She arose with alacrity, and took the well-worn Book from its cushioned stand. "If you don't mind I should like to look over a Psalm, or a bit of the Gospels. They hearten a body up amazingly."

He waited until she settled her eyeglasses, and opened her Bible.

"Would it weary you to read a few verses aloud?"

"Not at all." She would not display too much eagerness lest he should shrink back into the shell of polite reserve. "Have you any choice, sir?"

The answer was not prompt, and was enunciated lingeringly, indescribable pathos in the last inflections:

"If you please—the story of the thief on the Cross!"

He lay perfectly still while the pleasant voice, solemn with the weight of pious awe, rendered the tale:

"And when they came unto the place which is called 'The Skull,' there they crucified him—and the malefactors—one on the right hand, and one on the left.

"And Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!' And, parting his garments among them, they cast lots.

"And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also scoffed at him, saying, 'He saved others; let him save himself; if this is the Christ of God, his chosen.'

"And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, offering him vinegar, and saying, 'If thou art the King of the Jews, save thyself!'

"And there was also a superscription over him—

"This is the King of the Jews."

"And one of the malefactors that were hanged, railed on him, saying, 'Art thou not the Christ? Save thyself and us?'

"But the other answered, and rebuking him, said, 'Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we, indeed, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.'

"And he said, 'Jesus! Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom.'

"And he said unto him, 'Verily I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!'

The reverent accents ceased, and there was a stillness that might be felt. The sunken eyes appeared to gaze upon a pencil of sunshine slipping stealthily along the wall; the lips murmured no thanks; Mrs. Williams crossed the room with her soundless step to lay the Bible upon its pillow.

"I remember," she said, softly, to herself as much as to the possible auditor, "hearing an old preacher say once that 'we had one such story given to us in God's Word, that none might despair, and only one that none might presume.' You may have heard, too, sir, of John Wesley's answer to the lady who told him that there was no hope of her salvation; she felt herself to be a lost sinner. 'I am glad of that, madam,' says Mr. Wesley. 'Very glad of it.' 'How can you say so?' says she, quite horrified. 'Because I read in my Bible that Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost.' That anecdote has been a comfort to many

a poor soul, I don't doubt. It has helped me more than once, I know, when I got down in my mind."

He shifted his position to bring her within eye-range.

"Do you believe them—When did you get that picture?"

A fine cabinet photograph of Mrs. Paull stood upon a miniature easel on the low mantel-shelf; a second and broader sun-ray lying athwart it.

As the nurse afterward related the incident, a light as bright broke in upon her mind; her heart beat suffocatingly—odd zigzags of flame hindered her vision. Professional caution and tact did not fail her, however.

"There, now!" in her creamiest legato—

"I don't wonder it catches your eye. That's a lovely lady I nursed through brain-fever a little over two years ago. She's had lots of trouble and sorrow—enough to kill most women, but she has been wonderfully supported through it all. I set a deal of store by her, and she knows that so well, she gave me her picture last Christmas. Maybe you'd like to look at it nearer, sir?"

He snatched—rather than accepted it from her—grasped it with both shaking hands, his eyes kindling hungrily. Eyes and fingers seemed as if they would never let it go.

"Excuse me for a minute, please!" said Mrs. Williams, the "etc.," in entire command of speech and action. "I must see how that beef-tea is getting on in the kitchen."

When out of his sight she fell upon her knees:

"Dear Lord! give me light enough for the next step! Thou, who canst save to the uttermost, have mercy upon this wandering soul!"

A strange, choking cry—a horrid rattling sound—made her fly into the outer room. Ernest Paull had raised himself upon his elbow; his right hand plucked convulsively at his breast, his eyes, wild and imploring, besought help which mortal skill could not render.

The struggle was fearfully brief. Even as she raised him in her arms that air might enter the closing lungs, his frame relaxed; with one last effort he lifted his wife's picture to his lips, and the life fluttered forth.

CHAPTER XX.

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master!
Other than this?
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee.
Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen:
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest
Or heavenly serene— I hide thee,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray
Nor love decay. —Susan Coolidge.

Eighteen months after Ernest Paull's death, his widow and eldest son drove one moonlight evening, down to the village post-office, for the late mail. There were two mails a day in Pequot now, and a railroad in building on the other side of the lake from Pinehurst. The old Dutch neighborhood was waking up to the appreciation of the consequence, real and prospective, of a mountain-retreat within an hour by rail of the metropolis. "The store" had arisen a story in the world, and had a bran-new coat of paint that glistened under the full moon. There was a smarter look about the knot of village loafers gathered upon the porch and steps, some smoking, some whittling.

While Mrs. Paull waited in the buggy for her son's return from the interior of the building, she heard them talk of factory work, crops and general rural news. They were neither worse nor better than the average of men and lads who frequent the country-store, but as the idle chit-chat went on, the lady was disagreeably impressed by the bovine drawl, the slovenly dialect and low range of ideas of men who had passed their lives in a community where church-going

was respectable, and schooling was, by law, obligatory. She had striven, unostentatiously, to do missionary work among these people, recognizing, at the outset, what many as earnest never perceive, and thereby tail in their ministry to those they would lift to higher levels; to-wit, that the native-born American, no matter what his birth, station or means, is never a peasant, and ignores resentfully the existence of such a class on this side of the Atlantic. She had discovered other things that pained and surprised her far more than the suspicious spirit of independence that, it rightly directed, leads to the right sort of self-respect. The tone of every-day morality among the "village people" was not a whit higher than in the slummiest quarters of the so-considered wicked city. The men and boys, with lamentably few exceptions, drank bad liquor, smoked and chewed vile tobacco and that incessantly, gamed and swore freely. The women were coarse and bold in their demeanor and notoriously lax in principle. It was not uncommon for girls of thirteen to marry boys but a few years older; wife-beating was a frequent occurrence, and a more common sight was husband and wife drinking together, while their children, ragged, barefoot and dirty, learned profanity and vice in the public roads. There were three churches in sight of the "Cross-road store," and pastors and Sunday School teachers who sought to draw in learners and co-workers. The common people stood aloof and on the defensive.

Aided by Marie and Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Paull had established a sewing and cooking class which met twice a week in a house in the village. Not a woman or girl would have walked the half-mile to Pinehurst to be taught anything. The attitude—conscious and habitual—of the "native born" ignoramus is patronage of those who would help him to rise. Women washed and scrubbed for their better-to-do neighbors with the air of conferring a favor, receiving payments for the same with supercilious toleration, irresistibly funny to those who had too much sense to let it irritate them. If it pleased Mrs. Paull to teach the children to sew, and to give them the aprons and frocks they made; to invite the wives of the operatives to help her play cook two afternoons in the week, and to tell them to carry home the food they prepared,—they let her have her way, some good-humoredly, some contemptuously—none gratefully. The same state of feeling prevailed with respect to the Bible-class held on Wednesday night in the new "hall" over the store. When they felt like it, they came, when they did not feel like it, they stayed away.

The field was not encouraging. She had confessed this to Lanier on the drive down: "I do not lose heart, simply because I know that I owe a duty to my neighbor, and that I am trying to fulfil it to the best of my light and knowledge. It is the duty that lies nearest my hand." Hence, it is God's will that I should do it. As Mr. Stevens says, what comes of it is none of my business. Each of us as a soldier in the ranks. When the Commander says, 'Come,' or 'Go,' 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' we have no choice but to obey. Human nature in Pequot is Water street human nature. The rural district is not Arcadia, but it is good for me to find here what Byron coveted when he began the study of German—something craggy to break his mind upon." I have learned, long ago, that merely sentimental Christianity cannot labor effectively in a severely practical world, where dirt and poverty go hand-in-hand, and those who are in the direst need of moral and spiritual help, are the most averse to receiving such help.

"A clear case of 'I will be drowned! No body shall help me!'"

"Exactly that! Fortunately there is One

who sees the end from the beginning, and appoints to each day its 'tender tasking.'"

She had bowed pleasantly to the group of loungers when the buggy drew up at the store, and Lanier had lifted his hat. The men nodded, not a hand moving to the brim of hat, or cap. Then, they had gone on talking, rather more loudly than before to prove how uncowed they were by a refined presence.

Mrs. Paull comprehended the drift of all this by this time, and did not feel indignant or wounded by behavior that would have offended her sense of fitness had the boorishness manifested itself in men of a different stamp. She noted, instead, with silent gratification, that not an oath was uttered in her hearing, or an unclean word. The mind at leisure from carking preoccupation in the morrow, discerns and gets all the sweetness out of such grains of comfort.

The end of the upper story inhabited by the store-keeper's family was lighted, and a window was open in one room, the evening being bland. Presently somebody—the wife or daughter of the proprietor—began to play upon a melodeon.

She did not play even mechanically well, tripping once in awhile over a key, and hurrying or retarding the time according to a system of her own; the instrument wheezed asthmatically when certain keys were pressed, and twice in one tune which was unfamiliar to the performer, the wind gave out through her forgetfulness of the duty her foot owed to the pedal.

But when a woman's and a man's voice arose in a hymn-tune, the hum of talk upon the porch ceased. Not a man moved while the sacred song went on. It was taken, of course, from a Moody and Sankey collection. No's. 1, 2 and 3, of "Gospel Hymns" are to be found in every farm or village-house, as surely as churn and sewing-machine.

In the windless night, they heard every word. The heart of one listener was a harp, with each chord tense and a thrill in response to the remembered strain:

I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Several voices among the lower group joined in the refrain, very softly, not to disturb the musicians above-stairs:

I need thee, oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee,
O, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee!

It was the "cry of the human" of every degree.

Lanier was in his seat by his mother while the first verse was in singing. He did not touch the reins until the last repetition of the chorus died away, and neither of the two spoke before the top of the first hill was reached. The road skirted the edge of the lake, which was tull from the autumnal rains. The head of water pouring over the dam raised a deep-toned shout, which was taken up by the listening hills. Clouds of spray were rising from the rocks, glittering like diamond-dust, and beading with pearls the outermost boughs of the hemlock wood on the other side of the rocky way. Just where the lake gathered itself into a smooth sheet for the plunge, a thicket of witch-hazel was studded with numberless stars. The hills dreamed upon the horizon; the stars pale, but constant, held to their courses in the gray-blue canopy of a world at rest.

"It will be four years next month!" Mrs. Paull mused aloud. "That hymn brought it all back so vividly that for a moment I thought I could not bear it. I held still, and the pain passed, as all pains must pass by His grace."

"My boy! never distrust him! Paul meant much when he told his neophytes that he 'would have them without carefulness.' It was the echo of the Master's will."

(To be Concluded.)

A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL

ENTITLED:

"ZEROLA OF NAZARETH,"

A Story of Palestine in the Days of Paul the Apostle;

Expressly written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

By a Brilliant young American Author, W. J. THOROLD,

WILL BEGIN IN OUR ISSUE OF JULY 4th.

This remarkably interesting narrative is based on Scriptural events and deals with some of the most dramatic incidents in the early Christian Church.

It is a Story that Should be Read in Every Christian Home in America. DON'T FAIL TO READ IT, AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.

ALL THINGS WELL.*

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To thee, O, Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all thy saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
My soul, with joy his power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But, oh, his love, what tongue can tell?
My Jesus hath done all things well.
How great and how divinely free,
Has been the love that found out me!
Which plucked me from the jaws of hell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
And since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
And when to that bright world I rise
To join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

A Card Fiend's Story.

His Vice Ruins Him and Drives a Brother
to Suicide—A Vow Over a Corpse.



FEW days ago a bright intelligent man was walking the streets of New York seeking employment. He was only one of thousands who had left home that morning on the same weary quest. But he ought not to have been idle, for he was well educated, could speak English, French and German, and had been well trained in a German University. Besides, in spite of his worn clothes, he had the bearing of a gentleman, and his manner was refined and courteous. But he had no money, and was anxious to earn some if he could do so honestly. His search for work, like that of ninety-nine in every hundred in these days, was futile. No one needed his help. Had he been a horse or a mule there were many who would gladly have given him shelter and food, and he needed no more; but being a man, he was at a disadvantage.

He was feeling very despairing, when a man whom he had known in former years accosted him, and finding that he was looking for work, offered him a position at five dollars a day in his "place." "I know what you can do, Henry Meyer," he said, "I know you are trustworthy and I'll be glad to have you."

The man addressed as Henry Meyer shook his head. "No," he said, "I know your place, but I have sworn never to touch a card again, and I will not come. I had rather starve to death."

He spoke so resolutely that the other forbore to press him and left him to his fate. It did not disturb him. He did not hesitate about his answer and he did not regret having given it. Yet, a short time ago no employment would have been so congenial to him as that in a gambling place. Plenty of people still remember him as "the card-fiend," and tell of his skill and wonderful luck. Why then did he refuse the position? What reason was there for his horror at the idea of gambling? A very sufficient reason, as will be seen from his story, which he told to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A year ago last March he was sitting in a private room in Homburg, Europe's notorious gambling resort. Opposite to him was a man slightly younger than himself, whose black mustache was in strange contrast to his closely-cropped light hair. Neither troubled himself about the other's appearance, for each was intent on the cards. The game was to continue till one or the other was "broke." The young man had introduced himself to Meyer that morning with the frank remark that Meyer had been pointed out to him the previous day as the card fiend of phenomenal luck, and he had felt a desire to test his power for himself. Meyer accepted the challenge and an appointment was made.

Meyer's luck was that to which he was accustomed. He always won, although he never kept his winnings long. Racing and betting, and the lavish generosity to friends,

*Published by request of many subscribers.

which so often characterizes the inveterate gambler, soon denuded him of his booty. On this day in March, 1893 the stakes all went his way. The other man was piqued, and when all his money was gone, he went out and borrowed more. That, too, was lost, and Meyer's winnings that afternoon amounted to sixty thousand marks (about \$14,000). When his last mark was gone, the younger man rose from the table without a word and went into the garden. Meyer waited to see if he would return. As he still sat at the table, he heard a pistol shot. Instinctively he realized what had happened. He ran into the garden, and there on the turf lay the man with whom he had been playing, shot by his own hand. Horror-stricken that the man should have committed suicide, he loosened his clothing in the hope that it might not be death, but only a swoon from which he might recover. As he threw back the man's coat and vest, some papers fell from an inner pocket, among which was the photograph of a lady. Meyer looked at it, and, to his amazement, recognized it as the portrait of his own mother. Turning to the letters that were with the portrait, he found that they were addressed to his younger brother, whom he had not seen since they were boys together. One searching look at the face, now placid in death, was sufficient. In spite of the marks of years and the dyed mustache, he knew that the dead face was the face of his brother.

Realizing to the full as he looked at that dead body the awful nature of the business in which he was engaged, he raised his hand toward heaven and vowed that, God helping him, he would never touch a card again as long as he lived. He returned to the room

where his winnings still lay, and took from them enough to repay what his brother had borrowed and to pay his own fare back to America, and left the remainder there. It seemed to him to be the price of his brother's blood, and he recoiled from the touch of it. His vow he has been enabled to keep to this day. Although unable to find employment, and although tempted on all hands to return to a gambler's life, he has preferred to suffer, if necessary to die, rather than break his vow.

Salt Rheum

On The Hands

Two Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured

"I wish to give my testimony concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. I had salt rheum so badly that I could not do anything with comfort. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and my hands began to heal. By the time I had finished the second bottle the flesh had all

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

healed and the skin had become smooth and my hands have been perfectly well ever since." MRS. E. F. NISKERN, Delavan, Wis.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

If you value your life

or the lives of those
nearest and dearest to you

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE:—As a rule I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally, I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me, whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.

Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

THE ABOVE LETTER

from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my BALSAMIC ELIXIR, which not only cures Consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Chest Afflictions.

FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN ENTREATED

to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however,

I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EXTEND MY ORGANIZATION

so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American Depot

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, etc., and should be kept in every home.

EVERY PERSON SUFFERING

from Chest Disease and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the lungs or decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cents, or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75 or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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We Direct Special Attention to the following Remarkable Statement:



For many years I suffered from Catarrh of the head and throat, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not understand conversation at all. Could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing had ever given me the slightest relief. Last summer I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and had not used it three weeks until my hearing began to improve, and has steadily improved ever since, and now I can hear common conversation across a room without difficulty; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away, with the door closed, and I think I am entirely cured and my hearing permanently restored. I urge all who are afflicted as I was, to obtain Dr. Moore's treatment.

EDWIN COLEMAN, MAIZE, KAS.

Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce the treatment and prove beyond doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,
J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.



This is a World Pocket Stove,
a little larger than your watch.

A carbon gives an equal heat just below the scorching point. It has no wick, no oil, or fluid; cannot upset, explode nor set fire to the clothing; is far better than a hot water bottle for applying heat to local pain; is always ready and is hot in a minute. No odor or smoke. It can be worn on any aching or rheumatic part of the body or put under the pillow-case for face-ache or tooth-ache. In cold weather it can be carried in the pocket or muff. Sent upon receipt of \$1.00 and the dollar will be immediately returned if you are not pleased. Your medicine chest must have it. Booklet free.

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You can make \$75 to \$250 a Month.

Working for us in any locality. Will pay a salary or commission (as you prefer) and all expenses; monthly deposited in bank to cover same when started. If you are out of work or even wish to better your condition, we have something entirely new to offer, and if you follow our instructions you cannot fail to meet with success; the people will have our goods no matter how hard the times, our agents are reporting big sales everywhere from Maine to Mexico; all that is required is a little pluck and push and success is yours. Why stand idle; this offer may be your stepping stone to a fortune. We furnish sample outfits free. If you care to investigate write today for particulars before all valuable territory is taken. Address Standard Silverware Co., Dept., 71 Boston, Mass.

Unfortunate People

who do not live near the leading dairy regions, can now use products of such dairies owing to the perfect preservation of milk in all its mother purity, as accomplished in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

Recalling the "Food Fund."

Count Andre Bobrinskoy's Article in a Leading Russian Magazine.

WHEN Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch, the editor and proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, visited Russia two years ago to superintend the distribution of the cargo of food sent over on the steamship "Leo," they found many warm-hearted Russians awaiting them with a most cordial reception. One of those who evinced the greatest friendship for the Americans was Count Andre Bobrinskoy, a Russian noble of high rank and great influence at the Imperial Court. It was

through Count Bobrinskoy, as chairman of the Central Committee having supreme charge of the relief work throughout Russia during the famine year, that extraordinary facilities were afforded for the distribution of the "Leo's" cargo in the sixteen smitten interior provinces.

In a recent issue of the leading Russian monthly magazine, "Russki Vestnik," there appears an able article from the pen of Count Bobrinskoy, on the subject of the aid extended by America to Russia during the famine. He mentions the several cargoes of breadstuffs that were sent out on the steamers "Missouri," "Indiana" and "Conemaugh," and then proceeds, substantially as follows: "Then came the religious paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which sent \$9,300 pounds* of flour by the steamship 'Leo.' All this naturally excited a warm, reciprocal feeling of friendship on the part of Russia toward America, and has created a great debt of love which Russia is unable to pay." In another part of the same article, he says:

"The fifth and last of the American ships—the 'Leo'—came to Russia on July 14th, being chartered by the religious journal, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is published in New York. At the same time, came Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor, and Pastor Talmage, the editor. This noted pastor has a great reputation in the United States and in England both as preacher and writer. The cargo of the 'Leo' was given in charge of a separate committee in St. Petersburg, and the two delegates were received with the greatest cordiality by the General-Lieutenant Von Wahl, and entertained at a banquet in the Dohina (City Hall). There they were welcomed in an address by Mayor Prokoviev. He recalled the fact that in the summer of 1866—at an eventful period in American history—an official expression of the international friendship and affection existing between the two countries had taken place. Russian sympathy for America was then made strongly manifest and now, the citizens of America had come to extend their sympathy and condolences to Russia and to help her in her 'hunger-time.' A number of years ago some one had sent to the Emperor, Nicholas, a root from an American tree and that root, planted in the Tsarsitsen Island, near the capital, had grown to be a great tree. Now the Americans have sent to Russia another and greater root—the root of brother-love and friendship and humanity, as typified in the food-laden

* A 'pound' is equal to forty pounds.

For Nervous Prostration

Use Horford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. A. TRAU, Philadelphia Pa. says: "I have extensively used it in nervous prostration and kindred affections, and invariably obtained very good results."

An Asthma Cure at Last

Europe, an physician and medical journals report a powerful cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1154 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

ships. They might be sure it had not been sent in vain; that the Russian people can be thankful. True friendship can only be revealed in the time of distress. The speaker therefore expressed the thanks of the citizens of St. Petersburg and of all Russia to the people of America. When he had concluded, a special delegate from the Imperial Court came forward and tendered thanks to Drs. Talmage and Klopsch in the name of the Czar."

Count Bobrinskoy comprehensively reviews the entire efforts of the year in America for the relief of Russia. His article is a valuable official contribution to the history of one of the most magnificent sympathetic demonstrations of the century—an experience in which

thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had a prominent part, since it was their crowning gift that evoked from Russia the burning words of gratitude and friendship already quoted.

FATAL POLLY.

The following instance of the almost incredible superstition, ignorance, and credulity of the Eastern people is related by "The Observer," Bangkok, Siam: A Buddhist priest at Bau-Hua-Kra-boi, near Sapa-tome, pretended that he had it in his power to make people invulnerable by tattooing them. Great numbers came to profit

by his art, and he amassed considerable wealth from his deluded patients. Among these was a man named Dang, who invited a number of his acquaintance to witness a test of the charm, and in their presence placed a loaded gun to his mouth, pulling the trigger with his toe. The result was fatal.



FREE! 11 YEARS WITHOUT HEARING.

The following is worthy of careful perusal:

I suffered intensely from Catarrh for 11 years; nose stopped up, continually dripping down in the throat, especially in the morning, accompanied by a dry hacking cough; I took cold on the least exposure, and had a continuous dull headache, a roaring, buzzing, cracking and singing in my ears. My hearing began to fail and for eleven years I was almost entirely deaf—which was continually becoming worse. Every remedy I tried failed. Without much hope I commenced the use of the Home Etherizing Medication, the first application was simply wonderful. My hearing rapidly returned, and now I can hear a conversation without the least difficulty, and I suffer no inconvenience in any way from the disease. A few months' treatment has entirely cured my catarrh.

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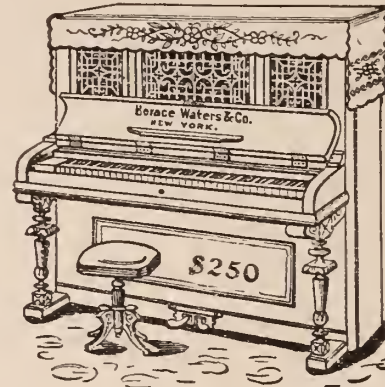
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100 PIANOS.

We will sell during this month 100 new WATERS upright pianos (including cover and stool), at \$225 cash or \$250 on installments; only \$20 down and \$7 monthly until paid.



These are the famous new WATERS upright, the best and most durable pianos now made: 7 1/2 oct., 3-stringed, Rich Deep Tone, with Fine Singing Quality, full iron frame, repeating action, finest ivory keys, three pedals and every improvement. Warranted Six Years to Give entire Satisfaction. No charge for delivery within 25 miles of New York, or for boxing and shipping to distant points.

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We have prepared for a special sale of Challies this week.

Designs to suit every taste, light and dark grounds, at reduced figures.

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1,000 ends, cut during the season, now offered at remnant prices.

Also, a case each of the fashionable tight-weight Covert and Granite Mixtures for Tourist and Mountain wear.

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Yachting Clubs, Tourists,
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Excursion Parties.

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We will supply you with
ANYTHING in the Grocery line
on short notice and will guarantee satisfaction.

Bring us a list of what you want and we will gladly answer all your inquiries.

DON'T hesitate to ask questions, we are in business to answer them and you are certainly entitled to KNOW what you are buying in packages with concealed contents.

Do you ever Use these Articles?

Potted Tongue, Extra Quality, } 8c. can,
" Ham, " " } 91c. doz.
Deviled Ham, " " }

Just the size for a luncheon.

LUNCH TONGUES.

These tongues are thoroughly cooked, ready to slice and eat—

1 lb. can, - 31c.
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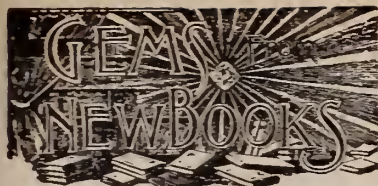
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Not a stitch in the web
The hold of a vice
Not a tear—Not a cut

Sold Everywhere—Made by Warner Bros., N. Y. and Chicago.



A WICKED EASTERN CAPITAL.*

FROM Singapore it is but a short distance, with direct communication by steamer, to the great kingdom of Anam, with its twenty millions of people, without a single missionary. Singapore is the natural centre for this, at present at least. . . . The need of English work is very great in Singapore. Our friends took us one night down Malay street, and we would not dare to describe too vividly the scenes we saw, and yet it is good for us to know something of this world's dark side. Every house in the long street on both sides was crowded in the open fronts with abandoned women of every nation under heaven, and they not only stood and sat on the open verandahs, but swarmed in the middle of the street taking hold of every passerby and literally almost dragging them to their dens. They were in all the costumes of all the races, and they shouted and shrieked in nearly all the languages under heaven, their calls to the passerby. And up and down and in and out were passing by hundreds of European men—sailors and soldiers, officers, low and even high, without a shame or effort of concealment.

On this street our brother holds a Gospel meeting every week, and with his voice of thunder he proclaims the Word of God to these wicked men and points his finger at them in sight of all the people as the men that are making the name of Christianity to be despised among the heathen. He tells us that the street is usually cleared a few minutes after he begins and these soundrels are glad to get away from the sound of his voice.

But we saw a sadder sight at Singapore than even Malay street. Our good missionary friends took us to see the Chinese opium dens. Our friend preached the Gospel to the Chinamen and they listened with earnest, kind faces that made our very hearts bleed, and when we got through, they just went on smoking again and seemed to sink back into despair. We asked him how many of the Chinese of Singapore indulge in this habit and he said at least eighty out of every hundred. We were appalled. And we felt that the devil was an awful master and that the power of Omnipotence alone could break the chain. We looked at their emaciated bodies and gaunt faces, and thought of how it would all end, and we asked them how it was going to end. They said they believed they would go to heaven for they always paid for the opium they used. Poor, lost human souls! Oh, let us pray for the heathen!

RING MONEY OF THE BIBLE.*

The ancient Egyptians are represented in contemporary paintings as weighing rings of metal, gold and white gold (i.e. silver), and keeping by them vessels containing piles of such weighed rings, each having, in all probability, its own distinctive value.

The money used by the children of Israel when they went to purchase corn in Egypt may have been of this ring shape, resembling the bronzed rings for arms and ankies still occasionally found in the bogs of Ireland and those used by uncivilized tribes in the South Seas. The Israelitish money is spoken of as bundles of money (Gen. 42: 35), and a similar phrase occurs in the Book of Deuteronomy (Deut. 14: 24-26), where the payment of tithes is permitted in money instead of kind, when distance prevents the journeying of flocks. The passage states, "then shalt thou turn it into money, and bind up the money in thine hand;" and this implies the use of ring money, or at all events of money in pieces that could be tied or fastened together.

This use of ring money, and its kindred one of ornament for the person, representing material and available cash, is spread

* From *Larger Outlooks in Missionary Lands*, by Rev. A. B. Simpson, being descriptive sketches of a journey through Egypt, Palestine, India, Burma, Malaya, China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands. Fully illustrated. Pp. 302, cloth, gilt edges. Published by the Christian Alliance Publishing Co., 692 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

* From *The Money of the Bible*, by George C. Williamson; a book of great value and interest to Biblical and secular students. Fully illustrated. Pp. 96, cloth; price 3c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto publishers.

through many Oriental nations, and in places still holds its own.

Nubia is one of the countries in which ornamental ring money is still used, and in the cabinets of the Numismatic Society may be seen some interesting specimens of Nubian ring money presented to the Society by the late Joseph Bonomi.

Amongst nomadic tribes especially, importance has always been attached to the visibility and portability of wealth, and ornaments for the use of their women offered a convenient form for the gratification of this idea. From the ornament being attached to the woman, it acquired a sort of taboo character, and interference with it was considered as an insult to the owner of the female slave. There was the convenience also for making that grand display of material property so dear to an Oriental mind, and the further advantage of an easy removal and negotiation in case of an urgent need.

Egyptian gold rings are to be seen in the University Museum at Leyden, and the same character of ornamental currency may be noted even in European countries.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sunday School Teaching. Two addresses on "The Perspective of Sunday School Teaching," by Robert C. Ogden, and "Heart Power in Sunday School Work," by Rev. J. R. Miller. 1 pp. 35, board covers, price 35c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Toronto and Chicago publishers.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong, a sketch by Robert C. Ogden, board covers, price 35c. Fleming H. Revell, New York, Toronto and Chicago publishers.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG BOOK,
EXAMINE
SELECT SONGS No. 2. Compiled by F. N. PELLETIER, D.D.,
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book is desired for the devotional meeting and
the Sunday School. Cloth, \$40 per 100.

SUNNY-SIDE SONGS, By Dr. W. H. DOANE,
will meet the demand for fresh, sparkling, wide-awake Sunday
School music. \$30 per 100.

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The Tree of Knowledge is the most remarkable book of the age. Startling, logical, simple. What was the original sin in Eden, the sin of the wicked Angels and of the Canaanites. Astonishing light on neglected portions of Scripture. Send for full circular. Address R. K. CARTER, 1170 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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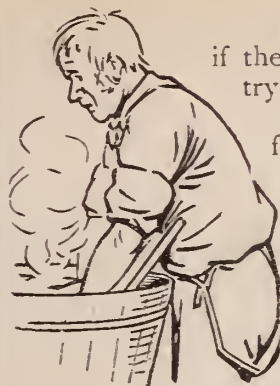
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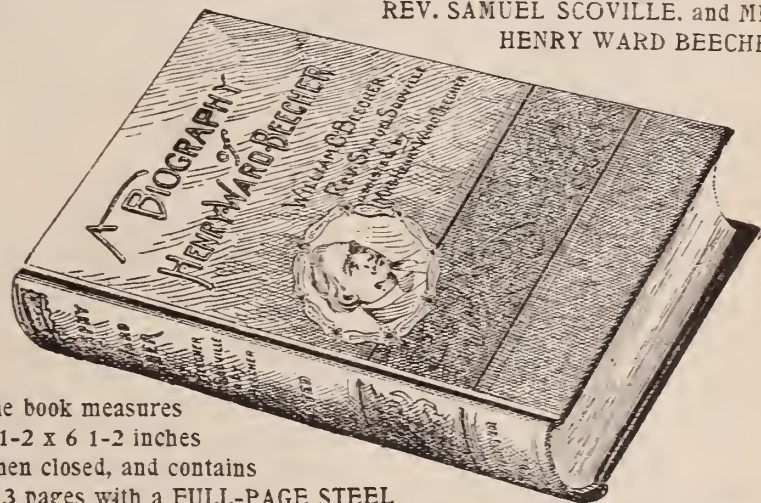
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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A TRULY HAPPY HUNDRED!

How Our Children Passed Their First Sunday at Mont Lawn—The Home and its Surroundings a Well-Spring of Delight to the City Waifs.



LOOK! See what I've found—a lot o' them nice things what ladies wears in their hats." And the little girl of ten held up a lapful of something to the admiring gaze of a dozen or more tots of her own age. They were playing on the grassy slope in front of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont Lawn. There was a sudden rush, and three other girls

those children, the happy hours they spent there. After the first contingent of twenty-five bright-eyed little misses, there came three other bands of equal numbers, so by the end of the week there was a merry hundred boys and girls in the Home. Every nook and corner of the place was explored; every cherry and apple tree viewed by the boys as to its possibilities for fruit, and every pretty wild-flower and blossoming shrub was a shrine of girlish admiration. They romped together on the lawns and grassy slopes, crowded the swings, played croquet, tag, leap-frog, hide-and-seek, bean-bag, jack-

white-draped cots in the dormitories were instantly vacated, and the little folks began to dress for a breakfast of eggs, cocoa, bread-and-milk and berries, which was ready at eight, after a brief service in the chapel. At nine, they were summoned to morning prayers, after which seven of Superintendent Faulhaber's assistants, Misses Carter, Rodman, Johnson, Breen, Thompson and Collins and Mrs. Lemberg—instructed them in the Sunday School lesson to which they listened most attentively. Dinner was served at noon, consisting of roast beef, potatoes, sweet-corn, pie and bread-and-milk. Then our little ones were divided into groups and sat around the piazzas or on the cool, shady lawn, chatting with each other or listening wonderingly to the drowsy, mingled hum of bird, bee and insect life that filled the summer air. In the afternoon, at

and sung in clear, ringing tones that echoed sweetly over the hillside, the visitors helping to swell the chorus.

One of the most captivating sights at Mont Lawn is the "hour of song" in the afternoon, when our children gather around "Old Glory" and wake the echoes with "Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Our artist, in the picture on this page, has shown the little folks as they are assembling and just before the singing. Their fresh young voices, can be heard nearly as far down as the river, and passersby stop and look at the pretty tableau they form there, beneath the flag, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, and their teacher and leader between.

During the past week, still further improvements have been made at Mont Lawn, which is now conceded, by all who have



"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" CHILDREN'S HOME AT MONT LAWN—ASSEMBLING FOR THE HOUR OF PATRIOTIC SONG AROUND "OLD GLORY."

each grabbed a fistful out of the extended lap, while one exclaimed:

"Its daisies! Oh, just to think! real daisies, and lots of 'em, too."

And with a chorus of "O-ohs!" and "Ahs!" half a hundred or more crowded about the first group, eager to see the latest wonder of this new realm into which they had come and which had already revealed to them so many wonderful things.

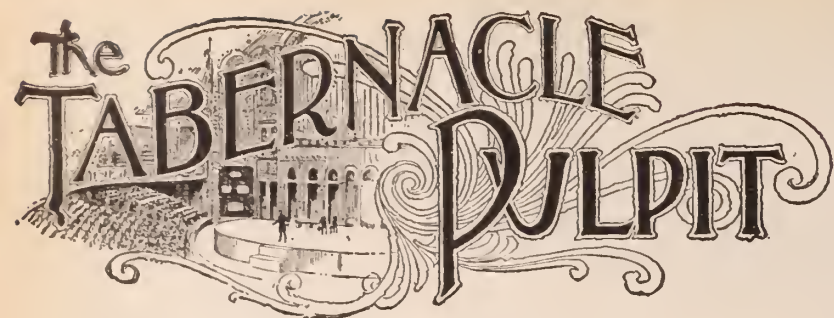
What a week that was at Mont Lawn! Never will be effaced from the memory of

straws, puss-in-corner, and every conceivable game. The fun, the exercise, the free mountain air and the aromatic odors of the pines and maples, summoned the roses to the cheeks of the children, brought a healthy sparkle to the eyes, and gave each, withal, a most famous appetite that did ample justice to the nourishing fare set before them during their sojourn at Mont Lawn.

The first Sunday was another new experience for our children. Almost with the earliest tinkle of the rising-bell at seven, the

four o'clock, Dr. Louis Klopsch arrived, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen interested in the Home, and a pleasant and profitable hour was passed, the children listening with evident enjoyment to the kindly words that were then spoken. In the evening, after supper, an hour was spent in sacred song, and from the way in which all the young folks joined in the familiar hymns, it was evident that their hearts as well as their voices were in this pleasant exercise. Hymn after hymn was called for,

visited it, to be a veritable children's paradise. A large tent for kitchen purposes has been erected, to which an abundant supply of pure water is conveyed by pipes. Additional swings have been put up for the children, and grounds staked out for croquet and other games. Time passes quickly and merrily at Mont Lawn, and our children think the days all too short, and their only regret is that they cannot be prolonged so that their ten days of trollic and freedom might last the whole summer through.



SAVE THE SABBATH.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Ex. 31: 13, "Varily, my Sabbaths ye shall keep."

THE wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of the seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven days than in six, and that the fifty-two days of the year devoted to rest are an addition rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, but after awhile broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said of him, "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath!"

A celebrated merchant declared: "I should have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature cry out for the Sabbatic rest. What is true of man is, for the most part, true of the brute. Travellers have found out that they come to their places of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath. What is the matter with those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of the city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall? It is for the lack of the Sabbatic rest.

In other days, when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the tar West down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on without the observance of the holy Sabbath. The fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland declare that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's Day.

When I asked the Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said: "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some observing the Sabbath and some not observing the Sabbath. Those who allowed the fires to go down and the kettles to cool once a week were compelled to spend only a few pennies in the way of repairs; while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed, many dollars were demanded for repairs.

In other words, intelligent man, dumb beast, and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's Day. But while the attempt to kill the Sabbath by the stroke of axe and flail and yardstick has beautifully failed, it is proposed in our day to drown the Sabbath by flooding it with secular amusements. They would bury it very decently under the wreath of the target company and to the music of all brazen instruments.

There are to-day, in the different cities, ten thousand hands and ten thousand pens busy in attempting to cut out the heart of our Christian Sabbath, and leave it a bleeding skeleton of what it once was. The effort is organized and tremendous, and unless the friends of Christ and the lovers of good order shall rouse up right speedily, their sermons and protests will be uttered after the castle is taken. There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished, and

it is becoming a practical question whether we who received a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers shall have piety and pluck enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will!

I protest against this invasion of the holy Sabbath, in the first place, because it is a war on Divine enactment. God says, in Isaiah: "It thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What did he mean by "doing thy pleasure?" He referred to secular and worldly amusements. A man told me he was never so much frightened as in the midst of an earthquake, when the beasts of the field bellowed in fear, and even the barn-yard fowls screamed in terror. Well, it was when the earth was shaking and the sky was all full of fire that God made the great announcement: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Go through the streets where the theatres are open on a Sabbath night; go up on the steps; enter the boxes of those places of entertainment, and tell me if that is keeping the Sabbath holy. "O," says some one, "God won't be displeased with a grand sacred concert." A gentleman who was present at a "grand sacred concert" one Sabbath night in one of the theatres of our great cities, said that during the exercises there were comic and sentimental songs, interspersed with coarse jokes; and there were dances, and a farce, and tight rope walking, and a trapeze performance. I suppose it was a holy dance and a consecrated tight rope. This is what they call a "grand sacred concert."

We hear a great deal of talk about "the rights of the people" to have just such amusements on Sunday as they want to have. I wonder if the Lord has any rights. You rule your family, the Governor rules the State, the President rules the whole land; I wonder if the Lord has a right to rule the nations and make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and if there is any appeal to a high court from that decision, and if the men who are warring against that enactment are not guilty of high treason against the Maker of heaven and earth. They have in our cities put God on trial. It has been the theatres and the opera-houses, plaintiffs, versus the Lord Almighty, defendant: the suit has been begun, and who shall come out ahead, you know. Whether it be popular or unpopular, I now announce it as my opinion that the people have no rights save those which the great Jehovah gives them. He has never given the right to man to break his holy Sabbath, and as long as his throne stands, he never will give that right.

The prophet asks a question which I can easily answer, "Will a man rob God?" Yes. They robbed him last Sunday night at the theatres and the opera-houses, and I charge upon them the infamous and high-handed larceny. I hold the same opinion as a sailor I have heard of. The crew had been discharged from the vessel because they would not work while they were in port on the Lord's day. The captain went out to get sailors. He found one man and he said to him, "Will you serve me on the Sabbath?" "No." "Why not?" "Well,"

replied the old sailor, "a man who will rob God Almighty of his Sabbath would rob me of my wages if he got a chance."

Suppose you were poor, and you came to a dry-goods merchant and asked for some cloth for garments, and he should say, "I'll give you six yards;" and while he was off from the counter binding up the six yards you should go behind the counter and steal one additional yard. That is what every man does when he breaks the Lord's Sabbath. God gives us six days out of seven, reserving one for himself, and if you will not let him have it, it is mean beyond all computation.

Again: I am opposed to this desecration of the Sabbath by secular entertainments because it is a war on the statutes of most of the states. The law in New York State says:

It shall not be lawful to exhibit, on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert room or other room or place within the city and county of New York, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus, or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobats, or rope-dancing."

Was there ever a plainer enactment than that? Who made the law? You, who at the ballot boxes decided who should go to Albany and sit in the Legislature. You who in any region exercise the right of suffrage. They made the law for you and for your families, and now I say that any man who at tempts to over-ride that law insults you and me and every man who has the right of suffrage.

Still further: I protest against the invasion of the Sabbath, because it is a foreign war. Now, if you heard at this moment the booming of a gun in the harbor, or if a shell from some foreign frigate should drop into your street, would you keep your seats in church? You would want to face the foe, and every gun that could be managed would be brought into use, and every ship that could be brought out of the Navy Yard would swing from her anchorage, and the question would be decided. You do not want a foreign war, and yet I have to tell you that this invasion of God's holy day is a foreign war.

As among our own native-born population there are two classes—the good and the bad; so it is with the people who come from other shores—there are the law-abiding and the lawless. The former are welcome here. The more of them the better we like it. But let not the lawless come from other shores expecting to break down our Sabbath, and institute in the place of it a foreign Sabbath.

How do you feel, ye who have been brought up amid the hills of New England, about giving up the American Sabbath? Ye who spent your childhood under the shadow of the Adirondacks or the Catskills; ye who were born on the banks of the Savannah, or Ohio, or Oregon, how do you feel about giving up the American Sabbath? You say: "We shall not give it up. We mean to defend it as long as there is left any strength in our arm, or blood in our heart! Do not bring your Spanish Sabbath here. Do not bring your Italian Sabbath here. Do not bring your French Sabbath here. Do not bring your foreign Sabbath here. It shall be for us and our children forever a pure, consecrated, Christian, American Sabbath."

I will make a comparison between the American Sabbath, as some of you have known it, and the Parisian Sabbath. I speak from observation. On a Sabbath morning I was aroused in Paris by a great sound in the street. I said: "What is this?" "O," they said, "this is Sunday." An unusual rattle of vehicles of all sorts. The voices seemed more boisterous than on other days. People running to and fro, with baskets or bundles, to get to the rail trains or gardens. It seemed as if all the vehicles in Paris, of whatever sort, had turned out for the holiday. The "Champs Elysees" one great mob of pleasure-seeking people. Balloons flying. Parrots chattering. Footballs rolling. Peddlers hawking their knick-knacks through the streets. Punch and

Judy shows in a score of places, each one with a shouting audience. Hand organs, cymbals, and every kind of racket, musical and unmusical. When the evening came down, all the theaters were in full blaze of music, and full blaze of light. The wine-stores and saloons were thronged with an unusual number of customers. At even-tide I stood and watched the excursionists coming home, tagged out men, women and children, a gulf-stream of fatigue, irritability, and wretchedness; for I should think it would take three or four days to get over that miserable way of Sundaying. It seemed more like an American Fourth of July than a Christian Sabbath.

Now, in contrast, I present one of the Sabbaths in one of our best American cities. Holy silence coming down with the day-dawn. Business men more deliberately looking into the faces of their children, and talking to them about their present and future welfare. Men sit longer at the table in the morning, because the stores are not to be opened, and the mechanical tools are not to be taken up. A hymn is sung. There are congratulations and good cheer all through the house. The street silent until ten o'clock, when there is a regular, orderly tramp churchward. Houses of God, vocal with thanksgiving for mercies received, with prayers for comfort, with charities for the poor. Rest for the body. Rest for the soul. The nerves quieted, the temples cooled, the mind cleared, the soul strengthened, and our entire population turned out on Monday morning ten years younger, better prepared for the duties of this life, better prepared for the life that is to come.

Which do you like best, the American Sabbath or the Parisian Sabbath? Do you know in what boat the Sabbath came across the seas and landed on our shores? It was in the "Mayflower." Do you know in what boat the Sabbath will leave us, if it ever goes? It will be in the ark that floats over a deluge of national destruction.

Still further: I protest against the invasion of the Lord's day, because it wrongs a vast multitude of employees of their rest. The play actors and actresses can have their rest between their engagements; but how about the scene-shifters, the ballet-dancers, the call-boys, the innumerable attendants and supernumeraries of the American theatre? Where is their Sunday to come from? They are paid small salaries at the best. Alas for them! They appear on the stage in tinsel and tassel with halberds, or in gauze whirling in toe tortures, and they might be mistaken for tairies or queens; but after twelve o'clock at night you may see them trudging through the streets in tattered dresses, shivering and tired, a bundle under their arms, seeking their homes in the garrets and cellars of the city. Now, you propose to take from thousands of these employees throughout this country, not only all opportunity of moral culture, but all opportunity of physical rest. For heaven's sake let the crushing Juggernaut stop at least one day in seven.

Again: I oppose this modern invasion of the Christian Sabbath because it is a war on the spiritual welfare of the people. You have a body? Yes. You have a mind? Yes. You have a soul? Yes. Which of the secular halls on the Sabbath day will give that soul any culture? Now, admitting that a man has a spiritual and immortal nature, which one of the places of amusement will culture it? Which one of the Sabbath performances will remind men of the fact that unless they are born again, they cannot see the kingdom of God? Will the music of the "Grand Duchesse" help people at last to sing the song of the one hundred and forty and four thousand? Besides, if you gentlemen of the secular entertainment have six days in the week in which to exercise your alleged beneficial influence, ought you not to allow Christian institutions to have twenty-four hours? Is it unreasonable to demand that if you have six days for the body and intellect, we should have one day at least for our immortal soul? Or, to put it in another shape, do you not really think that our imperish-

able soul is worth at least one-seventh as much as our perishable body?

An artist has three gems—a cornelian, an amethyst and a diamond. He has to cut them and to set them. Which one is he most particular about? Now the cornelian is the body, the amethyst is the intellect, the diamond is the soul. For the two former you propose six days of opportunity, while you offer no opportunity at all for the last, which is in value as compared with the others like one hundred thousand million dollars to one farthing. Besides, you must not forget that nine-tenths, aye, ninety-nine one hundredths of all the Christian efforts of this country are put forth on the Lord's day. Sunday is the day on which the asylums and hospitals and the prisons are visited by Christian men. That is the day when the youth of our country get their chief religious information in Sunday Schools. That is the day when the most of the charities are collected. That is the day when, under the blast of sixty thousand American pulpits, the sin of the land is assaulted and men are summoned to repent. When you make war upon any part of God's day, you make war upon the asylums, and the penitentiaries, and the hospitals, and the reform associations, and the homes of the destitute, and the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and the ground of the truth.

I am opposed to the invasion of the Sabbath, because it is a war on our political institutions. When the Sabbath goes down, the Republic goes down. Men who are not willing to obey God's law in regard to Sabbath observance are not fit to govern themselves. Sabbath breaking means dissoluteness, and dissoluteness is incompatible with self-government. They wanted a Republic in France. After awhile they got a Republic; but one day Napoleon III., with his cavalry, rode through the streets, and down went the Republic under the clattering hoofs. They have a Republic there again; but France never will have a permanent Republic until she quits her roving Sabbath, and devotes one day in every week to the recognition of God and sacred institutions. Abolish the Sabbath and you abolish your religious privileges. Let the bad work go on, and you have "the Commune" and you have "the Revolution," and you have the sun of national prosperity going down in darkness and blood. From that reign of terror may the God of peace deliver us.

Still further: I am opposed to this invasion of the Sabbath because it is unfair, and it is partial. While secular amusements in different cities are allowed to be open on the Sabbath day, dry-goods establishments must be closed, and plumbing establishments, and the butcher's and the baker's, and the shoemaker's and the hardware stores. Now, tell me by what law of justice you compel a man to shut the door of his store while you keep open the door of your worldly establishment. May it please your honors, Judges of the Supreme Court, if you give to secular places the right to be open on the Sabbath day, you have to give, at the same time, the right to all commercial establishments to be open, and to all mechanical establishments to be open. If it is right in the one case it is right in all the cases.

But we are told that they must get money on Sabbath nights in order to pay the deficits of the other nights of the week. Now, in answer to that I say, that if men cannot manage their amusements without breaking the Lord's day, they had better all go into bankruptcy together. We will never surrender our Christian Sabbath for the purpose of helping these violators to pay their expenses. Above all, my confidence is in the good hand of God that has been over our cities since their foundation. But I call this day upon all those who befriend Christian principle, and those who love our political freedom, to stand in solid phalanx in this Thermopylae of our American history; for I believe as certainly as I stand here that the triumph or overthrow of American institutions depends upon this contest.

THE MOODY GOSPEL FUND.

Enthusiastic Responses to the Great Evangelist's Appeal to Readers of "The Christian Herald"—Value of the Opportunity Realized—What America owes to Mr. Moody.



THE appeal of Mr. D. L. Moody which was published in these columns last week has already awakened a deep interest among our readers. From far and near letters have been received expressing satisfaction at the effort to provide the great evangelist with the funds he needs, and ardent hopes for its success. "I know something," writes one correspondent, "of the kind of men and women turned out of the Moody Institute and I should like to see their number multiplied a thousandfold. They are the kind of preachers and teachers the world needs. They are mighty in the Scriptures, eager to win souls and not afraid of work. For any hard field where there are discouragements give me an Institute man before all others. I hope you will not rest until Mr. Moody is able to have five thousand students under his care. I am making a collection among my friends to send with my own contribution." Another says: "This movement is the best and brightest I have ever heard of. It means the winning of thousands of souls. Every man trained under Moody is a soul-winner. I know several and every one is a treasure. While I pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' I feel it my duty to be in this thing for there is no way so sure to bring an answer to the prayer than to help Moody, to train the workers." Another writes: "Count on me for all I can give and get for this work. It is a glorious opportunity. I want to see at the end of ten years, if I live so long, one of Mr. Moody's men in every town and village of the United States. That is the way to reach the people."

We believe that these letters voice the feelings of all our readers. The opportunity placed within their reach is pre-eminently the greatest ever presented to the Christian people of our land. There are, as Mr. Moody says, thirty million Christless people within our borders. There are hundreds of consecrated young men and women eager to go to them with the Gospel message. The only obstacle in their way is the lack of funds to give them the training they need. Who is he who values the Gospel so lightly, who loves his brother man so little, that he will not deny himself some luxury or some pleasure to contribute a dollar to help in removing this obstacle? So economically is the Bible Institute managed, that the entire expenses of one student are covered by a payment of two dollars a week. Think of it! In years to come, when these evangelists are preaching the Gospel and winning souls, that sum will seem very small compared with the result. The Holy Spirit has stirred up large numbers and is saying, "go work in the vineyard." Of late the number of responses has been enormous. It is a phenomenon that astonishes all who have witnessed it. There has never been anything like it before. If all who volunteer and are fit for service could be sent out fully equipped, there would not be one among our thirty million Christless fellow-citizens who would not have the Gospel personally presented to him. It would seem that we are on the eve of the great day which Christ

described (Luke 14: 23), when the servants were bidden to go into the highways and compel all whom they found to come in that the supper might be furnished with guests. Shame upon us will there be if we withhold the funds necessary to send out these servants. And those who are offering themselves are of the right kind. They do not want what is called "a liberal education." They ask to be taught how to divide the Word of Life, how to study the Bible and how to present the Gospel message with power. It is precisely this kind of training that Mr. Moody is giving.

Everyone knows who and what Dwight L. Moody is. For more than twenty years the names of Moody and Sankey have been household words on both sides the Atlantic. In all our cities and in the cities and towns of England, Scotland and Ireland, a visit from these two soul-winners has been counted a privilege to be anticipated, prepared for with much supplication to God, to be enjoyed and to be thankful for afterward. The critics have wondered at their success and have never been able to explain it. There has never been any mystery as to Mr. Sankey's power; the singular sweetness



THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE, AT CHICAGO, ILL.

and force of his melodious voice explains all that. But as to Mr. Moody there has always been some surprise. He never attempts eloquence. Those who go to hear him expecting to be delighted with oratorical display are disappointed. Yet a more convincing speaker never addressed an audience. He has the manner of a plain, honest, good-humored man, who is having a general talk with a few friends. When addressing audiences of eight or ten thousand persons, his manner is as familiar and as personal as if he were surrounded by only a dozen. His sermons are mere talks; witty, humorous and terribly pointed. The hearer feels that he is listening to a plain, common-sense man, who has him by the arm and is explaining to him something of momentous interest. He is being told that he is foolish to neglect his soul. Does he wish to be saved? Of course he does. Every sensible man wants that. Then this is the way. And by incident and illustration and simile and parable the way of salvation is put so clearly, so simply and forcibly in the language of every-day life, that the hearer is amazed, charmed and convinced. So Mr. Moody has gone from place to place with his message for nearly a quarter of a century, and God has so blessed his labors that when one reads of the lustre with which those will some day shine who have turned many to righteousness, one thinks of him as conspicuous among that resplendent throng.

Mr. Moody is now fifty-seven years of age. He was born at Northfield, Mass., in 1837. Early bereaved of his father, his first business was to help his widowed mother who was in poverty. The sturdy lad of six years was so intent on the performance of this duty, that at that precocious age he hired himself out to a neighboring farmer to drive the cows. Until he was seventeen his work was on the farm, but then he made a plunge into city life by going to Boston and becoming a clerk in his uncle's store. During the two years he spent in that city, he was brought under converting grace and made a member of Mount Vernon Church. In September, 1856, Mr. Moody removed to Chicago, and found a position as clerk in a store. But his soul was on fire for service for Christ. He offered himself as teacher in a Sunday School, but there was no class that could be given to him. As that was the only difficulty, Mr. Moody set himself to cope with that, and the next Sunday he appeared with eighteen ragged, bare-headed and barefooted boys whom he had found in the streets. They were not much in the way of ornament to the school, but, as he said, each one had a soul to be saved, and that was what he was after. That was the beginning of Mr. Moody's work for the masses.

Mr. Moody was looking out for opportunities for service, and seemed indefatigable in using them. He opened a mission in a deserted saloon on the North Side Market, and started various ingenious means for reaching non-churchgoers. Finally, the work so engrossed his thoughts and energies that he decided "to give God all his time," and resigned his position that he might do so. In connection with the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations, he threw himself with all his restless energy into Christian effort and soon became one of the best known and most successful Christian workers in the city.

After taking an active part in the Christian Commission during the war, Mr. Moody resumed his labors in Chicago in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association which was now splendidly housed in Farwell Hall. He also collected funds with which a church was built near the Market Hall. There he preached to crowded congregations, organized a church of three hundred members, and conducted a Sunday School of a thousand children. This church, swept away in the great fire, was rebuilt and the work continued. But the world was beckoning the great worker. Occasional visits to other cities led to an avalanche of urgent petitions for help in revival work, and finally Mr. Moody was compelled to resign the pastorate and go from place to place as God appointed him. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco and many other large cities called the Lord's worker and saw such results from God's blessing on his labors as filled all Christian hearts with joy. Again and again Great Britain has claimed its share of the blessing, and Mr. Moody has labored there for one or two years at a time with results as great as in our own land. So for nearly a quarter of a century the work has gone on increasing in volume and depth. The world has seen what God can do with a man, plain, simple and content to preach the Gospel as Paul preached it, not with excellence of wisdom, but with power. There is great need of such men, and in recognition of the fact that the time has come for finding them and sending them out, Mr. Moody issues the letter in our columns this week.

That Mr. Moody is not mistaken in appealing to our readers for help in this Christ-like work, we are sure. They know its need and will appreciate the privilege in engaging in it. All contributions should be sent to this office. They will be acknowledged weekly in our columns, and will be forwarded to Mr. Moody. The following is the list to date:

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.	\$100 00
Louis Klopsch, New York	100 00
P. B. Bromfield, Hempstead, L. I.	25 00
B. J. F., Brooklyn	5 00
K. F. Knapp, New York	2 00
Rev. G. W. Mooney	2 00
Theo. Gratz	2 50
G. H. S., Brooklyn	5 00
W. McIntyre, Greenville, N. J.	1 00
J. C. Earl, New York	2 00
J. W. Cornack, Jamaica, L. I.	3 00
Rev. W. P. George, Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
D. M. Heydrick, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 00



PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

S.S. Lesson for July 8, Luke 2:25-38, Golden Text, Luke 2:32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

BESIDES the shepherds of Bethlehem, God had his hidden ones in Jerusalem who knew from the Scriptures that the coming of the Messiah was at hand. Few they were, and unknown on earth; their very existence ignored by the great ones of this world and the ecclesiastically great ones among the Jews. They were God's choicest ones, well known in heaven, but the world passed them by as of no account. That which the scribes and Pharisees studied as a mere theological doctrine, these few took to heart as an expectation or hope which gave form and color to their lives. Just as, at the present time, there are scholars of various schools of interpretation; the historical and the futurist, etc., who dispute and contend about the times of Antichrist, the coming of our Lord, and the circumstances attending it; and many are the systems which they have made regarding it, and there are some, a few here and a few there, who are looking for and living for his coming. There are some whose citizenship is practically in heaven, who forbear to assert; or claim their rights on earth who are willing to be pilgrims and strangers here, just because they really do look for, and wait for, and live for a Saviour from Heaven—"the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself." (Phil. 3:20, 21, R.V.) "Behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon (the hearing one) and the same man was just and devout

Waiting for the Consolation of Israel."

Simeon's expectation was not selfish and personal, he lived, prayed and waited for the one who should be not only his consolation, but the consolation of Israel. He saw in the words of Isaiah 40:1, that which answered to his own heart: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." He must have been acquainted with the miraculous birth of John the Baptist, who was to prepare the way of the Lord, as the angel Gabriel had declared to Zacharias his father, and this old man knew that if Mal. 3:1, 2; 4:5, 6, was fulfilled in John, then also Isa. 40:1-11, must also be fulfilled, and the time was approaching when Jerusalem that bringeth good tidings should say unto the cities of Judah, "Behold, your God." (Isa. 40:1-11.) Probably Simeon's idea of how this Scripture should be fulfilled, was very different from the actual fact, but he knew that, some way or other, the coming of Messiah was at hand.

Simeon was just and devout, we do not hear whether he was learned, or of what family he was, or of what set among the Jews; all these considerations are only temporal and corruptible; they pass away. But "just and devout" bears the stamp of God and of eternity upon it; this is what will not pass away, it is of Divine workmanship, and not of human manufacture; and "whatsoever God doeth it shall be forever." And the Holy Ghost was upon him. Yet this did not make Simeon a popular man. The Holy Ghost does not glorify man, but Jesus, he takes of Christ and shows unto us, and thus it was that this man, upon whom the Holy Ghost was, knew more about the new-born Christ, so unknown in the world, than any of the chief priests and scribes, who were the authorized and recognized teachers of the Word of God. O how clearly we see that only those really and practically understand the Scriptures who live out all they do know!

And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ, and he knew that neither sickness nor accident could take away his life until the Messiah should be born, and his eyes had seen him; his God could not deceive him. When he had heard of the birth of John the Baptist, how his heart must have throbbed to know that the Messiah also must be at hand, and how his watchfulness must have been quickened! Thus when the Spirit, which was upon him, led him to come into the temple, he knew the voice and was not mistaken; it was not a doing of his own will, and calling it the leading of God, but it was a quiet, steady, following of him who had never yet failed to lead him aright. It was the moment God had chosen, when the child Jesus was brought into the temple to be presented to the Lord, and the aged servant of God took the Holy Babe in his arms, and blessed God, and said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." To the eyes of man it was an ordinary peasant babe, brought by humble parents, so poor that Mary's offering for her purification was the least costly of those permitted by the law (Lev. 12:5); but to the Holy Ghost-opened eyes of the aged Simeon, it was the salvation of God, and the consolation of Israel! Which thou hast prepared

Before the Face of all People;

a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." On God's side, the sending of his Son was before the face of all people. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," and yet the world knew him not and cared not for the salvation prepared in their very face! It is almost inconceivable that God should make the salvation so wide, open to every soul of man, and yet that the majority of mankind should be totally indifferent about it! Eternal life and death hanging in the balance, corruption and incorruption, dishonor and glory, and yet man is so blinded and so perverse that he will not so much as give attention to God's great salvation, and he lets it slip forever! God said to his Son: "It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel. I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth" (Isa. 49:6); and yet how few even of the Gentiles have accepted and walk in his light! How few of the Jews count Jesus as the glory of his people Israel! How few of either Jews or Gentiles are looking for his second coming! In how few hearts is the Daystar really arisen, and how incomprehensible must it be to those who look at things in a worldly light, that God could have committed the knowledge of the advent of his Son to such a mere handful of people, and they so poor and so unknown! His chosen ones are the weak, the foolish, the base, the despised, the nothings; out of these he has a people whose weakness, foolishness, baseness, despised condition and nothingness he can fill full with his own character, and his own glory, because in them no flesh glories in his presence, if Christ is not manifest in them, there is nothing. There is not enough of themselves in them to hide him dwelling in them.

Joseph and his mother marvelled at the words of Simeon, but Mary had already pondered much in her heart what concerned her Son. And Simeon blessed them and said unto Mary his mother: Behold this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against. Simeon had learned deeply in the school of God. Standing on the verge of a new dispensation, this prophet of the Old Covenant saw the central truth of the New; death and resurrection, falling and rising again, the way of

the Cross. And he saw the offence of the Cross; the stumbling block it would be; the sign that shall be spoken against. That which the Apostles never did see until after the crucifixion, old Simeon understood beforehand. "Yea," he said to Mary, "a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." The angel Gabriel had revealed to Mary that God should give unto her Son the throne of his father, David, but the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God had not yet pierced her soul with the truth that he should be crucified, and bear the sins of many. This knowledge had yet to come to her, and Mary had yet much to suffer.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT—"

law on every mother and secondly, to offer her son to God and redeem him. The legal regulations on the subject are contained in Leviticus 12. Thirteen chests shaped like trumpets were set in the Temple and the mother having inquired of the attendant the price of the offering she wished to make, did not herself buy the offering but deposited the price of it in one of the trumpets. The third trumpet was the one to which the poor went. The rich mother in a case like that of Mary was expected to give a turtle-dove or a young pigeon for a sin offering and a lamb for a burnt offering; a poor mother was allowed to give a second turtle-dove instead of a lamb for the burnt offering. At evening the chests were emptied and the money apportioned. The contents of the third chest were reckoned differently from the others, as representing the legal allowance. The price varied from two to three dollars according to our money and the amount which would not ordinarily provide a burnt offering was allowed to do so in this case. Having made her offering, Mary would pass on through the Temple. There Simeon met her. We are not directly told that he was an old man, but his words imply that he was. In some way he had been promised that he should see the Messiah before he died. He naturally went to the Temple as the place where he was most likely to see him. It would be interesting to know what were his expectations. Possibly he may have expected to see a glorious celestial being, or perhaps a stalwart warrior. We are not told. But when the infant Jesus was brought in, he recognized him at once, and took him in his arms. He uttered a few sympathetic, pitying words to Mary and spoke longingly of his own departure. Anna also recognized the infant, and gave thanks.

The parents brought in the child Jesus. They brought him to present him to God as the firstborn and to make the offering appointed for the redemption of him. The meaning of that presentation or how it would be accepted, they little realized. In the days when Italy was broken up into a number of small states and there was fearful oppression and the poor were cruelly treated, there lived an intelligent peasant and his wife who were moved by strong patriotism. They longed for the unity and the freedom of Italy. Both had suffered the loss of relatives and friends under the tyrannical governments. When their first-born boy was given to them they pledged themselves to train him up to love his country and devote him to the cause they loved. When Garibaldi raised the standard of insurrection the time came for the fulfilment

of the vow. But he had grown a fine, handsome young man. His father was dead and he was the sole support of his widowed mother. How could she part with him? But the memory of the promise was upon her. With many tears, she bade him go and he was slain in the first battle. When Italy was free and all the land was full of rejoicing, the poor mother wept. The dream of her early widowhood had been fulfilled, but at what a cost to her!

The same man was just and devout. It is very important that these two go together. It is bad for the man and for those who are influenced by his example if while he makes prayers long and loud, and is unctuous in talk, his life is unclean or dishonest. Those who know him are apt to think, not that the man is a hypocrite, which would be a logical conclusion, but that the religion he professes is false, and so that religion is dishonored by his profession. There is a legend of Abou Hassan that he had a talismanic ring which would make its owner wise, truthful, generous and pure. From the time he began to wear it, those were his characteristics. As he was approaching death, he found it difficult to decide which of his three sons should have the ring. Finally, he had two rings made exactly like the talismanic ring in appearance, and gave one to each of his sons. After his death the sons disputed among themselves which of them possessed the true talisman. After several quarrels they agreed to submit the question to a man renowned for his wisdom. "Quarrel no more," he said, "the world will soon discover by your conduct. When it sees one of you wise, truthful, generous and pure, it will know that he is the brother who has the true talisman." So it is with religion; the world does not discriminate very closely between creeds, but is apt to think he has the true creed who is living the best life.

The sword shall pierce thy soul. The glory of being the mother of Christ has clung about Mary for eighteen centuries, but as Simeon foresaw, it was a glory which cost her acute suffering. Many times, she was pained during her son's life, and at the last, she saw him suffering agony on the cross and could not help or comfort him. There is no emotion known to mankind which brings greater joy and greater grief than love. It was a joy and pride to Arria to be the honored wife of Pætus, the Roman patrician, but the same emotion led her to a tragic death. When the Emperor Claudius condemned Pætus to die by his own hand, Arria went with him to the place of execution that by her presence she might nerve him to die as the Roman gloried in dying, strong and without a tremor. But Arria saw that when her husband took the sword to slay himself his hand trembled. She snatched the weapon from his grasp and plunged it into her own breast. Then, as she fell mortally wounded, she handed him the sword, saying sweetly, "It is not painful, my Pætus." There have been many wives and mothers since Mary whose souls have been wrung by torture harder to bear than the thrust of a sword when they have seen husband or son laying down his life in the cause of duty. The death of Jesus brings eternal life to the world, but it caused a sword to pierce his mother's soul.

A light to lighten the Gentiles. Simeon's words have been amply fulfilled. The light that really illumines Christendom and guides it on its way upward, is the light that comes from him, who, as a little babe, lay in Simeon's arms. It is a light for the individual soul as well as for the nations. But the light is for present use. A young student in college was disposed to make a profession of faith in Christ. One of the professors with whom he conversed on the subject, urged him to do so. But the young man knew his own weakness, and hesitated. "How can I know," he said, "that I can continue faithful? When I go into business and temptations come I may fall and never reach heaven at last." The professor encouraged him and they sat talking late into the night. When the student rose to go to his boarding house on the other side of the village, the professor, observing how dark the night was, said, "Wait, George, I'll get you a lantern." Handing it to him, he added, "Its light does not show you the whole road to your home at once, but it will throw light all the way on your next step, and that is what you need in other matters beside to-night's walk." As the student plodded along the country road, he learned the lesson of the value of the daily help and guidance.

A JEW TEACHING OF CHRIST.

Dr. Herman P. Faust, and his Successful Work Among the East side Hebrews in New York—Many Converts and Inquirers at his Mission—A Proposed Training-School for Young Hebrew-Christian Evangelists.

SO great has been the influx from the older civilizations to these shores during recent years, that the population of our sea-board cities is constantly



REV. H. P. FAUST,

Founder of the Forsyth Street Hebrew Mission.

changing. At the present moment, New York is one of the largest Jewish cities in the world. There are fully 250,000 Hebrews on Manhattan Island. Most of these foreigners know little of our language and less of our institutions. They are generally poor, ignorant, over-worked and under-fed. They have been accustomed, many of them, to regard Christianity as the symbol of oppression for their race during long centuries, and often for themselves personally. They cling to their traditions, and are suspicious of any attempt to separate them from their faith or alienate them from their own people. They are industrious, untiring, shrewd, pinching and determined to make a place for themselves. Yet they easily become the prey of designing leaders and are made to swell the ranks of socialists and anarchists; or, if their religious zeal is relaxed, to drift surely into infidelity. The only course left is to endeavor to bring them under the power of the Gospel, and it is an extraordinary Providence that such vast multitudes of them have now been brought to the very doors of Christian churches and homes. They are eager inquirers and readers. Many of them, more than ever before, are ready to listen to proofs that Christ has indeed come. Ever since they began to come to New York in considerable numbers, the Hebrews have drifted, as if by common consent, to the East-side. There they have founded colonies in the densely-packed tenement districts, opened synagogues, markets, and club-rooms. Of late, they have been the particular object of attention on the part of a certain class of agitators who have influenced them often to their own serious detriment. Encompassed by surroundings such as they never before encountered, thousands of them have drifted away from their old religious moorings. To these, as well as to other thousands, who seem to have suffered so much through poverty and misfortune that their belief in a Divine providence has been severely tested, the coming of Christian Missions to the East-side was like the discovery of an oasis in a desert. Among the first to establish a Mission of this character was Dr. Herman Paul Faust, like themselves a Jew by birth and training, but a Christian by grace. He is a native of Russian Poland. He was educated in the public schools and a local seminary, and afterward at the Berlin University. In Nov. 25, 1888, he came to this country and was engaged as a rabbi, preaching to a good-sized Jewish congregation called "the Brethren of Israel" in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1891, while still performing the services of a rabbi, he received from Rev. Charles Nedeker, of the Washington M.E. Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew, which he read, and was so impressed with its truths that he de-

cided to embrace Christianity. Some time before discarding Judaism, he announced to the trustees of his congregation his change of faith, and at the same time he handed to one of the trustees the copy of the New Testament already referred to, with the inevitable result that when that trustee with others, examined it, a strong persecution was at once begun against Dr. Faust. In September of that year he bade adieu to the Jewish pulpit and entered on the career of a servant of Christ. His conversion was the means of leading his entire family, wife and nine children, to Christianity.

After leaving Poughkeepsie, Dr. Faust came to New York and, being convinced of the necessity of Christian work among the Hebrews of the densely-populated East side, quickly resolved on opening a Hebrew Mission. He established the Forsyth Street Hebrew Christian Mission on October 27, 1892. It was aided by the Presbyterian Board. Large congregations of Jews have recently been gathered every week to listen to Dr. Faust's evangelical preaching. He has shown himself sincere, devoted, and encouragingly attractive in drawing and influencing his own people. In an official report concerning his work the committee of the Presbyterian Board, consisting of Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., Chairman, Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, Rev. W. D. Buchanan, Rev. H. T. McEwen, James Kydd, John McWilliam and Oscar E. Boyd, declare that "they believe him to be worthy of all confidence."

In the first year of his work in New York his aim was to stir up the Jews to the love of Christianity and Christian principles by living among them and doing them all the kindness possible. He established his Mission and Reading Room in the basement of the Allen Memorial Presbyterian Church and held meetings every day, the principal

viewed in its spiritual aspect the work is satisfactory in every regard. The meetings on Saturday are largely attended. Not less than 42,000 Jewish hearers have listened to the word of God in the Mission Hall since the work opened eighteen months ago. At first they interrupted Dr. Faust frequently by opposing his statements about Jesus Christ; now, they listen most attentively. The reading-room twice a week is also well attended. Bible study is conducted specially on Thursday evenings. Tuesday evening is devoted to services which are fairly attended by the Jews, who now behave exceedingly well. Testimonies are given spontaneously by some of the audience. The school for children is attended by from sixty to one hundred little ones who are taught the Christian religion, German and singing. Through the efforts of the Presbyterian Board \$2,500 was raised to help the work begun by Dr. Faust, whose facilities and resources are wholly unequal to the necessities of the Mission, which is steadily growing in numbers and influence. Quite recently, four converts from Judaism were publicly baptized in the University Church in the presence of a large audience, by Rev. Dr. Alexander. Among them are two young men of good abilities who are to be consecrated as ministers of the Gospel.



ALLEN MEMORIAL CHURCH, WHERE THE MISSION IS HELD.

The seeds of Christian love and kindness then planted, now seem to be bearing an abundant harvest. The Hebrew-Christian

Mission is more largely attended than ever before, and the work is opening to an extent that calls for the active assistance of all who are interested in the conversion of the Jews. Dr. Faust has been making earnest efforts for the establishment of an Industrial Home, where manual training in the different trades will be taught, and also where a corps of young, active and consecrated missionaries can be trained to evangelical work among the New York Hebrews, and thus to carry forward with increasing numbers, the work already so well begun. Two young students are now under training. They are: Samuel Paul Feingold, born in Odessa, and Albert John Meisels, native of Warsaw, Poland. Both have already received a fairly good education in Europe. The students are to be selected from different walks in life, some tradesmen, others men of education, but all Hebrews and all imbued with zeal and devotion for the new faith. They have been baptized and accepted for the work, and two of them are now housed in Dr. Faust's home and supported at his personal expense. Others are awaiting an opportunity to join the evangelistic corps and all will be trained for passing regular examinations at a theological seminary, Dr. Faust himself directing their studies in Christian literature, philosophy, history and Biblical knowledge.

It is his hope that a way may be opened to assist him in securing the necessary means for establishing a Permanent Training Home, at which twenty-five or more such students may be placed in training. Although the burden, meanwhile, lies very heavily on his shoulders, he has borne it thus far unflinchingly, trusting to the same Divine Power that established the work to furnish the means for extending it.

Dr. Faust may be addressed to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City, and any contributions forwarded to the building up of this most desirable Mission, will be duly acknowledged in these columns.



CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG NEW YORK HEBREWS—INTERIOR OF DR. FAUST'S MISSION.

day being Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when special services were held. A record of his work up to the present time shows the following results:

Families Visited.....	3,717
Tracts and papers distributed.....	15,832
Bibles and parts distributed.....	2,682
Children gathered into School.....	650
Adults gathered into Bible Class.....	2,420
Prayer meeting, average.....	100
Hours spent in visitation.....	1,192
Meetings attended.....	617
Attendance at the meetings.....	41,428
Number of inquirers found.....	5,044
Number asking assistance.....	13,628
Number assisted.....	1,934
Candidates for baptism.....	14
Under instruction.....	60

During the past winter, Dr. Faust has been besieged by multitudes of poverty-stricken Hebrews, very many of whom he has been instrumental in helping to rescue from starvation. His kindness and generosity, during these trying months, have won for him a very large popularity among the mixed nationalities of the East-side, especially among the Hebrews, both reformed and orthodox. For several months, he was aided in this work by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, which supplied him with food for one hundred families weekly, but although one hundred were thus fed, there were five hundred others hungry.



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To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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IN the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will appear the opening chapters of a new and remarkably interesting serial: "Zerola, of Nazareth," from the pen of a talented young author, W. J. Thorold, who has written it expressly for the readers of this journal. It is a dramatic and realistic picture of life in Palestine in the days of Paul the Apostle, and it will possess a special interest for a multitude of readers, being based on Scriptural events and dealing with some of the most important passages in the history of the early Christian Church.

BRIBERY.

THERE is no sentiment more untrue or more dangerous than the oft-repeated one, "Every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the dark ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cadi of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man, on the other side, had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cadi said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks. I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." And then, pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying: "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas when offered a bribe, said: "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong all your goods cannot persuade me." Fabricius, of the Roman Senate, was offered a bribe by Pyrrhus, of Macedon. Fabricius answered: "What an example this would be to the Roman people! You keep your riches and I will keep my poverty and reputation." The President of the American Congress during the American Revolution, John Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray his country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me."

But why go so far when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the concentrated forces of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered. I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they only would sell out. Those women who complain that they are often insulted need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men in Washington, Albany and New York who would no more be approached by bribers than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to approach an American man-of-

war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are to save the cities and save the land. So that I scout the sentiment I often hear uttered, that "every man has his price." Much is said about "old-fashioned honesty," as though the past had a monopoly of righteousness and in our day everything were on the down grade. But my reading of history makes me think that old-fashioned honesty among public men was not much to boast of. This crime of bribery which, in one shape or another, is now being charged upon capitalists and officials, had its mightiest reign in the past. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, and author of "Novum Organum" and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth: "How old are you?" he responded: "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign," of whose oratory Ben Johnson wrote: "The fear of every man who heard him was lest that he should make an end"—having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—\$36,000 a year—and Twickenham Court as a gift, and princely estates of Hertfordshire and Gorbury, yet under this temptation of bribery falling into ruin and, on his confession of taking bribes, giving as an excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined \$200,000 and imprisoned in London Tower. So also Lord Chancellor Macclesfield fell. So also Lord Chancellor Waterbury perished. The first chapters in English, Irish, French, German and American politics were chapters of bribery. Instead of longing for the days of old-fashioned honesty, which were dishonest, let us long for a new and more consummate honesty than the world has ever yet seen. It is high time that the world have a court house, or a city hall, or a jail, or a post-office, or a hospital, or a railroad, that in its building has not involved a political job. The machinery of bad American politics is made up of five hundred wheels, and the cogs of these wheels play into a greater wheel, and this great center wheel has a tire of railroad iron, and also a crank on which is the hand of Satan, and he turns the great wheel and that turns all the other five hundred smaller wheels in the political machinery, while as a consequence of partial legislation and favoritism, the great masses of people find it harder and harder work to make a living.

In all departments of life steer clear of bribery. Every man or woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money; it may be offered in position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transactions of private life and of public life will come up for public prehension. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time. You take it for eternity.

FAITH AND PRAYER.

IT ought to be a matter of congratulation that though the sanitary improvement in all our cities and the vigilance and energy of health officers, the probability of a sickly summer has been turned back into an improbability. One who visits the cities of Italy and southern France is surprised that they do not have perpetual pestilence, because of the concentrated filth year after year and century after century. Standing invitations are these cities for dreadful sicknesses to come and do their worst. I expect the present summer to be one of unusual health. People who argue about the inevitable track of cholera, argued without the usual premise of decayed garbage. Let us do all we can for the purification of our cities and obey all hygienic regulations, and then expect national health. Would to God that we were as anxious about the moral health of our cities as the physical health. There are plagues that have already landed that will kill ten times as many of our people as cholera. Great cities that care for no

laws of quarantine are sweeping across the land to-day like destroying angels. The alcoholic scourge will this coming summer destroy more lives than all the epidemics put together. What are the distempers that slay the body compared with those that slay both body and soul? Let all churches and reformatory organizations and all philanthropists and all Christians band together against the further progress of these moral evils with which our cities are afflicted. Encourage all the thousand agencies for the moral and spiritual cure of these cities now sick with sin, but remember that the mightiest agency is prayer. God always has honored it and will honor it. These omnipotent levers are all around us, but we have not faith enough to lay hold of them. Prayer for the sick that they may be restored. Prayer for the inebriates that they may be reclaimed. Prayer for the cities that they may be evangelized. Prayer for the world that its disenfranchisement may be hastened. People smile when they talk about answers to prayer and it is often the smile of incredulity. Why not let some people try pure, unadulterated faith in God? To God be all the glory. After the Church has stumbled along in Christian work for a little while longer, it will discover the full power of prayer and the discovery will make as much change in the spiritual world, as the discovery of printing made in the literary world, as the application of steam and electricity to locomotion and telegraphy.

Wake up to the power of prayer. Put it into your business, put it into your work, put it into all your enterprises. Fill your life with it. Pray, pray, pray!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. A. D., Des Moines, Ia. How many Sunday School scholars are there in the United States?

The total enrollment in Protestant Sunday Schools last year was over 11,000,000, including teachers and adult scholars. There are nearly 3,000,000 Catholic pupils, making a grand total of over 14,000,000.

Chas. R. Duke, Stamping Ground, Ky. I noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 30, a suggestion from J. G. Randall in regard to all Christians wearing a badge, so as to know each other. I heartily approve of it, and think all Christians should do so. What THE CHRISTIAN HERALD suggest some way to start the movement? Let us wear a badge, and no two wearing such a badge shall pass each other without a salutation or recognition, such as a bow or some short sentence taken from Scripture to be spoken while passing.

1. Dr. J. Haglanman, Reading, Pa. What would be your opinion of a young man who professed to be a Christian, consulting a "witch doctor," and following his advice to rid himself of a supposed "spell" cast on his live stock by his enemy? 2. Do not such works belong to the devil? 3. Who answers the questions in "Our Mail-Bag"?

1. Such a course would be superstitious, ignorant and un-Christian. (See Lev. 20: 6; Gal. 5: 20.) 2. They are so classed in Scripture; see reference last quoted. 3. The editors.

C. E. Plasterer, Shippensburg, Pa. Does the statement in John 1: 17, that grace and truth come by Jesus Christ, imply that there was neither before he came?

The "Evangelist" is contrasting the message of Christ with that of Moses. Christ came emphatically to reveal both grace and truth. So fully did he do so, and so much further advanced and more complete was his revelation that the "Evangelist" speaks of it as eclipsing all that went before. The previous revelations were in sign and shadow and symbol, but since Christ came, men have known what grace and truth really mean.

T. D. F., Elmira, Kan. Does the Bible say it is a sin for a son or daughter to disobey their father or mother, after they are twenty-one years of age?

The injunction to filial obedience is not affected by age. (See Eph. 6: 1.) After a child has reached manhood or womanhood, however, the paternal authority should be relaxed to suit the changed condition and responsibilities. Any command by the parents, which conflicts with the conscience of the young man or woman, may be set aside. (Matt. 10: 35; Eph. 6: 1-4; Col. 3: 21.) This makes it clear that obedience "in the Lord" only is commanded, and that when the child has reached the age of discretion, it is not under moral compulsion to obey an unrighteous command, even by a parent.

D. W. Beaver, Hewins, Kans. 1. Did Christ speak the same language to his disciples that he used on the Cross? 2. Where does alcohol exist before distillation? 3. Is it in the fruit? 4. We read in Gen. 1: 27 that God created man, male and female. In Gen. 2: 5 we read that there was not yet man "to till the earth." How do you harmonize the two verses? 5. How old do geologists reckon the earth to be?

1. Presumably he did. The language employed by the Saviour and his disciples is believed to have been Aramaic. 2. Alcohol does not exist until fermentation has taken place. It

is the result of the fermentation of a material that contains either sugar or starch—either fruits or cereals—and is secured by distillation. 3. The opening verses of the second chapter relate at greater length than is done in the first chapter some of the circumstances connected with the creation of man. These chapters are not to be regarded as a chronological sequence, but rather as being to some extent explanatory of each other. 4. There are many scientific speculations as to the duration of the five great geological periods, but as each period is supposed to have lasted for a long succession of centuries, there can be no accurate basis for an agreement even as to the approximate age of the globe. At the same time, scientists do not hesitate to declare their belief that hundreds of thousands of years may have elapsed since the Eozoic period, which saw the dawn of animal life in the geological world.

Reader, Ohio. If a person has any reason to believe that there is money coming to him in the Old Country, what had he better do?

We have many inquiries similar to the foregoing. The best plan, under all circumstances, is to avoid so-called claim agencies and employ a reputable lawyer in your own neighborhood. He will know just what steps to take, will charge no more than a claim agent and will very likely prevent you from being swindled.

W. H. Johnson, Red Bank, N. J. In reading the Bible, I find, here and there, words in italics. The meaning of that in general reading, I know, denotes emphasis or importance; but is there not a different meaning for the italicized words we find in Holy Writ?

Yes; italicized words and passages in the Bible indicate that they are not in the original but have been supplied by the translators to complete the sense, which was evidently intended to be conveyed by the sacred writers. In the Revised Version, all non-essentials are omitted, and thus some italicized passages which appear in the older version are absent in the new.

John D. Ferguson, Bladenboro, N. C. What is the meaning of the reference to the "angels of the little ones" in Matt. 8: 10?

The reference has caused discussion among divines in all periods of the Christian church, and is by no means satisfactorily explained. Jesus seems to have lifted for a moment the veil over the unseen state, and to have spoken of a matter familiar to him, but incomprehensible to us. The apparent meaning is that even the humblest followers of Christ are ministered to by angels, who have access to the presence of God himself.

Subscriber, Portsmouth, Va. According to the Old Testament, what did the required tenth or tithe offering amount to?

If you mean the aggregate amount they produced, we cannot answer. The amount was probably different one year from another. The tithe was a tenth of the produce of the land and the flock. Some Biblical authorities think that it was given three times a year, but the general opinion is that it was given only twice. The tithe of the produce of the land might be redeemed if the owner added one-fifth of its value. (See Lev. 27: 30-33.) It was not a tenth of a man's property, but of the increment.

J. W. Black, Aurora, Mo. Please explain the meaning of the emblems of the Papal insignia: The Cross, the Crook, the Keys and the three Crowns.

The crucifix is carried before the Pope and turned toward him to remind him of Christ crucified. The Crook is the Bishop's, not the Pope's, emblem; it signifies the pastor or shepherd of the flock. The Keys indicate the Pope's claim to be the successor of Peter. The three Crowns on his mitre are the emblem of his temporal sovereignty, now happily extinct. The original papal crown consisted simply of a cap of gold cloth. Boniface VIII., in 1295, surrounded it with an ornamented gold circlet, to which in 1335 Benedict XII. added a second, typifying spiritual as well as temporal sovereignty, and in 1362 Urban V. added a third symbolizing the Trinity.

Subscriber, Bonsack, Va. What are the best books for information in Sunday Schools and for conducting prayer meetings? I wish more information or more light in explaining to others. Would like to have analysis of the New Testament.

The best of all is "The Helps to the Study of the Bible," which you will find bound in with the International Teachers' Bible. There are also bound in with it, a Concordance, Analysis, Summaries of the Sacred Books, Tables of Scripture History, Subject-Index, Bible Dictionary, a series of Maps of Bible Lands, Ancient and Modern, and a number of other compilations, the whole constituting a compact and accurate Bible Library in condensed form, invaluable to all Sunday School Teachers, Class Leaders and Christian Workers. The International Teachers' Bible can be secured at a premium by sending \$2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. W. Stahlin, Meridian, Miss. See answer to Inquirer, New York, in "The Mail-Bag" of April 4. Miss Sadie Stryker, Blawenburg, N. J. Very good; try again. Get somebody to revise your verses.—Maggie S. Cole, Carleton, Can. We have forwarded your letter to Marion Harland.—I. H. N., Birchton, N. Y. Yes, we believe it is closed.—Mrs. C. Gibson, Danbury, Neb., and M. Brown, Crowswaga, Conn. Harlow, N. Y. Write to Biglow & Main, music publishers, Ninth street, New York.—Max V. You may find what you want by writing to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—Inquirer. The address of Rev. Mr. Chapman is Albany, N. Y.—Mrs. L. C. Rogers, Meadows, N. H. Can any of your readers send me the address of Rev. S. J. Robinson, formerly of the N. H. M. E. Conference?

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MOROCCO'S SULTAN DEAD.

NEWS was received on June 12, of the death four days before, of Muley Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco and the succession to the throne of Abdul Aziz, his younger son. An elder brother and an uncle of the new king are, it appears, claimants for the throne, but Abdul Aziz whom the late Sultan designated his successor, was duly proclaimed, and inaugurated his reign with a series of executions. He is only sixteen years of age, but is a young man of some intelligence and energy. The Cabinets of Europe were profoundly agitated by the news of the old Sultan's death. Of late years, several European powers have been intriguing and working to gain a foothold in the country, but have been foiled by the late Sultan's astute policy. France has an interest in it owing to the nearness of her Algerian possessions. Spain also claims rights there and England is concerned because her position at Gibraltar, as keeper of the keys of the Mediterranean, would be menaced if any strong power acquired possession of Ceuta and Tangier, the points of vantage across the straits. The promptitude with which France sent her fleet to Tangier on hearing of the Sultan's death, was regarded as a sign that she had designs on the country, which would have inevitably involved war with England. No occasion for foreign interference occurred, however, when the young Sultan was proclaimed and it may be hoped that the danger of international collision has passed for the time. That the death of an uncivilized king in Africa should have brought civilized nations to a condition of mutual jealousy in which war seemed a possibility is an indication how far we are from that period of universal peace and good-will described by the prophet and which Christ came to bring about. (Isa. 11: 12, 13.)

An Heiress in a Factory.

A press despatch from Bridgeport, Conn., describes a strange meeting which occurred there a few days ago. It appears that one of the employees in a cartridge factory is a girl who was brought over from Ireland when an infant. She believed that both her mother and father were dead, but she now finds that the latter is alive and is very wealthy. She had heard from her mother that when she was only a few days old, her father suddenly disappeared from their home in Ireland. His wife believed that he had been killed, but no trace of him was found. After the lapse of a few months she heard that he had crossed to America and she sold her furniture and came over to seek him. She was unable to obtain any tidings of him, so she went to work for her living and finally settled at Bridgeport, where she died about a year later, leaving her daughter to the care of friends. The missing man was really in America and had settled in New Mexico. He did not communicate with his family, but after working for twenty years and accumulating a fortune, he wrote to his brother, who he supposed was still in Ireland. But the brother had come to America and the letter followed him here. The two brothers corresponded and at last, on the suggestion of the New Mexico man, decided to make a trip to Ireland and bring over his wife and daughter. A preparatory letter was sent which elicited the facts, and the man instead of going to Ireland went to Bridgeport, where he found his daughter working in the cartridge factory. She will inherit his wealth, but she is little likely to feel a daughter's affection for the man whose desertion embittered her mother's life and caused her long years of poverty and hardship. It may be hoped that she has learned by experience that it is not so that the Heavenly Father acts toward his children. It is his glory that he watches over them and cares for them all through

life and does not wait until the end to reveal himself to them. (Ps. 73: 23, 24.)

Kissing a Lion.

A circus performer at Coney Island suffered severe injuries from a lion a few days ago. The last performance of the day was being given when the trouble occurred. A young woman who is the daughter of a lion-tamer and who has been familiar with lions in menageries from a child, went into the cage of a lion to go through the usual tricks. He had never manifested any vicious propensities and the young woman had made a pet of him. On this evening, however, while she was performing with him, the man who feeds the animals entered the menagerie with a box of raw meat. The performer was in the act of kissing the lion, which was one of her customary exhibitions, when the brute smelled the meat and broke away. She called him back to finish his part and tried to make him obey. But the lion was hungry and would do no more. He turned savagely on the performer and to the horror of the spectators bore her to the ground and buried his teeth in her face. The men employed in the menagerie rushed to the cage and succeeded in rescuing her, but not until her face had been terribly mangled. Her wounds were promptly dressed, but she is said to have only a slight prospect of recovery and will surely be disfigured to the end of her life. She must have been aware that there was risk in such a performance, but, as she had often embraced the lion before, she may have concluded that she could continue to do so

to a liqueur dealer who used it in the manufacture of bitters and curacoa. The refinement of the man's manner and his evident culture suggested to the judge questions as to the prisoner's history and he finally admitted that he was a marquis and had held a high position in the court of the Emperor Napoleon III. His private fortune had been large, but it had been squandered and he was then so poor that the gutter furnished him with the only means of support that he had. The contrast between his present degradation and his former condition appeared to cause him acute anguish. It might lead to blessed results if he would turn his face in the opposite direction and were led to compare his present condition with what he might be. Even one who has sunk so low, might, if he would quit the moral evils that have worked his fall and go to Jesus for salvation, rise to a rank superior to any title of nobility becoming a son of God himself. (John 1: 12.)

To Tattoo Wedding Rings.

A project to prevent evasions of the marriage laws is aired by a correspondent of a daily journal. It is suggested by the large number of cases in which persons who are married and whose partners are living, contract other marriages for purposes of fraud. The proposition, in brief, is to make the presence of a person skilled in tattooing a necessity at a marriage ceremony. This person is to be required to tattoo a ring on one of the fingers of the bride and of the bridegroom. This distinguishing mark could never be erased and would remain to show that the person so marked had been already married. In the event of the death of husband or wife, the registrar of deaths should have the power to add a star to the ring and in case of divorce, the officer of the divorce court should indicate the fact by tattooing two cross bars upon the ring. The correspondent suggests that severe penalties should be fixed for any tampering with the tattoo marks by the wearer, or by any person not duly authorized. Such a system,

to a deep hole. Happily for him, he instinctively extended his arms, and a passer-by caught him and helped him out. It was a narrow escape, for as it proved, the hole was of enormous depth. A rope thirty feet long was lowered into it without touching the bottom and when a stone was thrown in, no noise of its striking the bottom could



MULEY HASSAN, LATE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

be heard. The hole on the surface was about four feet in diameter and on looking down it could be seen that four feet down, a wooden timber projected, which was probably the remains of a board that had covered the hole and supported the soil and paving stones above. Below this, the sides were walled with neatly laid stones, indicating that it was an old-time well. Antiquarians are much interested in the discovery, for the histories of the city show that the Bowery was a busy street in 1767 and no well was used there then. The well must have been dug when the Bowery was farm land and that could not have been less than a century and a quarter ago. The timber that covered the well must have been slowly rotting for years until the moment came when it could no longer support the soil and stones above it. Then without warning it collapsed. Thousands have walked over the spot daily in all those years unconscious that beneath their feet was that deep well with its slowly rotting covering. So it is with every life that has not been given to God. At any moment collapse may come with irretrievable disaster. Few realize the solemn fact uttered by the Psalmist, "There is but a step between me and death." (1. Samuel 20: 3.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Major Geo. A. Hilton is now settled at the Gosford, Ocean Grove, N. J., for the summer. His exhausting campaign during the winter and spring made some rest necessary, and Major Hilton expected to obtain it at Ocean Grove, but we understand he has already made several engagements for meetings.

Dr. L. W. Munhall held a Grand Jubilee all-day service at Carthage, Mo., on Tuesday, June 5, for the reception of converts and thanksgiving to God. The meeting began with a sunrise praise and prayer meeting, followed by a preaching service in the Armory; in the afternoon another large meeting was held, and at night services in the Armory and several churches. The majority of the stores and factories were closed all day.

Baptist Journals are Criticizing Dr. Eaton's speech at the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention. He is reported to have said: "There's nothing right in religion that is not eighteen hundred years old." On this, the *Examiner* remarks, sententiously, "There is no Sunday School in Dr. Eaton's church, we take it?"

A Cable Message from the King of Corea was received from Seoul on June 14, announcing the complete suppression of the rebellion and thanking the Washington Government for sending Admiral Skerrett and the *Baltimore*. The King says that the Admiral "protected both sides," whatever that may mean.

Rev. J. McNeill, before concluding his Mission in Johannesburg, in South Africa, preached at the jail to about two hundred prisoners—white, black and yellow. He visits Durban, East London, King Williamstown, Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth and Cradock. After that he goes to India, Japan and Australia.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey have Declined the pressing invitation from London to carry on an evangelistic campaign there next fall. For many reasons they would like to go abroad again, but while the work is opening so widely in this country they feel that they should remain here, and they have therefore sent their declination to their friends in England.



TANGIER, THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF MOROCCO.

with impunity. She had not calculated on the possibility of a time coming when the brute might be under stronger influence than the training he had received. A similar mistake has often led to irreparable moral calamities. He who indulges in sinful pleasure without discovery or apparent injury, is apt to think that he may safely continue in sin; but in the end the awful nature of sin is disclosed and God's warnings against it are fulfilled. (Prov. 29: 1.)

From the Court to the Gutter.

The judge of a police court in Paris was astonished recently by the discovery of the identity of a prisoner. The charge against him was the theft of a bracelet. He had tried to pawn the ornament, and the pawnbroker, surprised that a man dressed in rags should have so valuable an article in his possession, had him arrested on suspicion of stealing it. The prisoner protested his innocence and declared that he had found the bracelet in the gutter. He said in reply to questions that his sole support was the pickings he could get from the gutter. Any food he found there he was glad to eat and when he found orange peel he could sell it

he contends, would be an impassable barrier to fraudulent marriages and would prevent deceptions which often involve ruin to innocent persons. There is little probability of the suggestion being adopted, although possibly it might be useful in preventing the practise of deceit. It could not do more. The real source of the trouble is farther back. It is with the marriage vow as with the vow of fidelity to God; unfaithfulness begins in the heart before it is manifest in the life and no brand or badge or mark can secure faithfulness there. It is only they who have committed their hearts to God's keeping who can be sure of being preserved from unfaithfulness. (Jude 24.)

A Well in the Bowery.

One of the most unlikely places to find a well, it would seem, would be the busy thoroughfare in New York City known as the Bowery. Yet the discovery of one under the sidewalk of that street was made in a rather disconcerting way by a citizen a few days ago. He was walking unconcerned along the street when, as he approached Houston Street, the pavement fell away from under his feet and he stepped in-

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

SEPARATION AND SERVICE.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor

A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Gal. 1: 4, "He gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God our Father."

HERE Christ's vicarious sacrifice touches its lowest depths of humiliation. Once we read that he "loved the Church and gave himself for it"—wondrous grace, the Bridegroom for the Bride! Once we read, "Who loved me and gave himself for me"—wondrous love, the Son of God for a son of men! Here we read that he "gave himself for our sins"—the deepest condescension, wherein he "who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Consider now what was the end of this condescension.

I. The divine separation: "That he might deliver us from the present evil world. Attachment to Christ is the only secret of detachment from the world. Therefore I do not say, 'break your fetters of evil habit that you may lay hold of the Saviour,' but, 'lay hold of the Saviour in order that you may break your fetters of evil habit.' I have never known a man to stop sinning until he had begun believing. I do not deny that unconverted men may carry on a tremendous warfare with their evil passions; but I do say that so long as it is only self against sin, it will be a drawn battle. In the seventh of Romans we have a picture of this warfare vividly portrayed, 'For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil that I would not, that I do.' Here is the battle. 'For I delight in the law of God after the inward man.' Here is our better nature, one of

The Combatants.

"But I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Here is our evil nature, the other combatant. And these two keep up the battle. It grows hotter and hotter. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary, the one to the other." And this conflict will go on, sorrowful defeat following sorrowful defeat, till Christ comes into the soul. Then and only then will the shout be heard, "Jesus is victor!" This has happened repeatedly. I have seen and bear record to the fact: The drunkard victorious over his appetite; the worldling victorious over his pleasures; the self-seeker victorious over his avarice; the sinner victorious over his sins.

But how has the victory come? The Apostle answers: "The law of the spirit of life hath made me free from the law of sin and death." "But," it is asked, "is the battle won once and for all at conversion?" No, it has to be fought again and again. I believe that with most Christians the temptation is to the misuse of good things; in other words, that Satan turns our very peace into war in order to get the victory over us. Therefore look out for the flag of truce that proposes a compromise with the world. Beware lest you be beguiled through your harmless pleasures. A traveller in Barbary mentions seeing a beautiful clear spring of water over which was inscribed this motto: "Drink and be gone." Robbers infested the region, and were constantly on the track of the traveller, ready to pounce upon and destroy him. Therefore he must snuff the cooling draught and hasten on. Shall we refuse ourselves all pleasure in this world? Shall we write, "Touch not, taste not," on every innocent gratification? No; but as soon as we have tasted the pleasant draught we must hurry forward lest we be overtaken by the destroyer of our souls. Drink and be gone! Hasten on from pleasure to life's serious business; from rest to life's serious toil; from peace to life's serious conflict. This is just what Peter meant when he wrote, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." The citizen

may tarry, build, plant, and reap; but the pilgrim must make haste lest he take root in this world, when his calling is to be rooted in heaven.

This deliverance from a present evil world means election, you see, not assimilation. As a sunbeam falls upon a muddy pool and draws up from it a clear crystal drop, leaving behind all the filth and sediment with which it was mixed, so Christ takes souls out of the world into his kingdom. Much of the religion of our day is

An Adulteration

—a mixture of earth and heaven in the same compound. Those who want to popularize Christianity go in for this mixture. They think a religion of mingled secularity and spirituality will be more palatable and will win more disciples. But it is not so. Garibaldi recruited the army with which he liberated Italy by calling for such as were ready to accept cold, hunger, nakedness and death. And Christ gets the soldiers who are really valuable to him by proclaiming: "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me." Real strength for the church has always come and always must come through unworldly conditions and claims. By repentance, faith, and self-denial Christ separates men from the world in order to join them to himself.

Here is the test of evangelical faith by which we ask to have it tried; it can take a sinner out of his sin. To keep a serious-minded man serious; to keep a moral man moral; to keep a respectable man respectable—this is not a very difficult matter, especially when your moral or respectable man has a good heredity behind him. But to change the immoral and the outcast into the sober and respectable, is quite another matter. That is the work of the supernatural spirit operating through a supernatural Gospel. Nothing but an evangelical Christianity can do this. Go into the liberal churches where they boast so loudly of their ethical preaching, and their high morality, and their strict integrity; and ask them how many drunkards they picked from the gutter last year, changing them into sober men who can pray and sing praises to God. They cannot show you one, I find they are condemned by this test. The tall cedars can be easily sawed and planed, and polished, and fitted into their places in the temple of God; but the great problem in my boyhood was how to pull the stumps, whose strong, deep, gnarly roots have struck down into the earth and grasped it with giant fingers. Only by a tremendous convulsion can these be uprooted. And the world is full of such

Stumps of Humanity.

all beauty and grace gone; and they only a mass of deep-rooted and inveterate evil habits. "To deliver men from the present evil world"—this is the problem of humanity which the Gospel solves.

II. The divine standard. "According to the will of God." That is to say, God has his own sovereign method by which he works, and to this we are to conform. Often have I heard it affirmed by earnest reformers, that the great problem which the Church has to work out, is that of adapting Christianity to the age. But it, as the text affirms, the age is evil, why should we attempt to conform Christianity to it? On the contrary, the Word of Scripture is very explicit: "Be not conformed to this age, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. There is nothing more needed than this demonstration. Exhibitions of the bad and selfish and imperfect will of man, are common enough, but the divine will lived out in human lives; the perfect will exhibited amid imperfect surroundings—this is what our non-conformity should

exhibit—"proving what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

The will of God is the rule and measure by which all human conduct is to be rectified. If traders have fallen into the sin of measuring with a short yardstick, and weighing with a false balance, is he the best friend of society who succeeds in getting the standard of weight and measure changed so as to conform to this dishonest usage? Surely not. Well sin has deranged our moral standards, and the Christian is set into the world not to adjust himself to the age, but to convince the age of its sin by exhibiting to it "the good and acceptable and perfect will of God." It strikes me as

A Most Significant Name

by which Christians are called in the Bible—"Believers." That is, they are persons who accept what God says as final. They set their watches by the sun instead of by the town-clock. One of our preachers lately declared that all thinkers now accept the doctrine of evolution as true. That may be or may not be—I will not discuss the question. But how is it about believers? Thinkers accept one another's opinions; believers accept the voice of God. Thinkers base their conclusions on a "thus saith science;" believers rest their faith on a "thus saith the Lord." I know that there are multitudes of believers who accept the doctrine of creation as true. They read in Genesis the simple and sublime record that in the beginning "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him;" and they credit the record without question. They believe implicitly that creation proceeds from above, not from beneath; that God spake and it was done, not that chaos fermented and it was begun. "In the image of God created he him." By one creative stroke, man was stamped in the die of the divine nature; instead of being a composite likeness slowly elaborated from patterns of all previously created things. It may seem like a very stupid and stubborn thing not to think with the great thinkers, but we prefer to believe with the great believers. Let who will choose for himself the encomium: "He thought with the great thinkers and it was counted to him for originality," we prefer to take our place with faithful Abraham, if with him we may win this epitaph: "He believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness."

This, my hearers, is the chief distinction of the Christian; he is delivered from the present evil world—from its way of thinking and reasoning; he is "separated unto the Gospel of God." When others walk by sight, he walks by faith; when others look at the things that are seen, he looks at the things that are not seen; while others say, "I have proved, therefore I affirm," he says, "I believe, therefore I spoken." How beautiful is the counterpart to this text which the apostle gives us in another Scripture. He speaks of Christians as those who "have tasted

The Powers of the Age to Come."

That is, they are delivered from the present age, and made partakers of the age to be. It is a strange paradox, but true as strange. The pilgrim feeding from his father's table while yet in the wilderness; nourished by angels' food while yet in the earthly house of this tabernacle. "I have known more enjoyment in one hour of communion with God than in a whole life-time of earthly pleasure," says an experienced Christian. It then you ever get weary and languid for a moment, "taste the powers of the world to come," and you will be refreshed and invigorated! Beautiful illustration of it we have in the story of the sick soldier. He was given up to die, and his father hastened from a long distance to his bedside in the hospital. He lay half conscious, and nothing that father or attendants could say could rouse him till the father said: "Here is a loaf of your mother's bread which I have brought you." "Bread from home!" said the dying man. "Give me some;" and from that hour he began to mend. Bread from heaven! Don't fail to eat it every day, oh Christian. You are in the world, but not of it, and you will die if you eat the native food. Feed upon the Word of God; live upon the promise of God; satisfy your souls with the hope of God which he has revealed to you in the Scriptures. "This is that bread which cometh down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never hunger." What then is the will of God in our separation from the world?

I. We are separated for our Lord's ownership. We speak of losing the soul. Who is the loser? We speak of saving the soul.

For whom is it saved? "All souls are mine," saith God. To lose the soul is to defraud him of his redemption-right: to save a soul is to restore to him that of which he has been defrauded. Now gold cannot be used for currency as long as it is mixed with the quartz and rock in which it lies embedded. So your soul is useless to God till taken out from sin and earthliness and selfishness in which it lies buried. By the regenerating power of the Spirit you must be separated unto Christ, stamped with his image and superscription and made into a divine currency which shall bear his likeness among men. The Christian is, so to speak, the circulating medium of Christ, the coin of the realm by whom the great transactions of mercy and grace to a lost world are carried on. As the currency stands for the gold, so does the Christian stand for Christ, representing his good and acceptable will.

Service in the World.

2. Christ takes us out of the world in order to send us into the world. His two great texts should never be forgotten. "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so have I sent you into the world." I am not advocating any surly asceticism, any monkish or selfish seclusion from society. It is the men and women who rise highest into fellowship with Christ, who plunge deepest into the sin and woe of the world to rescue the lost. A swimmer who would dive to the bottom of a pool selects the loftiest point he can find from which to leap. It is to me one of the standing confirmations of the truth of our religion, that its highest saints have been its deepest divers into the woe of our suffering race. A worldly man is in the world, not to make his neighbors more unworldly, but to make himself more worldly. A heavenly man is in the world to lift men up to God. There is no peril to the true saint in going into the world: he can no more be hurt by it, than a sunbeam can be defiled by falling into mud and slime. For the sunbeam has its origin and continuance in the sun, and the Christian has his source and being in God. "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is our Lord's command, and in order to keep it, rise ye into living and constant communion with your risen Saviour; come out of the world my hearers, by a true and separating faith, that you may be sent into the world bearing the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

IN a letter to the Baptist Missionary Society, Dr. J. S. Grant of Ningpo, China, relates the following: A man named Tah-Kao, came to our neighborhood to work a farm on shares with one of our members. This brother let his light shine both in his work and in his home, and at last persuaded Tah-Kao to go with him on Sunday to the chapel and hear the preacher talk, with the result that he became interested and sent word to his folks, who lived about thirty miles away, near our sanitarium in Daisen-saen, that he wanted to join the foreign religion. His people became much excited on hearing this, and sent off his wife post haste to prevent him from doing what in their eyes seemed a dreadful thing. Our preacher visited them several times in their new home, till at last, his wife became interested enough in the Gospel to allow her husband to go to church, and even walked with him on Sunday, a distance of a little over three miles. The second time she came with her husband I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with her, when she said the doctrine was good, and she was willing for her husband to "jih-kyiao" (that is, join the church).

When his people heard that the wife, instead of keeping the husband in the straight path, had herself, so to speak, been led astray, a family council was held, and his oldest brother and uncle (the father being dead) were sent to talk with Tah-Kao and his wife, with authority, or rather permission, to use whatever means they thought best to keep them from uniting with the church. When the uncle and brother arrived, Tah-Kao and his wife received their reproaches, etc., very meekly, and at last consented to go with them and call on the preacher. They arrived at the preacher's house about the middle of the forenoon, and before leaving said, "Tah-Kao might join the church if he wished still to do so, that the doctrine was good, and the ancestral worship could be attended to by the other brothers." Two Sundays after Tah-Kao joined the church.

CHINESE CRUELITIES.

IN a recent missionary address in England, Rev. Charles Wenyon, M.D., said: "Some people are deceived by the æsthetic euphemisms with which the Chinese are such adepts at covering their depravity that they know nothing of the horrible depths in which those people live. I believe that the cruelties of the Chinese could not be matched outside the cannibal islands, if it could be matched there. They think nothing, on the slightest irritation, of snatching the ear-rings out of the ears of the domestic slaves, and when they are sick unto death they carry them into the graveyard, and leave them there to die. Relationship is no protection. A man came into my hospital. I said, 'How many children have you?' 'Only two.' 'Girls or boys?' These are boys, I had three girls, but I drowned them.' I said to myself, 'Happy the little girls that they had no worse fate!' For the Chinese believe in the transmigration of souls, and it is their custom sometimes, when a girl has been drowned and another girl is born, to burn the little child to death, or put it to death in some other torturing method, that no other girl's spirit shall ever venture to come to that house. I do not say these things are universal. There are men and women in China trying to act according to the higher instincts of their nature. But these things are not uncommon, and they are not done in holes and corners, but in the light of day. Government can hardly interfere, for Government is as cruel itself.

Trial by torture is still a common method in all criminal cases, and the horrible punishment of the Ling-chi, in which the victim—often a woman—is done to death by gashes deliberately made upon the surface of the body, from the head downward, may still be witnessed frequently at the public execution ground at Canton. And the Chinese people as immoral as they are cruel. As a medical man I have special facilities for passing a judgment upon this question. None who have not lived in that country can form any conception of the depths of degradation to which these people have sunk. Crimes which, when discovered in this country, shock the moral sense of the community and send a thrill of horror through the land, are there regarded as a mere matter of course.

Men in high positions—influential Government officials, it may be—have their lives disfigured by the most hideous vices; and, so far from religion being a check to these things, if there is one class of people in China more notoriously immoral than another, it is the priests of Buddha and the "literati," or patrons of Confucius. The immorality is so terrible that what in this country would be a curse, and what some people think is a curse, in China is a positive blessing. I refer to the zenana-like seclusion in which the respectable people live. It is a veritable haven of refuge, a moral sanitarium in which the mothers and daughters and wives and sisters of respectable people may keep clear of the evils which otherwise would be universal. To break down the present separation between the sexes in China, before Christianity has cleared the air would lead to such bacchanalian orgies as might threaten the extermination of the race.

LITERARY CONVERTS.

At the American Board's station at Shao-wu, in the Foochow district, China, Mr. Gardener has been having a cheering experience. He writes: "At this time there seems to be a large number of literary men in this field coming out for the Lord. Last communion Sabbath I baptized five men, two of whom were first-degree graduates. One of these two men may possibly be a candidate as theological student another year. There are also a number of literary men who are inquirers, but have not yet come out definitely. An interesting case is that of our Mr. Tan. His father, himself, and several of his brothers are all first-degree graduates. He is constantly urging others to become Christians and unite with the church, even writing to a distance a letter of exhortation, but he himself holds back, not quite ready, or else a little afraid. At recent examinations of a literary man for church membership, another literary man, having no connection with us, volunteered testimony to the candidate's character and Christian conduct. These things show a remarkable undercurrent bearing the people away from their idols to accept of Christ as their Saviour and Lord.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Joh 19: 25.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has pre-
 2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His
 3. I'm now en-rap-tur'd with the thought, I stand and
 4. I know that Je-sus soon will come. I know the

D.C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the

par'd a place for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives
 blood now speaks for me; I'm list-n'ing for the welcome call,
 won-der at His love—That He from heav'n to earth was brought,
 time will not be long, 'Till I shall reach my heavenly home,

summons: "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing here

FINE. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil-dren be.
 To say: "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!" } Then ask me not to
 To die, that I may live a-bove.
 And join the ev-er-last-ing song.

To hear the summons: "child, come home!"

D.C.

lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,

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THE ART OF CHRISTIAN LIVING.

WHEN you think, when you speak,
 When you read, when you write,
 When you sing, when you walk,
 When you seek for delight,
 To be kept from all evil at home and abroad
 Live always as under the Lord.

Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
 Think nothing you would not like Jesus to
 know;
 Whatever you say, in a whisper or clear,
 Say nothing you would not like Jesus to
 hear.

Whatever you write, in haste or with heed
 Write nothing you would not like Jesus to
 read;

Whatever you sing, in the midst of your
 glees,
 Sing nothing that God's listening ear could
 displease.

Wherever you go, never go where you'd fear
 God's question, if asked you, "What doest
 thou here?"

Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
 For the cheering of youth, or the solace of
 age,

Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink
 from pursuing,
 Were God to look down and say, "What
 art thou doing?"

HIM ONLY.

ONLY Christ can save your soul;
 Only he can calm your breast;
 Only Christ can make you whole;
 Only he can give you rest.
 When the world and friends forsake,
 When your sins oppress you sore,
 When the storms around you break,
 Who can hope and peace restore?
 Only Christ! Only Christ!
 He can hope and peace restore!

Only Christ your steps can aid,
 Only he can cleanse from sin:
 Only Christ, whose blood was paid
 As the price your soul to win!
 Would you find the Friend of friends?
 Would your feet in gladness stray?
 Would you know the love he sends?
 Would you seek the Light of the Way?
 Only Christ! Only Christ!
 He alone the Light—the Way!

IN THE PENUMBRA.

The Coming Dispensation Indicated
 Like the Shadow of an Eclipse.

BY REV. BURLINGTON B. WALE.

(Concluded from page 393.)

THE descent of the Spirit on Jew and Gentile on the day of Pentecost, and in the house of Cornelius seven years afterwards, was another and important step towards the dissolution of the fabric. True, indeed, the priests still continued to officiate, to offer sacrifices, to put on their beautiful garments, and to attend to the minutest details of that gorgeous ritual; but the glory had departed, it had ceased to be the house of God, and all its round of ritualistic worship was worse than meaningless in his sight. But though the doom of city and temple and dispensation were sealed, and written by the fingers of a man's hand upon the wall, there was no one among the rulers of the people, Levite or priest or Pharisee, who could interpret the writing, or understand its significance, and it waited thirty years for the Romans to come to decipher its terrible meaning in the lurid light of the burning city and temple. And so it passed away.

Thus the Jewish dispensation overlapped the Christian for thirty years before it finally ceased to be. Thus gradually and almost unnoticed did the one supplant the other. Would there not have been many who in the course of those thirty years which intervened between the crucifixion of Christ and destruction of Jerusalem, refused to believe till the very last, that that dispensation and ritual were fore-doomed of God? was actually perishing, and would ere long cease to exist? Would not some have reasoned thus: "This ritual and worship were beyond all question instituted by God himself; inaugurated amid the thunders and lightnings, blackness and tempests of Sinai, sanctified and illustrated by miracle and prodigy for a thousand years; adorned with the names, the genius, and the inspiration of Prophet and Seer and Psalmist; names that will live while the world lasts. It has been conservative of Divine truth, and of the chosen people during all that time; its temple is the only recognized dwelling place of God upon earth; and its priests the divinely accredited custodians of Divine Revelation: its laws were written by the finger of God, and it comes to us venerable with the weight of years, and yet endowed with the vigor of immortal youth. Is it possible, is it probable that a worship and a ritual divine in their origin, conservative in their influence, hallowed and confirmed by the most solemn and repeated sanctions of the Almighty are now about to be abandoned, disowned by him, and to be supplanted by a system without a temple, without a ritual, and without a temple, without a priesthood? Yet this reasoning would have been false—however plausible. The new-born dispensation, whose symbol was the Cross, was to supplant and to establish itself upon the ruins of the old; and it has done this for eighteen hundred years. Yet even this dispensation is not final—but is to be succeeded by another, the Millennial reign of Christ, introduced by the second advent of the Saviour, though there are many who are reasoning now in reference to the present dispensation as the Jewish objector to Christianity would have reasoned in his day.

But this dispensation, like its predecessors, will pass away by merging gently into its successor. It will not be as the meeting of two thunder-clouds charged with electricity, and coming into collision with a startling report; but in its first stages merging into its successor almost imperceptibly.

And the night will deepen ere the morning dawns. We do not mean for a moment to affirm that no signal signs or catastrophes will herald its approach—nay, have heralded its approach, for we believe that we have now entered upon the silent juncture of eras, and that the overlapping of dispensations is characteristic of the present hour and day; that for the last few years we have been advancing farther and farther into the shadow of the terrible judgment that impends over Christendom, preparatory to the peaceful reign of the Messiah, when the saints of the Most High shall possess the Kingdom under the whole heavens, and "He shall come whose right it is to reign."

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Faxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover: 124 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-98 Eble House, New York



THE HOLY SPIRIT'S HELP.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 8. John 16: 7-14.

THE difference between intellectual and spiritual life is the measure of help that the Holy Spirit gives to men. In every Christian land there are thousands of men who believe the Bible, who assent to every article of an orthodox creed, who are ready to do battle for the truth, who believe Christ to be the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, yet being all this are not Christians in the true sense of the word. They cannot understand other men, not so intelligent as themselves, not so fully acquainted with the Bible or with current theological discussion, who are nevertheless completely animated with the truths of religion, and to whom Christ is the one supreme ruler and friend, the very essence of their life without whose love and confidence they would perish. To the one, religion is a matter of intellect to the other it is spiritual life. The difference between them is that one has and the other has not experienced the power of the Holy Spirit. He has the power of giving life to theory of making belief a living force. He is the life-giver. Without him belief in Christ has no more power over the life than has the theory that the world goes round the sun. Without him doctrine, even the most orthodox, is outside the man. Efforts may be made to live a cleanly life, to be regular in the observance of service and ceremony, to avoid sin and to do good, but without the Holy Spirit there is no active spiritual life and no real enjoyment of religion. So much the Holy Spirit does—he gives life.

Life once imparted, there is growth. The new life extends its roots entering deeper and deeper into the soil of the man's nature. It permeates his being, forcing out evil passions, correcting and controlling natural tendencies, hereditary proclivities, instilling right principles, quickening the conscience, absorbing more and more of his nature and making him every day more spiritual, until at last he enters congenially the abode of spirits. Thus, throughout his life, the man has an almighty ally in the struggle with his brute nature that every man worthy of the name of man must wage. The animal in him will rule if it is allowed to do so, and when it does, the man knows no joys but such as his body affords him. He leads an animal life, and has abdicated the position his Creator intended him to occupy. If his spirit is to rule, the animal in him must be subdued and held in subjection, and this victory cannot be achieved without a severe struggle. It is in this struggle that the help of the Holy Spirit is invaluable. With God in him, victory is assured. The Holy Spirit also helps as a guide. "He shall guide you into all truth," was Christ's promise concerning him. And he is doing so continually. To every generation some new truth has been revealed. We see and perceive more of Christ and his spirit than our fathers did, and there is yet more to be known. So to the man's intellect and to his spirit, the Holy Spirit becomes his very life, and this Holy Spirit God will give to those who ask him.

THE Y. M. C. A. MEDAL.

As a memento of the great Jubilee celebration of the Young Men's Christian Association, a medal has been struck and issued to the delegates. Pictures of its two sides are given on this page. On one side it bears a portrait of Sir George Williams, the

founder of the Y. M. C. A. in 1844; and on the reverse is the Jubilee date, June 6, 1894, and a design of an open Bible, on the pages of which are inscribed the words from Psalms 119: 9: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The medal was designed and engraved by Queen Victoria's own medallist, Mr. Allan Wyon, F. S. A., and is of exquisite workmanship. It is two inches in diameter.



THREE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

On this page are three prominent members of the famous Order which is showing to the world how Christ's teachings are being realized and obeyed by his followers in this generation. Time was when the church thought it had done its whole duty in preaching the Gospel and seeking the conversion of souls. But in our day an effort has been made, as Christ commanded, to relieve the poor in his name and for his sake.

Prominent in the work have been the women and girls



MISS H. C. TITCOMB,
Pres. of King's Daughters, Newport, R. I.

who wear the little silver badge and have for their motto, "In His Name." The three ladies whose portraits we give and for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the "Silver Cross" are: Mrs. John T. Mason, who has just been re-elected State Secretary of the Order in Maryland; Miss H. C. Titcomb, President of the Knight Errant Circle of Newport, R. I., and Mrs. A. E. Sage, President of the Ready and Willing Circle of Fort Lee and Coatesville, N. J.

The Order in Maryland is in a flourishing condition. At its fourth annual convention recently held in Baltimore forty-two Circles were represented, and each sent in a report showing the various forms of usefulness in which it had been engaged. The almost endless variety of these spheres of service was an indication of the elasticity and adaptability of the Order in cases of need. Some had been making garments for the poor; others had been visiting the sick and friendless; others had been arranging means and plans for convalescents' home; others providing for aged people and besides all these had taken cognizance of special needs connected with their own churches and had met them. The forty-two Circles had an aggregate membership of more than a thousand, and during the preceding year these girls had given, collected and disbursed \$5,593, besides the food and garments. Mrs. Mason was re-elected to the onerous and responsible position of State Secretary by a unanimous vote.

The Knight Errant Circle of Newport, of which Miss Titcomb is President, is now in



MRS. JOHN T. MASON,
Secretary of the King's Daughters of Maryland.



MRS. A. E. SAGE,
President of King's Daughters at Fort Lee, N. J.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR BANNERS.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor has issued a notice in which every Society should be interested. It expresses the hope that the Christian Endeavor unions of the country will not neglect to send in to Secretary Baer a statement of the work they have accomplished along the lines for which diplomas

are to be given at Cleveland. Three banners are proposed, it will be remembered; one to the union that reports the largest number of Christian Endeavor societies added to its membership; another to the union that has done the best work along the lines of Christian citizenship; and a third to the union that contains the largest proportion of systematic givers. These unions have until July 1st to report.

EPWORTH LEAGUE IN CALCUTTA.

A correspondent of the "Indian Witness" sends the following account of the organization of a special Epworth League in Calcutta: During the past month, the first Epworth League for the Bengali speaking people of the M. E. Church has been organized. For some time several persons have felt that a distinct need in the Bengali Church was some rallying-point for the young people and this Epworth League with its departments of spiritual work, mercy and help, literary and social work has been launched. We are expecting rich blessings upon the church as a result of getting the young people not simply alive to their duty but to their privilege of doing earnest Chris-

tian work. We anticipate when the committee get thoroughly organized that quite a number of cottage meetings will be held, open air preaching conducted, and above all individual effort for the salvation of some of the hundreds and thousands of the Bengalis of Calcutta. We expect that our department of mercy and help will do blessed work among the sick and aged of the church, that they will go out to the hospitals, and in all ways try to shew forth that the Saviour we serve is a merciful and a helpful Saviour. Evidently, in India as in



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF JUBILEE Y. M. C. A. MEDAL.

America, in Europe, and all over Christendom, the idea of helpfulness is taking hold of Christ's people.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

An Australian society is made up of members none of whom live within a mile of their place of meeting.



The Endeavorers of Minnesota are to send Miss Moulton, a senior at Carleton College, as a missionary to assist Miss Abbott at Bombay, India.



The statistics of the forthcoming Year-Book show that there are 3,392 Congregational Endeavor Societies, with a membership of 166,440, against 3,195 societies and 157,678 members reported last year.



The First Baptist Church of Rockland, Me., has decided to suspend its Sunday night preaching service during the summer months and give the evening every week to the charge of the Young People's Union connected with the church.



Special song and prayer services will be held on board the "Philadelphia Special," which will carry delegates to the National Convention of Baptist Young Peoples' Unions at Toronto on July 19-22. Organ, singing books, etc. will be provided.



The report of the Auckland, New Zealand Y. M. C. A., the oldest Association in the Colonies, shows good, earnest, fruitful work for the past year, both in the spiritual and mental operations. To many the Association has been a refuge in the time of great danger.



The second annual Convention of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Union of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, held at Merthyr Tydvil, was characterized by much spiritual power and fervor, the meetings being large and enthusiastic.



Rev. J. T. Docking, Ph. D., of Westerly, R. I., one of the founders of the Epworth League, has been invited to speak at the Grindewald on the Epworth League of America. This is the great Chautauqua of Europe, in charge of Rev. Dr. Lunn, editor of the *Review of the Churches*.



The question of electing lady members of the B. Y. P. U., to seats on the Board is likely to be an important one at the forthcoming National Convention. At Detroit a year ago the subject was mooted, in connection with the election of officers and directors. At the suggestion of the secretary, Dr. Wilkins, the subject was not pressed, and the ballot, made up of gentlemen only, was elected. It seems to have been understood by some that the question was simply postponed; by others that the action taken was tantamount to a decision. The subject is however not to rest without a formal decision.



In Mongolian Homes.

A Strange Race of Nomads—Experiences of a Christian Physician—A Vast Field for Future Missionary Effort.

ALMOST all that the civilized world knows of Mongolia has been learned through Christian missionaries. They have travelled up and down through that vast country, lying to the north of China, and stretching three thousand miles from east to west, and nearly one thousand miles from north to south. They have told us, in their letters, of its strange people, its nomad tribes and the multitudes of caravans that travel across the country in many directions, for it is really an immense plateau. In a large part of Mongolia, there are no permanent villages or towns. The people live in tents, like the Bedouins of Syria; and during the summer they wander over the country seeking pasturage for their flocks. In winter, they seek sheltered places and there with comfortable tents pitched and fires burning, they remain till the cold season is ended. The occupants of the tents sleep around the fire, after the fashion of American Indian nomads. In another part of Mongolia, where the population is not of same roving nature, it is customary to sleep on bedsteads made of bricks, that are kept warm by a little oven underneath. So intense is the cold in winter that without such a precaution, the young and the sick would perish.

One of the bravest Christian missionaries who ever travelled in Mongolia was the late James Gilmour. He passed many years of his life among these people, teaching the Gospel and healing the sick. In a little volume entitled, "James Gilmour and his Boys," published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, interesting information is furnished concerning the country and its inhabitants, their customs and superstitions. The Mongolian religion is Buddhism and nearly half the men of the country are priests or "lamas." It is, consequently, a difficult thing for a missionary to secure a hearing, for where every second man is a priest, the opposition to any new form of religion is probably greater than is to be found anywhere else in the world. But where the missionary is physician as well as teacher—as Mr. Gilmour fortunately was—he quickly finds a welcome. His cures are regarded as little short of miraculous, and frequently pave the way for a belief in that Great Physician in whose name they are performed. But it often happens that the missionary is asked to perform impossible and ridiculous cures. One man asks to be made fat, another to be clever, another wishes to be cured of hunger, another to have his taste for tobacco or whiskey taken away, while almost everybody would like to have his skin made white, like the foreigner.

What Mongolia needs most, next to spiritual teachers, is schoolmasters and cooks. The people are woefully ignorant of letters and cuisine, and a majority are given to drinking. Mothers know little about the training of children, and the latter are reared in a haphazard way, with little or no attempt at teaching morals. The women are tidy and the girls well-behaved and modest. Many of the adults are opium smokers. The land is crowded with temples and idol-worship is universal. Theatres, gambling-houses and such like places thrive. During his years of faithful work, Mr. Gilmour had the satisfaction of seeing many whom he had been instrumental in bringing to the Saviour. He established classes to teach the young girls some of the simpler domestic duties, being taid in this branch of the work by Mrs. Gilmour.

Many of the Mongols are industrious traders, farmers and shepherds. With more missionaries and teachers to labor among them, a great moral and educational ad-

vancement would be possible. The gospel seed sown by such noble men as Gilmour has already produced a harvest that will increase as the years go on.

"He Lives in our Alley."

"Where," said a teacher to his class of little ragged boys gathered from the crowded courts of the great city, "where is Jesus Christ?"

Quickly the answer came from a bright-eyed little fellow, in a tone of the utmost confidence, as though there were no manner of doubt about it:

"Oh, he lives in our alley now!"

What a revelation of faith and hope and love embodied in the daily life and work, was wrapped up in that answer. The alley had been the abode of poverty, dirt and misery. The women quarrelled, the men drank, the children were neglected. But a lady came to reside in the neighborhood who offered her services as a district visitor to the pastor of the parish. In a sort of apologetic way he said:

own, with which those around them are not familiar. The communings of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away. Lover and friend have been taken from them, and their acquaintance laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone, the eyes that looked into theirs with the tenderest affection are sightless, and the voices that cheered and stirred their souls have long been silent. Their early world of hope and joy has become a desolation, and they sit in silence. They are

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,

to pass on to the reunion that awaits them, and the glad greetings of those they love.

Where She Wanted to Get Out.

A little boy and his younger sister were playing at "trains." He was the engine, and she was the carriage and passengers all in one. Determined to get a big enough station to start from, he shouted, "London!" and went puffing away. In a little while he stopped, and called out "Liverpool!" and then again "New York!" After that he had to come to a stop again, but his geography was exhausted, and so, unable to remember any other place, he shouted "Heaven!" The little passenger thereupon spoke: "Top, I sink I should like to get out here."

Helping Mother.

One of the papers tells of a pretty and talented girl who had completed her school course with credit, and by reason of special accomplishments had received much attention and admiration, and who was asked

THE LITTLE ARM CHAIR.

NOBODY sits in the little arm-chair, It stands in a corner dim; But a white-haired mother gazing there And yearningly thinking of him, Sees through the dust of long ago, And the bloom of her boy's sweet face, As he rocks so merrily to and fro, With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand, Sometimes a pencil and slate; And the lesson is hard to understand, And the figures hard to mate; But she sees the nod of the father's head So proud of his little son, And she hears the word so often said: "No fear for our little one."

These were wonderful, dear sweet days, When a child with sunny hair Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise At her knee in the little chair. She lost him back in her busy years, When the great world caught the man, And he strode away past hopes and fears To his place in the battle's van.

And now and then, in a wistful dream, Like a picture out of date, She sees a head with a golden gleam Bent over a pencil and slate. And she lives again the happy day, The days of her young life's spring, When the arm-chair stood just in the way, The centre of everything.

SCOLDING THE CHILDREN.

A sclaundersome tunge, a tunge of a skold, Worketh more mischief than can be tolde. Scolding is always an expression of a bad spirit and a loss of temper. This is as

truly the case when a loving mother scolds her child for breaking his playthings wilfully, or for soiling his third dress in one forenoon by playing in the gutter which he was forbidden to approach, as when one apple-woman yells out her abuse of another apple-woman in a street-corner quarrel. In either case, writes H. Clay Trumbull, the essence of the scolding is in the multiplication of hot words in expression of strong feelings that, while eminently natural, ought to be held in better control. The words themselves may be very different in the two cases, but the spirit and method are much alike in both. It is scolding in the one case as in the other; and scolding is never in order.

If a child has done wrong, a child needs talking to; but no parent ought to talk to a child while that parent is unable to talk in a natural tone of voice, and with

carefully measured words. If the parent is tempted to talk rapidly, or to multiply words without stopping to weigh them, or to show an excited state of feeling, the parent's first duty is to gain entire self-control. Until that control is secured, there is no use of the parent's trying to attempt any measure of child-training. The loss of self-control is for the time being an utter loss of power for the control of others. This is as true in one sphere as in another.

In giving commands, or in giving censure, to a child, the fewer and the more calmly spoken words the better. A child soon learns that scolding means less than quiet talking; and he even comes to find a certain satisfaction in waiting silently until the scolder has blown off the surplus feeling which vents itself in this way. There are times, indeed, when words may be multiplied to advantage in explaining to a child the nature and consequences of his offense, and the reasons why he should be different in the future; but such words should always be spoken in gentleness, and in self-controlled earnestness. Scolding—rapidly spoken censure and protest, in the exhibit of strong feeling—is never in order as a means of training and directing the child. No child is ever helped or benefited by any scolding that he receives; and no parent ever helps or benefits his child by means of a scolding.



LIFE IN MONGOLIA—

A FAMILY OF NOMADS AT HOME.

"I suppose I must not ask you to take this alley?"

"Why not?" asked the lady.

"Well," he said, "it's not a very promising district."

She modestly replied: "Then it must be more need our sympathy."

So the lady began her work in the alley, not in her own strength, but in the power of God's Holy Spirit. By her sweet smile and kindly looks and loving words she soon won all hearts. The small rooms became cleaner, and scolding women became more gentle, and the hard-earned money of the laborer was brought home to buy bread instead of being spent at the saloon. So evident was the transformation that even the children felt it; hence the touching reply, "Oh, he lives in our alley now!"

The Loneliness of Old Age.

How few treat with due tenderness and consideration those who have outlived their generation, and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them! Unable to engage in the activities of life, they are no longer brought into contact and sympathy with those around them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. They necessarily, to a great extent, live in a world of their

the other day how she enjoyed her freedom from school life.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered, brightly. "I'm doing the housework, and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away, then, is she not?" was the natural question.

"Oh, no," was the reply; she's at home but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning, and to dress up and to sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."

Dicken's Children's Prayer.

Charles Dickens, the famous English author, wrote the following simple, touching prayer for his children, and they repeated it night and morning:

"Pray God, bless my dear papa, mamma, brothers and sisters, and auntie, and all my relatives and friends. Make me a good little girl. Let me never be naughty or tell a lie, which is a mean and shameful thing. Make me kind to my nurse and servants, and to all poor people. Let me never be cruel to any dumb creature; for if I am cruel to anything, even to a poor little fly, thou, who are so good, wilt never love me. Pray God to bless and preserve us this night and for evermore, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."



The Sons of Ishmael.

A Sheikh's Wife at Home—In a Happy Bedouin Family—Nomad Poetry and Romance—Brave Ali Diab.

CLESS formal call than that reported in my last letter is paid to a Bedouin camp of humbler pretensions and many miles distant from the powerful sheik whose portrait accompanied that paper.

A woman came to our tents this morning before breakfast with exactly two boiled eggs to sell. She belonged to the poorer class of Bedouins, emigrants from the wealthier tribes across the Jordan. A thin, miserable-looking baby was upon her shoulder, and scratched its head while the kodak, hidden by a curtain of the tent door, took a picture of mother and child. She had come from an encampment four hills away, she said, and was on her way to Jericho to spend the money she would get for her fresh eggs. They were laid yesterday. John had his orders to pay her three times what they were worth, and to give something to the baby. With all my love for the young of the human species, I did not care to go nearer this specimen.

It is after our lunch and "siesta," that our journeying brings us in sight of the village the woman must have quitted at dawn for the walk over the hills. The turn that reveals it, burrowing, as it were between two sand-mountains, is so abrupt that the community is spell-bound for an instant. Children playing upon the waste lands about the black booths, gape at the approaching party, and the one man visible out-of-doors is the only person who has the self-possession to call back the pack of yelping, baying curs rushing about the feet of the horses. To the momentary consternation succeeds a hurry-scurry on the part of the women, led on by a tall figure who is named to us as the principal wife of the sheik. From two compartments of the three-roomed tent they issue in frantic haste, laden with quilts and rugs, and bearing them into the guest-room. By the time we enter this, a sort of bed or divan is laid around two sides of the compartment, and cushions are piled at irregular intervals upon it. The wife-in-chief meets me, stoops to kiss my hand, carries it to her forehead and her heart, and indicates where she would have me sit. When I comply, but do not recline, another older woman pats the nearest heap of cushions, and smiles persuasively. A compromise is effected by resting an elbow upon this "arm" of the divan.

The sheik's favorite, registered in our note-book, at one time, as "Zenobia!" at another, "Boadicea," must have been as nearly handsome in youth as a dusky maiden can be, whose forehead, cheeks and chin are tattooed with polka-dots, rings, crescents, stars and other designs, and whose upper and lower eyelids are painted. She is stately in shape and carriage, and wears her dark-blue gown and veil, upon which are some tatters and embroidery, as an empress her ermine. Taking a handful of dried thorns and twigs from a maid, she kneels over the hillock of white ashes in the middle of the floor, and herself kindles the fire, pushing up her loose sleeves to the elbow, and holding back her veil that she may blow the embers to a blaze. Her slender wrists are loaded with silver bracelets, and her arms are tattooed as far as we can see them. As she sits on her heels, watching the result of her labor upon the creeping flame, we open the conversation by thanking her for taking so much trouble to make us comfortable, and protesting against further exertion on her part. She answers without withdrawing her eyes from the fire or turning her head.

"She says that she is only performing her duty in her husband's absence," says David from the other side of the apartment. "That," should he be told, when he returns,

that she had done less, he would be displeased with her. Also, that he would have a right to be."

Uneasy at the silence that prevails, we give the ball of talk another "shove."

"Tell her how much we admire those bracelets, and that we have seen no others of that pattern. And if it is quite the thing, ask where we can find some like them."

"In Jerusalem!" returns the sheik-ess, laconically, still staring the fire out of countenance.

Seeing it, at length, burn brightly, she rises like a queen, for all her tattooing and tatters, and sweeps her long robes out of sight. Her mother, very like her in face, but gentler of mien, takes her place, producing two brass coffee-pots, with tops, one of which she sets in the ashes, the other upon the ground. To a man, who is our

The acting host listens respectfully, his head slightly bent, and not a muscle of his visage relaxing from the pensiveness which seems habitual. Then he turns to me and makes a speech of several sentences.

"He says that in his father's absence, he hopes you will look upon him as the head of the household, and your host. That he is proud and honored by your visit to his poor hut. That he trusts you will remain long, and consider all that he has as yours," repeats David, conscientiously.

In response to our queries, the young man informs us that his father is sheik over about one hundred and twenty families, scattered over an area of five or six miles. The flock and herds we have passed on the road since luncheon belong to the tribe.

The, until now, unsmiling countenance light up as a little toddler of two and a half years runs into the tent and clasps him about the knees.

"My son!" he says proudly, raising him in his arms. The old woman who made the coffee laughs sympathetically, and glances at me with the quick free-masonry of motherhood which is comprehended the whole world round.

"How many children have you?" I have David Jamal to ask her.

"Two."

"Both are married, I suppose?" recollecting that she is mother-in-law to the sheik.

"Neither is married."

This "poser" is solved subsequently by

tion is put to us, and there is not a symptom of surprise at our descent, horse and foot, upon the encampment. When we make a motion to go, we are urged to remain to dinner, and assured that we could be made comfortable for the night. Our diffident petition to be allowed to carry off pictures of the village and inhabitants meets with ready assent, the women (unaided by the men, we notice) eagerly looping back the western curtain to let in a stream of light upon an interior that, even thus, shows hut obscurely upon the developed "film."

Good-byes have been exchanged, and our small party is in motion, when the sheik's son brings forward his boy—the fond smile which the baby alone has called to the serious face, irradiating it—and holds him to kiss my hand. The little fellow, tutored by his parent, goes prettily through the form; I detach a bright flower I am wearing, from my dress, and drop it into the child's hand, and we carry away the image of the two in the foreground of our memory of the visit.

A mile further upon our road we meet the tribal poet, and he is duly presented to our notice.

"Herein is novelty!" we can hardly await our parting to ejaculate. "A Bedouin bard! What does he do? and when? and how? and where?"

As a sequence, we enjoy at our tent-door in the moonlight or succeeding the evening meal an intelligent and entertaining

lecture upon Bedouin war-songs, love-songs, and horse-songs. To the latter, the Ishmaelish muse most seriously and frequently inclines. A metrical translation of one copied from Alcides's note-book will give a fair idea of their scope and spirit:

I covet not the hoarded wealth the rich
Damascene boasts;
I covet not the merchant's ships that
trade with distant coasts;
But the man who owns the swiftest
steed that sweeps the desert
sands,
His wealth I covet more than all
throughout the Prophet's lands.
I covet him, although he bears no
saddle and no rein;
That horse I'll buy if he should cost all
I e'er hope to gain,
Although any tribesman call me mad,
—although they speak me ill.
I wish nought more: my horse shall
be my greatest treasure still.

The Bedouin war-lyrics are in the same key with the old border-ballads. While they may not rank in poetic merit with "Chevy Chase" and "Edom o'Gordon," we make notes of some which show fire of imagination, as well as of spirit. One, founded upon an actual occurrence, is worth relating here. The meagre outline can not impress the reader as the hearing moves us in the profound stillness of an evening as mild as May-time. The interpreter sits a few feet away, the moon full upon the dark, strong features, reciting one line at a time in the native Arabic, as in soliloquy, then rendering it in English for our enlightenment.

A young man's sweetheart was captured by a marauding band with whom her people were at war. All through the country-side went the call to arms against the robbers who had stolen the fairest treasure of the tribe. When all the men-of-war mustered before the tent of the sheik, he said there were too many. There would be no honor in attacking the enemy with an overwhelming force. He would take with him no boys, only warriors used to carry arms, and as a test, he decreed that none should follow him whose beards were not thick enough to hold the "beard comb" when stuck into them.

Now, the youth whose promised bride had been carried off was but twenty years of age, and had no beard. Should he endure the disgrace of seeing the fighting men of the tribe depart to recover his betrothed, and revenge him upon her captors, and he be left behind with the women and children in the tents? So, he drove the beard-comb into his chin, and leaving it sticking in the flesh, presented himself thus to the sheik. The chieftain was so delighted with his daring that he allowed him to ride forth at his side. The lover recovered his bride,



BEDOUIN CHILDREN PLAYING UPON THE WASTE LANDS.

(Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald.")

fellow-guest, and who at our entrance, lay asleep upon a mat at the back of the tent, is assigned the duty of roasting the coffee.

"He is a near relative of the family," says the interpreter, "and may therefore be honored by helping prepare for entertaining the visitors."

The son of the sheik, well-knit in figure and of good stature, but whose otherwise fine face is disfigured by weak eyes, now makes his appearance from another part of the village. His black-and-white "abieh" parts over an embroidered vest; his ample "kateveh" is also wrought in various colors, and one end is flung picturesquely across his breast. When the coffee is ready, he presents a cup to me upon one knee, and hopes I will honor him by tasting it. So princely is his deportment, so thorough-bred the grave courtesy of his behavior to the intruders upon his home, that I entreat David to convey him in his very best manner our appreciation of his kindness and our sense of our ill-deserts.

the intelligence that her two bachelor sons are much younger than the favorite of the harem (who is not the young host's mother, by the way) and that her three daughters do not count in the computation of her "jewels."

There are twelve children, belonging to somebody—or somebodies—in the sheik's abode. Handsome, black-eyed and merry younglings, all of them, and as ragged and unkempt for the most part, as they are jolly. We beg to be allowed to photograph a group drawn up in unconscious effectiveness across the open front of the "reception room," and it is pleasant to see the sheik's son persuading them to stand still, and holding his shiv half-sister, the beauty of the band, by the hand to reassure her that we intend no harm. A second trial brings in more subjects, and in the foreground the baby-boy, the apple of his father's eye.

They are a gentle, peaceable tribe, it we may trust the evidence of our observation among them this afternoon. Not a ques-

and bore the honorable scar to his dying day.

Another song has to do with the adventures of Ali Diab, a sheik in the land of Moab, renowned for bravery. He was proscribed by the Government for daring violations of the law, and, while an outlaw, married one of the most beautiful women in Syria. Shortly after the wedding, he, his wife and a few horsemen were crossing the country when news was brought that a body of the Pasha's soldiers were in close pursuit of them. The sheik ordered his

A CHRISTLESS REGION.

IN a communication to "The Occident," Mrs. R. F. Coyle has the following regarding the Mountain Whites of Alabama and Virginia: "This great people is divided into two distinct and separate classes. The educated and well-to-do class live in the rich valleys, grouped in towns and villages, or cultivating the farms. And the poor, ignorant class live among the mountains. This second class is again divided into three grades, which we must keep clearly in mind when dealing with this question of Mountain Whites. First, there are the Bankers, whose home is on the sandy coast or sand bars. These are very degraded. The second grade are the Crackers, who derive their name from the crude manner in which they prepare their corn for food. The Crackers inhabit the sand hills, and have acquired an abnormal habit of eating a white clay found there, for the arsenic which it contains. These people are characterized as 'long, lank, colorless-haired, dim-eyed, green-complexioned' fellows. "As far as is known, there is no evangelical work being done amongst them. Then there are the people among the mountains. These are principally of Scotch-Irish descent, and are known to us as the Scotch-Irish mountaineers. It is here that our schools are being carried on, and it is here that our teachers are reaping such bountiful harvests for the Master. The Bankers, Crackers and Scotch-Irish mountaineers together number about one million. Most of these are within twenty-four hours' ride of New-York City, and yet so many are dying without the Gospel of our Christ. They have been driven back and back, kept in abject poverty, until they absolutely know of nothing better or higher.

"Most of these people are of good parentage; in some districts their ancestors were outlaws and refugees from justice. So that in some districts even these poor schools cannot be carried on because of family feuds and neighborhood brawls. Even their ministers are a very uneducated class, and believe that for themselves or their people to seek an education, would be dying in the face of Providence."

PALEY'S CONVERSION.

It sometimes happens that the impulse to a change of life comes to us from an unexpected quarter. It is said that when Paley, who afterwards became distinguished as a philosopher and theologian, was a young man at Cambridge, he was for his first two years considerably given to society, and neglectful of the studies of the University. He was induced to change his course of life by a somewhat singular circumstance. One morning, which had succeeded an unprofitably-spent evening, he was awakened at a very hour by one of his idle companions, who addressed him somewhat in the following terms: "Paley, I have been thinking how foolish you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try; and can afford the life I lead; you could do everything; and cannot afford the life you lead. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that, if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society." The remonstrance produced a wondrous effect. The appeal to Paley's pride, the prudential considerations urged, the unexpectedness of a rebuke from such a quarter, the time and circumstances of the visit, combined to rouse the young votary of pleasure. The greater part of that day he passed in meditating on the occurrence, and in forming plans for the future. The next saw his life change, and in due time he became a successful student and an earnest Christian.

ON THE TOP OF ARARAT.

The summit of Mount Ararat is really a double summit, "each a few hundred yards apart," says a writer in the "Century." "The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and thirty to forty feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow. There remained just as little trace of the crosses left

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by Parrot and Chodzko, as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery-books, which represented this mountain-top covered with green grass; and Noah stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we look around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing crater, except perhaps the snow-filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snow-field, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with convulsions of subterranean heat. The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive and almost too grand. All detail was lost—all color, all outline; even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but excremental ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abyssal depth below. Now and then we could descry the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus, the mountains about Erzerum on the west, and Lake Van on the south, and even of the Caspian Sea, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon, we could see absolutely nothing."

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THE LAMP OF LIFE
DR. B. O. KINNEAR, Editor.
(Author of "Impending Judgments.") \$1 per annum in advance.
For account of "Lamp of Life" see The Christian Herald of May 23d, 1894, under article, "TO BIBLE STUDENTS."

"The more you say the less people remember."
One word with you,

SAPOLIO



THE SHEIK'S SON.

wife to mount before him on his horse, that they might make a desperate flight while the way was yet open. She spat in his face and broke into biting reproaches. "I married you not for your beauty but your courage," she said. "I see you are a coward and no better than a woman."

The husband hastily detailed a handful of his men to remain with his wife; took the rest along "to guard his back," charged upon the soldiers, killed thirty of them, captured their horses; rode back to his bride and they escaped to the mountains together. This woman was so fair that a song was sung in her honor in Ali Diab's tribe, the refrain of which runs something like this: "We will beat the soldiers of the Pasha, for the sake of the eyes of Ali Diab's wife."

The hero of this tale is still living in a hale old age, and is reputed to be the mightiest and wealthiest Beduin in Syria.

MARION HARLAND.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Old Subscriber, Georgia, \$25; Friend, Bridgeton, N.J., \$1; S. S. Richardson, \$1; W. K. Desh, \$5; Hugh McNeill, 50cts. Previously ack'd, \$260.42. Total, \$292.92.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: L. F. W., Avon, Ct., \$5; "I try," 50 cts.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Presbyterian Sunday School, Cape Vincent, N. Y., \$5.75; S. H. Y., \$1; L. H. N., Birtchton, N. Y., 20 cts.

For Foreign Missions: Friend, Bridgeton, N. J., \$1.

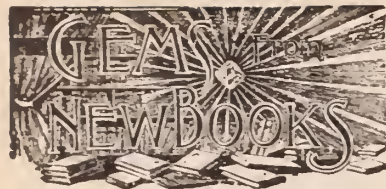
For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work: Friend, Beaver Falls, Pa., \$1; Ida Bourne, \$1; Edith Bourne, 50 cents; Ethel Venning, 15 cents; Mrs. M. E. Hoyt, 25 cents; J. A. Caldwell, 10 cents; Rebecca Versaw, \$1.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my sisters, For words are wonderful things; They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey— Like the bees, they have terrible stings; They can bless like the warm glad sunshine, And brighten a lonely life; They can cut, in the strife of anger, Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged

If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on the heart like lead.



PAUL'S PASTORAL TRIALS.*

THE starting-point for every inquiry into the relations between Paul and the Corinthians, is to be found in the close connection between the two epistles to the Corinthians which we possess. It is plain that before Paul wrote either, he had an intention, of which the Corinthians were aware, to visit Corinth in a certain way. He was to visit Ephesus, sail straight across the sea to Corinth, go from Corinth to Macedonia, and then return via Corinth to Asia again. In other words, on this tour he was to visit Corinth twice. In the last chapter of the first epistle, he announces a change of plan: he is not going to Corinth direct, but via Macedonia, and the Corinthians are only to see him once. He does not say in the first epistle why he has changed his plan, but the announcement caused great dissatisfaction in Corinth. Some said he was a fickle creature; some said he was afraid to show face. This is the situation to which the second epistle directly addresses itself, the very first thing Paul does in it is to explain and justify the change of plan announced in the first. It was not fickleness, he says, nor cowardice, that made him change his mind, but the desire to spare the Corinthians and himself the pain which a visit paid at the moment would certainly inflict.

Paul's remarks in the first verse of the second chapter and in the second verse of the thirteenth chapter of the second epistle compel us to assume that Paul had already visited Corinth a second time, and had very painful experiences there. But the close connection between the epistles equally compels us to assume that this second visit had been paid before even the first epistle was written. We know nothing of it except that it was not pleasant, and that Paul was very willing to save both himself and the Corinthians the repetition of such an experience. Hardly anything of this is known to us from Acts, and probably we should never have known of this journey unless in explaining the change of purpose which the first letter announced, it had occurred to Paul to say in effect: "I did not wish to come when it could only vex you; I had enough of that before."

The second epistle falls of itself into three clearly marked divisions. The first extends from the first chapter to the end of the seventh. In this the Apostle makes his peace, so to speak with the Corinthians, and does everything in his power to remove any feeling of soreness which might linger in their minds over his rigorous treatment of one particular offender. But embedded in this there is a magnificent vindication of the spiritual apostolic ministry, and an appeal for love and confidence such as he had always bestowed on the church. The eighth and ninth chapters form the second part of the epistle and are devoted to the collection which was being made in the Gentile churches for poor Christians in Jerusalem. The third part consists of chapters ten to thirteen. In this Paul confronts the disorders which still assert themselves in the church; the pretensions of certain Judaists, "superlative apostles," as he calls them, who were assailing his apostolic vocation and subverting his gospel; and the immoral license of others, presumably once pagans, who used liberty as a cloak to the flesh. He writes of both with unsparing severity, yet he does not wish to be severe. He parts from the church with words of unaffected love, and includes them all in his benediction.

INDIAN IDEAS OF THUNDER.

A thunder-storm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved the name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo-ropes, supported on poles, and was quite open on

one side. Here we sat down, and the Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"

"It is my belief," said Reynal, "that it's a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted my question, which produced some debate. There was a difference of opinion. At last old Mene-Seela, or Red-Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face, and said he had always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo-robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation; but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would not look up. Some time after, I learned how the accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder-tighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle, made out of the wing-bone of the war-eagle, and, thus equipped, run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to frighten it down again. One afternoon, a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refusing to be terrified darted out a bright flash, which struck one of the party dead as he was in the very act of shaking his long iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran yelling in an ecstasy of superstitious terror back to their lodges.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benjamin Griffith. Biographical sketches contributed by friends: edited by Chas. A. Fanes, A.M. 296 pp., published by The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. The Expositor's Bible Series, by James Denny, D.D. 387 pp., price \$1.50, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

What Baptists Believe. by J. E. Burrows, D.D. A brief succinct compendium of Baptist doctrine. 111 pp., paper covers, 25 cents; published by the R. H. Woodward Co., Baltimore, Md.

Isabella of Castile. by Major-General O. O. Howard. Illustrated with photogravures, etc.; pp. 340; price \$1.50. A most attractive book, dealing with an eventful period in Spanish history. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London, and Toronto.

HYMN.

WHY am I so often halting,
Stumbling, falling in the way,
When my footsteps should be speeding
To the land of endless day?
Why this doubting and distrusting,
Fearing, trembling and dismay,
When the word of Christ is steadfast,
"I am with you all the way?"

Why am I so often idle
In the service of the King,
When the knowledge of his goodness
Unto others I might bring?
Ah! my heart is cold and selfish,
In my hand no offering;
And my tongue is often silent,
When his praises I should sing.

Lord, I come in deep contrition,
Humbly on thy name I call,
Hear my cry for love and mercy,
Graciously forgive me all;
Fill me with thy Holy Spirit,
Let its power my heart enlhrall,
Give me wisdom, strength, and patience
For each duty, howe'er small.

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THE ROYAL ROAD OR LIVING BY FAITH DAY BY DAY BY MARION HARLAND

CHAPTER XX. (Concluded.)

"I SAW something to-day that made me wish that you were with me," answered Lanier. The accord between their spirits was perfected with the passing of years. "Close by the Peddington station, right in the thick of wheels, horses and people, within six feet of the rails where locomotives were drilling up and down, were two sparrows picking up scattered grain, that had fallen from freight car or wagon. The chippiest, chirpiest pair of busybodies you can imagine, so happy over their 'find,' that they chattered as they ate. I stood still for fully five minutes to watch them. It was a sermon in song and feathers. The roar of traffic and the jargon of voices went for less than nothing to the wise midgets. God had put their dinner—such a big dinner! I just there, and they took it, asking no questions."

"The dear little types!" smiled the mother, tenderly. "I never see one without wishing he knew how honored he is—far above the other birds of the air. How careless of me not to notice that you are cumbered with all these letters and papers, and have to hold the reins besides! We have a lordly mail! Let me take it!"

"The heaviest—and it goes without saying—the most important part for Marie, including the usual corpulent envelope from Philadelphia. The postal service of Pequod will be lighter after November fifteenth. I am to be best man, she tells me. You must advise me what to get for a wedding-present. Lanier & Co. must have had the event in view when they raised my salary the first of the month. You will miss our bonnie girl."

"More than I could have believed possible, two years ago. The shock that awaited her upon her return from what we all considered an ill-starred voyage, threw her back into her mother's arms, and I have kept her there. Her friends are very good to her. Her Aunt Virginia has given her all her linen, and Mrs. Barnes is embroidering her initials upon each piece, 'stitching love into every letter,' as she says in her graceful way. I shall not let Mrs. Williams leave us until after the wedding. I shall convince her that we cannot get ready for it without her help. That is true as far as it goes, but she ought to have the change and rest."

"Has she been ill? I was actually appalled at the alteration in her when I met her at the station this afternoon. She must have lost fifty pounds of flesh since I saw her in July. But for her voice and laugh I should hardly have known her. I asked her through what mill of self-sacrifice she had been putting herself lately?"

Mrs. Paul uttered an exclamation of regret, then checking it midway, asked with interest:

"What did she say?"

"That she was no fonder of peas in her shoes and hair-cloth shirts than other folks. For her part, she thought the most dangerous part of spiritual vanity was that people felt in making martyrs of themselves. 'It's a great honor to be a martyr when God calls you to the stake, or to the gallows,' she went on to improve the occasion by remarking. 'But a great piece of presumption when one grabs at the martyr's crown before it is offered to him. Even our Lord made himself invisible, and passed through the midst of them that wanted to throw him off the hill on which Nazareth was built. The very city in which he was brought up, too! What a Bible scholar she is!'"

"What a noble, plucky Christian heroine she is!" said Mrs. Paul, much moved. "No martyr ever went to the torture more unflinchingly than she has walked the cruel stones of her appointed pathway of life."

"Drive slowly, dear! I must tell you a sad, true story before we reach home. You should hear it that you may not wound our dear friend by thoughtless questions. She

would never allow you to suspect it if she did, but she has borne so much that we must shield her in every possible way. Mrs. Barnes told me the sorrowful tale last week when she was here. She said that Mrs. Williams wished me to hear it, but could not trust herself as yet to talk of it."

"She was married at twenty to a smart young fellow—a machinist by trade, and in a good business. Within six months she knew that he was a drunkard—a confirmed sot. He had loved liquor ever since he was a boy, as his father had before him—so he told her. On her death-bed his mother had begged him to promise her that he would never touch another drop, and he had vowed upon her Bible, that he would not. This was a year before his marriage, and before he met Mary Johnson who became his wife. He was good-looking, Mrs. Barnes says, with a kind heart and sweet temper, one of the most lovable of men when sober, industrious and ambitious. A few glasses of the accursed stuff converted him into a demon, quarrelsome, violent and cruel. His wife kept the knowledge of his besetting sin to herself as long as she could, hoping with all the strength of her sanguine nature to bring about his reform. When one fall after another would have discouraged any other woman, she clung to the belief that the good in him would get the upper hand of the evil."

"He never said a cross word to me when he was himself," she told Mrs. Barnes, "and when the crazy fit was over, he was fairly broken-hearted for what had happened. Many's the time I've known him spend half the night praying, with his Bible open before him, when he felt the terrible thirst coming on him. It was like a sly devil creeping up to him and then, all at once, seizing him and carrying him off. I know now they say it is a disease, and to be treated like a disease, and not as a crime. Maybe so, but I call it being possessed by devils—sometimes by one, sometimes by a whole legion of them—as many as entered into the swine. It makes swine of some men; it made a wild beast of my husband. His eyes would get deeper set in his head, with red fire burning down in them, his forehead was lower and ridged down to his eyebrows, and you wouldn't have known the voice for his, that was almost like a woman's for gentleness when he was right."

"Stop here, my son! I never weary of that picture set in the opening between these trees."

They were upon the upper slope of the hill on which the homestead was built. The lights from the windows twinkled through the thinned foliage; below the house and lawn, the lake spread an irregular sheet of silver-gray, shading into black where the banks were high. The blasted oak to which the mother had compared herself formed one side of the view, the shadow of the branchy crown projected upon the white road. The air was fragrant with the odor of fallen hickory leaves, and pulsed with distant music. Marie was at the piano, her glorious voice carrying far through the placid night.

"It is not the time or the place for a tragic story," resumed Mrs. Paul. "We will get it over quickly. They had been married several years and had two children, a boy and a girl. Times were hard with them in consequence of the husband's habits, and Mary was obliged to go out sewing by the day to help support the family. When she did this, her sister, a girl of eighteen, used to stay with and take care of the children. Williams came home one noon, while his wife was absent, drunk and raving. It is supposed that his sister-in-law, who was spirited and fearless, reproached him with his condition. Or she may have interfered to protect the little ones from their father's violence. The neighbors heard her scream and ran to her help—too late to save her. He had killed her and the children with an axe and was raging about the room, cutting

up the furniture with the bloody instrument. "We read of similar deeds every week, but the revolting details and all the attendant horrors mean comparatively nothing to us who hear of them afar off. Think of this happening to a woman like our dear Nurse Williams—a clean-lived, God-tearing wife and mother!"

"Mother! are you quite sure it is true?" "Dr. Barnes was her pastor then, as now. He was sent for to break the news to her. She tainted when the full force of the calamity fell upon her. Her first inquiry upon reviving was for her husband."

"Drink murdered them—not he!" she said. "When he comes to himself he will not recollect anything he has done. He must be watched, or he will take his own life, when he finds it out. He has the lovingest heart ever put into a man's bosom."

"The thought that he would be tried for the triple murder, seemed not to occur to her. She was in the court-room when he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. For thirty years she has visited him regularly, once a month, and written to him whenever she was allowed send to a letter. He died a fortnight ago. By the favor of the penitentiary officials who were acquainted with his history, she was appointed his nurse in the prison hospital, and had been with him for a month when the end came."

"When Mrs. Barnes wrote to me how sadly shaken the noble woman was, I insisted that she should pay us a visit, writing directly to Mrs. Williams. Her presence ought to bring a blessing to any house. I covet the privilege of helping to mete out to her the measure she has given into other bosoms."

"Not a word of this to Marie, or to the children! I knew I could count upon your sympathy and co-operation."

They drove slowly and silently through the gate and wood, and around to the front door. Marie had left the piano and was watching for them—and the mail—upon the porch. A glance in at the kitchen window showed Tom and Edwin measuring the chestnuts gathered that day into a great basket under Elspeth's approving inspection, and the mother passed through sitting-room and hall to her own chamber. The sound of voices met her on the threshold. The door was not fast, and she pushed it aside, noiselessly.

Mrs. Williams sat by the fire with Gladys—a slight weight for her years, in her arms. The child was wrapped in a dressing-gown, the golden head rested confidently upon her friend's shoulder.

"There's one more verse," she pleaded. "I used to think it the nicest one of all. Don't you remember, when I was a wee bit of a girl, I was never satisfied if you did not sing it clear through? You can't cheat me now, dear old nurse!"

With her cheek—less plump and rosy than in the times of which her favorite reminded her—nestled among the flossy curls, the shining of a great peace in her eyes, the nurse finished her song:

"It may be the sweet surrounding,
Of thine angels' banding wings,
May define fair meads, abounding
In the dew from Bacchus' springs.
If, instead of beauty, burning
Be the measure of Thy will,
May eyes, made by faith discerning,
See the shining ones there still."
[FINIS.]

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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TWENTY THOUSAND ENDEAVORERS.

The Mammoth Convention of Delegates of Christian Endeavor Societies, Representing Two Million Young Christians, to Assemble in Cleveland, Ohio, July 11.



For all the cities in the world there is none that for the next two weeks will occupy so large a share of the attention of so many Christian people as the beautiful city of Cleveland, O. It is to be this year the Mecca

of the mighty host of young people who are joined in spiritual brotherhood in the ranks of Christian Endeavor, to do battle for Christ and his Church. One week from the date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there opens in Cleveland the thirteenth of those great Conventions which have in past years astonished the whole world. Not less than twenty thousand persons and probably more than that number, will assemble to praise God, to congratulate each other, and to gain new inspiration for future work. The Christian Endeavor spirit grows with the years, and encouraged by the triumphs it has won, it will this year manifest new developments, make a new advance and gain new strength for service. Each past Convention has given a spiritual uplift to the thousands who have attended it, made the brotherhood of the rival sects a more real thing and filled

every heart in the vast assemblies with a deeper and warmer love to the common Master and to humanity. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." From the contact of mind with mind, from the consciousness of a common object and common principles, and, more than all, from the answer to united prayers for God's blessing, there

come in these great conventions such accessions of grace and power as to make them life-long memories. Like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, those who form part of the mighty host feel that they have caught a glimpse of their Lord in his glory and say "It is good to be here." Increased consecration and deeper faithfulness are instilled in every heart and when the great gatherings separate to go into the cities, towns and villages of our beloved land the individual members carry with them an inspiration and an impetus for work that is felt by all with whom they come in contact.

When one who holds communion with the skies, Has fill'd his urn when those pure waters rise, And once more mingles with us meaner things, 'Tis ev'n as if an angel shook his wings; Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide, That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

tory of the Church of Christ since the day of Pentecost, has there been a time when so cheering and hopeful a spectacle has been witnessed as these representative assemblies. No worldly enjoyment or worldly attraction draws them together, no earthly gain is to be anticipated, no office, nor power, nor profit is to be gained. Those who go, "declare plainly that they seek a country . . . a better country, that is a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city." They, and those they represent, are avowed followers of Christ, enlisted in his service and eager to do more earnest and more efficient work for him. They expect to gain from mutual consultation and mutual interchange of thought, fresh light and fresh ideas of successful effort, that they may be better able to win souls and shine forth with increased lustre, as the city set on a hill that could not be hidden. The world identifies them by their business or social position; the Church knows them as Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists or Methodists; but, for the few days they

the living God—a people gathered in his name. This is the glory of the Christian Endeavor movement, the sublime basis of union which has appealed to the Christian heart the world over. While doing nothing to undermine the loyalty of any one to the church of his choice, the Society has furnished a platform on which all can meet as comrades and brethren. Its creed, if creed it can be called, does not express all that any member believes, but all believe what it expresses, and it is gratifying and cheering to perceive that it embraces the fundamentals of vital Christian faith. Rudimentary it may be, but it is to the rudiments that we must go for substantial unity. It is here, in loyalty to Christ as King, in earnest desire to walk in his steps, and in strenuous effort to extend his kingdom, that Christians of every name and creed are one in heart and can work together in harmony. So much in the thirteen years of its history Christian Endeavor has done, and the results are manifest in the greater kindness existing between the denominations and the vigor of united aggressive movements in

various sections. The Christian Church is no longer divided into hostile sections as it moves against the enemy of Christ, for there are in every brigade young people who know that they have brothers and sisters in the other brigades equally in earnest with themselves in the war, and equally loyal and obedient to the Great Captain of their salvation. Thus has Christian Endeavor in its home work and in its great conventions brought the Church of today, and still more will it bring the Church of the future, nearer to the condition for which our Lord prayed. "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee." On this page we give a picture



THE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION OF 1894.

1. MIRIAM C. SMITH, Secretary.
2. REV. J. Z. TYLER, Chairman.
3. A. W. NEALE, Reception.

4. A. E. ROBLEE, Treasurer.
5. REV. S. L. DARSIE, Music.
6. F. MELVILLE LEWIS, Printing.

7. NORMAN E. HILLS, Entertainment.
8. R. B. HAMILTON, Press.
9. J. E. CHEESMAN, Hall.

10. J. V. HITCHCOCK, Auditor.
11. REV. R. A. GEORGE, Ex-Officio Member of the Committee.

There is a significance in these enormous assemblies beyond their actual numbers. The twenty thousand young Christians who will meet at Cleveland next Wednesday are merely representatives at the ratio of one to a hundred. More than two million souls will be with them in the spirit; and all over the world prayers will go up to God for a blessing on the meetings. Never in the his-

will be together in communion, they will be known by the common title of Christians—a name dearer to all than any other name they bear; for one is their Master, even Christ and all they are brethren. They learn there, as they learn so well nowhere else, that the barriers which divide them are lower and feebler than the great wall of the fold which encloses them all as one flock of

of the Committee of Arrangements, taken from a photograph for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Secretary Baer, of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. On page 426 is a picture of the building in which the chief sessions of the Convention will be held, with a summary of the Provisional Programme of the proceedings and other details of the arrangements.



THE ROYAL GARDEN.

Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Solomon's Song 5: 1, *I am come into my garden.*"

THE world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "the Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor, and terrace, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain, here had their crowning. Oak, and yew, and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet, I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it." If then the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come then, O, blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders, or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned holly hock, or Jahlia, or daffodil, or coreopsis; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark-veined arbutus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unobtrusive, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window-curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for

sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the Church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," he said: "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning, I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden, who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle."—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons, and Humboldts, and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

In this garden of the Church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops, and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over.

They live longer than most people; but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, Oh winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and hear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Again: The Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh!" says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, he laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk!" he laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said: "I was in prison, and ye visited Me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple-trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank, and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and "consecrated on exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion-table. There are women in the church of a

higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith, and patience, and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Her's has been a twenty year's martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split, and bruised, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them.

Again: the church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root, and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the Gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh! was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place one day and the gardener went up the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above, pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh! that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through his heritage.

Hark! I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ: "I am come into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus, we have been waiting for thee; walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden, and up to that old man, and touches him, and says: "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee; I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee: take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest; courage, old man." Then

Christ goes up another garden-path, and he comes to a soul in trouble, and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, oh! troubled spirit." Then I see Jesus going up another garden-path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say: "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, and for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air; they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into his face, and said: "Well, it is his garden, and he has a right to do what he will with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the king's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—the King's garden. I throw wide open the gate, and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities, he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself, and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was with Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers, and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a mad man to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day, and pluck a little heart's-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it five, ten, twenty, thirty years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance, and pardon, and salvation, had come? Oh, man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul, that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one life-boat. In that life-boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck, waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail, and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this morning, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, "Save me next! Save me next!"

A MISSION BOAT BURNED.

The "Good News," Commander Gibbud's Gospel Craft, Destroyed on the Oswego Canal—Some Providential Escapes.



NE of the best agencies ever devised for the dissemination of the Gospel along the interior waterways of Northern New York—the Rescue Mission boat "Good News"—was burned to the water's edge on the Oswego Canal at Syracuse recently. A heavy wind-storm was prevailing at night when a conflagration broke out in a lumber yard on the banks of the canal. The flames communicated to the "Good News," which was tied up near the lumber yard. Her sleeping crew were all unconscious of peril until they were aroused by the fierce heat of the flames and the shouts of the firemen. Soon the moorings of the "Good News" gave way and she floated out on the waters, a blazing mass of fire. Robert Wilson, the captain, swam ashore in safety, but his wife and Alonzo Deland, her brother-in-law, who had been visiting there, were drowned.

The "Good News" was known all along the line of the canal and many will lament her loss, as well as that of the two valuable lives that were sacrificed. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will recall the account of the Gospel boat and its work that was published in these columns last year. Mr. H. B. Gibbud, of the Rescue Mission of Syracuse, N. Y., originated the idea of using the boat in connection with the mission work. From his own observation and from

were thrust from all the factory windows, and the workers on the boat were able to throw many packages of religious reading to people along the line. Mr. Gibbud rigged up a fishpole, and as the canal boats passed by, packages of religious reading were passed over to the boatmen. Over four hundred boats were thus supplied on the first trip, which lasted sixteen days. When the boat came to a town the workers went out with tracts and invitations, visiting the saloons and non-church going people, preaching Christ and inviting them to the meetings. At eventide an open-air service was held from the deck, and a talk given on a large oil painting of the "Two Ways." At ten of these meetings, 7,590 people heard the Gospel.

The boat was tastefully and prettily repainted and wreaths and scrolls bearing appropriate passages of Scripture adorned the walls of the cabin or auditorium within and without. Among them were the following:

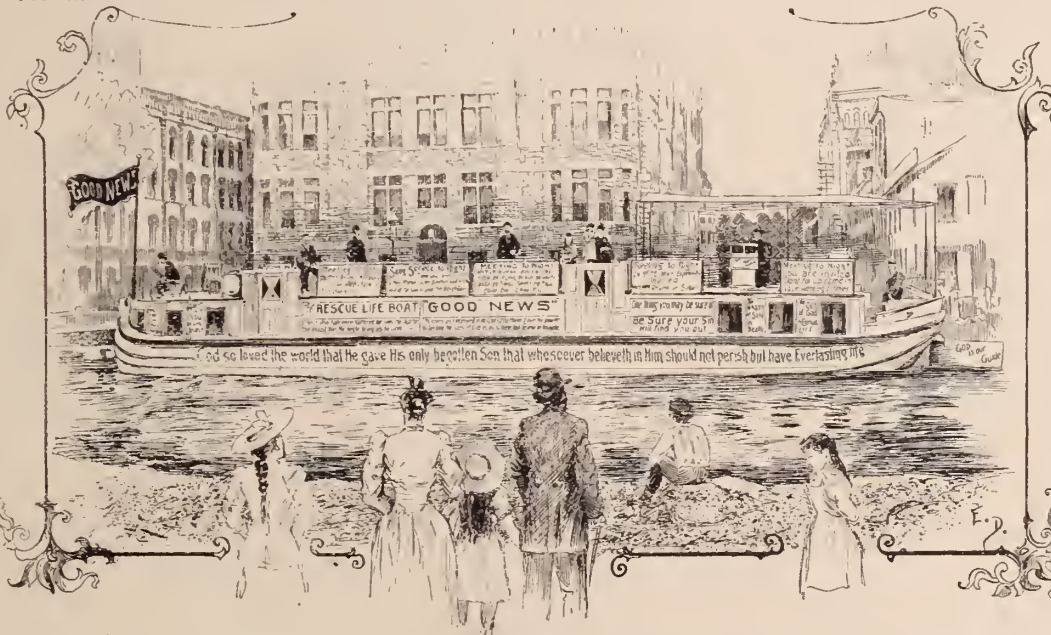
Boycott the Devil, he don't give living wages, for "the wages of sin is death."

Wilt thou have thy sins and go to hell, or leave them and go to heaven? It must be one or the other.

Has drink got the best of you? Jesus can save and keep.

One thing you may be sure of—"Be sure your sins will find you out!"

Evangelistic meetings were held in the



THE GOSPEL BOAT, "GOOD NEWS," RECENTLY BURNED ON THE OSWEGO CANAL.

the reports of men who found their way to the Gospel services which he conducts in Syracuse, he became convinced that a rich field for Gospel effort existed in the floating population on the canal, in the farm houses, factories and stores which line both its banks throughout its course, and in the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets to which it is the simplest and cheapest route. Many of these people had no opportunity of hearing the Gospel message and a still larger number were disinclined to avail themselves of such opportunities as were within their reach. Business men used the canal as a means of communication but the men who were offering the Pearl of Great Price had somehow failed to turn the great avenue of commerce to account in their mission.

Mr. H. B. Andrews, a prominent business man of Syracuse, to whom the Mission was already indebted for its building and equipment, entered heartily into the project, and offered to provide a boat if Mr. Gibbud and his friends would undertake to use it in aggressive Christian work. The promise was gladly given and the project was fairly launched.

In the hot summer evenings Gospel meetings were held on the deck around which ran a substantial railing. Here one hundred and fifty persons could be accommodated. All along the line the boat attracted great attention. People came from their homes, heads

villages, towns and cities along the waterway, stopping in a place for a few meetings, working especially with non-church goers, drinking men and the masses generally. The plan was to carry on the work during the summer and tie the boat up for the winter near the centre of some city and hold a service every evening. Last winter the boat was moored in the canal at the Market Square in Syracuse. Hundreds of farmers, buyers and sellers of various kinds, congregated there and there was no lack of audiences. Every evening there was a service on the usual plan of Rescue Mission Meetings. The work was under the general supervision of Mr. H. B. Gibbud. He and his wife had charge of the meetings. The whole work was one of faith, as the Mission in Syracuse had no funds available for the support of the boat and its crew.

After the recent fire a mass meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, under the auspices of the Rescue Mission. A large audience assembled and the services were very impressive, several clergymen taking part. A high tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Wilson, who had been most active in the labors of the Mission. During the services, four young men, who had been converted through the instrumentality of Mrs. Wilson, gave testimony. Rev. George B. Spalding, D.D., said that the Rescue Mission, was the chief

glory of Syracuse and that God had baptized it as with a baptism of fire.

The "Good News" was burned just one year after the day of its dedication. During a period of five months, fifty-nine meetings were held, the attendance being 39,508; conversions, 72; requests for prayer, 103; visits to families, 1,000; saloons visited, 333; canal boats furnished with Gospel literature, 1,000. During the winter months, meetings were held with success. The whole work was so spiritually fruitful that it will probably soon be started again in the hope of continuing the service of Christ in this novel and effective way among a needy and much neglected class.

A HINDOO NICODEMUS.

When the Christians of India are counted the result does not look favorable for missions; but none can tell how many there are who have accepted Christ, but, like Nicodemus, have not the courage to confess him openly. How much courage it needs to do this is shown by the following incident related by Rev. M. Phillips, a missionary in Madras. He says: "After preaching, some time ago, in a certain place, an intelligent Hindu came to see me privately. He said, 'I have listened to your preaching, and I believe every word you said.' 'Well,' I replied, 'I am glad of that; but how do you reconcile that with the fact that you have the mark of Vishnu painted on your forehead?' 'Ah!' he answered, 'you have been long enough in India to know what it is for a man in my position to give up Hinduism, and declare himself publicly a follower of Christ. It means that my wife would leave me, my children would forsake me, my caste people would throw me out upon the world friendless. I am not prepared to do that now. I may be prepared to do it by and by.' I could sympathize with that man. I said, 'Whom, then, do you worship?' and he said smiling, 'I worship the same God as you worship, and I worship him in the same way through Jesus Christ.' 'Tell me how it came about,' I said. 'It came about in this way. For more than twenty years I worshipped Vishnu in the temple regularly. I derived no spiritual benefit. My mind was full of doubts and distractions of all kinds. I heard the missionary preaching one evening, and he said that the mind of man could only find rest in the worship of the true God. I went home; I concentrated my thoughts upon God, the Great One; I poured out my soul to him; I asked him to forgive my sins, to reveal himself to me, and to be my guardian and guide in the future! God the Great One answered that prayer! When I rose I was a different man; my doubts and my distractions had left me, and I had that joy and peace which I cannot describe to you. Ever since I have not worshipped Vishnu in the temples. That man is a type of some other Hindus. To-day they are secret Christians.'

A BICYCLE FOR A TEXT.

In Bailundu, in West Central Africa, the king has manifested an antipathy to mission work, for reasons well understood. Recently, however, Mr. Read, one of the missionaries at the station, has received a bicycle from home. He has become an expert in using it, and has made several long journeys on it. Some one told the king about it and his curiosity was excited. It could not be gratified without an interview with the missionary. Finally aversion yielded to curiosity and Mr. Read has had a long talk with him, using the opportunity to disabuse his mind of his long cherished prejudices. Mr. Read is succeeding in his work. Referring to a case of interest as showing the growing confidence of the natives and the chiefs in the missionaries, he says: A man seriously injured by falling from a tree was brought to him for treatment. He was one of the king's servants. Mr. Read adds: "It is evident from this and other cases that, although the natives cling to their own doctors and their fetiches, yet our manner of treatment and our medicines are looked upon with growing favor by them. Would that they would look more favorably upon the remedy we offer them for their souls' diseases!"



VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

S.S. Lesson for July 15. Matt. 2: 1-12. Golden Text, Matt. 2: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

NOT only did God call, here and there, Jewish witnesses to know and speak of the birth of the Messiah, he also gave him to be "a light of the Gentiles." From the very time of his nativity God fulfilled these prophecies, which were understood and quoted by the aged Simeon, in sending wise men from the East to inquire after, and to worship the new-born Christ. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him." Who were these men and from what country in the East did they come? Of what position were they, and how was it that their communication, so unpalatable to the people, should yet receive so much attention, that the king and all Jerusalem should be troubled at it? Were they people of high position politically: or were they men of learning, whose reputation had gone before them? We know not. In any case, their journey and its object became the talk of the whole city. They did not hesitate to enquire for him that was "born King:" and the very tone of the inquiry showed that it was God's King that they sought, whom he should set upon his holy hill of Zion.

There was no uncertainty about their inquiry: they did not ask if he was born:

"Where is He

that is born King of the Jews?" He does exist. He is among you, show us your Messiah-King! It was a startling request for Gentiles to make of the indifferent Jews, who had heard a rumor of some child that was born, and of some fanatical shepherds, as they might have termed them, who declared that a vision of angels had proclaimed that this was the Messiah: but how should they take any notice of a handful of ill-educated shepherds? True, that aged Simeon had said the shepherds were in the right, as did also the old prophetess in the temple, but then both of these were nearly superannuated, and so they could not be expected to take account of their testimony. It was not pleasant to this people, who prided themselves on their knowledge of the Scriptures, and on their true interpretation of them, to have these wise men from another land come into their very midst—not to argue about the coming Messiah, they would have been at home in argument—but demanding to be led to him, insisting on finding him out, and declaring, as the very object of their long and expensive journey,

"We are Come to Worship Him."

Their coming with such an object was a reflection on the ignorance or indifference of the Jews on the subject of their Messiah-King, and as such it was unwelcome. God loves a teachable spirit: It is the sure sign of a really advancing Christian. Those who in their own eyes are "rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," are contemptible in the eyes of God. The wise men came to hear more about God's King, they were ready to take any trouble if they might find him. But his own people, among whom he came "to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel" were unteachable: they would rather remain under the yoke of the tyrant Herod, than receive God's King in such a way as would not answer their carnal expectations. They wanted a being who would bring glory to them, while the seeking wise men sought only that they might worship him. But their question was one that must be answered: "Where is he?" He is born, we have seen his star, the announcement of his advent has come direct to us from heav-

en: where is he that we may worship him? The real need of a really awakened soul cannot be hushed because it is ignored by men: it must have its answer: it cannot be put aside.

Herod must do everything according to the usage of the State. Had he inquired of old Simeon, he would have learned all the wise men wanted to know about Jesus, but the dignity of the State demanded that the schools of theology in Jerusalem must be consulted: and, therefore, he gathered a convocation, and commanded the attendance of "all the chief priests and scribes of the people, and he demanded of them where the Christ should be born." Students of Prophecy there were then as now, who could lay their finger upon the very passage which foretold the coming of the Messiah, and yet held it only as head-knowledge and matter for discussion. None of the holy gladness of the shepherds, none of the holy worship of Simeon and Anna, characterized these chief priests and scribes. The result of their consultation was that the Christ should be born "in Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it was written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel." (Mic. 5: 2.)

They knew as though they knew not, they could quote the words of the prophet Micah, yet these inspired words meant nothing to those who uttered them: it was as a truth quite outside of, and apart from, themselves, when they spoke of the locality where the Christ should be born. O, what an instance was this of that truth of God: "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life!" (John 6: 62.)

Nothing is so Deadening

as to be possessed of spiritual knowledge which does not change and transform our lives! But the wise men could not rest until they could come in contact with the Christ: they wanted him to be their King, and they must worship him as such. To the scribes and Pharisees he was only a historical personage, and nothing to them individually: their hearts and consciences were all untouched by the knowledge of his coming. It is this could be so at the first coming of our Lord, how much more terrible must the unreal and profane handling of God's second coming be, now that the Holy Ghost has been given: now that every unreal handling of Divine truth is a grieving of the Holy Spirit!

King Herod took upon himself to tell the wise men the result of the prophetic inquiry of the chief priests and scribes, but he trembled for the security of his throne: he called the wise men to a private interview: he "inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared." He was impressed by the sign, but had no thought of personally coming in contact with the person of the Christ. "And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again that I may come and worship him also;" but thoughts of murder and not of worship were filling his heart. What an incomprehensible thing for these Gentile inquirers! Could they be mistaken? Could the message which had so surely brought them together on the same errand have been a delusion? It was true that the Christ, the promised Messiah, for whom the Jews professed to look, was really born in the city of David, how came it that not one of the chief priests or scribes went down to Bethlehem to welcome and to adore him? How came it that Herod, who was sitting on the very throne he was to occupy, could rest content for Gentiles to investigate the matter, while he who was so nearly concerned in it, was content to await the result of their investigations? It was enough to damp the zeal of these earnest

inquirers, and to suggest many a doubt as to the reality of their mission. But God had not abandoned them: "when they had heard the king, they departed, and lo the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Away from the king, away from the priests, away from men and from earth, they looked up to heaven. And now they were at home, God had not left them, the same star which had brought them thus far shone upon them once more, they were at large, doubts fled, God was faithful, and they were faithful to him.

Oh, the utter blindness of earthly minded men to the realities of God and of eternity! Oh, the terrible consciousness which must sometimes force itself upon us, that multitudes of human beings are walking "in a vain show and disquieting themselves in vain," while they are missing, and letting slip from their grasp, the only things which are worth seeking and possessing!

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



Myrrh. Frankincense.

the wise men were three in number, that they came from Persia, that they were kings, and has even given us their names as Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. More was needed, and their bodies were obtained and enshrined first in St. Sophia at Constantinople, then in the Cathedral at Milan, and now in the Cathedral at Cologne, where any one can see them for a small fee, and believe the story if he chooses. It is better to keep to the simple facts of the Evangelist's record. He simply describes the visitors as "wise men from Eastern lands." They probably belonged to some such class as is mentioned in Daniel 2: 2. It may be, as tradition says, that they came from Chaldea or Persia. They were guided by a star, about which there have been conjectures as well as about the personality of the visitors. They were students of the stars, and would be affected by any extraordinary or unusual celestial event. Calculating backwards, our astronomers find that about the time of Christ's birth there was such an extraordinary event—one that happens only once in eight hundred years. It was the near approach to each other of three planets, Jupiter, Saturn and Mars. Though separated by immense distances, they looked so close to each other, as seen from the earth, as to almost cover each other. They were, too, in the constellation Pisces, which was the celestial symbol of Judaea. Probably this spectacle, conjoined with the knowledge of the magi about the Jewish hopes of the Messiah, set them journeying to Jerusalem, with the idea that the long expected king had appeared. But the planetary conjunction could not have guided them. We are obliged to assume that a miracle produced a meteor, which served as their guide. They sought Herod, on their arrival, naturally supposing that the king would know of such a momentous event. Their visit disturbed him; and the people, knowing how cruel and unscrupulous he was when provoked, were disturbed too. He had already killed his wife, his brother, and three sons, and was to conclude his sanguinary atrocities by killing some ten or a dozen children in the vain attempt to kill the Messiah. The Magi found the babe and, although they must have been surprised to find him in circumstances so humble, they gave him the offerings they had brought, as

suitable gifts for a king—gold, frankincense and myrrh.

They said: in Bethlehem. The priests knew all about the theories respecting the coming of their Messiah, but even though now they heard that a child had been born there fulfilling the conditions, they did not go with the wise men to worship. Long before the discovery of gold in Australia, geologists had pronounced the strata auriferous. But no one went to look for gold. The gold lay there untouched until a few shepherds in the bush came into Melbourne with pebbles prettily encrusted with some yellowish stuff that looked like gold. It was found to be gold and then there was a rush. Thousands went out to search for the precious metal. They had not been moved by the theories of the geologists, but the sight of the gold was enough. The shepherds knew nothing about the strata, but they had the gold. So it is with the religion of Christ. Those who really have it in their hearts and lives can do more for him than learned men who only theorize about it.

They saw the young child. The wise men came to worship a king, and they found in the house, indicated by the star, only an ordinary woman with a baby. But they worshipped just the same and gave him the gifts fit only for royalty. They could have given no greater proof of their right to the name of wise men. The Princess Louise called at a poor Canadian cottage on one occasion when her husband was Governor General of Canada. She wanted a glass of water, but the woman said she had none in the house. Would she not go to her well and draw some? She could not do so, for she was busy ironing a shirt, and must get it done, for her husband would want it as he was going that afternoon to the festival at which the queen's daughter would be present. "I'll do your ironing," said the Princess, "if you will go and get the water." On the woman's return she was amazed to discover that not only was the shirt well ironed, but the ironer was the queen's daughter.

They presented to him gifts. They were very valuable, but to Mary and her Child they would not be of much use in their humble life. But it is less the gift, than the spirit of the giver, that is important in making gifts to Christ. An eminent minister tells the following story: "It was my birthday; I received many kind wishes and loving gifts. My little daughter, seeing me leave the house, came running after me. Pressing a penny into my hand, she said, 'Now, father dear, there's a penny all to yourself.' Did the father reject the gift as trifling? No; he saw in it an expression of his child's deep love, and kept the coin among his choice treasures.

When they saw the star they rejoiced. Apparently they had lost sight of it on their way to Jerusalem. After their interview with Herod they saw it again, and recognized it and rejoiced. They were going to be led again. Like the sailor on the lookout who sees the light of the lighthouse on a dark and stormy night, they saw which way to direct their course. It is related that the Governor of a certain island whose inhabitants had in former times grown rich by plundering wrecked vessels, was going home at the close of his term. He told the people that if they had any request that they wished to be presented to the king, to mention it, as he would have an opportunity of speaking to his majesty. They said, "Ask him for permission to tear down all the lighthouses; we grow poor now there are no wrecks." Sometimes such people go further and display a false light inland which lures the sailor on the rocks. There are many false lights like the Will-o'-the-wisp, over marshy ground which lead young people astray in religion. The true light is the light that God gave to light every man that comes into the world.

Fell down and worshipped him. There are many ideas of worship. Probably the worship here spoken of was merely the homage paid to a monarch. But Jesus is worthy of higher homage than that. A Greek legend has it that there was once an ancient temple in which there were many gods. Worshipers came there in crowds, some to worship one god and some another. They could choose and might worship Pluto the god of wealth, Mars, the god of war, Bacchus, the god of drunkenness, or any of the other deities represented there. At the door was a mirror which cast a reflection on every one who entered, and that reflection in each case was the image of the god the man worshipped. That is a legend, but it is a truth that we grow like what we adore.

THE GOSPEL FUND GROWING.

Mr. Moody's Appeal Bearing Fruit in a Soul-Winning Crusade—More Encouraging Letters and Contributions to the Cause—Let every Christian in America Lend a Hand.



WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, two weeks ago, published the appeal of Evangelist D. L. Moody to the Christian people of America, inviting their co-operation in

the work of training and equipping young men and women as Gospel workers among the thirty million non-churchgoing people in these States, it was with the confident expectation that the call to duty, sounded forth by this illustrious servant of God would not pass unheeded. Nor has that hope been disappointed, for already the hearts of our friends have been stirred and their letters and offerings are coming in by every mail for the Moody Gospel Fund. With characteristic fidelity to all that pertains to the service of the Master, these pledges of Christian fellowship are sent accompanied with fervent prayers for the success of the great evangelical movement—prayers that will sooner or later bring their meed of blessing on the work.

We wish it were possible to devote all the space to these letters they deserve. Most of the writers, doubtless representing many thousands of others, who like themselves, have been brought to the joy and peace of believing through Mr. Moody's ministrations, or by reading his wonderful sermons, accept as a blessed privilege this opportunity of showing their gratitude for what has taken place in their own lives. One gentleman in a Western State writes:

"I owe to God's blessing on Mr. Moody's preaching all I am in this life and my hope of heaven. If I gave every dollar I have to help him in what he is trying to do, I should still be in his debt. God bless him and may he live to send out thousands like himself to preach the Gospel of Christ."

A lady in New Jersey (\$3) writes:

"I want to share in the blessing that must come of the work in which Mr. Moody is engaged and I esteem it one of the greatest privileges of my life to help in it. What a grand servant of Christ he is! It is as though the voice of a Paul had summoned the followers of the Nazarene to this duty—a duty which none who love him and who pray for man's redemption, can refuse to perform. If every one who has been spiritually benefited by Mr. Moody's influence and labors were to respond, even with a dime apiece, you would have such a glorious Gospel Fund that there would be no lack hereafter of the means to equip an army of Christian workers for duty among our churchless multitudes."

With a gift of \$5, an aged Christian in Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"The Moody Bible Institute, rightly viewed and properly sustained, may yet be the instrument under God's hands for the spiritual inbringing of the home masses. How else are we to reach them unless we send out just such workers as Mr. Moody is training? It's a crusade to which, were I thirty years younger, I would gladly consecrate my life. I trust our churches and church-going people will look at it in the right light, and see what an opportunity it affords for work that cannot be reached by the regular channels, but which must be done and done while it is yet day."

"I wish to add, for the encouragement of both young and old, that all my life I have found that consecrated giving, at the right time and in the right direction, is one of the very best tests of a man or woman's Christianity. In my sixty-eight years, nothing recurs to me as having been productive of so much soul-satisfaction as those offerings of self-sacrifice—whether in the form of personal effort or simple gift—that I have been permitted to lay upon the Gospel altar.

Truly I can say with the old Christian philosopher: 'What I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost; what I gave, I have.' Our true wealth hereafter is the good we have done in this world to our fellowmen, and the highest good we can do them is to help set their feet in the path that leads to immortal life."

Almost all the letters received invoke God's blessing on the work of the Bible Institute. Some of the contributors, though poor in worldly goods, yet send forward their gifts cheerfully.

An invalid, M. A. F., Philadelphia (\$5), writes: "Please pray for me, as I am passing through great nervous prostration and weakness, fearing the loss of my mind. I wish to aid you in your heartfelt and noble work." "It gives me pleasure," writes Mr. Jos. E. Callinson, of South River, Md., (\$25) "to contribute my mite to the Moody Gospel Fund." A "Philadelphia Reader," (\$1) writes: "Having seen Mr. Moody's appeal for help in the good work he is doing for our Lord, I send a widow's mite. I wish it were more." Mr. Crozer, Va., (\$1) says: "My mite, cheerfully sent to aid your noble work." G. W. D. N., Quincy, Ill., (\$2) writes:

"Poor as I am, I enclose my offering for the great work, and God bless Bro. Moody and all his co-laborers. That is what I should have been doing, too, these many years, preaching

ical field. Upon them is laid the burden of lifting up these churchless masses to the light and joy of the Gospel; with them lies the responsibility of sending out or holding back the Lord's messengers of love and mercy. No leader in the Gospel army is so well qualified to sound this call as he; none has done more yeoman service in the field for the cause for which he is now pleading. And it is cheering to know that the summons has brought responses, ere the echoes have died away, that afford encouragement to those who have the cause most warmly at heart.

Mr. Moody was confronted with a problem that perplexed him greatly. As he went from city to city on his evangelizing work, he found that large numbers were outside the churches and were not being reached. Men who had been in contact with Christianity all their lives were, under his preaching, brought into the church. He was strongly impressed with the conviction that the time was opportune for the beginning of some work unidentified with the church, and yet thoroughly Christian. He saw that the children of Christian parents—the rising generation—were being fully reached by the churches; but on the other hand, he saw on every side thousands whose antecedents for generations back had been under worldly influences, and who were not attracted by the church and did not care to go to the church. They could only be reached

by missionary effort, outside of the regular field occupied by the churches. At the same time, he felt keenly his own incapacity to meet this emergency. He accordingly founded the Moody Bible Institute

from the same classes. As Christ found his disciples among the fishermen of Galilee, so the evangelist now found his co-workers chiefly among the poor of his own land. There were, however, two courses open to him—first, to establish a great Training Institute for the special purpose of meeting this new development of affairs; or, second, to develop the Institute previously founded and which had already done excellent service. He has now chosen the latter course, and his plans for the enlargement of the Bible Institute's work and his appeal for the co-operation of the Lord's people throughout this country, have been fully presented in these columns.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are familiar, to some extent, with the work performed in the past by the Moody Bible Institute. It is an active, aggressive work for Christ, among a vast population who have no church relations and who are, therefore, outside of church influences. The desire for extending the Gospel to the non-church going millions was never so generally felt as now, when it is stirring up good men and women everywhere. Mr. Moody should have their co-operation in this work on a wide and generous scale that shall reach from New York to California and which will include every Christian Church from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

On this page we present the portraits of three workers who have labored most devotedly and effectively, under Mr. Moody's direction, in the training of the young men and women at the Bible Institute in Chicago. It is now about six years since Mr. Moody conceived the plan of founding this school where men and women could be educated in practical Christian work. It was two years before this plan could be carried into successful effect. Three roomy build-

ings on La Salle Avenue, immediately north of the Chicago Avenue Church, constitute what is known as the Women's Home, and just back of those, facing what was formerly called Pearson Street, but is now known as Institute Place, is the Men's Department of the Bible Institute. Rev. R. A. Torrey is the superintendent, and is assisted by D. Baines-Griffiths. When the Institute was first opened, Miss Gertrude Hulbert was put in charge of the Ladies' Department. This position was soon afterwards assumed



MRS. S. B. CAPRON.
Superintendent Ladies' Department.



REV. R. A. TORREY.
Superintendent.



H. H. MCGRANAHAN,
Musical Director.

the Gospel—as I believe I was called to the work; but I let Satan talk me out of it. I, too, would wish to enter the Bible Institute for the purpose of fitting me for work among the masses."

"As they do not come to the church, the church must send the Gospel to them," is the language employed by Mr. Moody in his appeal in behalf of the unevangelized millions of our American cities. And this is the field for which 300 young men and women are now training at the Bible Institute in Chicago at the present time. But the inadequacy of the work and the urgent needs of its immediate enlargement must be apparent to all who give the matter a moment's serious consideration. THREE HUNDRED WORKERS TO THIRTY MILLION SOULS! When all are tested and placed in their several fields, the proportion would be less than one messenger of the Gospel to every 100,000. Such a proportion would be amazingly small even were the work in a foreign land; but at home, and at our very doors, in every large city in America, it seems an almost unimaginable condition of things. These good, easy-going Christians, who sit cozily in their pews or by the fireside and sing:

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted,
The Lamp of Life deny?

yet rarely give a passing thought to the thousands who may live within a few minutes' walk of their homes, and who never enter a church, read the Bible or hear the sacred name of Jesus, except in profanity.

But the true Christian, having the love of the Master and the furtherance of his Kingdom at heart above all else, does not hesitate when service is to be performed. And Mr. Moody has shown, to every son and daughter of the King, the urgent need of their co-operation in this great evangel-

to train young men and women for this special work. Soon he realized that the field was far larger than he supposed, and the numbers of consecrated applicants who

were ready to devote their lives to the work were also legion. All he could do in the Institute was as a drop in the ocean by contrast with the necessity itself. There came to him an avalanche of applications from men and women who were ready to take up this burden of work, and go out into this special field as his co-adjutors. So many eager souls, burning for service, gladdened his heart, for they wished to come to his assistance in the very way he most needed them. They were inspired with his own spirit and example, but beyond all, with the love of Christ. They asked him to point the way, to fit them more fully for the work, and to give them the training needed for effective service in this special field—training that he has thoroughly studied and in which he is himself a master. They do not ask to be trained on classical lines; they do not need either Greek or Hebrew. The particular and special training which Mr. Moody himself has proved to be essential to successful Christian work is widely different from that of the mere scholar; it is a training of the heart and hands, teaching them how to work in unison together for the inbringing of souls to the Kingdom.

The result of these applications was that the Institute was flooded, and there was a lack of the means, necessary to support such a number of students as desired to come. Many of these needed to be supported and there were others who could put only a part of the \$100 a year which is the individual cost of each student to the Institute. Mr. Moody found also that the principal support came not from the rich, but from the poor and people of moderate means, and also that the majority of the applications for enrolment as students came

however, by Mrs. S. B. Capron, who for thirty years has been a missionary in India. Miss Emily S. Strong is Mrs. Capron's assistant and Mrs. Harper is the housekeeper of the Home. The name of Mr. McGranahan, Musical Director, is almost a household word, and his beautiful sacred songs are sung in thousands of homes and a large number of churches throughout the Union.

The contributions to the Moody Gospel Fund are given below. All contributions will be fully acknowledged in these columns.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Talmage
EDITOR.

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ABOUT WEDDINGS.

THE past month has been full of tintinabulation of wedding bells. Orange blossoms in a thousand homes and churches, north, south, east and west. Our hotels, our railroads, our places of amusement thronged with the newly married, and our congratulations go after them. Long life to all those who during the month have united their destinies, and may their cup of earthly experience have no more bitter or sour drops than will just answer to keep it from becoming insipid. God-honored institution of marriage! How it marches on from age to age, and the better society becomes the more the institution is honored. Not a mere civil contract, as infidel and atheistic men would have us believe, for it had a divine starting in Paradise. What a morning that was of the world's first wedding! Sky without a cloud. Atmosphere without a chill. Foliage without a crumpled leaf. Meadows without a thorn. It shall take place in church, the great temple of a world, sky domed, mountain pillared, sapphire roofed. The sparkling waters of the Gihon and the Hiddekel will make the front of the temple. Larks, robins and goldfinches will chant the wedding march. Violet, lily and rose burning incense in the morning sun. Luxuriant vines sweeping their long opulence through the forest aisle. Upholstery of the spring morning. Wild beasts standing outside the circle looking on like family servants from the back door gazing upon the nuptials. The eagle, king of beasts; the locust, king of insects; the lion, king of beasts, waiting. Carpets of grass like emerald, for the human pair to walk on. Hum of excitement as there always is before a ceremony. Grass blades and leaves whispering and the birds a-chatter each one to his mate. Hush! all the winds. Hush! all the birds. Hush! the waters. For the king of the human race advances with his bride—a perfect man leading to the altar a perfect woman. God, her father, gives away the bride, and angels are the witnesses, and tears of morning dew stand in the blue eyes of the violets, and Adam takes the smiloth hand that had never been worn with work or stung with pain into his own stout grasp as he says: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." Tumults of joy break forth and all the trees of the wood clap their hands, and all the galleries of the forest sound with carol, clasp and chant, and the circle of Edenic happiness is complete. For while every quail hath a swerving quail, and every fish answering fish, and every owl answering owl, and every beast of the forest appropriate companion, at last, man the immortal has for mate woman the immortal. Married in June of the year one, Adam, first man to Eve, first woman, high heaven officiating.

Away, then, with the coarse notion that marriage is a mere civil contract. It is a Paradisaical six thousand year old divine institution, and all the laws since Blackstone or before Blackstone cannot properly marry two hearts unless God Almighty has first married them. All this makes sensible people look upon marriage as an important step. Instead of being lassoed by a curl, or trading hearts in a philopena, they realize that between cradle and grave the most tremendous place is the marriage altar, and that while before that altar the twain stand with joined hands, between them stands unseen either the white angel of blessing or the horned and hooved and fire nostriled gorgon of despair. Applaud, therefore, all honest marriages, and frown upon everything that would put them to ridicule. Have nothing to do with those slushy pamphlets and books which tell how impossible men meet impossible women and get into impossible difficulties, and with impossible results, and villainy went unwhipped and virtue fell dead. The fact is that many of the young married people of this day get their heads so filled with talse and sentimental notions in regard to the plain, serious, old-fashioned institution of marriage they are unfit for the common duties of life. There she goes lounging around the house with a twenty-five cent novel over her arm, her slippers run down at heel, the furniture undusted and the socks undarned, and everything from cellar to garret a domestic chaos. Go home and gather up all the Frenchy stuff and pitch it into the kitchen grate.

The best way for us to honor the marriage institution which has been so often celebrated lately, is for us who are now in that relation to faithfully perform all our duties, not taking easy offense from each other, remembering that hasty words and hasty actions sometimes are not a matter of the heart, but merely a matter of the nerves. Husbands at the store worn out with anxiety, wives at home worn out with household cares sometimes have their equipoise of spirits unbalanced. There are but few American men or women who have any nerves worth speaking of. These delicate telegraphic wires of the human body get damaged in the storm and lightnings of temper run over them very irregularly. Quit all the slights and be economical with censure, for there will before long be a hearse standing at your door that will take away out of your presence the best friend you have on earth, and the rich boon God in his omnipotence and infinity has capacity to bestow, a good wife.

BE YE READY!

WE must not be morbid or lachrymose or out of accord with the hilarities of this life. I would have more banquets instead of less banquets—commercial banquets, artists' banquets, holiday banquets, birthday banquets, banquets at the parting, banquets at the return. The most solemn ordinance of our holy religion is a banquet and heaven is a great feast called "The Marriage Supper of the Lamb." It all depends upon what we celebrate and the spirit in which we celebrate it. From the useful festivities of earth we can go without shock into the festivities of heaven. And what a mercy if we can go up right from the post of duty here to scenes of reward there.

I like the religion of the farmer in a New England legislature many years ago on what was called the dark day, a day so dark that the people thought the judgment day had come, and some one proposed they adjourn the legislature. "No," said the farmer member, "I move that we have candles brought in and, if this is the last day, let it find us at our post of duty." A protracted scene of languishing days and nights is not desirable; long rows of medicine bottles on the shelf; dim tapers at midnight; watchers struggling to keep awake until the dawn; elaborate guesses as to how long you can last. It one is ready to go, the quicker the better; the mother while rocking the cradle, the clerk while adding up a column of figures, the farmer while follow-

ing his plow, the banker while seated at his desk, the carpenter while shoving a plane, the orator as he closes his speech. As for myself, I choose not. If I could decide by turning my hand this way or that, I would not turn it. God knows best. I have only one wish, that is, thorough readiness. Whether in the bright morning of the dark night; whether while the spring flowers are white as snow or the snow of winter lies in wreaths like the flowers; whether through a gradual and slow decadence or instantaneous physical eclipse, may we have Christian and triumphant release.

But though we are gone, that will not decrease our interest in the world's welfare. Wellington visited the battle of Waterloo many years after the struggle. He was there incognito and on horseback, the guide not knowing that he had been there before, pointing out the places of interest, when the stranger could have told the guide more than he ever dreamed of about all the places. So after we have passed off from this scene we may go back again to see the places of our earthly struggle and earthly victory. And, though we shall be incognito and unrecognized, we can tell of scenes of thrilling interest in which we once participated. Happy will it be for us if we can find on such return that the world was advantaged by our present residence.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

T. Wheeler, Moscow, Vt. Would you kindly give the original meaning of the word Adam? I am told that it means Error?

It means "red earth" or "the ground," referring to the ruddiness of countenance which is believed to have characterized our first parent.

Kate M. Loomis, 20 Centenary Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Will some one kindly send me the words to an old song, the last line of each verse running, "All of self and none of thee, some of self and some of thee."

H. D. Scholters, Chicago. I ink J. C. Randall's, of Des Moines, Iowa, idea for a Christian badge a splendid one. It might often remind us of our duty as children of the King just as a soldier's uniform does of his duty toward his country.

Jessie Petrie, Kenosha, Wis. Do you know of any course of study on general missionary work? If so, what is it and where can I get it?

Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 Eighth avenue, New York City.

Mrs. H. B. Ring, Agnew, Neb. 1. How wide was the Red Sea when it crossed by the Hebrews? 2. Who wrote a poem on this narrative, that was an eye-witness?

1. About five miles, assuming that they crossed at Ras Atakah. 2. Moses and Miriam composed songs of deliverance on that occasion. (See Exodus 15.)

Subscriber, Nokesville, Va. What is meant in 1 Cor. 13:15, by a man's work being destroyed while he is saved?

That a man who is a real believer in Christ may be saved and yet miss the reward that is to be given for faithful service if he has worked in a wrong spirit, or with wrong motives, or in an unscriptural manner.

J. S. Machin, Laurins, S. C. 1. How long after the death of Joseph in Egypt until the birth of Moses? 2. If the number of Israelites that passed out of Egypt under Moses was two millions, how many crossed the Jordan and entered the Promised Land?

1. Joseph died B. C. 1635; Moses was born B. C. 1571 or 64 years later. 2. The number of males over 20 was 601,730. (See Numbers 26:51.) This enumeration was made about a year before they entered the Promised Land and showed that although 40 years had passed and all who had left Egypt had died except two, the number of the host, women and children included, was almost the same as when it crossed the Red Sea.

Subscriber, Oakland, Iowa. Is it right for a church member to start for Chicago with fat cattle on Saturday afternoon, so as to gain the best market on Monday morning, knowing he will have to travel and care for the stock all the Sabbath day?

"Thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle," are the words of the commandment relative to Sabbath-keeping, which has never been abrogated. We have repeatedly stated in "The Mail-Bag" that no Sabbath work is justifiable save that which is of necessity or of mercy, and the case in point does not come within this category. It is working on the Sabbath just as much as though he were to sit at his books in his counting-house on that day. Write to Baker & Taylor Co., publishers, New York, for book entitled, "The Sabbath for Man," which treats the whole question very fully.

A. Cutter, Princeton, Cal. In the Mail-Bag in answer to the question, "Of what tribe was Christ?" you say that Mary his mother, descended from David, and was therefore of the tribe of Judah. How is it proved that Mary was of the tribe of Judah?

It is not proved, except inferentially. The Jews, in constructing their genealogical tables, reckoned wholly by males. Some of the best modern authorities, however, observing all the rules followed by the Hebrews in genealogies,

have reached the conclusion that in Zerobabel the lines of Solomon and Nathan unite, and that Joseph and Mary are therefore of the same tribe and family, being both descendants of David in the line of Solomon and that both have in them the blood of Nathan. David's son, Joseph, has descent from Abiud (Matt. 1:13) and Mary from Rhesa (Luke 3:27), sons of Zerobabel. The genealogies of Matthew and Luke are parts of one perfect whole; the former bearing the descent of Mary and Joseph from Solomon—the latter the descent of both from Nathan.

Riley O. Schieb, Valley View, Pa. Do you think that children dying in infancy and unbaptized are lost and if so, why?

We do not think they are lost in the sense of being consigned to perdition, it is that is what you mean. Such treatment of them would be inconsistent with our ideas of the Divine character. There is one passage of Scripture that appears pertinent to the question. It occurs in Paul's argument as to the effects and remedy of the Fall. He says (Rom. 5:18), that "as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all unto justification of life." His argument appears to be that whatever "penal" consequences resulted from the Fall were removed by Christ's atonement and the one was as universal in its application as the other. Of course, the infant could be in danger only through inheriting a fallen nature, as it does not commit actual sin. If, therefore, by Christ's atonement the penal effects of the Fall are nullified, the infant, though incapable of faith, is saved through Christ. We do not think the passage you quote from John 3, applies to the case of infants, but only to persons who have come to years of discretion and are guilty of actual sin.

A. E. Eureka, Mich. Does a minister of the Gospel who uses an oath or takes a glass of whiskey commit a greater sin in doing so than would a member of his church in doing the same thing?

The intrinsic sin, would, of course, be the same in both cases. The minister's responsibility, however, is greater and by so much his guilt is increased. He is bound to do nothing that would impair his influence or weaken his power as a servant of Christ. If he commits any act that does this he commits another sin which renders the other more heinous, as it may do more harm to others.

Constant Reader, Chambersburg, Pa. 1. In this Dispensation is man required to seek Christ or is he sought by Christ by the Holy Spirit through the preached word? 2. Does God forgive the believer's sins when he accepts Christ, or has Christ paid the whole debt on the Cross? 3. Is Christ interceding for the sins of believers only? 4. Whose advocate is he? 5. Can a regenerate man ever be lost?

1. Man is certainly required to seek salvation through Christ, not to sit indifferent or careless waiting for the Holy Spirit to lead him to Christ, although the Holy Spirit may do that, and has done so in some conspicuous cases. (See Heb. 2:3 and Rom. 10:20). 2. We are assured that God does forgive the sins of all who believe (see Acts 10:43), and we are also assured that Christ bore the penalty of sin. (See 1 Peter 2:24.) The two doctrines are not inconsistent. 3. He does intercede for the sins of believers. We do not know that his intercession is limited to them. He certainly must desire the conversion of unbelievers. It is not likely that he intercedes for them in the sense of their being forgiven in their unbelief. 4. See 1 John 2:1. 5. No regenerate man, we think, would be willing to so put God's forbearance to the test. He would come back and entreat forgiveness, however far he had wandered, if he had once been a child of God.

Mrs. I. C. Waters, Syracuse, N. Y. Write to Robt. L. Stephens, Danville, Ill.—Subscriber, Baileyville, Kan. Your question has already been answered in the MAIL-BAG, in a recent issue.—E. F. C. Phila. We cannot supply the information. Reader, Silverdale, Tex. Yes, B. Z. Work hard, take plenty of outdoor exercise, eat light food and little meat, read your Bible and good books, and seek only good company. Over-eating and insufficient exercise are probably the real trouble.—D. N. Freeman, Cardington, O. Write to J. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.—Marilla Parker, Dexter City, O., writes to inform an inquiring correspondent that the hymn: "Sinner, will you go to the highlands of heaven?" can be found in the *Kewadist*. She will find in Robert Montgomery's work the poem which contains the lines: "Night is the time to rest; How sweet when labors close."—Subscriber, Hamilton, O. One of a character similar to that you describe is already in existence.—L. E. Ellermeier, Swanton, Neb. It is claimed that he did, but not on good authority.—Subscriber, Perkasie, Pa. None that we ever heard of.—M. E. K., Poland, Ia. No, he was not an infidel. On the contrary, he on many occasions gave evidence of sincere Christian views.—Alex. B. Neill, Brooklyn. There are no such vacancies to be found at present.—M. J. Johnson, Elmville, N. C. There is no means of knowing beyond the account in the Bible itself.—Reader, Omaha, Neb. Write to Rev. John H. Farrow, First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.—A. F. Hopson, Nind, Mo., and Thos. Adams, Smithville, Ont., N. H. Matthews, Campbellsville, Ky., and others. Send to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, New York, for Rev. G. A. Gordon's new book, "The Witness to Immortality." It will probably give you all the accessible evidence you want.—E. T. Hewitt, Houston, Tex. Write to J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York.—Thomas Gamon, Philadelphia, Pa. Write to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for the information wanted.—R. W. Lindsey, Allsonia, Va. Write to Department of Mines and Mining, Washington, D. C.—G. W. Brady, Ambrose, Pa. 1. Not necessarily so. It might include both sexes since Ex. 12:30 the Bible narrative tells us that "there was not a house where there was not one dead." 2. None that we know of. 3. Yes.—J. W. Greenwood, Albion, N. Y. We do not believe they are published regularly anywhere.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE DEVASTATION IN GREECE.

WHEN the reports of disasters caused by the earthquakes in Greece were published three months ago, the full extent of the calamity was not realized. An artist who has just visited the scene of devastation, has sent home several sketches, one of which is reproduced on this page, which show how terrific was the force of the shocks and how complete was the destruction they worked. The locality represented is the region around Atlante, a town which was little injured by the first shock, but was overwhelmed by the second. Huge fissures of great depth mark the ground, showing the course of the disturbance, as if the earth had been struck with a gigantic axe. Between and around them are heaps of ruins and fragments of walls, showing where houses and public buildings once stood and among them are gigantic boulders, torn by the earthquake from the mountain side and rolled down until arrested by some obstacle. The town is now entirely deserted, its three thousand inhabitants being too poor to rebuild it have scattered among adjacent villages. Eight towns in the same district suffered similar destruction. They are in the ancient Phocis and Boeotia on the borders of the channel which separates the island of Negroponte, the ancient Eubœa, from the main land. One of them was Thebes, the modern town which occupied the site of the ancient city that contested for the supremacy of ancient Greece. Its destruction was complete, not a house being left standing. In former times such a catastrophe would have been regarded as a direct judgment from God and a mark of his displeasure. In our day it is explained on scientific principles and is proved to be the effect of natural causes; but like other natural phenomena, which were formerly regarded as supernatural, the earthquake is under God's control. We are too apt to forget that in discovering a natural cause we are only finding the means God uses for accomplishing his purposes and that all nature and its laws are but an expression of his will. "His kingdom ruleth over all." (Ps. 103: 19.)

Why the Piano was Silent.

A lady living at Utica, N. Y., was deeply mortified recently by the stupidity of a carpenter. In removing from one part of the city to another, her handsome square piano was injured. Its cover was cracked across. The piano-tuner told the lady that it could be easily repaired and he could send an expert who would do it so well that the crack would never be seen. The lady, fearing that an expert would charge a high price, declined the offer and trusted the work to a carpenter, who was doing other work in the house. She did not superintend the job, but saw that it had been done neatly. A few days afterward she entertained a party of musical friends and invited one of them to play. But she was unable to open the piano. She tried the lock but found that it was not locked, yet she could not raise the cover and her friends had to leave without music. Her husband tried his strength upon it afterwards, but without avail. Examining it closely, he found that the carpenter had labored under the idea that the cover should not be movable and had accordingly glued it down and fastened it securely and neatly with some long, strong nails. The lady was deeply chagrined and could find no words strong enough to characterize the carpenter's stupidity. Yet the man had done very effectually the thing he was instructed to do. He did not know that his employer would prefer a piano from which sweet music could be drawn,

even if its cover was split, to one with an immaculate cover that must be silent. He was evidently not familiar with pianos, otherwise he would have been aware that he was doing a worse injury than he was curing, inasmuch as he was defeating the primary use and purpose of the instrument. Parents have been known to make a similar mistake in dealing with a child. Thinking that its social attractiveness would be marred by youthful piety, they have stifled its spiritual impressions and defeated the chief object for which it was sent into the world. (Matt. 16: 26.)

A Horse in a Church.

The Presbyterian Church of Islip, N. Y., had a novel and unexpected visitor on June 21. A New York firm had occasion to send its delivery wagon to the town on that day. The man in charge of it fastened the horse to a hitching post in front of a store while he did his business, but something frightened the animal and it tugged at the fastening until it yielded, and then it began a mad race along the sidewalk. People ran out of its way and the horse dexterously avoiding obstacles, reached the corner of the street, where in turning the corner sharply the wagon was overturned and the shafts broken. It continued its way, with the broken fragments of the vehicle trailing behind



THE EARTHQUAKES IN GREECE—THE DEVASTATION NEAR ATLANTE.

and adding to its fright, until it reached the Presbyterian Church. The door of the edifice stood open, and the horse turned suddenly and entered. The remains of the vehicle became entangled in the seats, and the horse, after vainly struggling to force itself free, fell in a heap in the aisle and lay there panting and exhausted. The work of extricating it was a difficult one, the aisle being narrow and the horse being excited and particularly active with its hoofs. It injured itself badly, but was finally removed. It chose a bad place for refuge, but in its terror-stricken condition would probably have entered any door that stood open. A man in like condition might have been helped there. Many a one has found safety and peace in God's house when all other refuges failed. (Ps. 73: 17.)

In Collision with an Iceberg.

A narrow escape from shipwreck was experienced by the "Ethiopia" of the Anchor line, on its recent voyage from New York

to Glasgow. The steamer was proceeding cautiously in a dense fog, when suddenly an enormous iceberg loomed up out of the haze right ahead. It was too close to be avoided and the "Ethiopia" struck it with a force that stove in her bows. As the passengers saw the forward part of the steamer settling a panic spread among them. Women clasped their children in their arms and wept and the men ran hither and thither asking questions and seeking life-preservers. The Captain ordered the boats lowered and preparations were made for leaving the ship. But an examination below deck showed that, thanks to the prompt closing of the water-tight bulkheads, very little water had entered the hold and measures were at once taken to save the ship. Bags of flour were taken from the cargo and securely fastened in the breaches in the bow and the crew were set to work shifting the cargo aft so as to raise the bows above the water line. In a short time the Captain was able to assure the passengers that the danger was past and the steamer proceeded on her voyage. Happily the weather was calm during the remainder of the trip and the "Ethiopia" reached Glasgow in safety. The dock people who saw her steam in with her bows high in air marvelled that she had been kept afloat. So will it be when after the voyage of life, some storm-tossed human bark enters the heavenly haven. Battered by trials and temptations and the assaults of the enemy and often in danger of sinking, yet preserved by the strength of the Great Captain of Salvation it reaches home at last. (Ps. 107: 30.)

The Murdered President.

All the world was shocked on June 25 when the news was published that the President of the French Republic had been

statesmanlike. It is believed that his murderer was the agent of some anarchistic society, and had no personal ill feeling toward him. The anarchists have been unusually active of late, and appear to have as much antipathy to the President of a Republic as to the Czar of Russia. What they expect



PRESIDENT CARNOT, ASSASSINATED JUNE 24.

to gain by such a foul crime as this does not appear, but it is likely to lead to still more severe measures being taken against them. No cause was ever advanced by crime, and the cause of anarchy will be no exception. France has been the seat and centre of anarchy, and has done more than any other nation to foster it. That the head of her government should have fallen a victim to it is a remarkable fulfilment of the warning of the inspired Preacher. Eccles. 10: 8, 9.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Bible Society has received news of valuable work being done by Mr. F. Penzoni and his helpers in Costa Rica.

A memorial window in honor of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, has been dedicated in the parish church at Midford, near Hertford, England. In that church he was baptized. Mr. Bayard, the ambassador of the United States to England, was present at the dedication and made an address.

The First Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., having to choose a successor to Dr. Burnham, decided to commit the duty of choosing to a committee. The church considered that the custom of hearing candidates was derogatory to the dignity of pastors and did not always secure the object desired.

In Uganda Bishop Tucker says that where a few years ago the people were sunk in the lowest heathenism he has seen 5,000 at one time worshipping the true God in a noble building erected by their own hands. He says, too, that he never saw more order or reverence in an English Cathedral than at these Sunday services.

According to the Baptist Year Book for 1894, the number of persons baptized in 1893 was 175,077. The increase by baptism, by letter, by experience and by restoration amounted to 303,704, and the decrease by letter, exclusion 47,650, erasure and death amounted to 182,454, leaving a net gain of 121,250 for the Northern, Southern and colored Baptists.

Miss Lilly M. Duryee, daughter of Professor Duryee of Rutgers' College, has personally responded to the call for missionaries from the Missionary Society of Japan. She will go out under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Church but at her own expense. Dr. Isaac M. Dodd and Mrs. Dodd go out by the same steamer to labor as medical missionaries.

Taylor University, Indiana, has this year conferred the following honorary degrees: Gov. William McKinley, of Ohio, LL.D.; G. H. Sandison, Ph.D., and B. J. Fernie, Ph.D., the two last named being associate editors of this journal. At commencements in former years, Taylor University conferred the degrees of LL.D. upon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the editor, and Ph.D. on Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Canadian Evangelists, Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, have been conducting a series of United Evangelistic meetings at Belleville, Ont. They continued six weeks, during which time over eight hundred persons entered the enquiry-room as seekers for salvation. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, attended the last of the meetings and spoke of the gratification it afforded him to see the various denominations uniting in Christian work.

The Annual Convention of Christian Workers will be held in Toronto, Oct. 25 and will continue for eight days. The meetings will be held in the Massey Music Hall, which will accommodate audiences of 3,600 persons. These conventions, which have been greatly blessed in former years, have become events of national importance and we give this early notice so that our readers may arrange to attend. The programme for this year is more than usually attractive. Among the speakers will be Mr. Jacob Riis, the distinguished philanthropist of New York; Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, and Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Bible Institute. At the close of the Convention, Messrs. Moody and Sankey will commence a series of Evangelistic meetings. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

assassinated on the previous day. M. Carnot was visiting Lyons to see the Exposition of Arts, Sciences and Industries in that city, and had been entertained at a banquet in the building. He entered his carriage about nine in the evening and bowed to the crowd of people who were cheering him. He had scarcely taken his seat when a young man with a newspaper in his hand made his way to the carriage and springing on the step drew a dagger from the folds of the newspaper and stabbed the President. He was at once seized by the crowd and narrowly escaped being lynched by the indignant people. The wounded President was taken to the Prefecture, where the physicians did all that was possible to save his life. Their efforts, however, were futile. M. Carnot lingered three hours in great agony and died soon after midnight. He had been President six and a half years, and was nearing the end of his term. His administration had been remarkably successful, and his conduct in office dignified and



"The City of the Great King."

Our Traveler looks out upon Jerusalem
—David's Tower and Mount Moriah—
A Picturesque Population.



OR a close, comprehensive view of the present city of Jerusalem and the encompassing hills, there is no better standing-point than that to which we have ascended with-

in fifteen minutes after our arrival. The hour is close upon sunset, and this "loggia" upon the roof of the Grand New Hotel is an incomparable observatory from which to enjoy the rising and going down of the sun.

M. Antoine Gelat, the prince of hotel-managers, in kindly regard for the comfort of his guests, and a sort of intuition that anticipates desires and suits circumstances to their tastes, is our conductor. He says just enough to accustom us to our environment, then stands aside, ready to answer further questions, but volunteering no comment.

We lean upon the railing, our souls in our eyes, and gaze toward the Mount of Olives. What pilgrim does not first turn in that direction? The west is crimson behind it; the white road leading around it to Bethany is partly in the shadow creeping up the city-ward slope to the tall tower upon the top, said to mark the spot of the Ascension.

"Which cannot be," our host suggests, "since we read that 'He led them out as far as Bethany.'"

The intervening roofs and the outer wall of the city conceal Gethsemane from us. The evening light folds warmly about the dome of the Mosque of Omar, standing all these centuries as a type of the abomination of desolation, above the most Holy Place.

"Mount Moriah!" has been said in our ears "and over there, Calvary, and where we stand, Mount Zion. Across the street is what is known as David's Tower. The foundation-stones belong to the original structure. You can see where the more modern masonry begins."

Creeping plants grow rankly in the crevices between the massive stones; upon the flag-pole on the top, the crescent-and-star flap feebly in the sunset breeze; the shrill sweetness of bugle-notes winds upwards above the noises of the street. A Turkish garrison occupies the ancient fortress, for long the citadel of the "city which David built."

"It is a little city now," we murmur, voicing the disappointment inevitable to those whose imaginations have drunk in since infancy, stories of Jerusalem the Golden.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King."

The words roll like a majestic chant through the memory. The mountains are around about her still, but where are the towers we are bidden to count? Are her bulwarks worth marking? and her palaces—where are they?

"It was smaller still when David had reigned here thirty years," says one, "for Moriah was the Jebusite's threshing-floor."

Reluctant to admit what is making our hearts sink, we ask for the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and it is shown to us, almost beneath our feet. The Jaffa gate is close to the hotel; the street conducting from it is the narrow artery of city-life. Against a wall where passers-by must stumble over their feet, sit three men in attitudes of intense fatigue, or dejection.

every variety of shabbiness possible to the striped robe of cheap camel's hair, that is graceful or ungainly according to the wearer's station and bearing; Syrian women in white izzars and colored mendeels, jostle Jewish women with shawls over their heads, and uncovered faces; donkey-boys, fruit-selling boys, camel-boys trudging beside, the ugly beasts lunging right through the heart of the crowd, their great spongy hoofs spattering the mud right and left from the sunken middle of the paved way; beggar-boys—even—and here we laugh,—newsboys, crying what look like evening papers,—are everywhere conspicuous. Some of the urchins sport the loyal tarboosh, most of them are bare-headed, and so far as we can judge at this height, not one has so much as a personal acquaintance with a comb, or ever heard of a brush. It rained this morning, and from the mire and dirt the many feet stir up evil odors.

"The joy of the whole earth!" Ah! The lower rim of the sun kisses the hilly horizon, and through the mingling and nameless clamor of the lower world, a wild, alien cry reaches our outlook, and turns us toward a square minaret, high unto the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Once heard, it is forever recognizable—that tremulous wail of the Muezzin, sent out five times daily to the faithful, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

"Allah, hu akbar!
La illah illah Allah!
Siadnah Mohammed Rasoul Allah,
Hayah Allah Il Salah!
Hayah Allah Il Fahah!"

many a's, (as broad as circumflex accents can make them) are shaken and quavered and trilled over the red tarbooshed heads of the faithful, we seek in vain for tokens of the profound impression we have been told is invariably produced by the solemn summons.

Between the machicolations of the venerable tower opposite, are visible soldierly figures, lounging and smoking and evidently off-guard. So far from kneeling with their faces toward Mecca and going through the form of prayer, they continue to saunter, to chat and idly survey the street passengers, who for their part, are as deaf to the worse than vain repetitions agitating the air about them as if there were not a minaret within ten miles of Jerusalem.

The beggars pull themselves up and shuffle out of sight, the sunshine having left them in chill shadow; camel-drivers hold on their heedless way in the middle of the street; the driver of a muddy hack drawn up in a corner near the Jaffa gate, eyes with more sense of humor than one usually detects

M. ANTOINE GELAT.

among this saturnine people, a lively tussle between two donkey-boys in front of a huckster's booth: the lordly "kervasse" (orderly) of a foreign consul—gorgeous in gold lace, portentous as to sword, official baton and ultra-official frown—awaits his chief's return from the photograph and olive wood bazaar across the street. Nobody prays that we can discover, unless it be a white-bearded man upon a neighboring house-top, sitting motionless with his back toward us—but, as we now perceive, with his face turned away from Mecca.

We are unaffectedly sorry to take the pith out of an illustration so potent in stirring up Christian listeners to emulate the devotion prevalent in "lands benighted"—but the facts are precisely as I state them. Four minarets rear balconied heads heaven-

wards within range of attentive ears, and a good glass shows us as many muezzins popping out of inner chambers, like cuckoos when the clocks strike the hour, and uttering, still cuckoo-like, their "wobbling" cry.

"We expected to see every man fall upon his face and go through his prayers," we complain. "It must cost a great deal to build all these minarets—(there must be at least a dozen in this little city)—and to employ the muezzins, yet nobody pays any attention to them. Is it so everywhere?"

A Jerusalem Roman Catholic comes forward to reply:

"Even in the East, people are too busy in towns to pray so many times a day, unless they are very religious. Most Moslems here content themselves with morning and evening exercises. In the country it is different."

We face the ruddy glory of the west, and without the exchange of a word or glance, each knows that the other recalls "The Angelus," and the bowed peasants in the foreground, the prayerful stillness that may be felt of the fields at eventide.

Drawn darkly against the sky that pal-



THE TOWER OF DAVID IN JERUSALEM, AS IT NOW APPEARS.
(From a Photograph secured in the Holy Land for "The Christian Herald.")

"Professional beggars!" Mr. Gelat remarks. "Picturesque? Yes! picturesque is a branch of their business."

Nobody notices them, while we are looking on. This is the busiest thoroughfare in Jerusalem. We had not known that there were so many donkeys in the world as we see driven or ridden by here in one hour of the day. (In some parts of Europe, the ass is known as the "Jerusalem pony.") Some carry burdens bigger than themselves of faggots, bales of merchandise, crockery, green vegetables—whatever supplies shops and private houses. Some are bestridden by turbaned countrymen, sitting so far back upon the hind quarters that the bulging abiehs conceal the animals' tails; upon others are women muffled up to the forehead, with children upon their laps, and paupers dependent from both sides. Red tarbooshes make spots of color everywhere, some of the wearers are in native costume, many in European; peasants are here in

(God is great!
There is but one God:
Our Lord Mohammed is his apostle (or prophet).
Come to prayers!
Come to worship!")

Each phrase is said twice before passing to the next; at the conclusion of the call, the whole formula is repeated from first to last, faster than before, and to a different tune, if tune there be.

This is the famous call to prayer of which such capital is made by writers of travels and oriental tales. It is, as I have said, peculiar. To be frank, it is not musical, and except when heard from a distance on a still evening, not even pleasant. As to the devoutness with which it is enunciated and heard, candor compels the admission that the whole performance is perfunctory to the last degree, and that the effect upon the listener is very unlike what we have been led to expect from the use made of the "much speaking" of Moslems by Sunday School orators and returned missionaries. As the

pitates with fervid color, is a wind-mill solitary upon a distant hill: pale stone buildings, some large and all new, start into prominence in middle distance and foreground. The city without the gates is growing fast, and will soon exceed in dimensions, as in neatness and stability, the old town with its strait, steep alleys and irregular lines of houses.

There are no gas-works and no water-works. After night-fall, if one would venture abroad, he must have an attendant with a lantern. The water supply is drawn from cisterns of vast depth, some of which never go dry. In a drizzling rain the streets are foul with semi-liquid filth; when the showers fall heavily, much of this is swept down to lower levels. One does not care to calculate what proportion of noxious matter percolates through the soil to the mighty honey-comb of cisterns underlying the town.

Old Jerusalem is buried many feet below the surface of modern by the rubbish of seventeen overthrows of the City of the Great King. All her pleasant places, often restored, were laid waste beyond the hope of rehabilitation, when the plough-share of Titus rurtowed the hill of Moriah before the generation had passed away that heard the Galilean Teacher's lament over the "Jerusalem that killed the prophets." The Jerusalem who in three days' time would hound to a malefactor's death the Greatest of them all. To our left, between us and the long, straight brow of Scopus and rising above the city wall, low tomb-stones crown another hill. Our eyes never leave it for long, however they may stray as convent, hospice, asylum and church are named to us. The horizontal sun-rays strike and linger upon it, while we take one final look before going below, and the light brings out the tender hues of verdure that always clothe it, even in winter.

"The green hill far away,
Without a city wall"—

is what, after all, we have come out to see in this far land—a veritable wilderness to him whose happiness depends upon the luxuries of the nineteenth century civilization.

Voces—a heavy bass and a light treble—clash together between the walls shutting in the stairway by which we have climbed to the roof. A dumpty woman pants to the upper floor, followed by a thin man. We know the smooth, round face of one and the sharpened red beard of the other. They are not staring in the Grand, and have only come to get the view. Mr. Gelat advances unobtrusively; Dr. Sharpe introduces, first himself, and then his wife, and "hopes there is no intrusion."

The hospitable manager sets his mind at rest in some fitly chosen words.

"You are well known to me by reputation, Dr. Sharpe, and I shall be honored by any use you can make of my house or my poor services. The view is, as you see, extensive. You are, I presume, familiar with the several points of interest visible from here?"

Mrs. Sharpe utters a little cry. She has waited to the farthest end of the "loggia," and clasps her hand ecstatically:

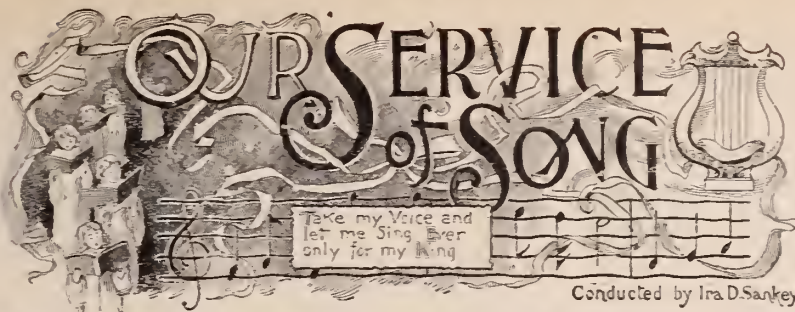
"I had no idea you were so neat that dear, dear Church of the Holy Sepulchre! How lovely!"

"A misnomer, which perpetuates the wildest fable of the hundreds the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us!" we hear her husband begin—and hasten down the steps.

MARION HARLAND.

THE WORK NOT THROWN AWAY.

Two friends were discussing one stormy night in London, whether or not it was worth while to hold the meeting to which they were going. The night was very dark and the rain fell in torrents. The meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a chapel in Covent Garden. One man passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the Indians in British Columbia. Was it worth thrown away? The passer-by who had stepped in lay on his couch all night, thinking of the heathenism of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. Thirty-five years afterward surrounded by "his children," as he loved to call them, he was the centre and head of the model mission station of the Northwest coast.



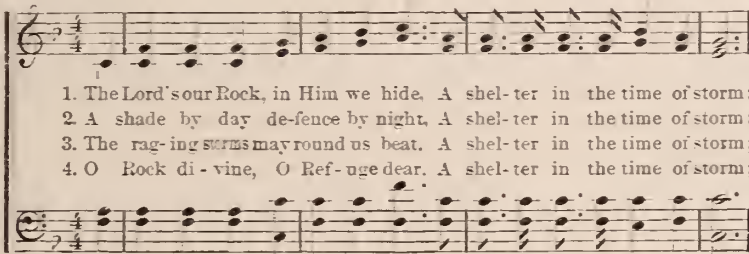
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

A Shelter in the Time of Storm

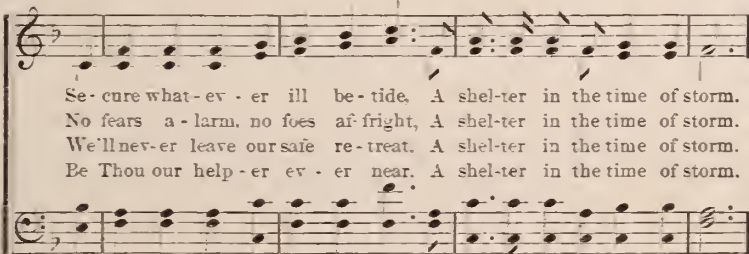
"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22

Words arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

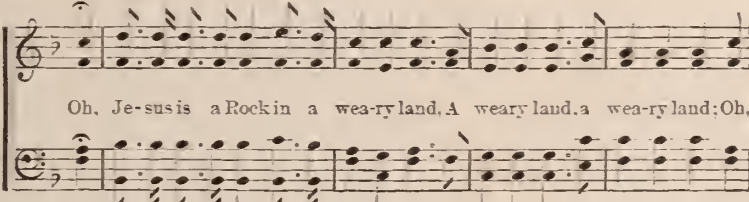


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

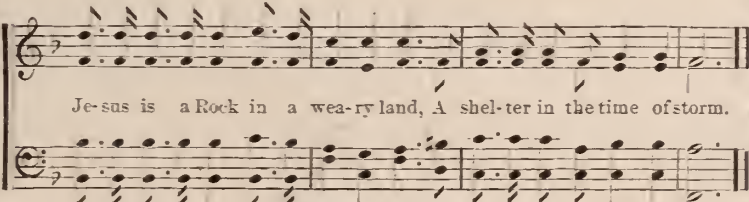


- Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.



- Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; Oh,



- Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.

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RECOMPENSE.

ALL have their recompense,
Labor its guerdon,
Strength with the carrier
Comes with the burden.
After rain sunshine,
So run's life's story,
Sorrow and strain
Are preludes to glory.
Clear eyes some gain
In a loss can discover,
All the world over.
That which is loveliest
Comes to the loving,
All that is strongest
The strong have for proving,
Gifts comes the surest
To those who love giving.
They have life's best
Who have made it worth living.
Love gives its gold of love
Aye to the lover
All the world over.
Sad heart, be hopeful,
Despairing no longer,

Wrong is the weaker,
The Right is the stronger;
Trust and go forward,
On God's help relying,
That which is best lives,
Though all else be dying.
God rules forever,
As good will discover,
All the world over.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

NO PAINS NO GAINS.

DEPEND where there is no pruning,
No branches cut away;
There will be no fruit to gather,
When comes the harvest day.
Depend where there is no climbing,
No struggling up the way;
There'll be no heavenly heights attained,
When comes the dying day.
Where there is no cross to bear,
No narrow thorny way;
There will be crown of glory,
When comes the final day.
Stayner, Ont.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

THE VISION OF THE SUPPER.

Events to Precede and Accompany the
Call to the Supper of the Lamb.

BY REV. CAPEL MOLYNEUX.

BRETHREN, "the day of the Lord cometh." Time runs on. "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." Yet a little while, and the bright rising of the sun will be seen on the horizon; every hour that passes brings it nearer; every soul that is added to the church aids the accomplishment of the number of the elect; every incident in providence is the gathering together of God's purposes, in order to the final conclusion. Nation rises up against nation; there are wars and rumors of wars—these are the beginning of the end. Yet a little while, and signs may be clearer, tokens may be brighter. Yet a little while, and it may be said—"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!"

The Lord pronounces in Rev. 19: 9, a blessing of no ordinary character. It is emphatically said—"Blessed are they." And no wonder; because we have here the consummation; here is the end of the matter; this is the winding-up, the conclusion of the whole; this is "the time of the restitution of all things." Our Lord is now in heaven. Heaven received him back again where he had once been in the eternal sonship—received him back in his glorified humanity, "until the time of the restitution of all things"—the time when the number of his elect shall be accomplished. He shall then come, and cause his bride, the church, to be with him, to enter into the same glory with himself. That is the time and the point referred to. It is the marriage—the marriage supper.

The marriage of the Lamb and the marriage supper of the Lamb have not yet taken place: the Lamb is wooing and winning. That is the work of the present dispensation; that is the history of the Gospel. It is not the marriage: it is only the winning of the bride, step by step, one by one, soul by soul; not the whole together—we wait for that. Hence you observe, in that beautiful parable of the marriage supper, the servants were commissioned to go forth and to say, "All things are ready: come to the marriage." And observe, it runs on. Some we know, did not come; and other servants are sent. At last, what happens? The king comes to the guest-chamber, to see the guests. This is before the marriage is celebrated. He finds a man unprepared. But you perceive that the marriage is not come. And notice another striking thing in proof of that. Observe the blessedness is positive—"Blessed are they which are called." The blessedness is identified with the very fact of being called. This is not the case now; for many are not blessed to whom that call comes. But here all are blessed who are called: "Blessed are they who are called." It is not, then, the call to faith, it is the call to sight; it is not the call to take on us the yoke of Christ, it is the call to wear the crown; it is not the call to be uplifted by a spiritual principle merely to sit by faith with Christ, it is the call to be uplifted in glorified bodies, that we may occupy as pillars the temple of the Lord, and go no more out forever; it is that remarkable call—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." There are two calls. "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden"—that is one call: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom" that is the other call. The first call goes forth—all are not blessed that hear it; the second call will go forth, and all shall be blessed to whom it is addressed, for here it is so said. "Blessed are they which are called." That, then, is the call: and it determines the time.

Then you have the shout of praise and thanksgiving: "Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God." There is an "Alleluia" in heavenly places and the shout of those who are about to be attendants at the marriage supper—a shout of joy. Then we have the announcement of the nuptials themselves: "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come." Then we have the beautiful and royal raiment put upon her: "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." All this precedes and is preliminary and preparatory to the great event. Then comes the text: "Blessed are they which are," now "called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."



THE GREAT QUEST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 15. Eccles. 1: 12-18; 2: 1-11; Matt. 7: 7-11.

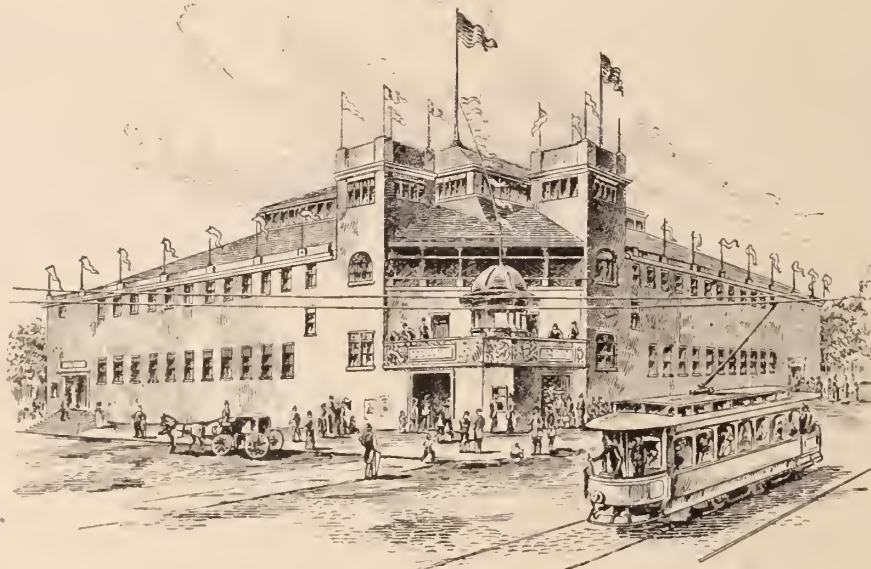
LIFE is a quest wherever there is intelligence. The more highly endowed a man is with mental, moral and spiritual gifts, the more he is conscious of a plane above him which by every power of his nature he will try to reach. The noble nature must climb. It is the penalty of true greatness that it refuses to be content. So it results that great men are seldom, if ever, happy men. The good they seek is never in their possession, but always somewhere beyond them. And they are the victims of recurrent disappointments. In attaining the object of their efforts, they discover that the good they sought is not in them. Success and achievement are thus indissolubly linked with pain and sorrow. The years of struggle have been wasted. "What seemed afar so grand, turns to ashes in the hand." The good attained is found to be fraudulent; it is empty and satiety proves it to be unsatisfying. The "Preacher," whose discourse furnishes two bases for the Topic, had an experience which is duplicated in greater or less degree, according to the means available, by intelligent men in every generation. He is very sad: for with every opportunity for securing the best thing possible to man, he fails, and with every new achievement he says sorrowfully, "This also is vanity." It is a common experience. Lacordaire says in effect that the man who declares himself an optimist writes himself down a man of small penetration: for in acknowledging himself satisfied, he shows that he is incapable of probing things to the bottom. Nevertheless, life would be, from beginning to end, as a great author has said, "like a crazy dream without plan or sequence," if there were no real good attainable. The Preacher sought his good in wisdom, in pleasure, in business, in beneficence and men are still seeking them in the same ways undeterred by the failure of those who have gone before them. But there is a real good and to that Jesus points and indicates the way of attaining it. Surely he who came from God could render humanity no better service. And there was sound philosophy in his declaration and injunction. Man has been perpetually "stretching out lame hands to grope and has been gathering dust and chaff." Why will he not call upon God? From him who made the universe and controls all human life light may be expected. If we can conceive of God's grieving, he must grieve at seeing his creatures persistently blundering and perpetually deploring the results of their blunders. "Ask," Jesus said, "and it shall be given you. . . . Your Father who is in heaven will give good things to them that ask him." So then we learn from the Divine Teacher, as the Preacher at the end of his quest only dimly indicated, that the real good in life is in the hands of God. It is a gift and the way to attain it is by a teachable disposition, by seeking to put ourselves in God's school, to be in harmony with his plans, to be his children, having faith in him, trying to ascertain his will and to do his work in the world. It is humiliating to human pride but it is the only way to the chief good of life.



JUBILEE DAY IN LONDON.

A letter from our friend, Mr. Secretary Cree, gives an enthusiastic report of the reception accorded to the American visitors in London, at the Jubilee of Young Men's Christian Associations. Speaking of Jubilee day, he says: But what can be said in a letter of the great jubilee day, the 6th of June? In the morning, at Exeter Hall, Hon. John Wanamaker presided and made an admirable address. He was followed by Rev. Henry Gibson, formerly of Chicago, now at London, by Rev. Canon McCormick, D.D., and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

The latter address was one of the happiest of Dr. Cuyler's well-known efforts, and the audience was tumultuous in its applause. Brief addresses were also made by Morris K. Jesup and James Stokes. In the afternoon address, gift and telegram poured in from the four quarters of the globe, and from societies of all kinds. The American associations presented an illuminated address, handsomely bound, and signed in autograph by members and secretaries of the American International and State Committees. In the evening a reception was held in Royal Albert Hall. Its seating capacity of ten thousand was fully tested, yet there was no confusion. Sir George Williams presided. There was music by a choir of five hundred voices, by the Upsala student choir of sixty voices, and by Madame Antoinette Stirling. There was a gymnastic exhibition, and stereopticon views of Association buildings and leaders from all parts of the world. A bust of Sir George Williams, presented by the French associations, was unveiled by Lord Kinnaird. Addresses were delivered by Sir George, by Rev. Canon Fleming, Prince Oscar Bernadotte of Sweden, Hon. John Wanamaker of Phila-



THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION HALL, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

delphia, and Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. The addresses were all excellent.



THE COMING C. E. CONVENTION.

The great International Christian Endeavor Convention, which assembles next Wednesday (July 11) in Cleveland, Ohio, has been a matter of long deliberation, earnest prayer and hard work for several months past. On the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week are the portraits of the committee who have had charge of the arrangements, and on this page a picture of the Convention Hall where the chief meetings will be held. In a letter to this journal, Mr. Secretary Baer says: "The Christian Endeavor Societies of Cleveland are ready to entertain 40,000 young people if they should come to the International Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Cleveland, July 11 to 15. It is confidently expected that at least half that number will be present at the convention. The opening meetings, Wednesday night, will be held in sixteen churches of Cleveland. After the opening meetings, the sessions, beginning on Thursday morning, will be held in the immense Sangertest Building, which seats 10,000, and in a large tent which also seats 10,000. The programme is now complete, and is even more extensive and attractive than heretofore. Gov. McKinley makes one of the addresses of welcome. Among the speakers that will

be heard will be Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago; Bishop Thoburn, of India; Dr. J. H. Barrows, of Chicago; Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis; Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia; Rev. Pleasant Hunter, Jr., of Minneapolis; Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, of Baltimore; Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Dr. M. Rhodes, of St. Louis; Mr. Anthony Comstock, of New York; Bishop Samuel Fallows, D.D., of Chicago; Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, of New York; Dr. W. H. McMillan, of Allegheny City; Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson, of Boston; Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York; Rev. H. B. Grace, of Chicago; Dr. J. T. Beckley, of Philadelphia; Dr. Smith Baker, of East Boston, and Dr. E. B. Chappell, of St. Louis. The Indian societies will be represented by Jonas Spotted Bear, of the Sante Agency."



A. Y. M. C. A. KNIGHTHOOD.

The distinguished honor of being made a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France, has been conferred on Mr. James Stokes of New York, whose portrait appears on this page. It was given as "a recognition of distinguished services in philanthropic and religious work," chiefly in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association of Paris.

Mr. James Stokes has devoted a large portion of his great estate to philanthropic and religious work, and it was his deep and active interest in the Young Men's Christian Association that led to the conferring upon him of the present high honor by the French government. For twenty-five years, ending a year ago, Mr. Stokes was a member of the American Industrial Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and for many years he was its representa-

entrance states that Mr. Stokes took the initiative in the movement in favor of the building and its success is largely due to him. Mr. Stokes, in accepting the order of the Legion of Honor, said that it was not



MR. JAMES STOKES,
(The new Knight of the Legion of Honor.)

only an honor to himself, but a high compliment to the work of the Y. M. C. A.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

On Decoration Day the C. E. Society at Salisbury, Vt., gave a reception to old soldiers and their friends, furnishing refreshments and a patriotic programme.



The B. Y. P. U. of Northern and Central California, have raised this year \$372.48 for Foreign Missions.



There is an Epworth League to every charge in the San Francisco District, and sixteen Junior Leagues in the district.



The Epworth League of Grace Church, Washington, has a membership of sixty-eight, of which nearly all are active. The members are helping to pay off the church debt by pledging one per cent of their income.



The Cumberland Presbyterian Endeavorers of Texas are to build a mission church, the Southern Presbyterians will support one of their missionaries in China, and the "Christians" will support one of their State evangelists.



After the evening sessions of the California C. E. Convention, prayer meetings of remarkable interest were held at the hotels where the delegates were staying. A pleasant service, too, was the open air meeting on Sunday afternoon.



Delegates to the Baptist Young People's Union at Toronto should provide themselves with credentials signed by an officer of the local Union or by the pastor of the church, otherwise, though welcome at the meetings, they will be unable to vote.



A Young Women's Christian Association at Belfast, Ireland, is enabled to make the following statement in its annual report: "Four members are now in the foreign field, representing us in China, India and Africa; four engaged in home mission work; five in training; and two in treaty for service."



Epworth Leagues are increasing in number in Italy, drawing and interesting the young people. The "Evangelista" has a note from the secretary of the Junior League in Milan, saying that they had just held a "testa" on the occasion of opening their new hall. From the sale of articles made by members of the League and church they realized a considerable sum for evangelistic work.



At the recent Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Manitoba district, Secretary T. Gordon Russell reported the formation of thirty-eight new societies and a total number of societies of one hundred and twenty-eight. He classified the work being done by these various societies under the heads of personal work in soul-saving, Bible study and especially work among the Northwest Indians.



Our Children's Sunday School.

A Delightful Feature of the Week at
Mont Lawn—Bright Little Folks Ready
With Apt Answers.

TO many children, Sunday is by no means the most enjoyable of days, but the experience of the little folks at our Children's Home, at Nyack, has thus far proved the Lord's Day to be the crown of the week and the most delightful day of the seven. To most of them, the Sabbath has opened a new field of enjoyment, such as they had not dreamed of. On that day, the neat little chapel is transformed into a Sunday School, where our children gather in the afternoon and join their sweet voices in the hymn-singing, the music being led by a small but powerful organ. They also take a hearty part in the simple Bible exercises which Dr. Klopsch has arranged specially for their benefit. Only a few visitors were present last Sunday. The answers showed the children to be wonderfully bright. Their attention was directed by Dr. Klopsch to the Proverb that "even a child is known by his doings," and he illustrated the different ways in which this knowledge is gathered, in language easily understood by his young auditors. Thus, the character of one man was known by the name the world had given him, of another by his works, of still another by hearing the description of the individual or of something he had said or done.

"Who was the father of his country?" he asked, and the response came quickly from a dozen children: "Washington." "Who led the Jews out of Egypt?" "Moses," was the equally prompt answer. "Who betrayed his country?" was the next inquiry and the reply that shot out, straight as a bullet, from several pairs of lips—"Benedict Arnold!"—showed that the little public school education the children had received had not been neglectful of history.

There were, in all, 101 of our children present at the Sunday School gathering in the Chapel. When the exercises were ended, they were taken to the lawn in front of the Home and there gathered round the flag, they sang, with a fine display of childish enthusiasm: "My Country 'tis of Thee."

Saturday is a great day with the little folks, as it has come to be known as "Bathing day." Not in the river—although the boys would like it ever so much—but in a commodious bath, made expressly for the Home, are these ablutions performed, two children bathing at a time, and relays of twenty being prepared together for this agreeable duty. After their bath, our youngsters are as spry as kittens and cut up all sorts of antics indoors and out. The boys, to keep them out of mischief, have been organized into two baseball nines and with the finest of bats, and balls that are safe to handle, they play against each other and mark up their score like regular veterans. The girls like to go driving or playing about

on the lawn, or flower-picking on the hillside. Some are being trained to do certain light home duties, sweeping floors, dusting rooms or helping set the table, etc., and these happy ones are full of bustle and self-importance. There is nothing a girl loves more than to be entrusted with some responsibility by the Superintendent and the little women go about their dainty tasks like ancient housewives, with proud, satisfied faces, that tell of their pleasure at being permitted to "help out."

Amusing incidents are continually occurring. "Please'm," said one of a group of wee maids, addressing Miss Faulhaber, the Superintendent, "can't we take our beds home wiv' us when we goes back?" They had fallen in love with the little white-painted iron bedsteads, and their snowy coverings. Besides, life to them was all play as yet, and why shouldn't they ask whatever they wished of this "fairy god-mother," who gave them milk and fruit and apple-pie and other good things. "And it's bully," said one little roguish chap of nine years as he held out his mug for another dipper-full. "This ain't none o' yer

duce an impression in the lives of these dear little tender lambs, which may help them hereafter? No kindness, however small, is done in vain, and the seeds dropped in those young hearts at Mont Lawn may yet bear some beautiful blossoms in the days that are to come.

How Our Fruits are Named.

The names of many of our fruits at once suggest their foreign origin. Corinth was the sponsor for "currants," and Damascus of "damsons;" we have borrowed the word "gooseberry" from the French "groseille," "apricot" is derived from Arabic, "peach" from the French or Italian, and "tomato" from the Mexican Aztec. "tomotel;" while the word "cauliflower" is almost comically close in its derivation from the Spanish "col-y-flor," cabbage and flower.

The Folly of Overwork.

Some of us do too much sewing, writes Margaret Sangster. Why spend so much time, for instance, in refashioning clothes that are in order and nice, simply because they are not precisely in the latest mode? A tired little woman showed me the other day a gown which it had taken her a steady week, with two late night sittings and a fierce attack of headache, to change. Sew we must and sew we will, my sisters; but don't let us expend too much time and effort on the endeavor to be always up to date in our dress. Why not be independent enough to adopt our own styles, to a certain extent?

We might be less tired if we learned not to feel in haste. People talk of being wearied by worry. Hurry wears upon one quite as much as her twin-fiend, worry, and both are task-mistresses carrying whips. To

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

HOW peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie.
Each gentle breath so light!
Escaping like a sigh!
How tranquil seems the room, how fair
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are there unseen,
That smooth each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean
Over each pillowed head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are the yearning eyes,
And whose the trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's in whose face
Love shows its sweetest dwelling place?

Her hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven sends down its light,
Which lingers in the room
Where mother says, "Good night."
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!

LEADING THE CHILDREN.

THE sight of any of the marks of childish piety, should make those round about the little one more than usually careful in their conduct and conversation, writes Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, lest they should come within the sweep of the Master's words: "Who-so shall cause one of these little ones to stumble, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." We must beware of doing or saying anything that would make light of their experience. We must not bid them "Go lie down

again." We must not say to them that they are as yet too young to think or speak of such sacred things, and that they had better take no more heed to them until they are older. Above all, we must not ridicule their sentiments, or laugh at their modes of expressing themselves. We must not hold them back in any of these ways from the Saviour, but rather gladly suffer them to go unto him, that they may learn of him. Nor is this mere negative treatment enough. We ought in every possible way to encourage them to open their hearts and minds to the teachings of the Lord Jesus in his Word. We



OUR CHILDREN'S HOME AT NYACK—DR. KLOPSCH ADDRESSING THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE CHAPEL.

New York milk, this ain't." He knew too well what New York milk was, to be deceived about it.

A novel pleasure, which fairly made our young folks shriek with delight when they first heard it, is the phonograph which Dr. Klopsch sent up to the Home, together with a selection of musical cylinders, including band pieces, marches, banjo pieces and swelling choruses. There is nothing to which they look forward with keener or more joyous anticipation than the evening half hour with the "funnygram," which the boys, with emphatic appreciation, have already declared to be "better'n a hull lot of dem Eytalian norgans."

Health, happiness and comfort, with plenty of innocent amusement, make the days pass swiftly at Mont Lawn. The first relays of children to be returned to their homes in the city, after their ten days had expired, left with real regret, and the little eyes in a number of cases were suffused with tears, as they bade farewell to the kindly superintendent and her missionary aids.

Who shall say that the memory of those ten short, sweet, sunny days may not pro-

worry and to hurry are to grow old in youth, to lose the sense of the elastic nerve and the buoyant spirit. If we can shut the door on these demons, we shall be less tired by far than if we gave them entrance. Fretting over the inevitable distresses and annoyances of our situation has much to do with tiring us. Fretting seldom does any good. It frequently does harm. Foreboding is as idle and as surely fraught with evil.

A Simple Barometer.

About the simplest barometer that one can have—and, it is said, one of the most efficient—is made of two bottles and some water. One of them should be an ordinary wide mouth pickle jar, filled with water to near the top. The other should a long, slim flask, which will go into the neck of the jar. This should be inverted and plunged under the neck of the jar, so that it will not reach the bottom. This arrangement gives a complete barometer. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask higher than the mouth of the pickle-bottle. In wet or windy weather it will fall to within an inch of the mouth of the flask.

should endeavor to bring them to say to him. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." For all this the responsibility primarily rests on the parents.

It is sad to think that often the father and mother are those who know least about their children, and the reason of that is because they are very seldom with them. They see little or nothing of them. They rarely speak to them except in the most casual way about anything, much less about Christ and his salvation, and they excuse themselves by pleading the claims of business and the demands of society. But what is a parent's business if not to look after the training of his children? If Christian parents would only realize that more, they would be more frequently gladdened by the sight of the piety of their children. But either they keep themselves so engaged that they see nothing of their children, or they send the children away from home altogether; and so they become virtual strangers to each other, and drift away apart through life in opposite directions. When you see that God has called them, you ought to go with them into the closet, and say with them and for them. "Speak, Lord, for thy servants hear."



CHAPTER I. IN THE ORIENT.

QUIET evening in Palestine; twilight, with only a few stars shining in the sky and streaks of color, still golden and glowing, lingering in the west. Darkness would soon settle over the land, and already the shadows were beginning to creep across Nazareth, and to pass into a deeper shade. At one end of an olive grove stood a large building of the Egyptian style of architecture. It was the season of blossoms, and all around the grove were gardens of purple lilies and bushes laden with roses of various hues; and upon them, in the breeze, white olive flowers were dropping like a shower of soft, warm rain.

Near the edge of one of these gardens stood a young man engaged in conversation with a strikingly handsome maiden—evidently a Jewess. The two seemed to be on the most friendly terms. They had walked amid the gardens, and now that darkness was coming down, it was time to turn their faces westward.

"Come," said Thaeon, taking his companion's hand, "we must be going now, Zerola."

"Yes," laughed the young girl in reply, "for these flowers are scattering their petals in my hair, and I doubt not making me look quite venerable."

"And, of course, the locks of every maid of Nazareth should be the color of—"

"A white swan?" she suggested, smiling.

"No," said Thaeon, shaking his head good-humoredly.

"A golden—pheasant?" she persisted.

"That would be too like your sisters of the north," he rejoined gravely.

"Then a flock of ravens," continued Zerola, shaking the blossoms from her hair as she spoke.

"Yes, dark as their plumes. But listen, listen," and he stood still a moment.

"What was it, Thaeon?" asked the girl.

"I fancied I heard some one walking over there by the grove."

"It must have just been the rustling of the trees," said Zerola. "Let us go on."

"Probably so," replied Thaeon.

Still he lingered and looked back to where, had the shadows been less deep, he might have seen a swarthy face concealed behind some of the olive trees, near the building already mentioned, intently watching them.

The two walked rapidly for a few minutes. It was growing steadily dark; night comes quickly in Eastern lands. They were now nearly beyond the grove.

"I may be hurrying you too fast," said Thaeon gently. "Shall we rest a little?" And they walked more slowly. "Zerola," he continued, "they tell me that you are going away after next Sabbath. Is it so?"

"Yes, I go on a visit to friends in Jerusalem."

Thaeon's eyes sought the ground, and he walked awhile in silence, and then he turned to the girl, and in a voice that showed some emotion, said:

"Zerola, I cannot keep back my thoughts any more, now that you are going. I have been waiting a long time, and many times have had the words on my lips, but have been afraid to utter them, and am so still; yet I cannot keep it back, for I love you, Zerola. Can I hope?"

A moment of silence, and then came the low answer, in a monosyllable, from the girl's lips, "No."

Thaeon's face expressed the deep sorrow of his heart; yet, had he seen the light in Zerola's eyes, he might not have been quite so downcast. There was a smile about her lips, too, that might have cheered him. But he saw it not.

"Then we must part," he said at length, with a deep sigh. "We have been good friends, Zerola, from earliest youth, and since that time—every month and every year—I have learned to love you more. I

was a boy then; and now with all my heart and manhood's strength I love you. But, pardon me—I shall speak of it no more."

They were still walking on slowly. For a time neither spoke. At last Thaeon extending his hand, and with a voice whose trembling was but ill-suppressed said, "This is the last time we shall meet. Farewell then, Zerola, farewell."

"No, Thaeon, you shall not leave me," was the soft response, as she still held his hand timidly.

"But why should I stay?" he asked in a voice of surprise. "You have said you cared nothing for me."

"How do you know?" she inquired, shyly. "I said you may not hope; but you may do more—you may know—for, Thaeon, where there is certainty there is no need of hope."

The young man halted, and facing the girl, seemed for a moment to be deprived of the power of speech.

"Do you then care aught for me, Zerola?" he asked tremblingly, not quite sure that he had understood aright. He heard the sweet voice answering softly, "Yes."

Never before had the road homeward seemed so short as it did to these two that evening, when they walked together under the shining stars, with open hearts and beaming eyes. As they neared the dwelling of Zerola's mother, two figures crossed their path; one that of a tall, stalwart man, and the other a dwarf, little larger than a mere lad.

"Karmes and Sati," muttered Thaeon, "the Egyptian and the Imp. It is strange that we should meet these two."

The elder went on. The younger waited. As Thaeon and Zerola approached, he said, performing an obsequious salaam:

"My master, Karmes, the noble Egyptian, whose vast riches are hidden in the treasure pyramids along the banks of his native Nile, bids me ask the gracious Zerola to speak with him. He awaits her pleasure."

A dash of indignation gleamed in the girl's eyes. But she answered simply and calmly:

"Zerola will not come."

As the boy turned and walked quickly away Karmes met him.

"What message?" he queried, "what message?"

In a moment he knew the reply. The next the dwarf was running along the path again.

"Zerola!" he called.

No answer.

"Zerola!"

The two heard him and they walked more slowly. Coming up, the dwarf stepped beside the girl and muttered: "My master says let her remember this hour. He swears that thou wilt yet be his unspiced slave; and when he is tired of thy beauty, so corrupt shall be thy blackened soul that compared with it my Ethiopian skin shall be white as Indian pearls, and thou shalt be glad to crouch in some dark hiding-place amongst the outcast and the vile, and die accursed. 'Ay!' says my master: 'Let her remember this hour years to come!'"

Thaeon would have stopped this impetuous torrent, but the girl put up her hand and checked the impulse. They walked onward, the Imp following. At length, Zerola said:

"Sati, go tell your master Zerola neither likes nor fears him. Go!"

The dwarf sped back and soon was ascending the steps of the old house in the palm-grove, where Karmes awaited him. A few questions were asked, and he knew all.

What would he do next? It was no secret in the village that Karmes was a man of cunning and intricate ways; no principle of ethics or religion ever restrained his desire or his danger.

"Let her remember this hour years to come!" "What could he mean?" Thaeon asked himself. Only the future would reveal the mystery of these ominous words. As they crossed the threshold of Zerola's

home in Nazareth, that night, both Thaeon and the girl felt that a shadow had come over their lives—the shadow of the Egyptian.

CHAPTER II.

SETTING THE NETS.

Four days went by, days of happiness. Again it was evening. At the house of Zerola's father, all was music and light and joy, for it was the night of the betrothal feast.

In the East, especially in ancient times, betrothal was a ceremony of nearly as much gladness and solemnity and almost as sacredly binding in its obligations and vows as marriage. Among the Hebrews, this relation was usually determined by the parents or brothers, without consulting the parties until they came to be betrothed, and often while the youth and maiden were mere children. The formal betrothal was usually performed a year before marriage, either in writing, or by a piece of silver given to the espoused in the presence of witnesses, as a pledge of their mutual engagements. It sometimes happened that a regular contract was made in which the bridegroom was bound to provide a certain sum of money as his bride's portion. From the time of espousal, the woman was considered as the lawful wife of him to whom she was betrothed.

At the same hour in which the betrothal rejoicings were taking place in Zerola's home, a very different scene was in progress at the mansion of the Egyptian. Karmes had learned of the proposed departure of Zerola for Jerusalem, and had matured a scheme which he felt certain would result in the girl being delivered into his hands. He was now engaged in writing instructions for the guidance of his chief steward during his absence. Looking up a moment, he said to his attendant:

"Sati, go to the stables and see how soon the caravan will be ready to start."

Then he hurriedly resumed his writing on the wax tablet. He had determined to send a swift messenger on before, thinking that certain matters would thereby be expedited. Looking up again, he enquired where the man was. Just then the messenger entered, equipped for the journey.

"You start to-night!" asked Karmes.

"In an hour," was the respectful answer.

"This letter," and he handed the messenger a small scroll, "take at once to Saul of Tarsus. He lives not far from the palace of Joseph Calaphas, the High Priest, which is near the Temple."

"I will obey your wishes."

"This to Corbulo, general of the legions. You will easily ascertain his place of residence; he is visiting at the house of Pilate."

"I will."

"And this to my sister in Rome. Give it, with that," and he tossed the man a small bag of shekels, "to the captain of the first Egyptian ship bound for the Imperial City."

The listener bowed submissively.

"And now, off with all speed!"

The messenger disappeared, and almost at the same moment Sati entered the chamber.

"The camel driver bids me tell our master that they are ready to start at his command."

"That is well."

"What is Karmes' pleasure?" asks the dwarf.

The Egyptian thought a moment, then responded: "We start for Jerusalem in the morning at sunrise."

About two days after this, the camels and their riders arrived at their destination in the Holy City, and immediately Karmes began setting the nets, as the Fowler sets his snare for the unsuspecting bird.

To a house close to the palace of Herod the Great he first took his way.

"Good-morrow, Karmes," was the salutation of the master of the mansion.

"The noble Arni is well, I hope."

"Excellent well, I thank you."

"I am indeed glad," was the Egyptian's urbane reply.

"You have just arrived?"

"Our caravan came into the city last night."

"No doubt after wandering through an exceedingly pleasant wilderness."

The room in which they sat was adorned most luxuriously with all that the East could furnish to please the eye and charm the imagination.

"Well, Arni, how hums our Jewish hive to-day?"

"Most noisily. I have not heard such buzzing since that day you caught the Imp tending his bees on the mountains of Ethiopia."

"They are fond of honey."

"And of blood."

"But leave their stings in the wound."

"Therefore by each encounter they are the more unarmed."

"And the more prepared for us crocodiles of the Nile to eat them up."

"Ha, ha, Karmes, well said! And we will snap our huge and hungry jaws at the very smell of such a banquet. Wherever the carcass is, there will the crocodiles be gathered!"

"But we must be indeed watchful."

"Your reason?"

"Lest the Roman eagles may swoop down before us."

"An eagle's wing may be quicker than a crocodile's claw, but a crocodile's belly is larger than an eagle's body."

"Ha, ha! at your old game," laughed Arni.

The door of the chamber opened, and a servant entered bearing a letter addressed to Karmes. The Egyptian took it, broke open the seal hastily, and read:

"Saul to Karmes: Most noble friend, greeting. The Sanhedrim meets to-day at the ninth hour in the sacred court southeast of the Temple. Fail not to be within call. Farewell. Saul."

Crumpling up this letter in his hand, the Egyptian explained to his fellow-countryman with greater detail his desire and plans to obtain possession of Zerola. The two men had been companions in many a plot, and usually galloped their horses—or donkeys—to success. Now they glanced at each other, and smiled very knowingly. An acorn looks little, but it may contain a whole forest. Such a smile meant much.

"I suppose," continued Arni, "this Zerola must be fair to look upon?"

"Most pleasant, indeed," responded Karmes.

"Rivaling even the little black-eyed nymphs of Egypt?"

"Surpassing them."

"Oh, Karmes!"

"Too true, Arni."

"What a flame the Jewess has lighted in thy heart."

"Also true, Arni. Whether in the temples of the Nile, in the bazaars of the Euphrates, or in the palaces of the Tiber, I have never beheld a girl, woman or goddess of such wondrous beauty as this daughter of Nazareth."

"Ho! Karmes," laughed Arni, "I fear this flame of thine will out-fire the conflagration of Troy."

"Or of Alexandria when Anthony was there," suggested Karmes. "But enough of jest, Arni. Let us to another subject."

"First, however, let me say: beware, lest you pay too many pearls for your torch."

"What do you mean?"

"This Saul would exalt the priest at the expense of the prince. Though I regard both these as foes—twin vultures hatched from the same egg—yet I am not forgetful that Karmes is of royal lineage."

"Yes."

"And your royal sister an exile in Rome."

"What then?"

"Well, Saul is a Jew; so are his masters. Tiberius is a Roman, so are his minions. And Egypt's true dynasty is a tree which will grow only when watered by the blood of Jews and Romans!"

Knock—knock.

The attendant appeared in the door-way and announced that a scholar of Tarsus requested entrance. In a moment more he was ushered in.

"Welcome, Saul," said Karmes, extending his hand.

"Welcome," repeated Arni, cordially.

"Good-morrow, noble friends," responded their distinguished visitor.

Immediately they proceeded to discuss the business in hand, which on the Egyptian's part concerned Zerola, and on the Hebrew's, the suppressing of Christianity. Widely different purposes these, yet the aim and end of both was the same, the destruction of life and honor.

It was now Karmes' self-imposed and not very difficult task to persuade Saul that it would be advantageous to dispose of the youth Thaeon. Arni saw that they would prefer to be alone; so he arose, muttering cynically as he went out: "Suppress Christianity! Well, I will now go over to Olivet and stop that stream from running down hill."

When he returned, Saul was just taking leave. "You promise," he was saying to Karmes, "you promise that to-morrow, soon after the rising of the sun, Thaeon will be in the vicinity of the Damascus gate."

(To be Continued.)



*THE LIFE OF A "SHUT-IN."

THE life of a "shut-in" is necessarily self-centered, and one must use every effort to escape becoming selfish and utterly spoiled by it. Even the comfort and peace which are given us may be as jealously guarded and kept to ourselves as the treasure over which a miser gloats. But this is not the Master's thought for us. "Freely ye have received, freely give," he says; so as fast as the light comes to us we must pass it on, and, if possible, bring a ray into other darkened lives. "What do we live for, if it is not to make life easier to others?" And in helping and comforting them we shall forget ourselves and our own lives will grow fuller and sweeter.

It is imperative that we get out of self; don't dwell on yourself, but think of others whose lives are also saddened, and reach out a helping hand to them. "But," you say, "my heart is so sad and my own burden so heavy, I have neither strength nor cheer to give to others!" Ah! then you will lose much blessing. "Oh, when we turn away from some duty or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him to open the door." Oh, the blessedness of comforting sore hearts! It is the sweetest mission in the world, and brings us directly in touch with the Master, in whose dear footsteps we are thus truly following.

It is not possible for one to fully sympathize with suffering of any kind unless he has himself suffered. The bleeding heart is little touched by the sympathy, however genuine, of the one who is yet "outside the veil." We must be able to enter into others' hearts, and then we can strive, ever so tenderly, to pour oil on the wounds and touch the hurt places. It is to prepare us for this sweet privilege that we must first ourselves suffer and be comforted; not until then shall we be able to "comfort them which are in any trouble." How! "By the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God!" "God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear," says Browning, and only we know how blessed and comforting these softly whispered words are; they are especially for us, our own little secrets with him, not for other ears. When you have once enjoyed this close companionship with God, and have felt the joy of ministering to sad souls, you will be glad to have suffered and grown, though the discipline has been severe indeed. Life is so much broader and richer than before!

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

There is a French account of the transference of the keys of the city which differs in some respects from that commonly believed. It is in substance as follows: "Upon this day (January 2, 1492) every arrangement was perfected for proceeding to the city and taking possession of the Alhambra. It was at that time possible, by passing around to the right of the city from Santa Fe, to reach the fortress by a narrow way, which was rough and steep. Toward evening the king, the queen, and their suite traversed this narrow road. They were followed by an escort of certain nobles of the realm, principal officers of the army, and a considerable body of troops. As they approached the gates of the city which led to the fortress, they met, mounted and accompanied by fifty Moorish cavaliers, the King of Granada himself, Boabdil, who had come out to present to the sovereigns the keys of the fortress. Boabdil, as soon as he saw the queen, dismounted and moved quickly toward her to kiss the hand of the sovereign; whereupon she, gently drawing back her hand, from sympathy for him, declined to receive this humble act of submis-

sion. Boabdil then put the keys into the hands of the king as he said to him, 'We surrender to you the city and the realm. Both now belong to you; make use of them with clemency and moderation.'"

Ferdinand took the keys, gave them to the Count of Tenadilla, who had already been designated as Governor of the Alhambra, passed, still mounted, into the court of the fortress. The Castilian flag was immediately raised upon the great tower, which the army, drawn up in the plains, at once caught sight of and saluted with enthusiastic cheering.

Ferdinand, leaving Tenadilla all the guard he could spare, led the queen and the rest back by the same route to the "vega," and returned to Santa Fe to make preparations for his triumphal entry into the city. This entrance was to be made on the evening of January 6th, 1492, by quite another way—through the Gate of Triumph.

Boabdil did not return to the Alhambra; but after a courteous adieu, painful enough to him, passed on to join his wife, mother, and a few faithful followers at a village not far distant, where they were waiting for him. The hill from which he took his last sorrowful look at the beautiful city is still pointed out and named "El ultimo suspiro del Moro—the last sigh of the Moor."

Like his uncle, El Zagal, Boabdil, troubled with remorse and surrounded by enemies on every hand, soon sold out to Isabella all the possessions which were left to him for 80,000 ducats (about \$183,200), and retired to Africa, where, at last, thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada, he fell in battle while leading a division of the King of Fez in a civil war.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

The crucial question for each one of us in our every-day life is just this, "What think ye of Christ?" To some the question may seem to require a doctrinal answer, and I do not at all say that there is no idea of doctrines involved in it. But to my mind the doctrinal answer, valuable as it may be, is not the one of most importance for every day. The vital answer is the one that would contain our own personal knowledge of the character of Christ; not what he is doctrinally, but what he is intrinsically, in himself. For, after all, our salvation does not depend on the doctrines concerning Christ, but upon the person of Christ himself, upon what he is and upon what he does. It is Phillips Brooks, I think, who says, "There are two distinct ideas of Christianity. One of them magnifies doctrine, and its great sin is heresy. The other magnifies loyalty, and its great sin is disloyalty. The first enthrones a creed. The second enthrones a person." The first is like a carefully collated botanical manual, the second is like a living and growing plant. A manual may do for a Sunday religion; nothing but life will do for week-days. Christ always says, Believe in me, not, believe this or that about me; but, believe in me.

To "know his name" does not mean to know that he was called Christ or Jesus, but it means to know his character. God's namings always mean character. They are never arbitrary, as our namings are, having no connection with the work or character of the one named. They are always revelations. They tell us what the person is or what he does. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins;" Jesus meaning a Saviour.

It is of no use for us to call him "Master and Lord," while we are refusing to do the things he commands. Our words may hide our thoughts, but our actions reveal them. If we really think he is our Lord, we will not fail to obey him. It is his thoughts, not his words, that control a man's actions.

No one can possibly have come to know Christ, as he really is, without entering into absolute rest for ever. It is like the rest and peace of the little child in the presence of its mother. The child knows instinctively that its mother will not let anything harm it; therefore it has no fears. And Christians, who know the Lord, know, intelligently that he will not let harm come to them; and therefore they can have no fears either. Where there is a perfect care-taker there can be no cares; where there is an invincible protector there can be no anxieties. What is needed then is for Christians to

find out that they have just such a Care-taker and Protector in Christ; and this is why Paul could say, and we can all unite with him, that all things are to be counted as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

But some may ask, "How can I acquire this knowledge? It seems all so vague and mystical to me that I do not know where to begin." To all such I would reply, that there is nothing mystical about it. Begin by making yourself acquainted with him in a common-sense way, as you would with any historical character you wanted to know. Study his life. Ponder on his words and actions. Find out from the Bible what sort of a person he is, and teach yourself to learn of him as being just what the Bible reveals. And then, counting everything else as loss, accept him in his fulness as your all-sufficient portion for every day and every hour of your lives."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Business: A Plain Talk with Men and Women who Work: by Amos R. Wells; board covers; pp. 48. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Emily: A Tale of the Empire State: by Clara Loring Bogart. A charmingly told story of a young girl's life and spiritual experience. 245 pp.; price \$1. cloth binding; printed for the author by Andrews & Church, printers and publishers, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Strife at Shan's. A prize story of Indiana. Designed to point out, in a homely way, some of the mistaken ideas held by men in general in regard to the relations existing between the human race and lower animals and birds. Written for and published by the American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk St., Boston. 91 pp.; paper covers; 10 cts.

Key-words of the Inner Life. Studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians; by F. B. Meyer, B.A.; pp. 158; cloth covers; price 50 cents. Analytical yet delightfully simple and helpful as all Mr. Meyer's writings are. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ. Translated from the French of Nicolas Notovich, by Alexandra Loranger; pp. 101; cloth binding. Rand & McNally, New York and Chicago, publishers.

A Cruise to the Mediterranean, by specially chartered steamer. Notes of a tour which included Bermuda, the Azores, Southern Spain, Malta, Algiers, Alexandria, the Lower Nile, Palestine, Syria, Greece and Italy. Frank C. Clark, 113 Broadway, N. Y.

Introduction to the Talmud; by Rev. Dr. M. Melzer; written with the view of facilitating the study of Talmudic literature and hence a valuable and compact work for students. 293 pp.; cloth binding; price 50 cents. Bloch Publishing and Printing Co., Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

A CHIEF'S PROPOSAL.

THE curious custom of the blood covenant prevails at Cisamba in West Africa. Two persons desirous of forming a lifelong friendship, cut open a vein in their arms and allow the blood from one to mingle with that of the other. This is supposed to bring the two into closer brotherhood than the tie of nature. One of the missionaries there is Mr. Currie, whose portrait we published while he was qualifying as a physician last year in Dr. Dowkontt's Medical College in New York. Mr. Currie writes: "A chief who lives about a day's journey from this place, who knew me before I went to New York, has paid me a visit three times since my return, and each time has brought a gift with him. He seems anxious to have me form a 'blood brotherhood' with him. In a mysterious way, and always in private, he inquires whether I love him sufficiently to cut myself with him as we do abroad. I tell him I do not understand exactly what he wants, but he declares I do, and urges me to think of the matter and to talk with my friends. He evidently has the idea of some binding covenant of friendship into which he wishes me to enter with him and seal by the letting of blood."

QUIET CORPSES.

In Bailundi, in West Central Africa, where Mr. Stover is laboring, a strange superstition prevails. One of the men, who though not a church member, is an avowed believer in Christianity, suffered a bereavement in the death of his child and desired that it should have Christian burial. This father also expressed the willingness to conform to the native custom by having a funeral at which the old men should satisfy themselves as to his being the cause of the child's death, by "questioning the corpse." But the old men said: "We don't care to do that, for we have learned that when once these words (the teachings of the missionaries) have been heard, the corpse will not listen to us."

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*From *The Burden of Ill-Health: How to Bear It*, by Lella Lyon Topping. A helpful little booklet, specially serviceable to invalids. Cloth and gift; pp. 63; price, 50 cts. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publishers.

†From *Isabella of Castile*, by Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, illustrated. pp. 349, price \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

IN HIS IMAGE.

WE who are not of the earth need not be earthly;
 God made our nature like his own—divine;
 Nothing but selfishness can be unworthy
 Of his pure image, meant through us to shine.
 The death of deaths it is, ourselves to smother
 In our own pleasuring his honored gift;
 And life—eternal life—to love each other;
 Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift.
 This is the beauty of our new-born morning;
 In Him humanity may now arise
 Out of the grave of self, all baseness scorning;
 The holy radiance of his glorious eyes
 Illumines everywhere uplifted faces;
 Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow;
 And in that blessed light all human graces
 Unto divine beatitudes must grow.
 —LUCY LARCOM.

JEWISH LONGINGS.

The condition of the Jews in Southern Europe presents a rare opportunity for Christian work. Rev. David Baron who has been traveling in Austria and the Tyrol, writes: "During my six days' stay in Vienna, I spoke to many groups and individual Jews, and met with some interesting cases. Beneath the superficial rationalism of many I found a longing, a vacant place in the heart, which only God in Christ can fill. Some thankfully accepted German New Testaments; Hebrew is known by very few in these parts. Two days I spent in Baden, a fashionable bathing-place near Vienna, with many well-to-do Jews from all parts, who are there for the 'Cur.' A venerable Jew from Roumania seemed to have his heart prepared for the message of God's love. Unlike so many Jews at the present time, he seemed to feel the burden of sin. 'I pray every day,' he said, 'but God does not hear me. I would give half of my possessions to a righteous man who would intercede for me.' A fellow-worker and myself told him of Christ, who is himself the great sacrifice and the great High Priest, who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

"From Baden I went to Pressburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, and a stronghold of modern Judaism. Here is a famous college, at which several hundred Jewish young men study the Talmud and the traditions of men—preparing to be blind leaders of the blind. It was my privilege to tell many of all classes that Jesus Christ is all our salvation and righteousness. From Pressburg I came by Danube steamer to Budapest. Among others on board was a very intelligent Jewish journalist from Vienna, who, with his young wife, was making a tour in the Orient. I gave him, by way of introduction, one of Rabbi Lichtenstein's last pamphlets. After reading the whole aloud to his wife, he came to me, quite enthusiastic about it, saying, 'Oh! it only a few more rabbis in these parts had the courage to speak out in the same manner as this man!' A Jewish author on board, to whom I gave a New Testament, after reading awhile, came to ask me if he might quote from it in a work which he is writing. I told him that this Book is the gift of God to all men, and nobody's private property. He was quite delighted. Although a great Talmudist, a man of nearly sixty, he had never in his life read the New Testament!"

MISS TAYLOR IN THIBET.

News of the arrival in Thibet of Miss Annie Taylor, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on November 8, has been received. Miss Taylor writes: "We

are comfortably settled down to study the language, and some of the brethren are able to speak a few words, and to sing 'Jesus loves me,' and other hymns. The Thibetans gave me a hearty welcome when I arrived at the station, especially at Jorebunglow. The teacher of Mrs. McKenzie and myself comes from Mongolia. He lived in Thibet a number of years, and there learned the language, which he speaks very clearly. He seems much interested in the Scriptures, as also is another of the teachers. We have a Thibetan service every Sabbath evening from four to five o'clock, and our time on week days is fully occupied. Will you pray that we may see God's guiding hand leading us forward, so that no mistake may be made. We thank the Lord for supplying all our needs. At first we were a little taken aback in finding that we had customs dues to pay; although we did not reckon on this, the Lord did. We praise him for keeping us in health and strength."

Mr. McKenzie writes: "We are not a bit shaken in our confidence by the attempt made by the Government to stop us. Our Master has all power! Miss Taylor has a very interesting meeting every Sunday afternoon for Thibetans. The attendance is not large as yet, but we feel sure it will increase. It is amusing to be with Miss Taylor going along the streets. If any Thibetans meet her they always salute her, and pass some remarks, while the children cry, 'Annie la, Annie la.'"

A FRIEND'S REPROACH.

A singular interview occurred in a large warehouse in a great city not long ago and one of the two men who talked together relates the circumstance, that others may be warned by it. The two men had been friends from boyhood. One of them went into business and the other went into the ministry. The business man after a time saw less of the minister than formerly. He prospered and was more and more absorbed in his business. The minister settled in another town and the separation caused him to see less than ever of his friend. Many years passed and the two old friends had passed middle life when they met again in the city of their early friendship. "Come and see my new store," said the business man, "and then we will drive out to my home. I have a lovely place in the country." Both properties were examined and admired and the minister congratulated his friend on his prosperity. "I hope," he said, "your soul has prospered too. After all, that is the chief thing." The business man looked at his friend in surprise. "Why," he asked, "did you not say so twenty years ago? I was at a halting place then, and before I launched on a new speculation, that same thought crossed my mind, and I hesitated. I saw you, but you said nothing of the kind then. I firmly believe, had you then and there spoken, and said to me, 'Play the man, take a brave stand,' I should

have done it, and conquered. But other voices spoke, and I heard, and there's no standing still, and now I've had my run, and got my desires, but it will all end in that, one day. Now I have a full hand and an empty soul." The minister's face grew pale. "God forgive me," he said, "I meant to have said it." It seemed to him now that his brother's blood cried to him from the ground. But the opportunity had passed beyond recall.

SYRIANS IN CHICAGO.

A large Syrian settlement is to be established in Chicago. There are 10,000 natives of the Holy Land in this country, and an effort is being made by the clergy to make that city their Mecca. The plan is to make a nucleus of the fifteen to eighteen hundred Syrians now in Chicago, induce them to manufacture the unique loom goods of their own country, and start other oriental industries, in which the promoters of the project will try to get the public interested. By a concerted effort, the missionaries at home and abroad hope to bring all together in Chicago, where they can be given lucrative employment, and at the same time receive the combined attention of all the missionaries at home who will initiate them into the wonders of modern civilization, then help them to return to Syria as teachers of the less fortunate. During the Fair there were fully 2,500 Syrians in Chicago. There is a settlement in St. Louis and another in St. Paul.

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A Missionary Family.

The Beautiful Story of Lai Soon's Household and its Work for Christ—How he Won his Wife.

THE Rev. Arthur Folsom, a missionary to China, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, giving some interesting incidents connected with the career of Lai Soon, the native convert, whose story was recently published in these columns. Mr. Folsom writes:

"He was the first man to call upon us the morning after reaching Canton. It was a happy surprise to myself and wife, as we stood in the veranda, looking upon the swarm of small boats on the river, to see one of them stop at our landing, and a tall, handsome Chinaman, in long white 'sham'—the teacher's costume—bound up through the yard to greet us in perfect English, and shortly to say: 'Let us sing, Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' himself leading on the organ."

"As he told us his story, we learned that he was one of three Chinese who had been sent by the Canton Mission of the A. B. C. F. M. to America to be educated. All of them had returned as Missionaries to their own country. We were also surprised and pained to learn that they were not employed as Missionaries and that not through any fault of their own; the reason was that there was found, or thought to exist in incompatibility in these three educated and cultivated men—either on one hand to take a place on a social level with the less educated native preachers and helpers, whose wages were eight dollars a month, or, on the other hand, to be placed on a par with the foreign missionaries, whose tastes and health required a much higher salary. Therefore they were advised to go into mercantile or other service of their own choice. One of the three young men was Dr. Wong, who took his medical course in Scotland, and settled in Canton, where he enjoyed largely the patronage of foreigners and natives. The other, Mr. Ah Wing, became a merchant in Shanghai, and was, after a time, joined by Mr. Lai Soon. At the time of the Tien Sien massacre, which occurred, if I remember rightly, in 1870 or 1871, they were invited by the Chinese government to assist in settling the numerous diplomatic difficulties arising among the different foreign governments concerned in the insurrection. After this was accomplished, upon the advice of these helpers, the Chinese government resolved to send three hundred of their most promising youths to the United States to be educated, in divisions of one hundred each in successive years, and our three young men were appointed to have direction and supervision over them. I think the first division was sent in 1872."

"In Mr. Lai Soon's family, as was shown in the picture in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there were three sons and two daughters. Their mother had a history worthy of note. She was a pupil of the first English lady sent as a teacher and missionary to the Chinese—Miss Auldin. She was sent out to Java before the Chinese ports were open for the admission of foreigners. One little girl was so desirous of accompanying her teacher to China after the ports were opened, that she made herself a stowaway in the ship until she was too far away to be sent back. Of course Miss Auldin could not do otherwise than keep her as a pupil, after arriving in Ning-po, China. After her graduation she became the wife of Mr. Lai Soon, who having heard of her, went to Ningpo, and made love to her after a sensible and Christian fashion, quite unlike the heathen custom of buying their wives often 'unsight, unseen.' Mr. Lai Soon was his country's Ambassador to our government. I think during President Hayes' administration. I recollect reading about the presence of Mrs. Lai Soon and her daughters, in Chinese costume, as the centre of admiration at one of the receptions at the White House, and that they were regarded as the peers of any present, in point of education and culture. I also remember of reading of one of the sons, whose name was Elijah, when sophomore in Yale College, as taking the first prize for original English declamation, and when Senior, as being elected Class poet. I regret never having seen any of them since 1864. Their consistent and

lovely characters as individuals and as a Christian family secured for them a permanent place in memory and sincere affection.

A CONGO INCIDENT.

"The traders along the west coast of Africa sometimes ask me the question," writes a missionary, "why do you not go for civilization more?" I said to one of these men, I presume that you imagine the work you are doing is a civilizing one? 'Certainly,' was the reply, 'we do far more to civilize the people than any missionary society along the coast.' I then pointed out a steamer that stopped at various ports along the coast, about twenty in all, and the cargo that it landed at every one of those ports included green cases containing gin, rum, muskets and powder. Those are the traders' civilizing agencies. I once gave a poor boy who had been starving, two francs to go and buy some fish with, but he could not purchase the fish until he had first gone to the Trading House to buy gin, and afterwards into the market-place to buy the fish with the gin. He also said that he had been working three years in Bobobo, where the Society's steamer, 'Peace,' and also the new steamer 'Goodwill,' lay. He said that when the 'Goodwill' was put together, the piston was the only part that went amissing, but this had, however, been replaced by one made on the spot, which was constructed by what the traders called a poor, uncivilized African."

TATNE ON CHRISTIANITY.

Although Taine was a deeply learned man, he was very meek in spirit and often read the Bible in his family circle. According to his wish Rev. Holland officiated at his funeral. In all his writings Taine professed the highest respect for Christianity. In our days many think it shows a great and free mind, when a person speaks contemptuously of God and his word. It will therefore not be superfluous to hear what Taine said of the worth of Christianity. His observations are based on history.

"To-day, after eighteen hundred years," he says in an article, "The Gospel has the same effect in both continents of the globe as it had in Palestine. In the place of self-love it puts love for our fellow-men. Neither in substance nor in practice has it changed: in its Greek, Catholic or Protestant shape it is still for more than four hundred millions of people, the great wings with which man lifts himself above this world. Through patience and hope man becomes content with his lot. Wherever these great wings have been injured during the last eighteen hundred years the morals of public and private life have disappeared. No philosophy, no art, no government, no law can effect what Christianity has done for the world. The old Gospel is to-day the best means of culture for all classes."

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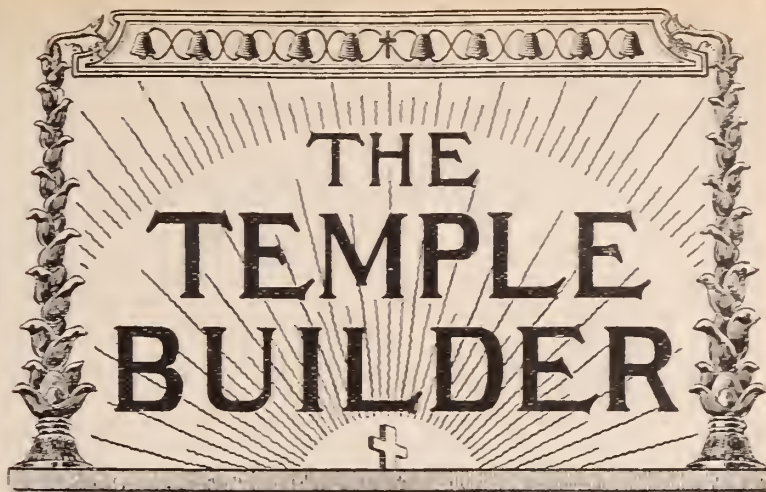
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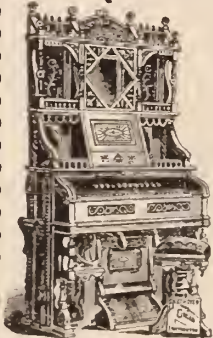
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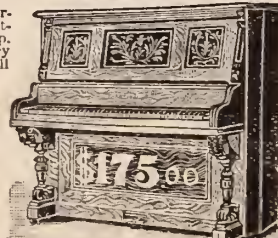
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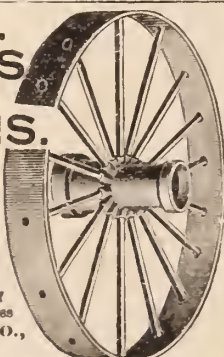
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

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* "THE FOURTH" AT MONT LAWN. *

Our Young Folks Have a Merry Time on the National Holiday—Song, Festival and Illumination at "The Christian Herald" Children's Home.



EVERY American boy and girl hails with delight the return of the "Glorious Fourth," and to the happy little guests at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack on the Hudson it was an occasion of very special jubilation. For a week in advance, preparations had been going on at Home for the suitable celebration of the day. Those who were there during the preceding week, and whose ten-day sojourn expired just before the holiday, were loth to leave, but their places were

the trees overhead or carolled in the bushes on the hillside a melodious welcome to the great day, and the hearts and voices of our children responded in unison. Visions of a feast of unheard-of dainties, and hints of a patriotic display of fireworks that would dazzle the beholders, were discussed in whispers. In the forenoon, the young folks had their usual romp on the lawn, and when the dinner-bell sounded, they sat down with happy faces and sharpened appetites to tables that were laden with good things. In the afternoon the lawn was strung with Chinese lanterns. At five o'clock, the entire party of children, together with the Superintendent, the missionaries, and a number of guests, assembled around the Liberty-pole, atop of which floated the old flag, and the stirring strains of "Hail Columbia" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee," awoke the echoes across the

deepen along the hillside. Ice cream and cake were served to the children at supper at 7 o'clock, the guests also being invited to the table, and a few short talks, suited to the patriotic character of the day, followed. These the children greatly appreciated; indeed the genuine ardor of the young folks over the "glorious Fourth" was far more marked than that of their elders, and any patriotic reference was greeted with lusty shouts of enthusiasm. But they were impatient for the fireworks, and when they finally trooped out on the lawn once more and saw the entire front alight with brilliant-hued Chinese lanterns, their delight was irrepressible. Then came the pyrotechnic show. Red, blue and green lights were set off, brilliantly illuminating the hillside, the valley below, and even lighting up the Hudson. Roman candles shot their balls of fire skywards, rockets mounted far over the tree-tops to burst in mid-air into a thousand vari-colored fragments, fire-wheels sputtered and circled on their wooden perches at a safe distance, mines shot a shower of fiery balls upward, turning the darkness into daylight, and the "whistling boys"

number of spectators were attracted from the near neighborhood, and joined the gathering. The illumination was visible for miles, and many people on boats and in trains along the Hudson enjoyed the sight. But all things have an end, and when the last spark of powder had been exploded, our children, standing under the light of the lanterns, sang a closing hymn and then went inside for the night, one and all declaring they had spent the merriest Fourth they had ever known. The day passed without a single accident to mar its perfect enjoyment. Long before 10 p. m. the dormitories at Mont Lawn were full and our tired young patriots were sound asleep.

A lady, who has taken a deep interest in our children at Mont Lawn, has written these verses for the little ones to be sung to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains":

HYMN OF THANKS.

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For this dear Summer Home;
Its teachings and its pleasures,
Will go where e'er we roam.
We never will forget Thee,
But strive to do Thy will.



THE FOURTH OF JULY DINNER, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" CHILDRENS' HOME, NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

needed for new arrivals. The lucky ones who were to stay over the holiday, full of the knowledge of what was going on, told the fresh arrivals of the preparations, and the whole hundred and odd youngsters were in a tumult of excitement.

The morning of the Fourth dawned at last, and the little community at Mont Lawn was early astir. Birds chirruped in

woodlands far and near. A pretty phase of the celebration was the reciting of several patriotic pieces by some of the children, who spoke very cleverly and did credit to their coaching. Between songs and recitations there was a fusillade of firecrackers.

But the principal features of the celebration were reserved for the evening hours, when the twilight shadows had begun to

screamed like locomotives as they darted off the stick with a resounding report, and were lost in the darkness down-hill. Every new piece was greeted with a chorus of "ahs!" and "ohs!" and such exclamations as "My! wasn't it just splendid!" "See it go up! See, see!" as some particularly bright rocket soared cloudward.

As the display proceeded, a considerable

And what our teachers tell us
We will remember still.

We ask Thee to forgive us,
For what we've done that's wrong.
We want to be true Christians,
Sweet, patient, brave and strong.
We want to be like Jesus
Whom children loved to see;
For He, the Lord of Glory,
Said: "Let them come to Me."



THE RUSTIC IN THE PALACE.

Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Gen. 45: 28, "I will go and see him before I die."

JACOB had long since passed the hundred year mile-stone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries afterward persons lived to great age.

Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to one hundred and forty years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness-stand in England swore that he remembered an event one hundred and fifty years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at one hundred and forty years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived one hundred and forty years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived one hundred and forty years, and the names of eleven persons who lived one hundred and fifty years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long-absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? my dear son who has been dead so long. You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe

could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and unflinching thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and now they are seventy-five, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at seventeen years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy seventeen years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membraneous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime-minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the tountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come there with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm-house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until eleven o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost the midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the Capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime-minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what door sill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over these mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents.

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay. I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past; and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when life had passed, the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible and carried him to the village Machpelah, and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remain unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self-sacrificing ones peculiar or angular; but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared to you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children, than of one childish old man. Among the best women are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were sound asleep, they were soaking the old man's feet, or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillion, they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism, and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septuagenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self-sacrifice

to whom jewelled hand after jewelled hand was offered in marriage, but who stayed on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation, until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr.

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. "There goes Aeneas from burning Troy, on his shoulders Anchises, his father." The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime-minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that emblazoned residence; and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be empalaced.

But oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after, we left the world; but by God's grace you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here; and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive."

And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the Cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famine-struck Padan-aram turned into the rich pasture fields of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle

THE MOODY GOSPEL FUND.

Preparations for a Munificent Offering—What the Institute has Done and is Doing—The Great Drill Camp of the Lord's Army—Hosts Waiting for Equipment.

OUR readers will rejoice to learn that the Moody Gospel Fund promises to attain larger proportions than, in these times of commercial depression, could have been reasonably anticipated. It is not alone in the money already contributed, but in the facts reported, that there is ground for congratulation. Mr. Moody's appeal has struck a sympathetic chord in thousands of hearts, and it has set people to work with enthusiasm. It is not surprising therefore that when he says "help me to send out bearers of the glad tidings," a prompt response should come from men and women who are moved by gratitude to him and love for souls. So we expect to hear from cities and villages, from churches and missions, from Christian Endeavor Societies, Baptist Unions, Epworth Leagues and Young Men's Christian Associations, that some

We give below extracts from a few of the letters received during the week:

Subscriber, Fairhaven, Vt., (\$1): "I wish I could send a thousand: may God prosper the work abundantly is my constant prayer." "In the Master's Name," is the dedication with which a King's Daughter, Concord, N. H., sends her gift, (\$1). "May the Lord bless this little offering (\$2), to the salvation of souls. Since it is not my privilege to go out and labor in the cause, will not He accept the sacrifice of prayer and money instead?" writes M. E. H., Norwalk, Conn. Adam Peck, Lambert Point, Norfolk, Va. (\$5), says: "I want to contribute my mite to help Mr. Moody in his great work." In the same spirit, James Lloyd, New Kensington, Pa. (\$1), writes: "To assist in training up a class of efficient workers to carry the Gospel to those that do not feel inclined to

to church, so the Gospel must be carried to them. I hope God will accept my gift from a heart overflowing with love for him. May his blessing rest on your endeavor to raise fallen humanity."

Very touching, indeed, is a letter from L. G., which conveys a gift doubly consecrated. "Enclosed find \$20 draft for your work," it says, "also a five dollar bill which we lately found where our mother (now dead over 13 years), must have placed it." "Please accept enclosed (\$2) from one who writes and prays 'thy kingdom come,'" reaches us from Lansing, Ia. "I have read with much interest your most excellent article: 'Save the Churchless Millions,'" writes Mr. H. Kenner of Philadelphia. "Thankful that you have laid the matter so plainly before the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, thus affording them the privilege of aiding this great and good evangelist in his wonderful work. May God bless this movement and may it be successful in accomplishing much good. You shall have my prayers."

Many of the letters containing contributions are either unsigned or signed with simple initials. Mrs. A. P. D., Binghamton, N. Y. (\$1), says: "With a fervent prayer for God's richest blessing on the labors of his honored servant, Dwight L. Moody." "Dedicated" (no name), sends soc. and writes: "I had been asking God what I should do to help him and I feel this is the sacrifice he calls me for." Similar anonymous contributions have been received from friends in Pittsboro, N. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., Hastings, Minn., Warren, Pa., and other places.

Grandly encouraging is the letter of Mrs. J. A. Minor of Columbus, O. (\$100): "I take it as a great privilege," she explains, "to give a little toward that grand worker—I am glad to have the opportunity. I am also glad that again THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is called upon to take the lead in another benevolent work for the good of humanity. The Lord ever bless it."

Previously acknowledged	\$352 60
Subr., Fairhaven, Vt.	1 00
H. M. Bailie	1 00
C. W. N. V.	5 00
Edna A. Schimer	25
A King's Daughter, Concord, N. H.	1 00
M. E. H., Norwalk, Ct.	1 00
S. W. H.	1 00
E. Hyatt	1 00
A. Nelsen	1 00
Jas. A. Phillips	2 00
Abram Peck	5 00
Mrs. J. R. M., "The Pines," Salem, N. Y.	2 00
Jas. Lloyd	1 00
Ann Morris	1 00
Friend, 440 Franklin St., Norwich, Ct.	25 00
Mrs. N. A. Mason	1 00
Robt. M. Brand	1 00
Miss Smith	2 00
Subr., Herman, Pa.	1 00
Miss C. M. L., Herman, Pa.	1 00
Andrew Weeks	1 00
Sam'l Thatcher	5 00
Jas. Brown Burnett	1 00
Jno. W. Shaw	5 00
W. Elliot P., F. Pepperell, Mass.	10 00
Friend, Lowell, Mass.	10 00
Friend, Sinking Valley, Pa.	25
Thos. S. Collins	1 50
W. C. Young	1 00
Bill, Welsh, La.	3 00
Mrs. L. J., Brooklyn	1 00
Mrs. Rebecca Fletcher	3 00
A. C. Jeffs	1 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa.	1 00
M. White	5 00
A. B. Weaver	10 00
Friend, Pittsboro, N. C.	2 00
Mother	25 00
Andrew Kern	2 00
Harry Kennedy	2 00
Mrs. J. A. Minor	100 00
Geo. W. Lee	3 00
Dedicated, Worcester, Mass.	50
George D. Paul	2 00
A. M. J., Brooklyn	5 10
Mrs. A. M. P., Binghamton, N. Y.	1 00
M. T. Gunderson	25 00
B. B. T., Hastings, Minn.	1 00
Mrs. W. N. Barstow	2 00
M. L. D., New York	5 00
W. B. H., Lakeland, Fla.	1 00
J. W. Bliss	2 00
M. C. Smith	10 00
Betsy Storm	1 00
L. M. Provost	1 00
Mrs. Josie L. Williams	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Searls	1 00
Christian, George	5 00
C. B. H., Rock Hill, Minn.	5 00
C. M. L., San Francisco, Cal.	50
Lloyd W. Dick	2 00
Friend, N. Y.	5 00
S. A. R., Ashland, Kans.	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Brown	1 00
Highland Shepherd	5 00
J. F. F., Philadelphia, Pa.	25 00
P. C. K., Michigamme, Mich.	2 00
John H. Muir	2 00
John A. King	1 00
Perry F. Nayer	1 00
M. M. Wadsworth	1 00
Friend, Chicago	25 00
Lucy E. Maybury	1 00
N. C. T.	4 00
Sarah A. Hommes	5 00
Louisa Dietrick	2 00
D. I. Wagar	1 00
Friend, North Branch, Mich.	25
Mexia, Tex.	1 00
Baltimore, Friend	3 00
F. K. C., Beach Ridge, Tenn.	2 00



THE CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH, THE HALL OF THE BIBLE INSTITUTE.

grateful, earnest soul has presented this opportunity for service and has elicited a liberal response.

Few know how valuable is the work that the great evangelist is doing in the Institute, the privileges of which he wants to open to the crowd of eager applicants. "My purpose," he writes, "is to raise up men and women who will be willing to lay their lives alongside the laboring classes and bring the Gospel to bear on their lives." Preparation is sought by hundreds and the number is now growing to thousands. Shall their petition be granted? It depends largely on the response to Mr. Moody's appeal. The Lord needs the soldiers; the recruits are offering themselves; the men qualified to train them are ready; shall the work halt because there is no money for equipment? We will not believe it. The Lord, who has called the men to his service, will incline the hearts of his people to provide the means. All honor to those who help, by great or small gifts, in this work. God will reward them with his blessing and throughout eternity their joy will be intensified by the fellowship of glorified spirits who first heard the word of life from lips, which, but for their help, might have been silent. This privilege is offered to all. Let the gifts be sent without delay that precious time may not be lost. All contributions should be sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and they will be acknowledged in our columns and sent to Mr. Moody.

come to the Church and hear it." Mrs. Morris, Aubrey, — (\$1): "It is the 'widow's mite.' How I do wish it were \$100, instead of one hundred cents." Mrs. N. A. Mason, Normal, Ill. (\$1): "I wish it were more, but my motto is, to 'sow beside all waters.'" R. M. Brand, New Frankford ave., Philadelphia (\$1), writes: "I am sorry I cannot do more at present; but the beloved brother and all the workers in the vineyard have my prayers to the Almighty God that their efforts may be crowned with success." Dr. J. B. Burnett, Newark, N. J. (\$5): "I wish sincerely it might be \$5,000. May Almighty God speed and bless the glorious work!" "May God assist," is the fervent prayer that accompanies the contribution (\$5), of J. W. Shaw, Yorktown, Va. W. Elliott, East Pepperell, Mass. (\$10), devoutly and encouragingly closes his letter with "God will bless you and all workers in his vineyard."

Other letters contain expressions that show how much the writers have the cause at heart. "The Lord our Helper," writes Mr. T. C. Collins, of Florence, Cal., (\$1.50) and he adds, "Let all help a little." "Apply this (\$5) to the Fund, with best wishes and prayers for its success," writes B., of Welsh, La. Mrs. Rebecca Fletcher, of Fletcher, Ont., (\$3) says: "The class of people which you are now, by the blessing of God, trying to lift up, have been neglected by the churches, and as you have said in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, they will not go



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

S.S. Lesson for July 22. Matt. 2: 13-23. Golden Text, Ps. 121: 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord shall preserve [keep, R.V.] thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth even for evermore." (Ps. 121: 8.) Such is God's eternal promise, in his eternal Word, to him whose help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth; whose keeper, the Lord himself, shall neither slumber nor sleep." Such a man is indeed blessed, and such a man was Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was the mother of the Lord Jesus. In Joseph a humble, reverent man of God, the Lord had provided a needful protector for Mary, and for her Holy Child, and a high honor was conferred upon this man by the position to which God called him. We cannot compare the special vocation to which God may call us individually; each has its special privilege, each its special trials; each needs its special education. It is not for us to say that one vocation is greater or more honorable than another. The wise men had departed into their own country, and a message from heaven was sent by a dream to Joseph. The angel of the Lord appeared to him, saying: "Arise, and take the young Child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word." Joseph was a poor man; it meant probably, the breaking up of his business in Nazareth; and of his humble little household, without having so much as the opportunity to go back and make arrangements—in fact the blighting of all his worldly prospects. It was

A Test of Faith

for this man. The journey, too, was a long one, how should he obtain food? and then how should he find work when he got down into Egypt? All these practical questions had to be faced. But over against them, there was the clear, undoubted, unmistakable will of God. God was the God of his father Abraham, who had come out from his country and his kindred, and his father's house, and God had not deceived, nor abandoned his servant who had trusted in him. God was the God of Moses, who had provided for the whole people of Israel in the wilderness; could and would Joseph also trust him, now that he knew distinctly that it was his will for him to go with his little family down into Egypt? God's message came to him at night. Oh, how tender is our God, he knows so well the right time to speak to his children. A working man may be too occupied in the day to be able easily to consider an important matter. Joseph had the quiet night time to arrange his matters with God. Oh, how, during that night, the importance of his vocation, as the chosen protector of Mary and the Child Jesus, must have intensified in his mind, and how small, in comparison, must all the prospects of earth have looked! But do we realize how much we owe, under God, to the faithfulness of this man; and do we learn our lesson, to let the high calling of our God to us take precedence of every other consideration?

When he arose, he took the young Child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt." A few words, so read, and yet how much of faith in God, how much of endurance of self-denial and of faithfulness to his vocation is implied in them? Who among his friends or business connection would understand the action of Joseph? He could not publish his reasons for it: he was acting according to a hidden leading of God; sure indeed, but reserved for him alone. He knew something of "the secret of the Lord" which is with them that fear him. Joseph departed into Egypt and was there until the death of Herod:

That It Might Be Fulfilled

which was spoken of the Lord by the proph-

et, saying: "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." (Hos. 11: 1.) Who would have discovered, had not the Holy Ghost thus revealed it in the Word, that this passage in Hosea referred to the Messiah? "When Israel was a child then I loved him and called my Son out of Egypt?" Anyone looking at the passage, simply intellectually would say that only Israel as a people was referred to by the prophet and that it could only mean the calling of Israel, his people out of Egypt. But the word of God is like a mine, in which vein after vein of interpretation of the same passage is struck by the Holy Spirit, the true Exponent of Scripture. We are dependent on him to lead us into all truth, to take of Christ and show unto us, and it is shortsighted ignorance to think that we have ever exhausted the meaning of any passage in God's Word. The more he teaches us of this holy Book, the more we see how much there is left for us yet to learn; it is ever "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little."

While the holy family remained in Egypt, under the special protection of God, Herod showed himself in his true colors, he had said to the wise men: "When ye have found the young child, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." But no such intention was in the king's heart, thoughts of murder, and not of worship were possessing him. "Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth." He thought to have an easy conquest of the new born Messiah, but the only clue he had to his whereabouts was through the wise men, and they had failed him. He was bent on destroying him whom he looked on as a possible usurper of his throne, and, at any cost, he would accomplish his purpose. The sacrifice of human life was nothing in the eyes of this wretched tyrant, and he conceived and carried out a destruction on such a scale, that it has taken its place in history as one of the most revolting acts of brutality and cruelty which the world has ever witnessed. He "sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men," and Herod thought he had gained his end. "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Ramah was there a voice heard lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not," and again, it is only the Holy Spirit Inspirer of the Word of God, who could have taught that this prophecy of Jer. 31: 15 could refer to the slaughter of the little ones in Bethlehem; for the prophecy goes on to speak of Rachel's children coming again to their own border, meaning distinctly the return of the children of Israel to their own land. But Herod did not know

Whom He Was Contending With

he had left a mark of infancy upon his own name, he had spread anguish and roused the deepest indignation in the hearts of his people; but his purpose to destroy the infant King of the Jews was no nearer its accomplishment. He did not know the might of him with whom he was contending, how the very nations before him are as nothing "and how much more should the kings of those nations be as nothing, and counted to him less than nothing and vanity? Herod's unenlightened eyes did not see that "it is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers . . . that bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth vanity." (Isa. 40: 17, 22, 23.) Miserable, deluded man, he fought with God, and in the very spirit of the future Antichrist, he set himself and took counsel against the Lord and against his anointed. (Ps. 2: 2.) Meanwhile the Scripture was being accomplished

and the thoughts and purposes of God were developing. Herod died, and happy was the earth to be rid of such a tyrant; but his soul, his future? Oh, how unspeakably terrible must be the doom of such a man! But "when Herod was dead, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise, and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life." Another move. But a man of God, who is at his disposal, has nothing to do with likes and dislikes, convenience or inconvenience, when the will of God is once made known to him. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are his." (1 Cor. 6: 19, 20), is either a truth of God which has conquered us, and finds us ready to his will without question; or it is a truth to which we have never yielded ourselves.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

IF, as is probable, Joseph contemplated making Bethlehem his permanent residence, he speedily abandoned the purpose. Herod's hostility, and his dread of the divine child made it a place of peculiar danger. It, as is generally believed, Jesus was born in December, it could

not have been much later than the following February, when Jesus was eight weeks old, that Joseph received warning of an impending attempt on the part of Herod to kill the Child. The warning came in a dream; and night as it was, Joseph rose and carried Mary and Jesus away. He set out for Egypt, that being the land nearest to Bethlehem that was outside the sphere of Herod's power. It was three hundred miles away and the journey probably occupied two weeks. Tradition says that the fugitives settled at Montariyeh, near Heliopolis, on the way to Cairo. They remained in Egypt not more than two or three months. During that time Herod, resolute in his enmity, gave the cruel command to kill every male child in Bethlehem under the age of two years. That limit of age would be determined for him by the time at which the wise men reported having seen the star. As the population of Bethlehem was about two thousand, probably the number slain would be from ten to twenty. Herod died shortly afterward, on April 1st. Joseph, on hearing the news, returned immediately. He seems to have started before the succession to the throne was finally determined, and to have heard only on reaching Judaea that Augustus Caesar had confirmed Herod's will by making his son Archelaus, king of that land. Knowing him to be a man as unscrupulous and cruel as his father, Joseph turned aside, skirted the sea coast and made his way to Galilee, the northern part of Palestine, which was separated from Judaea by the country of Samaria. In the general re-arrangement of government under Herod's will the country of Galilee fell to Antipater as Tetrarch, or Governor. Galilee was Joseph's own country and he settled in his own town of Nazareth. That he avoided doing so at the birth of Christ, was doubtless due to a very natural impression that one who had been hailed as the King of the Jews, the Son of David, should be brought up in David's own city. There was besides an odium attaching to Nazareth, for some cause that is not recorded. Nathanael who came from the neighboring town of Cana knew of it and referred to it. (John 1: 46.) Joseph would be sure to know of it, too, and might be anxious that Jesus should not be affected by it. But, in his difficulty about Bethlehem, his thoughts naturally turned to his own town.

Be thou there until I bring thee word. Some of the most affecting incidents on record are those of men who have remained faithful to death at some post where they have been

placed, and have died rather than desert it. A remarkable story of similar fidelity is told by Phil. Robinson of an elephant in India. He was a fine animal and he carried the standard in a famous battle. At the beginning of the fight the elephant lost the mahout, his master. The mahout had just given the word to halt when the fatal bullet silenced him forever. The elephant obeying him stopped short. The battle raged hotly around him, but he would not budge. It passed on beyond him, but he would not advance. The voice he was accustomed to obey had bade him stand, and he would obey no other. The soldiery swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there with the dead and dying around and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights he stood where his master commanded him to halt. No bribe or threat could move him. At last they sent to a village a hundred miles away for the mahout's little son. The mahout had trained the boy, who was about ten years old, to give the word of command, and the elephant had seemed to understand that the child was his master's son. No sooner did the child speak, than immediately the huge animal turned, and with its bullet-torn trappings clinging as he went, paced slowly and majestically away.

Arise and go. During his campaigns in India the Duke of Wellington saw much of Hinduism and heathenism. On his return to England he was present when a clergyman was stating the then common opinion that missions to the heathen were a waste of men and money. The Duke listened with surprise. Another clergyman present spoke in favor of foreign missions and an argument ensued between the two. Finally the matter was referred to the Duke who was asked to say whether in his opinion from his own observation of the natives any success could be expected from the preaching of the Gospel to them. "Success!" exclaimed the famous general. "What have you to do with success? All that you have to do is to obey your marching orders. What are your marching orders? 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' You are not responsible for success, but for doing your duty."

Being warned . . . he turned aside. Sometimes men are turned aside for their safety, without being warned, and that by an apparent accident. Augustine was going to preach in a distant town and engaged a guide to show him the way. The guide was inexperienced and mistaking one of the landmarks took the great divine along a by-path which indeed led them to the town, but by a circuitous route many miles longer than the highway. Augustine was angry at the man for wasting his time and strength and reproached him as severely as so good a man ever reproached anyone. But later, he discovered that he had reason for gratitude instead of regrets. A band of his enemies, the Donatists, had sworn to take his life and hearing that he was to preach in that town and concluding that he would surely travel by the highway had concealed themselves in ambush that they might murder him as he passed. Had he not been turned aside in the providence of God, his life would have been sacrificed.

Sent and slew the children. That is what the great enemy of souls tries to do and in more cruel fashion than Herod did. He slays their souls. Lord Shaftesbury, who labored hard to reform the criminals of London and who had a wide experience of law-breakers gave it as his opinion that of all the jailbirds in London not more than one in a hundred had lived an honest life up to the age of twenty. Almost every criminal with whom he had talked admitted that he had entered upon his career of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen. The sacrifice of the children is thus infinitely more appalling than that pathetic story in the Greek legends of the monster Minotaur who lived in the great labyrinth. It was said that Athens had at stated intervals to send a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens into the labyrinth to be devoured by the monster and that every time there was bitter weeping as the tribute went never to return. But once, Theseus, the son of the king, offered to be one of the seven youths and he went into the labyrinth and slew the monster. It is sad to think that although the enemy of our race has been overcome by the Son of the King of kings he still receives his tribute of children who are not compelled to become his prey but go to him voluntarily and too often after being warned.



"The Mount Called Olivet."

Our Traveler Ascends its Summit—A Stubborn Royal Equine—Sad Gethsemane—"The Breath of His Presence."

It is still made conspicuous among the mountain roads about Jerusalem by the olive groves clothing the sides and summit. In spring-time, the apparently barren reaches which are unshaded by trees will be mantled with verdure and flowers. In late autumn, and in the winter, the mighty slopes are a study in neutral tints, the silvery gray of the olives contrasting but faintly with the darker uniformity of color in soil and stones.

If we would ascend to the church and convent built upon the crown of the long hill, we must walk or ride. Driving in any kind of vehicle is out of the question. This has been set fairly before us, but we sallied forth from the Jaffa gate, with an inadequate conception of what lies before us on this bland December afternoon. Massoud, refreshed by a couple of days in the stable, curvets and prances ahead of the two donkeys ridden by David and his charge. Jamal's is a brisk brown beast, with an amiable, conscientious amble, a pigmy beside the dignified creature, white as wool, allotted to me.

Tradition tells us that the Queen of Sheba rode a white ass when she came to visit Solomon, madame," I hear, as we skirt the city wall and see upon our left the heights where Titus massed the Roman legions for the terrible siege begun at the Feast of the Passover, A. D. 70, to end five months later in the destruction of temple and citadel. "And kings' sons rode upon such. It is therefore counted a royal animal."

The royal animal beneath me is broad and stalwart and comely—of his kind. He is also so lazy as to require the jerk of Serkeese at his head, and the goad of a second boy upon his flanks when we begin to climb. The flesh may be strong, but the spirit it encases is at once unstable and rebellious.

I have not found this out when we pace down the long declivity, passing on one hand the "green hill," on the other the Damascus gate. The road is wide and smooth, and near the bottom bears away from the city wall to cross a bridge.

"The Brook Kidron!" says the guide.

We draw up to the side of the bridge and look down into the dry valley. It is not even a ravine now, which spring floods might fill. Olive trees grow upon the accumulated debris of eighteen centuries. If there be water in the ancient channel, it never makes its way to the surface. The so-called Tomb of the Virgin is on our left hand. In a few months, upon the day fixed by ecclesiastical dogma as the birthday of our Lord's mother, thousands of pilgrims will pitch tents and booths about tomb and chapel; brass bands will be in full blast all day and all night long; all manner of merchandise will be peddled along the road.

"Just like a picnic," says a Greek Christian whom we encounter on the bridge.

The monument with a square base and peaked tower in the deeper part of the valley upon our right, is known as the Tomb of Absalom.

"Where he was never buried," comes from the back of the brisk brown donkey. "If the Captain will look at Second Samuel, eighteenth chapter and seventeenth verse, he will read that the young man Absalom was cast into a pit in the wood of Ephraim, which is on the other side of Jordan. Learned men think that this may be the pillar alluded to in the eighteenth verse (if you please, sir!) which 'Absalom in his lifetime reared up for himself in the king's day.'"

At the name of the undutiful son a pathetic scene rises before us. We turn silently to another part of the sacred record and read how "all the country wept with a loud voice" as the deposed king and his followers passed over Kidron; then that:

"David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head and they went up, weeping as they went up."

We are still reading when rasping voices smite our ears. Close to our stirrups is the vanguard of the forces drawn up on the sunny side of the walled way by which we are to make the ascent. The village of Siloam, the houses of which are scarcely distinguishable from the gray rocks to which they cling, lies a short half mile away. Above and beyond it, is the group of wretched huts tenanted by Jerusalem lepers, and this thoroughfare along the Kidron, and so on into the open country, is the pariah's stamping-ground. Old and young of both sexes haunt the spot on every moderately fine day. Some carry pails and baskets into which passing market-gardeners drop vegetables and fruit. One and all beg, and that continually, shamelessly making capital of mutilation and other disfigurement that sicken our souls and senses. David charges into the line closing across our way:

"We went this way this morning, and gave you backshish—and you know it!" he vociferates in stinging Arabic. "I am ashamed of you!"

At the admonition they slink back mute, if not abashed. That a party must not be bled twice in one day is a tenet in their unwritten code of honor and business.

The narrow roadway soon twists and contracts into a bridle-path. A path by

Here Hushai overtook David, and was sent back into Jerusalem by his master to defeat the counsels of Ahithophel. For aught that we, or any one now alive can know, it might have been upon this very spot that our Lord sat down to rest, after departing from the temple, and staying in the outer vestibule at his disciples' appeal, to look upon the great stones to be thrown down before the passing of the faithless generation. The leaves of our 'guide-book' do not flutter in the waveless air as we look for the story:

"And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying: 'Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of the coming?'"

If this be true, here, or near where we read these words, were given the parables of the Ten Virgins and the Ten Talents, and the awful picture was drawn of the division of the righteous from the wicked.

We visit Gethsemane on the way down. The inclosed "Garden," never large, has been subdivided into what may be called flower-plots, that Greek and Roman Catho-

The olives, gaunt and gnarled with years, that gleam in the afternoon light, have sprung from the soil that gave foothold to



NATIVE WOMEN OF MOUNT OLIVET.

the trees of the Gethsemane he loved. He must have crossed the brook by some such route as we have taken, and the tinkle of the running water may have joined with the sigh of the night-wind in the olive-boughs to lull the overwrought disciples to slumber. We forget traditions and monkish superstition in pondering these things, our faces turned toward Jerusalem—that we never forget—held not back, after slaying the prophets, from denying the Holy One and Just, and killing the Prince of Life.

The muezzins are answering one another from minaret to minaret, the harsh cry mellowed in the passage across the river, when we withdrew our eyes from what our hearts and memories must ever hold. David stands without the gate, and the lay-brother comes up with a sprig of rosemary.

Seeing me examine the gift in the hope of finding a wooden stem, he goes back into the garden for a stouter spray, and breaks off a piece of lavender as well.

"Both will grow, if planted," the interpreter says for him to me.

"Would he give me earth in which to plant them?"

He not only will, but hastens to transfer a generous double-handful to a stout envelope David produces from his inexhaustible pockets, and furthermore insists upon my acceptance of marigold and princess feather seeds, pulled from dry stalks beside him.

David smiles, gravely indulgent to the simply uttered admonition accompanying the humble marigold.

"He warns you, madame, that the flower requires sun and a warm soil. He thinks you are from a far-off and a cold country, like Russia, from which hundreds of pilgrims come yearly to Gethsemane."

It falls upon our exalted mood like the touch of a warning hand that we will never return from our "far-off" home upon a second pilgrimage to the Garden of the Agony and Bloody Sweat. We have repeatedly remarked to one another that full appreciation and right feeling do not come to us until we review the moment or hour in thought—that warmth and thrill then are like the afterglow of the departed sun. We shall always be glad that the majestic Figure, never distant from our spiritual apprehension in our daily walks and rides about Jerusalem, has never been nearer than in the solemn shadows now gathering under the trees of the garden into which he entered that night with his disciples. "As he was wont." The breath of his presence, the calm, and the blessing of it may well abide here now and forevermore.

We ride a little way back up the Mount called Olivet, to possess ourselves of a glimpse we had awhile ago, over and between the rounded crowns of the olives, of a hill-top rising dimly through the gauzy haze "beyond the city wall."

"By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat, by thy Cross and Passion, good Lord, deliver us!"

MARION HARLAND.



PICTURESQUE BEGGARS.

Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

courtesy only, for the rolling stones of all shapes and sizes are as plentiful under our feet as on both sides of the route. Sirkeese tugs hard at my royal beast's halter, the other boy applies a vigorous shoulder to the creature's haunches as we go up and up, tacking across the steep breast of the hill. Now and then, the efforts of both drivers are ineffectual to prevent the donkey from stopping short in an especially precipitous place, and drawing a long breath that heaves one high in the saddle, venting his emotion in what is surely the most ear-splitting and incredibly protracted bray that ever expanded asinine ribs. The experience is exasperating—but funny—up to the seventh repetition.

Still tacking, we gain an open space, a waste of loose stones—not far from the Church of the Ascension, and turn for a long look at the view. The day is very still; the sunlight is colorless; beyond gray hill-side and melancholy olive-trees, and across the valley where the Kidron flows no longer, and cool Siloam is choked by the heaps upon heaps of pleasant places laid waste—rise the hoary walls of Jerusalem.

lic may no longer disgrace the name and memory of a common Master by hideous wranglings. Each sect has its own paled-in territory. Having left our beasts of burden and our attendants at the end of the short lane leading to the main road, we have the place to ourselves, but for a lay-brother in a wide felt hat who is "pottering" with a hoe among the borders of old-fashioned cottage-flowers, under the most aged of the olive trees. Without so much as visiting the Grotto of the Agony, or the connecting subterranean chapel where are shown the tomb of St. Anna, the mother of Virgin Mary and that of Mary's husband, Joseph, or caring to measure the distance—"as it were a stone's cast"—dividing the Grotto of the Agony from the place without the garden—designated as that where Peter, James and John slept while their Lord wept and prayed—we bow to the solemn influences of the hallowed precincts. Somewhere on this sunny declivity was the retreat to which the Man of Sorrows so often resorted with his disciples, that the arch-traitor knew only too well where he was to be found after the Passover feast.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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To be with Talmage
EDITOR.

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GOD'S HELPERS.

THE man who teaches a Sabbath class, the woman who is to some invalid a Bible reader, they who speak words of good cheer to the disheartened, they who by a consistent life, commend righteousness, all these are helping toward the grand consummation. And that day of the world's release is coming. Just read the papers of these days, and see how much the world needs a sedative. So much unhappiness, domestic unhappiness, social unhappiness and political unhappiness! Pistols, poisons and moral wreckage. Yes, the world needs not only a sedative, but a corrective. Prescriptions without number have been offered to a disordered world, and some of them have been an alleviation or a temporary assuagement of its sufferings. But what this sick world needs is a radical cure, and that the religion of the cross can effect and nothing else. That will make the individual right and society right and the world right. What, then, is the matter? We have the patient and we have the medicine. The thing to do is to bring them together. That is your business and mine and the business of all Christian workers. As no two individuals have exactly the same style of work, so no two churches have the same mission. Each one must find what God would have it to do and then do that thing, and do it thoroughly. Church property is not taxed by city, or state or nation, because it is supposed that every church is doing something for the public good, and a church that does not do something for the general welfare is a scandal and has no right to the place it occupies. I am happy in believing that while there may be here and there a church on the wrong side of everything, and its existence is a damage to society, the vast majority of churches, yea, out of a thousand, are set for the proclamation of good morals and productive of right living. Even in a worldly sense they are profitable to a community and add to the value of real estate in proximity, but more than all they are mental and moral elevation, they are so many armed batteries to assist in the bombardment of iniquity and the capture of the whole world for God. And we will do well to keep in mind the final result. I am so constituted that I cannot fight at Bull Run. It is only a question of time as to how soon we must retreat and the forces of righteousness be wildly overthrown, we would have no heart for the combat, but it is a certainty beyond dispute that this world is going to be taken possession of by paradisaic influences. For deserts, gardens; for ignorance, highest culture; for vice, virtue; for drunkenness, sobriety; for wounds, health; for grief wide as the world, happiness girdling all nations. Keep that result in mind and our work will be more energetic and our faith triumphant.

God did not build this world for a failure. Christ did not die for a cause that is going to be defeated. Having laid the plan for the rectification of all evil and the supremacy of all good, that plan he will carry out, and all the combined forces of human and satanic hate cannot hinder it. Having made the world at the start he surely can make it over again. If a machinist has formed a machine and it gets out of order, and its cogs are broken, and its bands slip, and its revolutions are irregular, if he be a skillful machinist he surely can put it in good repair, and the Lord who built this world, which has got so fearfully out of gear, can surely make it run smooth again, and all its disordered wheels resume their original motion. With the feeling of a husbandman who, on a clear summer morning, sickle over his shoulder, advances, singing as he goes, by the harvest field, golden and waving in the light, let us advance to our work, and may the Lord of the harvest help us while we bind the sheaves for a full garner. Oh, trust in the sickle for the harvest is ripe. "Instead of the thorns shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

MONUMENTS.

NOTICE how rapidly the prominent men of this land are taking their places in what William C. Bryant, in his "Thanatopsis," calls "the silent halls of death." Immediately after their departure, the question arises about building them a monument. The hardest money to raise is for such cenotaphal commemoration. However eminent a man's services may have been, the subscription for his monument generally comes as hard as drawing teeth. The whole difficulty arises from a wrong notion as to what monument is most appropriate. If instead of spending so much money on a statue, or a sarcophagus, or graveyard architecture, the monument were to be built in the shape of a free library, or an art gallery, or an orphan asylum, or a church, or a school, a thousand dollars would pour in where now it is hard to get a hundred. What sculptured marble in the cemetery can so well keep fresh the memory of W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, as the Eloise Home for Aged Women, and the Corcoran Art Gallery? What chiseled epitaph for the family of the Astors like Astor Library? Though a marble pile should be reared in every graveyard in Christendom to the honor of George Peabody, it would not do so much to keep him in loving remembrance as the Peabody Institutes, and the Peabody Academies, and the Peabody Museums, and the Peabody Colleges, built by his bequests in all parts of this land and Great Britain.

Monuments are hard to raise money for, and will themselves in course of time perish. The obelisk in Central Park is only a big tombstone. It was built for all time to honor the Egyptian dead. But even that obelisk is now decaying. It is patched and plastered and mended, but it is a dying tombstone. The waves of eternity past strike against one side the cold column and the waves of eternity to come beat against the other side of the column. Time has a chisel with which he is obliterating every inscription and chipping away all symmetry, and the mandate which has left the Coliseum in ruins, and the Pantheon only a guess of what it was, is saving to the obelisk, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

But there are monuments that never perish. The longer they stand the grander their proportions and the mightier and brighter their inscriptions. I mean the monuments built out of hearts comforted, out of sorrows appeased, out of hunger fed, out of tyrannies demolished. When the white and holy shaft is uncovered it will be amid a chorus of nations saved and the eulogy of him who will say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the

least of these my brethren, ye did it to me." Higher or lower we all have opportunity of building for ourselves such a monument. It will not have the coldness of granite, but the warmth of eternal sympathies. Ten thousand years, instead of erasing, will only augment its grandeur. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. But do not let us be discouraged because we cannot build our monuments of usefulness on a large scale. If, according to the divine announcement, he who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall receive a disciple's reward; then every encouraging word uttered, every Gospel invitation given, every lift of the helpless over hard places, every prayer offered, every deed done, however insignificant to human sight, will be everlastingly honored and remembered by the Lord, long after the granite of the cemetery has fallen and the obelisks of antiquity shall have been swallowed up in the last earthquake of a foundering world. As far as I remember, God in the Bible wrote only two epitaphs, the one over a man who had lived for himself, "Thou fool;" the other over a plain woman, whose tribute of love to him offended his disciples: "she hath done what she could."

* *

I believe in the Bible from lid to lid inspired, not always as a precept but sometimes as a history, the sacred writers no more approving of some of the conduct described in the Bible than Macaulay approves of all the conduct in England described in his history, but a Bible from lid to lid inspired, not always as a precept, but sometimes as a history, yet the best book ever written by pen or printed by type, the foundation of happy homes and good governments.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

P. Dexter, Franklin, O. 1. At what depth of the ocean are the waves felt? 2. What is the pressure at great sea-depths?

1. It is stated by scientific observers that waves are appreciably felt at a depth of 3,000 feet. 2. At the depth of a mile, the pressure is equal to fully one ton to the square inch.

B. B. U., Oceana, Va. Does a person have to be conscious of sin, before he can sincerely repent?

Unquestionably. How else can he repent except he first is conscious that he has sinned? Conviction of sin, or the true spiritual consciousness of one's own shortcomings, is essential to that regret or godly sorrow that worketh repentance. (See II. Cor. 7: 10.) At the same time, one may be conscious of sin and yet, unfortunately, persist in it or be unable to abandon it. It is only by the power of the Spirit, working in the heart, that such consciousness can be made to lead to conviction and thence to repentance and the new life.

Fred. Miller, Hagerstown, Md. How did the Turks come to adopt the Crescent as their national and religious symbol?

It has nothing to do with their religious creed. It was the ancient ensign of Byzantium, now Constantinople, and was found on the coins of that city hundreds of years B. C., and nearly one thousand years before the rise of the Mohammedan power. When the Turks entered Constantinople, after its overthrow by Mohammed II., they found the badge of the Crescent and the Sultans adopted it as a good omen and as foreshadowing the increase of their power.

O. M. P., Leesburg, Pa., and other Inquirers. Why do we keep the first day of the week holy instead of the seventh?

Your question has been answered frequently in these columns and was answered fully in our issue of Jan. 3 (page 6), in reply to "Subscriber, Greenville, N. J." Briefly, we may say that as Christians we honor the first day, as the Lord's Day, because on it he rose from the dead and set the seal to the New Covenant which is of infinitely greater importance to us than the Mosaic covenant. That this custom is not a modern innovation, but was the custom of the early church, may be inferred from Acts 20: 7 and other passages.

W. Dean, San Diego, Cal. Your issue of June 6th with its picture of "Lai Soon and his family," awakens memories which have slept for half a century. Then I met Lai Soon, a young Chinese boy, taking Christian lessons of Dr. Ball of the American Board at Canton, China, for missionary work. Failing to find employment as Chinese interpreter for an English Consul at Bangkok, Siam. That Consul had for his wife a daughter of Dr. Medhurst, who, for forty years was one of the most efficient missionaries to the Malays and Chinese. Another event brought to mind by your picture is that his wife was a pupil of Miss Audissey and Miss Audissey was a fellow passenger with Theodosia Barker from England to Java, and Theodosia became my wife when she reached China. I heard much about Miss Audissey before she and her pupil came to China, and met the pupil before and after she became Mrs. Lai Soon. She was an excellent wife and mother. My

memory still holds on to the manly form and generous character of your Editor's brother, with whom I spent many days at his happy home at Amoy in China, where he was a power for good.

J. C. Seneff, Wilmerding, Pa. By what system were the years kept about 3317 B. C., and how many months were there in a year?

The period referred to was about the time of Enoch. According to tradition, Enoch who "walked with God" was the best and wisest man of his generation, and the first who taught men astronomy, division of time, and the higher sciences. The early inhabitants were acquainted with the sun-dial for the division of the day and the hours, the lunar changes for the division of the months, and the solar changes for the procession of the seasons. Doubtless the early Hebrews had the divinely-ordained seventh day of rest to mark the close of the week, although the early Egyptians had no such chronological period, but divided their month of thirty days into three periods of ten days each. Scriptural evidence would indicate that the year, in the ages preceding the Flood, was 360 days in length, although of course this cannot be positively affirmed. It is certain, however, that the months were lunar, and the only longer divisions of time recognized in 3317 B. C. may have been "seasons" or "harvests," with the addition of a thirteenth month whenever the twelfth or last ended too early to correspond with the season or harvest then regularly falling due.

W. V., Langhorne, Pa. 1. What is the difference between "high" and "low" church in the Protestant Episcopal communion? 2. What was the trouble which led to the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church?

1. The differences are too radical and numerous to be defined in a paragraph. Roughly and briefly it may be said that high churchmen approximate in doctrine, ceremony and practice to the Romish Church, believing that the bread and wine at the Lord's Supper are really changed into the body and blood of Christ, and holding other beliefs in common with the Church of Rome, although not acknowledging the authority of the Pope. The low churchmen hold Evangelical doctrines while maintaining the form of government and polity of the Protestant Episcopal Church. 2. The Reformed Episcopal Church originated in the failure of repeated efforts to obtain a revision of the Prayer Book. A party in the church desired to eliminate from the Prayer Book phrases implying a belief that infants were regenerated by baptism; that the Lord's Supper was a sacrifice in which the elements had been transformed into the body and blood of Christ; and that ministers were priests. As a majority of convocation were opposed to these phrases being withdrawn, their opponents in 1873 left the church and organized the Reformed Episcopal Church.

O. C. Dunreith, Ind. 1. It is believed that a legend precisely like the massacre by Herod, occurred 1200 years A. D., when a tyrant sought the life of the Child Krishna, the atoning Saviour of the Hindus. Please give in brief what is known of the event. 2. Is the celebrated passage in Josephus, "Antiquities of the Jews," book 18, chapter 3, paragraph 3, genuine, or as some claim interpolated? 3. Of what nationality was the ancient historian Macrobius, and when did he live?

1. Krishna (meaning "black"), is represented in Hindu theology as one of the most popular incarnations of Vishnu. His life is related in the "Vishnu Purana," one of the sacred books of the Hindus. He is especially the god of the lower orders, having been brought up among cowherds and peasants. One object of his incarnation was the destruction of Kansa, an oppressive monarch and an enemy of the gods. According to the Hindu myth, Kansa was informed by a prophet named Narada, that his own cousin would bear a son, who would kill him and overthrow his kingdom. The child was miraculously saved. When Kansa discovered that he had been foiled, he ordered the slaughter of all the male children in his kingdom. The life of Krishna, as depicted in the "Puranas," was one of unbridled licentiousness and utterly without moral purpose. He had a harem of 16,000 wives. His deeds were like those of some of the spirits and genii mentioned in Oriental fables. He died of an arrow wound in the foot. The whole story is a mass of legend, tradition and fable. 2. It is asserted by some writers that the passage is an interpolation, but the assertion has never been sustained. 3. Macrobius was a celebrated Roman writer and philosopher, who lived in the fifth century A. D.

H. D. M. Case, Spence, W. Va. Write to the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—A. G. Carroll, Baltimore, Md. Either 1867 or 1868. We have not the data at hand.—Subscriber, Racine, Wis. Don't deal with agents; write to some of the leading publishers direct and they will doubtless reply.—Mrs. Emma Gillis, Hicksville, O. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York, for Mr. Moody's sermons.—Miss E. J. Whitmore, Fort Worth, Tex. Write to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—Mrs. Fannie M. Brooks, Richards, Ky. Yes, it will be published in book form shortly.—Reader, Fort Riley, Kan. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 622 8th Avenue, New York, about arranging for missionary work.—Enquirer, Washington. Something practical is under consideration in the matter, which may shortly be explained to our readers.—G. A. Fairgrieve, Cambridgeport. He has been dead several years. Two of the best known are "Barriers Burned Away," and "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." Your nearest bookseller can procure them.—Reader, Washington, D. C. Write to Rev. Dr. Barrows, Chicago, Ill. for the reporting of John Holden, Crockett, Tex. It is not deserving of an answer. In certain multiples if being noticed.—Subscriber, Liberty Corner, N. J. We have not the information you want.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

UNDER the French constitution, the death or resignation of the President of the Republic must be followed promptly by the election of his successor. That duty devolves on the Senate and Chamber of Deputies sitting in joint session. They are required to meet at Versailles within three days of a vacancy occurring and there elect a President for the full term of seven years. In compliance with this law, no sooner was the assassination of President Carnot announced, than the President of the Senate issued a summons for a meeting of the National Assembly on Wednesday, June 27. The meeting was held and resulted in the election of M. Casimir-Perier, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, on the first ballot. A majority of all the votes cast is necessary to elect and in this instance 851 members voted. The number necessary for a valid election was therefore 426 and as M. Casimir-Perier received 451 votes, he was declared duly elected. As there were no nominations, the remainder of the votes were scattered among a number of prominent politicians. M. Casimir-Perier, whose portrait appears on this page, is forty-seven years of age. He has held many important offices and only in May last resigned the office of Premier. He is the son and grandson of distinguished statesmen. His election is popular with all classes, except the radicals and socialists who are opposed to him because he is a millionaire and is connected by birth and marriage with the aristocracy. The necessity of filling so quickly the vacancy in the Government caused by the atrocious crime of the anarchist, is easily understood by those who are acquainted with the condition of the country. The utmost excitement and indignation has been aroused by the murder of M. Carnot and a strong hand at the helm of affairs was required to enforce order. At Lyons where the murder was committed, especially the popular rage took a course which threatened to involve international complications. When it was found that the assassin was an Italian, there was a wild outburst of rage against everyone of that nationality in the city. Italian stores and restaurants were attacked, their contents flung into the street and burned, and their owners maltreated. Employers discharged their Italian workmen, who were obliged to fly for their lives. A strong military force was necessary to protect the Italian consulate. It was an unreasoning outbreak as there was no suspicion that the peaceable Italian residents of Lyons had any complicity in the crime of their fellow-countryman, but in all such movements justice is ignored and prejudice and passion exercise sway. Like the crime that provoked the outrage, they are blunders as well as crimes, for they defeat their own purpose and bring retribution on the perpetrators. (Matt. 26: 52.)

An Objectionable Fastening.

Formal protests have been lodged with the Trustees of the Naval Cemetery, in Brooklyn, against the fastening that has been placed on the gate of that last resting place of the dead. The cemetery is a small plot near the Naval Hospital, and belongs to the United States Government. Many sailors who have died in the hospital are buried there. The gate was formerly closed with an ordinary catch, but recently, owing

to the intrusion of the boys of the neighborhood, it has been secured by a ring and padlock. Female relatives of the dead sailors, who went to visit the graves, raised no objection to the lock, as they were promptly admitted on application at the hospital office. Some sailors, however, who called on a recent day, were very indignant. They at once recognized it as a leg-iron such as is used on board ship to secure refractory prisoners, and they regarded its use on the cemetery gate as dishonoring to their comrades who are buried within. The women had not recognized the ring, and did not know its objectionable associations, but when they were told the purpose for which such things were used, they joined in the protest. The iron being a symbol of punishment, its use on the cemetery gate was, doubtless, regarded, not as an intimation that those within were prisoners of death, which would have been true, but as implying that they were undergoing punishment for their sins, which is not true of any who have put their trust in Him "whom God raised up, having loosed the pangs of death because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." (Acts 2: 24.)

A Strangled Elm.

How a stately tree is gradually losing its life is told by a correspondent of a daily

python, mounting to its lower branches and climbing in concentric folds about them and the trunk. One strand has clasped the elm so tightly that it has almost buried itself in the tree. It has mounted to the top of the elm and its plumed crest is now waving above its crown. The elm is naturally strong but it shows signs of the force of the deadly grip in which the Wisteria holds it. The tips of its lower branches are dry and withered, and above, the foliage is sere and yellow. Before another year the noble tree will be dead, its life strangled out of it by the Wisteria. So it has been with some noble men and women. Some affection, or some treacherous habit has coiled itself about them, at first stopping their growth in grace, and checking development, and finally ending by killing all true life within them. (Prov. 7: 26.)

A Preacher Mocked.

The interruption of a church service in Washington, D. C., by the voracity of a parrot is reported by the "Post" of that city. It appears that among the guests at one of the chief hotels on a recent Sunday, was a gentleman who has just returned from a journey in Africa. He brought with him a parrot which, he boasts, has no equal in the marvellous rapidity with which it can

that a clergyman has so objectionable a hearer, but it often happens that a congregation contains some who listen with no



M. CASIMIR-PERIER.
The New French President.

better motive. They do not mimic the preacher, but they learn pious phrases which, repeated afterward, get them a reputation for piety. (Ezek. 33: 31.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Services in the Auditorium at Asbury Park, N. J., on July 22, will be conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills, who will preach at each service.

The Peary Relief Expedition has arrived safely at St. John's, N.F. The expedition was to proceed northward on July 5. All the members are well.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reports that the total receipts for the six months of the financial year were \$579,669, against \$500,893 for the corresponding period of last financial year.

Madame Carnot has received an Autograph letter from Queen Victoria, expressing sympathy with her in her bereavement. The Queen concludes with the words: May God give you the strength, courage and resignation so necessary to enable you to bear such misfortune.

Sir John Hall, who has been Premier of New Zealand, and an energetic supporter of woman suffrage, says: "Now, nobody has a word to say against woman's enfranchisement. Nobody dreams of going back, and many wonder why the change was not made before."

The Number of Christian churches and Jewish synagogues in New York City has increased from 340 in 1871 to 522 in 1894, and the seating capacity which in 1871 was 292,700 is now 400,000, or sufficient to accommodate about one of every four adults and children now living in the city.

Dr. William H. Park, the Surgeon in charge of the Methodist Episcopal hospital at Soo-Chow, has been created a Mandarin of the Fifth Class, in recognition of his services in saving the life of the Aide-Camp of a Chinese General, who had been severely wounded by a gang of robbers.

A New York Lady now in Europe, has notified her physician that her carriage and her pair of horses are at the service of the hospital with which he is connected, either to give the nurses an airing or for convalescent patients. The coachman is placed under the doctor's orders until the lady returns. As no other ladies have been so thoughtful, the example may be useful as a suggestion.

An English Newspaper Usually Well-Informed as to European affairs says that the Sultan of Turkey is sending at his own expense, missionaries to spread Islamism in Africa, with a view of checking the advance of Christian powers. This appears to indicate that if Christian people do not think Christian missions are making much progress in Africa, the Sultan and his Mohammedan advisers hold a different opinion.

A New Bible for the Blind has just been issued from the press of Louisville, Ky. It is printed with the "point" alphabet, which is said to be much more easily read by a blind person than the Roman letters. Like the Bible now in use, the letters are raised, so that a blind person can read it by touch. Each letter is represented by a different number of raised dots or points arranged in a certain position, the letters being recognized by the number and arrangement of the dots. The Bible covers 1,839 pages and is in eleven volumes.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT—THE CITY OF LYONS WHERE THE CRIME OCCURRED.

journal. Near the Congregational Church of Norwich, Conn., is a fine elm, tall and straight and in the prime of vigorous life. In the garden of a mansion standing near the church, a Wisteria vine has been planted and has grown to unusual proportions. At its base it is nearly a foot in diameter. It was trained to cover the front of the mansion and a branch, leaving the trunk about a foot from the ground, has done that work. It is over a hundred feet long and its festoons are, in the season, rich with lovely blossoms. But the Wisteria did not expend all its life in that way. The trunk divided where the branch left it, and another fork consisting of three huge strands several inches thick was thrown out. The strands are held together by withe-like tendrils, which spring from them and have made them like a cable. Trailing twenty feet along the fence, they reached the trunk of the elm and twined around it, like a great

pick up and repeat any noise uttered in its hearing. The parrot's cage was placed in the guest's room, the windows of which overlook a church which is in close proximity to the hotel. The weather being hot on Sunday morning, the windows were open both in the church and the hotel. No annoyance occurred at the beginning of the service, but when the sermon began, the congregation heard the preacher's words repeated in his own tones and emphasis, by a mocking voice. The short sentences he uttered were taken up and pronounced in imitation so faithful and so exact as to move all the people to laughter. The minister himself smiled, though the annoyance disturbed him. Finally he had to suspend preaching while one of his deacons went to the hotel with a request for the removal of the parrot to some other part of the hotel. The proprietor apologized and complied, and the service was resumed. It is not often



THE CALVARY BAPTIST PULPIT

A HERO AND HIS ARMY.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S.

MacArthur, D.D. Text: Judges 7: 7, "And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man unto his place," etc., etc.

BRAVE, dashing, and victorious were the soldiers of the heroic Gideon. They are worthy of immortality; and they have been immortalized on the page of sacred story. They lose nothing of their grandeur and glory even when compared with the "noble six hundred" who rode into the jaws of death," "into the mouth of hell," and whose praise is chanted in immortal verse by the laureate Tennyson. In giving praise to Gideon and "glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are," we desire to detract nothing from the illustrious three hundred, whose heroic, patriotic piety gave them a unique place not only in the Bible, but in the history of brave men of every century and every clime.

Condition of the Country.

In order rightly to understand the events recorded in connection with the bravery and victory of Gideon we must have clearly in our minds the condition of the country at the time. Earlier in this history we had the account of the defeat of Sisera. His defeat marked the failure of the last attempt by the old inhabitants to overthrow the people of God. Now, however, enemies from new quarters afflict the children of Israel. They are the Midianites and the Amalekites; the Midianites had gradually spread northward from the peninsula of Sinai, and the Amalekites were the old enemies of Israel whom they had fought in the desert of Rephidim. These two peoples have now joined interests with some other tribes, "the children of the East," in order to overthrow Israel. They are accustomed to make incursions at harvest time when they carry off flocks, and destroy the harvests after the manner of the Bedouin Arabs of the present day. The Israelites were reduced to the sorest distress; many of them were obliged to dwell in dens in the mountains, in caves, and in strongholds. At this time they did not dare to reside in the open country, but were obliged to find protection in these retired and hidden caverns. Frequently still, whole neighborhoods are exposed to these ravages, and as a result whole villages have disappeared from the face of the earth. The peasants prefer to climb to a safe retreat in the hills rather than take the risk of living in the open fields. In Gideon's time these raids were on an especially gigantic scale. Cruel as is war always and everywhere, it was especially so in the midst of the terrible sufferings inflicted upon the helpless Israelites. Two chiefs, having the title of kings, are especially brought to our notice, Zebah and Zalmunna, "the pitiless." Their names indicate the power they exercised, and the terror they inspired. There were two inferior chiefs, named Oreb, "the raven," and Zeeb, "the wolf;" these latter bore the title of "princes." These four chiefs led their wild followers in battle array against the defenseless inhabitants. The picture of their army given in the narrative is striking and startling. They are represented in the Book of Judges as appearing like the Arab chiefs of modern days arrayed in gorgeous scarlet robes, whilst on their necks and the necks of their camels there were gold chains and crescent-shaped ornaments. All their women were dressed with ear and nose rings of gold, together with many other jewels. This is the picture given us in this ancient record of the dashing and heartless enemies of Israel, and of the sad condition of the people themselves.

When the night is darkest, the morning is near; when the knell of liberty is sounding, the deliverer is born. When the tale of bricks was doubled, then came Moses; when Israel was in despair and her enemies in

triumph, then came Gideon, heroic deliverer, and triumphant soldier of God. Our thought must be fixed upon him for a little as we study this interesting narrative. "Words are things," said the fiery Mirabeau in the wild French Assembly. This statement is true of Gideon's name. It means "feller," "hewer," or "destroyer." He was chosen of God for his noble mission. He is of a small family, but of a proud tribe. Unexpectedly did this great champion of Israel arise in the midnight hour of Israel's hope. Already Gideon was known both to the Israelites and their enemies as a mighty hero. The "tree-feller" was also a man-feller; and many a Midianite had already felt the strength of the arm of this "mighty man of valor." His home and fields were at Ophar, and here the invaders encountered his strong arm and brave household. He was modestly at work, like many other truly great men, when he received his call to higher duties and nobler endeavors.

A Divine Call.

Gideon was threshing wheat with a flail in the winepress in order that he might the better conceal the grain from the tyrants. In the winepress he would be less exposed to the notice of the invaders, and the flail failing on the grain placed on the dead ground would make less noise than if it were on a boarded floor. There would be danger that the enemies might hear the belaboring of the oxen, if they had been used to thresh the grain. The angel of the Lord immediately said to him, "Jehovah is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." This address seemed not only startling but ironical to Gideon, when he considered the depressed state of his people. He therefore replied, "O, my Lord, if Jehovah be with us why then is all this evil befallen us, and where be all the miracles which our fathers told us of, saying: did not Jehovah bring us up from Egypt? but now Jehovah has forsaken us and delivered us into the hand of the Midianites." We can well understand how Gideon came to speak in a tone so despondent. The answer came: Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel, from the hands of the Midianites. Have not I sent thee? Gideon still expressed his doubt; but he is met with this divine promise: "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." The assurance that God is with him is all that he needs. A miracle finally entirely removes his distrust, and inspires his heart with hope and assures him of God's presence and help in all his undertakings. This miracle is in itself deeply interesting. Gideon at once undertakes to present the angel with a kid and unleavened cakes. These he laid upon the rock, and the supernatural visitor touches the offering with the tip of his staff, and immediately a fire arose out of the rock and consumed them; the meal immediately became a sacrifice. The angel then departed and Gideon was filled with holy awe because he had seen an angel of the Lord face to face. The heavenly visitant gives him a word of benediction, and Gideon builds an altar calling it Jehovah-shalom.

Clothed With the Spirit of God.

A new era dawns upon Gideon and the people of God. Striking is the language employed to describe Gideon's preparation for this heroic and patriotic service; we are told that the spirit of Jehovah clothed him. This statement means that he was filled fully, possessed entirely, by the spirit of God. Being thus clothed "he waxed valiant in fight," and was thus enabled to "turn to flight the armies of the aliens." When the spirit of God comes in abundant measure upon men they are able to perform heroic deeds, and to achieve sublime results. We

are not now surprised to read that Gideon blew the war trumpet through his own clan of Abiezer and also that messengers were sent through the northern tribes and they joyfully obeyed the patriotic summons. All is now ready for a great deliverance; but Gideon feels the need of a divine token to assure him of God's presence and blessing. God condescends to strengthen his faith by a double sign of the divine presence. One wonders at Gideon's demand that God should give him this token; his conduct seems presumptuous, after God had given a definite promise; but in passing judgment upon this demand of Gideon we must have constantly in view the necessities of his position. We now now see the gathering of the Clan, we hear the blast of the trumpets, and are ready for the approaching clash of arms. Gideon's career is a campaign rather than a battle, a campaign which divides itself into three parts. No fewer than 33,000 men have answered Gideon's call. He, however, proclaims through the host that all who were faint-hearted were free to depart, and to our astonishment, and, as we might well suppose, to his dismay, no fewer than 22,000 withdrew. But even the 11,000 still remaining were too many. A strange method does Gideon employ to test the spirit of his soldiers. Here is a brook flowing through the basin, and to it his soldiers are brought that he may once more test their wisdom and their self-restraint. Only those who lapped the water with their hands, as men do who are in haste, were considered worthy to be retained in the army, and all those who lay down and leisurely drank were excluded. These two modes of drinking are still common in the East. Orientals become amazingly dexterous in the use of the hands; they throw the water into the mouth before the hand is brought close to it, so that the hand brings a fresh supply before the preceding one has been swallowed. The entire number of soldiers is now reduced to three hundred. Is Gideon to be pitted? One might so affirm; but God had said: "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you and deliver the Midianites into thine hand." God cares for quality more than quantity. When God makes bare his arm, a few men become mightier than many thousands without God's immediate presence and benediction. But a slight difference marked the conduct of the rejected and the accepted soldiers; but that slight difference indicated an important distinction between these two classes. We may expect that Gideon soon will achieve victories for God's Israel and for Israel's God.

Another Encouragement.

At this critical moment Gideon needed and received another encouragement from God. At this moment the Midianites and Amalekites, and all the children of the East, lay sleeping in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels, according to the Scripture narrative, were without number, as the sand by the seaside for multitude. How may Gideon attempt to overcome 120,000 of these dashing warriors with 300 men? God recognizes the necessity of interposing for the encouragement of his noble servant. Yonder in the valley beneath sleep the hosts of Midian: God commands Gideon to go down unto the host, taking his servant Phurah with him, and accompanied the command by the promise that he had delivered Midian into Gideon's power. We now see Gideon and Phurah going stealthily down to the sleeping host. The darkness of night has come down alike upon the invaders and the invaded. Under cover of the night Gideon and his armor-bearer reach the outskirts of the tents; deep silence reigns over the encampment. One of the sleeping Arabs awakes; a dream has startled him. He is telling that dream to one of his companions. How eagerly Gideon and Phurah listen. This dream meant much to Midian; it will mean much to Israel. A thin and round cake of barley bread is seen rolling into the camp. Mysterious cake! Marvelous wheel! And now it reaches the royal camp in the centre of the encampment, and headlong the camp falls upon the ground. So spake the awakened Arab; so heard the anxious and delighted Gideon. The Arab affirms that it meant nothing else save "the sword of Gideon, the son of Joash." Grateful Gideon, he bows himself in thankfulness to the ground, and then dashes off up the mountain side with a glad heart; he returns to his three companies at their posts. At midnight the signal is given. Never were stillness and darkness more suddenly disturbed. Three

hundred pitchers crash, three hundred shout until the midnight air resounds as if hundreds of thousands instead of three hundred soldiers were making an onset. And the stirring war-cry, "for Jehovah and for Gideon," breaks upon the stillness of the midnight air. The Arabs break camp, rush hither and thither in the darkness and confusion, uttering the wild cries peculiar to their race. Every man drew his sword against his fellow. The vast multitude poured in hopeless confusion down the valley toward the ford of Jordan; their aim was to cross the river at Bethfara, but Gideon would not permit them to escape.

We now come to what was really a second battle, for the Ephraimites were now aroused, and that great tribe seized the ford and cut off the fugitives. The two greater chiefs had crossed the river before the Ephraimites arrived, but Oreb and Zeeb, the lesser chiefs, were caught and slain. "Faint, yet pursuing," dashed Gideon and his brave three hundred after the retreating enemy.

A Third Battle.

At Succoth and Penuel, Gideon found halting places. Although two battles had been gained, a third must be fought and a third victory won. Gideon now follows the course of Zebah and Zalmunna, the two chiefs who had been over all the host, with flying steps, and pursued them in their rapid flight. Shall he overtake them? Shall the victories won be followed by another triumph? On, on, far into the desert rush Gideon and his brave three hundred, and at distant Karkor he overtakes the flying Arab host. There the remnant of their army has encamped in fancied security; they are without the limits of Palestine. Gideon immediately resolves to surprise them by a rapid detour. In his plans he is eminently successful, and suddenly falling upon them from the East, he utterly routed them, and by sunrise he was marching in triumph on his way back to the Jordan. Never was a victory more complete. The day of Midian, "with its confused noise, and its garments rolled in blood," remained ever after as the emblem of complete destruction of the foes of Israel.

So magnificent was Gideon's triumph that he rose at once to the highest honors which the tribe could confer. It was their intention to crown him as king, but Gideon was humble as heroic; he was modest as brave. Few men could have been more fit for the honor of royal rank. His very appearance was kingly, but he earnestly refused the proffered crown.

Lessons.

God gives us at times opportunities for doing great things for him. Happy are we when we recognize our opportunity and discharge our obligation. Again, God can work with few as with many; he regards quality more than quantity. Unfortunately but a small percentage in all our churches now do the work of the churches; but few are ready to respond to the blast of the trumpet for battle against the devil and all form of evil. Many soldiers are heroic in sham battles and on parade day; but when war really comes, thousands are faint-hearted, and other thousands are self-indulgent. Many are skulking in the rear, some are sulking in their tents, while an undue proportion is in hospitals or in ambulances. If the test were applied to churches to-day, perhaps as great a proportion as in the army of Gideon would be unfit for battle.

Once more the trumpet sounds, summoning us to the conflict. Hosts of Midianites and Amalekites in the form of social, political and personal evils are all about us. Let us sound the cry, "For God and native land," and rouse ourselves for duty. Let us, here and now, consecrate ourselves afresh to Christ and to his church. Let us determine to undertake nothing in our own strength. We are unable to cope with our terrible foes. Let us also shrink from no duty to which we are clearly called of God. God will permit us to test him as Gideon tested him with the fleece; and God will give us encouragement by confessions of weakness from the foe, as Gideon was encouraged by the dream regarding the cake of barley-bread.

Let us doubt nothing when God promises us his help. Forward, O church of the living God! Let us no longer sing, "hold the fort," but let us shout, "storm the fort." And let us, when the victory is won, take no glory to ourselves, but give all the glory unto God. God must strip us of pride that he may use us for work. May the God of Gideon be our God, our portion, our all, henceforth and forevermore. Amen.

BRINGING THE CHILDREN IN.

Our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest Organizes many new Sunday Schools—A Centenarian Christian.

WRITING from Kirksville, Mo., under a recent date, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, says:

"I organized a Sunday School last Lord's day, eighty-eight persons going into the organization. The place is a small village named Excello. It has an interesting population and the school begins with every encouraging prospect. While there I heard some interesting facts about Robert Gipson, who was reputed to be over 118 years and who died recently. I had known 'Uncle Robbie' as he was familiarly and affectionately called, when I was a youth, and he seemed to be quite old the first time I ever saw him. In 1879 I dined with him at the house of one of his sons, he being then, as estimated, over his 100th year. He was able to attend a meeting in which I was laboring. He was in good health. In the course of our conversation on that occasion I asked him what his prospects were as a Christian. I was struck with the beauty, force and simplicity of the answer made by this aged and unlearned disciple. He said: 'My strength fails me, my sight fails me, but my faith does not fail me.' It was probably more than two years afterward that I preached in a small school house in a country district where I had organized a Sunday School. Mr. Gipson was stopping with another of his sons who lived close to the school house, and, notwithstanding the day was chilly, he attended the preaching. The text was the dying words of our blessed Lord, 'It is finished.' At the close of the discourse all present who were trusting in Christ for salvation were requested to rise. Immediately 'Uncle Robbie' began to reach out for his crutches (or canes), and with the aid of friends he arose, and 'stood up for Jesus.'

"The following is a summary of missionary work from June 1, 1893, to June 1, 1894. 'Schools Re-organized,' refers not to 'living' schools reconstructed, but to 'dead' schools revived. Sometimes the second organization succeeds splendidly, and is therefore very necessary.

	Teachers	Scholars
Schools addressed, visited or otherwise aided.....	28	200 2,193
Scholars visited or aided which had been previously reported.....	52	320 3,832
New schools organized.....	16	58 563
Schools re-organized.....	4	21 178
Total of schools labored with.....	100	599 6,766

"I had organized three flourishing Sunday Schools in May, and preached to a crowded audience the first sermon ever delivered in what is called Boomer Schoolhouse. I organized nine schools during that month in the Grand River country, and addressed or otherwise aided five others in the counties of Chariton, Linn, Grundy and Livingston, the fourteen schools having 63 teachers and 557 scholars traveled 673 miles, closing a tour of 57 days May 28, during which I had only been at home a few hours from April 6. I left home again the 2d of June on another tour, to last till the latter part of the month."

A SINGING HINDOO CONVERT.

At a recent meeting in England, Mr. Robert Spurgeon related the following of a Hindoo convert: "Boden is one of the gentlest and happiest and best of our native brethren. He is greatly beloved everywhere. And to all classes he is ever ready to sing for Jesus. Two or three hymn-books, wrapped in a piece of cloth, are always with him. Hindoos and Mohammedans and Christians alike invite him to sing; and he has a hymn that suits almost every subject. This aged saint has gone through many trials. When a false lawsuit resulted in his imprisonment he said to the magistrate, 'You sentence me unjustly. But there is one who will judge you.' In prison he was allowed his hymn-book through Mr. Anderson's intercession, and the prisoners listened daily to his gentle voice as he sang of the Saviour. A short time ago a number of our people had taken up land where some heathen had desired to secure it, and in revenge the Hindoos came down upon them in a body one Sunday morning while they were at prayer. Boden was present, his left arm was broken, and he had to spend weeks in the hospital at Piroj-pore. While there he did more for Christ by his quiet, uncomplaining and gentle spirit, as well as by his perpetual singing, than much bazaar preaching could accomplish."

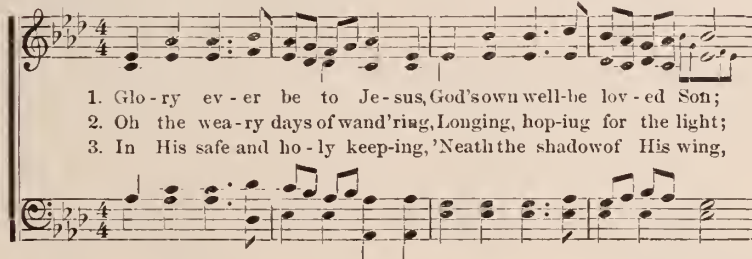


Glory Ever be to Jesus.

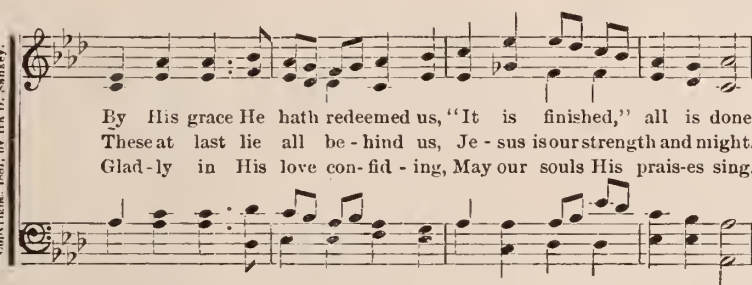
"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Psa. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Glo-ry ev-er be to Je-sus, God's own well-lov-ed Son;
2. Oh the wea-ry days of wand'ring, Longing, hop-ing for the light;
3. In His safe and ho-ly keep-ing, 'Neath the shadow of His wing,

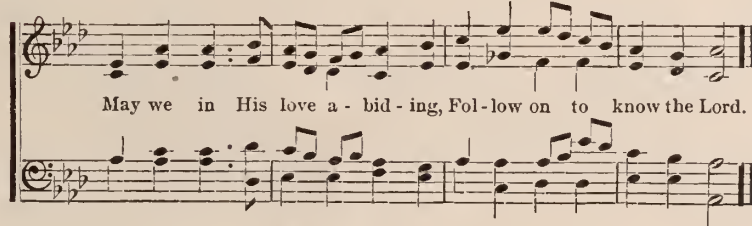


By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is finished," all is done.
These at last lie all be-hind us, Je-sus is our strength and might.
Glad-ly in His love con-fid-ing, May our souls His prais-es sing.



CHORUS.

Saved by grace thro' faith in Je-sus, Saved by His own pre-cious blood,



May we in His love a-bid-ing, Fol-low on to know the Lord.

Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No. 5, by per. of the Publishers.

CELESTIAL SIGHT.

"Lord! lift Thou up the light of thy countenance."
Psalm 4: 6.

FATHER! as other faces fade,
As earthly lights decline,
More brightly on this darkened heart
Bid thy soft radiance shine.

As in its lamp; life's keenest sense,
Burns lower, still more low,
Oh, bid my inner sight increase,
Its holier visions grow.

Give me a clearer, brighter faith
To see, my sun and shield;
Thy glory and thy righteousness
In Jesus' face revealed.

A stronger faith, to mark how fast
How close on every hand,
The great hills of thy faithfulness,
Eternal bulwarks stand.

A purer faith to read my want,
My nothingness, and need.
And boldly for thy latest gift,
Thy Gift of Gifts to plead.

Jesus! my hope, is all from thee
Draw nearer, still more near;

And show me of thyself as much
Of Heaven, as earth can bear.
Till waking in thy likeness, there,
And strengthened by thy grace,
In love's most blissful hour of prayer
I see Thee face to face.

Centerville, Miss.

A. R. S.

HEAVEN NEAR.

SURELY yon Heaven, where angels see
God's face
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth! 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
'Tis but a veil which winds might blow
aside,
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,
The Land of which we dream.
Those peaks are nearer Heaven than earth
below,
Those hills are higher than they seem;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft
brow
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem.
'Tis the blue floor of Heaven that they up-
bear;
And, like some old and wildly-rugged stair,
They lift us to the Land, where all is fair,
The Land of which we dream.

THE COMING REGENERATION.

The Golden Age of the Poets and the Millennium of the Prophets to be Realized after the Saviour's Second Advent.

BY REV. CHARLES K. IMBRIE, D.D.

THE anticipation of some sort of blissful change to come upon this sad and sinful earth after its long-continued storms and sorrows is, in one form or another, very general. Even those who despise God's word and rely on human prognostications or scientific researches for their date, prophecy with greater or less distinctness of meaning a future Millennium. This belief is indeed so general that the coming of the Millennium has even passed into a current newspaper phrase. With all those who take God's Word for their guide, the expectation of such a time of coming blessedness, in some form, is universal.

But what is to be the character of the change? How far is it to affect this earth and the race? What are its attendants and its time? On these points there is the greatest diversity of belief. And yet every one must see that there can be but one true view of the case. For God's thoughts and plan in this matter are fixed and not changeable or doubtful; and all things are shaping, in the hands of the King, to bring in just the result he has all along intended and none other. Let no one suppose from the great diversity of views that the Scripture expressions concerning this event are meagre or doubtful. On the contrary, they are very striking and comprehensive. They arrest attention at once. To say nothing just now of the vivid pictures of that bright future day drawn in the Old Testament, and in which the various features of the time are grouped together; the terms used in the New Testament are very strong.

It is called first a "Regeneration" a new creation, a second birth—Palingenesia. Surely this implies a vast and comprehensive and thorough change, and a change on the earth.

Again, it is so vast and comprehensive that the whole creation is depicted as groaning and travelling in pain, waiting to be admitted into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." (Rom. 8: 21, 22). And it is represented as so glorious, that even believers also with the first-fruits of the Spirit are groaning and waiting for this day; the day of the redemption of the body; when they shall be "manifested to be the sons of God." (Rom. 8: 19-23).

It is called by the Apostle Peter a "Restitution of all things," (Acts 3: 21), implying that there is no department of creation that has been impaired which shall not feel the influence of the restitution.

It is represented both by the Old Testament prophets (Isa. 65: 17-66-22) and New Testament apostles (II Pet. 3: 13; Rev. 21: 1) as "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" a complete, all-pervading, blessed, abiding change.

And to close all: In the prophecy which foreshadows it as accomplished, the change is represented as total as it is glorious; and we hear the voice of the King on the throne saying, "Behold I make all things new." (Rev. 21: 5).

And yet, strange to say, comprehensive and glorious as these Scripture expressions are, the results derived from them by different minds differ greatly. If we are asked what that Regeneration is which the Scriptures foreshadow, it seems we must be "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken" of the glory to follow the sufferings of Christ, if we receive not certain things as truth:

1. That there is to be a thorough renewing, physical and spiritual, of the earth and the race; "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" "a kingdom of God under the whole heaven that shall abide forever." For so the Prophets Isaiah and Daniel distinctly declare, and the Apostle John sets it forth in symbol just as plainly.

2. That this kingdom of God, promised from the beginning, is identified with, and must not be expected independently of, this earth on which we tread. For Isaiah and all the prophets, in every prophecy, speak of Israel when restored, as abiding here forever. They testify that all the nations of the earth from generation to generation are to worship the Lord in this renewed earth, and the apostle John in Revelation makes no note of any other condition of things up to the very last chapter.

(To be Continued.)



CHRIST'S LOWLINESS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 22. Isaiah 53.

DIFFERENCES in condition and rank among men must have seemed very trivial to the Deity. If the Word was to become incarnate it must have appeared a minor consideration what condition the divine man should occupy. Yet we know that those thirty-three years of life might have been spent in circumstances less painful than they were. Christ endured physical hardships which had he chosen, he might have avoided. It was a lowly lot that he selected. We often speak slightingly of poverty, yet it is a very real evil. Those who endure it patiently and cheerfully deserve more honor than they ever get. Christ bore it. He had not where to lay his head. The fact endears him to every poor man who realizes it. It assures him of sympathy. And how majestic is the figure that shines in the historical page from the background of poverty. The petty cares, the distressing apprehensions, the wearing anxieties of the poor man's lot, never moved him. They fell away from him as the waves strike the rock and fall helplessly away. He had meat to eat that men knew not of; treasure in heaven that satisfied him; a life of God that rendered him impervious to human ills. All these he offered to his followers. He would have them live as he lived, so near to the Father as to be indifferent to the conditions of physical and social life. The idea of Christ endowed with a fortune would be inconceivable. We can imagine him distributing it among the poor, but we cannot imagine him spending it, or keeping it. Even we, with our inordinate respect for wealth, cannot conceive of a millionaire Christ. He must be poor and lowly to have the majesty which we attach to our conception of him. Thus in spite of our reverence for the man of millions, we feel instinctively that the true Christ-like life must be a lowly life. Still more remarkable was his lowliness of spirit. The patience he had with the ignorance of the disciples, his toleration of their sordid ideas of himself and his kingdom, his avoidance of all earthly honors save that one triumphal entry into Jerusalem in the last days of his life and his sublime behavior under contumely and insult during his arraignment and trial, all show the unselfishness and humility of his divine soul. There is no self-assertion, though he claims divinity for his teaching; no sensitiveness under contempt and vituperation; no resentment of insult; no irritation under provocation; no impatience with the weak and erring—nothing but infinite love, compassion and helpfulness. The Evangelists who tell the story of his life omit many things that we would have been glad to know, but the facts they have recorded are sufficient for guidance for anyone who desires to live the Christ life on earth.

Y. M. C. A. DELEGATES.

At the recent Jubilee celebration of Young Men's Christian Associations in London, which has been described in former issues of this journal, none received a warmer welcome from the English hosts than the foreign visitors whose portraits appear on this page. They represented the work in other countries and were enthusiastic in their acknowledgement of the benefits derived in their respective lands from the movement, the origin of which they were celebrating.

Prince Oscar who represented the Swedish Associations, is the second son of Oscar II.

King of Sweden and Norway. He is thirty-five years of age and is the President of the Association of Stockholm. It is by no means a mere formal and nominal function that the presidency is in his hands. He presides at the meetings, is active in arranging the plans of the Association and takes a deep interest in its welfare.

Superintendent Krummacher went as one of the delegates from Germany. He is sixty-four years old, and has been thirty-eight years in the ministry. He was formerly a professor in one of the universities, but has since 1863 occupied the pulpit at Elberfeld, and has won distinction as preacher and author.

Three years

religious and philanthropic enterprises, and for the strong common-sense and clear business penetration which he brings to the many councils and boards of directors of which he is a member. He is an enthusiast in Y. M. C. A. work, and has done much to promote its advance in Wales.

Mr. E. M. Denny is senior partner in the firm of Denny Brothers of Belfast, Ireland. He has been one of the warmest friends of the Y. M. C. A. in Ireland and in England, and has given liberally to the cause. When an effort was made in 1881 to purchase Exeter Hall, in London, for the headquarters of the Association, Mr. Denny gave \$25,000 toward the required sum and during the recent celebrations, he, with two friends, bore the entire expense of providing the entertainment in the tent on the Thames Embankment, where two meals a day were served to all delegates.

Count Andreas von Bernstorff is the Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. in Berlin. He is the eldest son of the eminent diplomatist who for many years was one of Germany's most valued and efficient representative at foreign courts. The present Count was formerly attached to the German Legation at Washington. He is now chief of the Department of Public Works and Instruction of Prussia. He is also Lord



PROMINENT DELEGATES TO Y. M. C. A. JUBILEE.

MR. E. M. DENNY, Ireland.
PRINCE OSCAR, SWEDEN.

SUPERINTENDENT KRUMMACHER, Germany.

MR. R. C. MORSE, United States.
COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, Germany.

ago he was made Superintendent, an office corresponding to that of Bishop in Episcopal churches. Superintendent Krummacher has been identified with Y. M. C. A. work for thirty-seven years, and is now President of the local Association and of the West German District Council.

Mr. R. C. Morse is the well-known American Y. M. C. A. worker, one of the Secretaries of the International Committee. He is a nephew of the famous electrician of the same name. Mr. Morse has been connected with the International Committee for twenty-five years. He was at first the editor of the "Association Monthly," but after two years, the need of his services in visiting the Associations and in attending Conventions led to his giving up editorial work and devoting all his time to secretarial duties. The general superintendence has gradually drifted into his hands and on him, probably more than on any one else, has devolved the labor of securing the affiliation of the Associations of the world.

Mr. John Cory is a member of the firm of Cory Brothers, the noted coal dealers and ship-owners of Cardiff, in Wales. Mr. Cory is famous for his munificent gifts to

Chamberlain to the Emperor and a member of the Reichstag. The Count takes a deep interest in religious work of all kinds, and is President of the German Sunday School Union, the Book and Tract Society, the German Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and many other societies. Not long ago he organized a Noonday Prayer Meeting in Berlin. In 1884 he was President of the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations which in that year was held in Berlin.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

Some interesting reports from various chapters of the Epworth League in India, which are sent to the "Epworth Herald," show how heartily the Christian people of that land, both white and native, have taken hold of the Epworth idea and are using it. A member of the Bombay conference writes: "We labor under the disadvantage of having to carry on our work in four distinct languages—English, Hindustani, Marathi and Gujarati. We have, however, eleven Senior chapters and five Junior branches of the Epworth League. Six of the Senior chapters are in English, two in

Hindustani, two in Marathi, and one in Gujarati. Altogether there are 550 members." Karach Chapter, Rev. F. N. Shaw, pastor, writes: "Many of our soldier brethren have been converted and brought into the church through the league. It is of real use to them." Nardindpur Chapter (native), Rev. J. O. Denning, writes: "Nearly all of our members preach in the bazaars, teach in Sunday Schools, visit zenanas, or do some other form of mission work." Rev. W. H. Grenon, of the Nagpur Chapter, says: "Our Senior League is doing a good work for the Master in the weekly meetings held regularly from bungalow to bungalow. Once a month we have a grand musical and literary effort."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Since the first of May the Christian Endeavor Societies in Rochester, N. Y., have been holding prayer meetings early on Sunday morning in a pavilion in the park.

The Epworth League rendered very valuable aid in the great revival in Centerville, Ia., in which 450 made profession of faith. It has also assumed the support of a pastor teacher in India.

The Sedalia District (Mo.), of the Epworth League has now twenty-four chapters, all energetic and well organized. At its recent Convention at Knob Noster, Mo., 113 delegates were present.

The Baptist Young People's Union at Marinette, Wis., is the first Union in the United States to have a memorial window bearing the emblem of the Union, the shield, open Bible and motto, "Loyalty to Christ."

At the Colorado State Convention of Epworth Leagues, the Secretary reported that there are 100 chapters in the State, 70 Chapters, 5 Christian Endeavor Societies, 31 Junior Leagues, 3,000 members of the Senior Chapters, 1,640 Juniors; total, 4,640. Total increase last year 2,151.

The National Council of English Christian Endeavor Societies, has under consideration the plan for the organization of a United Society of Christian Endeavor in that country, somewhat similar to the bodies which guide and promote the movement in America, China, Japan, and Australia.

Kansas is to have five new Christian Endeavor superintendents, representing the departments of Bible study, missions, work in rural districts, temperance and good citizenship. At the recent State Convention there were four simultaneous meetings on Sunday afternoon, separate gospel services for young men and for young women, a meeting for juniors, and one for students.

Mr. J. O. Staples, Treasurer of the Baptist Young People's Union, has issued an open letter correcting a statement which has had wide circulation. It relates to the question of women having seats on the Managing Board of the Union. He says that it is not true as has been published that there was a formal decision at the Detroit Convention to exclude women from the Board. The Convention simply deferred to the plea of Dr. Wilkins that in the situation at that time the advocates of the admission of women would consent to forego their claims. There was, Mr. Staples says, no decision and no vote taken, but the question was simply postponed or deferred. It is likely to come up at Toronto with some force.

An enthusiastic State Convention of the Epworth League of Minnesota was recently held at Red Wing. From all over the State delegations came full of enthusiasm and devotion. One young man said that his journey to the Convention and back covered seven hundred miles. The League in Minnesota is four years old. The report of the State Treasurer showed all bills paid and a balance in the treasury, a great improvement over last year's financial condition. The Secretary reported that there are now 221 Chapters and 100 Junior Leagues, with a total membership of about 15,000. This is a large increase over last year's report and it does not include many German and Scandinavian Leagues.



NEARER THE SKY.

FROM the tip-top branch of an apple tree
A queer little bird looked down at me.
"Why did you go up there?" said I,
And this was the strange little bird's reply:

"From the very top of this apple tree
The country far around I see;
And I'm nearer the sky on the top of this
tree,
And nearer the One who made and loves me.

"And soon the sun will sink to rest
Behind the hills in the distant west:
Then listen well, and you'll hear me say
My prayers, in a true little bird's own way."

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Music in Africa.

An Angola Piano and How it is Played
—Music to Drive Civilized Ears Fran-
tic, but which Africans Love to Hear.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. S. John Kuno, an independent Christian missionary at St. Paul de Loanda, Angola, West Africa, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present to its readers on this page a remarkably interesting picture. It is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. Kuno in a country practically unknown to the civilized world, and represents a native musician about to perform on an instrument that may, for want of a better name, be not inaptly styled "an African piano." Such indeed is the name actually applied to it by those white men who have come within the range of its remarkable tones, or have had the hardihood to remain near the performer while he was making the neighborhood hideous with the discordant din of his odd-looking instrument. It is a select assortment of dried and inflated gourds all made air-tight, and ranged according to size, on the principle of the xylophone, or the musical glasses. Our young readers will recognize the similarity at a glance.

The gourds, eighteen or more in number, are arranged in the form of a semi-circle and pieces of red-wood or ivory, to correspond with them in size, form the key-board on the inside of the semi-circle. As the whole instrument is comparatively light, the performer carries it suspended by a belt which is also a sort of head-rest, and thus his hands are left free. He plays with a small, round-headed mallet, sometimes with two, and it is surprising to observe the skill and dexterity of his performance, the size and awkwardness of the instrument being taken into consideration.

It has been said by the famous English poet, Congreve, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the reverberant tones of this rude gourd piano of the Angolans, with its three incomplete and irregular scales, give the impression of a procession of strange, outlandish discords, rather than a soothing harmony of sounds. Accompanied by the drum or the tambo, it might easily be employed to urge the tribesmen on to battle, although its clumsiness might prevent the instrument from being put to such a use on the field. Doubtless the simple Angolans regard it as the very crown and climax of their constructive musical skill and view it as a luxury only to be indulged by great chiefs or rich headmen. Strangely enough, the native musicians are almost exclusively men. With rare exceptions, African women have not yet risen to the level of taste and skill where they make music for the household on any instrument whatever.

In the Fan tribe an instrument greatly resembling that of the Angolans is called the *handja*. It is also formed of hollow gourds and played upon with two sticks, the frame however being rectangular instead of semi-circular. Next to the great drum of the Waganda tribe—an affair as large as the biggest hogshead sawed in half—there

is not a more formidable or imposing musical instrument in use among the African tribes than the *handja*, which is certainly a remarkable illustration of unaided native ingenuity, combining in a rude fashion the leading principles of some of the most delicate, delightful and accurate musical instruments known to modern civilization.

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Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the pe-

give them smiles they will pay you back in smiles, and if you will give them frowns you will get frowns. A little boy ran into the house one day and said to his mother: "Mamma, there's a bad boy in our spring." "How do you know, my child?" she asked. "I saw him, and he made faces at me." "Well, there is a good little boy there, too, my son," said his mother. "Go and look into the spring and smile, and you will find him." And sure enough, the little boy soon came running back with a happy face, and said: "I saw him, mamma, I saw him! He's a nice, pretty little boy, and he laughed at me."

He didn't know that both the good and the bad boy had been made by his own face in the spring. So it is with older folks. Their actions are mirrored back to their own hearts and consciences, no matter whether the world knows it or not.

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A Word About Advice.

"Never let your husband come home and find everything in disorder," said an old lady cheerfully, "but always take time to arrange things as he likes them best about the house, and always keep your children's faces clean, so he can kiss them and enjoy them, for no man loves a dirty-faced baby."

I thanked her warmly, writes T. P. in "The Housekeeper," for I knew her words

sons, if listened to with giggles and pouts, as the case may be, have really been remembered. We will then feel repaid. As for the "good advice," I would say it should be given and taken in homœopathic doses, or else buried, and "peace to its ashes" be inscribed on its tombstone. I think that when a husband and wife set out to be equal partners in joys and sorrows, they should be so in reality, and the wife is wisest who does not try to always keep all unpleasant things from him, for the time will come when she will find that she cannot always do so.

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Mexican Homes.

Home life in Mexico is widely different from that in our own land. "There is no more delightful place to visit than a Mexican 'hacienda,'" writes Rev. Geo. B. Winton. "Imagine a square of an acre or two inclosed by a strong wall of stone some twenty feet high. Inside are the houses, barns, corrals, stores, workshops, etc., to all of which one great portal gives entrance. This is the usual style of building in sections that were formerly much exposed to robbery. In other sections the various more important buildings are grouped around an open square, which serves as market place and general playground. Flanking the 'big house' and the church and barns are the huts of from one hundred to several thousand laborers. Some of these are the house servants, cooks, coachmen, porters and others, of which there are usually a large number.

"From the roof of the house, perhaps from the front door itself, there is a view of field and pasture, forest and hill, that stretch away and away till the far boundary is often lost beyond the blue horizon. Such is the Mexican 'hacienda.' Like its counterpart in our own country, it is the abode of cheerful hospitality. If you are a friend of the owner, you can come and go with perfect confidence, staying a day, a week, or a month, as you may please, and having the whole place at your command. And in the little plaza night by night, glitter the campfires of muleteers and other humble travelers, who camp thus under the shadow and protection of the house."

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A Little Girl's Gift.

A little maid had a bed of strawberries. She watched them with great solicitude, until they ripened. At last they were ripe and her brother urged her to pick and eat the best. "No," said she. "I cannot eat these for they are the first ripe fruit." "Well, what of that?" he asked. "Father told us that he used to give God the first out of the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries, too." "But," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, he would not care for them." "Oh, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' And I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor."

Away went the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw her put out her thin arms to take the ripe, round fruit in her little, shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten and her little lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering.

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Trivial Worries.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor.

We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.



AN AFRICAN PIANO, OR "HANDJA," AND ITS BLIND PLAYER.

(From a Photograph taken by Mr. S. John Kuno, Missionary in Angola.)

cularities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life: they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thoughts of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

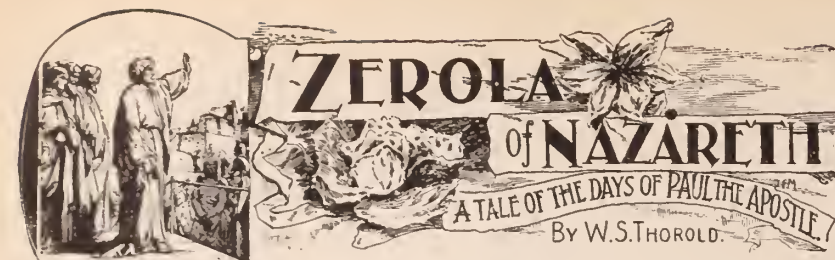
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Two Faces.

Our thoughts, feelings and actions reflect themselves. If you smile, the face in the glass will smile, and if you frown, the face in the glass will frown, and it's apt to be the same way with other people. If you

were well meant, and promised to remember them, which I did, truly and faithfully following her advice to the letter, long after the old lady had gone to a better land, until it had become a part of my very nature to keep continually picking up and straightening things, for fear husband might come and find something out of fix, until it was perfect torture to see even a chair out of its proper place. As the years went by, and little ones came, I almost worked my fingers off in the effort to follow the "good advice." I think scarcely a day went by in all that time without recalling the words. But what was the effect on my better half? Just what I might have expected. He never knew anything about the efforts I made, and as long as everything was in order, supposed, like "Topsy," that they "jes' grewed."

I think that children of the present age are much like the little folks in Bible times, of whom it is said that they could be taught only by "line upon line, precept upon precept," and in time we will see that our les-



CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

SAUL looked earnestly in the face of Karmes as he put his question, in which seemed to be summed up the results of their deliberation. He was evidently anxious that there should be no mistake about Thaeon being brought, by some means, to the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem soon after sunrise the next morning. One look at the face of the fierce Pharisee was sufficient to show that the appointment boded mischief for the young Nazarene. Small concern had Karmes with Thaeon's religion but he had his own reason for plotting against him. He showed no hesitation, but answered at once with the required promise and the reminder that Saul also was under an obligation.

"Thaeon shall be there," he said, glancing at the Pretorium, "and you too will keep your promise. I rely upon you to see that Zerola shall be sold as a slave. You promise?"

"I do."

"My slave?"

"By first right of purchase."

"It is agreed."

"Then, farewell," said Saul.

"Farewell," answered Karmes. "But remember, to-morrow at the Damascus gate. Farewell."

And they parted for the night.

Strange is the fact that, in moments when we little dream of such a thing, there may be enemies planning our ruin. Thaeon and Zerola were walking together just outside the city walls, and were filled with that joy of love which is the sure result of similarity of tastes, and community of aspiration. Perfect was their happiness; every flower seemed to breathe it, every brook seemed to ripple it, every star seemed to shine it. Happiness on the land, happiness on the waters, happiness in the seas, happiness in the cities: every tower seemed to gleam it, every wave seemed to dash it. Happiness in the forests, on the plains, on the mountains; every leaf trembled it, every breeze whispered it, every bird carolled it. Happiness, happiness!

They wandered far, heart speaking to heart, and each finding in the other response to thoughts and longings hitherto unuttered. When love has touched the fountains of being, life takes a new aspect, and the future is painted in roseate tints, to which each brings some new tinge of brightness. Happily for them, as for so many, neither could bring the gift of fore-knowledge. The present was full of joy, and as to the future, knowing nothing, they could paint the picture for themselves. If coming events do cast their shadows, as we are told, no shadow fell on those two young hearts, no premonition of coming evil troubled them.

Surely if their two enemies could have seen the sweet ecstasy of mutual love that filled their hearts, some feeling of compunction would have moved them. Yet they were not men likely to be touched by any such emotion. To the relentless persecutor it was enough that Thaeon was a follower of the Nazarene. Karmes had reminded him, too, that Thaeon was the son of Stephen, who had given up his life rather than his faith. Might not the spirit of the father live in the son and be more vigorous in the youthful frame? It would be well that he should die, otherwise the new heresy might be propagated with greater zeal in the younger hands. So Karmes had argued, knowing well what considerations would appeal to the persecutor. To himself Karmes said that Thaeon was the favored lover of Zerola. That was enough for him. He hated him as the lover, not as the Christian, and jealousy is as remorseless as bigotry. Saul would serve his purpose, and Karmes cared not what motive impelled him to do so, if only the motive was strong enough to carry him through without faltering. But Zerola must be secured, too. Saul might be so absorbed in the pursuit of the

apostate, Thaeon, that he might be perfunctory as to the girl, but Karmes would see to that. It was part of the bargain. So the Egyptian looked forward to the morrow with confidence, and went over in anticipation all the details of the plot, and gloated over the coming misery of the two lovers. They, all unconscious of the impending evil, retraced their steps, and at the humble dwelling where Zerola was to sleep, separated for the night.

CHAPTER III.
THE APPOINTED HOUR.

The morning broke over Jerusalem, as dwellers in Western climes never see it break. It does not seem a sky that is spread over Palestine, but infinite space, gloriously clear, of an azure that speaks of immeasurable distance, not of color; and as the sun rises gilding the mountain tops, stretching long spears of light far up into the ether and athwart over the city, the glory of the king of day and the majesty of his coming impress every beholder. So rose the sun on that day eventful beyond others to the persons whose history I am writing.

Jerusalem is early astir as if with pre-science of coming events. The golden dome of the Temple is dazzling with its reflection of the rising sun. The carved columns of porphyry and polished marble are casting long shadows which are shortening every minute as the sun rises toward the zenith, and the silent cloisters are changing their aspect slowly and drowsily as if reluctant to give up the gloomy shadows which they love better than the forms of men whom the light will bring to break the quiet with hurrying footsteps and harsh strident voices. Already there is stir and movement. From one of the porticoes of the sacred edifice issues a band of men, whose elaborately embroidered robes indicate that they belong to the privileged class, who abide in the Temple and take part in the ancient services that have never been interrupted since Ezra reorganized the ceremonies and, after seventy years of silence, made Mount Moriah again a place of praise to the Holy One of Israel. But it is not of praise or worship that these men are thinking as they emerge from the Temple of God and make their way into the narrow streets of the newly awakened city. Saul of Tarsus is at their head with flashing eyes and resolute eager face. Small and slight of frame, but nervous and elastic of step and with power and energy that show him a born leader among men. The men follow him silently, knowing that where he leads there is a solemn tragedy to be enacted. They disappear down the steep street which leads into the city from the Temple height and are lost to view in the shadows of the houses.

The Temple is in the South-east of the venerable city. Away over in the Southern quarter, where the dwellings are more dilapidated than elsewhere; where squalid poverty reigns and the men look haggard and prematurely old, and the women listless and weary, there is another scene that will interest us. On the threshold of a miserable hovel stands a bright, beautiful girl of nineteen. Her hair is black, and long, and glossy, and as the sunlight touches it there comes among the shining tresses a golden sheen as if the sun was imparting some of its own glory to the graceful head. Her dark-brown eyes are full of tenderness, and they dwell lovingly on the group gathered in the low doorway to give her the word of peace as she goes forth. A poor, wretched dwelling it is, but they are men and women who live in it with warm hearts and the passionate love of kindred that the Jew shows wherever he is.

Life is very hard with these people. One sees that by their gloomy looks and their heavy steps. Sleepless nights and foodless days have driven the iron into their souls but there is less of patient endurance than of fierce resentment in their faces. They are poor and despised but untamed. Tiberius

in his palace in Rome cannot understand these people whom he thinks he has broken to his yoke, but whom he finds ever and anon to be proud and haughty, dreading his anger, yet despising him and all his minions as heathen and outcast. Their God is angry with them now and, as he has done many times in their history, has suffered another nation to put a grievous yoke upon them. But they are his people, God's chosen race, descendants of Abraham the friend of God. The Roman with all his boasted power can attain no such dignity. It is theirs and theirs alone and he can never strip them of it, although he can make their lives bitter to them. They are a royal race, a peculiar people, the teachers of the nations, the custodians of the oracles of God and even these poorest of the race, as they gather about the beautiful girl at the threshold of their hovel, have an innate dignity of bearing, which their surroundings do not diminish. The girl herself has the manner of a queen and her broad low brow, and delicate features and mobile mouth would look well under a crown and should be set in flashing jewels. We recognize her as she smiles upon her kindred and in rich well-modulated tones, gives them response to the benediction they bestow on the departing guest. It is Zerola who is going out to meet her lover who will go with her to her home in Nazareth.

The girl lingered long before the words of final parting were exchanged.

"Farewell," she said at last.

"Farewell, Zerola," they answered.

It was over, and she was hastening through the street, her mind recalled by the very words to the scene at Nazareth, when, with the same words, her mother kissed her and bade her come back speedily to her own home where loving hearts were waiting to welcome her. Her camel waited for her outside the Damascus gate and, somewhere near, Thaeon would be waiting to greet her.

As she approached the gate she was surprised to see a great concourse of people pressing through its portals. It was too early for crowds to gather unless some unusual occurrence attracted them. It might be one of the Roman legions then stationed in Palestine, leaving Jerusalem for Caesarea or some other town, but as she listened, it was not the measured tramp of the soldiery that she heard, but the wild roar of a mob, a mob angry and excited, eager for bloodshed. What could it be? She stopped to let the crowd pass through the gate before she reached it. She did not want to witness bloodshed. She was no coward, and should occasion arise, she looked as if she could stand on a battlefield nerving and stimulating soldiers to the fight and ministering to the wounded and dying with unblanched cheek; but now with her young heart full of love and her thoughts with her mother in the peaceful village home, she shrank from a scene of violence and would willingly avoid it.

But what could it be? Wild vengeful cries fell upon her ear. Zerola knew that there were in that crowd fathers whose daughters were dishonored and were now immured in Roman dungeons, and sons who were groaning under Herod's cruel fetters or were forced into the ranks of Caesar's army to wage war in distant provinces. Could it be that at last the bitter wrongs had become too heavy to be borne and the men, feeling that a noble death was preferable to a dishonored life, were rushing headlong to destruction under Roman swords content if in their death they could strike even one blow at their oppressors? But no, it was not the cry of despairing patriotism that Zerola heard. She could not distinguish all the words that were being shouted out by the crowd, but she heard enough to know that some poor follower of the Nazarene was being hounded to his death and she cowered in the shadow to pray for the sufferer whoever he might be. Her heart bled for him and her words went up in tender pleading to the God of her people on his behalf. But how much more earnest would have been her cry could she have seen the face of the sufferer!

It was really a fanatical murder that the crowd was bent upon. Priests and zealots and rabid bigots laughed and pointed the finger of scorn at a prisoner who manacled at wrist and ankle was being dragged outside the gate to the place of stoning. Dust and blood are upon the wretched man's face, but beneath it we see the noble features of Thaeon who, decoyed from the place of his tryst with Zerola, has been seized by Saul of Tarsus and is being

hurried to the place where his father, Stephen, surrendered his life a short time ago to the persecutors. Outside the gate the crowd halt, pressing around the victim whom they strike and spit upon. Then it separates and great heavy stones are hurled at him. He is prostrate now and the stony hail ceases. They think he is dead; but no, he stirs, he rises to his knees. His eyes are raised heavenward and the prayer of his dying father leaves his lips, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge. Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Then wrapping his loose upper garment around his face and head, he falls prostrate in his blood. Is he dead? No; a quiver of the limbs and a palpitation of the body show that the young life is still clinging to the body. One of the crowd raises a great stone to hurl at him; but another interposes though not in mercy.

"Let alone," he cries; "it is too easy a death for the dog of a Nazarene. Let him suffer. He will die too soon."

The man to whom he spoke nodded his head and laughed, and the two stood with the others feasting their eyes on the dying struggles of the young martyr.

A disturbance was noted on the outskirts of the crowd and a woman's pleading voice was heard, followed by the crash of some earthenware vessel. "What is it?" ask several eager voices.

"A woman! Room for the woman! She brought water for the Nazarene dog. One struck it from her hands. Where is the accursed? Bring her hither. She, too, is a blasphemer. Let her die with him. Where is the woman? Shed her blood with the water she brought."

Cries of one and another came from various members of the crowd, and Karmes, who is in the first ranks, recognizing the woman as Zerola, is loudest in his clamor for her punishment. But he nevertheless works his way through the throng and keeps her from being injured. He wants her reserved for a fate worse than death. Saul also made his way to her side, at a signal from the Egyptian. The keen, piercing gaze of the great leader, under which in future years many would quail, was fixed on the girl's countenance and seemed to be reading her soul. She met it unflinchingly, although she knew the man and knew him as the relentless enemy of her faith. But she glanced from Saul to the body of the martyr, whom, his face being covered with his mantle, she did not know as her lover, she suddenly became resolute and even defiant as she said in a voice tremulous with passion barely controlled:

"You speak of a blasphemer! I do not know where you will find one. But wait. Perhaps I can tell you. Dogs of that kind often carry scrolls, and skulk in crowns. Therefore, go look in the Temple or the Palace! But possibly I mistake your meaning. Blasphemer? If it is to have a human heart and a woman's soul, if it is to be a follower of the Nazarene whom ye despise and crucified, then I am a blasphemer! You priests, who only break the commandments you profess to keep, look upon the bleeding body of your brother, and behold in it the cruelty and the impotency of your corpse-like creeds. For even now the man whose blood is on your hands and sacred robes, is with that God whose servants ye kill as did your fathers, and whose laws ye blaspheme!"

Such words, at such a time, in such an age, could have only one result. The soldiers immediately received their orders: the fetters were soon fastened upon the ankles and wrists of the captive girl, and she was dragged in disgrace through the streets of Jerusalem.

The Egyptian followed the soldiers, keeping his black eyes on the maiden prisoner as he muttered to himself:

"My slave—yes a slave in the power of Karmes!" And he gloated over his triumph.

Saul had hurried on ahead to the Judgment Hall to make the accusation.

That afternoon the court of Jerusalem which attended to such prisoners, disposed of the young Nazarene. But she was not made aware of their decision until the morning.

That night Zerola slept on the stones of a dungeon beneath the walls of a Roman palace, little dreaming that she might now be separated forever from her lover and from the fond mother who that evening had seen the sun go down and the twilight darken into night, as she stood on the threshold of their home and watched for the return of her daughter across the hills and through the olive groves of Nazareth.

(To be Continued.)

ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS.

AMONG the most remarkable archaeological finds in recent years are the Assyrian sculptures, from ancient Nineveh, which have now been removed to the British Museum. The preservation of these valuable art-relics may be said to be chiefly due to the circumstance of their being carvings upon thin slabs of stone. Had large blocks been employed it is doubtful if they would ever have been brought to European museums where their historical value can be justly appreciated. It is doubtful, too, in that case, whether they would have escaped destruction by violence or the ravages of time. But it fortunately happened that when the ancient buildings were destroyed, these precious relics were safely buried amongst the debris, and some of them are to this day almost as fresh and perfect as when they were finished by the sculptors of ancient Nineveh.

The best period of Assyrian sculpture is that of Assur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus as he has sometimes been called. The delineation of animals was at this time most admirably true to nature, vegetable forms had lost much of their stiffness, and there were several examples of successful foreshortening; but, curiously enough, the Assyrian artist was rarely, if ever, successful in human portraiture. Assur-bani-pal was in every sense a great king. His tastes were of a liberal and refined character. He was not merely a warrior and a sportsman, but he was also a great patron of literature and the arts. He built the most magnificent of all the Assyrian palaces, and collected within its walls the finest sculptures which could be produced by native artists. He had a mind in advance of his time. While other Kings had been content to leave behind them records of their exploits inscribed on stone tablets and cylinders, he was who founded the vast collection of clay tablets whereon were inscribed comparative vocabularies and other information of the most valuable kind, including the legends which relate to the Creation and the Deluge.

On many accounts the obelisk of Shalmanesar II., (858-823 B.C.), may be considered to claim a foremost place in the collection. It records, by inscriptions and pictorial illustrations, the tribute brought to the Assyrian King by five people. The King Shalmanesar II., is twice depicted, and near him, in both instances, are the winged circle or globe, the token of the Supreme Deity, and one of the heavenly bodies, the sun or a star. There are five panels of sculptured figures on each of the four sides of the monument, and above and below them is an inscription 200 lines in length. The animals depicted comprise the elephant, rhinoceros, two-humped camel, wild bull, lion, stag, and various kinds of monkeys. The most important fact about this monument, however, is the valuable confirmation it gives to Bible history. In the second panel from the top on one side (shown in the illustration), we have a representation of the offering of the tribute of Jehu, King of Israel. The prostrate figure before the Assyrian monarch is supposed to be either King Jehu himself or his ambassador. The inscription relates that Shalmanesar received from Jehu, in the form of tribute, "silver, gold, pitchers of gold, lead, sceptres for the King's hand, and staves." Another important Biblical monument is the bas-relief representing the siege of Lachish by Sennacherib as described in II Chron. 32. The story of the subsequent destruction of the hosts of this King of Assyria is told in the Second Book of Kings, and in the prophecies of Isaiah.

HINDOO FANATICISM.

In a letter from India, Mr. Herbert Francis, thus describes some incidents of the great fair at Allahabad, (city of God), "On the banks of the Ganges" he writes, "is a place where a poor Hindu lived without ever leaving the spot for forty years. He died a short time ago, and now another man has taken his place. Another spot is devoted to the Fakirs. Pen cannot fully describe this horror of heathen darkness and devil-

dom. In rows, were hundreds of these wretched creatures, some lying without any clothing, covered with (wood) ashes, their faces painted in almost every other color, their hair matted with filth, some dancing wildly in front of us, some drugged with narcotics; all looking more like demons than men. This sight made one better able to imagine Hell. On some of the stands in front of which these poor creatures lay were several long planks of wood with a forest



THE OBELISK OF SHALMANESAR II.

of sharp iron points two inches long, so sharp that they must have been driven into the flesh of the devotees who recline upon them. We saw multitudes, old and young alike, eagerly rushing into the Ganges; some throwing flowers into them, others drinking the waters, although many dead bodies are often seen floating down the stream, and the water was dark with mud and dirt. Presently we came to where the monkey god was lying, covering a space of about 15 ft. square. Money was placed upon its hideous limbs. Throngs of people touched it, and, being composed of red clay, the red substance was transferred to the fingers, and from thence to the forehead of the worhipper. Think of 1,200 natives passing into eternity every hour in India. What can we do to evangelise the millions of India?"

A SCIENTIST ON CHRIST.

Sir Wm. Dawson, the eminent scientist of Canada, discoursed lately to a band of theological students, and among other things, he said: "I have read recently, I confess with feelings of contempt, discussions respecting the supposed limitations of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Did he know the data of modern criticism? Was he acquainted with the discoveries of modern science? The fly alighting on my hand might as well attempt to understand the thoughts passing through my mind, as criticism to gauge in this way the mind of Christ. To me, as a student for fifty years, of nature, of man, and of the Bible, such discussions seem most frivolous, since our Lord's knowledge, as we have it in his reported discourses, is altogether above and beyond our science and philosophy; transcending them as much as the vision of an astronomer, armed with one of the great telescopes of our time, transcends the unaided vision of a gnat. Christ views things from a standpoint of his own, and through a different medium from the atmosphere of this world. His difficulty appears to be to convey heavenly thoughts to us through the imperfect language in which we speak of earthly thoughts."

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are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

MY FATHER'S BIBLE.

MY Book! my Book! my grand old Book
By inspiration given!
Thy every page from age to age,
Reveals the way to heaven.
My Star of Light, in nature's night,
Thy unobscured ray
Has turned the gloom of death and tomb
To everlasting day:
My Chart, my Chart, my trusty Chart,
By thee I guide my bark,
A simple child on ocean wild
O'er mountain billows dark,
By thee I steer in safe career
With canvas all unfurled,
And onward sail, before the gale,
To yonder distant world.
My Staff! my Staff! my trusty Staff,
I'll grasp thee in my hand;
As faint and weak on Pisgah's peak
I view the promised land;
Not sadly told, as once of old,
To see but not explore:
My hold I'll keep through Jordan's deep,
Till safe on Canaan's shore.
My Sword! my Sword! my two-edged Sword
By thy unerring might,
I'll deal the foe the deadly blow
In faith's unequal fight;
Thy tempered blade that gave me aid
In every conflict past,
Shall make me more than conqueror,
Through him that loved at last.
My Book! my Book! my grand old Book!
Heaven speed thee on thy way,
From pole to pole, as ages roll
The harbinger of day:
'Till Christ the Light, shall banish night
From this terrestrial ball,
And earth shall see her jubilee
And God be all in all.—W.H.ROBERTS.

A CHINESE WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

Pastor Hsi, a native Chinese Christian, was a most devoted servant of Christ. The city of Hoh-chau (writes Mr. Hudson Taylor, the well-known missionary), on the main road to the capital, was much on the heart of Pastor Hsi. Day by day, at family prayers, he pleaded for that place and neighborhood, deeply feeling its spiritual destitution. At last his wife said to him:

"You are always praying for Hoh-chau. Why do you not go and commence an Opium Refuge there, as you have done in so many other places?"

"I have spent all," he replied, "that I can use in this way; unless the Lord supply the means, no more can be attempted."

"Why," she responded, "what do you think it would cost?"—"Twenty to thirty thousand cash," he answered gravely. (About £5 sterling.)

When the wife heard that she went away and said no more. But she could not forget it. There was a city needing the Gospel. Here were ready, willing workers, longing to enter it. But means were lacking. What could she do?

Next morning the good pastor pleaded, as usual, the need and darkness of Hoh-chau. What was his surprise, as he rose from his knees, to see his wife standing beside him with all her jewelry, including many much prized possessions, which she handed to him, saying, "I can do without these. Sell them, and let Hoh-chau have the Gospel."

Here, surely, is a striking lesson for Christian sisters at home! The city soon had its opium refuge and a good work commenced.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

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Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

TENTH INTERVIEW,

By our Special Commissioner,

With Mrs. JOHN FRASER, West Free Manse, Brechin, with reference to Case of ANN THOM, &c.

FOUR CASES OF SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT, one of which was published (in the weekly papers) in August, 1890.

I should very much have liked to have had the company of some of those sceptical people who will not believe that Consumption is curable, when, one beautiful summer's morning, I rang the bell at the West Free Manse, Brechin, one of the old walled cities of Scotland, though the gates have long been removed, and there is nothing left to remind one that it has more than once suffered by the incursions of invaders and broils of civil wars.

In answer to my ring the door was opened by a strong, healthy-looking, Scotch lassie, and in a few moments I was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Fraser, the wife of the minister of the West Free Church. My first question had reference to the present health of a young woman who, some year or two previously, had suffered much from chest disease, in whom Mrs. Fraser, in the goodness of her heart, had evinced great interest.

"Why, it was she who opened the door to you," replied Mrs. Fraser. "Perhaps you would like to see her for yourself."

Anticipating my desire, Mrs. Fraser left the room, and returned with the neat housemaid already referred to. Certainly there was nothing in her appearance to suggest that she had suffered from any form of chest disease. But what are the facts?

To summarise an account which has already appeared in print, I may say that Ann Thom comes of a consumptive family. There had been chest disease on the father's side, and one sister had already fallen a victim to the fell complaint. Early in the year 1889 Ann Thom was taken ill, and soon developed many symptoms occurring in well-marked cases of consumption. Cough, wasting of flesh, night perspiration, general debility, pains in the chest, palpitation, and shortness of breath, all told only too plainly that she, too, had inherited the seeds of the terrible disease, and with the consent of her local medical man, and on the recommendation of Mrs. Fraser, she placed herself in the hands of Mr. Congreve.

In one short month an improvement was noticeable: two months later, upon examination by the doctor referred to, she was pronounced free from active disease, and by his advice she remained a patient of Mr. Congreve. As a result of this, she passed the winter well, and in the spring went out in all weathers, and was recovered sufficiently to enter Mrs. Fraser's service, where she remained to this day.

And now, according to her own statement, she is in robust health, which her appearance strongly indicates. This case was published in some of our weekly journals in August, 1890.

But Mrs. Fraser knew of some other results achieved by Mr. Congreve's medicine, and told me of one case—a lady, residing in Edinburgh, who had, to use her own words, "been condemned to die in a fortnight," and who afterwards, thanks to Mr. Congreve, was able to walk nine miles. Although this is some years ago, Mrs. Fraser was in a position to say that, as far as she knew, that lady was still keeping well.

One more case mentioned by Mrs. Fraser in conclusion:

"I met a lady in a Hydropathic at Forres," she said, "a lady whose name I do not know, or have forgotten. There were a number of consumptive-looking people staying in the 'hydro,' and I remarked to this lady that I wished someone would tell them of Mr. Congreve's treatment. She replied that she could well do so, for she had been quite cured of consumption by Mr. Congreve, as had her niece, whose belief in the efficacy of the remedy was boundless, and she made a practice of giving it to anyone she knew who suffered from even the early symptoms of a cough or cold."

No less than four cases known to this one lady living in a quiet little Scotch town. Verily, as I said before, I should have liked to have had the company in my visit to this Free Church Manse of some sceptics such as I have named.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be before your eyes, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75 or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE,
London, Eng., and 4 Wooster St., New York
Mention this paper.

THE BOOK SHELF

AN INFIDEL AWAKENED.*

ON the 22d of December, 1870, I went to labor in Monmouth Square Church, Charlestown. Through the day I made calls, and in several instances the truth was made real to the hearers, and they received marked light. In the evening services God was wonderfully with us, subduing the erring, the blasphemers, the infidel, and the moralist. All these now proclaim what victory there is in Christ. One interesting case was that of a young man who was an infidel. He came to me after a meeting and frankly said:

"I am an infidel, but I would do anything I could to get what that neighbor of mine has. He is always rejoicing, even if he is in trouble. He calls it divine grace. Of course I think he is mistaken about that, but I would do anything to have what he has."

"Do you mean what you say?" I asked. "Of course I do."

"You said you would be willing to do anything you could to get it. Will you stand by that statement?"

"Yes, I will."

"Are you willing that I should test you? Will you give me your word of honor that you will not go back from what you have said?"

"Yes; with all my heart."

Then I said, confidently, "If you abide by the testing you will find. To-morrow evening, when I give the invitation to those who desire to find a satisfying portion to come forward and kneel at the front seat, I want you to come; you can do that."

"I do not want to take the part of a hypocrite," he replied.

"You need not. When you come forward, tell the congregation you are an infidel, and relate all the circumstances."

This he did the next evening. When he had finished, I bade him kneel and repeat for half an hour, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" adding, "Let not your mind be distracted by the circumstances around you. On returning home refrain from conversation, and go immediately to your room." I knew that after saying those words for half an hour it would be difficult to get them out of his mind immediately, and the Spirit would have opportunity to reason with him. He afterward told me that he tried to sleep, but "God be merciful to me, a sinner," would keep coming into his mind. Very naturally he began to question, "Am I a sinner? If so, to what degree?" Deep conviction was the result, followed by a sense of relief that there might be a God who would pardon him. He began to seek the Lord, and soon found him, to the joy of his soul. It was impressive to hear him say to his young comrades, as he stood there near Bunker Hill, "If I should tell you there was gold under that hill and you laughed and mocked, I would simply say I had dug and found, and that you had no right to laugh until you had made search without success. You think there is no God, but I have found him; and if you seek him with all your heart, you will discover that he will be found of you."

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

Vivid pleasures are not found in the whirl of travel. Though amidst changing scenes, one feels satisfied, not joyous. The days flow placidly in the contemplation of dream-like realities. You drink copiously in the beautifully wrought wisdom-cup which Dame Nature daintily serves. Going from country to country, while observing at every hour some new and striking fact, quenches the thirst for knowledge with an invigorating beverage. Some travel merely that they may be able to say they have traveled; others, more serious, do so that they may read many pages in the infinite book of life. And these students cannot see much with-

*From *Heavenly Travel, set in a life, a record of experience*, by Lucy H. Osborn, pp. 24, cloth, price \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

†From *Observations of a Traveler*, by Louis L. Leland, pp. 24, Paper covers, price 50c. Published by the author, Ithaca, N. Y.

out remembering much; there could be for them no deeper tountain of learning.

Can one find happiness in these peregrinations? He who seeks it there is a fool or a child. 'Tis the rainbow in the ever-receding horizon which baby fingers would touch. No! There cannot be bliss even for the most favored of travelers; what would have been the use of inventing a paradise if it could be found on earth? Chamfort said it was difficult to find happiness in ourselves, and impossible elsewhere. Schopenhauer, the philosopher, who has seen the world, wrote that it consisted in undisturbed leisure, and great intellect, with freedom from pain and boredom. To Aristotle, happiness consisted in leisure. I am quite content if I can enter merely the peristyle of the Temple of Felicity, through the opportunities for travel, equanimity of temper, the possession of liberty, competence, health, education, the friendship of a few equals, and the power to borrow no trouble and to disdain the inevitable.

Socrates praised leisure as the fairest of all possessions. Yet, with this do nothing there comes a serious obstacle to happiness. "It is so difficult to keep quiet when one has nothing to do." The result is that you begin to travel in quest of keen pleasures, and, instead, you find but mild amusements after much labor sometimes amounting to hardship. Upon returning home you begin to think it were preferable not to have gone. Having enjoyed better things than your own country affords, it becomes difficult to relish existence there again for a prolonged period. You have acquired tastes which cannot be gratified simultaneously anywhere. You feel "blase," almost disgusted with life itself. Work, the universal panacea, is inefficacious against your melancholy. Then you conclude it was folly that impelled you far from your birthplace in quest of ephemeral pleasures which were to be accompanied by so many regrets.

THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

After an early breakfast at Camp Shure tents were struck and an hour later we were in our canoes, paddling up the Southwestern arm of Lake Itasca, it being the intention to establish a permanent camp and base of operations on the south side of the elevation of land which separates that arm of Itasca from the beautiful sheet of water, now generally recognized as the true source of the Mississippi. As we approached the southern end of the lake, my companions seemed more than usually interested, and, resting on our paddles, we paused a few moments to scan its shores. To me the scene was quite familiar, but to them it was new and strange and full of material for future investigation; for it was this portion of Itasca, together with the fine lake beyond, and their respective feeders, which had occupied the attention of geographers for more than ten years. Entering on our right is a trickling rivulet having no well-defined course, and of little consequence. Directly in front is a small stream usually denominated Nicollet Creek—the outlet of ponds situated in marshes to the southward. This creek and the insignificant ponds in which it originates were seen and entered by Nicollet in 1836, Julius Chambers in 1872, and again by my party in 1881; and have since been visited, christened and re-christened so many times, by two or three enterprising parties from St. Paul, that it is now extremely doubtful if the people of Minnesota or elsewhere, have any definite idea of their claim to serious consideration. . . . Resuming our observations, I may explain that we are still in our canoes looking southward. On our right the west shore of Itasca is fringed with pine, while in our front its southern end and the eastern shore on our left are covered with tamarack, excepting the open space at the summit of a hill near the southern extremity of the lake. The Hauteur de Terre range of

†From *The Headwaters of the Mississippi*, by Captain Willard Glazier. Illustrated by True Williams of Chicago. A narrative of Capt. Glazier's explorations and discoveries and a survey of the work of former explorers, with a reply to detractors and opponents of the author's claims. 527 pp., price \$2.50; published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

hills may be clearly seen in the distance, and between those hills and the knoll there is a peculiar light which indicates to the practised eye of the woodsman that there is a large body of water beyond. No portion of Itasca presents so many features of striking interest as this, and were it not that imperative duties urge us forward to other fields of equal and even greater interest we would gladly have waited longer where there was so much to admire.

Passing from the scene which had held our attention for half-an-hour I carefully scanned the eastern shore for the mouth of the infant Mississippi the view being obstructed now, as in 1881 by a rank growth of weeds, rushes and wild rice. Fixing my eyes upon a small pine, which marks the precious point of entrance, we turned the canoes and pushed them through the dense vegetation into the clear waters of the inlet. . . . We continued to move up the stream in our canoes until stopped by falling trees; then disembarking, we hastened forward on foot to the crest of the hill which overlooks the source of the Mississippi and its outlet. This beautiful body of water, the Po-keg-a-ma of the Chippewas—re-named "Lake Glazier" by my companions of my first expedition—is the primal Reservoir.

THE GREATEST OF MIRACLES.

Jesus at the tomb.—Majestic calm of conscious, unbroken communion! The emotion is past, and the habitual calm majesty reassumed. The command to take away the stone is in accord with Christ's continual economy in the use of miraculous power. Whatever man can do is to be done by man; and, besides, the men whose hands rolled away the stone were made witnesses of the resurrection.

John has a delicate touch in reminding us of Martha's relationship to "him that was dead," as explaining the natural shrinking of her love from the exposure of the dear form in its dishonor. But she was faltering in her faith, or she would not have so spoken. Therefore Jesus puts out a hand to hold her up, as he did to Peter sinking, and his reminder of the previous conversation puts its true purport into other words. He had, in effect, told her that, if she believed, she would see the glory of God, when he had sought to draw out her faith, and spread before her astonished eyes the resurrection and the life which come by faith. Her faith was not the condition of the miracle, but it was of her enjoying (seeing) all that the miracle meant and prophesied. The outward fact might be seen by eyes all blind to the glory that shone in it.

With like majesty sounds the solemn thanksgiving before the mighty act. It was not a prayer, such as Martha had meant. He does not ask for a gift, but he gives thanks. He traces, indeed, as always, the miracle to the Father; for he does nothing of himself, and gives life to whom he will in conformity with the Father's gift. But that relation is by no means parallel with the relation of other men who wrought miracles by Divine power, and must be taken in conjunction with the teaching of chapter 5; for he has the consciousness of unbroken common with the Father, and of continual fulfillment of his will.

The prayer of thanksgiving, then, was spoken in order that the bystanders might, by hearing it, and seeing the miracle that followed, be led to recognize the true import of the miracle as a sign that he was sent from God. The prayer was a solemn appeal to God, a confident assumption of what was to follow. If it did follow, the appeal was effectual and the conclusion plain.

†From *The Gospel of John*, by Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D. D. One of the valuable series of volumes issued under the title of Bible Class Expositions; pp. 231; price \$1. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

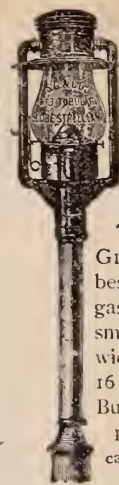
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Headwaters of the Mississippi: Comprising Biographical Sketches of Early and Recent Explorers of the Great River, and a full account of the Discovery and Location of its True Source in a Lake beyond Itasca. By Captain Willard Glazier. With numerous illustrations. pp. 527; price \$2.50. Published by Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago and New York.

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EDUCATING THE NEGRO.

Rev. Dr. Brockett Writes of the Progress Made in North Carolina.

HERE is probably no more important problem in the South to-day than the education of the negro. From time to time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made mention of the progress of educational and evangelical work among the colored population in different parts of the Southern States, and especially in the Carolinas, Florida, Mississippi and Tennessee. In a letter to this journal from Rev. John A. Brockett, the writer gives a very encouraging picture of work of this class in North Carolina at the present time. He writes: "Four years ago I left Boston to engage in a work of education for my race. My native



REV. JOHN A. BROCKETT.

State, North Carolina, naturally became my field of labor. After a time the Senatorial Educational Committee invited me to visit Southern Pines, N. C., and examine it as a field for practical educational work, giving special provision to manual training. In June, 1893, I prepared to enter upon the work, and with my family, we went to our field of experimental labor. To say that we have built a University in one year would be a mistake. But something has been accomplished. Hon. J. T. Patrick, of Southern Pines, placed at our disposal a new house which was very well adapted to the work. We began by opening a school for a summer session of six weeks. Mrs. Brockett working with me side by side. While this work was in progress, with the help of friends, we began the erection of our first school building. Success crowned our efforts, and we had our first Christmas exercises in our new school house, which was indeed dedicated to the Christ-Child and the uplifting of the poor. The total enrollment for the first year was fifty-six students, and the summer session eighteen. Through the kindness of a philanthropic lady of Cambridge, Mass., we have secured a fine tract of land, covering 252½ acres. I expect in a few years to make this tract of land maintain the school. Through strict economy, our teachers have been paid in full. We are in the southwestern part of the State. Looking south, we are forty-five miles from the boundary line between North and South Carolina. The population we have to draw from is between 80,000 and 100,000 souls. In the county schools the negro receives his proportion of the school fund provided from the tax of the citizens of the State, which at best provides this large number of people with open schools in the rural districts two months and a-half during the year.

"The one building we have will not meet the demands of our work for the coming year, and we are preparing to erect two new buildings this summer. One of these buildings is for a trade department for boys, and the other for girls—an Industrial Hall. In this latter building we propose to have departments in which cooking, sewing, laundering, and domestic work will be taught. "One of the encouraging features of the work is that the young colored men in business and engaged in the professions here in the South have been among its most cheerful supporters. Students come to the school at the cost of \$1 per month for tuition, or \$9 per year. Not much, to be sure, yet the lack of that seeming insignificant sum will prevent many a bright boy and girl from attending school the coming year. We ex-

pect to have one hundred such scholarships for the opening of the school next September.

"The 'Building and Trades College' (our corporate name), is established to give the negroes a thorough grounding in English, teach them useful trades, and make them worthy members of society and productive factors in the community they live."

Rev. Dr. Brockett's work at Southern Pines is warmly endorsed by many high state and national officials. It is a moral as well as an industrial work in which he is engaged, and well worthy of general support.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

NO more beautiful letter of consolation from one Christian to another, bowed under affliction, was ever found than these sentences from a South Carolina lady to a friend in Mississippi:

"The Lord knows the soldiers he can put to the sharpest tests. He did not demand the supreme surrender of Abraham at the start, but after the years of blessed friendship which had taught love, and trained trust, and strengthened the father's feet to climb the slopes of Mount Moriah. It does not surprise me that God's faithful servants are put to harder tests than his raw recruits.

"When I heard of your sorrow, my mind instinctively reverted to an expression in your letter—that you were 'anxious to spend your remaining years in the service of your generation.' May it not be that by patiently suffering now, you may speak as eloquently of his grace as in the days of active service? Truth lived is always mightier than truth spoken. The Cross of Calvary taught us what words could never have done. May not a cross borne bravely to-day, for his sake, reveal more than a hundred sermons? And if so, can we ask truer comfort? Life is short. The end will soon come, and then—the crown, the 'well done,'—the open door of the 'Father's house,' and the reunion with those from whom we have never really been separated, if we have been united in him, they rejoice 'in his presence' to-day. We, 'having not seen,' love none the less. They serve him in the upper temple, we in the outer court—they with songs, we with tears; but the service is one—his will is the music to which both lives are set. He, the supreme joy, and desire, and satisfaction of each; there may be a brief lapse in the sweet interchange of glance and speech, but there can be no heart-separation. We meet in him."

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

THE heroes were not all on one side during the late war, as the following incident, related by a Southern exchange, will show:

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and the agonizing cries of "Water! water!" "General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this." "What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general. "I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?" "Kirkland," said

the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head: the skirmishing has been murderous all day." "If you'll let me, I'll try it." "My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go." "Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprang over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the water down their parched throats.

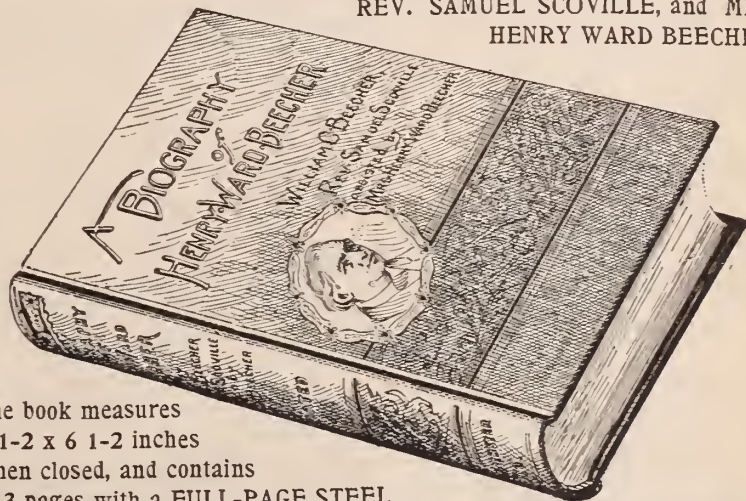
After the first few bullets, his Christ-like errand became understood.

He came back at night to his bivouac untouched. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



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MARION HARLAND IN BETHANY.

Our Traveler Visits the Home of Mary and Martha—Slatternly Housewives and Untidy Children—The Mania for Barter—Buying a Baby-Bag—Vanished Illusions.

CN excellent road connects Jerusalem with Bethany. The city boasts of but one handsome carriage ("the Laundau," always pronounced with a capital letter, belonging to the Grand Hotel), yet comfortable conveyances may be hired without the Jaffa Gate. That into which David packs our rugs, the camera, and lastly the women of the little party, is commodious, if shabby.

"As you will observe, madam, it has been washed this morning," says the honest dragoman, withdrawing a space to contemplate complacently the effect of the unwonted process. As I have said to the driver, a muddy carriage does not go well with a day like this.

We have alighted to look back at the city, and to remark again upon the growth of the settlement without the walls, for the most part hospitals, convents and the private residences of consuls and well-to-do citizens. The day is glorious; respiration is a luxury. The stony hill-sides can never look cheerful except in the brief blossom season; but under the cloudless blue arch of this sky, they are resigned in expression and almost benignant.

My companions within the lately-washed vehicle are a newly arrived fellow-countrywoman, bright of face and of nature, and the native Syrian matron, who acts as my intelligent interpreter in the jealously-guarded homes where the foot of a strange man may not tread. We have crossed the waterless bed of Kidron; run the gauntlet of the leprous beggars

mustering in force on the south side of the wall of Gethsemane, holding our breaths in passing, the odor of the collecting bodies being overpowering when so large a delegation is abroad; have traced with serious eyes the "Path of the Captivity" winding around the shoulder of the height upon which the city is built, "said by tradition

to be the way along which Christ our Lord was led after his betrayal."

We have flanked Olivet and come into sight of the open country. The road is lively with foot-passengers, generally market-women with great baskets or bundles of green stuff upon their heads—oftener bundles than baskets. It is surprising what variety of commodities can be contained in a fold of the Syrian woman's blue cotton robe, or be enveloped in the dingy cloth knotted about her cargo. Beets, turnips, cauliflower, carrots, eggs, oranges, potatoes, cheeses—chiefest of all, cabbages—are thus carried with ease and in safety. Donkeys pace by, under loads of faggots and greens, and dark-visaged men seated stolidly upon the beasts' rumps, and we meet a string of camels, coming up from Jericho, loaded with oranges and citrons, and hugging one side of the white road. Upon the hill-top to the right we see a building which we are told is the reputed house of Simon the Leper.

"Then we must be nearing Bethany?"

"We are in Bethany!"

The invariable group of children, a couple of beggars, and divers women, appear in doors and from behind walls to stare at us. The terraces and houses have an intermittent backing of the saddest-looking olives we have yet beheld in this saddened land.

"Bethany!" we reiterate in wonder and disbelief. "Where is the town?"

This is all of it, and the two women who are bribed with a few "metalliks" (pennies) to stand out upon the platform of their house to be photographed, are representative matrons. They have no scruples about letting us see their faces, etiquette in this respect being less stringent among the peasants than in the town and with the higher classes of society. Whatever other objects and occasions of carefulness and trouble these housewives may have, the business of keeping themselves and their children clean is not ranked as an essential to peace of mind or comfort. Their own gowns are ragged and dirty; their hands horny and filthy, albeit the nails, like those of the little girl who lugs an inconceivably dirty baby upon her hip, are dyed with henna. The children are, as the uninitiated new arrival at my elbow shudderingly whispers, "horrors!" sore-eyed, barefooted and unclean. One, sour of visage, a "kafeyeh," stiff with dirt, bound above matted locks, hugs



A MARTHA OF TO-DAY.

tiful countenance, and goodly to look at!" quotes Alcides. "Stand, young David! and let me have your picture."

track, and stops to inspect us. By some accident, his face is clean, and the soiled sheepskin jacket beneath his abie does not disguise a certain careless grace of bearing. His eyes are bright and healthy, his cheeks glow ro-sily.

"Ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look at!"

The model frown is slightly, the sun striking full in his eyes, but the erect carriage of figure and head that gives something kingly to the boyish figure, is preserved.

"Such a fellow must be regarded as a freak in Bethany," comments his admirer, clicking the "film" into position.

The best house in Bethany is at hand. The stone platform, or terrace, on which it perches, sets the front and ugly door ten feet above the level of the nearest neighbor's. A ladder, fitted with rungs, not steps, must be

mounted if we would accept the invitation extended in smile and beck by the mistress of the eyrie. One by one, we three women adventure the climb, and stand beside our hostess on a ledge, maybe fifteen feet in width. It looks down into the court of the "House of Lazarus," a blackened build-

(Continued on Page 451.)



THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

(From a photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

The carriage has come to a full stop again, and we get out in blank bewilderment. Upon one hand the ground slopes away into stony fields; upon the other, half ruined huts of stone, perhaps a dozen in number, straggle up a rudely terraced hill.

a mangy dog, whose eyes are as sore as his master's.

We are on our way up a narrow, steep alley, abominable for pollutions, but the only means of approach to "the best house in Bethany," when a boy bounds into the

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

LAUGHTER.

Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Psalm 126: 2, "Then was our mouth filled with laughter," and Psalm 2: 4, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

THIRTY-EIGHT times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine and sometimes the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathies of angels and sometimes the cachinnation of devils. All healthy people laugh. Whether it pleases the Lord or displeases him; that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme to-day is the laughter of the Bible, namely: Sarah's laugh, or that of scepticism; David's laugh, or that of spiritual exultation; the fool's laugh, or that of sinful merriment; God's laugh, or that of infinite condemnation; heaven's laugh, or that of eternal triumph.

Scene: An Oriental tent; the occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepit. Their three guests are three angels—the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people, God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God; she does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says: "I didn't laugh." Then God retorted with an emphasis that silenced all disputation: "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of scepticism, in all ages, is only the echo of Sarah's laughter. God says he will accomplish a thing; and men say it cannot be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. Alas! for the folly of those who laugh at God when he says: "I will do a thing;" they responding: "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs; Herbert Spencer laughs; Stuart Mill laughs; great German Universities laugh; Harvard laughs—softly! A great many of the learned institutions with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and Infidelity, laugh softly. They say: "We did n't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens: "But thou didst laugh." The Garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was any Ark built; or if it was built, it was too small to have two of every kind. The pillar of fire by night was only the Northern lights. The ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery. The sea parted, because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction. My friends, there is not a doctrine or statement of God's Holy Word that has been derided by the scepticism of the day. I take up this book of King James's translation. I consider it a perfect Bible; but here are sceptics who want it torn to pieces. And now, with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the scepticism of this day demands shall be torn out. What shall go first? "Well," says someone in the audience, "take out all that about the Creation, and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says someone, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in the wilderness." Away

goes Exodus. "Now," says someone else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says someone, "the Book of Job is a fable that ought to come out." Away goes the Book of Job. "Now," says someone, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the Evangelists. "Now," says someone, "the Book of Revelation—how preposterous! it represents a man with the moon under his feet, and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the Book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "O," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word in the Bible, from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now you have put out the last light for the nations. Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. How do you like it?

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a good many years. Let us each one keep a copy for himself, for we might have trouble, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolations; and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence of God's right hand, which it mentions. O! what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face, and hurl his revelation back at him. After awhile the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hyper-criticisms, all the caricatures, and all the learned sneers in the "Quarterly Reviews," will be brought to judgment; and amid the rocking of everything beneath, and amid the flaming of everything above, God will thunder: "But thou didst laugh!" I think the most fascinating laughter at Christianity I ever remember was a man in New England. He made the Word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said: "My life has been a failure—a failure domestically; I have no children; a failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate; a failure professionally, because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiments." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity; and ever since Christianity has been laughing at him. Now, it is a mean thing to go into a man's house and steal his goods; but I tell you the most gigantic burglary ever invented is the proposition to steal these treasures of our holy religion. The meanest laughter ever uttered is the laugh of the sceptic.

The next laughter mentioned in the Bible is David's laughter, or the expression of spiritual exultation. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." He got very much down sometimes; but there are other chapters where for four or five times he calls upon the people to praise and exult. It was not a mere twitch of the lips; it was a demonstration that took hold of his whole physical nature. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." My friends, this world will never be converted to God until Christians cry less, and laugh and sing more. The horrors are a poor bait. If people are to be persuaded to adopt our holy religion, it will be because they have made up their minds it is a happy religion. They don't like a morbid Christianity. I know there are morbid people who

enjoy a funeral. They come early to see the friends take leave of the corpse; and they steal a ride to the cemetery; but all healthy people enjoy a wedding better than they do a burial. Now, you make the religion of Christ sepulchral and hearselike, and you make it repulsive. I say, plant the rose of Sharon along the church walks, and columbine to clamber over the church wall; and have a smile on the lip, and have the mouth filled with holy laughter. There is no man in the world, except the Christian, that has a right to feel an untrammelled glee. He is promised everything is to be for the best here, and he is on the way to a delight which will take all the processions with palm branches, and all the orchestras harped, and cymballed, and trumpeted to express. "O," you say, "I have so much trouble." Have you more trouble than Paul had? What does he say? "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making many rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things." O! rejoice evermore. You know how it is in the army—an army in encampment. If to-day news comes that our side has had a defeat, and to-morrow another portion of the tidings comes, saying we have had another defeat, it demoralizes all the host. But if the news comes of victory to-day, and victory to-morrow, the whole army is impassioned for the contest. Now, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, report fewer defeats; tell us the victories—victory over sin, and death, and hell. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice. I believe there is more religion in a laugh than in a groan. Anybody can groan; but to laugh in the midst of banishment, and persecution, and indescribable trial, that required a David, a Daniel, a Paul, a modern heroine.

The next laughter mentioned in the Bible that I shall speak of is the fool's laughter, or the expression of sinful merriment. Solomon was very quick at simile: when he makes a comparison we all catch it. What is the laughter of a fool like? He says: "It is the crackling of thorns under a pot." The kettle is swung, a bunch of brambles is put under it, and the torch is applied to it, and there is a great noise, and a big blaze, and a sputter, and a quick extinguishment. Then it is darker that it was before. Fools' laughter. The most miserable thing on earth is a bad man's fun. There they are—ten men in a bar-room; they have at home wives, mothers, daughters. The impure jest starts at one corner of the bar-room, and crackle, crackle, crackle, it goes all around. In five hundred such guffaws there is not one item of happiness. They all feel demeaned, if they have any conscience left. So, all merriment born of dissipation, that which starts at the counter of the drinking restaurant, or from the wine-glass in the home circle, the maudlin simper, the meaningless joke, the saturnalian gibberish, the paroxysm of mirth about nothing, which you sometimes see in the fashionable club-room or the exquisite parlor at twelve o'clock at night, are the crackling of thorns under a pot. Such laughter and such sin ends in death.

The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible, is the laugh of God's condemnation: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Again: "The Lord will laugh at him." Again: "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. But men build up villanies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God, because he is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, and the foundation begins to rock; finally, the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what the matter is. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter. A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work as a mechanic, and got into the city councils some way, and in ten years stole \$15,000,000 dollars from the city government. Fifteen million dollars! He held the legislature of the State of New York in the grip

of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The grand jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest pocket goes to Blackwell's Island; goes to Ludlow street Jail, breaks prison, and goes across the sea; is re-arrested and brought back, and again remanded to jail. Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." Rome was a great empire; she had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine among her Emperors. But what mean the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned into a cattle market, and the broken-walled Coliseum, and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh!" you say, "that was the roar of the battering-rams against her walls." No. The quiver and the roar were the outburst of omnipotent laughter from the defied and insulted heavens. Rome defied God, and he laughed her down. Thebes defied God, and he laughed her down. Nineveh defied God, and he laughed her down. Babylon defied God, and he laughed her down. There is a great difference between God's laugh and his smile. His smile is eternal beatitude. He smiled when David sang, and Miriam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalyptic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well. His smile! Why, it is the fifteenth of May, the apple orchards in full bloom; it is morning breaking on a rippling sea; it is heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But his laughter—may it never fall on us! It is a condemnation for our sin; it is a wasting away. We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions may laugh at us, and we may be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell; but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfilment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth: "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject Christ and the pardon of the Gospel must come under that tremendous bombardment. God wants us all to repent. He counsels, he coaxes, he importunes, and he dies for us. He comes down out of heaven. He puts all the world's sin on one shoulder, he puts all the world's sorrow on the other shoulder, and then with that Alp on one side and that Himalaya on the other, he starts up the hill back of Jerusalem to achieve our salvation. He puts the palm of his right foot on one long spike, and he puts the palm of his left foot on another long spike, and then, with his hands spotted with his own blood, he gesticulates, saying: "Look! look! and live. With the crimson veil of my sacrifice I will cover up all your sins; with my dying groan I will swallow up all your groans. Look! live." But a thousand of you turn your back on that, and then this voice of invitation turns to a tone divinely ominous, that sobs like a simoom through the first chapter of Proverbs: "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my right hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I, also, will laugh at your calamity." O! what a laugh that is—a deep laugh; a long, reverberating laugh; an overwhelming laugh: God grant we may never hear it. But in this day of merciful visitation, yield your heart to Christ, that you may spend all your life on earth under his smile, and escape forever the thunder of the laugh of God's indignation.

The other laughter mentioned in the Bible, the only one I shall speak of, is heaven's laughter, or the expression of eternal triumph. Christ said to his disciples: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend our days in heaven singing long-metre psalms. The formalistic and stiff notions of heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent sociality. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh go around the

circles of the saved?" I say, yes; pure laughter, cheering laughter; holy laughter. It will be a laugh of congratulation. When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why we will say to one of them: "The last time I saw you, you had been suffering for six weeks under a low intermittent fever;" or, to another, we will say: "You for ten years were limping with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last; I congratulate you on this eternal recovery." We shall laugh. Yes; we shall congratulate all those who have come out of great financial embarrassments in this world, because they have become millionaires in heaven. Ye shall laugh. It shall be a laugh of re-association. It is just as natural for us to laugh when we meet a friend we have not seen for ten years, as anything is possible to be natural. When we meet our friends from whom we have been parted ten, or twenty, or thirty years, will it not be with infinite congratulation? Our perception quickened, our knowledge improved, we will know each other at a flash. We will have to talk over all that has happened since we have been separated, the one that has been ten years in heaven telling us all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return all that has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth. Ye shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions; and Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings; and the two farmers, who were in a law suit all their days, will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence. Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh. Christ says so. Ye shall laugh. Yes, it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh! what a pleasant thing it will be to stand on the wall of heaven and look down at Satan, and hurl at him defiance, and see him caged and chained, and we forever free from his clutches. Aha! Yes, it will be a laugh of royal greeting. You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba; you know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo; you know how Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary; you remember how Rome cheered when Pompey came back victor over 900 cities. Every cheer was a laugh. But, Oh! the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow-white cavalry troop of heaven shall go through the streets, and, according to the book of Revelation, Christ, in the red coat, the crimson coat, on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Oh! when we see and hear that cavalcade, we shall cheer, we shall laugh. Does not your heart beat quickly at the thought of the great jubilee upon which we are soon to enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it, we may have some such vision as the dying Christian had when he saw written all over the clouds in the sky the letter "W;" and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter "W" meant. "Oh!" he said, "that stands for welcome." And so may it be when we quit this world. "W" on the gate, "W" on the door of the mansion, "W" on the throne. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes: that you might see what a mean thing is the laugh of scepticism, what a bright thing is the laugh of spiritual exultation, what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment, what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation, what a radiant, rubicund thing is the laugh of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill: choose the right. Be comforted. "Blessed are ye that weep now—ye shall laugh, ye shall laugh."

Marion Harland in Bethany.

(Continued from first page.)

ing that must now be used as a mill or granary, for through sashless windows protrude sheaves of grain and bundles of straw.

In the reeking court-yard where the sun seldom falls, two sparrows twitter happily over some kernels that have dropped from above. Another pair, as busy and cheery, sport upon the broken stones of the time-stained wall, pecking their noon meal out of the chinks and crannies.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing," one of us breathes softly before leaving the little preachers and the cheerful light of day behind.

The door opens into a vaulted chamber that cannot be over twelve feet square. There is no window, but six queer niches in the sides of the room are utilized as cupboards. The walls are whitewashed, and above the niches are gaudily-colored designs of palms, flowers, fruits, and, oddly enough, green hands, with outspread fingers pointing upward.

"To keep off the Evil Eye," explains my interpreter, avoiding looking at the mystic signs while she speaks.

To direct attention to them by any manifestation of curiosity on our part would excite suspicious alarm.

Quilts and matting are dragged from a pile at the back of the room to supply us with seats. A man, his wife, and five daughters of assorted ages, have their only home here, sleeping, eating, sitting and living here the year around. Cooking is done over an earthenware brazier, exhibited to us proudly by the housewife. The bread, she

rude ballad, seems yet to underrun the voice in my ears:

Soldiers! soldiers! far over the sea!
As we grind the yellow grain, may the
Prophet hear our plea!
May he spread his mighty arms in protection
round your host,
And hide you in their shelter safe when
perils threaten most.
May he guard his faithful followers where-
ever they may be!
Soldiers! soldiers! far over the sea!

The cupboards, unscreened by curtain or door, hold besides the cakes of fuel, earthenware jars and bowls, the inevitable apparatus for coffee-making, and a big metal pan covered with a mat of platted straw. The day's baking is in this basin, and since we cannot wait for coffee, we must eat, each of us, a morsel of the tough, warm cake. It is curiously stamped by the hot pebbles, and dark-gray in color. Yet we accept it with smiling gratitude, and feign to swallow it, retiring in fair order toward the door, while our interpreter voices our thanks for hospitality received.

Jamal and Alcides in the lower court are the cynosure of an admiring group. The Bethany women are notable of their kind, carrying on (for Palestine) a thriving trade with Jerusalem in butter-milk, eggs, cheese and butter. One of the most prosperous listens with downcast eyes to David's talk of crops and weather, cunningly drawn out while Alcides retires to a ledge far enough away to focus the modern Martha of Bethany. Every line of her coarse features expresses the cumbering cares of much serving in home

at first. My Syrian friend interferes when I order the coachman to put the bag with



REPRESENTATIVE MATRONS.

(From a photograph by Marion Harland.)

other belongings of ours in front of the carriage.

"It will go first to my house, if you please," she says, significantly. "I have a garden where it can be sunned, and fumigated with burning sulphur, and so be made quite safe to be packed with clean things. You shall have it in a few days."

A warm discussion arises on the way home. Alcides has been thinking.

"We see how little social and domestic customs have changed in this part of the world since Bible times"—is the summing up of these meditations.

"The Bedouin of 1894 A. D. is the Bedouin of 1894 B. C. That was in Abraham's day—wasn't it David?"

"Between the eighteenth and twenty-second chapters of Genesis, Captain."

"Dress, modes of speech, tricks of trade, marrying and giving in marriage—all these things are so much the same now as then, that I believe the original Martha of Bethany lived and looked very much as her sister of the nineteenth century lives and acts and looks now. The whole family probably lived in one ten-by-ten room, and sat on the floor to eat and talk, and lay upon dirty mats to sleep, and crouched, on rainy days over a brazier in a windowless chamber, and were upon as bad terms with soap, water and towels, and combs, as at present."

It is a bomb that bursts disastrously. The sketch is repulsive, unnatural—we declaim—if not actually blasphemous. We remind the transgressor that the bleak hills about us, blossomed as the rose in the days of Israel's glory; that Herod the Magnificent was on the throne and abundant in public works when the Nazarene Teacher withdrew to Bethany at even-tide after the day's disputation in the Temple, or many hours of healing and talking in marketplace and by the waysides. At last the gentle voice of the sweet-faced American traveler is heard. She speaks modestly—but confidently.

"I cannot think that our Martha was like that! Or that her house and clothes—and children, if she had any—were dirty. For you know—Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus! And Bethany was his chosen resting-place. Martha's home may have been humble. It must have been neat and peaceful."

A sudden and a lasting calm ensues that has not been broken when we quit the carriage to walk a little way up the side of Olivet to the old Bethany road, and gaze down upon Jerusalem as our Lord beheld it four days before the shout of "Hosanna" was exchanged for the howl of "Crucify Him!"

MARION HARLAND.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.



"THE CARRIAGE HAD BEEN WASHED."

(From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald.")

tells us, is kneaded into flat rounds which are laid upon hot pebbles in the brazier, patted down, and covered with a fire of dried camel's manure. A heap of this fills one cupboard! Flour for each day's provision is ground in the morning. A laughing-eyed girl of thirteen, persuaded by the gracious arts of our interpreter, sits down upon the floor, takes the mill—a stone, laid in a socket and worked back and forth by an upright pin, or handle of wood—between her feet, pours in grain and begins the work.

"But it is nothing without the song," interrupts the interpreter. "Sing, will you not? These ladies have never heard the Syrian grinding-song."

The fair performer requires as much coaxing as the musical prodigy of an American provincial circle, but demur and diffidence finally overcome by the winsome interpreter, she chants in a fresh, tuneful voice, to the accompaniment of the mill. The effect is marvellously melodious, the hum of the stone in its groove keeping perfect time with the song. Our Syrian matron translates what I seize a moment to jot down in my note-book, and subsequently pass over to Alcides the Rhymer. I wish it were possible to give with it the beat and whirl that, as I read the faithful translation which retains the very measure of the

and market. Her baby sleeps in a stout bag suspended between her shoulders by a cord passed across the forehead; on her head is the flat basket that went with her and baby to town (a Sabbath day's journey), filled with butter, cheese and eggs, and holds now sundry parcels of groceries and other household necessities. The baby-bag is a curious thing, made of dyed goats' hair cords, ingeniously netted and trimmed with long fringes.

"Will she sell it?" I ask.

"She will sell anything!" tersely, and the bargain begins.

Other and shrewder lines cross Martha's visage. She is in her element.

Withdrawn a few paces from the battlefield, we are kept by the laughing interpreter in touch with the principal actors. Martha draws the first blood by a firm demand for sixteen shillings, English money (four dollars).

"Is the woman mad!" David raises appealing eyes and hands to the presumably sane spectators. "We don't want to buy the baby, too! Only the bag!"

Martha does not join in the merriment excited by the wilful misinterpretation. Buying and selling are not matters for jest. She chaffers valiantly, but the end of the ten-minute duel is the purchase of the gayly-colored netting at half the sum she asked



THE YOUTH OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for July 29. Luke 2: 40-52.
Golden Text, Luke 2:52. By Mrs. Baxter.

IT was not long after his horrible massacre of the little children of Bethlehem and the neighborhood, that Herod himself was called to yield up the life which he had so stained. True, he was called Herod the Great, but his was an unenviable greatness, a terrible superiority in the lengths of sin to which he went. The Child Jesus, whose death he had sought to compass, lived on by the will of a Greater than Herod. "The Child grew and waxed strong, becoming full of wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him." (Luke 2: 40, R.V. margin.) What was the wisdom with which Jesus was becoming full in his childhood, as the Son of man? There were schools in Nazareth, and with other children of his age, Jesus learned, but his school-mates did not become filled, with the same wisdom as he. There was one branch of study which above all others must have occupied the attention of Jesus in his early years; it was the study and the committal to memory of the Holy Scriptures. "He took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham, Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren." (Heb. 2: 16-17.) Thus he must have needed, as man, to study in the same way, in which we have to study, the Holy Scriptures, that he might learn what had been written in them about himself. The Holy Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," and we find our Lord, after he was risen, when he joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus," beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounding to them in all the Scriptures.

The Things Concerning Himself

(Luke 24: 27.) Even as a Child, Jesus was our Example, he grew and waxed strong, becoming filled with wisdom. From this we gather that the spirit, "the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible," "the inward man" in Jesus developed much more, and much more rapidly than the soul, or emotional life.

Joseph and Mary went up to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover in obedience to the command of God. (Deut. 16: 1.) And when Jesus was twelve years old they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast, and when they had fulfilled the days, as they were returning, the Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. How often at a Christian convention, friends meet together, and the joy of greeting one another and of exchanging family news and interests, the enjoyment of the society of those they have not met for a long time, the tidings of the work of God carried on by this one and that one, really absorbs the chief attention of those who come together. Thus it comes to pass that after the most solemn gatherings, when God has come very near, only one or two retire to be alone with God, to let the words "sink down into their ears," to lay to heart what has been said; and when the days are past, and those who have come together, and whose hearts have been stirred by the truth of God in the opening of the Scriptures, find that the presence of Jesus, which they had found in the gathering together of his people, has tarried behind, and they have lost it. How far did the consciousness of his presence, even at the time, depend upon the few Simeons and Annas, in whose hearts the fire of the altar was burning, and the lamp of the Lord never going out, because they alone remained in the presence of the Lord, and would not let themselves be distracted by men and things?

Joseph and Mary had lost the clue to the

whereabouts of Jesus. "Supposing him to have been in the company, they went a day's journey and sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." Where was the minute direction which Joseph was wont to receive from his God? Alas! he had allowed himself to be distracted, and he had lost the thread. Not waiting upon the Lord and therefore not distinctly guided by him, they must do the best thing they could. They had last seen Jesus in Jerusalem. But even there they were at a loss; in the place where they had lodged, no trace was to be found of him, three days of anxious searching were without result; where was it they last saw him? Then the recollection came back to them that while they were busy speaking with one another they had seen him with the roll of the book open, in earnest conversation with the leading scribes, and then, after their three days' fruitless search, they found him in the temple. If the Passover was a light thing to them, it was no light thing to him who, as man, was learning from the Scriptures, that he, born in Bethlehem of a virgin, was to be the passover Lamb on whom the Lord should lay the iniquity of us all.

There was the child Jesus "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Listening as became his years, and asking questions as was consistent in the younger when speaking with his superiors in age; and then in his turn interrogated by them, and manifesting, in his understanding and answers, the wisdom with which he was filled, for the Son of Man was in his element in the written Word of his Father. He was himself the Living Word which became flesh and dwelt among us. His very taking upon him our flesh was the fulfilled message of God first given to fallen man, and as he, as man learned from the Old Testament all that was written of him—what his ministry as man was to be, how it should be consummated by the sacrifice of himself, no wonder the Word of God was the most intense interest of his life, and that, above all else, the Passover feast must have had for him a significance which astonished the doctors of the law. What to them was the doctrine was to him a deeply personal matter, what to them was mere form was to him

The Very Meaning of His Existence.

With his very coming into the world he had said: "Lo I come . . . to do thy will, O my God, I am content to do it; yea, thy law is within my heart." He has "left us an example that we should follow his steps." Are we students of the Scriptures as he was? "God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Does he find in us spiritual worshippers, who live to learn what the Scriptures say concerning us, and to fulfil or carry out in our lives all which is written of us? Do we lay to heart and make real our vocation, to wait for, and to be ready for, the coming of our Lord? Do we lay to heart and carry out our vocation to be "not of the world as he was not of the world, to be lamb-like as he was, to resist not evil, to live not unto ourselves, even as "he pleased not himself?" Is the Word of God more to us than our necessary food not merely our comfort in sorrow, our Guide in perplexity, our help to disentangle us in the time of temptation, but the glorious tidings of our life's vocation, the map of our journey, the unfolding of thoughts of our God which he calls us to reciprocate and carry out.

"And when they saw him they were amazed and his mother said unto him: Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." It was a reproach and it was an assertion of Joseph's right of a father over him. "And he said unto them: How is it

that ye have sought me? wist ye not that I must be in the things of my Father?" (v. 49 R.V.) As if to say, "Joseph is not my father. While you have been distracted with kinsfolk and acquaintance I have been engaged with the word of my Father. But did you not understand? has it ever struck you how I was wont in Nazareth, to use every opportunity, when the roll of the book was open in the synagogue, to search into the Scriptures? Is this an unusual thing? how is it that ye have sought me? Is not the temple the place where I was likely to be found?" It was a protest they understood not, but surely Mary, who kept all these sayings in her heart, may have had some questionings, whether she had not greatly failed in having been distracted as she had been by the greetings of her friends and relatives at the Passover feast.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

over after his twelfth birthday they took Jesus with them. The events of the visit are described in the verses that form the subject of the lesson. The incident is deeply interesting as being the only one preserved of the years which passed between his infancy and his manhood. Here alone we see Jesus as a boy. It is also interesting because in connection with it we have his first recorded words. They were highly significant and must have so appeared to his mother. She, in gently reproaching him, spoke of Joseph as his father, from which we may infer that, at that time, she had not communicated to her Son the mysterious secret of his paternity. When in his answer, with beautiful delicacy of reproof, he spoke of God as his Father, Mary must have been surprised and awed. The Evangelist probably did not foresee the disputes which would arise in later times as to the nature of Jesus, but in the brief sentence, in which he sums up the history of the next eighteen years, he incidentally sheds light on the subject of dispute. The theologians have perplexed themselves and their hearers in attempts to define what was divine and what was human in the person of the Lord. We learn from the passage that "Jesus increased in wisdom, and in favor with God and man." It is evident therefore that there must have been a gradual unfolding of divinity within him and that there must have been progress in the inner as well as in the outward man. This intimation strengthens the theory which has always seemed the most simple and satisfactory of the many that have been advanced, that the Godhead in Jesus was simply clothed with humanity, and that it made use of a purely human brain and organism for its purposes of manifestation. As they developed and matured, the consciousness of divinity would be felt, and the divine nature would gradually, not suddenly, find means of expression. Thus in the Temple Jesus sought knowledge of the learned doctors, who, during the feasts, sat there, that those who might be in perplexity might ask them questions and gain knowledge of the law and the prophets. Jesus appears to have spent three days in that way, and to have impressed the teachers with his extraordinary intelligence and docility.

Filled with wisdom. There are many ideas of what true wisdom is. Many a man who has been truly wise has been regarded as foolish by his neighbors and acquaintances. When the great Sir Isaac Newton lived in London, an old lady who occupied the next

house to his, told a friend that a crazy man was living next door. She knew that he was crazy, because although an elderly man, he spent much of his time in blowing soap-bubbles. She was right as to the fact, but wrong in her inference. Newton was studying the laws of the refraction of light and experimented with the soap-bubble as the thinnest surface he could obtain. He is not the only wise man whom the world has set down as crazy.

Found him in the temple. There many have found him since that day. "I knew a young man," said a speaker at a Gospel service, "who was brought up in a religious home. He did not follow the advice he had there because he wanted to see the world and enjoy its pleasures and he thought religion would prevent his doing so. He left home to become a clerk in a great city. There were plenty of opportunities for gambling and drinking and going to haunts of vicious people. He lived for a year or two a fast life. Some money was left him as a legacy and that was spent in addition to his salary. One day his employers found out how he was living and discharged him. The blow came at an unfortunate time for he was just then without a dollar. Then his friends, to whom he had been generous turned their backs upon him. No one would help him and he could get no employment. In his distress he prayed, but no help came. He thought that he had sinned beyond God's forgiveness and that having rejected Christ in his boyhood it was too late to seek him. He was about to commit suicide, but thought that he would go to church once before killing himself. He had never been there since he left home. He went and the message of mercy to the perishing reached his heart. He found Jesus in the Temple. I was that young man."

Must be about my father's business. Our duties to God should always stand first, but sometimes this is forgotten. The morning prayer is often shortened or omitted altogether if there is reason for hurry, and other things that God wishes us to do are postponed or neglected if some other call of business or pleasure is heard. On one occasion Archbishop Usher was preaching, when a messenger from the king arrived desiring to speak with him. The Archbishop listened courteously to the man, who informed him that the king desired him to come to the palace immediately. He told the man to tell the king that he was then engaged in his Master's business, but when that was done he would wait upon the king. He thereupon resumed his sermon and went to the king when he had finished.

Increased in wisdom. The words indicate a gradual advance, as if Jesus himself trod the same toilsome path that other boys do. It is sometimes very slow and the boy loses patience and thinks it is impossible to reach the desired end, forgetting that the way there must be by gradual achievement. A little child was taken to a great cathedral. He stood on the marble floor and looked up with wonder to the men and women who were walking in a gallery around the great dome, a hundred and fifty feet above him. "How did they ever get there?" thought the child. He longed to get there, too, but he thought, "It is too high, too far, for me." Then the child's father opened a door in the wall, and taking him by the hand, led him through it. The child saw some stone steps in a winding staircase. One by one he put his feet upon the steps and presently he found himself in the gallery, with the blue dome just above his head and the floor on which he had stood far below. He had come all the way step by step.

Was subject unto them. Although even at this time Jesus knew himself to be the Son of God he went, we are told, with Joseph and Mary to Nazareth and was subject to them, setting for every child who aspires to be like him an example of filial reverence. It is worthy of notice that the greatest men have been characterized by their love and respect for their mothers. Washington was conspicuous in this matter. One of his biographers says, "Whatever might be the difference of opinion between the great man and his mother; however strongly the parent in her linsey skirt, short jacket and mob-cap, might contrast with the elegant dames who strove for his favor, she was ever honored in his thought and in his speech." She heard her son lauded as greater than Caesar and more modest than Cincinnatus—the hero whose fame would outlast time. Her answer honored him as it honored her. She said, "I am not surprised at what George has done. He was always a good boy."

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DWIGHT L. MOODY.

(Founder of the Bible Institute.)

ready been raised and the money paid over. This splendid response to our appeal is an earnest of the deep and sincere interest our friends take in this grand Christian work. It is the first step in a crusade to promote which should be the dearest pleasure of every man and woman in America who loves the name of Jesus. It is the first stage of a journey, an initial mile stone on a march that will prove more and more glorious as it advances. In addition to the number of those who have already contributed, there are still other thousands in different cities and towns, as well as in the rural districts who have long desired an opportunity to aid a movement of this character. Church societies and similar organizations, as well as individuals, find in the Gospel fund an object worthy their heartiest support, since its

aim, as Mr. Moody himself has explained, is to send the Gospel to those churchless millions at home who can receive it in no other way. It is for them and their little children that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now pleading and it invokes the co-operation of all who pray for the salvation of this land and its people.

In former issues, we have already explained the object for which the Fund is being raised, viz.: to enable the Bible Institute in Chicago to train, educate and send forth in Christ's name, an army of Christian workers among the three millions unevangelized in the cities and towns of America.

Hundreds of consecrated men and women are applying to Mr. Moody, and offering to devote themselves to this work. The Bible Institute is to the Lord's hosts what the drilling camp is to an army. It turns the raw recruit into the trained soldier. A thrilling national peril may call out thousands of fine men to the national standard but it would be only courting defeat to lead them immediately like a helpless mob against the enemy. Enthusiasm is not sufficient, as great generals have proved again and again. The recruit must be taught the use of his weapons, must learn how to turn them to account and how to co-operate with others. In opposing the great adversary of souls, like preparation is needed, as the untrained worker finds to his cost. And to do this effectively the facilities of the Bible Institute must at once be increased ten-fold. It is a campaign in which there is no retreat. The order of the hour is "Forward in His Name!"

To the many applicants, who cannot be

practical helpfulness. The days here are busy ones and there is economy of time as well as of money. They keep early hours, for the mornings are precious as a time for hard study. The later hours of the day are given to practical work. The students are to be found then in all sections of the city, holding services in jails, in hospitals and in missions, visiting the sick, the aged, and infirm in their homes, conducting tent-meetings, inquiry-meetings, cottage-meetings, and teaching in ragged schools and industrial schools. Mr. Moody believes in teaching the students not only the theory of the work, but the work itself. In the actual work they meet difficulties which can be solved in the Institute better than anywhere else and the personal deficiencies and weaknesses are discovered in active service and can be remedied. Thus by such a course of study and discipline and by regular work in various spheres, the students are prepared for active service in different places and acquire the knowledge of God's Word and of the characters of men which enables them to present the Gospel message with success. As theological students have said, when after graduation in our seats of learning, they have spent a few weeks in the Institute, "This is what we need: it enables us to turn our college lore to practical account."

Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should have a share in the work of equipping this evangelical host. When the word went forth throughout the nation, that men were needed for the war, there was no lack of sympathy and support. Those who remained at home gave freely to equip the host that marched to the field and to support them while there. Let it not be said that we, even the poorest of us, are less enthusiastic and self-sacrificing when it is the Lord's summons to spiritual conflict that calls out the armies of his servants to fight his battles against sin and infidelity and indifference. You may not be able to give the pay of a regiment, but you can help to equip at least one brave soldier; may not be rich enough to defray the cost of a year's training for a Christian worker

souls are in the balance, no Christian can stand indifferent or refuse to give at least his encouragement and his prayers.

Prayers! What a mighty host of them is borne upon every mail that brings us the gifts that are helping to equip this army! We cannot refrain from quoting some of these letters, since as they have greatly encouraged us, they may also breathe inspiration to other souls.

"I send two dollars to help on the good work," writes an aged Christian, Mrs. Emily Capps, of Pratham, N. Y. "I am almost seventy-five, and am waiting the Lord's good time." "Luzerne," Wilkesbarre, Pa. (\$40), says, "I trust this, with God's blessing, may be of service in helping along this great and good work." "May His richest blessing rest upon the effort," is the sincerest aspiration of Mr. H. H. Pritchard, Bangor, Pa. (\$10). "My earnest prayer is that this wonderful Institute may continue many years in its grand work for the Master," writes A. G. A. Yellow Springs, O. (\$1.10). "May the Lord bless Mr. Moody in his grand work," is the prayer of Mrs. C. L. Markley, Herrington, Kans. (\$2). Alonzo Elliott Sharon Springs, N. Y. (\$1), says: "It will help a little. I am a poor man and this money is my living; but I willingly give it for Christ." A friend, Ashland, Kans. (\$5), writes: "I gladly give to help in this much needed work." Miss L. M. Prevost, Quincy, Ill. (\$4), says: "A small amount, but I am thankful to do something, it ever so little, to help in such a great work." The prayer of D. I. Wagar, Flat Rock, Mich. (\$1), is: "May God bless it and make it a means of winning a soul for His kindness. I hope Mr. Moody will get an abundance of funds to carry on his glorious work." "This amount is for the benefit of the young men who are preparing themselves to spread God's Word. May the day soon come when from one end of the world to the other all shall learn to love Him and serve Him," is the prayer of Sarah A. Hommes, Veterans Home, Wis. (\$5). Lucy E. Maybury, Huntington, Ind. (\$1), writes: "God speed the work," Mrs. Williams, Marshalltown, Iowa, (\$1), writes: "With my prayer that however small, it may in some way tell more largely in the end for Jesus. May He, who knew how to so wonderfully multiply the loaves and fishes, touch this my dollar given in His name. I think it a noble work and I know God will bless every effort for its advancement."

We might multiply these extracts from the hundreds of similar letters that have come to us, all breathing words of hearty encouragement for the good work.

401 BROADWAY.

No. 6646

NEW YORK, July 14 1894

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The CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Wm. H. H. Moody

PHOTOGRAPHIC RETRODUCTION OF THE CHECK FOR THE FIRST \$1,000 OF THE GOSPEL FUND, PAID OVER TO MR. MOODY LAST WEEK.

The contributors to the Moody Gospel Fund to date are as follows:

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Louis Klopsch, New York 100 00
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Amelia Eutter 1 00
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F. K. Mohr 5 00
Mrs. E. T. Way 2 00
Mary J. Gates 20 00
Friend, Norfolk, Va. 3 00
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Total to date: \$1,109 55

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Tidings
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

OUR FLAG CAN PROTECT THEM.

THE following correspondence, which is of immediate interest to all who have the spread of the Gospel at heart, carries its own explanation:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, 1
New York, June 28, 1894.

Hon. Walter Q. Gresham,

Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of the American missionaries in Africa—in Liberia, Congo, Angola, Benguela, Zambesia and elsewhere—I write concerning a question of information which is of very serious moment to those missionaries themselves, and also to their numerous friends in this country who support them in the mission field. In a widely-published cable dispatch, it is stated that the Sultan of Turkey has decided, at his own expense, to institute a general revival of Mohammedanism in Africa, "for the purpose of checking the advances of Christian powers." It would be exceedingly gratifying to those friends here, with thousands of whom we are in business or social contact, were they to receive from this Government some assurance that would warrant them in placing a pacific interpretation upon the dispatch in question. In view of the exciting Arab struggle for supremacy in Africa two years ago, and of the possibilities involved in a Mohammedan revival under the Sultan's personal order, they feel that there is reason to apprehend serious results. They know well, by hard experience, to what extreme Arab fanaticism will go.

May we ask you, therefore, in view of all the interests involved, to take this matter into consideration, and, if possible, ascertain whether there is in the intended action on the part of Turkey any menace to the lives and property of American missionaries in Africa, or to the lives and liberty of native converts at the American missions. Such information would be most gratefully received by a very large body of earnest Christian Americans, who have been laboring and making personal sacrifices for the enlightenment of the African people. Sincerely yours,

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

To which the Secretary of State has forwarded the following reply:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 1
WASHINGTON, July 5, 1894.

Louis Klopsch, Esq.,

Proprietor of "The Christian Herald,"

91 to 98 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 18th ultimo, in relation to the reported action of the Sultan of Turkey in sending missionaries to spread Islamism in Africa, with a view to checking the advance of Christian powers. You ask that, in view of all the interests involved, this Department will ascertain, if possible, whether there is in the intended action on the part of Turkey any menace to the lives and property of American missionaries in Africa, or to the lives and liberty of native converts at the American missions.

This Department has no information touching the rumored efforts of the Sultan to further a Mohammedan propaganda in Africa, outside of his own dominions.

A copy of your letter will be sent to Minister Terrell, at Constantinople.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. Q. GRESHAM.

GOSPELIZING A CONTINENT.

OUR way to drive out false religion is to preach the true religion. So, now in one way, and then in another, the path is being prepared for the dominance of free government and the supremacy of our holy religion, the morals of which correspond with its doctrines and precepts. What has effected the change in Utah?

Some will say churches and missionaries—and noble work have they done and they are indispensable—but, under God, the railroad and the telegraphs and printing presses have done much of this. Nothing adverse to intelligence, to liberty or justice can long stand before these three agencies. God uses them as he uses the churches, and that is the reason the Chinese in China tore up the railroad track which was built by English capitalists, and that is the reason that the Sultan of Turkey does not like railroads or steamers. The harbor of Joppa, on the Mediterranean Sea, is kept in the same dangerous condition as it was hundreds of years ago. Why? Because Mohammedanism does not want vessels to land there. When, on December 1, 1889, we entered that harbor, we floated in among the rocks which have wrecked and drowned more people than any rocks in any harbor of the round world. Mohammedanism would rather have the boats wrecked than to have them safely landed. Railroads, telegraphs and steamers are the foes of ignorance and superstition. These children of darkness are terrified with the sound of a steam whistle. The Gospel alone will convert the world, but blessed be the railroads and telegraphs. They prepare the world for the Gospel. The day will come when to these will be added the practical religious uses of the phonograph. As yet this instrument is for the most part a curiosity, and we turn out from it some words of oration or sermon or song and look around and smile at the wonderful reproduction. But the day comes when hundreds of thousands of these instruments, charged with sermons and hymns and religious addresses, will be set down in all parts of the world and the most pungent and impassioned and evangelistic utterances will be turned out upon assemblages who never saw a missionary. The Bible, which is now a flat page, will be put on phonographic cylinder, and where the eye refuses to read, the ear will be compelled to listen. Hail, then, all these modern inventions and appliances. False religions cannot bear the sound of them. There are now over one hundred thousand miles of submarine cable, and in America over one million miles of telegraph, or enough to encircle the earth thirty-five times. The way is being prepared for the Gospelization of the American continent and of all the continents. Moreover, without the modern modes of intercommunication, the republic of the United States would not last six months. There are enough roughs on both sides of the Alleghany and Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains to band together and do desperate work and enthrone outlawry, were it not for the fact that the state capitals and the national capital can instantly by the touch of a wire finger feel the pulse of every community in the nation. Bad people know this and they keep still through fear of such proximity. Then the swifter the trains run and the more complete the telegraph, the more thoroughly safe is the nation. Therefore, I have no sympathy with the constant cry against railroads, as though they were the enemies of the people. They have opened not only Utah to other forms of religion, until in Salt Lake City and Ogden there are more Gentiles than Mormons, but they have opened the continent to agriculture and merchandise, and civilization and religion.

How thoroughly dependent we are on their existence was well demonstrated eight or ten years ago when the universal railroad strike took place, and from ocean to ocean valuable property perished and all the wheels of American prosperity halted and starvation threatened whole communities in many parts of the land. Although these great railroad companies have sometimes abused their power, let us gratefully acknowledge what they have done for the advancement of all the great interests of our country. We get so in the habit of growling and complaint that our prayers too often lack the element of thanksgiving. Who has ever praised God for the modern miracles of railroads and telegraphy? Perhaps here and there one who far absent from home has been permitted to fly at the rate of forty miles an hour to the bedside of the dying, arriving in time to hear the last word of the departing spirit. Perhaps someone who, anxious to hear from someone in exposure to Johnstown flood or Charleston earthquake or Memphis epidemic, has received message of rescue. Thank God that we live now and here! Thank God that we are permitted to see the summer hour and feel this last warm wave putting the last blessing of the sunshine upon the corn and preparing it for the sickle. It seems as if God has determined that nothing shall be wasted to arouse the gratitude of our American people. The last crop must be gathered undamaged, the last orchard must yield its fruit unhurt. Praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men. Shall the unparalleled harvests soon to be gathered from the fields be a type of the grander spiritual harvest to be reaped this year?

OUR MAIL-BAG.

James Palmer, Reading, Pa. By whom was the first temperance society organized in Biblical times?

By the children of Rechab. (See Jer. 35: 5-10.)

J. F. W., New Milford, Ct. What is the estimated expense, per head, of sending the children to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont Lawn for a ten day's outing?

Three dollars, including traveling expenses.

Wesley Bean, Berlin, Ont. Where was Richard Baxter buried?

He died in 1691 and was buried in Christ Church, London.

H. B., Hancock, N. H. A young man wishes to attend some good school or academy in the East which will fit him for college, with the intention of becoming a minister. He expects to be obliged to pay his own way, so rates must be considered? Where can he go?

The best school for the purpose is the Northfield Institute, established by Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass. Write to Rev. E. B. Hartzler, at the Institute for full information.

L. B. Antrim, Topeka, Kan. How wide was the part of the Red Sea where the children of Israel crossed?

According to the ablest modern Bible scholars, the passage was made at a point known as Ras Atakah, where the total width is about five miles. The shallows extend far in from either shore, the real channel of considerable depth being about five-eighths of a mile wide.

F. Barker, Minneapolis, Minn. How do you reckon New Testament time?

The natural day was from sunrise to sunset, the civil or official day from sunset to sunset. The first watch of the night was 6 to 9 p. m., second 9 to 12 p. m., third (cockcrow) 12 to 3 a. m., fourth 3 to 6 a. m. The third hour of the day was 9 a. m., the sixth 12 m., and so on.

P. Farwell, Dayton, O. Is there any people in the world who do not either bury, incinerate, or otherwise dispose of their dead in a manner to indicate respect for the departed and at least some trace of a belief in a future state?

It is said that some of the natives of Mongolia take their dead, put the bodies upon sledges to be drawn by horses and hurry them to the plains, where they are tossed aside to be devoured by dogs and wolves. Every other race, so far as known, makes a funeral a religious ceremony of some sort and displays sorrow for the dead.

Earnest Soul, Key, Iowa. Is it a sister's duty to live with her brother and work for him when his language is profane and his opposition to Christianity is inveterate and malignant?

The sister is under no obligation to live with or serve her brother in any case. She may do so as a matter of sisterly affection. If, however, having done all she can to win him to Christ and having prayerfully sought his conversion, he still persists in shocking her religious feelings, she is perfectly justified in seeking a home elsewhere.

R. E. B., Montreal. Is a Christian, after repeatedly but vainly praying for and pleading with, a friend who is an unbeliever in the divinity of Christ, justified in ceasing to do either, by the command of Christ to his disciples to shake the dust of a city from their shoes if that city will not receive them? (Matt. 10: 24.)

The circumstances are not parallel, as the work of the disciples was extensive and their numbers small; therefore they were not to press their message on unwilling hearers. In the case referred to, it may be wise to refrain from continued pleading when it does no good, but why cease from prayer?

Eva Petty, Trenton, N. J. What are the seven modern wonders of the world?

According to one enumeration they are: 1, Printing; 2, Microscopy and Telescopy; 3, Explosives; 4, Electric telegraph; 5, Photography; 6, the Steam Engine and 7, Labor-saving machinery. Another is: Brooklyn Bridge, the

Ocean Steamships, Suez Canal, Hoosac Tunnel, Pacific Railway, Submarine Cables, and Yellowstone National Park. There are still other lists, almost all of which have one or more features that compare favorably with the seven ancient wonders.

Constant Reader, Harper, Kan. 1. What do we understand by Paul saying, "I was free born?" 2. Where can I obtain German books of instruction for rapid learning in the German language?

1. Although a Jew, he had inherited from his father the rights of Roman citizenship which had probably been granted to some ancestor for services rendered to the Roman state. 2. Write to Estes and Lauriat, publishers, Boston.

Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo. Will you kindly give me some suggestions or methods that would help to interest and instruct a class of persons banded together for the mutual study of the Bible?

There is no aid to Bible Study to be compared with the "Helps" that are bound in with the International Teachers' Bible. These include Subject-Index, Concordance, Tables, Proofs of Genuineness of Old and New Testaments, Harmony of the Gospels, Chronology, Summaries of Bible Lands, Bible Dictionary, Glossary of Antiquities, and Scripture Atlas of colored maps—the whole forming a Bible Library indispensable to the student of the Word. Every subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sending \$2 secures one of these Bibles as a premium.

M. G. H., Richmond, Va. I notice that you mention the presence of the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Oppression, in the museum at Bulak. Was he not drowned in the Red Sea?

The mummy in the museum is that of Rameses II., the great Pharaoh, who is believed by the majority of Egyptologists to be the king for whom the Israelites built the treasure cities and who made them serve with rigor. He is styled the Pharaoh of the Oppression. His death is recorded in Exod. 2: 23. If any Pharaoh perished in the Red Sea, it was probably his son Menephtah, but it is more likely that he did not venture into the sea, but placed his army under the command of one of his generals when that passage was made, as he was an old man and noted for his timidity. This opinion is confirmed by certain inscriptions still legible, which appear to have been made after the Exodus. His mummy, we believe, has not been found.

A. A. Hart, Hernwood, O. Has any search been made for the Ark of the Covenant? When was it last heard of? Is it likely that it will be found?

No reference is made to the Ark after that of II. Chron. 35: 3, when Josiah ordered it to be restored to the Temple. It may have been carried away by Nebuchadnezzar with the other sacred articles when he plundered the Temple. No reference being made to the Ark by Ezra, Nehemiah or Josephus subsequent to the Captivity, it is believed that there was no Ark in the second Temple and that the Holy of Holies was empty. The Jews, however, have a tradition that before Nebuchadnezzar plundered the Temple, the priests hid the Ark and that its hiding-place will be revealed by the Messiah at his coming. His knowledge of it will, they declare, be a proof of his claims. No specific search is being made for the Ark, but the Exploration Society would be little likely to neglect a clue to its hiding-place, if one could be furnished.

W. P. Odell, Arcadia, La. Who was Theophilus, referred to in Luke, chap. 1, and Acts, chap. 1.

Theophilus is variously regarded by commentators, some holding that it was a name applicable to every lover of truth. Thus, Origen, Salvianus, Epiphanius and others held that all who are beloved of God are "Theophil." Others assert that he was an actual person in high official position, some contending that he was a Roman Governor or Senator at Antioch or Achaia, with whom Luke was intimately acquainted and whom he had baptized. It is obvious that he was a Christian. Another view is that he was addressed by Luke as the head of the Jewish nation. Later commentators reject the impersonal view and hold that Theophilus was a native of Italy, probably a convert of Luke or Paul, to whom the former dedicated his beautiful Gospel history. He lived about 56 A. D.

Mrs. M. A. Norcross, Atlanta, Ga. Yes; a letter addressed to him at Bristol, England, will find him.

Constant Reader, New York City, replying to Kate M. Loomis, Buchanan, N. Y., sends the words of the hymn: "None of myself and all of Thee," which we give in another part of this issue.

Miss E. S. Moore, a reader in Newark, N. J., writes feelingly of the loss by fire of the Gospel boat "Good News," and encloses a little tract "Soplie's Sermon," by H. B. Gibbald, Founder of the Syracuse Mission, whose contents she says have been blessed to many.

B. J. Kling, Larned, Kan. There is no truth whatever in the statement.—H. H. S. Green, Camp O. 1. There is no such passage. 2. Fully 80 per cent. on an average in all denominations.

T. H. Stafford, Snapee, N. H. We are unable to do what you ask.—Z. Pees, Yorkville, Ill. 1. Indefinite, though some contend that we are to accept Gen. 6: 4, as conveying that it took 120 years in building. 2. Paul.—C. E. Raymond, Norwalk, Ct. He publishes a weekly paper giving accounts of his mission work.

Mrs. H. M. Rower, Rochester, N. Y. Write to Rev. D. M. Heydrick, City Mission, Brooklyn, N. Y. He may be able to place her in a home.

N. L. Loecherer, Duluth, Ia. It will be published in book form shortly.—Ministerial Subscriber, Davenport Centre, N. Y. They will not be published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—C. A. C., Marietta, O. Good in ideas but defective in rhyme and poetical form.—Miss Frankie Flynn, Merrillan, Wis. 1. We cannot. 2. Presbyterians.—Robert Gunther, La Crosse, Wash. All Sunday work, except it be work of necessity or of mercy, is a sin against God.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

PLAGUE-SMITTEN CHINA.

FROM Hong Kong, China, come reports of the appalling ravages of the plague in that city and its suburbs. Since the first outbreak early in June to July 1, no less than two thousand deaths from the disease had been registered in Hong Kong alone, beside the deaths in other cities and those which had been concealed by the Chinese. At the time the dispatch left, the mortality was on the increase in the city, and then averaged a hundred deaths a day. There was a general panic among the citizens, notably among the natives, who were leaving the city by thousands, and probably carrying the seeds of the disease to other localities. European physicians in Hong Kong declare that the scourge is the genuine Asiatic cholera, with all the characteristics of the disease that are seen among the Moslem pilgrims from Mecca. The same high fever, running rapidly to blood-poisoning, and speedy death, marks the course of the attack. The danger is increased by the prejudices and superstitions of the Chinese, who thwart sanitary measures of the authorities and resist all efforts to stamp out the disease. They believe that the European physicians practise inhuman torture on sufferers and use portions of their bodies as ingredients of medicine. Placards have been issued in Chinese warning sick persons against permitting a European physician to visit them, and especially against going to a hospital for treatment. This suspicion has led to hundreds of unnecessary deaths. A house-to-house inspection of the city was resisted so fiercely that soldiers had to be sent to protect the inspectors, and the excitement increasing, the inspection was abandoned, lest there should be an insurrection. How urgent was the need of the inspection is evident from the fact that in one house, which the Chinese declared was vacant, the inspectors found five bodies of persons who had died of the plague and four persons in an advanced stage of the disease. A proclamation has been issued by the Chinese Governor warning the people against interfering with the doctors, but the popular prejudice is too deep-rooted to be removed by official acts. The sufferers cannot be convinced that they are more likely to recover under skilful treatment in the foreign hospital, and that their isolation is for the general good. Thus absurd prejudice is causing the loss of hundreds of lives which might be saved if the people exercised ordinary intelligence. Unhappily, the same disposition causes the loss of many souls, and not alone among the Chinese. Even in our own land, people who are in danger of eternal death, suffer preconceived notions and prejudice against religion to influence them more than considerations of their everlasting salvation. Christ has reason still to complain, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." (John 5: 40.)

The Painter's Model.

An interesting fact is published by a Washington journal relative to the beautiful frescoes on the walls of the room on the Senate side of the Capitol in which are held the meetings of the Committee on Naval Affairs. They were executed by Brumidi, the famous Italian artist, and are the admiration of visitors from all lands. Conspicuous on the walls are half a dozen or more female figures. The form in each instance is perfect, the face is sweetly attract-

ive, and is marked by a repose and gentleness that is typically Italian. Whether the woman is pictured as carrying an anchor, or grasping a flag, or intently studying a scroll, the pose is easy, natural, and full of grace. Sometimes it is the full face which looks down from the walls; sometimes a glance is half turned toward you; sometimes it is only the curve of a symmetrical neck which is visible. But no matter what the pose or how the woman is pictured, it is always evident that upon her form and features the artist has lingered with a loving touch. Although the pictures are so varied,

from an ulcer in the foot and was admitted to the hospital. He was operated on several times and suffered more pain than he expected. When he became convalescent, he found that on one of his legs there were several long places that were very sore and sensitive. He could not understand how these sores were caused and made inquiries which the doctors and nurses evaded. With some difficulty, he ascertained that during his sickness a patient had been admitted who had been badly mangled by an accident and the doctors had decided that the only way to cure him was by grafting healthy skin on the wounds. He asserts that the skin needed for the purpose was taken from his body while he was under the influence of anesthetics and he assesses the damage at \$25,000. It may be hoped that the man who places so high a value on his skin has realized the value of his soul. Sometimes the soul is overlooked altogether when a man estimates what he is worth, yet it is the most precious of his possessions, as it survives them all. As Job said: "After

shall be set at liberty and brought back from Siberia, but that reparation shall be made to our Government for the contempt that was shown to its passport. The result will be awaited with intense interest by thousands of naturalized Russians now in this country, who are anxious to know whether this Government will protect them if the Czar should claim them as his subjects. Many Christians who once were subjects of Satan and served him, but have renounced him and have become by adoption sons of God, are haunted by similar fears. But they need be under no apprehension while they are faithful to Christ, for he has said that no one can pluck them out of his hand. John 10: 28.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Sir Austen Henry Layard, the Pioneer Explorer of the ruins of Nineveh and the author of many famous works on Oriental monuments, died on July 5. He was seventy-seven years old.

Rev. Francis A. Bortome, D.D., the Well-known Methodist Episcopal minister, formerly of New York, was killed on June 29, in a carriage accident while on a visit to England. His wife, Mrs. Margaret Bortome, is President of the Order of King's Daughters.

Dr. Daniel McGilvary, who translated the Bible into the Laos language, sailed from New York for the Laos country on July 7, after his brief vacation. A formal meeting to bid him farewell was held the previous evening in the Presbyterian Mission House.

A Committee for Benevolent work on the East Side of New York, has been organized. Churches of all denominations are represented and there is one Jewish member. The object is to relieve distress and help the poor no matter to what church they may belong. The Chairman is Rev. John E. Devins, 339 East Fourth street.

The New Auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J., a building of immense size, capable of accommodating 9,000 persons, was opened on July 1. Dr. E. H. Stokes, President of the Camp Meeting Association, preached in the morning to a large congregation. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former. Dr. Hanlon conducted the afternoon service and Rev. C. H. Yarnall preached in the evening.

Miss Anna Melton, the American missionary, who was the victim of a murderous attack recently in the Koordish Mountains, on the borders of Persia, arrived in New York on July 4, for a vacation, in the hope of regaining her health. She was brutally beaten by robbers and barely escaped with her life. Her assailants were caught, but the native court at Bagdad has acquitted them.

The Practice of having Separate cups for the Communion service which was introduced at Rochester, N. Y., has been adopted by the George Road Baptist Church, New Brunswick, N. J. Each communicant is handed a cup containing a small quantity of wine, and all drink together at a signal from the minister. The change from the chalice passed from hand to hand has long been urged by physicians on sanitary grounds.

The Tabernacle Christian Church of Columbus, Ind., has been notified of the murder of a Christian boy, the expenses of whose education in the Missionary College of Antioch, Syria, the church was defraying. His name was Jacob Fillan. He was fourteen years old and was being trained for missionary work. His murderer was a boy in the school who was provoked by Fillan refusing to yield to temptation.

The Famous Northfield Conference for the Promotion of Christian Life and Service, will hold its twelfth annual session this year from Aug. 1 to 13. The following subjects will be taken up, one day being devoted to each: The Bible, Atonement, Justification, Repentance, Faith, The New Birth, The Kingdom, The Holy Spirit, The Second Coming, Prayer, Separation, Resurrection. Among the speakers will be Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston; Dr. A. T. Pierson of Philadelphia; Rev. F. B. Meyer of London; Dr. David Gregg and Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn; Major D. W. Whittle and Rev. George C. Needham of Northfield; Prof. W. W. White and Rev. R. A. Torrey of Chicago Bible Institute. Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. George C. Stebbins will have charge of the singing. All particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. Ambler G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

The Itinerating Gospel Work in Irish Fairs and markets, which the trained agents of the Irish Church Missions have carried on during the last few years, has been greatly prospered and blessed of late. Two hundred fairs and markets were visited during the past year without molestation.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in New York State is to have two new bishops. A committee appointed early this year to consider the state of the diocesan reports in favor of relieving the burdens of the Bishops of New York, Albany, and West New York by making two new dioceses out of counties now under their charge. New York will therefore in future have seven dioceses.

A "Door of Hope" has just been opened in Philadelphia for the same purpose and on the same principles as the New York Institution of the same name which is managed by Mrs. Whittier. The Philadelphia Door of Hope is situated at 1221 Dauphin St. Miss Jane Trahe of Boston, Mass., is its manager. It has been established by the efforts of the Philadelphia Rescue Fund which has done a great deal of good in reclaiming the fallen.



THE PLAGUE IN CHINA—A STREET SCENE IN THE SMITTEN CITY OF HONG KONG.

it is evident that they were all painted from the same model and it is now learned that the model was Brumidi's wife. In her he found his ideal of grace and beauty whether in action or repose and whatever the thought he was seeking to express. So has it been with the believer's love for his Lord. Men of all races, of all conditions and all occupations have found in him a perfect model which cannot be surpassed. (Heb. 1: 3.)

Skin at \$300 an Inch.

The "Examiner" of San Francisco, says that a novel suit has been commenced against that city. The plaintiff, is an Irishman, who was a free patient three months ago in the City and County Hospital. He states in his complaint that he was deprived in the hospital of about eighty inches of skin and he claims twenty-five thousand dollars as compensation. He sues the city because the hospital is a public institution, maintained and controlled by the municipality for the cure of indigent persons who are diseased or injured. He was suffering

my skin has been destroyed, without my flesh I shall see God." (Job 19: 26. R. V.)

An American Citizen in Siberia.

The Washington Government has an interesting case of international law on its hands. The Russian officials have seized a naturalized American citizen and have sent him to Siberia. The man is a native of Russia, but had been twenty-seven years in this country, and was naturalized in 1874. His son, who lives in New Jersey, has informed the State Department of his father's predicament, and has forwarded to it certified copies of his naturalization papers and of his passport which was issued to him when he went back to his native country on a visit last year. It is reported that our Government welcomes this strong case as an opportunity it has not had before of settling a question which is most important as both Russia and Austria have avoided giving assent to the principle of naturalization. It is understood that Mr. Gresham will insist not only that the man

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

RELATION OF FOOD TO MORALS.

A Sermon Preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Auburn, N. Y., by Rev. J. F. Clymer. Text: Deut. 21: 18-20, "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gates of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city: This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard."

WE have had much teaching that has left the impression on our minds that the soul is the only source and seat of all the vice in human life. Because it is written "The imaginations of the thoughts of the natural heart, are only evil continually," total depravity has been fixed on the spirit nature of man; that is, all the bad or immoral elements entering into human life have been attributed to the innate or inborn ugliness of the soul. Accepting the Scriptural truth that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," we have come to think that sin has its centre, seat, source and circumference in the soul, or the immaterial nature of man. Hence we readily admit the fact that influences, good or bad, may pass over from the soul to the body, but we do not readily admit that other fact, equally true, that influence good or bad may go over from the body to the soul. The road over which vicious thoughts and lustful imaginations pass from the soul to the body is the highway over which unbridled appetites, unrestrained passions and unsubdued lusts in the body may go to the soul, goading it to the wildest conceptions of vice and lecherous imaginations. The warm rays of the sun may gender rottenness in the muddy pool; so also will the effluvia from the pool poison the sunlight near it. The soul by its vicious thoughts and imaginations will entail an immoral tone on the body; so also

The Body Reacts on the Soul

by its passions and propensities, increasing the viciousness of the soul by pushing it to courses of vice not directly and immediately its own. In our text is found an illustration of this thought. A father and mother bring their stubborn and rebellious son to the elders of the Jewish church. They assign, as the cause of his stubbornness and rebellion, gluttony and drunkenness, than which there are no vices that demoralize the body more, or goad the soul to greater crimes. Hear it: "This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard." That is, bad conditions of the physical nature, wrought by gluttony and drunkenness, have made him stubborn and rebellious. It will not help the case to say that his stubbornness and rebellion caused his gluttony and drunkenness, for if they did, then his soul must act on the body. His morals must influence his manners, and therefore his manners must reflect on his morals; they must interact, which is just the point we make; that is, appetite and lust fire the temperament or disposition, and a fiery disposition provokes appetite and lust to wilder indulgences.

A remarkable fact, in this day of advanced science and revelation, is that Christians and moralists in their work of reform have paid so little attention to the influence of the body on the soul. Jesus Christ more than any other teacher or reformer recognized the demoralizing and debasing influence of bad bodily conditions. Hence he almost always healed maladies of the body before he inculcated his principles upon the soul. It is true that his many miracles on the bodies of men were primarily intended to reveal his divinity; yet divinity in its manifestations always runs over the whole line of the natural before passing into the supernatural; therefore Christ's miracles on the bodies of men had a sanitary side to them. The man with the leprosy was in the poorest condition bodily to hear favorably any talk about moral greatness; hence Christ healed his diseased body, in connection with his moral teachings. His example with the blind and hungry and deaf in this respect ought not to go for nothing with those of us who seek

to save men in our day. Philanthropists and Christians for the most part have overlooked the power of a debased body on the soul. They forget that Paul likens a body that has sinful habits to a thing of death, as compared with the soul that seeks to live the new life in Christ Jesus. Therefore good men have labored to create in themselves and those whom they seek to reform, certain emotional conditions of the spirit, by a tenacious adherence to creeds, or the patient performance of a set round of religious duties, and all this regardless of bad physical conditions begotten by

Bad Habits of Eating

and drinking. While they have been struggling to bring their own souls and the souls of others into holy attitudes, all the basilar forces of the body have run riot within, and perhaps beyond, the pale of human customs and human laws. If you want to empty a boiler of steam, it will not help you much by lifting the safety valve if you still keep water in the boiler and fire in the furnace. Prayer, Bible reading and Psalm singing will not help a man much to get rid of his sins, if he keeps up a set of bodily habits which fire the body and inflame the soul to continue its sinning. That you may see the connection more clearly between vice and victuals, let me show you how food may damage our bodies and demoralize our souls.

I am fully aware of the difficulties I encounter in presenting this thought to your minds. Because religion has been considered as having little or nothing to do with the body, I shall encounter the settled opinions of good men to this effect. Because our popular methods of eating have the sanction of custom, I may not criticize them without losing the favor of those who are content with things as they are. Because I shall call in question many indulgences of appetite hitherto considered sinless, I shall run the risk of being called a fanatic or fool. Because I shall preach the New Testament doctrine of self-denial many will say, "this is a hard saying—who can bear it?" But with the hope that I may unfold to you a glorious realm of liberty from the bondage of bodily propensities, I cheerfully do my duty and leave the consequences to God.

Very few of us are aware of the great physical demoralization and spiritual weakness, brought on us and our children, by bad habits of eating, as to the kind of food, the mode of its preparation, and the manner and times of taking it. We refuse to think of our indulgences of appetite as the cause of our physical ailments and premature death, and much less will we allow ourselves to believe that these indulgences have anything to do with forming our morals or shaping our characters or determining our eternal destiny. Yet I aver that three-fourths of all our bodily ailments or diseases, and many of our immoral acts, are the legitimate results of

Improper Dietetic Habits.

If these habits do not effect us directly, they do so indirectly by lowering the tone of the whole system, physical and moral, causing us to break down prematurely into some disease or sin, under the pressure of legitimate toil or immoral provocation. How is it possible to account for the death of one-half the human family before five years of age, unless we trace it to the violation of physical laws in some way connected with the eating habits alike of parents and child? Many children enter the world with such a low state of inherited physical vitality and so little moral tone, that they are unable to resist the attacks of bodily disease, or throw it off when on them, and much less able to throw off moral dis-

ease and rise above their immoral heritage, if spared to pass through childhood to years of maturity. Such children not only carry in their little bodies the physical weakness of their parents, but also the specific immoral tendencies found in the conditions of their parentage. And more than this, should their endowment of vitality be sufficient to carry them over the death-line for infants, they are subject to such unnatural relations to dress and diet that it becomes a natural impossibility for them to live. In this way many children die prematurely, not by the arbitrary edict of God, but by the violation of law. I know it is a common custom to ascribe all sickness and death to the direct and arbitrary action of Divine Providence. If these laws were obeyed in us and in our ancestry, most of us ought to live beyond three score years and ten, and drop from this life into the other in a ripe, mellow old age, just as ripe fruit drops from its bough in autumn time.

But you ask where is God in the many untimely deaths that occur? I answer he is present in his great hearted goodness to help the dying to an eternal victory over death, if they will only let him. He is present to bind up the hearts that are breaking with sorrow for the departed, and to make a sudden, untimely, and needless death a monument of warning to those still living, thus making the wrath of man to praise him. If therefore our children die in infancy, because we have entailed on them feeble bodies by our violation of law, God does not kill them, but they die through violated law, and he in his goodness takes the little ones to his bosom, the seat and source of all law. Let us not then charge our sorrows to the wilful enactment of our Heavenly Father. He taketh no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. When he gives life to us, he intends that we shall keep it as long as possible. Having given us life, all the forces of his boundless nature are engaged to maintain it in us until he is ready to harvest us as the farmer does the ripened grain. The God of nature and the God of grace are not in antagonism. "The one God is in all and over all." If, therefore, we die this side of three score years and ten—seventy years—we die untimely. It is high time that good men were awake to this fact, and ceased charging over to Divine Providence what legitimately belongs to ourselves. "Jesus Christ came to destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the devil;" and when the philosophy of Jesus is wrought up into human lives by obedience to physical laws,

The Power of Disease and Death

over our bodies will be very much broken. The victory over death can be so far achieved by men in the body that they need not die until their minds and hearts have received all the development in this world that infinite love ordains. That is, men may so baffle the monster of death by obedience to law as to keep him at bay until their souls have taken on such Christly ripeness that they shall burst and break their bodies, as the ripening chestnuts break their burrs under the frosts of autumn. We have, therefore, no right to ascribe to supernatural agency any phenomena which can be explained on natural principles. Disobedience to law brings penalties. There is nothing that men need to see more in their efforts at reform than the connection between their suffering and their disobedience. Now, disobedience to the laws of life brings the penalties, sickness and premature death. There is no field where our disobedience manifests itself more frequently and with so little thought of consequences, as in our false and unnatural habits of eating and drinking, which damage the body and demoralize the soul.

"The Blood is the Life." This is the declaration alike of revelation and of science. Evolutionary processes may induce a variation in the form or number of the blood corpuscles, but they cannot set aside the law that the building and rebuilding of all the organs involved in bodily or mental acts come from the blood alone. The physical, mental and moral natures are so intimately connected that that which affects one, affects the others. So that a man's mental and moral nature, as well as his physical, can very largely be determined by the quality of his blood. Now it is a physiological fact that our blood is made out of the food we eat. That food which enters the mouth and is assimilated, makes blood. By the marvelous processes of digestion and assimilation, our food is transformed into blood; and the blood passing through the veins and arteries repairs the waste tissues

and forms new ones, thus building up our bodies and sustaining life. It follows then that our bodies are made of the food we eat. Evidently it was the design of our Creator that the prime object of eating should be the building up of tissue—muscles, bones and brains. That this may be a pleasure to us, he has associated with eating the delights of appetite. But most of us have so far perverted the divine order as to make the pleasures of appetite the chief object of eating. "Give me something good to eat," is the great cry of humanity, and the goodness of food is gauged by the sensations of the palate, and not by the law of nutrition. Most of us determine the goodness of our food by the amount of sensual delight it imparts to the palate, no matter how much damage it may do beyond to the delicate and intricate structure of the stomach and viscera. Hence a vast amount of food enters the mouth that makes bad blood, blood that in itself is corrupt, and carries poisonous particles to every organ in the system, putting us in ripe condition to be easily provoked to some outburst of anger, passion or revenge. My hearers, there is a sure and vital connection between

Bad Blood and Bad Morals.

Blood always tells in human morals as well as in muscles. Blood has power throughout the whole realm of life, whether it be in a human body, in society, or in the body of a horse on the race course.

You ask, what kind of food makes bad blood? I answer, very much of the flesh of animals, that forms the staple diet of most of us. Sty-fed pigs and stall-fed oxen are fattened under the most unhealthful conditions possible; shut up in the dark, cut off from exercise, the fat deposited on their bodies is made up of the waste matter that the life-forces of the animal have been unable to expel. This waste fatty matter, surcharged with unexpelled excretions, is liable to induce disease in all who consume it. It has established tuberculosis in captive lions, and in cats and dogs, and in other carnivora; and it were folly to assume that mankind, feeding upon such poisonous food, should wholly escape. Even in the living animal this effete unexpelled poisonous waste breeds vermin, such as have been found on pork, which live and generate in the human body, producing disease and death. I am not making a plea for the absolute disuse of animal food, but against the bad quality of very much of it, and also against the inordinate use of that which may be good in quality. A certain amount of animal food is useful for our nourishment, especially in winter time, because of its heat producing quality. But meat in the quantities and with the frequency common among us is in no way necessary for the proper sustenance of the human system.

The use of large quantities of animal food, however free from disease germs, as a staple article of diet, makes the blood gross, coarse and corrupt, filling the body with scrofulous elements, sending poison to every part of the system, producing an inordinate appetite, throwing every organ of the body into frictional relations to every other organ. It is a matter of every-day surprise to me that any human being will consent to eat the flesh of pigs. Consider their uncleanness, their selfish, greedy habits, the vast amount of corruption that enters into their bodies, their want of exercise, their impure breathing, their lack of sudorific glands through which effete tissues and morbid accumulations may be expelled; and think, when you eat pork, of the elements which enter into your body.

God's Bill of Fare

in the 11th chapter of Leviticus excluded from the tables of the Jews the hog and all water denizens except those that had fins and scales. This bill of fare was given to the Jews not only for the preservation of their health, but, as God's great purpose was moral reform, he had an eye single to their moral condition in the matter of their eating. Does any one doubt that the unhealthy, ugly, and vicious elements that make up the flesh of most of the animals we eat, enter our blood, and in that way affect the disposition or carriage of the soul?

We forget, my hearers, that the great law of nature, "Like produces like," is universal. "Every seed after its kind is the law of all creation." There is no exception to this law. This principle obtains not only in the production of life, but in the processes of its development. If my position about the intimacy of soul and body is true, then, if a man's body is made up chiefly of flesh taken from diseased animals, and his whole

physical frame is saturated with the irritating and exciting condiments of what is popularly called good food, the whole bias of his bodily powers will be toward animalism. All the impressions and impulses that the soul receives from such a body are debasing. Like produces like in the formation of physical tissue out of food, as well as in the generation of stock in the stall.

If, therefore, our meat has something to do with our morals, or if our food in some way affects our faith, it seems to me that many of our efforts at moral reform ought to be preceded by instruction in hygiene. In other words, efforts to make a man genuinely devotional ought to be prefaced by efforts to correct bad dietetic habits. A father, by prayer and precept and flogging, had done his best to reform his boy, whose staple diet was meat and sausage and pie and cake at his meals, with lunch between. The family physician said to the father, "If you will put a leech back of each of your boy's ears once a week for a month, you will do more to reform him than your preaching and pounding will do in a year." The father asked for the philosophy of this prescription. "Why," said the doctor, "your boy has bad blood, and too much of it; he must be bled badly or he would burst." "Then," said the father, "I'll change his diet from beef and pie to hominy and milk." In three months thereafter a better boy for his age could not be found in the neighborhood. The acrid, biting, evil blood had not become food for leeches, but it had done its wicked work and passed away, and a cooler, blander, purer, safer blood had been supplied from sweeter, gentler food sources.

My friends, when will we fast-living, fast-eating, fast-working, and fast-dying Americans learn the great lesson, that

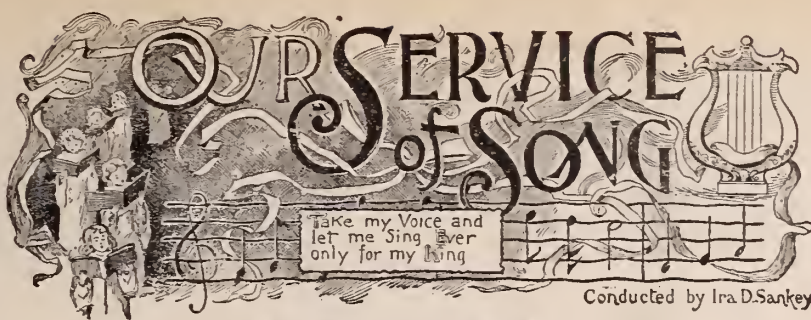
Life is a Unit,

that the Divine Trinity in us, namely, the physical, intellectual, and spiritual, is one life, with different phases of expression; and whatever mars one mars the whole, and whatever builds up one most surely builds up the others? All our powers are many members in one body, with an interdependence which is eternal. Slight your body, and you smite your soul and enervate the mind. Corrupt the mind, and you debase both body and soul. When will those who profess to be God's children by the adoption of the Holy Ghost, catch the Spirit of his great Apostle Paul, who, more than any other sacred writer, maintained the sanctity of the human body and its subservience to the mind and soul. Hear him: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." I admit the power of the Holy Ghost in the work of regeneration, but is there not something for us to do, in keeping our bodies under, "lest we become castaways?"

I do not say that all human evils and ills have their primary origin in physical habits, but I do say that the great mass of impulses from the excited, inflamed, overstimulated body toward the soul, are in the interests of sin. The economy of salvation orders otherwise. By the Gospel the body may become the temple of the Holy Ghost. By the law of self-denial of the New Testament, our bodies, with all their fiery elements, may be made an inspiration to our souls. It is not the purpose of God that a life-time warfare shall be kept up between the body and the soul. There ought to come to every true Christian a day of final victory over his bodily powers, in which they will cease their rebellion, and come into the sweetest union with the soul in its great work of developing a likeness to Christ.

Regeneration does a mighty work for us; but regeneration has also much to do with our highest and best development. The sins of the fathers must cease, so that the sons may be spared their terrible visitations; the accumulated virtues of parents must roll over on their children in purer, stronger, and better bodies until by a blessed economy the whole race shall be exalted to heirship with Christ through loving obedience to all the laws of physical as well as moral life.

Why may we not now, under the laws of redemption, begin to build a new heaven and a new earth, new souls and new bodies. If our souls are redeemed and renewed by obedience and faith, why not secure also the redemption of our bodies? I know it is slow work to teach the subtle but mighty elements of self-restraint. I know the flesh lusteth against the spirit. Yet I thank God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.



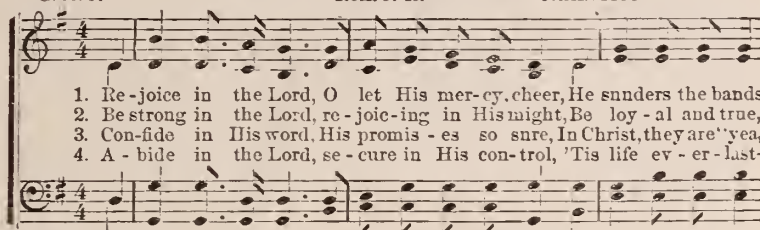
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

If God be for Us.

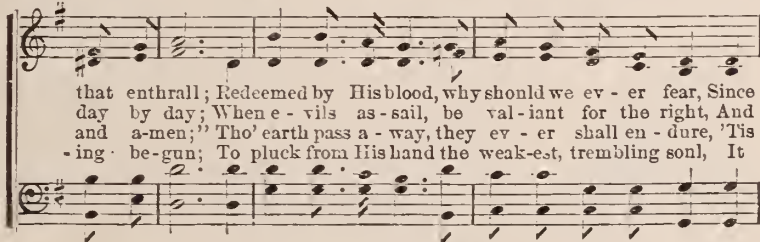
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JAMES McGRANAHAN.

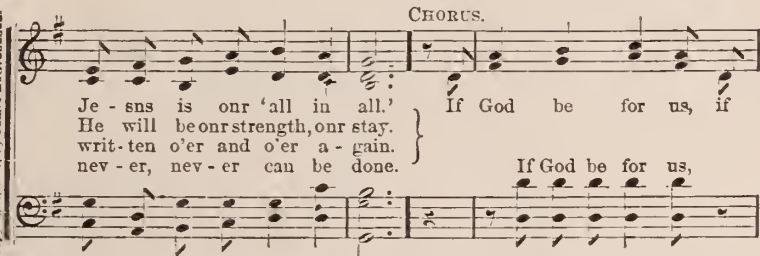


1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy, cheer, He snnders the bands
2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might, Be loy-al and true,
3. Con-fide in His word, His promis-es so snre, In Christ, they are 'yea,
4. A-bide in the Lord, se-cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last-

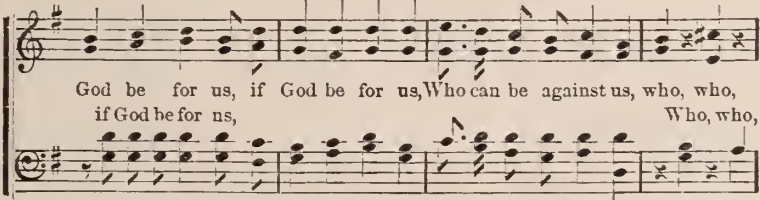


that enthrall; Redeemed by His blood, why should we ev-er fear, Since day by day; When e-vils as-sail, be val-iant for the right, And a-men;" Tho' earth pass a-way, they ev-er shall en-dure, 'Tis ing-be-gun; To pluck from His hand the weak-est, trembling soul, It

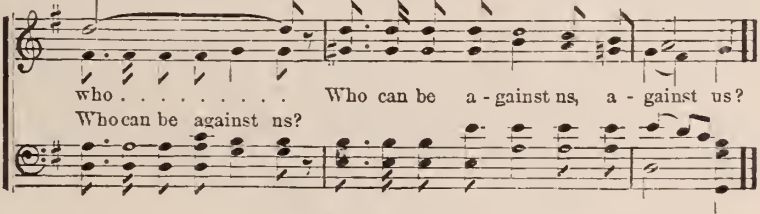
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Je-sus is our 'all in all,' If God be for us, if He will be our strength, our stay, writ-ten o'er and o'er a-gain, nev-er, nev-er can be done.



God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who, if God be for us, Who, who,



who Who can be a-against us, a-against us? Who can be against us?

Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No. 5, by per. of the Publishers.

NIGHT.

How sweet it is when day is done,
And we lie down to rest,
Our work is ended with the sun;
And on our Father's breast,
We lay our tired head—
To sleep.

O how we love to pillow there,
Our weary, aching brow,
And how he soothes and comforts us,
While low our heads we bow,
And soon our cares are lost—
In sleep. —A.W. S.

SUBMISSION.

ANYTHING, my Father, send me gain or loss,
Helpless pain or service sweet,
Crown or weary cross;
I would leave it all with thee,
Thou wilt choose the best for me,
Anything.

Any time, my Jesus, thou shalt choose to come,
Let me robed and ready be
For the journey home;
For all my times are in thy hand,
Waiting for thy sweet command,
Any time.

"SELF" AND "THEE."

O H, the bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I proudly said to Jesus:
"All of self and none of thee,"
When I proudly said to Jesus:
"All of self and none of thee."

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the cursed tree;
And my wistful heart said faintly:
"Some of self and some of thee,"
And my wistful heart said faintly:
"Some of self and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered:
"Less of self and more of thee,"
Brought me lower while I whispered:
"Less of self and more of thee,"

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
None of self and all of thee,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
None of self and all of thee.

THE COMING REGENERATION.

What the Scriptures Teach about the Characteristics of the Millennium.

BY REV. CHARLES K. IMBRIE, D.D.*

(Continued from page 441.)

WE have already seen that, depending for information about the millennium entirely on the Scriptures, we are justified in expecting two events to take place:

First, the spiritual and physical renewal of the earth and the human race, and second, that the earth itself will be the scene of the kingdom of God promised by the prophets. A third fact disclosed is that this regeneration of the earth is to take place in the visible presence of God's King, the Lord Jesus, who "shall reign in Mount Zion and before his ancients gloriously." For to his presence, not only Isaiah witnesses but Daniel also and Jeremiah and Zechariah. So does Christ himself witness, for he says he will personally come to the earth and will cast out of the kingdom all that offend: and "then the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And none can mistake the apostle John's declaration that it is in the visible presence of the returned Christ that the reign on earth shall take place.

4. That the saints of God from all ages shall reign with Christ over the nations of the saved, the dead saints being raised in the first resurrection, the living saints changed, and both caught up and glorified. For so the prophet Zechariah declares: "The Lord my God shall come and all the saints with him." So Enoch testified before the flood (Jude 14; 15). And so Paul declares: "If we suffer we shall reign with him"—that is, reign when he reigns. So Christ declares: "He that overcometh shall sit with me on my throne." So John declares: "They lived and reigned with Christ."

5. That this regeneration is to be preceded by a sweeping away of all moral evil from the earth—the almighty act of vengeance on the part of the King against the wicked powers of earth. (See the prophecy in Isa. ch. 24 to ch. 27). So also Christ testifies, that at his coming, "he will send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them who do iniquity." And so Ezekiel shows at length (ch. 39). And so the Revelation testifies that Christ, attended by heaven's army, shall go forth in battle against the Beast and the False Prophet and their armies (Rev. ch. 19).

More especially, that these enemies shall be gathered with intent against Jerusalem and the people of Israel (possibly in the hope of proving the Scripture untrue by the annihilation of that people), and that, there, shall be witnessed the Lord's judgment against them. So Zechariah testifies (ch. 13 and 14). And so the apostle Paul testifies to the Thessalonians (II Thess. 2: 8).

6. That the earth is to be purified by fire. Isaiah the prophet testifies: "The Lord will come with fire and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire. For by fire and by sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many" (ch. 66: 15, 16). The apostle Peter also testifies "that the elements shall melt with fervent heat," hence the new heavens and new earth shall emerge. And lest any should doubt whether God can save any alive under such circumstances, the apostle points, in his second epistle, to Noah saved and to Lot saved amid a general destruction, in order to show that "the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of trial, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." (II Pet. 2: 4-10).

7. That after the desolating judgments with which the returning Lord and King will visit the nations, there will still be some left when the storm has passed by, who will doubtless form the source from which the nations will spring who shall dwell on the earth during the Millennial era. For so Isaiah testifies as to this spared remnant in the midst of the widespread destruction on the earth (ch. 24: 5, 6, 13, 16, 21, 22). And so Zechariah declares, also, that some shall escape of the nations destroyed of the Lord when they come against Jerusalem, and that these shall afterward serve him (ch. 14: 16). And so John declares in the Revelation: That, after the desolating judgments foretold in ch. 19; 13, 21, there will nevertheless be nations living during the Millennial era, who are not deceived by Satan then bound.

(To be Continued.)

* From an address delivered in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.



THE LAW OF GROWTH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning July 29.
Ephesians 4: 11-32.

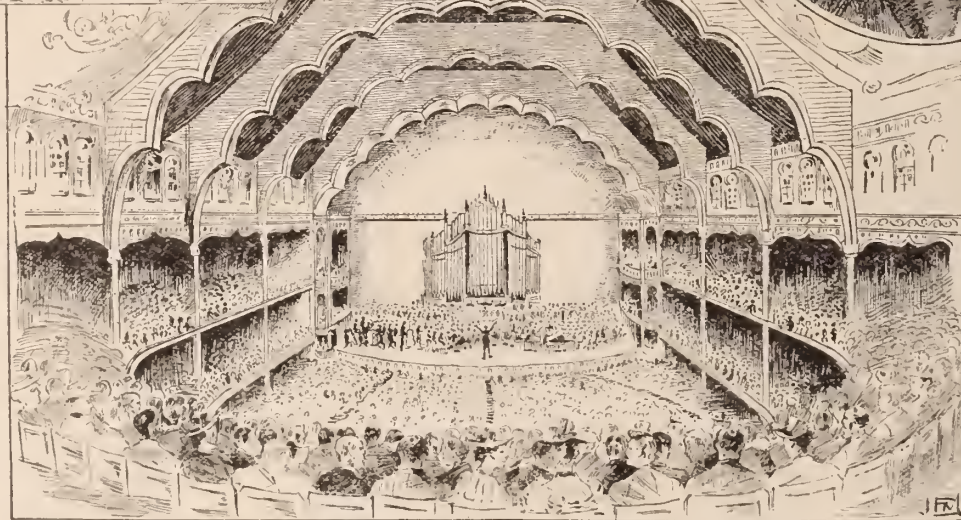
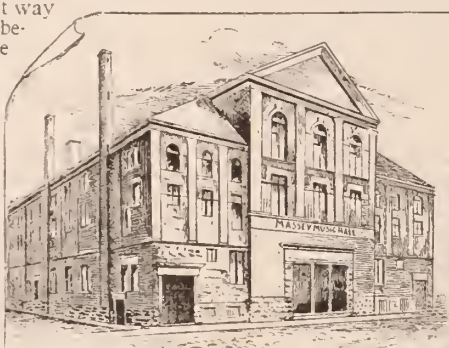
RIGHTLY understood, Christianity is in its very essence a growth and a development. Any conception of it which does not include growth and progress as vital elements, is mistaken and mischievous. There is little doubt that the formalism and lifelessness of many churches to-day is due to the fact that their members have not apprehended this principle. When a pastor or an evangelist urges men to accept Christ and assures them that by believing on him they may be saved, he is right and it is the glory of Christianity that in that way the most depraved may become sons of God. But the message should not end there. When it does, and the convert thinks there is nothing more for him to do, the result is fatal to Christian life. The convert is apt, after a few months or years, to come to the conclusion that either he was never converted, or that Christianity is not what it was represented as being. He finds himself in spirit and in life so like those who have never been converted that he cannot perceive any benefit that he has derived from conversion. Conversion is the turning of the man's face in a new direction, as when a traveler having the option of pursuing his path in the valley is incited to turn aside and climb the mountain. It is not sufficient that he should be convinced that the mountain path is the better road, that he should be enraptured with what is told him of the purer air, the glorious prospect, the grandeur of the mountain top as he stands at its base—he must climb. He must not wait in expectation of some mysterious power which shall waft him easily heavenward without effort of his own. He must toil upward often painfully with many a stumble and many a hurt, but unhesitatingly and resolutely. Alone and unassisted he can never do this, but he is never alone on that path. One goes with him, who cheers him, imparts strength and courage, lifts him up when he falls and points ever upward. This is the Holy Spirit whom Christ promises to all who try to live the Christ life on earth. But he helps only those who try. None are compelled in this effort. To the man honestly and earnestly striving after holiness of thought, speech, and life, the Holy Spirit comes, strengthens his longing, gives him new perceptions of the beauty of the thing he is seeking to attain and imparts to him new power in his unequal battle against his own animal nature and the temptations around him. And the man grows stronger, his thoughts are clearer; he flings off the weights that hinder his progress; he overcomes obstacles; and the joy of progress and development comes into his life. It is not an easy life; it demands self denial, constant vigilance and strenuous effort. In no other way can growth come, and in that way, only as the man learns to use power placed at his disposal. It is in religion as it is in nature, success is achieved by those who are in harmony with the law of the kingdom, which is the law of God.

THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION.

The event of the week for thousands of our readers will be the great International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union which assembles on July 19, at Toronto for a four days conference. This is the fourth of these Conventions that has been held: the first convened at Chicago in 1891, the second in Detroit, Mich., in 1892,

and the third at Indianapolis, Ind., in 1893. Three years ago the Union was in its infancy and the presence of twenty-nine hundred enrolled delegates was considered a remarkable evidence of vitality and development. But this year provision has been made for not less than six thousand delegates, a number which will probably be exceeded. As all these come from societies of one denomination, the fact speaks volumes for the consecration and devotion of the young people and their enthusiasm in fraternal religious work.

On this page are pictures of the interior and exterior of the Massey Music Hall in which the meetings of the Convention will be held and a portrait of Mr. John Urquhart, the Chairman of the Executive Committee. The Massey Hall is a magnificent edifice only just completed.



THE B. Y. P. U. A. CONVENTION—VIEW OF MASSEY MUSIC HALL, TORONTO—CHAIRMAN JOHN URQUHART.

It will accommodate four thousand persons and it has another large room which will hold an overflow meeting of one thousand more, beside other rooms which can be used for Committee rooms and offices. The acoustic qualities of the hall are of the best and the ventilation perfect. It is a fine three story building of brown stone and brick and the main audience room, as shown in the picture, has two galleries which sweep around three sides of the room and afford good stations for hearing and seeing. The building cost \$150,000 and is the gift to the city of Toronto of one of its philanthropic citizens, Mr. Hart A. Massey, the head of the firm of the Massey Harris Co., whose works for the manufacture of agricultural implements are located at Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock, where 1500 operatives beside clerks and other helpers are employed.

The evening of Wednesday, July 18th, will really be the most vital of the convention exercises though not included in the programme. On that evening there will be prayer meetings in the churches or Toronto for a blessing on the Convention and a large number of delegates have arranged to reach Toronto in time to attend them. The opening session of the Convention proper will commence on Thursday at half past ten with an address by Mr. John H.

Chapman, President of the Baptist Young People's Union of America. This is to be followed by addresses of welcome and responses, and the reading of the annual report. The afternoon session will be devoted to praise and prayer and an open Parliament on subjects connected with the work of the Union. Three "Workers' Conferences" in three of the Toronto churches follow this meeting at which the officers of the various departments of work will discuss special features. Two sessions will be held in the evening. One in the Massey Hall and the other in the Metropolitan M. E. Church.

Friday's sessions open with a sunrise prayer meeting. At the morning session the State and Provincial Unions will muster in sections. There will be a salutation of flags and addresses will be given on departmental topics. In the afternoon the four prize banners will be presented. These have been matters for competition in local unions during the year. One of them is for excellence in the Junior Bible Course; the second for Bible Readers' Course; a third for the Missionary Conquest Course, and the fourth for the Course on Sacred Literature. Seven Workers' Conferences in as many churches follow the presentation meeting, each with a special subject for consideration. At the two meetings of the evening, held as on Thursday, the Educational Plans for the ensuing year will be announced and discussed.

Saturday's proceedings will be mainly devoted to the rallies of State and Provincial and Sectional Unions in various church-

The papers to be read by officers and members of the Union all deal with subjects of practical interest in relation to aggressive Christian work or to the Christian Culture Courses which fit the young people to engage in it. These courses, familiarly known as "the three C's," have been very popular during the past year and an effort will be made at the Convention to render them still more effective and practically helpful.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Each of Guthrie's daily papers contributed ten dollars toward Endeavor work in Oklahoma. Twenty societies in the Territory suffered the loss of every member as a consequence of the movement into the Cherokee Strip.

The C. E. Society at Wessington Springs, S. D., gave \$125 for home missions during the past twelve months, and it is now taking its first step in aiding foreign missions by assuming a share in the support of a young missionary of the board in China.

A model Junior Pledge of the Epworth League has been adopted in the Oskaloosa District. It runs: "I promise to do unto others as I would wish them to do unto me. I promise to read the Bible and pray each day. I will not swear or use any bad language, smoke cigarettes or drink intoxicating liquor."



The Iowa Conference Epworth League has been holding its fifth annual convention at Ottumwa, Iowa. The report showed 160 Leagues in the District with an aggregate membership of nearly 15,000.

An interesting feature of the convention was the response to a call for one minute addresses on "One good thing the speaker's league had done during the year."

The B. Y. P. U. of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its anniversary this year in Calvary Church. Mr. S. W. Kent was elected President for the year.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of the New York Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends (Orthodox) have decided to pay the expenses of one of their members as a missionary to Inland China. The Ohio Yearly Meeting has a station there. Miss Holmes of Brooklyn has volunteered to go, having recently graduated from Rev. A. B. Simpson's Training School in New York.

From the president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor of Japan, Mr. Tasuke Harada, comes the following encouraging report: "New societies are gradually added. Now fifty-seven are reported to me. It has been decided to hold the second national convention in Tokyo, July 11-13. There are not yet so many societies in this part of the country as in the southwest, so the numbers of the delegations may not be so large as last year, but there is every reason to expect a good convention."

Miss Antoinette P. Jones, Secretary of the Floating Society of Christian Endeavor, writes: A Floating Christian Endeavor sailor, who had previously experienced ill-treatment from captains, sadly entered a shipping office, wondering who his next shipmaster would be. A captain entered in search of a man, and advanced toward the waiting sailor. Each in the same instant discovered the other's Christian Endeavor badge. To the captain's question, "Do you want to go with me?" the sailor instantly replied, "Yes I do." Later on the captain and sailor gave their testimony, in Christian fellowship, in a meeting in the same Bethel.



Australian Scenes.

The Royal Park, Melbourne, and its Natural Beauties—Dr. Talmage's Visit.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of our readers, its editor, Dr. Talmage, will be a sojourner in the Antipodes. From San Francisco he proceeded over a month ago to Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands; thence to Samoa, and on to Tasmania, New Zealand and Australia, where he now is. In the great Southern Continent, it is his purpose to visit the larger cities, including Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney, and probably Ballarat, Brisbane, Bathurst and New Castle.

There are many very beautiful scenes in and around the leading Australian cities, especially in the suburbs of Melbourne and Adelaide. The Royal Park in Melbourne (a glimpse of which is shown in the illustration on this page), is one of several extensive and handsome public parks and gardens in that growing city. It contains about six hundred acres, and is lightly timbered with grand old gum trees. Some of the land is used for recreation, and about thirty acres in the center are laid out to accommodate a rare zoological collection. The scene here around

the mountain is very attractive. The foliage is semi-tropical, the ferns reaching a great height. In Melbourne there are four gardens, each decorated at great expense. Melbourne Bay is quite stormy and exposed, so the lakes in the numerous gardens are much used for pleasure boating. The Australian climate is remarkably fine, the only drawback being occasional hot northerly winds.

Winter in Australia is a mild season, and in Melbourne, at least, snow is unknown. The city, which was first located by white men fifty-nine years ago, has now a population of about 160,000, and many very fine public buildings. It is a port of considerable consequence, and the Yarra-Yarra river which flows into the harbor, is navigable for large vessels for a long distance.

Dr. Talmage is assured of a warm welcome by our Antipodean friends, who have long been acquainted with him through his sermons, which are widely published in the Australian press. He has received many very cordial invitations in past years to pay that country a visit, but not until this sea-

son has the opportunity presented itself. On leaving Australia, he will proceed to Ceylon and India, visiting many points of interest in Queen Victoria's Eastern Empire before setting his face homeward. His globe-girdling tour will bring to him a new and rich experience, which will not fail to add to the interest of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the years that are to come.

Songs in the Home.

Music should be well cultivated in the home circle. The power of holy song in family life is great. It should form a part of family worship, morning and evening.

Sunday breakfast should be later, the Sunday dinner more leisurely than the other days, and as a treat, the little ones ought to be allowed to sit up longer on Sunday night. If there is a dessert the little ones like very much, then have that on Sunday. In homes where the mother can play and sing, the children should have their hour of song on Sunday—an hour to remember in other years and in after life and to make these Sundays precious.

Pretty Child Fancies.

Children have the poet's gift of personification. Their vivid imagination endows everything with life, and they make companions of bird and tree, bush and flower, writes Harriet A. Farrand. A little girl was walking with her mother one day when they saw in the grass the first dandelion of spring. "Run, pick it," said the mother. The child ran, but presently came back without it. "Where is the dandelion?" asked the mother. "Oh!" answered the child, "it looked right at me and said, 'Please, little Helen, don't pick me. I want to stay right here.' So I didn't pick it." To her little sensitive heart the impression was just as if the flower had actually spoken the words.

A little fresh-air child, who was seeing the country for the first time, would throw

her had likened the flaming clouds to the "vestibule of heaven."

THE CHILDREN.

ONLY to keep them so.
Soft, warm and young;
The wee, feeble fingers,
The babbling tongue,
Tears that we kiss away,
Smiles that we win;
Careless of knowledge,
As guiltless of sin.

Only to keep them so,
Sweet hands that cling,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet tones that ring;
Curis that we train to wave,
Feet that we guide;
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride.

Tenderly copying
Old thoughts and ways,
That scarcely keep measure
With life's rapid days,
Good to us—waiting,
Our sunset shows fair!
But, only to have them so,
Just as they were!

THE IDEAL YOUNG WOMAN.

The ideal young woman, says a writer in "Word and Work," helps the church in every possible way, teaches in Sabbath school, works on committees, willingly acts as organist or precursor in case either is absent, conducts a meeting if the appointed leader is detained. She has a warm welcome in her heart and a hand shake, and room in her pew for the stranger. No member of the family can do as well in the sick chamber as she. She shortens many of grandma's hours of pain by her attentive, cheery manner. Sacrifices her own pleasure so that she may minister unto her and give her mother some rest. She is just as



A SCENE IN THE ROYAL PARK, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

each one with glad heart and voice participating. In many a dark and sorrowful hour the mother finds solace in singing one of the blessed hymns of Zion. And as the children, too, gather around the instrument in some quiet evening hour, while one is leading, and the other sweet voices uniting in strains of praise to the great Redeemer's name, the scene is one of peculiar interest, and indeed it is a miniature heaven on earth.

Sunday Atmosphere in the Home.

There should be a bright atmosphere about the house on Sunday. It ought to be a gala-day, because it is often the only day in which papa and the babies can make each other's acquaintance with any freedom. Many men are obliged to go to business so early, and they return from it so late, that the children are asleep at both ends of the day, and papa is necessarily somewhat a stranger to their lives and interests. The

herself upon the grass, face downward, and fondle and talk to each separate blade as she lay there, and the sight of a growing flower would throw her into an ecstasy of delight. One morning she came stealing down as soon as it was light. "Why didn't you sleep, Bertha?" called the house-mother as she heard the child coming down. "The leaves talked to me and I couldn't," answered Bertha, looking with eager eyes toward the open door.

A little boy stood with hushed breath and parted lips, listening eagerly to the twitter of a robin in the apple-tree.

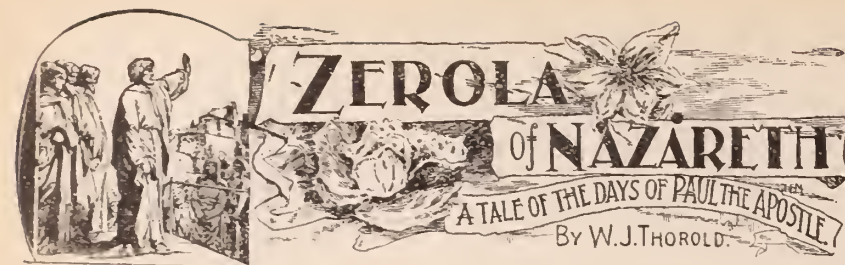
"Don't make a noise," he softly said. "Birdie is telling a story to the apple-flowers."

A little girl was watching a gorgeous sunset, when with awe-struck face she exclaimed:

"O mamma, God has opened his door and I can see right into heaven!"

She did not know that some poet before

mindful of father and her brother, two years her senior. She prepares their favorite dishes often, sees that their shirt fronts, cuffs and collars have the laundry finish, that the sitting-room is in order and the children presentable upon their return from work. She finds time to go with father to entertainments, or to hear a favorite speaker, if mother cannot accompany him. Anecdotes told by her brother bring forth the same merry laughter as those told by some other girl's brother. Intemperance she regards as the worst evil in the world. From observation and wide reading, she knows that in nine out of ten cases, drink, either directly or indirectly, is the cause of all disaster, wreck or crime. She knows that nothing consumes so much time or money, that nothing ruins so many men. She knows that nothing fills so many almshouses, breaks so many hearts, fills so many graves. In trying to reform men, she is guided by her Christian common-sense. Nothing less than a Christian can tempt her to take the marriage vow.



CHAPTER IV. THE BLIND SLAVE.

IT was in Rome. The city of the Cæsars, the city of palaces is all brightness and glory and magnificence. It is a festival day when there is to be an ovation to a successful general returning in triumph to the imperial city of the Seven Hills, and great and honored men will come to cheer him and do him honor. Into which of the palaces shall we enter, that we may hear of the glorious deeds of this great warrior? Wonderful they must have been to so stir the hearts of Rome's proud magnates. Prowess and martial genius are not so rare among the Emperor's generals that some small conquest should be thus honored. It must be some achievement of wondrous brilliance that procures its hero this ovation. The streets are in gala attire, and there are preparations for welcoming him by ladies proud and beautiful, and by aged generals now reposing in honored state after great campaigns, and by statesmen and high officials of the court. Who is he? So much it is easy to learn. His name is Corbulo, and it is on the lips of the hurrying crowd, and on the lips of the proud patrician, and on the rosy lips of the maiden as she is giving merry jest or laughing retort to her companions, and on the tongue of the majestic matron as she speaks to her sons. But what has Corbulo done? What new province has he added to the Empire, what strange people has he subdued? We may hear in the forum or the palace. But it matters not. Our business is not with him, or with the triumph. We are in Rome on very different business. We want to learn the fate of a beautiful Jewish maiden, a kinswoman of the dead Teacher of Nazareth, whose life-giving words are quoted reverently by humble people here and there in the poorer districts of great cities throughout the Roman Empire. It is four years since we saw the lovely face of that girl framed in the rippling black hair, in the roadway outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem. Four years since, stepping gracefully out of the house of her humble kinsfolk in the southern quarter of the city, she bade them farewell and started for her home in Nazareth. It was in the hands of cruel and remorseless men that we saw her last—men who, unknown to her, had just stoned Theon, her lover, to whom, supposing him to be a stranger, but a Nazarene and a brother, she would have ministered as became one of her faith. They had thwarted her, made her a prisoner, and instigated by Saul, the persecutor, and Karmes, the implacable Egyptian, were hurrying her to a cruel fate. Where is she now? She is in Rome, the capital, the centre of the known world, where all women who are beautiful, and all men who are great and brave, long to go, that they may see Cæsar in his glory and the men who have made the name of Rome a power in the earth. Well, there is no woman in the brilliant throngs more beautiful than Zerola, though we see her not in those places of gaiety and fashion.

Zerola? To find her we must go below ground in the subterranean dungeon of a frowning fortress. We cannot see any one, but we hear a voice, soft and tuneful, but in a minor key, as of one who has suffered much.

"Perhaps this flower may be a blossom from the orchards of some peasant dwelling in peace beyond the Palatine," the voice is saying, "for it has the fragrance of humility. It may have slept on the fair bosom of some maiden of Rome, perchance the daughter of the Emperor—for it has the form of beauty. Or it may have dropped from the strong hand of some conqueror returning in triumph to his native land. Better still, it may be a hily from the grassy slopes of Palestine or the quiet valleys, from the hills of Bethlehem, or the groves of Nazareth. No, it cannot be! That loved land lies too far away across the blue waters of that waveless sea. And yet, O sweet flower, I thank thee for the message from the Father thou dost bring this lonely slave. Thou art

crushed, as I, but thy spirit is not broken—nor mine! I cannot see thy tinted petals, yet I kiss thee for thy beauty, I love thee for thy purity."

It is Zerola's voice, and as it ceases, we hear the low regular breathing that tells us that she has fallen asleep. It was already night, although she did not know it. To her all nights were days, all days were nights, all time an infinite calm of eternal darkness.

Sometime after the voyage from Jerusalem to Rome, whither she had been sent the morning after her imprisonment, as the slave for the wife of a Roman general, by name Corbulo, who had been on a visit to Pilate from the capital of the Empire, Zerola had seemingly become quite blind. Doubtless this was from the principle that if any part of the body is not used it soon loses its strength.

The dark beauty of her large bright eyes remained, but sight was gone. Blind! No more to wander in waving woodlands and see in caverns of the arching pines the temples of the Father. No more to follow the crooked curves of noisy brooks and see in their winding waters a picture and a prophecy—the history of nations, the destiny of mankind!

And yet this very blindness kept Zerola from seeing some of the gloom amid which she seemed doomed to die. But why conceal the truth? The girl knew it all. Four yearning years had she languished in those cankering chains. Four years slept with frowning stones above on colder clay beneath, a pile of mould having been heaped in one corner of the dungeon for a bed. Each pillar though gaunt and hard, each slab though dead and heartless, was a friend. Full well the captive knew the weary way around that lonely tomb, for years and years ago her prison had been a sepulchre—as if it were not now! No windows dispelled the dreary darkness of that dismal grave. True there were crannies and cracks in the walls, but only one let in the light; and over it had been placed bars of iron—to keep a demon out—but surely now to keep an angel in! Every day through this narrow crevice the sunbeams used to come and try to bring some hope from the great world outside.

Zerola waited for their coming and knew the moment of their going. Beneath their beckoning cheering rays her rusty shackles grew golden. But chains of gold hurt just as much as chains of iron.

Those visitors from the skies were strong, yet very weak. How could a few wandering sunbeams alter the foulness of her cell, the hardness of her crusts! The single meal a day lowered on a rattling chain through a hole in the dungeon ceiling was ample enough, but of such repulsive food, that Zerola sometimes could not touch it, and was glad to hear the distant echoes of the footfalls of the guard dying away beyond the bolted doors of brass and iron hanging in the long corridors of stone, ever death-like in their stillness.

On this morning she knew there had been a triumph in Rome. The brightness and glory of the sun, coming in splendor towards the Campagna, had been almost rivalled by the magnificence of chariots plated with gold and silver, drawn by spirited horses prancing beneath robes of purple bedecked with jewels, trophies of the war. For Corbulo, who had bought her in Jerusalem as a present for his wife in Rome, had returned from abroad crowned with victory and glory, and was now marching in triumph through the proud portals and crowded streets of the imperial city.

He rode beneath the arches of flowers which kept dropping their blossoms to the pavement, and the people, as the chariot of the conqueror rode on eagerly picked them up and carried them to a thousand homes, patrician and plebeian, to be treasured as memorials of this triumphal day. In his hands the victorious Corbulo carried a cluster of the rarest flowers of Rome's most beautiful gardens, a present from the Senate.

Several of these shaken from their fastening by the motion of the chariot had fallen to the stones of the roadway. And it was one of them, blown by chance winds from the route of the procession, passed through the crack in her dungeon wall, and brought the kindly smile to the sorrowful face of the beautiful prisoner.

How many chapters of the volume of her life were now written the captive could not tell; but often, with comforting hand, did memory turn back the beloved pages of her youth and the blind slave wasting, though not pining, in the sepulchre-dungeon saw in a book that needed no light of taper or of sun, the pictures of her girlhood days. And again the child of Palestine lived in Nazareth; for so it seemed to her—she thought so often of the loved days that now were past and gone.

"How happy were those bright hours," Zerola would remind herself in order to chase away some of the gloom of her damp cell athwart whose dismal darkness would sometimes glance a gleam of joy, "when with my brother, my loved brother, I played beneath the waving palms and ran among the groves in my native land. No freer flew the birds!"

"And in the evening when my father had finished his work and my mother could leave for a short time our two baby boys, the younger merry, as the elder gentle, would we three walk along the hillside slopes sleeping in the twilight, along the darkening shores of quiet waters lulled to rest by softest winds, and speak together of the folding past and opening future, speak of that dark night when two travelers from Nazareth lodged in Bethlehem, and lo, at the dread hour—yet the angels' hour—above the green fields, above the blue hills, in the dark and silent sky the star of Christ was shining to tell the children of men that a man was born who, by a life of sacrifice and self-devotion was to show them the golden way of life—love to man the holy light that guides the soul to God—who was to be the Saviour of mankind, who was to teach by word and deed that wondrous truth whereby are fused the human and divine, whereby the sins and sorrows of earth shall be wiped away, whereby justice and harmony shall be king and queen of every nation and ruler in the world-wide empire—the Creator a Father, humanity a family, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, universally acknowledged and realized."

Zerola moved restlessly. In that awful stillness of her dungeon, the stillness of death itself, she usually slept long and deep. Perhaps that was the only reason why she had survived. The sweet calm of one who trusts in God, of one who had seen the Lord in the days of his flesh and heard that wonderful voice speaking peace and love with the majesty and confidence of assured knowledge, kept her in peace. "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake," he had said, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And Zerola was finding it so. The kingdom of heaven was within her and it is always a kingdom of peace. So sleep gave her oblivion and she was spared the racking mental torture which men who have passed years in solitary confinement describe as maddening and insupportable. But on this night, the loud huzzas of the crowds in the streets penetrated to the subterranean dungeon and disturbed her rest. There must be life and movement there, she thought, those shouts must come from people who are free and happy. She was resigned to her lot, knowing that he whom she loved and worshipped had declared that the very hairs of her head were numbered and therefore this cruel fate had not come to her by chance; but youth and natural vivacity would assert themselves and force upon her thoughts the grim contrast between her lot and that of other girls in Rome. For a moment after waking she felt resentful and then reproaching herself she forced her thoughts into a channel where as experience reminded her, there was always peace.

"Let me recall that morning," she said, "when the clouds of a threatening storm kept the struggling sun-rays from shining on one of the cohorts of Rome, marching through the streets of Nazareth dragging into exile a young man who, for some crime against the oppressors of his native land, an accident the people said, had been condemned to toil the remainder of his life as a galley-slave. Such a look of mysterious sadness darkened his countenance, so torn were his garments, so harsh were the soldiers, that when Jesus gave him a cup

of water and a word of compassion, the smile of human gratitude upon the captive's face which thanked him for his kind deed, was enough to soften the scowls and sweeten the curses of those heartless Roman warriors who seemed to think it an insult to the glittering eagles of their haughty Emperor that a Nazarene should dare to give a cup of cold water to a slave!

"O, Jesus, the slave in his chains in Nazareth thanked thee for thy compassion; and now the slave in her dungeon in Rome thanks thee for thy lesson."

"On that fatal day in Jerusalem when I saw the mob and the priests scourge and stone that helpless man, who by his many wounds would have been even to his mother unrecognizable, then in my soul rose the remembrance of thy noble deed on the streets of Nazareth, then I resolved that I, too, would give a cup of cold water to one of the children of our Father."

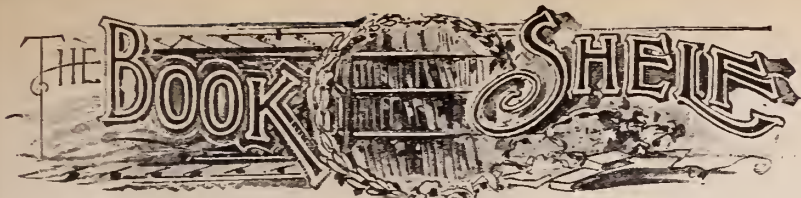
"And for that I am separated from my mother, from my father and from my lover, and buried in this sepulchre—I fear forever!—Yet I had rather die in this dayless damp, this lightless gloom and know that I have walked in thy holy footsteps of sacrifice and self-devotion—than roam forever in some paradise of serene beauty with cloudless and starry skies and have in the haunted chambers of my memory such ever-crying spirits as the bitter remorse and clinging guilt of a brother's blood. But, wrong is bitter, too, and stinging! Why should I be the victim of such injustice?"

Just then the clanking of chains was heard on the stones of the silent corridors above her tomb and Zerola recognized the footfalls of the sullen slave whose duty it was to bring her food and lower it through the aperture in the ceiling of her dungeon; a slave whom she had of course never seen, yet near whom she seemed to feel a presence not unknown.

Could Zerola have seen this jailer-prisoner she would have understood her sensations. Look closely at him as he moves stealthily about the prison. Those sinister features, those scowling brows belong to Karmes, the Egyptian. He, too, then is a prisoner of Rome with a lot, by one remove only, better than that of his victim. For Zerola was his victim. Saul had promised him that Zerola should be his slave, that he should have the first right to purchase her; but he could not keep his promise. He had not taken into account the presence of Corbulo at the governor's palace, and could not foresee that the wealthy Roman general would be struck with Zerola's beauty and would determine to present her to his wife as a slave. But so it was; and what Corbulo wanted, Pilate would take care should be done. Karmes had no influence that would weigh against that of a man so distinguished as Corbulo. So his coveted prize that Karmes had plotted and sinned to gain, was snatched from his grasp. But the crafty, intriguing nature of the man would not accept defeat without a struggle. He meditated on, and being unable to devise any means of getting Zerola into his power while she was under Pilate's jurisdiction, finally took passage to Rome in the vessel by which she was to make the journey.

It was a rash thing to do, for of all the cities in the world, Rome was the one in which it was most dangerous for Karmes to set foot. He had committed more crimes than he could remember, but there were some that were well known to men in Rome who would never forgive, and were well able to punish them. Karmes was taking his life and liberty in his hand when he sailed for Rome, and he knew it. He was a master in the art of disguise, and he trusted to his skill in that art to escape recognition; and, like all men who have suffered their passions to gain the mastery over them, he was heedless of consequences. Zerola had scorned him, had given her love to Theon, and there would be no rest for Karmes till he had inflicted vengeance upon her. He hoped that during the voyage he could prevail on the Captain to join him in a plot against the beautiful slave, and in this he was not disappointed. When Zerola landed in Rome, it was not to the wife of Corbulo that she was delivered, but denounced as a Nazarene and an evildoer, she was consigned to the dungeon where for four years she had languished. But this could not be achieved without Karmes coming out of the concealment that was necessary to his safety. He was recognized and thrown into prison to await his trial. So, all unknown to him, as to Zerola, the duty of attending to her wants was relegated to her enemy.

(To be Continued.)



THE YOUNG PREACHER.*

THE youthful preacher mounted the pulpit, and after a short prayer gave out his text—"The world by wisdom knew not God." Every eye was fixed eagerly upon him, as he felt to his inmost soul, though he gazed all the while at the open page of the Bible. His face grew crimson, and then became deadly pale. Mrs. Unwin, who watched him anxiously from a side seat, thought he was going to faint, but he recovered himself, and in a voice only slightly disturbed, proceeded to divide the coming discourse into heads. Here he got along quite fluently, and taking up his first division—the world—he was about to picture the state of things in the first year of our Lord, when all of a sudden, his mind became an utter blank. He mechanically repeated his last words. He looked wildly at his tiny paper of notes, hoping it would give him help. All it said was—"condition of heathen world at coming of Christ." He sought in his memory for the facts he knew so well: not one could he recall. For what seemed to him an age, but was really only a couple of minutes, he stood, his knees shaking under him, while the congregation stared at him in open-eyed amazement. Covering his face with his hands he gasped out—"O, I have lost all my ideas!" and then he sat down in the pulpit, which was tall enough to hide him completely from view. In the merciful shelter he heard, as if in a half dream, the minister's voice speaking apologetic words; there was something about youth and inexperience, but what, he was too bewildered to understand. He heard the people moving away, and did not know how full of sympathy and of hopeful prophecies were many of them.

"Matt, my boy," said the minister, coming into the vestry, and perceiving the state of matters "you will not be cast down by this sudden nervous seizure. Many a most eloquent and gifted preacher has experienced the same."

Matt looked up in his guardian's face, grasped his hand, and then, turning to Mr. Masters with a haughtiness which sat oddly on his graceful person, said—"I shall preach next Sabbath evening." * * *

As the important hour drew near, he became a little restless, but he never faltered in his resolve, and presently he boldly mounted the pulpit stairs, and gave out his last Sunday's text. After a few moments, fear was turned to admiration. With the second part of his text—"The wisdom of the world"—he seemed delightfully at home. In simple and interesting language he told his unlearned hearers about the grand literature of the Greeks—about poets, historians, philosophers; ending with a eulogium of him whose conceptions of the soul and of wisdom were on a level with those of Scripture itself. He then spoke of the art which accompanied this literature—of the painting, the sculpture, the building—as unsurpassed and unsurpassable. He now went on to tell how the letters and arts of Greece became the study and model of Rome. "And yet," he cried, "we have seen that all this learning, all this art, all this admiration for noble and beautiful things, all this appreciation of the sage's wisdom, the worker's skill, did not save Roman society from corruption." Matt's train of thought led naturally to the third division of his text—to Him who, hidden from the knowledge of the world, was yet its only salvation; and in words so heart-moving did the young preacher speak of the God and Father of all, as to bring tears to many eyes, and to fill the old minister's breast with a holy joy.

Almost for the first time during his sermon, Matt, sensible of the effect he was producing, looked steadily at his congregation. As he did so there flashed into his mind the remembrance of another weeping audience. It only added force to his peroration, which was an appeal to his hearers to choose the heavenly wisdom.

The sermon over, he hurried down the

pulpit and into the vestry, much to the disappointment of the people, who longed first to take a good look at him, and then to compliment him to his face.

Later in the evening, however, he had to bear some discussion of his sermon, for the minister's joy must needs find words.

"My dear lad," he said—the usually subdued light in his face changed to radiance—"you have astonished us all. There can be no doubt that an excellent gift is in you. Strive, then, to bring it as near perfection as may be; and yet always acknowledge it to be a gift, not a thing of your own achieving. And now, if you will allow me to act as your divinity tutor, I will say a word about your sermon. It was excellently thought out, and super-excellently worded; but one thing I must question, which is your view of the utterly God-forsaken state of the world before the coming of Christ. I often think there is a deep truth in Augustine's words—'What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race.'"

"Sir, you are good enough to commend my preaching, but I, for my part, feel as if I could never preach again."

VALUE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.*

An English missionary in China was sent with his young wife into the far interior. He was 800 miles from the nearest doctor, a medical missionary. A time was approaching when a physician would be needed. They did the only thing they could do: started on the journey by wheelbarrow and boat. When half way from home, 400 miles, a doctor was needed, but none was near. Fortunately the case was a normal one, but the only help obtainable was that afforded by a poor old Chinese woman. They were utterly ignorant on the subject of medicine. Is it to be wondered at that that man, when he arrived home again, left his wife and children in England while he studied medicine in New York, ere he returned to China, where he is now laboring as an M.D.? Recently one of the leading dailies of New York contained an editorial article nearly a column in length commenting upon the marvelous success of his efforts since returning to China. Drs. Cameron, Douthwaite, Soltau, Randle and Anderson, all of the China Inland Mission, have so returned to study.

Other cases might be cited, but these are probably sufficient to show the value of this agency in this direction. Many valuable lives have been lost on the mission fields from diseases usually amenable to proper medical care, because such was not to be had; and many have no doubt succumbed in spite of the best medical skill and attention. But surely we ought to do all we can to save life, and certainly none the less so in the case of a noble and efficient worker in the mission field.

DIFFERENCES IN CHRISTIANS.*

The difference that obtains between Christians is not one of grace, but of the use we make of grace. That there are diversities of gift is manifest; and there will always be a vast difference between those who have five talents and those who have two, in the amount of work done for the kingdom of God. But as far as our inheritance of God's grace is concerned, there are no preferences, no step-children's portions, no arbitrary distinctions. It is not, as under the laws of primogeniture, that one child takes all, while the younger children are dismissed with meager allowances. Each soul has the whole of God. God gives himself to each. He cannot give more; he will not give less than himself.

If then you would want to know why it is that some of God's children live lives so much fuller and richer than others, you

*From *Murdered Millions*, by George D. Downkont, M.D. with introduction by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. A comprehensive little book demonstrating the great value of medical missions. Published by the Medical Missionary Record, N. Y.

*From *Key-Words of the Inner Life*: Studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians, by F. B. Meyer, B. A. Pp. 158; cloth covers; price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

must seek it in their appropriation of God. Some have learned the happy art of receiving and utilizing every square inch—if we may use the expression—of that knowledge of God which has been revealed to them. They have laid all God's revealed character under contribution. They have raised harvests of bread out of the Incarnation; and vintages of blood-red grape from the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary; and pomegranates and all manner of fruit out of the mysteries of the Ascension and the gift of the Holy Ghost. In hours of weakness they draw on God's power; in those of suffering, on his patience; in those of misunderstanding and hatred, on his vindication; in those of apparent defeat and despair, on the promises that gleam over the smoke of the battle, as the Cross before the gaze of Constantine; in death itself, on the life and immortality which find their home in the being of Jehovah.

The analogy that we have quoted, however, fails us utterly in its final working out. The emigrant at last covers his estate, its mines become exhausted, its forests leveled, its soil impoverished; but when a million years have passed, the nature of God will lie before us as utterly unexplored and unexhausted, as when the first-born son of light commenced like a Columbus in the spiritual realm to explore the contents of the illimitable continent—God.

INQUISITION TORTURES.*

They brought forward an instrument arranged for the victim to be fastened upon it in such a way that, when certain screws were turned, the ligaments and tendons of the body were gradually stretched, each turn of the screw increasing the strain. While the torture induced by this was agonizing, it was by no means equal to some of the others, such, for example, as enclosing the knees between strong horizontal supports, and then driving, one by one, small wooden wedges between the same, already as close together as possible without employing actual force. These wedges, thus driven between the bones forming the knee-joint, gradually shivered them to pieces, and when the victim was removed he was far beyond any surgeon's skill. If he did not die from the shock, he became a cripple for life. Others there were of still more fiendish device, and from the great variety of instruments, the Inquisitors were able to choose the one best adapted to the individual. Not the one which would give the least pain! By no means! But that which could be used without fear of inflicting actual death, racking the body with a physical agony which should stop just short of destroying life outright. No tongue can do justice to the description of the suffering inflicted, even upon delicate, sensitive women, as well as upon men. Think of some tender sister or friend, or lover, oh! reader! and then picture to yourself the scene wherein you are forced, by an irresistible power, to stand by and witness that person, gentle and innocent, unused even to a harsh word, in the act of being placed upon an instrument of torture, transcending an hundred-fold the most agonizing pain inflicted by the knife of the surgeon, or the most exquisite suffering induced by neuralgic spasm, or, in short, any physical agony to which the most unfortunate accident of life could subject her.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Christian Alliance Birthday Book: Containing a Scripture Text for every day in the year, with an appropriate selection in Verse and Prose from the writings of Rev. A. B. Simpson. Compiled and edited by Louise Shepard. Pp. 381. Published by The Christian Alliance Publishing Company, 692 Eighth avenue, New York.

Studies in Oriental Social Life and Customs from the East on the Sacred Page, by H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. Illustrated; pp. 450; price \$2.50. Published by John D. Wattles & Company, Philadelphia.

Grizby's Little Paradi, by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort, pp. 145; price 75 cents; Illustrated. Published by Thos. Whittaker, 2 & 3, Bible House, New York.

The Book of Chronicles, by Prof. W. H. Bennett, M. D. The new volume of "The Expositor's Bible" Series a most valuable collection of works on the books of the Bible. Pp. 464; price \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth street, New York.

*From *In the Shadow of the Alhambra, or the Last of the Moorish Kings*: An Historical Romance, by W. M. Greenlee, A.M., M.D. Pp. 537; cloth covers; price \$1.50. S. E. Newman & Co., Knoxville, Tenn., publishers.

Impaired Digestion.

The patient is required to diet. In building up and maintaining good health, milk is recognized as a valuable factor, but it is important that it be absolutely pure and sterilized. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream meets all requirements. Entirely wholesome.

A POLICEMAN'S ADVICE.

A GENTLEMAN who recently visited the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago heard a testimony there which he sends to the "Mid-Continent." "It was that of a young newspaper man who was formerly a sceptic. He came from Denver and had been seeking in vain for employment, and had gone upon a bridge intending to drown himself. His hurried step and maddened face attracted the attention of a policeman, who accosted him, and asked him what he was going to do there at that time of night. He told the policeman that there was no room for him in Chicago, but there was in Chicago river. "Now look ahere, young feller," said the burly, big-hearted policeman; "you'r a talkin' tro' yer hat, see? You aint going to jump into no river. You come along wid me, and I'll start you over to de Pacific Mission. Des got grub and fire fer such fellers what's down in dere luck like you are, see? And dey sing hymns and read de Good Book, and dey'll give you a warm place to sleep. Now come along." The young journalist went along. To make the story brief, he received the hearty Christian welcome promised. He was first warmed and fed, and then given an opportunity to hear good singing, short prayers and the common sense Christian talks he needed. It resulted in his conversion. In the testimony meeting before 800 men, he asked them, in his remarks, the question which he said had come home so strongly to him the night he tried to drown himself. "Does Ingersoll establish such missions as this? Do his followers? What makes these people care whether I drowned myself or not? Isn't there something in this Christianity I always doubted?"

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But What

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We get a number of letters asking if we have any copies of the **Biography of Henry Ward Beecher** left, and we therefore announce that we are all sold out, except two styles of binding, cloth and seal leather, and that we shall continue to sell these at **half-price** until sold out. Send your order at once and if the stock is exhausted we will return your money.

See special Offer on page 447, July 11th issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BROMFIELD & CO.,
Bible House, New York.

*From *A Born Player*, by Mary West: the Story of a Young Clergyman's Struggles and Temptations. Pp. 293; cloth; price \$1. Macmillan & Co., New York and Boston, publishers.

A Relic of Handel.

The "Spinnet" Used by the Great Master in Composing his Famous Oratorios.

PROBABLY no elaborate musical production has ever been so widely heard or delighted greater audiences than the "Messiah" of Handel. At the Handel Festival, recently celebrated in England, several interesting relics of the great master were displayed, the finest and most attractive being the "spinnet" or the instrument at which many of his most famous works were composed.

Any lover of sacred music, looking at the old instrument (which is shown in the illustration on this page), must wonder at the genius and versatility that drew from so crude a form of the modern grand piano those noble and elevating strains that run through all of Handel's scores. Doubtless, the old "spinnet" looks to-day precisely as it did when it last responded to the inspired touch of the greatest musician of the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

Another relic of interest was a quaint, old, gothic book-case, which Handel presented to the son of his amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, and which, at the time of the gift, contained a collection of M. S. musical scores by the great maestro. The medallion, also among the relics shown at the Festival, is said to be the only youthful portrait of Handel extant.

THE SILOAM TABLET.

The famous "Siloam inscription," which ranks high in the list of Semitic relics, has been stolen. The inscription was in the purest Biblical Hebrew, and told how the tunnel was excavated which conveyed the water from the so-called "Spring of the Virgin"—the only natural spring in Jerusalem—to the pool of Siloam. The work and the inscription, according to Professor Sayce, date from the reign of Hezekiah, or, perhaps, from that of Solomon. The inscription was accidentally discovered ten years ago by a young man who fell into the water. It was in a dark place on the side of the tunnel, about nineteen feet in from the pool, and was only deciphered after an incrustation of lime deposited by the water had been removed by acid. The inscription has now been cut bodily out of the rock—being broken in the process—and the fragments are said to have been sold to a Greek in Jerusalem.

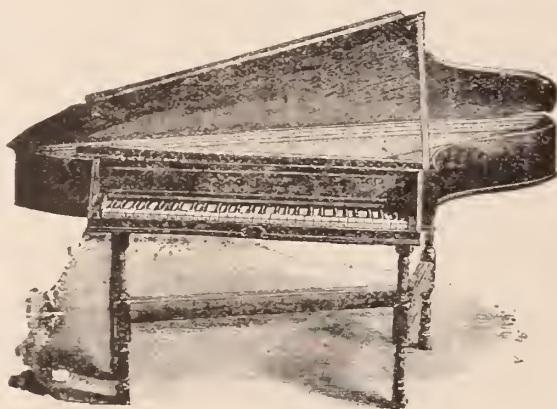
A PENITENT'S GIFT TO A PRIEST.

One of the converts to Protestantism at Florence is Pietro Petroni, a young priest of Lucca, who was attending the Florentine University with a view to a professorship. In a statement of his experiences, Signor Petroni says: "A Bible, given me by a poor sick man, imparted the first impulse towards conversion. In Buggiano, near Pescia, this young man was seriously ill. He wished to be confessed by me, the Lent preacher, and from a scruple of conscience, desired to get rid of the Bible, as a prohibited book, and to give it to me. I took it, and disdainfully threw it among a lot of other books which I never read. In tidying up my study and seeking for one or another book, this Bible somehow always came into my hand. I was struck by this circumstance, but it did not then weigh upon my mind. Having to go on a journey, and wishing, among other serviceable books, to take the four Gospels translated by Martini, I took instead as equally serviceable, this Bible translated by Diodati. It was in this way I began to read it. The first words which I read were these: 'There is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' I thereupon ceased to recite the Roman Breviary. The worship of Mary was still in my heart, though I did not find 'Mother of God' in the Bible. Other words which comforted me were: 'Be ye justified by faith, we have

peace with God.' This was like manna to my heart, agitated by remorse for sin. In reading this Bible, I experienced joy, but did not as yet reflect deeply. A sermon I heard in the Evangelical Italian Church touched me, as also the simplicity of the service and the sweet melody of the hymns. I thought myself already converted. In the absence of Cav. Fera, on a visit to the churches, I went to Signor Lenzi, who gave me a book on the Virgin Mary. Precisely here, in the worship of Mary, lay the difficulty in the way. Reflection and further knowledge of the Bible helped me to overcome this difficulty, but the help of God was still wanting. I proposed always to read the Bible, and to go and hear the Gospel, but in plain clothes and by night, like Nicodemus. My heart was not yet changed! What brought spiritual life into my soul was the reading of the Psalms, and I was forced out of Babylon by the words of Christ: 'Come unto me!' 'Abide in Me!' Petroni is now a minister of the Evangelical Church but his mother and his uncles, who are wealthy, have cast him off and disinherited him.

"WILL YOU TAKE ME IN?"

The Bethany Home for Friendless Girls in New York, and the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, are doing, jointly, a good rescue work among the unfortunates of the two cities. Mrs. Josephine Williamson, the founder of the Bethany, who has been engaged for



HANDEL'S "SPINNET."

On which Many of his Sacred Works were Composed.

the past seventeen years in mission work in the slums and dives of New York, was instrumental in the rescue of three girls two weeks ago, whose cases are typical of thousands of others yet to be reached. Passing along Third Avenue at night she met two girls, one of whom was intoxicated. After talking with the other, the latter broke down in tears and decided to abandon her sinful life. Accordingly, she accompanied Mrs. Williamson to the Bethany on Ninth Street, where she stopped three days, and was then transferred to the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn. This girl, Kate —, is quite young and remarkably intelligent and prepossessing. She is a native of Cairo, Egypt, born of white parents. Left an orphan at fourteen, for the past few years she has been cared for by an aunt until recently, when she took to a vicious life. Margaret H— and Maggie W—, two other outcasts, were rescued in the same week, and after being temporarily sheltered at the Bethany, were transferred to the Bethesda. All were very glad and thankful to be taken in and evinced genuine sorrow for their sinful lives, and a desire to reform. "I was praying for somebody to come to my rescue when you came," said Kate to the missionary. "Will you—will you take me in?" cried Maggie W., when the offer of help was extended. "Yes," replied Mrs. Williamson, "we will take you in, poor girl, and help you to a better and happier life."

At the Bethany, which is a rescue receiving station, the girls are fed and sheltered until work can be procured for them, or until they can be permanently housed in some other institution. Such institutions are

An Asthma Cure at Last

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial copies of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

It is wonderful how the Peppermint freshens and invigorates the tired lungs. It creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and really does make the weak strong. Try it and be convinced.

sorely needed in the metropolis, where the great army of unfortunates are either coldly treated or cruelly neglected by society at large.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Mrs. Sarah Raynor, \$2; Mrs. George W. Decker, \$1; Phoebe E. W. Potter \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$292.92; total, \$296.92.

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: Friend, Westerly, R. I., \$5; A Shut-in, Southbridge, Mass., \$2; C., Carlisle, Pa., \$5.

For the Mission to Jews in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust: Friend, \$1; C. A. Weed, \$2; King's Daughter, Newark, N. J., \$10; C. E. B., Laconia, N. H., \$10; One of the least, Decatur, Ill., \$1; J. P., Brooklyn, \$5; W. J. L., Baltimore, \$5; W. H., Baltimore, \$2.50; D. C. Steiner, \$10.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Mrs. J. H. Norton, 25c.; Friend, Mountain Lake Park, Md., \$2; Mrs. G. A. Maxwell, \$5; Miss Lucie Johnson, \$3; Mrs. H. C. Harrington, 25c.; Mrs. J. P. Mather and daughter, \$20; Busy Bees of Warrentown, Oregon, \$1.75; Class of boys of M. E. S. S. of Lebanon, Del., \$1; C. W., of New York City, \$5; Reader, Northville, Mich., \$1; Elizabeth Hyatt, \$1; Miss Eva Ferrell, \$1; Friend, Independence, Cal., \$2.50; Geo. W. Millar & Co., \$10; E. Robinson, \$1; I. H. N., Manchester, Mich., \$2.75; Friend, Inverness, Fla., \$1; Alice Dockstader, \$5; W. K. Desh, \$5; Eliza I. Treer, 50c.; E. M. Rice, \$1; Mrs. S. P. Faris, \$1.

BUDDHIST ENMITY IN JAPAN.

Writing to the Baptist Missionary Society from Tokio, Japan, Rev. C. H. D. Fisher says: At our Nihon-bashi-ku place we have had services Sundays and three evenings of the week. The house has been enlarged and its arrangement improved, so that many who have heretofore heard only while standing outside, have been induced to come in where they could hear with less interruption. Mrs. Fisher has gathered quite a little Sunday School. In the evenings, as the place is a very public one, in spite of the throwing of stones, the breaking of our lantern, and occasional satanic hootings outside, very many from a distance as well as from that immediate neighborhood have listened to the Gospel.

As an illustration of interesting cases I may cite that of a young man, who last year so far disobeyed his employer, a zealous Buddhist, as to listen while standing outside this chapel. After a time, like Nicodemus, he came by night to study, and then gave his heart to Christ and united with the Church, though he knew by so doing he would lose his employment. Being thus compelled to go elsewhere, it was but a little time later that in Northern Japan he had gathered together a little company to study the Bible. He sends back money for a hymn book that he may teach them to sing, and with it comes also money toward the support of his loved church here. This is one of many illustrations, also, of the manner in which work done here reaches far into the country, and they afford us no small encouragement to make the most of our opportunities here.

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A Unique Charity.

The Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast Association and its Fifteen Years of Philanthropic Effort.

N EARLY sixteen years ago, a party of men met together in the city of Philadelphia to discuss a subject that lay very near to their hearts. There were twenty in the gathering and all, without exception, were men who had tasted the bitterness of life and whom sinful dissipation had reduced at different times to straits that were far from agreeable. But these men by God's grace, had become reformed: they had cast off their sin and taken on the righteousness of Jesus, and now they had come together to devise, if possible, some practical way of extending help to those who were still as they once had been, in the slough of misery and the wretched bondage of sin.

At that meeting, it was decided that the quickest and most practical way of reaching unfortunate idle men was by giving them a free breakfast, and thus, by first touching them with kindness, opening a way to reaching their hearts with the Gospel. This was the origin of the Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast Association. None of the original founders are now directly or actively connected with the Association; several of them have passed to their reward, many are remaining firm in their reformed life, while some have been lost sight of. The Association was reorganized in November, 1882. Its declared objects are the promotion of Christianity and Temperance, and the amelioration of the condition of the poor and of fallen humanity, by giving a free breakfast on Sunday morning, the holding of religious services and the use of such other means as it may consider wise to adopt. The five first years had given a practical experience, with an assurance of great good done and a permanency of the organization. A valuable property was purchased for the work, and a Board of Trustees was appointed. The present officers of the Association are: Lewis U. Bean, President; M. V. B. Allen and L. H. Suits, Vice-Presidents; David F. Dimon, Secretary; Halsey J. Tibbals, Corresponding Secretary, and Dr. A. H. Henderson, Treasurer. There is also a full Board of Directors.

Since its incorporation, the Sunday Breakfast Association has done much good work among a class very similar to that reached by the Travelers' Club, established in New York by Rev. Stephen Merritt several winters ago, and whose interesting history has already been fully told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The original plan of a Sunday breakfast has widened out extensively, and the work of the Association is now on a broad, evangelical basis, including Sunday morning services, 8.30 to 10 a. m., and 10 a. m. to 12 m.; Bible School Sundays, Tea Services every Sunday evening, Apollo Union for Redeemed Men, Monday evenings; Society of Christian Endeavor, Fridays; Girls' Sewing School, Saturdays; Monthly Prayer Meeting and special religious meetings from time to time. The work has outgrown its original quarters in an old church on Twelfth Street, and a building with an audience chamber to accommodate 1,500 to 2,000 is contemplated. It is also hoped to be practical, at no distant date, to establish an Industrial Temperance Home in connection with the work, where unfortunate and homeless men can be lodged until some more permanent arrangement is made for them, and where they can earn their lodging by labor.

During the year 1893, the Association served 26 Sunday breakfasts, 52 Sunday

suppers, 14 week-night lunches; the material used being 61,400 sandwiches, 1,354 pounds coffee, 137 pounds tea, 1,484 pounds beef, 2,260 pounds sugar, and 2,111 quarts milk. The total number of individual meals was 48,079. At times as many as 800 or 900 have been served with breakfast or supper, each person receiving two double beef sandwiches and three cups of coffee for breakfast, or four rusks and three cups of tea for supper. Brief Gospel services are held at all the meals. Encouragement is held out to all who wish to do so to declare for Christ and enter upon a new life, and many conversions have been the result. In fifteen years, 27,780 men have taken the

total abstinence pledge under the auspices of the Association. The total attendance at all the meetings last year was 88,580, of which 3,476, or 4 per cent. of the whole number, came forward for prayer. Of the beneficiaries (48,079), 7 per cent. came forward, while thousands arose in their seats, and thus indicated a wish to be remembered at the throne of grace.

There is no doubt in the minds of those who have watched the work, that the movement begun so modestly fifteen years ago has been during these years a

power for good in Philadelphia. Nor is it confined to men alone, for many excellent Christian ladies have labored in the field, and now, in the prosperity of the work under their hand, they see the blessing. The Sewing School was organized ten or twelve years ago at Wood and Eleventh Streets, when a few waifs, not more than a dozen or two, were gathered in and taught Christian principles as well as needlework. At the present time there are 102 names on the roll. Some of the original teachers have been with the school almost continuously to the present time. Its officers are: Mrs. H. J. Tibbals, President; Mrs. A. Barrow, Vice-President, and Mrs. J. W. Hastings, Treasurer.

On this page we present a portrait of Mr. Bean, President of the Sunday Breakfast Association, under whose energetic management, with the co-operation of his earnest Christian associates, the work has been pushed forward to its present condition.

A TEST OF THE GOSPEL.

Cannibalism has vanished wherever the Gospel has been proclaimed. When Rev. James Calvert was asked to give in one sentence a proof of the success of missions, he said: "When I arrived at the Fiji group, my first duty was to bury the hands, feet, heads and bones of the arms and legs of eighty victims, whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see the very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman festival gathered around the Lord's table." The cannibalism of Fiji was not simply the result of an impulse of passionate hate or revenge, but an institution inwoven with the very fabric of social life, and even religion."

Dr. Seeman suggests that cannibal feasts belonged to the ceremonies of religion. The ovens were never used for any other purpose, and whereas fingers are the only forks used in eating ordinary food, for human flesh a peculiar fork with three or four prongs, made of hard wood, and each fork known by its peculiar name, was used. Under Gospel preaching, these horrid practices have disappeared.

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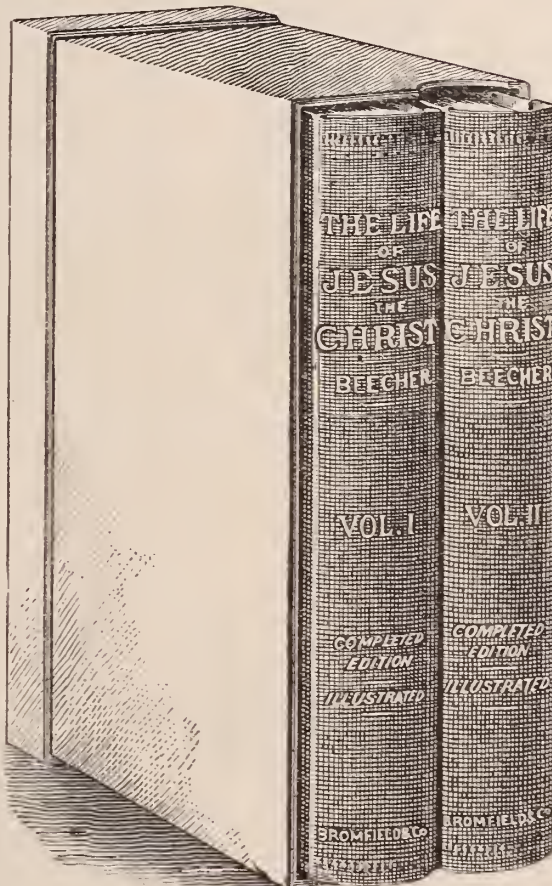
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SITE OF CAPERNAUM.
CHRIST CLEARING THE TEMPLE.
PLAN OF THE TEMPLE.
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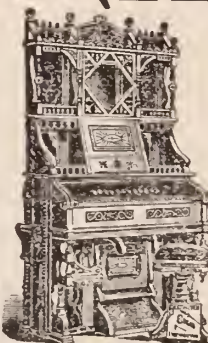
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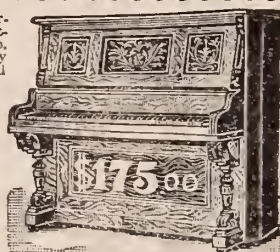
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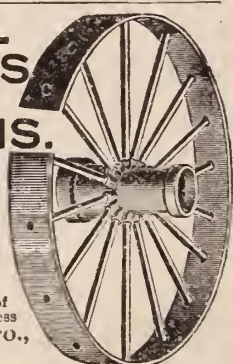
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VOLUME 17.

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SCATTERED, STARVED AND SLAIN.

The Fate of the Once-Powerful Lunda Kingdom in Central Africa—A Royal Embassy to the Governor of Angola—Fetichism on the West Coast.



FEW African pictures possess so much interest for the average reader as the photograph presented on this page, which comes to us from Mr. S. John Kuno, an independent Christian mission-

stationary stationed in Angola, on the West Coast. The photograph, which was taken at Loanda, the principal city of Angola,

represents an embassy sent by the King of Lunda to the Angola Governor General on important business of state. Lunda was formerly a great tropical empire, and is still an extensive and important State. Its ruler was called Muata Yamvo, or Muat-yamvo, and when his power was at its height his domains extended from Lakes Tanganika and Nyassa to the banks of the Kuango river. It included the vassal States of Muata Kazembe on Lake Bangweolo (on whose shores the great explorer, Livingstone, died), of Kasongo, on the Luabala River, of Muene Putu Kasongo, King of the Ma-yaka, on the Kuango River, and the nation of the Makioko.

Accounts of the Muata Yamvo reached Europe through the medium of the Portuguese, with whom the Lundas had commercial relations, both on the West and on the East coasts. Several of the early African explorers came in contact with the Lunda rulers. As early as 1806, two Portuguese traders passed from Angola eastward through their territory. In 1846 another Portuguese trader, named Graca, succeeded in penetrating the Muata Yamvo's country, and he was followed next year by a Hungarian explorer, named La-

dislaus, after which considerable attention was devoted to it by the great explorers in later years. Lunda embraces a great area of South Central Africa, and its people belong to the Balunda race of negroes.

Like the great native kingdom of Congo, the kingdom of Lunda has practically ceased to exist as a political State, and its territory has been divided between the Congo State, Portugal, and also Great Britain; but the Lunda nation, and the nations once under its sovereignty, continue to live as nominal subjects of a European power. For the last quarter of a century, Lunda has been in a state of anarchy, due to rival factions of Lundas, each of which

the same exclamation: "It is no use; Lunda is dead; it cannot revive!"

If the destruction of the native Lunda state is chiefly due to suicidal dissensions among the Lundas, the quasi-annihilation of the Lunda nation is due to the raids of the Ma-Kiokos, its nominal vassals, who, equipped with fire-arms obtained from the whites of the coast, slaughtered the Lunda bow-men like sheep, and sold their captives to the middle-men, who provide the homes and plantations of Angola and St. Thomas with "redeemed servants" and "contract laborers."

Our illustration is specially interesting as exhibiting the style of dress that is regarded as appropriate for ceremonial visits to royalty, or to the governor of a great state. In the central figure—a prince, and the son of Muatvamvo—the headdress is one worn by royalty, and the peculiar horn-like projections mark it as distinct from the others.

of Lunda, but of Angola, and would indicate that they have been thus equipped after arrival, that they might make a presentable appearance before the Governor General.

There is a wide field for Gospel effort among the Lundas. Much progress has already been made among the Angolans, their neighbors, and a few devoted pioneers have carried the Gospel far into the interior; but the Lundas are yet to be evangelized. Although their country has long been a bone of contention, the outer world of civilization knows little of the people themselves, their customs or traditions. Mr. Heli Chatelain ex-United States Consul at Loanda, and an authority on African ethnology, has written most instructively concerning these people and their Balunda kindred. In Lunda, as elsewhere in "Darkest Africa," fetish-worship has been a feature of the religion of the inhabitants, and an interesting photograph given in this issue, shows a native prostrating himself before the fetish.

ing himself before the fetish.

The West Coast of Africa on the Congo, and eastward to the interior, is the very home of fetishism. The negroes believe in a good and evil principle, both supposed to reside in the sky, and the fetishes are used to appease this mysterious agency. Thus there is a fetish for the wind, and against thunder, for sea-fish, for river-fish, against thorns in the feet, against ill health, evil fortune, and bad bargains in trading, etc. When a man is about to commit a crime, he lays aside his fetish or even covers it up, so that

it may not know of his act. The fetish in the illustration on page 467 is the figure of a man, stuck over with bits of iron, feathers, rags, etc., but usually it is a much smaller object, which can be readily carried about on the person.

Fetichism is one of the lowest forms of human worship, and consecrates "by a vague and mysterious reverence" the crudest objects fashioned in wood or stone, representing men, birds or beasts. The word itself is of Portuguese origin, being derived from "feiteico," a term used by the negroes of Senegal to denote an instrument or object of witchcraft. The fetishes used

(Continued on Page 467.)



A ROYAL AFRICAN EMBASSY, FROM THE KING OF LUNDA TO THE GOVERNOR OF ANGOLA.

(From a Photograph Forwarded by Missionary S. John Kuno, of Loanda, for "The Christian Herald.")

tried to put its own chief on the throne while none was strong enough to save him from being assassinated almost as soon as installed. The Muata Yamvo, whose son or nephew headed the embassy of the picture, was the protege of the Portuguese explorer, H. de Carvalho, who endeavored in vain to have him installed at the Mussumba (capital), and to reunite Lunda under a Portuguese protectorate. As Carvalho himself states it, all his efforts were frustrated by the despair of the starving Lundas, who everywhere met him with

His sword is of the pattern worn by the Lundas, and his seat is a nebluz chair, such as are made on the Quanza River, Angola. On either side of the group are drummers, that on the right with a "dancing-drum," of the type used at festivals, while the one on the left has an odd-looking war-drum, a native with another dancing-drum squatting at his feet. In the background to the right stand three women, and a fourth kneels beside the prince. The Makuale swords and the drums and the attire of the men and women are not characteristic

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

WORTH LIVING.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Lamentations 3: 39, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

IF we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophecy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in starting intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes!" and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Ave" and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the

negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and next to them those who are half as rich. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money-market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send to be harnessed and postillioned equipage to bring her: she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. It that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next Presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs

of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hog-head above hog-head, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked, and submerged, and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heart-breaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a

failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you sent to that cradle, or how many garlands you sent to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smile, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of his Son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is befetted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can clasp right under his name on the

tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates as he makes a plea for the down-trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household, she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out

between France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my 'liebe Mutter.'" Major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE LEPERS.

IN the course of a recent address, Rev. G. M. Bullock said that after fourteen years' work in India, he was called to take up a special term of missionary service—that in connection with the leper work in Almora, in the north of India, where work of this kind had been carried on for thirty-eight years by a good man who had now been called to his reward. It was good to be able to say that the grace of God had been manifested amongst these most miserable people; and, for himself, he could say that he had learned most of the riches of that grace in living amongst them than among many far more happily situated. In that village he had the joy of seeing—among 850 suffering under this loathsome disease, to whom he had been thankful to show in a small measure the sympathy which their Lord had never failed to show to lepers—some 450 of them return to give glory to God.

The Gospel message delivered to them had been greatly blessed. It was an affecting although harrowing sight to see a vast number of these poor people handless and footless. It was not surprising to find these people greatly wondering when told that God loves them. They have been taught by their priests and others that the disease under which they are suffering is the mark of God's hatred toward them, and that there is no life for them in heaven above or on the earth other than that to which they have been doomed. When they come to hear that God really does love them, then their hearts are overwhelmed with astonishment! Some of those, said the speaker, have said in my own hearing, "I do not know what the Lord can make of me, but since he says to me that he loves me, I will let him do what he likes with me." And that is just what all people have to say who are really brought into Christ's mind. It is very encouraging to know that in China and India there are two missionaries who are lepers and they are well qualified to declare the Gospel.

Scattered, Starved and Slain.

(Continued from first page)

by the unevangelized tribes of Africa are sometimes natural objects themselves, such as birds, beasts, serpents and fishes, or the skins or claws of beasts. Stones even are sometimes used. In Dahomey, the tiger was a fetish for a whole tribe, while among the Whydahs, the serpent occupied a similar position. In Benin, it is said, some of the natives even made a fetish of their own shadows.

Besides tribal fetishes, each individual usually has his own particular fetish. The method employed in their selection varies. One choice may be the result of a dream. Whenever a man has a fetish which is supposed to possess unusual powers, he is envied by his neighbors, and efforts are made to get it from him. One writer declares that a Guinea negro of some importance in his tribe had a collection of fully 20,000 fetishes. At Cape Coast there is a peculiar shaped rock that projects into the sea, and which is held as fetish by the native priests and people. Sacrifices were formerly made to it each year, and whenever a response was brought to the devotee, through the medium of the priests, a present of some sort was expected by the priests as a reward.

To all intents and purposes, fetishes are essentially idols, although undoubtedly often used as mere instruments of sorcery, or for the purpose of producing fear. They are



AFRICAN FETISH WORSHIP.

From a Photograph forwarded by S. John Kuna.

always approached with respect, and offerings of spice, milk and other articles are made to them. They are supposed to protect from rain, wild beasts, violence, storm, and sickness, as well as to protect property. Yet as soon as anything happens to make the worshiper distrust it, it is generally discarded or broken, while another takes its place. Slowly, but inevitably, the darkness of heathenism is giving way before the Gospel light, and the idols of Africa are falling at the advance of the kingdom of Jesus.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: "In His Name," Clio, La., \$1; Mrs. W. T. Welch, \$5; S. R. R., Philadelphia, Pa., \$1; P. N. Porter, \$1; the proceeds of a fair conducted by Helen B. Houghton, Emily Houghton, Edith Simonson, Rosa Haigh, Carrie and Tillie Kainer, \$10.69.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Mrs. Lucy A. Biren, \$1; P. Young, sec., H. L. M. D., Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Old Subscriber, Georgia, \$25. Previously acknowledged, \$206.50. Total, \$327.60.

For the Mission to Jews in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust: A well-wisher, New York, \$2; Mrs. Wm. Lawson, \$1; A. C. W., \$1; M. C. N., Mass., \$5; J., Mass., \$1.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

MISSIONARY of the American Missionary Society relates the following incident of his work: One Saturday afternoon as I wended my way along the bridle-paths that led through the mountains,

my attention was attracted by the presence of a mule and dog in the bushes by the roadside, and as I came on closer I discovered a man lying flat on the ground face downward. I roused him somewhat, and said: "What can I do for you, my friend?" With great effort he braced up a little, uttered a groan, saying: "Nothing, I'm sick, but you can't help me; O, I'm so sick." "Well," said I, "I will get the doctor or do anything to make you comfortable." "Me? You spend your time with me, taint no use. I only a miserable wretch, drunk, and not worth bothering with." "But," said I, "I'm a missionary, I want to help you," and he said: "What's your business?" I said, "To help men who are sick, and I want to help you," and he muttered, "Be you a Christian?" I answered in the affirmative; then he asked, "Where you going?" I told him nearly as I knew, guessing it to be about seven miles away. "Why that is close to my home, pard—right close by the little church—we got them Christians over there, but they don't want to help a man like me," and off again into a stupor he went. His hat lay on the ground, and I selected some temperance cards from my outfit and slipped them under the inside band of his hat, leaving the ends in view so he could see them when he sobered. As it was an out-of-the-way place, I felt it a duty to get him somewhere, and finally succeeded in helping him on his mule, but his whole body was so limp I could not hold him on. I had to hold him to save him from falling. I worked with him as best I could until it was almost night, and succeeded in getting him to a cabin where he could be cared for. As I left him he said "Pard, if you come this way I want you to come to my home. I'm going to be a better man and want you to know it. You have been mighty good to me." I bade him good-bye promising to meet him at his home. The following Sunday I left my home before daylight to meet my appointment. I had a few moments to spare after reaching the place, so I called at the home, was met by the wife, to whom I introduced myself, after which she told the story of her husband's escape and return, and their interest in the one who had been kind to him. At this point she introduced the children. He had gone home and told his wife and neighbors of the man who was interested in him, showed them his hat with his cards to corroborate his statement, saying,

"this man was the good Samaritan." Presently her husband came in and seemed very much pleased to find me, told the story over again, went with me to the service and promised to go to the meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society where they will look after him."

A DREAM OF RATS.

Great potentates have sometimes found it difficult, as we read in the Bible, to find a man with skill to interpret their dreams. It appears, however, that a Scotchman recently had the good fortune to find such an interpreter in his own family, and the interpretation, like some others we read of, was just as useful and as unacceptable as theirs. A Dundee journal says that a laborer on the docks of that city told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat behind being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denoted coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house that ye gang till sae often, and the two lean ones are me and my mother and the blind one is yerself, father."



THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 5. Mark 1: 1-11. Golden Text, Mark 1: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ACCORDING to the Gospel of Mark, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ" was the preparation for it in the work of John the Baptist. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Even as it is written in Isaiah, the prophet, Behold I send my messenger before thy face, who shall prepare thy way." May not also "the beginning of the second coming of our Lord be the preparation for it in the hearts and lives of his people, which is being carried out, as the Holy Ghost goes round with them and succeeds in conforming them to the image of God's Son? The coming of John the Baptist was God's preparation for the coming of Jesus. Those who have not learned the great lesson which John came to teach and have not been baptised with the baptism of repentance,—a complete change of mind toward God—are not really ready for the remission of sins unto which this baptism led (ver. 4, R.V.). To be forgiven sins which we have not learned to abhor and to flee from, is to make it easier to sin, and to countenance the horrible idea which existed even in Paul's day, to continue in sin that grace may abound, thus to "make Christ a minister of sin."

John was unsparing in his dealing with sin. A form of godliness without the power was prevalent then as now: there were those who were exact, even to the greatest minutia, in all the forms and observances, which could attract attention to themselves, and gain them credit for piety, while the broken and contrite heart, which God will not despise was utterly lacking. Their only idea of religion was "a something that should minister to them, even in that which they would give to God: all their works they did "to be seen of men," to gain applause, it was all outside, all empty, all vain. Into the midst of such a religious atmosphere there came the rumor that a prophet had appeared. It was nearly four hundred years since a prophet had lifted up his voice for God in the midst of his chosen people Israel. Perhaps, at first it was the novelty, later on it was the power of his testimony, which drew out the inhabitants of Jerusalem to an improvised camp-meeting, in the wilderness of Judea, and there, in unsparing faithfulness, the unworshipful herald of a coming Messiah denounced the sins of his time, until his axe, which was laid to the root of the trees, had brought down some of the stoutest hearts of the dwellers in Jerusalem. God himself gathered the audience: "Thee went out unto him all the country of Judea and all they of Jerusalem," and they were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins. Priests and Levites, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. It was a tremendous movement, taking in, as it did, an entire population. It was a most unwelcome thing to hear even the ecclesiastical dignitaries, overpowered by the wave of conviction which swept over the awakened multitudes, confessing their sins.

John Lived for His Vocation.

Like Elijah of old, he was a man apart, a silent man, a man of one idea. Food and clothing, which take up a very large portion of the time and thoughts of some people, did not occupy John. Just what the desert could supply, without his holy solitude being interrupted to obtain it was sufficient for the prophet of the desert, the garment of camel's hair, with a girdle of the skin around his loins, was the only garment he cared for; appearance was nothing to him, he lived to eternity and not for time, for God and for the coming Messiah, not for the eye of man. His message was un-

form "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," "Repent ye," "There cometh after me he that is mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose. I baptize you with water, but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." The faithful forerunner of Christ aimed at a preparation for his coming, not external but in the hearts and consciences of his hearers. His vocation was to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the obedient to walk in the wisdom of the just, to make ready, for the Lord a people prepared for him; and the man of repentance did not rest until those who heard him were awakened and said: "What must we do?" Master, what must we do? John the Baptist is not to blame if the twelve apostles mistook, and imagined all the time that Christ would set up a temporal kingdom. He never dealt with externals, and he cut ruthlessly at the root of all which was unreal and superficial. "Think not to say within yourselves: We have Abraham to our father, for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

It was while his ministry was at its height that Jesus came from Galilee to the Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. But John would have hindered him saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? Our Lord did not contradict him, but reminded him that his vocation was

To Fulfil all Righteousness.

What others needed for their own sinful life, he went through for their sakes. "And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens rent asunder and the Spirit as a dove descending upon him; and a voice came out of the heavens, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased." We cannot, with our finite minds, dive into the mystery of the union of the Divine and the human in our Lord. As a Son (in his human nature) "though he were a Son [in his Divine nature], yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered," (Heb. 5: 8). As man he must have sought and found directions from his heavenly Father while still in Galilee, as to the part he had to take in the wonderful movement going on in Judea through the preaching of John. And now it was revealed to him that he must take the journey to the Jordan, and join the company of those to be baptized. But what a moment that must have been to him, when his physical ears heard the testimony of his heavenly Father and his human eyes saw heaven open and the Spirit descending upon him! Now he knew that the time of his ministry must begin. He had taken the lowest place in coming to be baptized, and there he had received the Father's witness to him. And what a moment for John the Baptist! It had been revealed to him when he was first sent to baptize with water: "Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending and abiding upon him, the same is he that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." (John 1: 33). All through his ministry, John's eyes had been looking out for the Messiah; he knew that he was in existence, that one day he should see him. All the years in the desert were a preparation for that moment; he existed to bear witness to God's Christ; he was born for no other purpose; and now he was sure that this was he! His ministry was nearly fulfilled; he had now only to bear witness to him, and then his life work would be completed! It was a tremendous moment for the Son of Man; it was a tremendous moment for this faithful forerunner. Jesus knew, and John knew, that the ministry of the Messiah had begun. There have been some

Intense Moments

in the history of the world, and each of them has concerned the Son of Man. There is another intense moment, perhaps very near

at hand: it is the moment when Jesus will appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for him unto salvation. The preparation of the Lord's return is exercising many hearts: like the ministry of John the Baptist, it has nothing to do with externals in churches or in politics; it deals with the hearts of men. When the day dawns, the day of his coming, the Daystar arises "in our hearts." As the fear of the Lord, justice, righteousness among men, formed the preparation for his first coming, so the study of the word, and the learning Christ and Christlikeness of heart and life, and the yielding to the Spirit who seeks to conform us to the image of God's Son, forms the true preparation for his second coming. He comes to seek his Bride, but his wife must have made herself ready, and the fine linen in which she is arrayed is "the righteousness of the saints;" it is the holy lives, Christlike lives, which hasten the Lord's return. John recognized Jesus by the witness of the Father from heaven; those who like John are intent on the true preparation for the coming of our Lord, will not be taken unawares, they will know him when he comes: "Ye are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



THE PLACE OF BAPTISM.

Judea, proclaiming, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The message was startling to the Jews of that day. They were under the dominion of Rome, but they were restive and unsubdued. In their past history they had been conquered again and again, but their God had always delivered them by the hand of some man specially raised up and commissioned for the purpose. A deliverer was needed at that time, and some thought he would be the long-expected Messiah. At this juncture the people in Jerusalem heard that some man was preaching in the wilderness which stretched between the city and the Jordan. Although connected through his father with the priestly class, he was no priest, and the Pharisees, the religious leaders of the day, sent a deputation to hear him and find out what authority he had to preach. Many people had gone already, and they had been so deeply affected as to submit themselves to baptism, a rite not included in the Temple ritual. It was a strange, weird figure that the deputation saw. A man whose home was the wilderness, his food such as he could find there, his dress not a priestly robe, but merely a camel's hair garment, with a leather girdle. A fanatic, they doubtless thought him, as the people of our day would have called him. He put aside all their questions as to his credentials, and even his individuality, declaring that he was only "a voice." His commission like that of the ancient prophets was to deliver a message. God needed that the people should hear a word from him and this man was the voice pronouncing it. The answer was perplexing and unsatisfactory, but we may suppose the deputation carried it back to those who sent them. Meanwhile the crowds of listeners increased. The kingdom of heaven was at hand; the Jews would understand the phrase to mean the rule of God, that God was about to resume his place at the head of the nation. Preparation for such an advent was necessary and John defined it. Repentance was the first duty. To each class he prescribed the duty of the class. The tax-gatherer was to cease extortion, the soldier was to cease unlawful violence, every man was to be generous and compassionate. The people heard and heeded and in token of their resolve to reform underwent the rite of baptism. But as John told them, all this was only preparatory. Reformation was merely to be the prelude to a deeper work. One was coming who would be more thorough and

would lay the axe to the very root of the tree. To John in the wilderness Jesus came for baptism and John protested. Whether he had any previous acquaintance with him we are not told, but John said he did not know him as the Messiah until he saw the descent of the dove, which, as he had been informed, would be the sign by which he might recognize the Lord. He yielded to the request of Jesus and the token was witnessed. His work was done and he decreased as the new Teacher increased.

The Spirit like a dove. John had spoken of Jesus as a mightier than he, baptizing with the Holy Ghost and with fire; but when he saw the Spirit descending it was like a dove, the gentlest of God's creatures. Julius Hare compares it to the sunlight. He says: Oftentimes, when walking in a wood near sunset, though the sun itself be hid by the height and bushiness of the trees around, yet we know that he is still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us, illumining a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence. Thus it is with the Holy Spirit, he works in secret, but his work is manifest in the lives of all true Christians. Lamps, so heavenly, must have been lit from on high.

One mightier than I. It would be deeply interesting to learn what John's conception of Christ was. He had stirred the hearts of the people by his denunciation of the sins of society and all Judea was moved. What did he think one mightier than he would do? The Jews, too, were hoping for a mighty deliverer, and they refused to recognize him in Christ, yet to-day Christ's dominion is wider and greater than John or the Jews ever dreamed of. The gentle influence has done more than force ever could. Workmen in stone quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then, with great sledge-hammers, drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet once in a while, they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledges prove useless. But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges of a very hard fibre, are selected. The sharp well-made wooden wedges are inserted in the grooves tightly and water is kept in the grooves. The workmen just let the wet wedges alone. The damp wood swells; the particles must have room to enlarge, and the granite hearts of the rocks cannot withstand this silent influence. In a little while the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the work is done. The wood accomplished silently what the iron wedges and the heavy blows failed to do.

Confessing their sins. This must be done to God. He alone can give pardon. The confession must be accompanied by real sorrow, and all the greater sorrow on account of the free forgiveness promised. A right-minded child whose father forgives his wrong-doing, is all the more sorry on account of having sinned against so kind a father. But the sorrow must be real, not lip sorrow only. It is related that in an Italian church, under the influence of a powerful sermon, many professed repentance. The preacher asked every one who was really penitent and meant to quit his sin, to hold up his right hand. Hands went up all over the building. Then the preacher said, "O, mighty Gabriel, angel of God, cut off every hand that has been held up hypocritically." Instantly every hand dropped. The ruse showed that there was none of the true repentance which includes reformation.

Baptize you with the Holy Ghost. The baptism of the Holy Spirit brings power for the salvation of souls as it did with the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. Mr. Moody says: There was an old deacon in a city in Michigan who was connected with a church in which there had been no conversion for sixteen years. He came to his death-bed and felt that he could not die in peace. He sent for the minister, but he had been too long accustomed to the darkness to be easily awakened. Failing with all the male members of the church, he sent for the ladies and pleaded with them to pray for a revival. They prayed, and in a little while the whole church was moved. I received a dispatch from the minister. On my arrival he took me into a room filled with these ladies praying that the Lord would reveal his power. I felt, as soon as I entered, that God was there. The next night the power came, and in forty-eight hours there was scarcely a young man or young woman who was not either converted to God, or anxious to be saved.

Greeting From Mr. Moody.

The Great Evangelist's Heart Touched by the Gifts of God's People—The Fund Growing Apace and Interest in the Gospel Crusade Spreading Daily.

EVIDENCES are multiplying on every hand which show that the appeal of Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, through the medium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has set thousands of hearts on fire with zeal for the new Gospel crusade. His letter, which we publish to-day, expresses in a few simple, direct sentences, the gratitude he feels for this widespread co-operation, and it also gives utterance to the conviction, which will find echo in the hearts of believers everywhere, that the work is one of God and that a blessing will surely result to all who aid it in the right spirit.

There is not to be found anywhere, at the present time, a grander or more deserving work than this effort on the part of the Lord's people to so extend the facilities of the Bible Institute that it shall be able to train, equip and send forth in the near future a great army of home mission workers, to reach the thirty millions of churchless men, women and children in America. Our Master, himself, gave us the key to this very situation: "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." And if those Christians who have read the Moody appeal will respond to the extent of their ability, the army will be supplied and the battle waged successfully. When the hands of Moses were heavy, Aaron and Hur stayed by him and upheld his hands, so that Israel prevailed against Amalek. If the children of the Master unite in holding up the hands of this trusted and honored servant, who has devoted his life and energies to the cause, the battle for souls will be won and under Divine guiding, many thousands of those who are now out of Christ may be redeemed and brought into the Gospel fold.

Daily Work at the Institute.

As many of our readers inquire regarding the nature of the training at the Bible Institute, we give in outline, a sketch of the routine daily work of the average student: On Monday, which is "rest day," the work is arranged for the entire week, affording ample time and opportunity for necessary special preparation. As an illustration of such assignment of a week's work for the individual students, we take the case of a young woman, who has the following programme: "Tuesday" afternoon, conduct a children's meeting on Larrabee street. Wednesday evening, attend a Gospel meeting at Institute Hall. Thursday afternoon, street visitation. Friday evening, cottage meeting on the street. Saturday evening, home prayer-meeting." This programme, of course, takes no account of the regular daily Bible and music studies of the Institute.

In view of the fact that the young women of the Institute take their part in street work, house-to-house visitation, conducting services in police stations, halls, tents, and homes, coming in daily contact with the rough side of life, the anxious question has sometimes been asked: What is the effect of all this training upon them? Does it not make them bold, coarse, rude, unwomanly? The answer is: It seems to work just the other way. The atmosphere in which this Institute life and activity unfold themselves is too pure and vital for such evil germs to develop. There is there no encouragement for anything to grow save that which is true and pure and of good report. It is the custom to assign the section of some street to an individual student; but two usually go together in the work of visitation. Many a woman is found by these visitors hidden away in the midst of household cares, neglecting church and losing all care for better things. Such visits are greatly blessed. These mothers in the midst of their cares are encouraged to come to the Wednesday mothers' meeting. They can bring all their little ones, as these are cared for in the kindergarten room. There the weary mothers have a restful hour, and their souls are awakened to their deepest spiritual needs. Then they come to the Sunday afternoon Bible class, the little ones being taken to the primary department in adjoining rooms. They will then be inclined to attend the Sunday evening service of the church, and perhaps their husbands will join them. Then follows the Sunday morning service, and during all this the street visitor is doing her precious work in the home, and arranging to open a cottage meeting, it may be. Finally, we see

these mothers enter the fold of the church. This is the history of many a woman who to-day says from a full heart: "I do not know where I should have been but for the Institute workers."

House to House Visitation.

All the students attend the classes for Bible study in the morning. Afternoon and evenings are devoted to practical work. Those who are out in the afternoon are expected to spend the evening in study, and evening workers have had the afternoon unbroken for the same purpose. Afternoon work consists of house-to-house visitation, conducting children's meetings, women's meetings, and calls for Sunday School classes. Evening work is mainly devoted to Gospel meetings and cottage meetings.

The meeting for women, on Wednesday afternoon, is made up from women gathered from house visitation, with the workers on those streets, who are there to welcome

people of America have come to the rescue, however, there is a promise of a glorious future when every available worker can be thoroughly trained and qualified as only Mr. Moody can train them, and sent out to win souls for the Master.

Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should have a share in this blessed work. Each gift, no matter how small, will help to educate and equip these messengers of love and mercy, and even the smallest offering may ultimately become the means of bringing some poor wandering sinner back to the path that leads to happiness and heaven.

Gifts Sent With Prayer.

A reader in Vineland, N. J., (\$5), writes: "This was a present to me from a very dear friend, who has more means than I have, although an old man, like myself. I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and am obliged to live very economically; but there is a Scripture which says: 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and that withholdeth, but it tendeth to poverty.' Knowing the object and the man so well, to whom it is going, as well as for the good

cessful," Mrs. B. Jeffers and Miss Annie Jeffers, Kalamazoo, Mich., (\$2). "It is sent in his name. May the Spirit of God rest on all who are engaged in this glorious work of bringing this world to a knowledge of the Saviour." A young reader at Hudson, Mass. (\$1), writes: "Please accept this contribution from a boy who hopes, with the help of the Lord, to go to the Bible Institute."

A most touching letter is that of Mrs. Eveline M. Dick, of South Boston, Mass., which accompanies a beautiful gift presented to the Moody Gospel Fund. She writes:

Reading about the good work that Mr. Moody is engaged in, and wishing to have a share, I send the "widow's mite." With this letter I send you, by express, a white-shelled bed-spread. There are 447 pieces in it—each piece of work in each shell, three or five minutes in the half-shells; all knit by my own hands. Please sell it and give the proceeds to Mr. Moody for his work. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

This beautiful gift, the product of several months' loving labor, is something that tells more eloquently than words how earnest and sincere is the desire of God's people for the success of the work committed to Mr. Moody's hands. It will be disposed of as the donor desires and the proceeds applied to the Gospel Fund. Our next issue will contain an illustration of a section of this beautiful gift, and all our readers will have an equal opportunity of securing the prize.

The following new contributions to the fund are acknowledged:

Previously Acknowledged	\$1109 55
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peebles	2 00
Friend, Morristown, N. J.	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Crawford	2 00
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Martha Wellock	2 00

East Northfield, Mass.,
July 16, 1894.

Dear Mr. Klopsch:-

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your check for one thousand dollars for the Bible Institute of Chicago. Permit me to thank you for your kindness in allowing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to become the vehicle for presenting to the public the claims of the Institute, and to thank your readers through you for their prompt and generous response to the appeal. To every one of your readers who has contributed to this fund, I wish to express my sincere gratitude. They are helping the Cause of Christ more than they know. The doors of the Institute are besieged by earnest, consecrated, intelligent men and women, who need only such training as is given in the Institute to become successful soul-winners. This money that comes through you enables us to receive some of them; but there are many others, still waiting. For them I appeal. Christ waits for their service, the world waits for their life-giving message. I long to send them forth properly equipped for their work. May I hope that you will continue to receive contributions for the purpose? And may God bless you and your noble journal and your generous readers.

D. L. Moody

A GRATEFUL AND ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM MR. MOODY.
(A Photographic Reproduction of the Original Letter.)

them and introduce them to others. Five police stations in the city of Chicago alone are in charge of the workers, who conduct a brief service of singing, exposition of Scripture, and prayer, once a week, before roll-call. This can be done in other cities also. The sailors are not forgotten in the ministrations of the Institute. Hospitals also have their welcome visitors.

The training of the students is by no means limited to the Bible study or the practical Christian work, though these are large elements in it. The development of a symmetrical Christian character, the "coming behind in no gift," is the aim before those in charge for each student.

Developing Christian Character.

Many a student has come to the Institute young and immature, with crude ideas of Christian service, and little knowledge of the possibilities wrapped up in each redeemed soul, who, under the influence thrown around him, has gone out to fill a place of wide influence and large opportunities, and to fill it well. Hundreds of consecrated young men and women are now on the applicants' list, but the Institute has been unable to receive them, and its usefulness has been greatly impeded for lack of means. Now that the Christian

work of our common Master, I can only wish I might be able to increase the amount a hundred-fold." "May God open the hearts of his people," writes Sarah E. Coover, Pittsburg, Pa., (\$1). "I am greatly indebted for the lasting good I received during Mr. Moody's evangelistic services given in this city," writes "A Methodist Sister," Philadelphia, (\$3). "This dollar, with others, will help in the education of one worker for Christ," is the language of A. C. M., Cochranville, Pa., (\$1). C. Z. D., Elmore, Minn., (\$1), writes: "I have to earn my money at the loom; but as long as the blessed Jesus will send me work and give me strength to work, I will help the needy all I can." "I am glad to be a helper, though it must be in a small way as I am poor," writes a lady at Lebanon, N. H., (\$2). "Our prayer is that it may be like bread cast upon the water," write Mr. and Mrs. R. Peebles, West Point, Ia. (\$2), "and that it may increase a thousand-fold." A friend in Morristown, N. J. (\$1), writes: "What an excellent work Mr. Moody is engaged in! Truly the stars will be many in his crown." "God bless you and Mr. Moody," writes Geo. E. Batchelder of Lynnfield Centre, Mass., (\$5). "I pray that this grand effort to reach the masses may prove highly suc-

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

To be With Tidings
EDITOR.

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Bible House, New York City

WAR AND ARBITRATION.

MOST wars do not pay. A poor way to make up for the destroyed lives of five or six men would be to kill 5,000 men. A poor way to pay for a few thousand damages would be to destroy property worth millions of dollars. What cannot be settled by pen cannot be settled by sword. It is so long now since the Christmas star twinkled through the Bethlehem sky that the world is becoming opposed to bloodshed. Men die too fast by grip, by consumption, by pneumonia, by railroad smashups, by boiler explosions, to make any wholesale murder by battle desirable. Arbitration has already done the work which in earlier days would have been attempted by cannonade. The fishery dispute between Canada and the United States and the Behring sea difference, if they had occurred seventy years ago, would have put our fathers in the sea with loaded musket and English man-of-war would have met American man-of-war on the high seas and their decks would have been slippery with the carnage.

War is a relic of barbarism, and civilization will yet have no more to do with it than with thumb screw and iron boots of torture and martyrs' stakes. The time is coming—it is not in your day and mine, then in the days afterward—when wandering in some museum of antiquities a child shall take hold of a sword and say, "Father, what was that for?" and the answer will be, "My child, that is what was called a sword in the barbaric ages." "What did they do with it?" the child will ask. "Cut people's heads off and thrust their bodies through and through," will answer the father. "Is it possible?" will say the child. "What are those round pieces of iron?" "Bullets," "What were they for?" "Well, those were shot out of guns to break human jaws and put out human eyes and make people go limping through life, while others were tumbled into graves, and the land was filled with widowhood and orphanage." Then the child will ask: "Were there any good people in those days?" "Oh, yes," will say the father. "Well, why didn't they stop it?" Then the father will say: "Oh, they couldn't stop it."

We are coming near the close of this nineteenth century. No doubt it has been the most enlightened and the most kindly of all the centuries, but what a record of bloodshed and financial expenditure! In two score years over \$12,000,000,000 spent in war, and 1,743,000 men killed in battle. And still we are building forts, and still Russia and Germany and England and France and Italy and the United States are talking about putting things on a war footing. How long, oh Lord, how long? May the God of peace take possession of all nations. Let us talk peace and write peace and sing

peace and pray peace until the last quarrel in all the earth shall be buried and the question how to save life instead of how to destroy it, how to bless instead of how to curse, shall employ all the ingenuity of the nations. Do you not really think that it is time the cavalry horse stopped eating out of the manger in which Christ was born?

A FLOWER IDYL.

I AM glad that while the Summer is garlanded with blossoms, the Autumn though of browner cheek, has its appropriate array, and that the dying year has its catalogue covered with golden-rod and chrysanthemums. But what you see of the flowers you must see quickly, for they will all soon be gone out of garden and field. Have you heard of the funeral of the flowers? It was on a long slope, which at one side dipped into the warm valleys and on the other side arose very high into the frosty air, so that on one boundary line lived cactus and orange blossom and camellia, and on the other resided balsam pine and Alpine strawberry, and all kinds of growths between, that the funeral of the flowers occurred. Living midway that steep slope of land there was a rose that in common parlance we call Giant of Battle. It was red and fiery, looking as if it had stood on fields of carnage where the blood dashed to the lip. It was a hero among flowers. Many of the grasses of the field worshipped it as a god, the mignonette burning incense beneath it, the marigold throwing its glittering coin of beauty before it, the mistletoe crawling at its feet. The fame of this Giant of Battle was world wide, and some said that its ancestors on the father's side had stood on the plains of Waterloo, and on its mother's side at Magenta, and drank themselves drunk on human gore. But children are not to blame for what their ancestors did, and this rose, called Giant of Battle, was universally adored.

But the giant got sick. Whether it was from the poisonous breath of the nightshade that had insolently kissed him or from grief at the loss of a damask rose that had first won his heart by her blushes and then died, we know not; but the Giant of Battle was passing rapidly away. There was great excitement up and down the slopes. A consultation of botanical physicians was called, and Dr. Eglantine came and thrust a tourn for a lancet into the giant's veins on the principle that he had too much blood and was apoplectic, and Dr. Balm of Gilead, attempted to heal the pain by poultices; but still the giant grew worse and worse. The primrose called in the evening to see how the dying hero was, and the morning glory stopped before breakfast to see if it could do any good. Every flower or grass that called had a prescription for him that would surely cure. Neighbor horse-sorrel suggested acids, and honeysuckle proposed sugars, and myrrh suggested bitters, and ladies' slipper, having taken off her shoes, said that all the patient wanted was more quiet about the room. But too much changing of medicine only made the giant more and more sick, and one afternoon, while sitting up in bed with the cup of honeysuckle to his lips, and with the fan of the south wind fluttering in his face, his head dropped and he died. As the breath went out of him a demetrius that had been overlooking the sad scene said: "What time is it?" and a cluster of four o'clocks answered, "A little past the middle of the afternoon." The next morning the funeral bells all rang; the Bluebells and the Canterbury bells and the Foxglove bells and the Harebells and all flowerdom came to the obsequies of the Giant of Battle. He was laid out on a trelis and on a catalogue such as dead monarch never had—of dahlia and phlox and magnolia and geranium and gladioli.

There was a great audience of flowers. Solemnity came down upon them. Even the Cockscrow stopped strutting and Larkspur ceased her fickleness and Snapdragon bowed gently and Snowdrop seemed to melt, and Bachelors' Button wished it had some one to express its grief to. The Passion Flower came in and threw herself

on the pale cheek of the giant with most ardent demonstrations of affection. Amaranth and Hydrangea and Daffodil and Spiderwort and Spirea, having come far through the night and dew, stood around with their eyes full of tears. The funeral services began. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley took part in them. The Star of Bethlehem sang a hymn to the tune of "Bonny Doon." A Forget-me-not said a few words of commemoration. Then Hearts-ease arose for the work of comfort and read the lesson of the day: "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." And all the bells, Foxglove bells and Bluebells and Canterbury bells and Harebells, prolonged the strain through all that day, tolling and tolling out: "No more! No more!" And thus ended the funeral of the flowers.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Reader: Who were the seven wise men of Greece?

Thales, the Milesian; Solon; Chiro, the Lacedæmonian; Pittacus of Lesbos; Cleobulus of Rhodes; Periander of Corinth; Bias of Priene, and Æsop, the Phrygian.

Kate M. Loomis, Binghamton, N. Y. I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the kindness of those who mailed me the verses "All of Thee." Replies came from Maine to Oregon, and from Canada to the Gulf States.

Earnest Reader, San Luis, Cal. Cannot a person who loves Christ and is sincerely trying to live a righteous life be a good Christian without being baptized or being a member of a church?

No one who loves Christ would wish to try the experiment. He would wish to obey Christ's command to confess him before men. (See Matt. 10: 32, 33.) The duty of a converted man to let it be known to the world that he is a Christian is imperative, and there is no way so appropriate as by baptism and church connection.

Constant Reader, Drakesboro, Ky. What is the meaning of there remaining no more sacrifice for sin? Heb. 10: 26?

That nothing further can be done for the persons referred to. That if they have heard the Gospel and yet continue to sin wilfully they cannot look for pardon. God has exhausted the treasures of his grace. Having given his Son to die to redeem the world, there is nothing that he can do more for their salvation.

A. Welbury, Oyster Bay, L. I. A friend of mine works in a machine repair shop; sometimes he has to work on Sunday, on a mail steamer or in a factory. Do you think it is right for him to work or not? If he does not work, he will lose his position.

We have repeatedly answered questions of this character by explaining that no Sunday labor is justifiable in God's sight, except such as can be properly regarded as a work of necessity or of mercy. It must rest with the individual conscience to decide whether the work is of that character. If not, the sooner it is exchanged for some other employment that does not involve a violation of the Lord's Day, the better.

Earnest Inquirer. 1. Is it possible that a man who cannot tell the time of his conversion has really been converted? 2. Is it a Christian's duty to confess and make restitution for a sin committed in his boyhood?

1. Yes; there are many who having been brought up in a Christian home and under Christian influences, cannot tell the time of their conversion, yet are true Christians. The change in their case has been gradual and not so likely to impress the memory as that which occurs in the case of men who have led an openly wicked life and have been converted. 2. Lapse of time makes no difference. If restitution can be made it should be done. Christ's observation respecting Zaccheus indicates his approval of that course (Luke 19: 8.)

Subscriber, Troy, Ill. 1. Is playing base-ball on Sunday sinful? 2. What does the Jewish Pass-over commemorate? 3. What authority do those who practise infant baptism claim for the rite?

1. No earnest Christian would be willing to spend the Lord's Day in such an amusement. The day is given for spiritual education and work for Christ. It is a small proportion of our time and no man can spend it in amusement with a clear conscience. 2. The passing of the Angel of Death over the houses in Goshen which had blood sprinkled on the lintel. (See Ex. 12: 13.) 3. Merely the authority of inference. The contention generally urged is that as the Apostles baptized the household when the head of it became a believer (Acts 16: 15, and Acts 18: 33), children were probably included.

A. H. Curtis, Richwood, O. When and by whom was the expression used in Matt. 7: 12, first called "The Golden Rule?"

The title "Golden Rule" as applied to the passage in question, is of comparatively modern date. There is no evidence in the writings of the early Church fathers to indicate that it was so designated in their time. It should not

be mistaken for the "golden maxim" of Confucius, which, while dealing with the same idea, is of purely negative application, viz.: "What you would not wish done to yourself, that do not to others." It breaks the selfish spirit of human philosophy, whereas the injunction of Christ is positive, embracing all the world.

Alva Smith, Reading, Pa. We have had a discussion here regarding the true origin of the American flag. Please give us the facts.

The American flag at Bunker Hill was red, with the motto: "Come if you Dare." Washington's flag, known as the "Great Union," bore the St. George and St. Andrew's crosses in a blue ground in one corner, with a field of alternate red and white stripes. On June 14, 1777, Congress ordered that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, with a union of thirteen white stars in a blue field. The first flag was made by Miss Betsey Ross of Philadelphia, who made the stars five-pointed instead of six-pointed as the Congress suggested. The flag was adopted Sept. 26 of the same year as the national ensign, and was first used by Commodore Paul Jones on his flagship, the brig "Ranger." Some contend that it was first unfurled to the breeze at the battle of Saratoga.

Amos S. Plaff, Ashtabula, O. Who wrote the Epistle of James? Was it James the Less, or James the Just, or were they two names for the same person?

There appears to be little doubt that the Epistle was written by James the Just, a man of singular purity of life, held in high repute even among the Jews for his blameless life and his close observance of the law. Scholars have long disputed as to his identity. Some believe him to have been the Apostle mentioned as the son of Alphaeus, while others believe him to have been that brother of our Lord to whom Matthew refers (13: 55.) If the latter is the correct theory he was not an apostle. A tradition exists that he was not even a believer during our Lord's life, but was converted by the evidence of the resurrection and that Paul's statement (1 Cor. 15: 7) refers to him. It is significant that, in the opening verse of the Epistle, the writer does not claim to be an Apostle as would have been likely in an Epistle of that character if the writer had possessed the apostolic authority.

J. S. Linden, Indianapolis, Ind. We are greatly pleased at the work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing in behalf of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. It is a work whose support ought to be a first tax on the liberality of every Christian man and woman among your readers. Is it true, as I have heard, that many of the graduates are Superintendents of Mission Schools and similar institutions here and abroad?

Graduates of the Bible Institute now hold positions as Superintendents of the Sailors' Institute, Montreal; Madison Square Church House, New York; Sunbeam Rescue Mission, Des Moines, Ia.; Peoples' Mission, New Brunswick, N. J.; Bacon Memorial Mission, Peoria, Ill.; Seamen's Bethel, Duluth, Minn.; Children's Mission, Buffalo; Institute of Industry, Boston; American Bible Society, Calcutta; Texas State Gospel Union; Pacific Gospel Union; Burnham Industrial Farm, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.; Helping Hand Mission, Detroit, Mich.; American Baptist Missionary Union, Rangoon, Burmah; also responsible positions in American Bible Society, American Tract Society, Bible Training Schools, Industrial Schools, and various Christian Associations, here and abroad. This is wholly independent of the list of former students now engaged in various capacities in missionary and evangelistic work, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few weeks ago.

R. E. P., New York. Is it harmful for a Christian to read books that represent other views than Christianity—even trying to disprove our religion? If we refuse to be called bigoted and narrow-minded, slaves to a religion that prohibits freedom of thought and opinion. So, if one's faith in God is strong, can he not investigate in order to better understand both sides and thus talk intelligently and with more influence to unbelievers?

While it might not be harmful for those who are firmly grounded in the faith to do so, it is wiser for Christians, as a rule, to let such publications severely alone. They are snares set by clever, unscrupulous men for the purpose of robbing simple Christian souls of their faith and they can offer nothing in return. Christianity is not without its champions who, like David before Goliath, are specially fitted to meet and overcome foes under whose spear the untrained soldier would inevitably fall. Our advice is to stand by what your conscience approves and avoid all infidel and sceptical publications as you would avoid a pestilence. If you wish to inform yourself fully as to the arguments for and against Christianity read "Hours with a Sceptic," published by American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.

Louisa Schatz, Warrensville, O. has a supply of Sunday School literature which she will send free to any needy Sunday School applying for it.—Dora F. Knapp, Glen Rock, Pa. The first is an old song, which was popular during the Civil War. Another unknown. The second we have no trace of.—J. E. Lester, Norwich, Conn. We publish verses strictly according to their merit.—S. G. N., North Branch, N. H. Please send your full name and address to S. H. Carrahan, College Place, Wash.—C. R. Burage, North Leominster, Mass. Yes, send them to Rev. George W. Sharp, Kirkville, Mo. thanks for kind remembrance. We do not know the doctor you mention.—W. McCormack, Leesburg, Fla. Yes; she is the wife of Rev. M. Baxter. We believe not.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A UNIQUE BRIDGE.

ONE of the most remarkable bridges in existence is that just completed over the Thames in the Eastern district of the English capital. It is a combination of the cantilever, suspension and bascule principles, is 2640 feet in length and cost six million dollars. Of late years the number of merchants and clerks who spend each day in work in the east of the city and their nights on the Surrey side of the river, has enormous increased and a bridge at that point, which would afford them a sure means of crossing the river at all times, had become a necessity. The problem was to provide such a bridge without impeding the passage up the river of ships with high masts. The engineers, Barry, Brunel and Horace Jones have succeeded in solving it by an ingenious device. Two towers, harmonizing in their architectural design with the Tower of London near by, have been erected, two hundred feet apart, in mid-stream. They are connected by a permanent covered roadway, on the cantilever principle. The base of the roadway is 140 feet above the water at high tide, so that at any time the tallest ships can pass under it. Access to the roadway is gained by a spiral staircase of 200 steps in each tower, or by two elevators capable of holding thirty persons each. The most interesting part of the bridge, however, is another roadway only thirty feet above high water, which also connects the towers. This operates on what is known as the bascule principle. It consists of two leaves, each a hundred feet long, which join in the centre when the bridge is closed. At each tower the end of the leaf rests on a pivot, which serves the purpose of a gigantic hinge. When it is necessary to open the bridge to allow a ship to pass through, each leaf is drawn up from the centre by hydraulic power, so that its outermost end describes a quarter of a circle from the centre of the river to the side of the tower, where it rises to a place near the base of the upper roadway. Although each leaf weighs 950 tons, the power required to raise it is not great, as there is a short but heavy extension of the leaf beyond the pivot, into the pier on which the tower is built, and the extension nearly balances the leaf. About a minute and a half is occupied in raising the bascules. Between the towers and the banks of the river the suspension principle is applied. Huge cables are stretched from the tops of the towers to anchorages on land and from them chains hang, which support roadways with a gentle gradient from the banks to the towers. The cost of the bridge has been defrayed by the city and no tolls are to be charged for crossing it. To the enormous number of people living in the densely populated districts near the bridge, who must cross the river daily, the new structure will be a great convenience and the fact of its being free will not detract from its usefulness. Men will not act about that as they act in spiritual matters. Although every one knows that his footsteps lead to the dark river of death and although the majority believe that on the other side there is a glorious city where there is rest and happiness for all who reach it, comparatively few avail themselves of the only means of safe crossing, through Him who said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." (John 14: 6).

Children Tied Together.

The immigration agents at Ellis Island, New York, were interested in the appearance of a family of Norwegian immigrants, who landed there on July 4. The husband and father went ahead with a load of clothing and personal belongings; his wife followed with a baby in her arms; and after

her came eight children, the eldest of whom was not twelve years old. This third detachment of the family was held together and connected with the mother by a clothes-line, which secured at one end around the mother's waist, passed around the waist of each child beginning at the youngest of the group and ending with the eldest. A similar arrangement is often made for the protection of mountain-climbers in Switzerland, but it is not often that it is seen in the streets of a city. It answered its purpose there, however, for the family left for its new home in the West, undivided. It may be hoped that a mother so careful of her children straying as to yoke them to keep them from being lost, knows of another means of yoking them, which is stronger than any external connection and which will continue to keep them safe when she can no longer be their guide. (Prov. 22: 6.)

His Life Saved by his Child.

A press dispatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says that on July 7, a miner living near

want him run over." The conductor sent a man to remove the drunken sleeper and the little heroine was made much of by the trainmen and passengers. Her father came along presently, thoroughly sobered by learning of his narrow escape. He and his little girl went away together and the train proceeded on its way. Doubtless the man loved his child before but he will love her more now that he owes his life to her. There is no way in which he could show his love so well as in leading a better life. That is what Christ expects of every one who through him has been saved from death eternal. (John 14: 21.)

Slain by Electricity.

An extraordinary fatality occurred in a millinery store on Broadway, New York, a few days ago. The porter of the establishment was killed by the electric current which operates the fan used in cooling the rooms. The porter a strong, healthy young man noticed that the fan was running badly for lack of oil, and taking up an oil-can he sprang on top of the steam radiator over which the fan is placed and without turning off the current, poured some oil into the receptacle on the axis nearest to him. He leaned over to fill the farther receptacle when his hand slipped and touched the electric brush. Instantly the whole current entered his body and he fell over dead. Usually the current that turns a fan would not be sufficient to kill, but in this case the fan was operated by a wire which supplies

the gauge. Thus, while the arrangement works properly, the lamp can never go out for want of oil although it never has more than enough for a night's consumption on hand. It is so with some of the human lights that God has lighted for the benefit of the world. Some of those which shine the brightest are conscious how little grace they have, but they are not fearful because they know that they have access to a boundless supply "wherein they stand." (Romans 5: 2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The University of Chicago is to be congratulated on the successful completion, before July 1, of the effort to raise \$1,000,000 for the general equipment and improvement of the institution.

The Report of the Mission to Lepers States that in India alone there are 100,000 lepers; in Japan, 200,000; and in China, probably 300,000! Cheering results have followed the spiritual ministry carried on in its numerous hospitals.

News has been received at Shanghai, China, that the tumult in Corea has been renewed, and that in the last outbreak several Christians were killed. French missionaries are now menaced, and a gunboat has been sent to the point nearest them to protect them.

Dr. George W. Chamberlain of Bahai, Brazil, reporting to the American Bible Society, says that among the twenty-five converts whom he received into fellowship last year ten had been secret readers of the Bible for years but had never seen or heard a preacher until within a few months of their making profession of faith.

Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, has received word from Uganda, Central Africa, that there is an opportunity for lady missionaries to do work there as a number of the daughters of the late King M'Tesa have joined the mission, and there is a strong desire among the women for the Bible and Christian instruction.

The Union Meetings at LaCrosse, Wis., conducted by Dr. J.W. Chapman resulted in a large accession to the churches. Over 1200 cards were signed by persons desiring to lead a Christian life. Two meetings were held simultaneously in different parts of the city and the attendance often reached an aggregate of six thousand persons.

M. Kyrtas, the Agent in Albania of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is dead. He was captured last year by brigands in the district of Ochrida, was carried to the mountains and there held a prisoner for six months until his friends ransomed him. His privations and hardships during his imprisonment undermined his health so seriously, that he died a few weeks after his release.

The Twelfth Baptist Congress is to be held at Detroit, Mich., Nov. 13-15, 1894. Among those who have been engaged to contribute papers or take part in the discussions are Drs. A. H. Newman, of Toronto; Lansing Burrows, of Georgia; A. S. Holart, of Vaucluse, N. Y.; President Andrews, of Brown University; Howard Osgood, of Rochester; President W.R. Harper, H. M. Sanders and Z. Grenell.

A Cowardly Assault on Two American lady missionaries is reported from Honan, China. Miss Bremner and Miss Halverstone, of the Presbyterian Mission at Canton, while helping a sick Chinaman whom they found lying helpless by the wayside, were set upon by a mob and severely beaten and stabbed. The mob accused them of poisoning the Chinaman. It is feared that Miss Halverstone will die.

The Gazette of Pittston, Pa.,

says of the services in the tent conducted by Evangelist E. W. Bliss: "The outfit is an excellent one for this work, and the marked success of the opening meetings under canvas proved the wisdom of the arrangement. It cannot but be productive of great good during the heated term." The opening meetings attracted an enormous audience.

Mrs. M. Baxter Sailed from Vancouver on July 16, for Japan, whence she hopes to proceed after a three weeks stay to Shanghai, China. She will return to England by way of India, after visiting the missionary stations occupied by men and women sent out from the Bethshan Training Institute. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, has cordially invited her to visit the stations of the China Inland Mission.

The Mayors of Aberdeen and Watertown, in South Dakota, issued a request to the churches that prayers be offered for rain as the harvest was in danger. The churches complied and public meetings were held besides. Following this the whole State was visited with copious showers. Unbelievers call it a coincidence but the Christians of the State are thanking God for answering their prayers.

The Managers of the American Bible Society at their recent meeting made grants of Bibles to the value of three hundred dollars to the Zulu Mission of the American Board, and consignments to the Society's Agencies in Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, and Central America. Funds were also appropriated to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for Bible work in Germany and Switzerland, to the amount of \$9,800.

A Remarkable Utterance by the Famous Ethical teacher, Felix Adler, is quoted by the *Congregationalist*. He is reported as saying: "I am, as you know, a Jew. For more than eighteen centuries my race has been shut out from its own. Even the name of Jesus was not mentioned among us. After these eighteen centuries I, and others like myself, emerging from this isolation, come face to face with one who was ours, of whom, strangely enough, we have been bereaved, of whose deep influence we have not felt the benefits. I hardly know whether you who have been nurtured under Christian influence, who have breathed the atmosphere of Jesus' thought since your childhood, can put yourself entirely into the place of one who comes to him as a new-comer, and is amazed and rapt at what he finds."



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES NEAR THE TOWER OF LONDON.

that city was saved from being crushed under the wheels of a train by the presence of mind and prompt action of his daughter, a child only eight years old. The man had been drinking and had fallen asleep across the track of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which runs past his home. His little daughter, who was out looking for her father, found him there and tried to arouse him but he was stupefied with drink and would not be disturbed. As the little girl bent over him she heard the whirr on the rail that indicates the approach of a distant train. She had seen the train pass her home every morning and knew what it meant for her father. She pulled frantically at his coat calling to him with tears and sobs that the train was coming and he would be killed, but the man heeded not. The child was almost frenzied with distress, for the noise of the coming train was growing clear. A red bandanna handkerchief projecting from her father's pocket gave her a suggestion. She had seen trainmen stop a train by waving a red flag. She seized the handkerchief, and holding it above her head ran down the track as fast as her little feet could carry her. Fortunately there is a sharp curve just beyond the place where the man lay and the engineer had slowed down, to turn it when he saw the child running to meet the train, waving her signal. He applied his brakes sharply and brought the train to a standstill. "Please," said the child, "my papa is asleep on the track up yonder and I did n't

the arc lights of the building and carries a thousand volts. Even this would not have caused his death had he not been standing on the iron radiator, the pipes from which run into the earth in the basement, thus completing an electrical circuit. It was a deadly combination of causes that caused the man to lose his life and it is often so that the soul is lost. An "Innocent game" or a "harmless amusement" may work disastrous results to one who, by mental or physical temperament or inherited propensity is in a position to receive fatal injury from that particular temptation. (Rom. 14: 13-15.)

An Automatic Light.

A scientific journal describes an arrangement adopted for reducing the work in light-houses. The lamp is of the ordinary kind, burning mineral oil. Its wick, however, is three times the usual thickness and it is surrounded with a cake of a secret chemical composition, in which the chief ingredient is carbonized tar. This cake has the property of cleansing the wick and eating away the burned edge. The reservoir containing the oil is of the ordinary dimensions, holding about sufficient to keep the lamp burning for one night; but it is fitted with a gauge which automatically opens a valve when the oil gets low. The valve is attached to a pipe leading to a large reservoir of oil at a distance, and when the valve is opened the oil flows in until it is again closed automatically by the rising of



On the House-Top.

Our Traveler Relates the Story of a Visit to a Charming Eastern Home—A Pretty Domestic Picture.



A WATER-CARRIER.

THE roof we gain by means of a succession of narrow stone stairways built upon the outside of the house. At the head of the last flight the host meets us, having heard our voices. A handsome, well-made man, in European costume except for the red turban which proclaims him a Turkish subject, he smiles genially at our approach. "You are welcome," he assures us in excellent English. "I am sorry my wife is not at home, but she will return soon. Will you walk in?"

"Presently," we reply. For a moment we must get our breath and look about us at the odd, charming place to which we have climbed, and fill our lungs with the delicious air, the sweetest we have tasted in Jerusalem. It pours in upon the enclosed house-top through geometrical patterns of short tiles set horizontally in mortar upon a stone wall six feet high. In the middle of the area, blocks of stone are built into a square platform with sloping sides, and this is surmounted by a box filled with earth. Flowers glow luxuriantly without; pots of flowering plants and vines stand against the sunniest side of the little courtyard and crowd a graded wooden frame up to the top of the wall. It is the bonniest nook our eyes have lighted upon since we left Beirut gardens, and we say it in frank admiration. Gratified by our appreciation of the advantages of his dwelling-place, the host enlarges further upon these.

"We are raised so high above the level of the city that we get no dust, no fog, no bad smells, no noise. And the view—ah! that you shall see when we go into the room. Here it is only to be had in bits, by peeping through these holes. You see this is one of the oldest houses in Jerusalem—very old and solid. The walls are thick, as you have noticed. It must be hundreds—yes, hundreds of years old. At that time the Moslems had entire possession of the city, and built their houses to please themselves. Their wives must have air and sunshine, and being women—and human beings—smilingly—they would not be contented without seeing something of the world. So, they made these walls high, that they should not look over, and that nobody could look in at them, and exchange signals, you know, but with peep-holes out of which the women could see what was going on outside."

"What does your wife say to this sort of prison?"

"She does not mind. It makes the place more private; in fact, gives us a pleasant sitting-room when the sun is not too hot. And on moonlight evenings when the weather is mild and the flowers in bloom, a man cannot wish for a nicer place for smoking his cigarette with his wife by his side and maybe, friends dropping in to help us enjoy it."

"You do not hide your wife away then behind curtains and lattices after the fashion of some of your countrymen?"

"I trust my wife!" drawing himself up unconsciously, yet with a good-humored laugh. "We of the Greek Church have generally more liberal views on some subjects than Moslems. Ali!"

We have heard nothing except the soft rush of the breeze through the "peep-holes" and the light rustle of the vine-leaves against the wall, but he turns expectantly toward the staircase.

Something white rises into sight in the doorway giving upon the flight, and a little woman enveloped from head to foot in an izzar, trips forward upon the stone floor, pauses abruptly at perceiving us, and raising the blue mendeel from her face, stands hesitatingly, holding nervously to the edges of the white mantle which is usually cast off the instant the wearer finds herself within-doors.

"My wife, madam! my wife, sir!" utters the proud husband. She kisses my hand, lays hers timidly into that extended by the masculine visitor, and looks in mute appeal to her mentor.

"She understands English when it is spoken to her, but she will not try to speak it herself," he says, indulgently. "She would say that she does not comprehend it, but I know better, and I am sure, too, that she could speak it, if she were not afraid to attempt it. She is what you call diffident."

At a word in Arabic, the little woman motions us to enter her dwelling, stands aside until her husband has passed in after us, slips off a pair of low shoes, with coquettish rosettes upon the instep, at the threshold, and follows us in her stocking-feet. They are pretty feet, we notice, and clad in scarlet stockings, and she looks very small for the loss of her slipper-heels.

"Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

We comprehend it all with one glance around the "little chamber." How the prophet might gain the retreat thus prepared for him without entering any other part of the house, and without speaking to any of the family. How welcome, too, was the absolute quiet of the exclusion thus offered the toot-weary, nerve-tired man of God.

The room is of fair dimensions and massive in construction, with a groined roof. The windows are deeply embrasured, and from one end projects an alcoved casement, raised two feet or more from the floor, and cushioned with red chintz, as is the conventional divan running around two sides of the apartment. Before we sit down we are invited to look at the view, and for this purpose we are told to step, although we protest, into the cushioned alcove. It hangs upon the outer wall, as we now perceive, and overlooks, beyond the nearer jumble of tiled roofs and chimneys, the Mosque of Omar, about which we can trace from this

altitude the boundaries of the Temple Area. A sudden dip outside the city walls means the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and then arises the Mount that is called Olivet, with the church and campanile upon its level brow. Scopus joins it on our left. If the Jew householder of A. D. 70 built as high as his Moslem successor, what an observatory would this have been from which to mark the manoeuvres of the investing Romans! The free air sweeps gladly by us, the tranquil blue of the Syrian sky falls, an untroubled canopy, behind farther and bare hills. Titus levelled all the trees about the city, and Palestine has never stood firmly enough and long enough upon her feet since to clothe her desolate places with forests.

The floor of the house-top chamber is covered with Damascus rugs, and besides the divan, there are several light chairs; cupboards are numerous, and hidden by curtains. One is exposed because it is filled with books.

There are little stands here and there, and bits of bric-a-brac, for the master of the quaint abode is a popular dragoman and has traveled much. The wife, black-eyed and "sonsie," wears a blue cloth bodice and skirt, a gold chain and an embroidered "mendeel," and a bouquet of living flowers is pinned to the bodice. She is as neat and bright as her home, and steps noiselessly about making ready for our entertainment. A stand, bearing small glass



"AN ODD, CHARMING PLACE."

From a Photograph by Marion Harland.

went into the streets. So they fell into Moslem fashions in this and other things, and even now must wear the 'izzar' and the 'mendeel' in public."

The little wife still chats with the neighbor, the Syrian sunshine bringing out the gleam of every link of the gold chain, and blazing back from the broad golden bands upon her wrists. She looks so prosperous and happy that the question follows naturally upon our glance at the fair picture:

"How long have you been married?"

"Nine years."

"Is it possible!" for the wife does not look to be twenty. "She must have been a mere child at the time?"

"She was sixteen. But"—a half-embarrassed laugh—"I made up my mind that she should be my wife the first moment I set eyes on her—a girl of thirteen, and just home from school."

This is promising—and refreshing in a country where marriage is a synonym for batter and sale.

"Ah! love at first sight?"

He looks doubtful.

"As to that, madame, we do not think so much of love here as you do in your country. It is more a matter of business."

To prove the assertion he narrates how, having arrived late at night at his sister's house after a protracted tour with a party of English people, he had slept late, and awaking at noon, espied through the window a young girl passing back and forth to a well in the court-yard. How, after watching her for an hour or so, he had arisen, and breakfasted, and while at breakfast, asked his sister the name of the stranger.

"This was one o'clock in the day. By six that evening my sister had made application to the girl's parents for their daughter in my name."

The father insisted upon a truce of three months, and the lover waited, voluntarily, six, before renewing his suit.

"I told him that my mind had not changed; that it would never change, but that if he said 'Wait six years,' instead of six months, six years it should be. I was given leave to visit at the house twice a week, and talk with her father and mother."

"Not with her?"

"O, for that matter, customs have altered with us since the times when a woman was not allowed to look at her betrothed until she was his wife. When I went in, she did not run out of the room, as was the rule in her mother's young days. I would say 'Good evening,' and she answered 'Good evening,' when I went in and 'Good night,' when I went away. And now and then I pretended to be thirsty that I might ask her to get me a glass of water,"—a little shame-faced at the confession. "Further than this we never spoke together. It was three years after I first saw her before we were married. No! I had never seen her alone for one minute. I respected her too much to get her talked about. As it was, many thought our behavior very strange—quite a new fashion. They said it happened through my knowing so many Europeans."



"MY WIFE," SAID THE HUSBAND, PROUDLY.

From a photograph by Marion Harland.

outside in the elevated courtyard, talking with a neighbor who has called on a matter of housewifely business, when we draw from her husband the idyl of the house-top. It comes about through our comment upon the circumstances that the "izzar"—a cumbrons and not becoming garment, being, as I think I have always said, merely a square sheet draped and tucked, and banded about the figure—is worn by women of all nationalities and religions in most cities of Northern and Southern Syria. It is a Moslem custom, we opine, and marvel at the adoption of it by Christians.

"It happened in this way, you see," is the next step to the story we have set our hearts upon getting. "Many, many years ago, when, as I told you, the Christians—Greeks and Roman Catholics alike—were accounted as nothing by their masters, I have heard my father say that in his boy-

The wedding, too, caused great talk. Up to that time everybody was married at night, and it was the custom with us Greeks for the bride to stand just inside the door to receive the guests and to hold out her hand for whatever money, or other present had been brought to her. I said:

"My wife shall not play the beggar, and we will be married at noon and invite whoever will to come in the afternoon and wish us well, and have some refreshment, then go quietly away. There will be no drinking and feasting and singing and dancing all night and all day, such as is the custom with others, for maybe two or three days together. And so it was. And many have followed our example. The Patriarch of Jerusalem has expressed himself as greatly in favor of the new order of things."

"You served for her three years and six months, half as long as Jacob for Rachel," I remark, a little mischievously, as the wife, again leaving her sandals at the door, comes in to stand behind her husband's chair, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Yet you do not think so much of her as we do, you would have us believe? And you told us just now, that it would be accounted shameful for a woman to allow herself to love a man before she is married. I call yours a love match, out-and-out, on your part, and I more than half suspect, on your wife's also. Don't you believe she had learned to love a little in all those years of patient waiting?"

His hand steals up to that resting on his shoulder; leaning back to look in her face, he repeats the query in English—not Arabic—adding, merrily—"I believe it, myself!"

The dark, piquante face glows red as a Georgian peach; the plump hand falls smartly upon his cheek; the black eyes are full of confusion and conscious laughter:—"No! no!" she cries, unguardedly. "Never! never! not one bit!"

The hero of the idyl of the house-top flashes a triumphant glance at us:—"Didn't I tell you she understands English, and could speak it if she would?"

MARION HARLAND.

A LION IN A MISSION.

A PANIC was caused lately in the station of the American Board at Sakanjimbé, West Central Africa, by the visit of a lion. Rev. W. Lee writing from that station says: "Recently a lion paid our station a nocturnal visit. It evidently leaped over the fence of our ox-yard, and then stamped the cattle so that they broke a hole through the fence and rampaged around the station and finally off through the woods. As the ox-fence is from seven to eight feet high, and built of large logs set firmly in the ground, it must have been a grand leap the lion made, while the poor oxen must have been terribly frightened to have succeeded in breaking a hole in so strong a fence. I was first awakened by a great shouting and gun-firing by the natives of the nearest village. Such a shouting and uproar as they made I have not often heard."

"I quickly dressed, and taking my gun and lantern went out into our yard to ask the boys what was the trouble. I called and called for our boys, but in vain. Not a sound could I get from them for a long time. At last one of them summoned up courage to call out: 'It is a lion!' The poor boys! they were sleeping in little grass huts, which are a very poor protection from a lion, and they were afraid of attracting to themselves the attention of the animal if they answered me. They soon called out that there was a hole in the fence and all the oxen were gone. About this time the noise and excitement had somewhat quieted down, and we decided that we could do little or nothing in the dark, so retired to wait for daylight before hunting for the strayed cattle. What was our horror, in the morning, to find within about fifty yards of Mr. Woodside's house the remains of one of the oxen! All the inside of the body was completely eaten away! Just at the time we were running around to find out what was the matter, the lion was quietly enjoying his repast within a few yards of us! Later in the day we found another dead ox about one and a half miles from the station. This one had not been eaten, but the place showed plainly that the lion had lain down close beside it and had a nap. He was probably frightened off before his appetite returned. Toward evening all the rest of the cattle were found at a native village some miles off, safe and sound, but much excited."



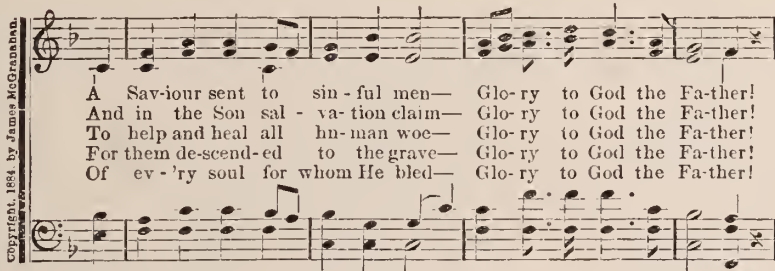
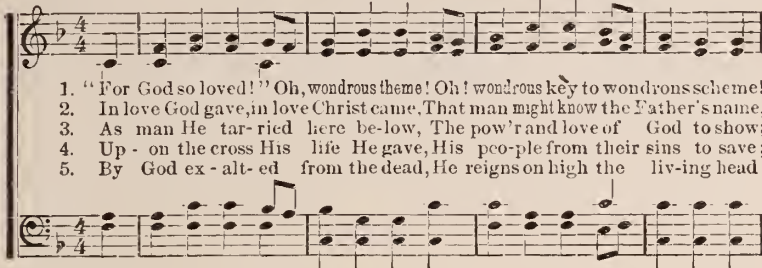
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Glory to God the Father.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. II.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No 5, by per. of the Publishers.

PEACE AND LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O, Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always
Beneath my feet; [spring
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.
I do not ask, O, Lord, that thou shouldst
Full radiance here; [shed
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord—till perfect Day shall
shine,
Through Peace to Light.

RESIGNATION.

L ORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by the door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?
Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

—RICHARD BAXTER.

THE COMING REGENERATION.

What the Scriptures Teach about the Characteristics of the Millennium.

BY REV. CHARLES K. IMBRIE, D.D.*

(Continued from page 457.)

THE seven facts already cited do not comprise all that we learn from the Scriptures of the character of the Millennium. We are told also:

8. That this Regeneration shall be attended by the national repentance and conversion of the Jewish people, their gathering to their own land, and their perpetual residence there, exalted as a people to be a blessing in all the earth. This, many passages already quoted, declare. (See Isaiah 61: 7-9; 60: 6-14.)

9. That in the "Regeneration," therefore, there will be living men in the flesh, distinct from the glorified saints who rule with Christ, and these men will be organized as nations. For so speaks Isaiah of the remnant who are escaped of the nations after the Lord's judgment of the ungodly. So John speaks of the nations of the earth (after the curse is gone) as walking in the light of the New Jerusalem.

10. That to bring about this blessed condition of things the Spirit shall be poured out in an unprecedented manner on all flesh. So the prophet Joel declares (ch. 2: 28-32) pointing, by his predicted signs to the end of this dispensation of the Spirit, and to the conversion of the Gentiles (that are spared) most probably by Jewish instrumentality, a pregnant prophecy that takes in the whole Messianic time, as one vast period, the beginning and end of which are foreshortened into one and the same picture. And so Isaiah intimates, as to the times of the new heavens and new earth (Isa. 66: 18-20). And so the Apostle James intimates (Acts 15: 15-18.)

11. That Satan, the arch-enemy, will be then bound so as to deceive the nations no more until the thousand years are past. So the Apostle John declares explicitly (Rev. 20: 1-7).

12. That then all the nations shall be holy. So Isaiah says to Israel: "All thy children shall be taught of God." "None shall say to another, know the Lord, for all shall know him." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." "All nations shall come and worship before Thee" (Isa. 54: 13; Jer. 31: 34; Isa. 11: 9; Rev. 15: 4).

13. That the race, on earth then made holy, will continue on the earth in perpetual generations. For so Psalm 72 intimates, as already quoted (vers. 5, 7, 8, 17). So Psalm 145: 13 testifies that the Lord's kingdom continues, as an everlasting kingdom (Heb. kingdom of the ages) "throughout all generations." And thus generations continue as long as the kingdom continues. So Daniel also declares (chap. 7: 13, 14, 18, 27) that Christ's kingdom on earth is to be a kingdom wherein "all peoples, nations and languages shall serve him," and that this kingdom embracing all nations and languages, "shall not pass away nor be destroyed forever."

14. That the curse shall be removed from the earth itself, and inanimate creation will participate in the joys of the "sons of God." So testify the prophets. The waste places are to be made like Eden, and the deserts like the garden of Lord (Ez. 34: 27; 36: 11, 29, 30, 34-36; Isa. 51: 3; Ps. 67: 4-6). And so the Apostle Paul represents the case in his account of the Palingenesia, toward which the creature, "made subject to vanity for man's sake," looks forward with ardent expectation waiting for the redemption Rom. 8: 18-23).

Thus the Regeneration will be a blessed change affecting the whole earth and the race living upon it. The long winter has indeed stripped off the foliage and made it for a long time look like waste and barren. But the reviving spring is soon to come and bring forth a "summer" of glory forever. The race, as a race, is redeemed, and sees at length all nations of the earth walking with God. Christ's blood avails to the uttermost generation. "All thy children shall be taught of God and great shall be the peace of thy children." "From generation to generation they shall come up to Jerusalem to serve the Lord." "For all the ends of the world shall worship God." So testify Isaiah and all the prophets.

(To be Continued.)

* From an address delivered in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.



THE PERILS OF WEALTH.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 5. Mark 10: 23-31.

RICHES and poverty confronted each other in Palestine, in the time of Christ, as they do here in our time. Our Lord's parable of Dives and Lazarus implies that it was not uncommon to find near together a man who was clothed in fine linen and tared sumptuously every day, and a beggar full of sores. As he saw the two classes, the Saviour's heart was filled with compassion for the poor, but in the passage which forms the basis of the Topic, it is the rich for whom he expresses his pity. He had just parted from one to whom wealth was so precious that he could not part with it, even to obtain treasure in heaven and the companionship of the Master on earth. Jesus did not blame him; he was sorry for him, for he loved him. His next words are full of pity. The rich, he intimates, are pitiable, for it is harder for them to obtain true riches than it is for others. There was, in his estimate, only one thing in this life worth striving for, and the rich man was hampered in the struggle for it. He was like a camel trying to get through the low, narrow, postern gate of the city, which from its smallness had come to be known as the needle's eye. Our own observation confirms the Master's words. The possession of great wealth benumbs the higher faculties of the soul, and develops a spirit antagonistic to the law of God. The man who becomes rich is apt to become haughty, arrogant, conceited, self-sufficient, unsympathetic, proud and self-indulgent. His attitude toward God and toward men excludes him from blessing. Even God himself cannot help one who does not feel the need of his help. It is the humble, docile man who learns the truth and is helped thereby. He has everything and abounds in too well satisfied with things as they are to seek to learn truths which might embarrass him and enforce upon him disagreeable duties. Some have humbly tried to learn their duty and to do it, and have come to regard their wealth as a sacred trust to be administered under the eye of God, but the number is small, for as Christ intimated, this attitude is difficult of attainment. In his relations with men, the rich man is similarly embarrassed and by the same cause. The temptation to use the power that wealth gives for the advancement of his own interests is a strong one. He is in danger also of becoming intolerant. He realizes that in the one respect of money he is superior to others, and unconsciously he drifts into the opinion that he is superior to them in all other respects. Beseated with these dangers, it is not surprising that Christ said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A NEW ENGLAND Y. M. C. A.

On this page is a picture of the new building designed for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association of Melrose, Mass. The Association is only two years old, but it has grown in membership and usefulness with so extraordinary a rapidity that a new

building of its own has become a necessity. A suitable lot has been purchased and the architects have made plans for the edifice, from one of which our illustration is taken. As it will be in some respects a model building, a description of its arrangements may be of value to other Associations. Its dimensions are seventy feet frontage with a depth of one hundred feet, fifty feet of which will be given to the gymnasium. The building is to be of brick with stone facings. The ground floor will be occupied by a bank on one side of the entrance and two stores on the other. On the next floor is the Secretary's Office, the Library and the Reading

the Saengerfest Hall and in the tent. In the course of the address, which was largely devoted to an appeal for increased contributions to missionary and other evangelical work, and to more effort for the purification of municipal government, Dr. Clark wrote: "The year has been notable beyond every other year for its wonderful inter-denominational Endeavor conventions in all parts of the world. . . . In Australia the Methodists lead in number; in England, the Baptists; in the United States, the Presbyterians; but these are matters of little moment compared with the demonstrated fact that here we can all stand together. These thirteen years—particularly this past year—have proved that Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and Lutherans and Disciples of Christ and Friends and Congregationalists and Moravians, and every variety of these denominations, can find a common meeting-place in Christian Endeavor. No creed separates us, no form of polity disrupts us, no question of disloyalty exists to terrify us; for we have come together for service, for Endeavor."

"The suggestion has come from Australia, and has been seconded by England and China and India and Japan, of a World's Christian Endeavor Union, made up of individuals in all lands that believe in the

the Mission Boards of their respective churches has been made up, which contains the names of 5,552 societies, and the aggregate amount of their gifts to the mission cause during the year was \$138,205, and beside this sum, there have been gifts to other work covered by the motto of the Society, "Christ and the Church," which gifts amounted to \$185,512. A still more significant showing, indicative of the value of the spiritual results of the Society's efforts, is the fact that there have been added during the past year to church membership from the Societies no less than 183,650.

The programme as sketched two weeks ago in these columns was carried out, all the meetings being remarkable for the enthusiasm displayed and the hearty cordiality of the various denominations represented. The next convention will be held at San Francisco, as arranged last year it a concession in rates of transportation can be secured. Otherwise a different meeting place will be selected which will be announced before Sept. 1st. The 1896 convention will be held at Washington, D. C.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Founding Fund of the B. Y. P. U. amounted at the end of June to \$19,739.



At Highlandtown, O., there is a flourishing Epworth League which has raised \$300 and has spent it in re-seating the church. It has also pledged itself to pay \$100 toward the liquidation of the debt on the building.

Boston, Mass., has a second associational union of Baptist Young People. At a rally of the young people of the Boston West Association held recently in the Brookline Church the new union was duly organized.

Two Epworth Leagues of Washington, D. C., recently held a public debate on the question whether present indications point to a dissolution of our form of government. Waugh Church affirmed and Douglas Memorial Church denied. The debate was spirited and attracted large audiences.

Long Island City, N. Y., has a new Railroad Y. M. C. A. Its building is the gift of the Long Island Railroad Company, and was formally presented to the Association and dedicated on July 2 by Mr. E. R. Reynolds, the General Manager.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Bloomington, Ill., has commenced a series of services in the City Park on Sundays. Large crowds gather there for recreation on that day, and there is excellent opportunity for presenting the Gospel. A good quartette assists in the services.

A Christian Endeavor service was held on board the school ship "St. Mary," then in New London harbor, previous to her departure for a foreign cruise. The party of Endeavorers went at the invitation of several of the young men on the ship, who had belonged to societies at home, and every courtesy was extended them by the ship officers. After looking about the ship, a service was held on deck, in which the purpose of the meeting was explained, and seven active and fourteen associate members were enrolled.

Still another interpretation has been devised for the initials of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. It comes from Rev. T. D. Wallace. He likens them to the five fingers of the right hand. The fingers can only bend inward, and they suggest to him the loyal and loving grip of youthful Christian fellowship in the service of Christ and the church. He names the fingers "Youth, Personality, Sympathy, Conscientiousness, and Energy," the last being the strong and stalwart thumb, which closes down over the rest and holds them fast and firm with Christian purpose.



DESIGN FOR THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT MELROSE, MASS.

room, large double parlors which the Women's Auxiliary have undertaken to furnish and the Recreation room for the Junior Department. On the next floor is a spacious hall capable of holding five hundred persons. This is flanked by two rooms, one of which will be used as a kitchen and the other as a dressing, or retiring room. The Gymnasium occupies a large building, forty by fifty feet in the rear of the main building. On the floor will be the modern apparatus, parallel bars, spring boards, chest weights, striking-bags, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, etc. Opening out of the gymnasium, on the ground floor will be the baths, plunge and shower, beautifully fitted up and also a room for the reception of bicycles. The entire cost of the building will be \$45,000, and the members are now busily engaged in collecting subscriptions and preparing for the commencement of the work.



THE GREAT C. E. CONVENTION.

The numbers attending the International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies at Cleveland, Ohio, exceeded the expectation of the managers, who feared that the railroad strike might deter many from being present. Fully forty thousand persons attended the meetings on the first day, and a still larger number the later meetings. The President, Rev. F. E. Clark, was unable to attend through illness, and his absence was the occasion of many sympathetic remarks by the various speakers. He had, however, prepared his opening address, which was read to the two meetings in

Endeavor Ideas, and will stand with us on the broad platform of Endeavor principles—a platform of thorough loyalty to our own churches and of hearty co-operation one with another. In my opinion the time has come for such an alliance, which will link many Christians of many nations together in ties of fellowship that they have never before known."

After an address of welcome by Gov. McKinley, Mr. J. W. Baer, the General Secretary, read his annual report. From this we learn that the number of societies of Christian Endeavor is greater by 7,395 than at this time last year. Of these, 2,740 companies are in foreign lands, 2,243 in Canada, and 28,696 in the United States, making an army of 33,679 companies. The actual enrollment of active and associate members makes up the astonishing aggregate of 2,023,800. There are thirty denominations represented in the Society. The Presbyterians still lead, with 6,652 companies; the Congregationalists have 5,488; the Baptists, 3,203; the Disciples of Christ and Christians, 2,895; Methodist Episcopal, 1,287; Methodist Protestants, 663; Lutherans, 851; Cumberland Presbyterians, 744; and so on through a long list. In Canada the Presbyterians lead with 842; the Methodists are next, with 812; the Baptists have 159; the Congregationalists, 128. In England the Baptists are in the van, with 391 companies; the Congregationalists have 353; the various Methodist bodies, 221; the Presbyterians, 85. A roll of honor of all societies giving ten dollars and upward to



Our Children at Play.

How the "House Mother" in the Children's Home at Nyack Amuses her little Charges — Many Merry Games.

No matter whether the weather be wet or fine, the hours fly with winged feet at Mont Lawn. The golden summer days are all too brief, although our children industriously continue to pack into each circuit of the old-fashioned clock on Housemother Faulhaber's mantel, all the enjoyment the moments can possibly hold. In these July days, the country is at its best, and each successive party of little city waifs, during their ten days' sojourn at

the Home, extract more real, healthful pleasure from wood and field than they ever dreamed of before. One little fellow, while climbing a fence, fell and fractured his arm. It was the first casualty at the Home and after the injured limb had been set and the wee sufferer made comfortable, it was touching to witness the solicitude of his playmates. But the accident wasn't an unmixed evil. When the ten days' limit had been reached, it was decided to give him a further chance to enjoy some of the fun he had missed by his temporary disablement. So he was kept along another couple of weeks, envied of all the children.

"Say, don't ever wander go home, now yer arm is better?" asked a bigger boy who had come up with a larger group of arrivals.

"Naw!" was the supercilious reply. "What'd I wander go home fer? I's glad me arm was hurted, so I kin stay here. It's bully, dis is. Say, home ain't in it wid dis place."

There was a general chorus of agreement from the boys, as they turned around to one of the missionaries who stood smiling behind them.

A moment later, the entire group were skimming over the sloping lawn, some of the nimble urchins turning cartwheels on hands and feet at a rate to make a circus crobat envious.

A great and popular place at Mont Lawn is the playroom (shown in our photograph). Here the children resort whenever they have had enough out-door sport, and a merrier yet better-behaved crowd it would be hard to find. But even city children can be "tired-out," and so it happens that having exhausted all the attractions of baseball, croquet, swings, hide-and-seek, and such like games outdoors, they are led to seek rest and recreation simultaneously in the playroom. Here are checkerboards, dominoes, tiddle-de-winks, backgammon, jackstraws, picture books, scrap books, black letters and pictures, black-

boards for original drawings; and such drawings as one sometimes sees there! Besides these, there are mottoes and a variety of other games and amusements to pass the time pleasantly. All the boys and girls love the play-room and patronize it liberally. It is the main room of the cottage formerly known as "The Lodge," which stands at the entrance to Mont Lawn, right opposite the chapel and about fifty yards distant from the main building.

Nearly five hundred children have now spent a ten days' vacation apiece at the Home and they are still coming. Full to its capacity, it is never uncomfortably crowded. Instances of disobedience or misconduct are rare, for our little ones quickly learn the few simple rules that govern the Home.

in honor and gratitude to do as much as they can for some other child when the chance offers itself. And we believe that most of them will loyally keep their word and "pass it along."

Dear little ones! Our prayers go with them and with every child who has been our guest at Mont Lawn. May the remembrance of their summer outing be a green and beautiful spot in the children's memories, during the years to come.

Customs About Rings.

From the earliest times rings have been regarded as symbolic, especially in connection with betrothals and marriages. In the marshes of the North Sea coast it was formerly customary in Germany for the bridegroom to give the bride, on the day of betrothal, instead of a ring, a valuable coin, called "Echlo," or genuine, as a pledge that the compact between them was binding. This is also a remnant of the time when wives were acquired by right of purchase; and the custom is still prevalent in some isolated places. Among un-Christianized nations betrothal rings are unknown. For example, a Mohammedan, instead of giving his bride a ring, bestows on her a "Maschkass," or square amulet of pure gold, which the girl hangs around her neck. In India a small amulet is worn by a woman as a badge of marriage. It generally consists of

homes of the aged and sick, thereby cheering them with their smiles, making glad their hearts by their beauty, and giving out to them their rich perfumes.

"THY CHILDREN KNOW."

Thy children know thy sacred place,
Their refuge and defence;
They find the measure of thy grace
In thy Omnipotence.

Thy angels day by day have charge
Their guardians to be,
And difficulties small and large
They overcome in thee.

Thy secret place knows no mischance,
No perils thine appal;
Thy years are their inheritance,
And thou their all in all.

FATHERLY EXAMPLE.

THE father impresses himself, his tone, his feelings, his disposition, upon his children and his home. There are exceptions to this rule, but it is a rule founded in a deep-seated, philosophical principle. He may not design to do this, but he does it, even despite any efforts to do otherwise.

His smiles, his hopefulness, his good cheer, his kindness, his reverence of God and sacred things, his tender regard for "mother," all impress themselves on the

wax-like minds of his children, as naturally and indelibly as the sun's rays passing through the camera's lens imprint the image from which they are reflected upon the sensitive plate. The same also is true of anger, irreverence, brutality, profanity, and inebriety upon the part of the father. He not only reproduces his own body in the person of his children, but his own habits and disposition as well; and this he does and will do, in a large degree, despite all the mother may do or can do to prevent it.

Especially is this true in regard to moral habits, says a writer in the "Religious

Telescope." Is the father a churchgoer? So are the children. Is the father an attendant in the Sunday School? So are the children. On the other hand, is the father a loafer, a reader of dime novels, a theatre-goer, a smoker, a tobacco-chewer, a drinker, a reader of Sunday newspapers, a scoffer at religion? So are the children—especially the boys. In their case the old, familiar proverb, "As the old cock crows the young one learns," is eminently true. Some one, on hearing the younger Pitt's first speech in Parliament, remarked, "He is a chip out of the old block." "Nay," replied Burke, "he is the old block himself." While it is true that, in some instances, pious fathers have unconverted sons, it is equally true that most of the praverless fathers have praverless children. Why? Because the weight of their father's influence holds them down on the lower moral plane on which the fathers themselves grovel. How is it possible when the father is too deeply interested in the pleasures and sins of the world, in money-getting, horse-racing, gambling and politics, to give any thought to the Bible and any time to family devotion—how, we ask, is it possible for the children to step up into the higher realm of soul culture and upright, religious living?

"Flower-Socials."

The "Flower-Social" is a new and pretty idea, and one which at this season of the year, should be very popular among church societies. The social can be given in the lecture-room or school-room, evenings. Everybody is invited and requested to bring flowers. A large collection of most beautiful flowers is the result. During the social, appropriate hymns or other pieces in which flowers are mentioned, should be played or sung. The next day these flowers can be divided and carried by the workers into the



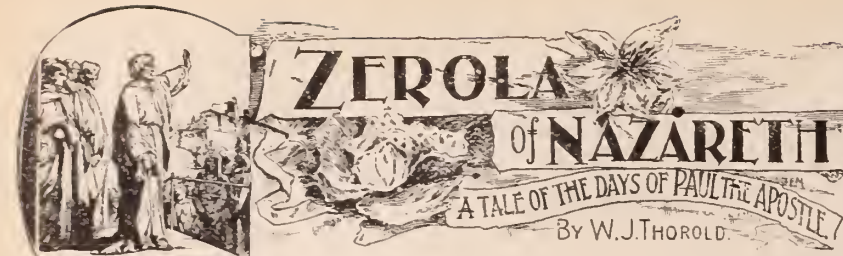
A MERRY GROUP IN THE PLAYROOM OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" CHILDREN'S HOME.

Photographed from Life, specially for this issue.

With every child there are two notable days there: one the day of arrival, the other that of departure. They become so attached to the place that when they are about to leave it, their sorrow finds expression in tears and sobs, which gradually subside as they sail down the beautiful Hudson on the steamer "Chrystenah," on the homeward journey. Their young hearts are full of gratitude for the "good times" they have had and they are not slow to express it in their own simple way.

"Well, dear," said one of the missionaries, to an earnest little lad of nine, who was trying to tell how he had enjoyed the visit. "Since you feel that way, I can tell you how you can do something to show your gratitude. When you get a little bigger and older, if you have a chance to give other little boys a good time, don't forget to do it. Just pass it along."

"Yes'm, I will!" exclaimed the little fellow. And this is the lesson that is implanted in these young breasts, ere the children leave us. Every boy and girl—from the toddler of six to the twelve-year-old—is pledged



CHAPTER V. AMONG THE FLASHES.

ON the night of the day of triumph in Rome, Karmes, as he went back to his own room, paused for a moment at the grated window to listen to the noise of the city. But there were sounds nearer to him that arrested his attention. A man beneath the window was giving instructions to several others. Karmes listened and heard him say: "The third interruption is the signal. Gladiators, remember, to-night in the Forum!"

This was evidently the conclusion of his talk, but it was enough to make known to the guard at least the vocation of the conspirators. Well might it have been if he had known the conspiracy, and told it.

However, of what was about to happen at the close of this eventful day he little thought as the gladiators drew their daggers and took the solemn oath, saying:

"We swear, we swear, to-night in the Forum!"

Again that night Zerola's thoughts turned to a subject which often occupied her thoughts. In her moments of hopelessness, it was of her dear Lord she thought, because in him alone can those who despair of happiness in this life, have hope for happiness beyond the grave. But Zerola was too young to be always in despair even as to this life. In her brighter moments her thoughts turned to her lover and she imagined him seeking her through the world and at last coming to Rome and obtaining her release. She had been mercifully spared the knowledge that it was Thæon whom she had seen the people stoning on that dreadful morning in Jerusalem and she therefore imagined him well in body but distressed in mind by the loss of herself.

Nor was she so mistaken as may be supposed. On the outskirts of that crowd who outside the city gate witnessed the stoning were two members of the despised sect of the Nazarenes, who, as soon as the murderous throng dispersed took up Thæon's body to give it reverent burial. In washing it and preparing it for the tomb, signs of life were perceived. Thæon was not yet dead, though his wounds were severe. Careful attention and loving nursing brought him back to his wonted strength and he really began the search that Zerola imagined him making. It was to Egypt he went first, suspecting that Karmes was concerned in the plot and would naturally send her to his own country. But his search there had ended and on the very night when Zerola lay thinking of him in her dungeon, he was embarking on a voyage to Rome to seek her there.

During these four years Saul had become a Nazarene.

Hearing of Zerola's imprisonment in a way which will be mentioned further on, he earnestly set about the task of finding her. On a count of the record of her sentence having been destroyed by the jailer in Jerusalem, who was intriguing with the commander of the ship which conveyed her to Rome, the task of ascertaining her whereabouts was exceedingly difficult. A plotter, who was no other than Karmes, had succeeded in securing the co-operation of the captain of the galley which was to carry Zerola from Jerusalem.

Paul had searched in Athens, Corinth, and Ephesus, but without success. Now he enlisted the services of Pilate's friend, Corbulo, who was himself seeking the slave, and also the captain who had dared to set aside his will.

It was in the city of the Cæsars, Corbulo had received a letter from his friend. He had been slowly walking along one of the secluded avenues near the Tiber. Little had he thought that the subject of his reflections was then so near as to be listening to the great bell tolling in the Capitol, announcing, in mournful and muffled tones, the death of the Emperor.

The general had proceeded on his way

but a short distance when he drew forth the letter, broke it open, and in the characters of the Grecian language read:

"Paul to Corbulo, Most noble friend, Peace;

"If the slave be not found before midnight, write to me at Nazareth. I thank thee for obtaining the permission of the Senate allowing me to visit my home. Have I not sworn? Never shall my pledge be broken. Before the noons of October Paul will come to Rome. E'er to-morrow's sun shall shine upon thy legions, thy swift galley will bear me leagues upon the water.

"But now I go to visit the Egyptian woman that dwells across the Tiber. Still she refuses to become a Nazarene. Friend to the followers of the Christ, forget her not.

She it was who sheltered the holy mother of Him who is now the Saviour of the world, when before the wrath of Herod, Joseph and Mary found refuge in that land where once their race were slaves. O, Roman, remember the Egyptians! But beware! Thou knowest the truth—the woman longs to slay thee. Her love is deeper than the Nile, but her hate is stronger than the pyramids.

"Soon, O Corbulo, I will preach the religion of humanity to the chain-kings of Italy. Once more the proud citizens of the Seven Hills shall hear the despised story of Calvary. Ay, Paul will uphold the Cross of the Nazarene in the very Forum of Rome!

"Rebuke not thy friend.

"Peace to thee, Corbulo. Again, farewell.

"PAUL."

This letter the Roman re-read, then placing it carefully away, proceeded on his way. A group of Senators greeted the General as he emerged into a more crowded street of the city, and together they hurried off to attend the funeral rites at the palace of the Emperor. Magnificent they were; royal and imperial!

Many days were consumed in the performance of these rites of the dead. Under the care of a body of functionaries, called pollinctores, the body was prepared for burial or cremation, according to the wishes of the deceased or his friends, and these preparations were on a scale commensurate with his imperial position. On the eighth day the body was conveyed to the mausoleum on a golden bier amid the sorrowful music and lamentations of a whole nation. In the cortege were thousands upon thousands of the Roman princes and aristocracy. The sons of the deceased went veiled and the women beat their breasts. The capital was plunged in gloom while these ceremonials lasted, and during the period of sorrow after the interment, when the days of mourning were concluded, a funeral feast was spread and the nation then resumed its wonted serenity.

Zerola, at the hour these solemn ceremonies were drawing to a close, was lying on the floor of her prison, her head resting in calm repose against the iron bars across the crack in the wall.

"Whether it is nobler," the girl was thinking, for she was no passionless angel, "to bear the troubles of misfortune, or to strive for freedom? But I will, I will be

free! Had I liberty, I might again labor among the poor in Jerusalem—as on that fateful morning. Had I liberty, I might again help my mother in our home at Nazareth. And more, I might again return the fond greeting—why should I be ashamed to say it?—the kiss of my lover, and walk with him by the blue hills and laughing streams of Galilee. Where thou art now, my beloved, I do not know: nor do I suppose that thou can'st tell where is thy Zerola. Yet I feel that supreme happiness, the consciousness that I am loved by the one I love. Still, sometimes I fear that we have been separated forever! But, to-night, as the changeless stars look down upon us, I know that thou art thinking of me. For I love thee: I love thee Thæon, more than —"

Suddenly Zerola was aroused from these reflections. She shrank from the bars in very terror. The girl thought she heard again the dread tones of that voice which she last had heard urging on the mob in Jerusalem.

The voice was drowned a moment in the shouts of the people. Again the Forum was silent.

Had that man of so princely an appearance come also to Rome to persecute? Surely Zerola had suffered enough!



ZEROLA IN PRISON.

The girl creeps closer to the bars. Listens!

The man is addressing the populace. In the tumult she can hear only here and there a phrase or sentence:

"As a greater than I hath said, Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. . . . As an Athenian poet —"

"Quote no Greek in Rome!" shouted one of the crowd, whom the speaker, could he have seen, would at once have recognized as one of the leaders of the gladiators then so numerous in the Capital.

"As one of the poets hath sung," continued the speaker, "we are all his offspring." . . . for God hath made of one blood all nations of men. . . . The common origin of the human race, and the common yearnings of the human heart . . . therefore it is that I preach that kingdom foreseen alike by poets and philosophers, which they both join in predicting and aid in establishing. . . . a kingdom where there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond or free. . . . a kingdom whose one law is love—love to God and our fellow-men."

But Zerola seemed to feel a charm of mellowed strength about the voice of the man now addressing the people in the Forum,

which in addition to his theme—the religion Jesus taught by word and deed—caused her to conclude that it could not possibly belong to the leader of the mob who had caused her imprisonment. Still, so glad was she to hear the Gospel of the Nazarene, she again listened eagerly.

The Forum now thronged with a vast crowd, over whom the speaker was gaining that mysterious power of eloquence, as he continued:

"As time sweeps on, the false passes away, and the true climbs upward to the throne. And he that wears its crown rules with more than any monarch's power.

"But against the world's progress the palace and the temple are linked in solemn league. The friends of might, the foes of right are prince and priest—who win life's bread by swinging sceptre and censor. Doves and robes are for them, rags and scorpions for the people.

"But both are doomed to perish. As in the physical world, so in the religious, there is decay and growth. And ever from the grave of buried shrines and the wreck of ruined thrones shines out the light of truth, speaks out with thunder tones the voice of right.

"Night is the pledge of coming day, and in due course its beams illumine the world.

"From out the darkness always gleams the morning sun. The hated and despised of one age are sometimes destined to become the mind-kings of the next. And their very name is worshipped. Thus let it be with the Imperial Nazarene.

"Men and matrons of Rome, look now across the darkening sky of the Campagna! See ye yon cloud, warning of a coming storm? Behold therein is a picture of your destiny—ay, a prophecy of your doom! Already the forests of the North swarm with men sworn to hurl death to the city of the Seven Hills.

"O, Rome, thy sun is setting in never-ending night, and thou art hastening to an eternal grave!"

But there was one in that listening crowd who wished not to hear such words. Corbulo saw the corruption which was then destroying the spirit of patrician and plebeian. Still the General cared not to think that Rome might ever find a grave.

As the orator enlarged upon this theme, Corbulo turned and walked away.

He had not gone far when, just as he entered the shadow of a huge statue, a woman grasped his arm. It was on the Appian Way. The night was now dark; he could scarcely see her face. Only a few moments elapsed, however, when a flash of lightning—for the storm to which reference had been made in the Forum, was approaching rapidly—revealed to the Roman the hard features of the Egyptian to whom Paul had referred in his letter.

Long and sullen hatred had given the woman a scowl which one could easily have seen was not hers by nature. The last known living descendant of the Pharaohs—a fact which had caused her exilement from her native land—she once had been, if not beautiful, at least a pretty, and certainly an attractive child, worthy of her royal ancestors. Now she was one of those hags from whom children instinctively shrink.

"Ha, ha!" she cried, in a bitter laugh, "the Egyptian at last has found the Roman! Corbulo, if yon river were the Nile and not the Tiber, before another lightning flash, thy flesh would be as lifeless as this marble," and the woman raised her bared and bony arm, and with a rusted dagger pointed toward the statue standing cold and spectral-like in the rain. "Though I dare not kill thee—else I would. Yet, torn by thee from friends and home, an exile in this hated city, here I stand and hate and curse thee, curse thee with a woman's, ay, with a hag's curse! Upon thy perjured head shall be wreaked the wrath of fallen monarchs, and beyond the tomb, in caverns of eternal darkness, thou shalt writhe forever in the awful agonies of a deathless dying, for fiends shall hound thy spirit—and to crush thy fated soul with the fiercest tortures of revenge, the very heavens shall join with hades!"

"Egyptian," calmly interrupted Corbulo, "thy curse I scorn. But thy life—I take."

A dagger gleamed a moment in the lightning.

Then a shriek was heard—the steel had pierced the woman's heart. And she, in whose royal veins coursed the proud blood of Egypt's Pharaohs, lay dead on the stones of Rome.

(To be Continued.)

Corea and the Gospel.

The Present Rebellion may Imperil the Missionaries—The Ruling Sovereign.

FOR several months past the mails have brought rumors of an extensive rising in Corea against the government, but without entering into details. Cable despatches have thrown little light on the course of events, beyond recording the fact that considerable fighting had occurred, and that the government troops had sustained reverses. It is known that the Christian missionaries are involved and that a number of native converts have been killed during the hostilities. China and Japan are both exercised over the condition of affairs in Corea and have sent troops to that country. Japan wishing to profit by the trouble to force China out of the peninsula. The latter power, claiming Corea as a suzerain nation, is equally resolved to prevent Japan from acquiring ascendancy in the peninsula, and war is probable between these two on this account.

Whatever peril may have threatened the American missionaries, is believed that they are now amply protected by the arrival of American warships at Chemulpo, which is the port of Seoul, the Korean capital, from which it is sixty-five miles distant. Seoul, sometime ago, was reported by the cable as in the hands of an insurgent mob, with the king a fugitive. Shortly after this, the arrival of foreign warships, American included, aided in restoring tranquility and the monarch returned to his capital. The latest intelligence is to the effect that a large Japanese army has landed in Corea. Should any considerable Chinese force attempt to land there, the peninsula may soon become the scene of a sanguinary war between the two rival invading nations.

The king of Corea whose portrait is given on this page, together with an illustration of the royal arms of the nation, is an absolute ruler, practically a despot. He appoints governors over the eight provinces of the kingdom. The present dynasty has been in power about five hundred years and there is a popular legend that at the end of that time it would fall, the insurrection has been greatly encouraged and strengthened by that superstitious belief. Corea is a country of great antiquity, having a history dating back 3,000 years. There is no state religion, although the people have a system of morality based on Confucianism. For 2,000 years Buddhism was excluded from the country. Considerable progress has been made by the Christian missionaries, and day schools have been established in several places, but the advance of the Gospel has been hindered greatly by the bitterness of native prejudice.

OPPOSITION IN CHINA.

From a report of his work in China by W. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, we take the following incidents, which illustrate the difficulties experienced by missionaries in that land: Two of the leading literati of Ts'in-chau a long time ago vowed that they would keep foreigners out of the city. Last year we bought land and a very old shop, and had soon pulled the old premises down and begun to erect a preaching hall and dispensary, than these two men began to worry. They said we were damaging their walls;

we were encroaching on their property; they would not allow our rain-water to run into their grounds at the back, etc. In fact, they came on to our ground and stopped our workmen, saying that they could not allow the building to proceed. I at once saw the Mayor, who is friendly toward us, and he came to the premises and listened to the objections himself. He pooh-poohed them all; and invited Su and Ren, the obstructors, to an afternoon tea in a cool retreat on the south side of the city, where they accepted his advice to molest us no more.

Both these college graduates live in Fuliang Hien District, forty miles to the north-west of us. One, Mr. Li, heard the Gospel first from Mr. Ren, our member there. Then he came to live a short time with us, to learn more about us and the doctrine we preach. He desired to be baptized at once, but we deferred him for a bit, to see if he would stand persecution. The other B. A. is at present in the Examination College of Ts'in-chau. I first met him four years ago in an inn, forty miles from Lanchau; we were both detained by rain, and while resting, I told him the Gospel. He

Lord Jesus Christ without the intervention of a priest.

MISS NASSAU AT BATANGA.

In a letter received last week at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Miss Isabella A. Nassau, whose portrait and a description of her work at Batanga on the West Coast of Africa appeared recently in this journal, that devoted lady says:

"Thanks for your inquiries about the state of our work at the Batanga coast station. We consider we have but one station at the sea-side, but earnestly desire to have two in the interior in the Bule country; one is already established.

"The work of the American Presbyterian Church at Batanga is not a recent thing. It is more than twenty-four years since itinerations were made to it, from our stations on Corisco Island and at Benita. Within the last few years the German government has laid its claim on this part of the coast and one would assume from the style of their declaration in permitting the American Presbyterian Church to enter their territory and establish Christian work, that our mission had but just arrived. They are, however, sufficiently courteous to us, as our influence on the natives is entirely helpful to them.

"Our native congregation is just now making efforts to raise funds for the erection of a new church building. It is to be of foreign material and to cost \$700—one-half of which they will pay. The present church is built of bamboo. A roof of native thatch, but both materials are quite perishable and the people have learned there are better ways of living and doing than those of their fathers. My day school is taught in the present church building. It is now little more than a year since, without a precedent of such fervor of work, I commenced teaching, first from town to town, finally when I found that pupils would come, without the inducement of food given them, I organized the school to meet daily in the church building. We have now more than two hundred names on the record roll. But as there are so many things to hinder these girls, the usual attendance is fifty or sixty. This does not discourage me, however, because the actual number who have attended sewing school a single week, may be more than a hundred, though they have not all come every day.

"It is also a matter of encouragement, that every one of these pupils, has paid for her books and slate, either by working at the Mission station or bringing native food of some kind. All of them have to commence with the alphabet, which, I think you are aware, is just the Roman letters, with this improvement on an English primer, that marks are placed over certain letters, to show the sound and there is but one sound for each different letter; i.e., every sign has always the same sound. The pupils memorize well and repeat in concert Psalms and parts of the Scripture, also hymns. My

only helper in this large school is a native young woman. I am in much need of more efficient aid and hope soon to have a well educated young man as assistant. As questions asked by children indicate not only their degree of knowledge, but also their mental training, I will mention some of the questions asked me:

"Ma, was the Apostle Paul a Roman; because he speaks, as if he were?"

"Ma, when Jesus rose from the grave, did he appear to his disciples in the same body in which he had hung on the Cross?"

"Many of my pupils are in the inquiry class, and often when they enter school, after saluting me, they pass to their seats and bow their heads a moment in prayer, as is the custom in church services.

"There are so many pleasant things to tell of, but I have filled my pages.

Respectfully yours,

ISABELLA A. NASSAU."

CHINESE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

A missionary writes that a Christian Endeavor rally in Shanghai, the largest church for Chinese was crowded with a larger number than he had ever before seen in any gathering of Chinese Christians in the city.



THE KING OF COREA IN HIS CHAIR OF STATE.

never forgot it, and now he comes to learn more, notwithstanding much ridicule from his fellow-students. He will need much courage and patience if he comes out on the Lord's side.

GOSPEL WORK IN ITALY.

Since Rev. Edward Clarke began his school work among the children of Italy, great good has been accomplished. A clergyman who has been helping in the school wrote that the progress of late has been almost remarkable. To-day, as they looked from Turin and the East of Venice and the Alps, they would see some thirty stations where, Sabbath after Sabbath, God's Word is preached, and where services are also held on the week day. They would see eight Sunday Schools also and nineteen day schools at work during the week. If they looked at these schools they could see them attended by some seven hundred children coming from Roman Catholic homes every day, a fact which certainly would not be without its important influence in the future. God has been graciously multiplying workers and sending them on from village to village. Some years ago there had been a terrible visitation of cholera; it was sad and sudden, and yet good had come of it. Roman Catholic priests went everywhere visiting, and the workers of the Mission did the same. Finally it led to the work being handed over to the Mission who had offered to take care of the children. The offer was made on the understanding that the children should be made clearly understand that the Gospel taught them to come straight to the

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BRIGANDS SEIZE A COLPORTEUR.

CN Albanian Christian, M. Kyrias, formerly a colporteur in the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was seized by Greek brigands in the district of Ochrida, hurried to the recesses of the mountains, and there held for ransom till the sum of seven hundred lira was raised by his friends. The Greek government was either unable or unwilling to furnish the amount of ransom or to secure the release of the prisoner. Mr. Kyrias' captivity lasted throughout six months, during which time he was treated with every cruelty and indignity by the ignorant and superstitious Albanian boors who had charge of him. Constantly dragged from place to place for fear of discovery, M. Kyrias was over-wrought and underfed, abused and beaten until life became a burden.

For forty days he was blindfolded, lest he might afterwards betray the hiding-places of his captors. With the same object, his ears were stopped with wax. So terrible were his sufferings during these winter months that his health and strength were permanently broken down. The record is a startling revelation of a condition of things which might have been thought impossible in Europe. M. Kyrias died a few months since.

THE LOVELY GRAVE.

In describing the progress in heathen lands since the missionary went there Rev. J. J. Fuller says: "I remember going into the Cameroons just after landing in Africa, and after I had opened my window in the morning, looking across the river, I saw many canoes with people dressed up in all their war dresses, and their spears and swords were brandished in the sun. They had their war caps upon their heads. I took my glass and looked, and I found that the decoration on the bows of all those canoes was nothing else but human heads. I went up to the chief and said to him, 'What do you do this for?' He looked at me very much astonished that I should ask him such a question. He said, 'What?' Pointing across the river, I said, 'Why do you do such cruel things. It is not right.' He said, 'You people come into this country, and you live here, and you say that you are good people—and that is true enough—but do you tell me that, when I die, my sons are to put me into an empty grave alone, and nobody with me?' When I told him, 'Yes,' he looked at me and said, 'You are a fool.' Then all his sons came up directly and said, 'What is the matter, father?' And he told them. He said, 'This man, who has come to live in this country, says that when I die you boys will put me into an empty grave, alone, with no one with me.' And they looked at me and grinned their savage grin; and then turned away and said, 'Father, do not believe him. He is a fool and he is a foreigner. What does he know? Let him alone.' That same chief lived on until the old custom of burying people with the dead was completely abolished. In his town, about fifty yards from his own house, stood a little chapel; and the preacher in that chapel was none other than one of his sons, who was preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A FUNERAL IN A ZULU KRAAL.

Mr. Wilcox, of Mapumulo, writing to the American Board, reports an incident connected with a kraal which he visited when he first went to Mapumulo, twelve years since, at which time he had a very cold reception. The people did not want the Gospel, and Mr. Wilcox was quite hopeless about them. But when he returned to Mapumulo some four years since he found that a school had been carried on for some time at that kraal, and one young man was already a member of the church. Mr. Wilcox writes: "Soon after another young man from the same kraal joined, and there are other candidates. Moreover the head of the kraal sent for me to come and see him in regard to his making a profession of religion. I saw him, and though I was not satisfied with his views as to polygamy and the selling of daughters for wives, yet I felt that his was far from a hopeless case. To-day his sons came to announce that he had died, and to get a coffin for him. The coffin was obtained, and I went over to perform the funeral service. One of the young men offered an earnest prayer at the funeral, not for the dead, but for the old chief forbade when he was dying, but for all the inmates of the kraal, as he exhorted them to do.

The young man told me that his father died trusting in the Saviour. He acknowledged that he had been a great sinner, but believed that Christ had forgiven him, and he urged all, especially the young men, to repent and believe in Christ.

A TYPICAL CHURCH IN INDIA.

In a letter from a missionary at Dehra, India, published in *The Presbyterian*, the following interesting description of a new house of worship occurs. It was a house of worship for the homeless church in Dehra to which the late Dr. Morrison had ministered. Contributions were received from America, from England, from China, from Syria and from other lands. The Morrison Memorial church, with its corrugated zinc roof, its walls plastered and whitewashed outside and inside, its two-storied windows of not large panes of ordinary window glass, with its *punkas* with a coolie to pull them, with its hanging lamps with white shades and the church bearer (as sexton) with his *pugree* on his head and his shoes off his feet to go up the aisle to light them, with the seats each made of three narrow walnut boards fixed into two moulded, open-work iron ends (one board to sit upon, one to lean the middle of your back against, the third protruding behind at an obtuse angle to the top of the second, forming a book-rest for the pew behind); its Turkey red calico cushions stuffed with cotton; its pulpit, wonderful to behold, that might have been the work of your little brother's scroll saw; its "puckka" (concrete floor covered with grayish white cotton drill for carpet, set down before some of your city churches would attract a crowd.

THE INDIAN'S REPROACH.

In a communication to the "American Missionary," Miss M. C. Collins of Fort Yates, N. D., gives a pathetic explanation of an Indian's reasons for refusing to become a Christian. The old man's name is Thunderhawk and he is the husband of three wives. In his talk with Miss Collins, he frankly admitted that he was wrong, but declared that he could not now put himself right. He said: "I want my people to learn to pray. I ask one thing; that is that you will not make me join the Church. I will attend the meetings, and will have all my people attend meeting, but I am an old man and have three wives and I cannot put either one away. My first wife I took when she was fifteen and I eighteen. We are nearly sixty now. I love her and she loved me—our hearts and minds are one. She never made my heart sad once in all these years, and I never spoke a harsh word to her. It would be like taking my own heart out to send her off. The other one was my brother's wife, and when he died he gave her to me. She is old and helpless and blind, and I feel that it would be unmanly to cast her off. There would be no one to take care of her. The last one has a high temper, always is disagreeable, hard to please and causes me a great deal of trouble. I do not love her, but her husband was as fine a man as I ever knew. He was my friend. He was killed. He loved his wife, and his dying request was that I should take her and care for her. Because he loved her I have been kind to her, and I gave him my word, and so I do not want to break it. Now this is something that I do not like to talk about, but I want to pray to God and to learn the Bible, and I want my children brought up in the light. Perhaps God will be merciful to me. I knew no better when I took these wives, and now I cannot sacrifice them for my own sake. Will you send us a Christian Bible teacher? I am an old man and shall not ask much more of the people; but I am not ignorant from choice, but because no man has taught me God's laws. I grew up without the Bible. Although many people had the light, they left us in the dark, and I pray you to help us to learn to pray."

A COOK AS A PREACHER.

In making his annual report to the Baptist Missionary Society of his work at Baptala among the Telugus, Rev. W. C. Owen writes: The blessing of God has been specially poured over member of our mission who had served as cook under Mr. Bullard and had acted in the same capacity with us

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to learn that the Kola plant, found on the coast of West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1074 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large quantities of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card, and write to them

until last May. About sixteen years ago he was one of Mrs. Clough's school boys and received, in the estimation of our Christian people, a good education. Before giving up his cooking work he would ask permission to go and preach in the neighboring villages during leisure hours. In less than two months ten villages were interested in Christianity, and a few professed faith in Christ and were baptized. After this it was not to be doubted that this man was called of God to preach, not so much because of what he could do, but because of what he could not do—he could not keep from preaching, and we could not conscientiously hold him a moment longer in the kitchen. We have lost an excellent cook, but the Lord has gained an excellent preacher.

A HINDOO WOMAN'S FAITH.

A poor woman, the wife of an Indian "bearer," or servant, lay dying. In the days of her health she had been taught much about Jesus and his love, and now she longed to be "sprinkled with the waters of faith" (her own expression) before she passed away. The Zenana lady hesitated to recommend her for baptism, lest it should have a merely superstitious meaning for her; but on removing her to the mission house for nursing it was found that, poor and ignorant though she was, she had a true and living faith in Christ as the only Saviour. Earnestly and lovingly did she plead with her father and mother to accept Christ. "Do take him as I did. He has cleansed my heart, and he will cleanse yours." For a time she seemed to rally, and then quite suddenly the end came. Her mother and father were sitting by her; she raised herself in the bed and said: "There is Jesus—come for me!" immediately afterwards falling back and yielding up her happy spirit to the Lord whom she loved."

AN ANARCHIST'S HOME.

The McAll Mission in Paris works among the Anarchist class which just now all Europe is bent on exterminating. One of its missionaries in going on her round of visits recently called at the home of one of these men, whose feminine relatives attend the mission—the children in the Sunday School and the mother and grandmother in the meeting. "The grandmother sometimes blows the organ for us," says a worker in the McAll Mission. "I gave them candies at the baptism. The husband is a good-for-nothing drunkard. They have always been able, however, to get work and support themselves in an honest way. Mademoiselle opened their door. What a picture presented itself. Before my eyes sat the grandmother,

mother and the children all weeping. The oldest girl, Martha, who comes also to our sewing-school, ashamed to be seen crying, went and hid herself.

"For two whole days the whole family had been without one morsel of food, and they said: 'Oh, Mademoiselle, we would have died rather than beg. We would never have gone to ask you for help. We have prayed constantly to God to help us, and now you are here.' Not a word of complaint, but they were sure God would hear and answer their prayers, and they acknowledged to Mademoiselle that if they were so resigned and so calm, they owed it to the meetings on Wednesday. 'It is there,' they said, 'that we have learnt to ask of God for peace of heart in the midst of trouble, and he has heard of our prayer.'

AMEN.

I cannot say
Beneath the presence of life's cares to-day
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way
If Him it please.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit something to
be,
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back, but hush that
sigh,
"It might have been!"
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet
will
Respond, "Amen!"

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Spurgeon.

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THE BOOK SHELF

HEBREW NAMES.*

THE first nine chapters of Chronicles form, with a few slight exceptions, a continuous list of names. It is the largest extant collection of Hebrew names. Hence these chapters may be used as a text for the exposition of any spiritual significance to be derived from Hebrew names either individually or collectively. It has been well said that names of every nation are an important monument of national spirit and manners, and thus the Hebrew names bear important testimony to the peculiar vocation of this nation. No nation of antiquity has such a proportion of names of religious import. Amongst ourselves the religious meaning of names has almost wholly faded away; Christian name is a mere phrase, and children are named after relations, or according to a prevailing fashion, or after the characters of popular novels. The Israelites made constant use of El and Jehovah in their names, and we have no parallel practice. Were they then so much more religious than we are? Probably in a sense they were. It is true that the etymology and, even the original significance of a name in common use are for all practical purposes quickly and entirely forgotten. A man may go through a lifetime bearing the name of Christopher and never know its original meaning. As we know, the edifying phrase, "God encompasseth us" is altogether lost in the grotesque sign often seen over a tavern of the "Goat and Compasses." Nor can we suppose that the Israelite or the Assyrian often dwelt on the religious significance of the "Jeho" or the "iah," the Nebo, Sin, or Merodach, of current proper names. Yet the names which could be recognized as compounded of El or Jehovah must have had their influence on popular feeling. They were part of the righteousness, so to speak, of the ancient East; they symbolized the constant intertwining of religious acts and words, and thoughts with all the concerns of life. . . . We have become absorbed in the wonderful revelation of methods and processes; we are fascinated by the ingenious mechanism of nature and society. We have no leisure to detach our thoughts from the machinery and carry them further on to its Maker and Director. Indeed because there is so much mechanism and because it is so wonderful, we are sometimes asked to believe that the machine made itself. But this is a mere phase in the religious growth of mankind; humanity will tire of some of its new toys, and will become familiar with the rest; deeper needs and instincts will reassert themselves, and men will find themselves nearer in sentiment than they supposed to the ancient people who named their children after their God. In this and other matters the East to-day is the same as of old; the permanence of its customs is no inapt symbol of the permanence of divine truth, which revolution and conquest are powerless to change.

The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain.
She felt the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

But the Christian Church is mistress of a more compelling magic than even Eastern patience and tenacity: out of the storms that threaten her, she draws new energies for service, and learns a more expressive language in which to declare the glory of God.

A HELPER OF THE POOR.†

The parish room of St. Fabian's was very quiet; unusually quiet, considering that about twenty of St. Fabian's parishioners were assembled in it, and that such an assemblage usually involved considerable tumult. It was a small room. St. Fabian's, poor in everything else, was poor also in its

* From *The Books of Chronicles*, by W. H. Bennett, M.A., the latest volume of the *Expositor's Bible* series containing valuable suggestions and elucidations on the two books of the Bible which are commonly regarded as barren of useful spiritual lessons. 464 pp.; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

† From *A Mere Cypher*, a novel, by Mary Angela Dickens, telling the story of an effort to help the dwellers in the slums of a great city. Pp. 428; price \$1; published by Macmillan & Co., N.Y. and London.

accommodation for its church organizations, and as these latter grew and developed, they were forced to find homes as they could in such rooms as could be obtained in the more respectable part of the parish. Its furniture consisted of as many wooden chairs as it would comfortably hold—some people might have said more—and a long table covered with a bright-colored cloth. It was about five o'clock, and round the table in every variety of heavy uncouthness of attitude that physical weariness could produce, sat some two dozen women occupied, evidently unfamiliarly enough, with needlework; by the side of one large, dull-looking woman, from whose hands she had just received the grimy piece of calico she held, stood Mrs. Custance.

When Aubrey Chisholm had been licensed to the curacy of St. Fabian's about six months before, such a thing as a lady worker had been unknown in the parish, which was, indeed, only just passing out of a long course of absolute neglect. Aubrey's vicar, Mr. Kendal, had himself been only very recently appointed; and though he did all that one man could, he was the wrong man for the place, inasmuch as he was so shy and so reserved as to be absolutely unable to attract helpers to himself. With Aubrey there had come upon the scene his sister; and on his first meeting with Mrs. Custance, it had seemed to him the obvious thing, considering her connection with the parish—indirect enough in all truth—to beg of her some of the help so much needed with the girls and women. To be asked for anything was so rare an experience with Mrs. Custance that she was hardly capable of saying no, and her frightened, hesitating protests producing nothing from the young curate but politely eager reassurances, she found herself, hardly knowing how it had come about, pledged at least to visit one or two of the women. And from those first visits had arisen all that had hitherto given her listless life in London the faintest touch of interest. What it was that attracted her in those miserable lives; why it was that she went again and again to the wretched rooms where poverty-stricken mothers and brutally treated wives dragged through their dreary round of daily life; she could have expressed as little as the women themselves could have told why there were few of them who, after the first, failed to "do" with her, as they expressed it; failed to give her the confidence for which she would never have asked. She had not thought of making their lots easier on any extended scale. Of her confused conviction, with regard to the state of things with which she was thus brought, for the first time in her life, into close contact, the most definite was that of the utter hopelessness of it all. And they, on their part, were well aware that she was poor herself, in her class, and had nothing to give them. Neither party understood the mysterious magnetism and sympathy of fellow feeling.

The "working party" assembled about her on this afternoon was no organization of her own. It had been arranged by Aubrey Chisholm, and she, though shrinking instinctively from the numbers and the formality, and much preferring her own unobtrusive visiting, had not known how to resist. He had spoken of it in the first instance as a "mothers' meeting," and her nervous distress at the idea had made it obviously impossible. He had given it up, greatly disappointed, but a day or two later he had presented the plan in a new guise, evidently not of his own devising, and with a less aggressive title, and she had drifted into it simply enough. If, as he assured her, it was really a rest and a change for the poor women to sit together in the parish room, she could not put difficulties in their way.

It was a sad enough sight that "class" of hers. It was composed entirely of women between twenty and forty years of age, and being so, it should have represented woman-

Boils, pimples and other eruptions mean bad blood and bad blood means danger. Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in such a condition means good health, a good appetite, sweet sleep, and real happiness.

hood under under all its most beautiful aspects; at its dawn with all the gracious promise of dawn, in its maturity in all the dignity of that promise fulfilled. And of all those twenty women, young and old, there was not one in whom the womanhood was not debased and marred; not one on whom sin and poverty—her own sin or that of her fellow-man—had not set its mark; not one in whom the spark of God, set in each one of his creatures, was not trampled and thrust down, pressed upon by the constant presence of grinding care, choked by constant contact with all that is most sordid and most earthly in man's life, until its presence was hardly to be traced. They were the best and least degraded of the women of a London slum.

A COMFORTER'S TACT.*

Cannon Farrar says, "When a spiritual fountain is opened in the heart of any living being, it is a source of refreshment, not only to himself, but to all who may come within his presence and influence." This blessing, or refreshment, Miss Spoffard carried with her, wherever she went. Her smile, and laugh, were as winsome as a child's; her fair, smooth face showed few traces of age; how could it, when the spirit that looked out of its windows was so young and fresh? She came into the room in a breezy way, saying in her low, pleasant voice, that always had a ring of gladness in it, "Dear Ruby, I have brought you some pink and white blossoms from the woods, with their sweet messages of the new life and beauty of the spring," giving Mrs. Armitage a tender embrace.

"I found them just peeping out from under the snow, where they have been patiently waiting all winter to give the first greeting. I did not know as you would feel like seeing any company, but I have been absent a few days, and thought that I must come and tell you that you are in my thoughts and prayers all the time," and the bright eyes filled with tears. Then she seated herself, and talked on, in an easy, delightful way, telling of the blue-birds and robins that she had heard singing that morning; of the opening spring, with all its resurrection hopes, diverting Mrs. Armitage's mind with little pleasantries and imparting unconsciously some of her own joy to the stricken heart.

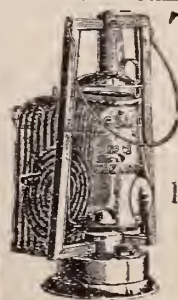
"You must go out, dear Ruby, as soon as you can, and see all these glories of the spring-time; there is a great healing, comforting power in nature; you must ride out every pleasant day."

"O, Miss Spoffard, I cannot; I have never been to ride since my husband's death without Frank sitting by my side; how could I go without him? I could not bear the sight of the horses he loved and petted. I fear such a ride would do me little good."

"I see that would be sad, but I will come with my horses and carriage, and we will have some rides together," a promise which was not forgotten.

There was the same charm of quiet peace about Miss Spoffard that there was about Dr. Earle, and added to that, a sparkle and life that made her very delightful. She did not refer to the harrowing circumstances of Frank's death, and asked no exciting ques-

* From *Light on a Dark Path*, by Alida W. Graves. A story of bereavement and sorrow lightened by religion. Pp. 276. Published by the American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



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tions, as people sometimes think they must do, in visiting the afflicted, compelling them to go over and over the sad details. She spoke of Mr. Leighton's remarks at the funeral, his beautiful tribute to Frank, adding, "he was a noble boy, and what a joy it is to know that he was all ready for heaven; his life can never be forgotten by his young friends. His earnest consecration to the Master—as expressed to Mr. Leighton—may do more toward winning them to Christ than he could have done had he lived for years. 'He being dead, yet speaketh.'"

Sweetly and hopefully she spoke of all the glory that had been revealed to his wondering eyes, of all the sin, sorrow and temptation he had escaped, and of the happy meeting with his Saviour and with his dear ones in heaven. Easily and pleasantly the conversation flowed on, until Mrs. Armitage found herself speaking naturally, almost cheerfully of her boy, telling of all his sweetness and patience during his short illness, of all his love and thoughtfulness for his mother even to the last.



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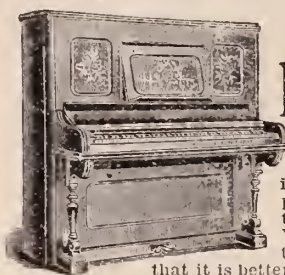
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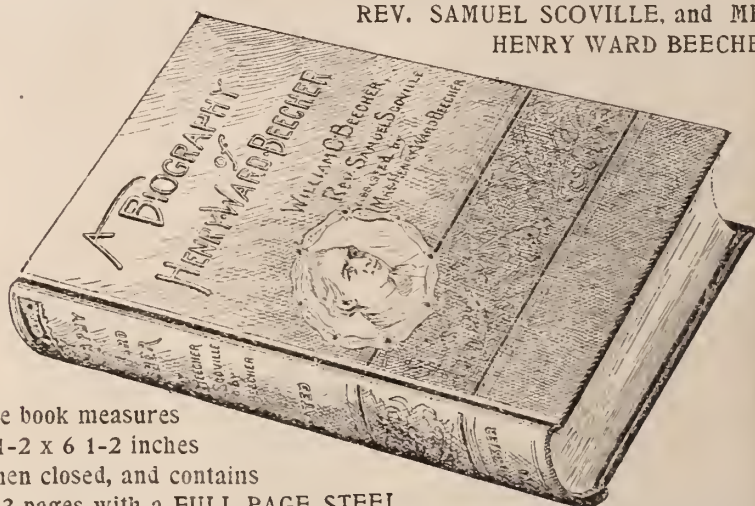
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VOLUME 17.

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WITH SONG AND WITH DRUM.

Some of the Enjoyments and Recreations of Our Young Folks at the Children's Home—Musical Evenings—Their Wonderful Proficiency in Bible Study.

EACH passing week brings its quota of new faces to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, and takes away from its shady wooded nooks and green sloping lawns those whose holiday term of ten days has expired. It is a shifting panorama of child-life, bright, cheerful and instructive. To the happy juveniles who go there, it is

ans to the great dining-hall, where they sit down to meals with hearty appetites, rendered keen by the air of the hills. As their leader gives the signal, the childish feet move together and all are soon in their seats at the well-appointed table, and ready for morning grace.

There are few things in which the average child takes more pleasure than in vocal music. Visitors to the Home have been delighted, at the evening Service of Song

ing By," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Yield not to Temptation," "When He Cometh," etc. All of these, and many other hymns, they sing with a vigor and earnestness that show how thorough is their enjoyment of the pleasure. Indeed, next to their play, there is nothing they seem to love so much as these musical hours.

After singing several hymns, they unite in reciting some familiar Psalm, preferably the First or Twenty-first, both of which nearly all our children know by heart. Then, after a little more music, one of the missionaries leads in prayer, and this is followed by the "Lord's Prayer," all joining in the petition. For the next five minutes

the lawn to the sound of the drum. The drummer is a bright, little fellow, who has become quite a favorite in the Home with both missionaries and children, and whose nimble fingers can sound out, with his pair of drumsticks, many of the regular military calls with remarkable cleverness. At his summons, therefore, the whole troop of a hundred or more boys and girls forms a great circle around the flag-pole, and there with eyes dancing with excitement and lungs filled with the pure ozone of the hills, they sing several patriotic songs—songs which every American boy and girl ought to know. These songs are printed for our children in a leaflet in the American colors, red, white and blue, and those who prove



ASSEMBLING AT DRUM-TAP AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald."

like a section of heaven let down for their delight, a vacation among kind friends, to be remembered through the after years.

Hardly has the morning sun lighted up the valley below Mont Lawn, when the children are up and the whole of the little community is astir. The use of the gong as a summons to meals has been abandoned and the photograph on this page shows our children assembling at the sound of the drum, to march in columns, like little veter-

(which is held at 7 o'clock in the chapel), to observe the heartiness with which our little folks melodiously carried hymn after hymn, in perfect time. They are furnished with leaflets, printed specially for their use, and containing the words of a number of familiar hymns, such as, "Jesus Loves Me," "Come to the Saviour," "While the Days are Go-

the order of exercises is relaxed and the children are at liberty to choose any hymn they please. They then march out again to their own favorite chorus:

Follow! follow! I will follow Jesus:
Everywhere he leads me, I will follow on.

In the afternoon, before going down to "five o'clock tea," the little ones gather on

the cleverest in memorizing them accurately, receive a reward. Many have learned the words of the entire series from beginning to end. When a boy or girl succeeds in committing one of these songs to memory, the opportunity is afforded of reciting it under the flagstaff, or singing it as a solo with the whole circle swelling the chorus. This is great fun for our young folks and is heartily enjoyed by their adult listeners.

(Continued on Page 483.)

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

NARROW ESCAPES.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Job 19: 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."



JOB had it hard. What with boils, and bereavements, and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good, and Poole, and Barnes, have all tried their torceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold-filling in their teeth. Ovid, and Horace, and Solomon, and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the Church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion

about the eternal decrees. He never upset things, nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house-roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the Church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking!" You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the Church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!"

In other words, we all admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be addressing some who have cut loose from churches, and Bibles, and Sundays, and who have at present no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you hear the end, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after a while come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish; the wind is in the right direction; the Gospel net is strong. O, thou, who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against sceptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you to-day with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in

the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I received a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says, "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the Church or out of the faith: My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death-bed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! scepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

To-day I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the Church; but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and

saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulance that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in mid-life who have still in their appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high liver," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. It you this day turn your back on the wrong, and start anew, God will help you. Oh the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend, and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as with the skin of his teeth.

The ship "Emma," bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless now they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board; and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at ten o'clock in the morning, and comes away at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise until sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you can not pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some, with less business troubles than you, have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting-room, and gone in, and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harassed, trodden down, and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now, God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton-bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsaleable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall Street, Water Street, Pearl Street, Broad Street, State Street, Third Street, Lombard Street and the Bourse. On earth they were called brokers, or stock-jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no Inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a spike at their heart; but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

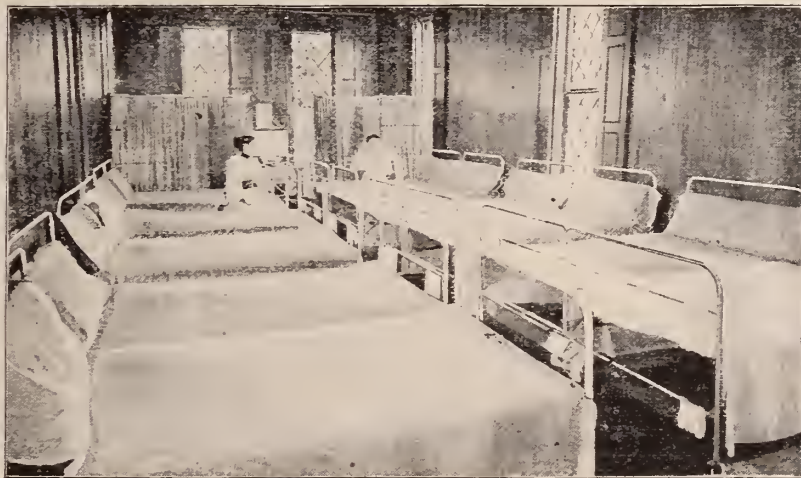
I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvy, they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and trenzied, and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touches them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse; but I put my hand on your shoulder, and invite you into the peace of the Gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone Lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed, the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his

lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death-agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting hart that drinks from the water-brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded, and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An Eastern king had graven upon his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Cælius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on ship-board when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME AT MONT LAWN.

shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well-nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast! With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy. I shall conclude, feeling that some of you, who have considered your case hopeless, will take heart again, and that with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back, saying, "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

ARCTIC NEGATIVES.

Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca, speaking of his diocese, says: The chief characteristic of an Arctic life consists not so much in what is present as in features that are conspicuous by their absence. No cities, towns, or villages, streets, roads, or lanes; no markets, farms, or bazaars; no flocks, or herds, or carriages; no money, whether coin or notes; no railways, mails, or telegraphs; no government, or soldiers, or police; no prisons or taxes; no lawyers or doctors. In the stern magnificence of Arctic nature, one is brought so near to the Creator as to compensate for the lack of many things.

With Song and With Drum.

(Continued from first page.)

It has been a matter of frequent remark that Americans, when across the ocean, are rarely found to be capable of singing more than a single verse of any American national song when called upon to do so. On the other hand, the English and others are almost invariably able to sing their patriotic songs from the first line to the last. It can never be said of the boys and girls of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home that they cannot sing the best songs of their native land! They enter into this part of their Mont Lawn experience with the highest enthusiasm, and take real delight in making every word of these songs their own.

Another source of enjoyment, which has already been mentioned on a previous occasion, is the Edison phonograph. At the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the Bible House, the phonograph is in use in the business, editorial and correspondence departments, and one of these wonderful instruments, with a sound multiplier, and a box of musical cylinders, was lately sent to the Home for the amusement of our children. It was a puzzle altogether beyond their comprehension how such a machine could sing, laugh, whistle and talk; how it could reproduce with rare fidelity and distinctness the notes of piano or banjo, or the swelling tones of a full orchestra of brass, string and wind instruments, playing some of the great masterpieces of Wagner, Mendelssohn or Handel. More than one little tow-headed inquirer, wonderingly asks where the "man was hidden what was a playin' "

mark their perfect neatness, the dainty purity of everything in them and the excellent ventilation. Each boy and girl has an individual towel and wash-rag—an arrangement not to be found in any other institution for children, and which awakens in the little ones a sense of individual responsibility for their personal appearance. Many of the boys who come up to the Home are clever with the needle and can sew a patch on their own trousers as neatly as any housewife could do it. Not all come well supplied with garments, for our children come from the homes of the very poor. In many instances we have to fit the little folks out with necessary clothing and shoes, so that they may spend their vacation in comfort. None are sent home in a ragged condition; if the clothing is dilapidated and the shoes worn out, before the child is put aboard the "Chrystenah" for the return trip to the city, it is fitted out with such articles as may be needed. Many of the girls, when they arrive at the Home, receive a well-made and well-fitting gingham dress, which they wear while roaming around, and thus save their own clothing for their return home. Of course it is optional with them to wear their own garments or this more substantial and serviceable frock, but almost all take the latter, as they are then freer to romp and wander at will.

HE STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

AN incident is related that may be helpful to many young Christians in time of trial and persecution by scoffers. A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in camp, when suddenly the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day. The ring-leader approached the tent on tip-toe.

"Boys, he's praying, or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks. I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ring-leader in mischief. The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us!" answered the ring-leader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire, you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gun-powder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen he was surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him behind—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said, with husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the words, 'Christian soldier' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and may be it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely-carved board at the head of the grave, and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if there ever was one! And," turning to the ring-leader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gun-powder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, and never sending a word back! He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did."



TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for Aug. 12. Matt. 6: 1-11. Golden Text, Heb. 1: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SEEING then we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4: 14, 15.) Jesus tempted! If it was a humiliation to him to be baptized, how infinitely more humbling was it to be tempted! But his life was not a farce, the human life which he lived on earth, was not a semblance, the trials and tests which he met with were real, not mere shadows; he trod on every step of ground which it is needful for us to tread on in our human life; and he met the tempter in all points. Wherefore it behooveth him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in all things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath

Suffered being Tempted

he is able to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. 2: 9-18, R.V.) In order to understand how real was the temptation of our Lord, we need these words from Hebrews. It was not in the night of his eternal Godhead that Jesus met the great enemy, but as having "emptied himself," and taken on him the form of a servant, and been made in the likeness of men. It was immediately following after his baptism that Jesus, being full of the Holy Spirit, returned from the Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, during forty days being tempted of the devil. Led up to the conflict by the Holy Spirit, who, as a dove, had come upon him when he was baptized, Jesus entered into this dark hour. Blessed is he who is found in the hour of temptation led of the Spirit, instead of being led away by his own lust and enticed. Our beloved Lord came, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him. This was inviolable in his life on earth. "I do always those things that please him." (John 8: 29.)

During the forty days Jesus was in the desert, he fasted. This must have been a trial to which, as man, he was led by the Spirit. In the Gospel of Mark 1: 13 we read: "And he was in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan." Forty days tempted of Satan, yet forty days led of the Spirit in the wilderness! Real intense warfare, but undoubted victory. After the forty days of fasting, "He was an hungered." (Matt. 4: 2.) This was the moment in which the enemy attempted to take advantage, and, if possible, to find him off his guard. He suggests: "If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become loaves." (v. 3, R.V.) There is no sin in hunger; there is no sin in seeking food to satisfy hunger. But Jesus, as man, was learning from Scripture, and in communion with his Father, what was his will that he might do it. He had entered upon his ministry; the intensity of the situation was dawning upon him. The question of hunger and of food was not one which he would settle. He was the obedient Son, and so, because he was the Son of God, he bowed up for direction, and the Word which he had hidden in his heart (Ps. 40: 8) came to him as his own weapon of defence. It is written: "Man shall

Not Live by Bread Alone,

but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Led of the Spirit, seeking only the will of his Father, meeting the enemy by Scripture, the Lord conquered, and made a way by which we may con-

quer too. He suffered being tempted; hunger was a reality to him, as to us, but he chose hunger rather than that he should, for a moment, lose ground for his Father. He, as man, knew from the Word about the manna in the desert, and he who afterwards turned the water into wine, could have found means to turn the stones into bread. But was that a part of his ministry, and of the will of his father, for that hour? This was the question for Jesus. The enemy challenged him as though his failure to work this miracle might be fatal to his vocation as the Son of God on earth. In hours of temptation we never have to consider the consequences of any step we take in obedience to the Word of God, our warfare is never at our own charges, we have but to believe and to obey; he will do the rest. Temptation is not sin; we are not responsible any more than was our Lord himself, for the suggestions of the evil one, but if lust, or our own human will, conceives the suggestion, or gives it any quarter, then "it bringeth forth sin." Every really conquered temptation finds us more out of reach of the enemy on that point, but a temptation is not really conquered so long as there is the slightest working of our own will in the matter; any bias whatever from our own self, any choice but to choose with God. It takes loyalty to God to be victorious over temptation, and a full faith in the truth and reality of the Word of God.

Satan adapts his temptations to us according to our characters, our knowledge, and our experience. Who would have counted it a sin for Christ to work a miracle in which he would not only have manifested his divine origin but at the same time satisfied the hunger from which he was suffering? It seemed a most reasonable thing. But an obedient child has not to reason but to obey. Whenever we attempt to combine things and make them serve our purpose and serve God at the same time, we may fall into terrible things. Probably Judas counted that the Lord Jesus, who had power to raise the dead, would have delivered himself from the servants of the high priest into whose hands he had betrayed him, and would shew forth his power, while he, Judas, would serve his own purpose, and be enriched by the money for which he sold him. The end of this combination of things we need not reter to. Let our eye be single that our whole body may be full of light. "Then the devil taketh him into the holy city and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple and saith unto him: If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone." Again a suggestion of

Doubt about His Origin.

Jesus was lately from Nazareth where, for thirty years, he had led an ordinary artisan's life. There had been nothing to mark his destiny, but the incident in the temple and the testimony of his Father at his baptism. He had emptied himself that he might be touched with the feeling of our infirmities or weaknesses, never for a moment ceasing to be divine, he yet met the enemy on human ground, as the Son of Man, but led of the Spirit. We cannot lift the veil and understand how these suggestions of the enemy worked upon him so that he "suffered being tempted," whether his physical weakness from long fasting, whether his intense consciousness of the utter powerlessness of the nature of man which he had taken, and the fallen condition of mankind pressed him; but we know he suffered, while he "knew no sin."

It must have been a very real part of the suffering of our Lord to have had Scripture quoted by the great enemy of souls. But he was not to be baffled. He had learned the sword-exercise in the Word of God, the law which was within his heart did not

consist of a few isolated passages. He could say: "The sum of thy Word is truth." And thus, out of the armory of the Word, he brought forth another weapon:

"It is Written Again

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The enemy had intentionally missed the point in his quotation: "To keep thee in all thy ways" was omitted. This, to our Lord, was the most important. To be kept from danger is blessed and precious, and we cannot be too grateful for it. This was the highest conception which the enemy had in his quotation—he appealed entirely to the lower part of Christ's nature. But, as the obedient Son of God, to be kept in the ways and in the will of his Father was more than all else to him, and in his reply to the enemy, he spoke with authority; "It is written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The suggestion was a possible one; Jesus knew the ministry of angels, he said to Peter: Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scripture be fulfilled that thus it must be?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



SCENE ON MT. QUARANTANIA.

THE temptation of Christ appears to have followed closely upon his baptism. The descent of the Holy Spirit on that occasion, accompanied by the voice from heaven, must have powerfully affected our Lord. Probably not until then did he fully realize his divinity and the character of his mission. Mark's language is significant. He says the Spirit drove him into the wilderness, as if there was a mighty compelling force demanding a period of solitary preparation. Tradition points out a high mountain between Jerusalem and Jericho, as the scene of the conflict. It is now called the Mount of Quarantania, or the mount of the forty days. It contains many caves and deep rugged ravines, where wild beasts lurked. In one place the mountain looks as if it had been cleft by a mighty convulsion and there is a sheer precipice almost perpendicular, twelve hundred feet deep. A more gloomy, desolate, awe-inspiring region cannot be imagined. It is a fit scene for a conflict such as that described in the lesson. The mind of our Lord would doubtless be occupied with the great work before him of manifesting the Father to the world. To him comes the Tempter. It will be well to dismiss from the mind that taint of mediæval times, representing the evil one in repulsive guise, with horns and tail and cloven hoofs. It is not so that he comes to men in the time of his dangerous power. He comes in attractive shape if he would lure them to destruction, with sweet reasonableness and cunning sophistry. Thus to Christ, meditating on his mission, he came with the suggestion that he turn stones into bread. The suggestion was appropriate, for Christ was hungry with long fasting. Perhaps in the thought there was a wider suggestion. If Christ could turn stones into bread how popular he might be, how easily he might win his way to the heart of the world, by providing it with the wealth it is always seeking! But Christ puts the suggestion from him. It is not material food he has come to give. Man has deeper needs which he has come to supply. Man does not live by bread alone. The next suggestion is that Christ cast himself down from a pinnacle of the temple. If he had done so on some feast day, when Jerusalem was crowded, the act would have electrified the city and have attracted the attention at once of all

Judæa to this young wonder-worker. A man imbued with the advertising spirit of our day can see at once the value of so dramatic an opening to a career. But this, too, Christ rejected. The final suggestion showed more effrontery on the part of the tempter. It was that Christ should join forces with him. If Christ would do homage to him, he would give him freely all that must otherwise be won by pain and suffering and obloquy. But not so would Christ gain ascendancy. He was there to overthrow, not to submit, to conquer, not to yield. So it should be now. The Church has forgotten the example of her Lord when she condones the sins of wicked men and honors them for the sake of their wealth and power and the gifts they can give.

Tempted of the devil. An ancient parable describes a mountain at the top of which was a magnificent palace full of treasures and delights of all kinds. There every taste was gratified and each person found in perfection exactly the things he loved. Hundreds were toiling up the hill to reach the castle, but busy among them were frolicsome creatures making attempts to divert them. They were whispering, shouting, dancing, singing entrancing songs, exhibiting wonderful attractions to get the travelers to look away from the palace and stop and turn aside. They were often successful and when a traveler took his eyes from the palace there was a great shout and when he took his first step from his path there was more joy; at the next step a change took place. The traveler was no longer flesh and blood but had turned to stone. So do those perish who tempted of the devil turn aside after pleasure and vanity leaving the straight path to God and heaven.

Fall down and worship me. There is a legend of St. Martin of Tours, that he had been long engaged in meditation in the cell of the monastery when a radiant form appeared to him, with a jewelled crown on its head, a countenance resplendent with glory, and with a manner so impressive that it seemed to demand homage and love. The heavenly vision said to St. Martin, "I am Christ; worship Me!" and the legend goes on to say that the saint looked upon this glorious form in silence, then gazed upon the hands for the marks of that suffering by which Christ won his right to the homage of the world, and asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" Forthwith the vision vanished, and St. Martin knew that it was the crafty tempter who had taken upon him the likeness of the Master but not the marks of suffering.

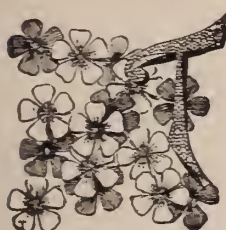
Him only shalt thou serve. The godly man has often been assailed, like the Hebrew youths in Babylon, by the temptations of monarchs, who demanded homage and obedience contrary to the law of God. It is related of Polycarp, the disciple of the Apostle John, that when he was arraigned before the proconsul, the sight of his venerable face and figure moved the stern Roman to pity and he rejoiced that it was in his power to offer the aged man his liberty on condition of his abjuring his faith, but Polycarp was not to be tempted by promises or threats. The proconsul said, "Reproach Christ, and I will release thee." Polycarp, looking up toward heaven, said, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" "I have wild beasts," said the proconsul, "and I will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," said the martyr. "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the Roman. "You threaten me," said Polycarp, "with the fire which only burns for the moment, and are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly." Soon after, being bound to the burning stake, he thanked God for the honor of the martyr's fate.

All these things will I give thee. All the things Satan offered will yet belong to Christ. God has promised that he shall rule over all the kingdoms of the world and he is rapidly winning them by his love, the story of which missionaries are carrying everywhere. Dr. T. L. Chamberlain who was in the great Mohammedan mosque of Damascus shortly before it was burned says that he read on the lintel beam of that temple of the False Prophet in Greek characters the inscription, "Thy kingdom O, Christ, is the kingdom of the ages, and thy dominion is throughout all generations." For more than a thousand years the followers of the False Prophet have passed beneath that word carved there when the mosque was a Christian church, the while they have dreamed of world-wide conquest.



“The Wailing Place.”

Our Traveler Listens to the Lamentations of the Children of Israel—The Pa-thetic Dirge of a Fallen Race.



THE deep descent down which we pick our way to the section of the ancient wall of the Temple known the world over as “The Wailing Place,” is nothing more or less than an accumulation of rubbish hundreds of years old. Ancient Jerusalem lies from fifty to seventy feet below the modern town.

We turn aside from the more direct route to the sacred spot for a look at “Robinson’s Arch.” The celebrated fragment springs boldly from the wall which enclosed the area of the Temple. The bridge of which it was an abutment once spanned the valley between the House of God and Mount Zion. The polished stone pavement below is overwhelmed by nearly fifty feet of earth and stones. This bridge, in the opinion of able commentators, was but one of several arches connecting the two hills, probably the “ascent by which Solomon went up unto the house of the Lord.”

When the eager spirits that direct and execute the work of the Palestine Exploration Society so far prevail with the jealous Government now in despotic possession of the storied precincts as to be allowed to lay bare the bosom of the City of the Great King, what marvels will be brought to light!

In discussing the subject for the twentieth time in three days, we almost fancy that the conscious superincumbent soil thrills and heaves beneath us with a sense of the importance of buried secrets. We recount wistfully the timbers and boards of cedar of a day when silver was in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars as sycamore trees for abundance; the cherubim carved out of olive wood and overlaid with gold; the wrought cornices and wainscots of cherubim and palm-trees and open flowers; the doors decorated in like manner and overlaid with fine gold beaten into the underlying tracery; the three rows of hewed stone; the brass-work of flowers, of lilies, lions, oxen, cherubim and palm-trees, knobs and pomegranates, the marble and ivory, the ceilings of cedar, and walls of vermillion. Nebuchadnezzar and his imitators in unholy demolition and robbery must have overlooked much in sacking Temple and palaces; the flames and Roman conquerors spared, because they could not destroy the wonderful stones or Herod’s building.

Day and scene are in unison with this train of thought. The alleys we have traversed since leaving David Street, twist in and about the Jewish quarter. The last twist brings the Wailing Place into view.

A blind wall lifts high above our heads the great stones we have learned to recognize as belonging to Phœnician and Jewish architecture—some twenty, some thirty feet long. They were built so “compact together” that but a few crevices give foothold to hyssop and other clinging plants; they are darkened by rain and drip with moisture which we fancy is unclean. Close against the base of the wall is ranged a row of figures—men, women and even children. Women, for the most part past middle age, wear bedrabbled skirts, and faded shawls drawn cowl-like over their heads. Nearly

all hold tattered copies of the Hebrew Psalms and the babble of intoned reading is broken, to the attentive ear, by sobs.

We know what they are saying, and, withdrawn a decent space from the throng, open the “International Teachers’ Edition” of our “Palestine Baedeker,” and follow the service silently.

O, God! the heathen have come into Thine inheritance:
Thy holy Temple have they defiled:
They have laid Jerusalem on heaps.

We are become a scorn to our neighbors;
A scorn and derision to them that are round about us,
How long Lord, wilt Thou be angry forever?
Shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?

Pour out Thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known Thee,
And upon the kingdoms that have not called upon Thy name:

For they have devoured Jacob,
And laid waste his dwelling-place.
O, remember not against us former iniquities;

office, are conducting with him a responsive service quite irrespective of the readings going on about them. A learned friend in our little party translates the litany made familiar to him by many hearings:

For our temple that is destroyed,
Chants the leader. The response follows:
Here sit we down lonely and weep.
Then,

For our walls which are torn down,
Here sit we down lonely and weep!
For the glory that has vanished,
Here sit we down lonely and weep!
For the goodly stones that are dust,
Here sit we down lonely and weep!

A roughly-laid stone wall closes the area at one end; a door set in it is slightly ajar, and withdrawing still further from the mourning crowd, we push it back and step into a sort of court-yard where are several trees. Beneath a branchy olive a woman sits flat upon the damp earth, her forehead laid against the trunk of the tree. A soiled and ragged book is upon her knees; her hands are clasped below her chin, and tears roll slowly down her withered cheeks upon the worn pages. Her lips move soundlessly in prayer, or penitential Psalm. She does not notice our intrusion, but a young girl standing behind her and looking up through tears at the wall, starts nervously aside, turning her face away in timidity or distress. A baby is in her arms; both are wretchedly clad and look half-starved. The guide knows her by sight.

“She is but thirteen years old,” he tells us, as, aware that we are trespassers, we

“A periodical parade of mawkish sentimentality!” say strident accents at our elbow. “At the best, the whole business is



IN THE JEWISH QUARTER

From a Photograph by Marion Harland.

the outcome of custom and superstition and unworthy of respect. Is it reasonable?—I go further—is it possible?—to believe that these people come here every Friday ready to shed tears of genuine distress over a story almost two thousand years old? It is all done for effect—pumped up to order. It nobody ever came to look at the show, and travelers never wrote up “the wailing place,” the exhibition would go out of fashion in less than five years.”

Dr. L. Zwinglius Sharpe is, of course, the speaker. He is robed in a mackintosh which owes something of its exceeding glossiness to the Scotch mist thickening in the valley. His wife’s gray cloak and hat have a conventual touch; her placid face might be that of a Dutch Madonna.

“We have seen nothing finer, more elevating than this, my love,” she sighs blissfully. “Everything harmonizes so consistently! The hoary old walls, the bright colors of the women’s shawls toned down by the wet—the solemn sound of the chanting—and oh, Doctor dear! will you look at the delicious dull olive of those old velvet coats? And that woman, over there sitting on the stones—the one in white, who is locking this way—doesn’t she remind you of ‘By the rivers of Babylon we sat down?’”

From the rising ground about a stone’s cast from the “wailing place,” we glance back. The crowd is thinning, and we cannot avoid seeing that some of those who mourned most volubly are most brisk or indifferent by the time they reach us. There is no difference in the aspect of those who were but now apparently plunged into the depths of hopeless sorrow and others of the race who are buying and selling at the stalls in the Jewish quarter.

“Is Dr. Sharpe right for once?”

While we say it, the grandmother and the child-wife we surprised at their devotions, come slowly up the narrow way. The baby has fallen asleep upon the mother’s shoulder. The load is heavy for the little creature, and stopping to get her breath halt way up the hill, she turns for a last look at the grim wall below. Tears well afresh into her eyes, and again she averts her face, as if ashamed of the weakness.

The old woman has drawn her dingy shawl over her head; trudging weakly onward, she keeps her regards fixed upon the ground; the sadness of a long-trusted desire is in the drooping lines of the wrinkled face. She is not artistically “harmonious,” but we believe her to be the type of a class. Her figure and visage come between us and the page upon which we read, when we shed our damp wraps and sat down before a glowing fire in our hotel-quarters:

The Lord was as our enemy:
He hath swallowed up Israel:
He hath swallowed up all her palaces:
He hath destroyed his stronghold,
And hath increased in the daughter of Judah,
mourning and lamentation.

MARION HARLAND.



“THE WAILING PLACE,” IN JERUSALEM.

(Photographed by Marion Harland for “The Christian Herald.”)

Let Thy tender mercies speedily prevent us:
For we are brought very low!

“Very low!” we interrupt ourselves to comment.

Among the dwellers in fallen Jerusalem, they are the most degraded, and to human eye, the most hopeless. The Psalm they chant might have been penned yesterday, so graphic is the portrayal of their present estate. For eighteen centuries the cry now upon their lips has been sobbed to heaven. Well may they iterate:

Wilt thou be angry forever?

As our ears accustom themselves to the intoned clamor, we discover that three or four men stationed beyond one whose long robe and furred cap proclaim his priestly

withdraw, pulling the gate shut after us. “That is her grandmother, and young as she is, the child is hers. Her husband left her before the baby was born. They are very poor and almost friendless.”

“Are they Jews?”

“Of course; but not natives of Jerusalem. From Poland, I think.”

Nothing in the strange scenes of the hour will linger more distinctly in our minds than this little episode. Compared with the unfeigned grief of the aged exile bemoaning her nation’s fate in the one retired spot from which she could gaze upon the sacred stones, the loud lamentings of the line ranged against the wall, seem artificial and ostentatious.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Bible House, New York City.

THE DURATION OF LIFE.

FOR ages, and until within a few years, human life grew shorter and shorter. The race started out with a generous endowment of years. The time was when, according to Bible accounts, people five hundred years old were not a curiosity. I suppose that parents mourned over the untimely departure of their children, dying three hundred years old. Methuselah, celebrated in all nurseries and Sunday Schools and in common parlance as the oldest man who had ever lived, was not the oldest. Nahor, as mentioned in Genesis, was seventy years older. Methuselah was only 600 years, but Nahor was 1,039 years old. Yet life, chiefly through the sins of the ages, got smaller and smaller, until in the time of Pliny there were only forty persons 135 years old. Shorter and shorter became the average of human life until the cradle and the grave were so near together that hardly had the race got out of the one than it fell into the other. But the tide has turned, and, thanks to God and thanks to medical science, the average of human life is enlarged. The human race has so much more to do than the brute creation, and yet many styles of brute outline the man. An elephant has lived 300 years and a whale 400. A tortoise in the archbishop's palace at Lambeth lived 120 years. Why such creatures should outlive the human race I cannot understand. But diseases are being driven back and the laws of health are being more thoroughly understood, and I think many men and women who see the dawn of the twentieth century will see the dawn of the twenty-first century. The time is going to come when it will be no rarity to see nonagenarian poets, philanthropists and historians. When I see such men working clear on, almost across the century, I conclude that the aged ought to change their theory about the best time to quit. Considering the increased prolongation of human life and the additional means for protecting it, men and women ought not to put off their armor as soon as did our immediate ancestors. In the time of our fathers and grandfathers, doctors wandered around with a lancet and if a man had a fever, bled him, and if he had a cold, bled him, and if he had fits, bled him, and if the disease had not developed into anything special, bled him—when the tact all along has been that most men want more blood instead of less blood. And I am glad to know that except for here and there when used for a child's swollen gum or a boil, the lancet is a banished instrument. But now the medical science is full armed against all ailments and even cancers and consumptions and hydrophobias are having their last cruel round with the human race. My advice to all is lay out your plans for a prolonged lifetime, while you are particular to be pre-

pared to go any time the Lord may call. Some of the best work the world has ever seen was done after the time when most people think they must quit. Izaak Walton wrote some of his best biographies after he was 85. Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was 86. Cato learned the Greek language when he was 80. Hobbes, at 87 years of age, translated "Iliad." Fontenelle wrote vigorously at 69 years. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at 115 years of age. But I am glad for the human race that life is being prolonged. Take off of it the years we are getting ready to work and the years we are getting ready to die and instead of life being, as in the time of the Psalmist, a handbreadth, it got down to a finger breadth. Beside the additional opportunity that is allowed for work by this prolonged longevity there is an increased opportunity for enjoyment. It is far more interesting to live now than in former ages. What the old patriarchs did with four or five hundred years on their hands I know not. There was so little to see, life must have become awful monotonous. There were no railroads to take them to any other place. They had no better light than a dull candle. Their next neighbors had lived there as long as from the time of the discovery of America until now. But in our day there is so much to see and hear as well as so much to do, that life is filled with novelties and entertainments, and while I would not ask for an earthly residence as long as that of Nahor or the shorter lived Methuselah, I would risk, if I had the opportunity, a couple of centuries. But the healthiest mood and the most Christian mood is to be ready to stay or go, as the Lord decrees it and there is nothing that I know of that can put one and keep one in such a state of composure and placidity as the Christian religion. We want to wait for sailing orders if to move to some work in this world, cheerfully to go at it, and if to move to another world, to embark with glowing expectation of a safe arrival in a port where we shall be greeted by those who have gone before and where we shall wait for those who come later.

BLOSSOMS AND CHILDHOOD.

DO not let our young people begin the world cowed down. If a tree does nothing but blossom it does gloriously. It is not a waste of beauty if, in a tree's history of a year, it get no further than the first chapter of blossoms. A blossom is a complete flower and who dare say that a complete flower is a failure? No one but the Omnipotent could contrive the architecture of a blossom or hang its upholstery of color or compound its aroma. If the tree does its work up to the end of blossom week, and does nothing more for a year, it has done well. For it has laid out a hanging garden, it has opened a picture gallery, it has written a paradise regained, it has swung the censor of worship before the throne of God, it has thrilled the souls of all intelligent spectators. Correct the botanical error that because many blossoms do not culminate in fruit, they are, therefore, not worth having, and you correct at the same time the human error which implies that those who die young are wasted and might almost as well never have been at all. A cruel heresy it is. They who die in a week or a month or a year or a few years as certainly fulfil their mission as do septuagenarians and octogenarians. The babe fulfilled its mission of duty, its mission of love, its mission of innocence, its mission of life, its mission of making heaven attractive by its going there, its mission of developing the parental heart; and the six missions I mention are only a part of what a child accomplishes, though it live only a week or a month or a year.

Blossoms that never become fruit are not failures. Children early dead are not failures. Thank God for the lessons of blossom time. What a rich Lord is our Lord that he can afford for so short a time such elaborate wardrobe for the orchards. If they were to have the robes of hearts, these em-

broideries of all colors, these crowns of arborescence, these draperies spun out of sunshine and shower, for all the year, it would not seem so lavish; but they are only for blossom week. How numerous and deep must be the King's vats from which he dips these colors—the crimson, the pink, the green, the blue, the gold, the purple, and all this garniture to scatter after six or seven rising or setting suns. As though the Louvre and Luxembourg of Paris and the picture galleries of Dresden and of Venice and of the Vatican were, after a week of exhibition, thrown into the sea. Not in wastefulness, but because they could be fully replaced and could be restored. And how this expenditure of color and gracefulness for only one week magnifies the resources of the great God. And this God is ours. Blessed be his glorious name. If this God so clothes the grass of the field and the trees for blossom week, will he not take care of us, his children immortal? Will he not do as much for a soul as for a leaf of a cherry tree? And then from the glories of the blossoms take some hint of what heaven must be.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Margaret Rutherford, St. Louis, Mo. Can you tell me anything about Prof. Fall's prophecy of a tidal wave which he says will sweep over New York City? His predictions regarding the recent earthquakes in Greece and Constantinople (according to a London account) were verified, one within a day of the time specified and the other within an hour.

He made no such prediction; inquiry has shown that the story originated with some sensational correspondent.

Old Farmer, Harbeson, Del. I take a great interest in Mr. Moody's Institute. Please state in "The Mail-Bag" the cost and the time required to train a Christian worker. I would like to pay the cost of a personal worker in my stead.

The cost of training a Christian worker in the Moody Bible Institute is \$100 a year. The time required is two years—making the total cost \$200.

G. W. Hughes, Everett, Pa. How is Easter reckoned? Is it possible to tell otherwise than by the almanac on what date it will fall?

It is dated from the Spring Equinox which is on March 21st. Easter Sunday is the Sunday after the next full moon. It follows the Passover reckoning which was regulated by the lunar months.

A. B. K., Clintonville. Is it right to close an ice cream supper held in a church for the benefit of the Y. P. S. C. E. with a cake-walk, and for members of the same to take part, each paying five cents per chance?

We have repeatedly replied to such inquiries by stating that entertainments of this character had better be held elsewhere than in the Lord's house, which should be reserved for praise and worship exclusively.

Old Subscriber, New Mexico. 1. Is "The Royal Road," the last continued story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in booklet form, and where can it be obtained? 2. Are we to hear anything from Dr. Talmage this summer through the columns of your paper?

1. Yes; we understand it will soon be published in book form. 2. Certainly; his sermons appear as usual, and his letters from abroad will be found intensely interesting and valuable.

D. L. C., Verdon, S. Dak. 1. I note in "The Mail-Bag" some discussion about Christians having a badge to distinguish them from the rest of the world. Christians themselves should be the badge of Jesus Christ. If Christians cannot reflect the likeness of Christ in their hearts so that the world at a glance may see and know that they are not of the world, but are the children of God, of what advantage would such a badge be? Instead of being a benefit to the world, it would be a grievous wrong, and more especially to the cause of Christ. Where the world cannot see the likeness of Christ reflected in every act, thought or deed of the persons that profess to represent him, it turns away with a sneer. 2. Is there any missionary work being carried on at present in Old Mexico, and if so to what extent and by what denominations?

1. The badge proposition is now under consideration. 2. Yes, by the American Baptist Society; the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions; the M. E. Church South, and M. E. Church North, and several other organizations.

D. G. Selma, Cal. 1. Does the warning to the watchman (Ezekiel 33:8, 9), imply that those who do not warn the wicked will themselves be lost? 2. Is the passage Ephesians 5:4, a warning that a joke is wicked?

1. Ezekiel refers to a man charged with a special duty, such as a prophet sent with a message. It would apply to a preacher or a pastor or a Sunday School teacher now. It is a warning against unfaithfulness. In a measure it also applies to every Christian. It does not imply that the negligent pastor will lose his own soul. If he has really been converted and yet does not do his duty in his office, he would belong to the category to which Paul refers. (1 Cor. 3:15). 2. The warning is against a flippant, frivolous manner especially in dealing

with sacred things. There is no wickedness in a cheerful, merry disposition. Bright, happy Christians do more good than the gloomy morose ones.

A. Crossley, Bayside, L.I. 1. Can you tell me where I can get particulars relating to the authorship and the circumstances in connection with the writing of that beautiful hymn, "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, the far-away home of the soul"? 2. What is the latest work on Hymnology, and where can it be procured?

1. The author of the words is Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates; the composer of the music is Philip Phillips, the famous Gospel singer. We know nothing of the circumstances. 2. John Julian's Hymnology is probably the most suitable for your purpose. It can be had of Scribners, New York.

Victoria Dodd, Denison, Ia. How should Sunday be spent by those who profess to be Christian people?

They should obey the Divine command to refrain from all labor, and secular things, and devote the day to the service of the Almighty and to physical rest and recuperation. To spend the whole or even part of the day in the reading of newspapers or secular literature is a violation of the spirit of the injunction. Attendance at the house of worship and a hearty compliance with the religious ordinances instituted by the church, are among the privileges that should never be neglected. These are among the "means of grace."

Abiam Jones, Hazel Patch, Ky. 1. What are the post office addresses of the headquarters of the three organizations of Christian young people? 2. Which would you recommend in a small community?

1. The address of the Christian Endeavor Headquarters is 646 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; of the Baptist Young People's Union 122 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; of the Epworth League, 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 2. In a small community where there are probably young people of different denominations you need an organization in which all can unite and would find the Christian Endeavor the one best adapted to the need. The other two are respectively for Baptists and Methodists.

W. F. Price, Langdale, Ala. 1. How did the heathen King Nebuchadnezzar come to use such an expression about the being he saw walking in the furnace as that he was like the Son of God? 2. Is there any Christian Church in existence the members of which are all Jews? 3. Why was the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon described as Pastor or Spurgeon? Was he not an ordained minister?

1. He probably meant a supernatural being. The ancients believed in there being families of the gods as is shown in the mythologies. In a later verse (Daniel 3:28), he speaks of the being he saw as an angel. 2. There are several churches composed of converted Jews. The Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, is one. 3. Mr. Spurgeon was never ordained, but it was customary to address him by the ministerial title of "Reverend" until he expressed his dislike of it. He did not wish, however, to ignore his profession as a minister and expressed a preference for the title of "Pastor" as more precisely indicating the character of his ministerial functions.

G. C. Holt, Burling Creek, Va. 1. I have in my possession a book entitled, "The King of Glory," in the beginning of which the author gives a sketch of the life of the Virgin Mary. All her marriageable relations were advised to appear at the temple and bring their rods and when they presented their rods to the High Priest, a white dove flew out of Joseph's rod and lit on his shoulder as an emblem of his purity, and he at once went home and made arrangements for the marriage with Mary. Please tell me through "The Mail-Bag" if there is any reliability about it. 2. Also tell me whether there is such a branch in the United States Treasury as a "Conscience Fund," and to what purpose the money is appropriated.

1. The story to which you refer is one of the many legends or traditions with which monkish imaginations have surrounded the early life of the Saviour on earth. Beyond the simple narrative given in the Gospels, nothing is accepted as authentic, although the Roman Church has adopted many of the legends as part of its teachings. 2. Yes, there is a "Conscience Fund," which grew out of the fact that many persons who at different times had defrauded the government in evading revenue tax, etc., afterwards regretted their act and forwarded the money anonymously to Washington. The fund, which is not very large, is applied toward defraying the expenses of the government, just as would have been the case had the money been paid regularly in the first instance.

M. G. Johnson, Elmview, N. C. This has already been repeatedly answered in "The Mail-Bag." I. Glanville, Chicago, Ill. The President pays his own physician, of course. His salary is supposed to cover all requirements.—A. L. Howell, Mich. The story of "Zerola" is a historical narrative based largely on events occurring in the time with which it deals and designed to illustrate the life and manners of the people of that period.—Subscriber, Mr. Muller's address is Bristol, England.—Lux, N. Y. City, writes: "The present population of Melbourne, Australia, is nearly if not quite 600,000."—S. R. B. No.—E. A. Eggers, New York. Write to Dr. Dowling, 118 East 45th street, New York City.—W. J. Smith, Townsend Centre, Ont. No. If such a transfer were made within a certain period, defined by law, it would be declared invalid.—Frank J. Robertson, Wilber, Neb. Address him care of Eglow & Main, music publishers, Ninth street, New York.—G. W. Gray, Adel, Ia. We cannot undertake what you propose at the present time, but think the idea an excellent one. Why not begin your society on a small scale locally?

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CHINA'S GRASP ON KOREA.

KOREA'S revolt has unexpectedly involved difficulties far beyond her own borders. China and Japan have both interfered with military forces, and England and Russia stand in the background watching the struggle for supremacy and encouraging the rival powers. That the revolt is a much more serious matter than the Korean government is willing to admit seems certain. The discontent of the people is widespread and the government being weak is tottering to its fall. Japan has many and important interests in Korea. Five thousand of her merchants are permanent residents in the country and every year many more go there to make collections, advance money to Korean farmers on the security of their crops, take orders for merchandise and transact other business. Whatever affects the peace and order of Korea must be severely felt in Japan; it was therefore natural that she should send an armed force to Korea when the outbreak occurred. But China has an old claim on the suzerainty of Korea, and considers herself charged with responsibility for the maintenance of order there. She therefore sent a large force into the country, and professing to be perfectly able to restore tranquility, requests Japan to withdraw. The Japanese refuse to comply, doubting China's ability to perform what she has undertaken, and doubting still more the benefit to Korea of China's supremacy. A fight between the two powers appears to be imminent. The gravity of the situation is increased by the fact that Japan is supported in her claims by Russia, who has long desired to control the peninsula, or, in any case, to obtain a port there which she may use as a naval station, which, unlike her present most southern port on the Pacific, shall be open all the year round. By helping Japan to enforce her claims on Korea in defiance of China, Russia will create an obligation which Japan will have to recognize, and will be paid, if she succeeds, by the cession that Russia has so long coveted, and which she has long been intriguing to gain. England, aware of Russia's design, is encouraging China to insist on her antiquated claims and maintain her position in Korea. Thus the rising of the Korean people has set two Asiatic and two European powers in antagonism, and has aroused the latent antagonism between them to a white heat. With nations, as with individuals, the Bible dictum holds true that none of us liveth to himself. (Rom. 14: 7.)

Peril in Caves.

Timely advice to travelers is given by M. Martel, the eminent French explorer of caves. He says that it is dangerous to penetrate during the summer months into these subterranean regions because they are liable at any time to suddenly become reservoirs of water. The melting snows enter them by a thousand fissures and as there is usually only one exit and that too small to allow the water to pass out as quickly as it enters, the caverns may be filled with water in a short time. The explorer, if he is on the lower levels, is liable in such a case to be drowned, and if he is on the higher levels, he may find his escape cut off by a large body of water lying between him and the entrance to the cavern, in which case he may die of starvation. He therefore advises travelers to avoid the exploration of these subterranean regions during the period of danger. Similar advice might well be given to young men who have a craving to go into those dark places in great cities where vice and immorality hold revel. Curiosity is often the motive which prompts the visit, but it has often happened that es-

cape has been cut off and the explorer pays the penalty of the loss of his soul, which is a greater disaster than the loss of his life. (Prov. 4: 14, 15.)

A Charm that Failed.

A traveler in New Mexico reports the death of an Indian, who was the victim of his implicit faith in the assurances of the priests of his tribe. The Indian had attended the annual snake dance and in common with others had been promised, as a reward for his zealous dancing, immunity from death by snake-bite for exactly one year. A few weeks later he acted as guide for a party of hunters to which the traveler belonged. On their journey they saw a rattlesnake and were about to kill it, when the Indian interposed. He said that the death of the snake would break the charm over him and to show the potency of the charm, he deliberately trod with his moccasined feet on the snake. In an instant the snake had planted its venom in the fleshy part of his leg. The Indian was surprised, but insisted that no harm would come to him from the bite. The journey was resumed,

property. The case was carried from one court to another with varying results, but has now been decided in favor of the lawyers by the Court of last resort. The decision was based on the ground that the penalty of the murderer's crime was death, and the law had no power to add to the penalty the deprivation of property. Apart from the crime the property was legally his, and the crime did not prevent it passing to him. He therefore had the power to transfer it. Thus the murderer did really secure the property by his horrible deed, but, as often happens with criminals, it was of no benefit to him. Our sense of justice demands that it should never benefit him. Yet the murder of our Lord, the most appalling crime in the world's history, brought the greatest boon to the human race, and by his own order, its benefits were offered first to the men who had been most prominent in committing it. (Luke 24: 47.)

A Life-Saver Rewarded.

One of the smallest rewards for saving life so far recorded is quoted by a Connecticut newspaper. It says that a man who lives near Wallingford, while walking along a road which skirts the edge of a deep pool, missed his footing and fell. He was unable to recover himself as the bank was slippery, and he rolled into the pool. He might have scrambled out, but unfortunately his foot became entangled in the weeds at the side, and he was held fast. He clung to the trailing branch of a tree that was just within his reach and shouted lustily for help. It was

begun to fall and there are indications that it may continue for some days. The people are now beginning to hope that for the first time in five years some of the food products



LI HUNG-CHANG,
The Prime Minister of China.

can yet be raised this season. The suffering among the lower classes on account of the prolonged drought has been intense, and there have been many deaths from actual starvation in remote localities where assistance did not reach them. The range has been entirely depleted of cattle and all other live stock. As there has been no rain, the earth has yielded no increase, although the people have plowed and sowed every year. It is so in the spiritual world. The lives of men and churches are barren of fruit, no matter what advantages of wealth and energy they may have, unless the grace of God is imparted. (1 Cor. 3: 6.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, has invited Dr. Mackay, a physician of the London Missionary Society, to attend him personally when he is ill.

The New Mission House of the Home and Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church to be erected in Fifth Avenue, New York, will be twelve and a half stories high, occupy an area of 92 by 190 feet, and will cost about \$750,000.

A Recent Letter from Japan says that at the close of last year of the 377 churches in Japan, 78 are wholly, and 299 are partially self-supporting. The additions during the year number 3,636. The present membership is 57,534. The largest part of these are men.

At Lake Keuka, N. Y., where an increasing number of visitors go every year, a series of Bible conferences will be held, commencing August 2, under the charge of Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. These meetings, which are known as "The Assembly," were very profitable last year, and promise to be still more so this year. Among the speakers will be Rev. H. L. Wayland; the Hon. E. B. Fairchild, of Michigan, who was several years our Consul at Lyons, France; Rev. Cornelius Woelflin; Dr. Tunham, of Utica; Dr. Edmund M. Mills, of Elmira; Col. Copeland; Rev. Arthur Copeland, and Rev. A. J. Smith, of New York.

Mr. Henry Varley has been holding very remarkable meetings at Plymouth, England. At the evening meetings numbers have been brought to decision for Christ. In the after-meeting on a recent Sunday between 60 and 70 confessed Christ.

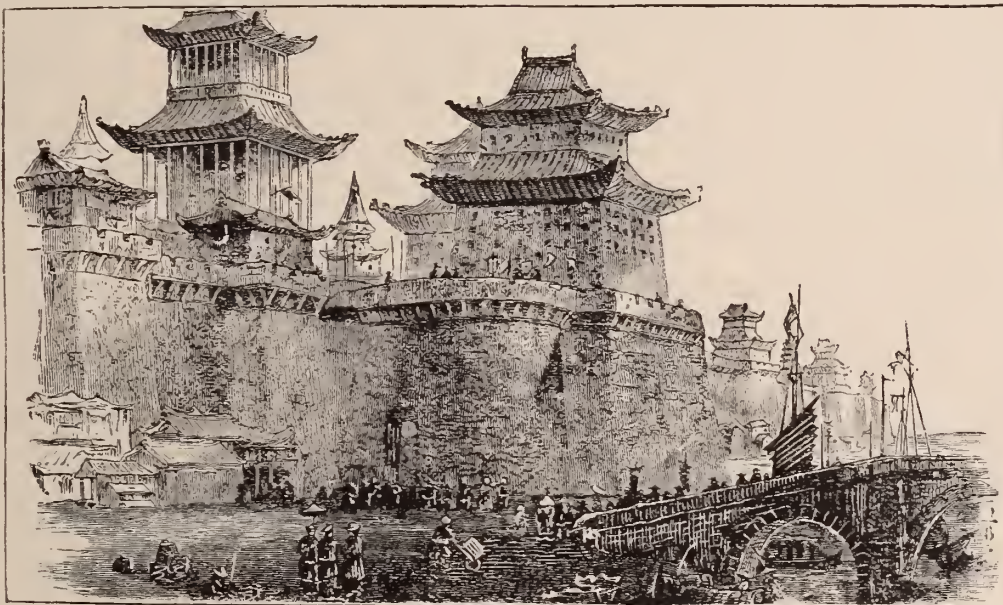
The Lutherans of the General Synod and of the Ohio Synod were represented in an important conference at Springfield, O., recently. The object of the conference was to arrange a basis of union between the two Synods, which are the Liberal and Conservative branches of the church.

W. A. Sunday, who is Well Known in Christian Association work, has resigned his position in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. and will assist Dr. Chapin in his work, going in advance of him to perfect the organization and then having in charge the personal workers, who will be trained to do the most efficient work in and out of the meetings.

The Death of the Eminent German Pastor of St. Louis, Dr. Adelbert Van der Lippe, is announced. He was sixty-seven years of age, and had been thirty-four years in the ministry. During the past four years he has been the Professor of Theology in the German Theological School at St. Louis, but it is by his twenty-seven years of successful labor at St. Louis that he will be best remembered.

A Noted Bible Distributor Dr. [Name] lately in New Hampshire. For forty-five years he made it the chief business of his life to disseminate the Scriptures. During that time no fewer than 120,000 copies of the Scriptures were given out by him; and although he was seventy-six years of age when he died, he canvassed in the two years preceding his death 230 towns, and visited over 80,000 families.

Dr. W. H. Roberts, the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Assembly, publishes the complete record of additions, on confession of faith, to the Presbyterian Church, showing that the total is 74,701, instead of 71,479, as was previously reported. The largest additions were, in Pennsylvania.



THE PEKING GATE IN THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

but in a short time the Indian was too ill to proceed. The party had no remedies with them and as nothing could be done to save him, he died before night. He must have bitterly regretted placing so much faith in the assurances of his priests. There is reason to fear that still more acute regret will be experienced by some who are basing their hopes of eternal life on equally unwarranted promises. It is not by absolution, nor baptism, nor confirmation that safety comes, but in a living faith in Christ as the Saviour of the sinner. (Gal. 5: 6.)

A Criminal's Rights.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has just decided a case which has been in litigation in various forms for over six years. It appears that in 1887 a man in that State murdered his step-daughter in order that he might obtain a valuable piece of property which he had persuaded her to bequeath to him by will. He was placed on trial for the crime and was convicted. As there seemed to be a possibility of his sentence being commuted through political influence, the people of his town who knew the circumstances and were deeply incensed against the man, took him out of the jail and lynched him. He had previously deeded the property he had acquired by his crime to the lawyers who defended him at his trial; but when they attempted to take possession, they were opposed by some relatives of the dead girl. Their plea was that her father could not profit by his crime, and therefore had no power to dispose of her

a lonely place, and there was no response. The man grew terrified, for the branch, which alone kept him from sinking, was small and looked as if it was separating from the limb. He was beginning to think he would surely be drowned, when he heard to his great joy a distant answer to his shouts. He called again and in a few minutes a stranger appeared at the edge of the pool and at some risk to himself rescued the half-drowned man, and assisted him to reach his home. On the way, the man thanked his rescuer warmly for saving his life, and when he arrived at his home asked him to accept a small reward. The stranger, who seemed to be poor, made no objection, and the man after turning over some loose coins gave him a dime. He would probably have been offended if he had heard some one saying that his life was not worth more than ten cents to the world. Yet he gave ground for such an inference when he paid that sum to the man who had saved it. Ministers and Christian workers, whose efforts are crippled for the lack of funds, are often tempted to ask whether the gifts they receive from those whose souls Christ has saved, really represent the value at which the givers estimate the value of those souls. (Philemon 10.)

Five Rainless Years.

A press dispatch from Durango, Mexico, contains the news of an event which must have rejoiced the people of that locality where for the last five years there has been no harvest. It says that heavy rain has



SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE VOICE IN THE GARDEN.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor

A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Solomon's Song 8: 13, 14: "Thou that dwellest in the gardens the companions hear thy voice; cause me to hear it. Make haste my beloved and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

I HAVE no doubt that the song of Solomon is a rich poetic celebration of the excellency and beauty of our Immanuel. The name which was put upon our Lord at the Jordan: "This is my Beloved Son," is the name which everywhere abounds in this Oriental poem. The Bride—the Church of Christ—is pouring out perpetual tributes of affection upon him: "My Beloved is mine and I am his." Just as Jesus said a thousand years later when speaking of his Church, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine." "It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying open to me." How perfect an echo of what we hear in the Revelation: "Beloved I stand at the door and knock, if any man will open unto me I will come in." My Beloved spoke unto me and said, "Rise up my fair one and come away." Oh, how constantly since his departure to the Father has Christ been saying this. "Wherefore he saith, awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." The rich communion between Christ and his Church—the holy interchange of love and service, where can we find it so glowingly exhibited as in this divine poem of the Bride and the Bridegroom?

"Thou that dwellest in the gardens; the companions hear thy voice." Is it not literally true of Christ that he dwelleth in the gardens?

The Garden of Temptation.

1. First we meet him in the garden of temptation. When Jesus had finished his last discourse and prayer we are told that he "went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron where was a garden," and came "unto a place called Gethsemane." Then we are told that "he prayed and was in such agony that he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Now, "Gethsemane" means an "olive press." All summer long the olive-fruit is ripening on the tree, the grape-cluster on the vine. Then in the autumn, they are cast into the press that the oil and wine may be forced out. Oh, good Samaritan! who wilt pour oil and wine into the wounds of our suffering race, thou hast come to the wine-press now. The weight of the world's iniquity is on thy heart, and as its awful pressure weighs thee down, thou dost bleed at every pore. Where are thy disciples now, of whom thou didst say a little while ago: "Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations?" Yonder are Peter and James and John, sleeping in the midst of their Master's agony, while he cries out, "I have trodden

The Wine-Press

alone, and of the people there was none with me." The wine-press! "What is this pressure on the heart that forces blood from every pore? It is the struggle and shrinking of the human will. The inward crucifixion must precede the outward crucifixion. The hardest struggle is not under the surgeon's knife, but in bringing the will to submit to the operation.

And now is the hour and the power of darkness. As he entered into the world he said: "Lo, I come, I delight to do thy will O, God!" But now the dread of pain has seized him; now a shrinking and reluctant human nature faints; now the sensitive body draws back from the rude detilement that is about to be put upon it by wicked hands, and now the delicate nerves quiver before the sound of the hammer and the tearing of the heavy nails through the flesh, and he prays that it be possible the cup may pass from him. "Thou that dwellest in the garden, thy companions hear thy voice." And what did you hear, oh, Simon, Son of Jonas, when you were in the garden with your Master? Alas!

says Peter. I heard him say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: tarry ye here and watch." And I remember how he went forward a little way and then fell down as though crushed by a burden that was too heavy for him. And there he lay for nearly an hour on his face. I kept watch for some time, but being very tired I finally fell asleep. I remember very distinctly, however,

The Words of His Prayer

and how he repeated it over and over again: "Father if it be possible let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." But, alas! I was very tired and heavy with sorrow. I never can forgive myself for it, that even while he was praying I fell asleep; and I remember how he came and touched me, not roughly, but gently, and softly said, "Simon sleepest thou, could'st thou not watch with me one hour?" And then he added: "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." And then he went away again and knelt down and prayed once more. Oh, sorrowful night, would that it were possible for me to live it over again, how differently I should do. But the opportunity is gone forever.

John who leaned on his bosom at the Supper, you were one of those whom he took with him into his garden, what did you hear him say? Alas, I, too, slept! I heard his prayer and when it seemed as though he would die under his weight of agony, I saw an angel come and strengthen him, but I was so oppressed with sorrow that I fell asleep. And the thing which now smites me to the heart as I remember it, is to think how patient and tender he was with us. He did not chide us, but just when he needed our watchful care so much he came to us and said, "Sleep on now and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." "Thy companions hear thy voice, cause me to hear it!" Christ is still in Gethsemane; still in the person of his body which is his Church, is he "exceeding sorrowful even with death," because of the sins of the world; else what means the injunction that we are "to fill up that which is behind:

The Suffering of Christ

for his body's sake which is the Church?" And what is his command to us? "What I say unto one I say unto all: Watch." And again speaking by the Holy Ghost he says, "Ye are not of the night nor of the darkness. Therefore, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Oh, you whose eyes are heavy with sleep—soothed into guilty slumber by your ease and prosperity so that you no longer have any fellowship with the suffering of Christ. Behold what is passing! Souls are perishing in sin by the hundreds every day and you reposing in cushioned ease and luxury not even dreaming that you have any responsibility for their loss. And may it be that the crisis is already past; that Jesus has given you up and said, "Sleep on now and take your rest." Never did that sacred opportunity to watch with Christ return to his disciples. Lost then, it was lost forever. And it now when Jesus is still beholding the travail of his soul in the redemption of the world, if you fail to be with him watching for souls as they that must give account, remember that the opportunity will never return. "Watch therefore," says your Lord, lest coming suddenly, he may find you sleeping.

II. Again we meet Jesus in the garden of his burial. John says, "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb wherein was

never man laid. There they laid Jesus, for the sepulchre was nigh at hand."

And now he sleeps there, wrapped in the winding sheet of burial—angels keeping guard about the tomb. His companions have come early to his sepulchre. Shall they ever hear his voice again? Oh for one touch of that gracious hand! Oh for one greeting from those holy lips. But alas! the sepulchre is empty! and there stands Mary Magdalene before its entrance, weeping. But hark! "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, thy companions hear thy voice." "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?" Oh mother, who hast followed thine only son to the grave, and there buried all thy dearest hopes! Oh wife, widowed now who wast once unspeakably happy;—the strong staff and the beautiful rod on which thou didst once lean, broken!"

"Why Weepest Thou?"

"The Lord is risen and become the first fruits of them that slept." And only a little while, and he will come and open the grave of your beloved as he opened his own. Never shall I forget a scene which I witnessed in yonder cemetery. There was one solitary mourner bearing an only child to burial. I stood by his side and offered the last prayer, and then he shut the lid of the casket and locked it, and putting the key into his pocket turned away. Instantly I seemed to hear from the garden of God where Jesus is, the words "Why weepest thou?" "Fear not for I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, and have the keys of death and the grave." That father could turn the key that shut in his child, but not the key that opened the door back to life. But Jesus has the key that openeth, and yet how slow of heart to believe! "Mary, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him: Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary!" The good Shepherd is calling his sheep by their names.

She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni! which is to say Master. Jesus said, "touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father."

"Touch Me Not."

"Touch me not." Henceforth we are to know Christ no longer after the flesh. Not that he is any more remote from us than ever. He can still be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." But now it is by faith and not by feeling. Now it is by our sins and sorrows that find healing in his wounds that we are to know him. "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God." No longer does he say as he said in the garden, "My Father, let the cup pass from me." No longer does he say as on the cross, "My God why hast thou forsaken me?" Now he has reconciled us with God, and put away all enmity. He has brought us into the same place in the Father's heart which he holds himself. So that now he can say, "My God and your God. My Father and your Father." Cause me to hear this thy voice, oh beloved, and to know that now as "through him we both have access to the Father." And now while Mary Magdalene and that other Mary ran to bring the disciples word, behold, Jesus meets them, saying, "All hail." Once more his companions hear his voice, "And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him." "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, of good that publisheth salvation." They held him by the feet and in those wounds they clasped the token and pledges of their forgiveness.

Look to the Wounds

of Christ, oh sinner; look to the wounds of Christ for the evidence that your sins are put away. No wounds in your conscience will suffice; no wounds of deep and piercing penitence in your heart will do. "He was wounded for our transgressions—he was bruised for our iniquities." And now as he comes forth from the grave with the scars of his crucifixion upon him, his companions hear his voice, saying unto them "Peace," and when he had so said he showed them his hands and his side, and even unto this day those wounds in Jesus' glorified body are a surer token of our forgiveness than all the feeling or spiritual evidences that we can experience in a life time.

III. Once more we find our Lord in the garden of glory. Just before he yielded up his spirit on the cross he said to the dying thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in

Paradise." Now paradise means a garden and into that place of eternal beauty the Lord has entered, and though it is "a land that is very far off," we still hear the voice of the Lord walking in the garden, Hear Jesus speaking from

His Ascended Glory:

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life that is in the midst of the paradise of God." That eternal deathless life from which Adam was debarred by sin, Christ by his death has again made accessible. The flaming sword which guarded it from man's approach has been bathed in the blood of Immanuel and now it can no longer shut us out of paradise. "Blessed," says our glorified Lord, "Blessed are they that wash their robes that they may have right to the tree of life." "Right!" Oh wondrous transformation! The sword of justice has actually been turned to our defence, so that instead of driving us from the tree of life it guards our approach thereto. "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, Oh Immanuel, and in thy majesty ride forth prosperously, saying unto a world dead in trespasses and sins—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "I will meet thee again at Philippi," said the ghost of Julius Cæsar to Brutus. "I will meet thee again at Calvary!" said the Prince of life to Satan when he had brought death to our first parents in Eden and he has met him; and when on the cross he yielded up his spirit, he inflicted a mortal wound on "him that hath the power of death even the devil." And when he had paid the penalty of our transgressions, he said to justice who had been barring the way to life—"Put up thy sword into its place for I have found a ransom." And now in a paradise regained his companions hear his voice and the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne doth feed them and doth lead them unto living fountains of water. And what is he now saying in

That Garden Above?

—"Behold I come quickly." Oh that we may hear his voice and answer, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices." Is he the Bridegroom of the Church, and is it nothing to us that he be absent from us in the body though he be present in Spirit? The Lord himself has given us our true attitude, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn so long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." And this is our condition now. Christ rejected, the whole world living in the Wicked One; iniquity abounding and the love of many waxing cold. It is a time for fasting and not for feasting. There is a very beautiful piece of statuary which I have seen described, that of "The blind watcher." A young maiden has been betrothed; and her affianced has gone over the sea on a voyage. Each day at evening she goes down to the sea-side and looks out for some sign of his return. Her father who is opposed to her attachment chides her for her conduct and taunts her for her folly in thinking that he will ever come back for her; and being provoked by her constancy, in a fit of passion he one day strikes her in the face in such a way as to destroy her eyesight. But still she is there. And though she can see no longer, she yet goes out upon the beach to listen if she can catch some sound of his coming. Most true picture of the Church—

The Bride

of Christ! Blind, she may be as to the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. But she is not deaf to the voice of her Beloved. She hears the sound of his voice in the Paradise of God, saying: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." And if we really love him, instead of joining with a scoffing world in the cry, "Where is the sign of his coming?" We shall respond with all the ardor and intensity of our souls—"Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Hawaiians Greet Dr. Talmage.

A Letter from Honolulu, Telling of his Cordial Reception in that City.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received from a gentleman in Honolulu, the following interesting letter concerning Dr. Talmage's visit:

Rev. Dr. Talmage arrived here, accompanied by his son, on the steamship "Alameda," on Thursday, June 7th, at 5.30 a. m. Even at that early hour, the people came down to welcome him. Hardly had he stepped ashore when the Chamberlain of Queen Liliuokalani requested him to call upon her Majesty, and shortly afterward Chief Justice A. F. Judd headed a delegation requesting him to preach. The morning was spent in sight-seeing and in visiting the noted precipice of Pali, where some ninety-five years ago, King Kamehameha I. repulsed the armies of Oahu and drove a great host of over 50,000 warriors over the rocks to their death.

After lunch, in company with President Dole and the Chief Justice, Dr. Talmage was taken through the old palace of King Kalakaua and visited the other public buildings of the capital. He sat for a short time with the Provisional Council which was then in session. He also visited the old Hawaiia-hoa Church (the first stone church built here, some fifty years ago) the Kapiolani Park, the Kamehameha schools, etc. Dr. Talmage was surprised and pleased at what he saw and regarded with evident astonishment the extent of our beautiful city, and more particularly the Christian spirit he discovered among the people.

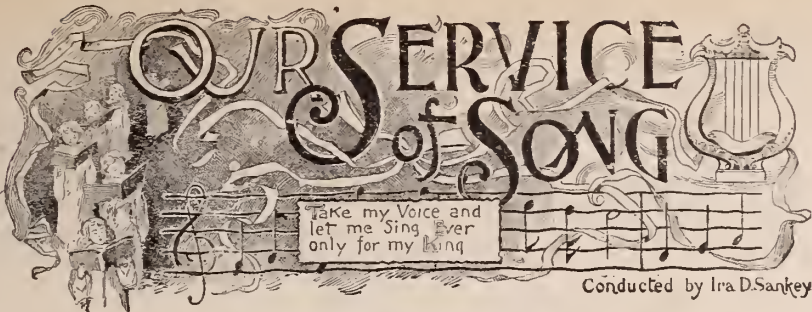
The news of his arrival having spread rapidly, he was asked to speak in some public place, as many residents of Honolulu wished to have the pleasure of hearing him and to this he readily consented. About the same time the Hawaiian Evangelical Association composed of all the native ministers of the Polynesian Islands, whose members were holding their quarterly meeting, conveyed a request through Chief Justice H. F. Judd, that Dr. Talmage should address them in the Congregational Church. It was, therefore, arranged that at 3 o'clock p. m., the Doctor should give an informal talk. The people flocked into the church until the aisles, doorways and even the steps were blocked.

The church was never more crowded, and this in spite of the fact that the announcement of the meeting could only be made by blackboard, there being no time to make proper publication. However, it would seem that the whole city knew of it. The occasion was a remarkably pleasant and agreeable one for all who went there. Half the audience was composed of dark-skinned natives, the remainder being Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, English and Americans. Such an audience probably no living preacher ever before faced. Yet they were not all strangers to Dr. Talmage, for his sermons have been published week after week in the Honolulu newspapers. He spoke for an hour in English and the Rev. S. L. Desha, of Hilo, interpreted in Hawaiian, for the benefit of the audience, which alternately laughed, and cried, and applauded. After the benediction, there was a public reception. The people were enthusiastic in their praise for his kindness and masterly eloquence. Dr. Talmage was invited to visit ex-Queen Liliuokalani, by Mr. J. O. Carter, who had been his fellow-passenger from San Francisco on the "Alameda."

The Doctor was genial and kind, and from the hour of his arrival here until that of his departure for Samoa, he did not seem to have a moment he could call his own. The unanimous sentiment in Honolulu was that the experience was a most pleasant and delightful one, and all would wish Dr. Talmage to come again, when we would make his stay as agreeable as possible.

UGANDA SYNAGOGUES.

A suggestion to missionaries comes from Mr. Fisher of the Church Missionary Society. He says that in Uganda where he is abiding, much good has been accomplished by what he calls the synagogue system. His station is at Mityana and he has a large circuit around it under his charge. At about twenty places from five to ten miles away he has secured a garden, or a hut, to which he sends a boy who can read. The boy reads the Bible on certain evenings to all who will come to hear, and he frequently has all the village as auditors.



Give Me Thine Heart!

"My son, give Me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23: 26.

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY, arr.

1. Wherever we may go, by night or day, A loving voice with-
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad-ly hear, And choose the Lord to-
3. We may have chos-en long from Him to roam, Yet He will welcome

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in doth gen-tly say: My son, from ev-ry way of sin de-part; Be
day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im-part; Oh,
us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de-lay, but quickly start—While

CHORUS.

Sa-tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"
hear Him call-ing still, "Give Me thy heart!" "Give Me thy heart, give
Je-sus say-eth still, "Give Me thy heart;"

Me thy heart; O wea-ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."

Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No. 5, by per. of the Publishers.

IN TIME OF NEED.

WHEN all around the way
The shadows seem to lie,
When morning-beams delay,
And darkness lingers nigh—
Thy Face, thy Name, thy Word I plead,
O Christ, my Hope in time of need!

I cannot see the road;
The storm-winds round me sigh;
The floods have overflowed,
And waves are surging high;
But Thou my trembling prayer wilt heed,
O Christ, my Refuge in my need!

Let me not doubt thy love,
Thy pity, and thy power!
Thou who art throned above
Hast known Earth's shadow-hour.
Thou for my faith dost intercede,
O Christ, my Strength in time of need!

Nearer than cloud art Thou,
And closer than the thorn;
Shine through the darkness now,
O Light, more blest than morn!
O Shepherd kind, my footsteps lead,
Thou present Help in time of need!

Oh, be at rest, my heart!
What though the path be dim,
Nor life nor death can part
His needy ones from Him.
Shall he not prove, whate'er befall,
My Lord, my Rock, my All in All?
—M. H.

REST.

Lord, I am weary—very, very weary—
I am with care oppress.
And life appears so very, very dreary:
Canst thou not give me rest?
How hollow seem the words my friends
have spoken,
How false the peace they gave!
I find the reeds on which I've leaned are
broken—
My Lord, wilt thou not save?
If thou art near, oh, who can then oppress
No enemy I'd fear; [me]
If thou art by in times of care to bless me,
What can so sweetly cheer?
And when my tired eyes in death are closing,
O Jesus, let me rest
In perfect happiness and peace, reposing
Upon thy gentle breast.
—J. P. H.

THE COMING REGENERATION.

What the Scriptures Teach about the Characteristics of the Millennium.

BY REV. CHARLES K. IMBRIE, D.D.

(Continued from page 473.)

DOUBTLESS, time will be needed, after the Lord comes to introduce the millennial reign, before his glory is completed. God's word declares so. Peter speaks, not merely of the Restitution, but of the "times" of the Restitution—a vast period. And the Apostle Paul testifies "He must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet, and that "the last enemy which shall be destroyed is Death." (1. Cor. 15: 25, 26.)

It would seem from this that during the Millennial reign which is, indeed, a far brighter and more blessed era, and immeasurably more glorious than the present; and as Isaiah declares, the longevity of God's elect shall be "as the days of a tree" (Isa. 65: 22), yet Satan is not completely overthrown until its close, and while other enemies are not destroyed Death must still continue. For, as Paul declares, Death is the last enemy to be destroyed. At the close comes Satan's final effort, his overthrow, the general judgment, the banishment of the wicked dead to hell, and last of all, Death and Hades are destroyed. And then the kingdom is seen in its final form of perennial blessedness—the Regeneration is completed.

What a contrast between the earth at its best estate now and the redeemed earth then! It is true, indeed, that even now, while the curse still hangs as a blight upon us, God's mercy does soften the curse. Like a bright star hung on the horizon, when clouds cover the sky, still giving token of the glories of the concealed heaven, so God's mercy-drops sweeten the bitter cup even of the present. But what will it be when the light fills all the heavens! Think of the households, for example, of the earth redeemed. Ye mothers of the present world, tried and anxious, think of them. There will be then no fear for that lovely circle around the mother's knee, for the inhabitants of that world shall never say, "I am sick;" no tear of evil passions springing up within those young hearts, for all temptation and sin will be gone; no doubt of their future character, for "all their children shall be taught of God:" no days of watching or nights of anxiety and weakness. All the earth filled with homes of holiness and peace. Oh, glorious day begin!

Think of the intercourse of the nations in that day. Even, now, indeed we have Christian civilization, and this has meliorated the condition and the intercourse of the world. But what a brotherhood will the holy nations of that day present! The wanderer from his own home will only exchange one home and welcome for another. From North to South, from East to West, all nations sing the same song of redeeming love. All bow in fealty to the same glorious King; all show the same fruits of the Spirit. Every appointment of government shall be in conformity with the righteous rule, to do honor to the King of all the earth and to bless all under its sway.

What God will do with this earth, regenerated, and with its saved race, we know not. One thing we know: He who will sit as King over all in human nature, our brother, is appointed of the Father, head over all things—the head of creation. God's word reveals no more. Only let us be sure that a world redeemed by the blood of God's own Son, and bound to him, through the requirements of the covenant of mercy in everlasting fellowship, is not saved without some object worthy of God who redeems it.

Let us then, brethren, hear the voice which comes to us through all God's holy prophets. Amid the temptations, and the vain show, and the sorrows of this world, let us cheer our hearts with a believing view of the coming glory, when all the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord. Let us beware of having "our hearts surcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of this life, and so that day which shall come as a snare upon all the earth," come upon us, too, unawares. Let us rejoice over our dying ones, that they are soon to come again with the Lord and see the glory of the Regeneration. And let us never cease to pray, as our only hope for the approach of that day of glory, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

* From an address delivered in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.



CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 12. Ephesians 6: 5-18.

TRUGGLE and service are the two views of the Christian life presented by the passage selected for the Topic. Evidently the Apostle did not look at the life from the modern standpoint of a simple and easy method of escaping perdition. His address reads like a proclamation to an army. Every man is to remember his obligations as a servant of God. Whether he is a servant of another man, or an employer of other men, the consciousness of his relation to God is to be continually before his mind regulating his conduct in the other relation. The servant is to put his heart and conscience into his work doing it thoroughly because he is serving his Lord, who recognizes faithful service and rewards it. How this idea ennoble the most menial occupation! The common, dreary round of every day labor is raised to a religious level. It is the Lord whom I am serving by what I do. Is the thought that transforms common life. Is the employer capricious, ignorant, unreasonable? Do we know that he does not know good work when he sees it? Is he incapable by nature and education of appreciating excellence? Does he charge us with carelessness and negligence when we have been really earnest and careful? Does he visit upon us with angry and unjust censure the irritation of ill-health or the resentment of some injury inflicted by some other whom he cannot punish? What does it signify to the man who is serving his Lord in what he has done? Looking up to his real Master he sees his approving face, and none can disturb him by his frown or elate him with his smile. Carlyle tells of his Ancient Monk that he was patient when unjustly imprisoned, and was not elated when capriciously favored—a man who did his whole duty in the service required of him and was indifferent to praise or blame—"a man whom no severity could break to complain and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks." Such service is sure to be faithful, though the employer drops out of sight as an unimportant incident. A more lowly instance of the same kind is found in the story of the household drudge, who, being questioned by the deacon for the evidences of her conversion, when she applied for admission to membership, answered simply, "I sweep under the mats now." It was a simple duty, but she had the penetration to perceive in it a change in the moral fibre of her being. The employer has his duty too. If he remembers that he too is a servant, he learns to exercise the kindness, the patience, the forbearance that he hopes to receive from his Master in heaven. So the principle penetrates to the performance of every duty, makes every occupation a religious service, and all life a sublime act of worship.



THREE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The Order of King's Daughters has spread to many lands and wherever its branches are organized it carries a blessing to place and people for its paramount object and effort is to carry on the beneficent work among the poor and afflicted, to which our Lord gave so much of his time when upon earth. We are enabled this week by the courtesy of "The Silver Cross," to publish portraits of three ladies, who in their

own neighborhood are taking active part in the work of the Order.

Miss Mary S. Balabanian is the secretary of a Circle in Smyrna, Turkey, which bears the significant title of The Light in the East. In writing of the circle, she says that it is prospering in that far away land both in deeds and zeal. "Our chief way of earning money," she explains, "is to sew, embroider, and do any kind of work we can to get money in return. This year we also obtained quite a sum of money by making and selling cake and candy. We give two entertainments yearly, but we could give only one this year. It was an entertainment of recitations, music and stereopticon views; we raised from it twenty-five dollars. We have been carrying on our chief work of visiting the sick poor; we pay their doctors, carry to them food and refreshments. Our Father



THREE PROMINENT KING'S DAUGHTERS.

MISS MARIE BALABANIAN.

MISS M. MORRILL.

MISS ANNE LEWIS.

gave to our charge this year two patients especially that we might be a help and comfort to them in their last days; a consumptive young woman and a dyspeptic man; the latter we had removed to the hospital." The circle also did good work in the winter by paying for the repair of the roofs of some cottages where poor persons live, and in supplying coal to several needy families.

Miss Mary M. Morrill, whose portrait is in the centre of the group, was the organizer of a circle at Nashua, N. H., which is doing valuable work in that town. They have, among other good deeds, established a nursery and have furnished a room in the local hospital which is regularly visited by members of the circle.

The third portrait in the group is that of Miss Anne Lewis, who organized the Loyal Circle of Carrollton, Mo. In the three years of its life the circle has grown in membership from the original nine to fifty-five, and is still attracting new members. The needy of the city are its chief care, but the circle has extended its hands with gifts to many in other places. Twenty-nine families were assisted by it during the year, and clothing, provisions, coal and medicine of the value of \$372 were distributed among other distressed people. Besides this work the circle has contributed gifts mainly articles of its own manufacture to institutions in Louisville, Ky., and other cities, and has responded to appeals for help from circles whose work was greater than their power.

Miss Hattie A. Averill, the President of the Circle, and Miss Emma Blankenship, the Treasurer who send the report of its work to headquarters give a testimony which may encourage others to enter on

the same mission. They say; "As we have entered homes where poverty, sickness and distress were found, and where also death had entered, we have heard the Master's voice, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' and when, in His Name, we have tried to help and comfort and cheer, we have felt a blessing ourselves in the service."



THE B. Y. P. U. A. CONVENTION.

Telegrams from Toronto announce the brilliant success of the convention of Baptist Young People's Unions. It appears to have surpassed even the sanguine expectations of the officers and committees. Fully four thousand delegates were at the opening meeting on July 19. President John H. Chapman, of Chicago, took the chair promptly at half-past 10 o'clock. Among those around him were Governor Northern, of Georgia; the Rev. Henry W. Hunt, Toledo, Ohio; Frank Harvey Field, Vice-President of the Union and President of the New York State Union, and the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of Chicago. Devotional exercises were led by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Georgia, and then the President delivered his opening address, thanking the people of Toronto for their warm welcome, and declaring the convention open. D. E. Thompson extended a welcome on the part of the Young People's Societies of Toronto, and the Rev. Elmore Harris made a similar speech on behalf of the Baptist churches of the city.

President Whitman of Colby

est. The banner for the Sacred Literature Course fell to the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. Amherst, N. S., will have custody of the flag for the most successful local Union. The Missionary Conquest Course banner fell to Michigan.

At Saturday's sessions addresses were given by Rev. George E. Horr, editor of "The Boston Watchman," and Rev. Dr. Calvert, editor of "The Christian Inquirer," New York; Dr. Wharton of Baltimore, the popular evangelist also spoke and sang. One of his solos concluded with the refrain, "We'll Meet in Baltimore in '95," which was greeted with great applause by the audience.

Some interesting statistics were handed in by the Secretary as to the attendance at the Convention. The total number of delegates and visitors registering was 5,330, but a considerable number have not registered. Of those registered, 2,427 were from Ontario; 462 from Pennsylvania; New York, Michigan and Illinois came next in size of their delegations. There was one delegate from Palestine; two from China; one from India; and two from England. The Rev. R. P. McKay and the Rev. Dr. McTavish extended greetings to the delegates on behalf of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, which were suitably acknowledged.

The Board of Management said that it had considered the question of next year's meeting, but was as yet undecided between Baltimore and Dallas. The afternoon was devoted to State rallies and the evening to religious exercises.

The Convention closed on Sunday evening with a great mass-meeting in Massey Hall. Dr. Ellis of Baltimore, expressed the pleasure of the delegates at the manner in which Sunday was observed at Toronto. The Rev. Dr. Johnson of Columbus, gave an eloquent address on popular amusements being followed by the Rev. Dr. Wharton, of Baltimore, who preached an eloquent sermon. A rally of junior workers was held in the afternoon under the presidency of the Rev. R. F. Pierce, of Rockford, Ill. All the meetings were remarkable for the enthusiasm and large attendance.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The first delegate registered at the Christian Endeavor Convention at Cleveland, was a Pueblo Indian.

St. Albans, Vt., District Epworth League has twenty-three Chapters, with an aggregate membership of 1,037. Twenty-five members of the League joined the church during the past year.



There are now one hundred and twenty Young Men's Christian Associations in France. The National Council is offering aid to the churches in the respective Districts by volunteer speakers for aggressive work directed chiefly to young men.



The Floating Christian Endeavor Society on the U. S. steamer "New York," which was the first one organized in the navy, has held its meetings regularly, even although on some occasions, during the rebellion at Rio Janeiro, shells were flying unpleasantly near the vessel.



The Young Men's Christian Association of Joplin, Mo., has lately conducted religious services in the camp of the Missouri National Guards. The regiment was camped in a grove near the city. During the summer months the Association holds afternoon Gospel meetings out doors.



The local union of the American Railroad Union which controls the roads centering in Cleveland, O., pledged itself in response to an application from the Christian Endeavor Society that there should be no interference with trains during the sessions of the Christian Endeavor International Convention.



The Young Men's Christian Association at Galt, Ont., has been greatly helped by a series of union evangelistic meetings held in the town by Major Hilton and Mr. Grant C. Yullar, a large proportion of the converts being young men. Noonday meetings were conducted at some of the foundries, and a strong interest was thus aroused.

University, Maine, replied in an address full of eloquence and humor. He spoke, he said, as one who had been born under a British flag, but who had lived under the Stars and Stripes the greater part of his life. The Rev. Dr. Wilkins, the General Secretary, read the annual report, which showed that last year had been the most prosperous in the history of the Union, with a large increase in the number both of members and of Unions. The Founding Fund had passed the \$20,000 mark.

On Friday the most important business was the election of officers. The following were elected on report of Nominating Committee: President—John H. Chapman of Chicago; Vice-Presidents—Frank Harvey Field, New York; J. N. Shenstone, Toronto; the Rev. George Braxton Taylor, Georgia; Recording Sec'y—A. M. Brinckle, Philadelphia; Treasurer—Frank Moody, Milwaukee; Managers for three years, until 1897—Rev. E. M. Potea, Connecticut; Rev. C. E. Nash, Kentucky; A. M. Brinckle, Philadelphia; Rev. W. F. Taylor, Washington; Rev. R. S. MacArthur, New York; Rev. L. L. Henson, Maryland; Rev. Wm. A. Lawrence, Chicago; H. J. Reynolds, New Jersey; Rev. F. D. Penny, Massachusetts; Rev. G. P. Wright, Nebraska; Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, Colorado; Rev. W. K. Penrod, Arkansas; W. M. Roache, Jr., South Carolina; Rev. R. R. West, District of Columbia; Rev. R. B. Chaffee, Indiana; Rev. E. P. Lovett, Iowa. To fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. F. E. Hannington of Colorado, whose term expired in 1896, J. Lewis of South Dakota was nominated.

The presentation of banners during the afternoon was the occasion of much inter-



LOST TREASURES.

THERE'S a beautiful song we dare not
As sung in the olden way; [sing,
The ages far past have left us this pledge,
Too precious to breathe to-day.
Faultless rhythm, a note sublime,
Has this song of the long ago,
ts to ones o'er the heart with sorrow entwine,
It is tuneful, sad and slow.

here are beautiful scenes we dare not view,
They're pictures on memory's wall;
hey sadden our thoughts of the long ago,
When their vision we recall.
here are faces of loved ones, now no more,
And familiar woods and bowers,
ll seem a fast fleeting story—our life—
As marked by the passing hours.

here are beautiful words we dare not speak,
Sacred to those gone before;
hese words they in parting bade us to keep
Till tears and partings are o'er.
ut when we in heaven our dear ones meet,
When the end of earth is told,
hese words will be greeting from those we
Within that City of Gold. [love,
—A. F. HUMMEL.

Pisa's Leaning Tower.

one of the Architectural Marvels of the
World, Which Travelers Flock to See.

ALTHOUGH there are many architectural wonders in the great cities of Southern Europe, Pisa, in Central Italy, on the banks of the river Arno, possesses a structural curiosity which has the merit of being absolutely unique. Pyramids and palaces, pillars and obelisks, even the greatest among them, have their duplicates somewhere, and the hanging gardens of Babylon have been produced to some extent in other Oriental cities, but the "Leaning Tower" of Pisa is, far as known, the only architectural oddity of the kind in existence. It is a Campanile or round tower and was designed by two famous mediæval architects, Bonino and William of Innsbruck, but the marvel is that, although fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, it still stands, apparently as solid and substantial as the day it was built. Its walls are thirteen feet thick at the base and fully six feet thick at top, the construction being marble throughout. The basement is surrounded by a range of semi-circular arches supported by fifteen columns, above which rise six arcades with thirty columns apiece. In the eighth story, which contains a chime of bells, there are only twelve columns, that story being shallower than the rest. The entire height of the column is 183 feet, but the ascent by a stairway in the wall is so gentle that the visitor hardly perceives the inclination until the top is reached.

This tower is as beautiful as it is extraordinary, and its delicate colonnades are graceful and elegant. It has been leaning in its present position some 600 years; but architects pronounce it entirely safe, although visitors confess to a feeling of nervousness. There is no reason to suppose that the peculiar inclination of the Leaning Tower was the result of intention on the part of the architects, and the probability is that it obtained its oblique position while the work was still in progress.

Pisa has other and even more famous buildings than the "Leaning Tower." Near by is the great Cathedral of white marble, seven hundred years old, some of whose interior decorations are said to be the work of Michaelangelo. To the north lies the Campo Santo, or place of the dead, also about 700 years old. One of its builders is said to have made the place sacred by bringing thither fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary. This famous cemetery is a cloistered structure, adorned with many

statues, and enriched with mediæval monuments and magnificent tombs. The city itself is one of the oldest in Europe, its origin being founded in obscurity. According to Roman legend, it was founded by Greek colonists and as early as the third century B. C. it was a powerful ally of Rome, which finally governed it. It afterwards had an eventful history full of wars and conquests, in all of which it held its own by virtue of its high military spirit and splendid resources. Its warriors fought the Saracens in Europe and under the walls of Jerusalem, and on one occasion a Pisan fleet of 300 ships successfully attacked the Balearic Isles where the Moslems held 20,000 Christians in bondage, and released the prisoners.

After wars innumerable and many vicissitudes of fortune Pisa is to-day one of the most flourishing cities of Tuscany. It has one of the best universities in Italy and its commerce and manufactures are steadily improving. It is one of the pleasantest old-world towns a tourist can visit. Mrs. Talmage and daughters are passing a portion of the present summer at Pisa, during her husband's tour of the Antipodes.

Early Impressions.

A mother once said to a clergyman, "When should I commence the religious education of my child?" He asked her, "How old is your child?" She replied, "Four years old." The clergyman answered, "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost four years.

I know it was the custom of a certain mother, who raised a large family, to let the child have its own way the first year, but after that she made it do her own will." An eminent statesman once said, in a public lecture, that the man was made between the ages of two and six years. Another great and good man once said: "Children always write with indelible ink; if they are wax to receive, they are adamant to retain impressions."

A Lesson in Patience.

A young woman whose life was full of lofty ambitions found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said

to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, and in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves, but the patience, or anger, or high thinking, or bitterness which we put into them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing." A celebrated Frenchman said: "Perfection consists, not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit."

The Oldest Doll in the World.

Mrs. F. A. Hitchcock relates an interesting story of the famous doll known as the Bambino di Ara Coeli. It is the oldest doll in the world, and if tradition is true, almost as old as the Christian religion, for it is claimed to have been carved out of a tree from the Mount of Olives in the time of the apostles, and to have been painted by St.

philes, and other precious stones, while its neck and wrists were entirely covered with strings of the purest oriental pearls."

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

IN choosing flowers for the sick, it is not necessary to pick out the most choice or the most costly, says a writer on floral topics. Every flower is beautiful, and often the common old-fashioned ones are preferred; they suggest pleasant thoughts of former days. As a rule, pretty flowers are preferred. "Oh, give me something cheerful," is often the request at the hospital, and big marigolds, calendulas and zinnias are the first chosen. It is a good plan to have as large a variety in the collection as possible when one is getting ready for a trip to the hospital. If invalids find their favorites among the flowers their enjoyment is much greater; besides, the opportunity to choose is in itself a pleasure. "It is a great privilege to choose," I heard an old lady at one of the asylums say as she bent over a box of flowers trying to decide which box to take. Very fragrant flowers are not always acceptable in a sick room. "I love them, but I cannot breathe so well when they are near me," I heard an invalid once say while trying to decide which bouquet to choose. There are times, however, when the fragrant flowers have a special mission. There is often a blind patient among the invalids. He, too, enjoys choosing his bunch of flowers, and can only be guided in his choice by their perfume.

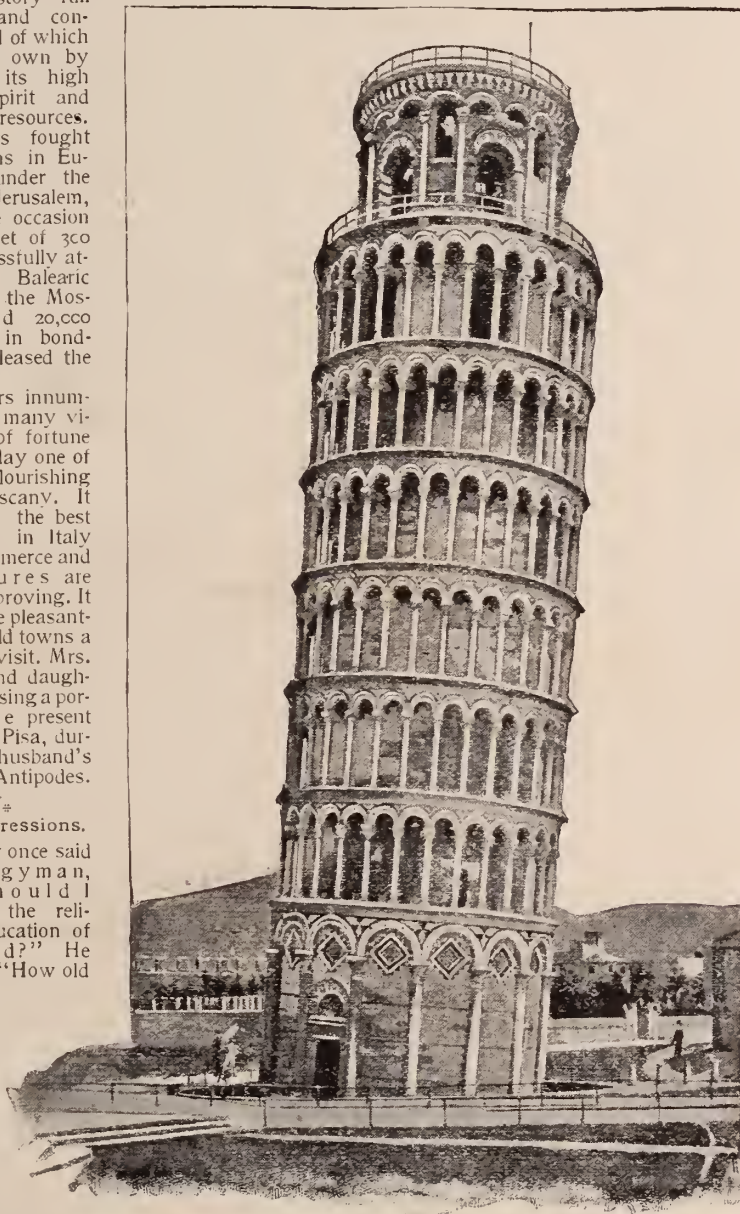
Flowers that last a long time are generally popular at the hospital. Invalids who are not seriously sick like to keep their flowers and to care for them from day to day. "Which will last longest?" is often a question with them. Marigolds are not only gay but they answer this requirement also; pansies, petunias, mignonette, forget-me-nots and sweet alyssum have this same attractive quality. Buds that will open in water are pleasant to have in a sick room. It is interesting to an invalid to watch them develop. If a few slips are mixed with the flowers they may make the bouquet still more valuable. I saw a sick girl some time after she had received a bouquet from the flower mission and she told me with a happy smile that she had sent home the heliotrope which was in her bunch of flowers, and it was still alive.

Growing Old.

Bishop Weaver, in a beautiful address in the presence of a number of intimate friends on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, not long ago, said: "Now they tell me that I am growing old. But it is no sin to be old, neither should anyone be ashamed of it. The grandest things in the universe are old—old mountains, old seas and stars. Unless one is older than these, he need not be ashamed. No snow falls lighter than the snow of age, but none is heavier, for it never melts. One thing I know, that the days of the years of my pilgrimage must be nearing the end. From a rift in the clouds I now and then catch a glimpse of the sun, and know it is not where it was when I first saw it. I notice, also, that the shadows, which for a time fell westward and then northward, now fall eastward, and putting this and that together, I conclude that the evening time of life is no longer coming, but is actually here. Did not some one at some time say, 'At evening time it shall be light?' If it please the Master, I could ask no richer boon than that it may be light to me when the sun goes down."

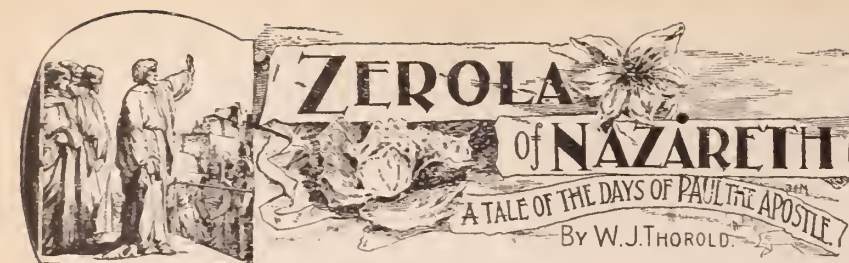
Mother's Eyes Speak.

A dear little child about two and a half years old was lying in bed one morning, looking into her mother's face, who in turn was gazing fondly on the child. Neither spoke for awhile, when the little one smilingly said: "You is talkin' to me, mamma." "No, darling," said her mother, "I did not say anything." She quickly replied, "Yes, mamma, you is talkin' to me wiv' your eyes, and you say, 'O you dear little girl, how I do love you!'" We must always remember that our eyes speak for us.



THE FAMOUS "LEANING TOWER" OF PISA.

Luke. Be this true or not, it has been in the Eternal City many hundreds of years, and is called "Ara Coeli Bambino" (baby), because the church of that name, one of the oldest and most interesting in Rome, is its home. "The church is built on the site of a very ancient pagan temple, and its nave is formed of twenty-two columns, the spoils of the ancient buildings, the inscription on the third on the left proving it to have been brought over from the palace of the Cæsars. I shall never forget the first day we visited this vast and solemnly picturesque edifice. It was just at sunset, and golden shafts of light illuminated the mosaic floor, lighted up the richly gilded ceiling above, and flashed in wondrous brilliancy over the Presèpio, or manger, where lay the miraculous Bambino in swaddling clothes, literally crusted over with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sap-



CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF THE SEPULCHRE.

IN those days it would have been difficult to make Corbulo admit that he had committed murder. He was a Roman general and many a man had fallen by his hand in battle. The instinct of the man was to kill an enemy. This woman had been his enemy and had freely admitted that she thirsted for his life. More, she was armed and had declared with almost her last breath that she would have killed him had the circumstances been propitious. How then did she differ from the enemy whom Corbulo would have killed as a soldier in battle? True, she was a woman and so was entitled to forbearance and consideration. But she was dangerous and the Roman had not the chivalrous feeling for womanhood that was to come at a later day. Then, too, the teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth were opposed to so ruthless a deed. Corbulo remembered hearing that the Christ had commanded his followers to love their enemies, but it he made that the law of his life, his occupation as a soldier was gone. Yet the small voice within him whispered that there was a difference between an act of private and personal vengeance, and a fight on a battle-field with an enemy of his country. Still, he was a soldier not a casuist, and he did not take himself seriously to task for what he had done. He was not proud, or it for no struggle had occurred, and he was rather glad that the inglorious deed had been done in silence and darkness.

But Corbulo was watched: two women had seen him through the window of a house behind the statue.

He looked a moment on the corpse, then, placing a cloth over its face, walked away.

And as he walked his thoughts were in a far-off land,—in a place built on the ruins of an old Egyptian temple on the banks of the flowing Nile. A most fascinating vision was alluring his mind. He saw,—but why divulge the reverie he ended with so significant a muttering: "This passion in its blinded power would hurl me from the future's throne, this passion must be crushed."

The storm was now raging at its fiercest. Fearless as Corbulo was, a man whose personal courage in battle had often inspired the bravest of the Imperial legions, yet as he saw the lightnings flash and glare, and heard the thunder crack and rumble, the slayer of the Egyptian woman trembled beneath the fancied anger of the gods.

Soon he was within reach of the preacher's voice.

"Speaking still," thought Corbulo: the gladiator delays long. If I remember rightly, the third interruption was the signal agreed upon by the conspirators. This Christian preacher passed off the first; surely he cannot suspect the priests. They pray by day, but by night—! Yet I will defeat the holy plotters," he muttered. "I will save the preacher from the lion and the Tiger."

He hastened to the Forum. There, instead of a scattered few, was a crowd still blacker and denser, although moment by moment, the wild fury of the storm was growing greater and more intense. Seemingly the theme of the preacher had changed. To silent and eager thousands he was now speaking the thoughts of his very soul.

Corbulo had reached the edge of the multitude. Now watching the scowls of the clouds, now scanning the faces of the people, he pushes his way through towards the preacher.

"How fierce the storm," he thinks, "how swift the rain. In north or south slugs no lightning, gleams no star. The heavens mock, scorn the earth. . . . Again I feel the Egyptian woman's clutch, hear the lag's curse. But why do I fear? Am I a child? Such spectacles I despise them. . . . What magic power keeps this crowd so silent in the storm?"

This last question was addressed to one of the listeners. But the man had time to

answer, however, the preacher had directed the attention and gaze of all to a board which hung almost above his head. On it was the superscription:

JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

That Pilate wrote in Greek and Hebrew and Latin, which had last been read by the weeping group of mourners surrounding Golgotha, when they with feelings and thoughts the world can never know, beheld the Son of Mary die for mankind, on the cross of Calvary.

"Ten such mighty souls," thought Corbulo, "and in as many years all Romans would be Nazarenes. But where are the priests and their minions?"

He glanced around; then his face grew sternly passionate.

"I see the gladiator! He is rising, he speaks—interrupts. Oh gods! can it be the third? It is—it is the signal! I hear the clash of their sworn daggers. He too, sees them—yet trembles not. Priest and gladiators rush on, on for the victim's blood!"

Crash—crash! A roar—a mumble. The Forum a seething mass; the audience a mob; the Capitol in flames!

The deadly lightning has fired the house of the Cæsars!

On rush the mob—crushing, trampling the fallen and the falling. Cries and shrieks of terror, mingling with curses and yells of vengeance, make more awful the intense and sullen glare of the distant flames, as they devour the timbers and lick the gold from the tumbling dome of that proud palace and proclaim with forked tongues of fiercest warning the impending doom of Rome! Corbulo hurries on with the mob, thrusting in his haste, to right and left, the weaker and the slower. Columns of dense black smoke, bursting here and there with flame, tell him that other buildings have suffered by the lightning.

Atar, he hears the faint cry of a girl—it seems a voice not unknown! He leaves the roadway, guided by the voice. It draws nearer, yet grows fainter. Men and women in terror! Palaces in flames! Thunder crashing! Still Corbulo rushes on—impelled by a strange power within, drawn by a mysterious cry without. He passes the statue, nears his destination—it is the sepulchre! The lightning has wrecked it? The Roman heeds not the inscriptions on its broken marble. He stands on its ruins amazed,—for now the tumult drowns no voice, the tomb is silent as the dead! No sound of life—or death—issues from that living grave.

"I was deceived," he cried aloud, "it was not the slave's voice; a fancy, a dream, a hope—perchance an echo from the crowd."

He listens, though; eagerly listens.

A suppressed cry!

A moment,—he is in the tomb. All is dark there, dark as that dim unknown to which it leads. He is creeping over the broken masonry, over the crumbling skeletons. He waits for the lightning to flash. How long it seems: how dark the tomb. It comes! What a horrid scene its light reveals. There on the mould, held by three fallen stones, lies the blind slave, Zerola of Nazareth!

An hour later—and the girl of Palestine was sleeping in the palace of the Roman General.

"What a picture for an artist to paint!" thought the noble mistress of the house, as she stood holding back the curtains and looking into the room where Zerola lay and slept and dreamed. "Corbulo, Corbulo," she called, "Come!"

The Roman came to the curtained alcove and looked down at the sleeping form. "She has suffered much," he said. "No lapse of happy years writes those marks on the brow. Only pain, mental and physical, can do that."

"But is she not lovely?" said the wife. "I think she is more beautiful because of the record of sorrow and agony written on her face. Those raven tresses and well-de-

fined eye-brows and long dark eye-lashes belong to a sorrow-touched face. I think such a countenance could never have looked so noble and impressive when it was lighted up with smiles, as it looks now in woe. It is the face of a living tragedy. Pure Jewish I think you said?"

"Yes, and of the royal line. That girl, I was told, traces her ancestry back to Solomon, the Magnificent, and far beyond him. It is a strange race, that Jewish one. Not easily controlled, as our governors all aver. They are proud, intense, sensitive, remorseless and vindictive. Their men are fierce and cruel, and their women as implacable as they are beautiful. They are all religious with extraordinary intensity. Their faith seems to be the essence of their being. They have no poetry but their Psalms, and no culture but their piety. To make money and to have a clean ritualistic record are the two principles of their lives. Superstitious and avaricious beyond any race that our Roman arms have subdued, they seem to be oblivious to all else. Pilate told me a great deal about them while I was in Jerusalem. He said that they were so fanatical on matters of religion that they tell more vindictive toward a man who teaches doctrines opposed to their creed, though his life may be clean, than they do toward a low criminal whose creed is right. He had frequently heard of them punishing some man who had unconsciously committed an act that they regarded as sacrilege with a heavier penalty than they inflicted on a murderer."

"Yes," said Corthene, "I have heard that it was so at the trial of the Nazarene. They preferred to have mercy shown to a robber to having it shown to that blameless Teacher. Did you hear much of him when you were in Jerusalem?"

Corbulo looked searchingly at his wife before he answered. Was it possible that she had been attracted by the new doctrine, and was leading the way to a confession of the fact? It was not unlikely. The Nazarenes held beliefs that would appeal strongly to a woman so gentle and noble as his wife. If she had listened to that preacher in the Forum an hour or two ago, she would certainly have been moved. But her face did not show any unusual interest in the subject. "I heard more of him from Pilate than from any one else," he said. "Pilate was greatly troubled about him. He is a careless, unscrupulous man, so that his concern was the more surprising. He reproached himself bitterly for yielding to the Jews in the matter of the young Teacher. He declared that it was a most outrageously unjust prosecution, and there were circumstances at the execution which affected the superstitious side of his nature, and led him to fear that he had incurred the displeasure of the gods in consenting to his being killed. His wife was sure of it, and she reproached him. It seems she warned him before he pronounced sentence, but he did not heed her warning."

"Why did he yield, Corbulo? He was supreme was he not? He could have saved him I suppose?"

"Yes, but he was placed in a delicate position. There were some facts in his past administration that were not creditable to him. Facts which if they had been reported to the Emperor would have been very serious to Pilate. When he hesitated to give up the Nazarene to their fury, they intimated that they would denounce him to the Emperor and that threat was sufficient. He was not afraid of what they might say about him in the case of the Nazarene, but he was afraid of their exposing his whole record. That is the penalty of wrongdoing. It weakens a man's position and prevents his being able to do right when he wants to do it. He was in the power of the Jews and he dare not disobey them. But his yielding has not saved him. He has been summoned to Rome and is to be tried. Claudia, his wife, is said to have become a follower of the Nazarene. I do not know if it is true, but it is commonly reported."

"Did Pilate believe in his innocence?" Corthene asked.

"I think so, but he does not trouble himself much about such matters. It was evidently an ecclesiastical charge that the Jews were pressing and they added the charge of sedition to bring the prisoner under Pilate's jurisdiction. They wanted him executed and they could not execute him for a religious offence, so they declared that he claimed to be a King and then Pilate was bound to deal with him. He was embarrassed by the man's contumacy. The Nazarene would not plead. He seemed to resign him-

self to his fate. Pilate tried repeatedly to get him to defend himself but he would not."

"Ah, it was all so sad. I have heard he was a very good man and that he was kind and gentle and so helpful to the poor."

"You seem very much interested in him, Corthene. Be careful how you speak of him to other people. His followers are in danger of persecution even here in Rome. As you know, there are many already in prison. I think it is unjust but it is dangerous to show sympathy with them. I admire the Nazarene myself and have tried to shield his followers but I have had to do it secretly and be very discreet. This girl is a near kinswoman of his."

"A kinswoman of Jesus of Nazareth!" exclaimed Corthene, her eyes glowing with excited interest.

"Yes," said Corbulo, "I did not know of the fact when I bought her but I learned it afterward from Paul, who made the discovery. I knew she came from Nazareth, but I bought her only because I admired her rare beauty and evident refinement and thought you would like to have her."

"And was she sold as a slave because of her relationship to Jesus?" Corthene asked, her eyes filling with tears of sympathy.

"No, that fact was not disclosed. It appears she was known to be a Nazarene, but she would have escaped through her obscurity but for an act of indiscretion. The Jews were stoning one of the Nazarenes, and Zerola happened to be passing. Her sympathy was excited when she heard why they were stoning him, and she procured a cup of water from a house near by and was carrying it to the wretched man when the fanatical crowd seized her. They could not bear that any one should show kindness to a man whom they were stoning. They struck the cup from her hands and called Paul's attention to her. He was rabid in his hatred against the Nazarenes then and had her carried off to the court and she was sold. He seemed vexed when I bought her and there was an Egyptian with him who seemed mad with rage. I have since heard that he is a prisoner in Rome now. When Paul joined the Nazarenes he learned who the girl was, and his sorrow and remorse have been terrible."

"Yes," said Corthene, "I suppose so. Poor girl!"

"For years Paul has been searching for the slave," said Corbulo. "Her mother and father he dared to meet. To tell the mother of her daughter's fate he was ashamed. But one morning, at one of the gates of Jerusalem, the Damascus I think, on the very scene of Thaeon's martyrdom, almost at the same hour as Zerola's enchantment, the apostle came face to face with the woman whose child he had enslaved!"

"He met her mother?"

"Yes."

"Was she searching for him?"

"No. She and her husband were on their way to Egypt, having received a letter from a friend there which said that the jailer who was the accomplice of the captain, had confessed his guilt to an old priest—both are dead now though—and thought to atone for his crime by telling where she was imprisoned."

"How did the mother treat him, Corbulo?"

"That I do not know, Corthene. Paul would not tell me."

This question the Roman's wife asked out of no idle curiosity, but for a far different reason. She was almost persuaded to become a Nazarene, but before taking a step so perilous, and perhaps fatal, wished to know if the disciples of this new religion did live the life of the Crucified. For it was that which was winning her.

Then Corbulo and Corthene said good night, for it was very late. And as he kissed her it was with the blush of youthful love, whose warmth had never chilled, perhaps because it was a passion with the deriving its beauty from a sincere constancy, and its power from a suppressed intensity. In addition to this they both knew that faithfulness seals love and makes changeless.

"Had I found that base Karmes," Corbulo muttered, as he lay awake, surrendering himself to different thoughts, "I had sent him where he might welcome the Egyptian woman!"

For the confederate of the captain of a ship which brought Zerola to Italy, had thought that the General, upon arriving home from his visit to Pilate and learning that his wife had not received the present her, had searched for him.

(To be Continued.)

The Gospel Fund now \$2,000.

Popular Interest Awakening among all Denominations in the Great Christian Crusade
Mr. Moody is Conducting—What Former Students of the Institute Write.

WITH this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has to make the gratifying announcement to its readers that the Moody Gospel Fund has now passed the two thousand dollar mark, and that every day is still bringing evidence of extending interest in its growth. Every State in the Union and all the Christian denominations

are sharers in this Gospel crusade; indeed, it is to the co-operation of godly men and women everywhere, irrespective of geographical or denominational lines, that the great evangelist looks confidently for the support and encouragement that are needed to make the work he has undertaken a glorious spiritual success. They are helping the cause of Christ more than they now," is his own expression, in recording his grateful acceptance of these gifts. If ever the unevangelized masses are to be brought to Christ will be by such means and methods as Mr. Moody employs, and by workers trained to serve the Master as the students are trained at the Bible Institute. We might fill pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with actual incidents of Gospel work by these students, resulting in the conversion of souls and the complete transformation of evil lives, but these are almost every day occurrences in this work. In the streets, in tents, among soldiers, among the mothers and children, both at their homes in the tenements and at mothers' meetings, in the markets, among theatre employees, among the homeless, the waifs and strays of every description, and among the criminal classes, this great work is carried on unceasingly and devotedly, and God's blessing has abundantly rested upon every effort put forth. There is no other way of reaching these masses that go to no church and who are

wholly without religion, except by such means as are afforded by the Bible Institute and its general plan of work. They are not to be ranked even as among those who form the transient church-going class or occasionally attend regular evangelistic services. On the contrary, year after year slips away leaving them still indifferent to the things of eternity. They will not go to the church-

other resident pastor. Both churches are over forty years old, and it is hard to arouse spiritual life and energy. But God is steadily blessing the preaching of his word, and some sheaves have been gathered. God bless the Institute; if there were I received my first impulse in Christian work."

J. B. G. writes from California: "When I arrived here I found the churches in very poor condition, especially F., where I now have crowded houses on Sunday evenings—also keepers and their customers attend. The worst infidel and blasphemous in town, who swore he would never attend church, now comes with his wife and family. He has presented me with a portable open-air pulpit. Our open-air meetings are a complete success. We hold them under the shed of a saloon, the keeper of which provides us with chairs for our folks to sit upon. We are on the way to a gracious revival, I trust, not one 'got up,' but 'brought down from above.'"

D. J. C., writing from Province of Quebec, says: "I am busy in the Lord's work on the farm, and I am superintendent of a Sunday School, conduct two prayer-meetings every week, regular services fortnightly at B., or some other place nearly every Sunday. This week I have four meetings to lead in different school sections. I had one week of special meetings at my station last summer which were greatly blessed of God. I am, I believe, in the right place for the present, and I ask an interest in your prayers."

Miss A. J. B., now laboring in Ohio, writes: "I feel very much encouraged with the work. A number of children have been converted and have entered the fold. Also several men and women have been brought to Christ through the influence of the mission. Among them a Jew. First the little daughter, since the father and two sons. Several Hebrews have been coming to my rooms to study and read the Scriptures. Really there is more than one can do alone."

How the seed is sown is illustrated by many incidents that come to the notice of the Managers of the Institute almost daily. Mr. Moody did not consider candidates eligible who had not six characteristics. They must be thoroughly consecrated; full of love for souls; have a knowledge of the Bible; be willing to bear hardship; have untiring energy and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Possessing these qualifications, how much might be expected of them! It gladdened his heart to find how many such there were. The need of them was urgent. He accepted them as they came, and after giving them practical training, sent them forth to labor in the great harvest field. In a previous article we published a list, showing how three hundred of them are now occupied in preach-

ing, teaching and doing missionary work in various cities. Others took their places in the Institute, and still others—a great number—wanted to go, for whom there was no room. This latter class has continued growing, and it is for these Mr. Moody makes his appeal. He knows them to be men and women of just the right kind.

One of the students was coming from the south part of the city of Chicago recently. A young man of about eighteen years sat on the seat next him. Mr. M. felt in his pocket for a tract, but he only happened to have an eight-page tract left. Thinking that this was not pointed enough, he hesitated to give it to the youth, but finally he did so. The young man read it through and thought, and when asked what he thought of it, said he ought to—"Ought to what?" "Ought to give himself to Christ." Mr. M. pressed the truth home in the few moments he had before leaving the car, and gave the man a marked copy of the Gospel of John to read, which he promised faithfully to do.

A tall girl expressed a desire to reform in the late meeting at Institute Hall recently. She had the usual difficulties, but help was promised. Next day the superintendent took her to the Deaconess' Home, who took care of her. She appears to be truly converted!

Many languages are spoken in the United States, and in our many large cities there are sections where English is either unused or spoken with difficulty. In order to supply Christian workers among this class, it has not been thought necessary to teach a variety of languages at the Institute, but rather to choose from among the applicants of different nationalities who desire to be trained at the Institute, young men and women who speak the languages in question and who are, therefore, able to meet these people familiarly and to tell them the Gospel story in their own tongue. Thus, in recent seasons among the 60,000 Bohemians in Chicago, a great deal of evangelistic work has been done by Bible Institute students. In one notable case, a young Bohemian from Kansas labored among his countrymen, facing insult and abuse, and even sustaining bodily injury. He preached in the open air, giving as many as fifteen short talks in different places on the same evening, with great crowds following him. Some times, owing to the malignity of some of the enemies of the Gospel, they were incited to stone him, beat him, tear his clothes, and once they even had him arrested, but amid all he kept on working courageously, and the testimony of the Gospel was given to many.

Among the many and varied contributions to the Gospel Fund, none is more touching, as showing deep devotion to the work, than that sent by Mrs. Evelyn M. Dick, of South Boston, Mass. It is a beautiful and valuable hand-knit, white-shelled bedspread, of 447 pieces, and the donor has directed that it be sold and the proceeds applied to the Fund. On this page we give a photograph of a section of the spread, showing the beautiful pattern and the delicate quality of the work. It is now open to purchase by any of our readers, and as it is a rarely beautiful and useful article, it will doubtless soon find an owner.

The new contributions to the Fund are acknowledged on this page.



KNIT WHITE SHELL BED-SPREAD. PRESENTED TO THE MOODY FUND
Directed by the donor Mrs. E. M. Dick, South Boston, Mass., to be sold for the benefit of the Fund.

es to hear the Gospel and the Gospel must be taken to them. This is the high mission of the army of workers which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are asked to aid in training and equipping at the Bible Institute—to carry the Gospel to the 30,000,000 churchless people of America.

Many of the letters received from former students of the Bible Institute show that their training and equipment have not been in vain, and they are now working earnestly for the Master in various fields of usefulness. An ex-student, C. W. T., writes from Nova Scotia:

"I thought while working at my trade, up-lifting, to help me more for extended preparation, I would try and do something for Christ. Established regular preaching three miles in the country at a schoolhouse. Two weeks ago we organized a Sunday School with between thirty and forty members."

E. A. T., another former student now in Wisconsin, writes:

"I have a well-settled farming community of thirteen miles length by four miles broad, with two towns and two churches under my charge; there being one

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THE BOOK SHELF

A LITTLE STRANGER IN LONDON.*

CAPTAIN HERBERT knew that Eva's chief beauty and charm lay in her utter unconsciousness, and he had hoped that she might still retain that unconsciousness for many years. It would be well if we hesitated before spoiling the sweet innocence of childhood; it is too easily done—a careless, flattering speech or look is enough, and it is a thing which once lost can never be regained. I know no sadder sight than a vain, self-conscious child, a pigmy edition of the airs and affectations of its elders.

Mrs. Meredith and Captain Herbert talked for a few moments on subjects that did not interest Eva, who preferred watching the manoeuvres of the little gold-fish that resided in a large glass bowl in the window to listening to their conversation. They were most entertaining were those gold-fish, and they dashed and splashed about the water in great style and with an immense expenditure of energy, and Eva watched them with no small interest. "I s'pose they're sardines," she said to herself, for those were the only small fish she had seen. "How much happier they look now than they do when they're packed tight in a tin box and smothered with nasty oil. Poor things! they're so pretty I think it is very unkind to kill them."

Mrs. Meredith looked rather surprised at this speech, but with ready tact she changed the subject by showing Eva the adjoining dressing-room in which Mollie was to sleep. "You will like to have your maid near you at night," she said; "for I daresay you will feel nervous in a strange house."

"What does nervous mean, please?" asked Eva.

"Well—timid—frightened."

"Oh, no, I'm never frightened at night," said the little girl. "You see I know I'm just as safe at night as I am in the day. When I feel at all funny I say to myself, 'God is taking care of me,' and then I feel quite happy."

Mrs. Meredith looked down earnestly at the thoughtful face of the child. "Did your father teach you that?" she asked.

"No, grandfather did. I've always lived with grandfather, you know, and he's taught me everything."

"He must be a good man," remarked Mrs. Meredith.

"Oh, he's ever such a good gentleman!" exclaimed the little girl earnestly.

When she was ready for lunch Eva went down-stairs, with Julia closely following her. She had reached the first landing when a door opened and Mrs. Meredith came out and called to her.

"Come and see my baby, little Eva," she said. "Do you like babies? I suspect you prefer dolls, and if you do I commend your taste," she added laughingly.

She led Eva into a large and cosy nursery where an old nurse sat in a low chair by the fire with the baby on her lap. "I have brought a visitor to see baby, nurse," said Mrs. Meredith. "Eva, this is my old nurse who used to take care of me when I was as young as you are, and now she has charge of my little boy."

Eva looked with grave interest at the baby. He was a pretty little thing with dark, bright eyes and a rosebud mouth.

"Well, what do you think of him, missy?" asked the old nurse, smiling at the child's earnest face.

"He is very nice," said Eva; "but it's rather a pity he's bald, isn't it. It will be so cold for him having a bald head all his life, poor little thing," she added pityingly.

The old nurse and Mrs. Meredith looked at each other and laughed.

"Baby will soon have a fine head of hair, dear," Mrs. Meredith explained to Eva. "And some teeth, too, but he's not old enough yet—he's very young, you see."

"I s'pose he's nine days' old, isn't he?" Eva asked. "Yes, he must be, 'cos his eyes are wide open."

*From *The Little Lady of Lavender*, by Theodora C. Enslie. Illustrated; pp. 320; price \$1.25; cloth binding. A charming juvenile story. American Sunday School Union, New York and Philadelphia, publishers.

"What do you mean, dear?" Mrs. Meredith asked, looking puzzled.

The little pussies at home can't see till they're nine days' old," said Eva.

"Oh, but babies are different; they can see directly they are born," cried Mrs. Meredith laughing.

"That's a good thing," the little girl remarked quite gravely; "I always feel sorry for the kittens, 'cos it must be so dull for them to be blind. May I give the baby a kiss? Or will the red paint on his face come off? Once when I was little grandfather gave me a baby doll, and it was very pretty, but when I kissed it all the nice red paint came off its face and it didn't look pretty any more."

"You may safely kiss this baby," Mrs. Meredith told her, laughing; "the rouge is guaranteed not to come off his cheeks."

"That's very nice," said Eva; "I s'pose you bought him at a good shop?"

"You are the funniest little girl I have ever met!" Mrs. Meredith exclaimed, and both she and the old nurse laughed so much that Eva decided they must be very merry people.

THE BIBLE ATTITUDE.

In substance I retain the Bible exactly as my mother gave it, for she, too, was an expert. She thought the Lord made the heavens and the earth in six days, and that he rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. She told me the story of Joseph just as if it had been all true, and she told me about Abraham and Isaac and the angel seizing the uplifted knife as if it were a fact. She went over all the Bible lovingly, and never said a word to me about tentative suggestions, clay tablets and future excavations. And many a time after reading the Bible to me, we fell on our knees and the dear old soul talked to God as if he were a real living being and quite close to her. Yet she knew nothing about God but what she had read in the Bible. Of course all this cuts a mean figure in the eyes of formal logic and in the view of the new learning. Yet I am going to cling to it. My reason for referring to it now is to remind the critics that there is a Bible dear to the common people—they were made by it, converted by it, comforted by it, and they live upon it, and I do not want the critics to take it away until they have something better to give than a series of tentative suggestion and the hope of finding some help in future excavations. We must not ignore the work that the Bible has done among the people. Experts should limit the circulation of their books amongst themselves. They should prey and feed and starve upon each other's partial learning, and flatter each other's critical instinct by inventing still longer polysyllables and playing the middleman to German wordmongers.

I would only take away an idolater's idol because I think I have something better to put in its place. Neither would I take away the mother's Adam and Moses and Abraham and Isaac and Isaiah and Daniel, and fill the ghostly vacancy with nothing more than a series of tentative suggestions. But what would the infidel say? I never consult the infidel upon anything. I would go to the infidel for infidelity; I never go to him for faith. What then is to be done? Go on with the old until the new is ready. Do not let the soul shiver in nakedness whilst the new tailors are wrangling over the texture and pattern of the new clothes. This gives me the right point of approach to the Bible and all its contents. All the detail I can now survey from a true elevation. So long as I mistook the telegraph-messenger for the telegram itself, I was in great confusion. Who was he? Who were his parents? What was his age? How did he come to be connected with a great electrical system? I made a puzzle of him. Was he old enough to have written a telegram? Had he and another boy concocted the telegram? After all was the missive a telegram? If it was a telegram, why was it not sent immediately to me without the intervention of a messenger? I ask the boy

*From *None Like It*, a plea for the old sword, by Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., a defence of the Bible against the higher critics. Pp. 270; price \$1.25; published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

if he has written the telegram, and he says, No? I demand to see the clerk who has pencilled the message, and he turns out to be little more than a boy himself, but he has sufficient sense to suggest that I had better open the envelope and read the message. When I read it the boy and the clerk become of small consequence to me. The message was full of love. It was the message for which I had been waiting many a weary day. I could have loved even the boy who brought it to me. I at length looked at the whole action from the right point of view, and now the shadows are dispersed by the full shining of the light. The right point of view is exactly what we want in everything. . . . It seems to me that the higher critics have not always placed themselves at the right point of view in attempting to survey the almost boundless field of inspiration. They are in some conspicuous instances mere word-grubbers, who cannot find through lexicons and grammars what can only be found by incessant and sympathetic communion with God. Expertness may be the fruit of prayer. If I start my survey of the Bible from any other point than God I am lost in details. The Author, not the book in its mechanical form, is the point to begin at.

THE PRAYER OF CHILDHOOD.*

Who is the author of this little prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep?" On this point Rev. Dr. Bullard, of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society, says:

"I really do not suppose there is any living person who can throw any light on the subject of who is the author of 'Now I lay me down to sleep!' For thirty years I have tried to keep my eyes and ears open to ascertain, and have not yet succeeded." After such an endeavor by a man so favorably situated to ascertain the fact, who can hope to solve the mystery?

So far as we know, its first appearance has not been traced further back than the "New England Primer." We saw some years ago an article in which it was traced to this source, but whether it was said to have appeared in the first edition, or only in a subsequent one, we are not able to remember. The authorship has been ascribed to Dr. Watts; but this, so far as appears, is not based on any historical facts.

To know the author of this beautiful prayer would seem to be desirable, yet that knowledge would only satisfy our curiosity, without conferring any benefit. True, the author of it has won for himself an honor which one would hardly exchange for that of being the author of "Paradise Lost," yet he enjoys it no less in heaven for its being unknown on earth. If the author is ever to be discovered in that happy place, the millions of little ones who uttered their first devotions in its language will find him out; and it will be a happy thing for him that he will be beyond the danger of being vain by their praise!

Is there not a beautiful and significant providence in the fact that its authorship is on earth unknown? It is only the more purely a true and catholic form of devotion as being entirely dissociated from its human source. It now belongs wholly to piety and the Church. It speaks now from the heart of the Church, and is the voice of her general life, and is not the utterance of any of her organs. It seems to be the way and the habit of the life of Christianity to make human names and individualities disappear in her devotions. Hence her sublimest creeds, hymns, and prayers cannot be definitely traced to any precise time at which they originated, or to any particular individual from whom they proceeded.

This little prayer has no one to claim it. It belongs to mothers and the children. In using it there is nothing to think of but its own blessed sense. It comes to the couch of infancy like an angel visit, giving no account of itself other than in the blessing it imparts to the trusting heart of childhood.

*From *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep*, the Prayer of Childhood in Literature and Song, by Wm. Oland Bourne. Pp. 195, cloth cover; price \$1. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, N. Y., publishers.

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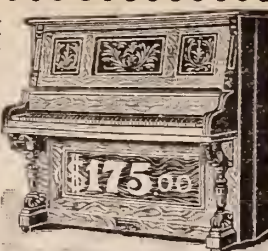
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VOLUME 17.

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COREA AND THE GOSPEL.

How the War, in which China and Japan are Involved, may Affect our Missionaries in "the Hermit Kingdom"—Missionary Work in Seoul, the Capital.



BLACK, grim clouds of war hang over Corea, and in the clash of conflict between the two great Asiatic powers, China and Japan, "the Hermit Nation" (as Corea is called by its neighbors), may be extinguished as a self-governing people, and its territory absorbed by the victorious combatant. From foreign correspondents at Seoul, the capital city, as well as from the freely expressed opinions of the Japanese press, some light on the causes of this latest Eastern war may be gathered. Corea has been for generations past, regarded by China as a quasi-dependency of the Flowery Kingdom and its government. Of late years, Japan has been coming to the front as a progressive nation and its interests and influence in Corea, as well as in other quarters, have been increased to an extent that has aroused the jealousy of China. Civil troubles in Corea, afforded a pretext for interference by both of the greater powers. For many years there has been widespread discontent among the people of the Hermit Kingdom, in consequence of the corruption that has prevailed among the official class. In the Southern provinces, a popular political party was formed, known as the "Tong Hak," which was representative of the widespread demand for official reforms. Its members charged that the Korean monarch, whom they respected for his high personal qualities and statesmanship, had been surrounded by venal and despotic advisers; that the functions of government and legislation

were degraded and abused; that the people were burdened and oppressed beyond endurance, and that the whole official machinery had become odious in consequence. Naturally, so formidable an indictment aroused the resentment of the governing class and the result was an attempt to suppress the "Tong Hak" by force of arms; but this was notoriously unsuccessful. It is understood that the Korean sovereign, Li H'oung, was for a long time opposed to taking up arms against his own subjects. He is a ruler of peaceful disposition, about forty-three years of age, and assumed the throne as the successor of King Khoui Khong in 1864. He has a son, the Hereditary Prince, who is now of age. King Li H'oung, who claims a variety of titles, such as "Son of Heaven," "King of Ten Thousand Isles," etc., has acknowledged the sovereignty of China by inviting its consent on matters of high importance and by paying a heavy annual tribute. At the same time there are in Corea five times as many Japanese as Chinese, and the bulk

several sharp encounters came off victorious. At last, the government being apparently unable to cope with the insurrection, both China and Japan landed small armed forces on Korean territory and Japan at the same time made a demand on the Korean monarch and his government for the passage of certain reforms. It does not appear either from the correspondence or the cable despatches whether the measures so demanded were identical to any extent with those the refusal of which had precipitated the civil war, although it is not improbable that Japan embodied in its demand some of them at least. China, sharply resenting Japan's attempt to dictate to Corea, made extensive preparations for war, both by land and sea and Japan did likewise. A formal declaration of hostilities has not been made; but it appears from late despatches that war has actually begun. Japanese gunboats are reported to have opened fire on some of the Korean coast towns, and Japanese cruisers have sunk Chinese troop-ships. A Japanese force is reported to have taken the Korean king a prisoner. Early in the trouble, Japan established a strong garrison in Seoul, the capital, and at the instigation, it is said, of the Chinese minister there, the Korean guard attacked the Mikado's troops, but were repulsed with con-

Chinese army contains probably not less than 280,000 troops of all classes of which 90,000 are armed and drilled according to modern tactics. Besides these, there are also some 540,000 reserves of the "Green Flag," of which 250,000 may be available, the whole army fit for service being between 400,000 and 500,000. Japan may be able to place in the field 250,000 effective troops. She has made a longer and closer study of European war methods than her great adversary. An American, Col. Wasson, is the Japanese chief of staff.

By sea, Japan makes a somewhat better showing, her navy including sixty vessels of all classes, all built since 1869, on modern principles and manned by with officers and crews who have been trained by British experts. Her younger officers are graduates of the Tokio school of gunnery and several of the seniors were trained at Annapolis, and in England. She is weak in armor-clad vessels, but her cruisers are of the best modern pattern, swift and formidable.

China has a much larger fleet; indeed it would be difficult to estimate its actual strength, as many of the viceroys in the maritime provinces have war-ships of their own. Her whole navy probably numbers not less than 100 ships of all classes, including four iron-clads, forty cruisers and at least thirty torpedo boats. It is said that Japan has agreed to consider Shanghai as beyond the limit of any hostilities that may take place and this assurance has been received with much satisfaction by the commercial world.

Just what the effect of this impending warfare will be upon missionary work in Corea, cannot now be foreseen. That it will bring trouble and involve the missionaries in many grave perils seems inevitable; yet it is not improbable



THE WAR IN COREA—KING LI H'OUNG IN HIS PALACE AT SEOUL, THE CAPITAL.

(From Percival Low's "Chosen," by Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

China. Civil troubles in Corea, afforded a pretext for interference by both of the greater powers. For many years there has been widespread discontent among the people of the Hermit Kingdom, in consequence of the corruption that has prevailed among the official class. In the Southern provinces, a popular political party was formed, known as the "Tong Hak," which was representative of the widespread demand for official reforms. Its members charged that the Korean monarch, whom they respected for his high personal qualities and statesmanship, had been surrounded by venal and despotic advisers; that the functions of government and legislation

of the trade is in Japanese hands. Until recently, the king, who is invisible to his subjects, has kept very much in the background, devoting himself to introducing electric lights in his palaces, and the worship of "the gods," the religion of the governing class being a mixture of Buddhism and sheer idolatry.

As the rebellion spread to the different provinces, the "Tong Hak," having provided themselves with arms and supplies in advance of hostilities, opposed a formidable front to the government troops, and in

siderable loss, being unable to stand the withering fire of the Japanese rifles. Meanwhile both powers are hurrying forward large bodies of troops to the peninsula, and a great, prolonged and costly war would seem to be inevitable.

Great as is the disparity in size and population between China and Japan, the two powers are not so unequally matched in the field as might be supposed. At the same time, it would certainly seem that China, by sheer superiority of numbers and extent of resources, must eventually triumph. The

that the final result may prove to be of the greatest advantage to the missionary cause. One of the most isolated and exclusive countries on the globe, walled and defended against foreign intrusion almost as jealously as Thibet, Corea has treated missionaries with intolerance. It is a country without a religion, in the sense that, unlike China, India and Japan, it has no religion that is sanctioned by the State. Long centuries ago, it expelled Buddhism from its cities. This it did after a Japanese incursion 300 years ago, when the invading troops came disguised as Buddhist priests and Corea afterward decided that no priest

(Continued on page 409.)



THE TRAGEDY OF DRESS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: 1 Peter 3: 3, 4: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and the wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart."

THAT we should all be clad, is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled, is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but he gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but he garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but he studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but he columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if nature ever does join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf, or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding-doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said, in his epistle, "if a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her." There will be a fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white. I say these things as a background to my sermon, to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this world, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The old and new testament of her bible are the fashion plates. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds and souls of ten thousand victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ-loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry. When I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy trade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and club-rooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London, not long ago, a man died who

started in life with seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left; with that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster bridge and threw himself into the Thames, and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checker-boards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the Surrogate's office, shall "share and share alike." As God may help me, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

The first baleful influence I notice is in fraud, illimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his wife's wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary, and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stocks, and the life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew the United States Secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent? But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wits' end, and are lashed from January to December in the attempt. Our politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country; it will be of no use, and things will be no better until we learn to put on our heads, and backs, and feet, and hands no more than we can pay for.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folk's wardrobes, are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of the coffin, of

extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! Our countries are dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are ten thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array four thousand dollars a year.

What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street, that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and, without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock, and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. O! for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes.

Act the first of the tragedy.—A plain but beautiful home. Enter, the newly-married pair. Enter, simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter, as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second.—Discontent with the humble home. Enter, envy. Enter, jealousy. Enter, desire of display.

Act the third.—Enlargement of expenses. Enter all the queenly dressmakers. Enter, the French milliners.

Act the fourth. The tip-top of society. Enter, princes and princesses of high life. Enter, magnificent plate and equipage. Enter, everything splendid.

Act the fifth, and last.—Winding up of the scene. Enter, the assignee. Enter, the sheriff. Enter, the creditors. Enter, humiliation. Enter, the wrath of God. Enter, the contempt of society. Enter, death. Now, let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended and the lights are out.

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible that some of the men have to forge and to perjure and to swindle to pay for their wives' dresses? I will say it, whether you forgive me or not!

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all Christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the one cent he puts into the poor-box! A Christian woman, at the story of the Hot-tentots, crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief, and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece! One hundred dollars for incense to fashion: two cents for God. God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents by command of his Bible belong to him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar, when he takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than from God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster

is because they do not observe this divine rule. God says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their table, and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment. In my first settlement at Belleville, New Jersey, the cause of missions was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea for the charity of the people was being made, when an old Christian man in the audience lost his balance, and said right out in the midst of the sermon: "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to these grand and glorious causes when our families dress as they do?" I did not answer that question. It was the only time in my life when I had nothing to say!

Again, inordinate fashion is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races to see who will come out first. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordinary display of fashion comes in. "What a love of a bonnet!" says some one. "What a perfect fright!" say five hundred. For the most merciless critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat, or what store that woman patronizes. In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-houses with lightning! What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awful question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of navy blue velvet and long fan-train skirt, long enough to drag up the church aisle, the husband's store, office, shop, factory, fortune, and the admiration of half the people in the building. Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymn book, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place!

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer and say: "Good Lord deliver us!"

Insatiate fashion also belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fashion? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering-places, through fashion the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors, the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratoga, within our hearing, rushed across a room to say to a sensible woman, "You are as sweet as peaches!" The tools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared: "Thou shalt have no other God before me," and you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven,

and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. Heaven is for those meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bodies. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than in dry-goods religion. Why, if you with your idolatry of fashion should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions." Give up this idolatry of fashion, or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntington, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor, or with that Christian woman of Boston, who fed fifteen hundred children of the street at Faneuil Hall on New Year's Day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them; or those Dorcases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take? Oh! men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion. The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn it. And the frets of such a life will bring the crows' feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time. I have seen men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them for their body, mind, and soul, had been exhausted in the worship of fashion, and they could not appreciate the gospel. When I knelt by their bedside they were mumbling out their regrets and saying, "Oh God! Oh God!" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope, and went into eternity unprepared.

The most ghastly death-beds on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens, and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind, and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in, Beau Brummel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak; and without his cane, like which all England got a cane; without his snuff-box, like which all England got a snuff-box—he, the top of the ages, particular about everything but his morals; and Aaron Burr, without the letters that down to old age he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Absalom without his hair; and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles; and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when that was the centre of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall go away into eternal expatriation; while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians; and Hannah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple; and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue; and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ

to the world: and many of you, the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of the present Christian Church, who through great tribulation are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when he said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

THE HEIGHT OF BABEL.

The exact date of the building of "Nimrod's Folly," as the Chaldeans say in alluding to the Scriptural "tower of Babel" (the Armenians speak of it as the "Tower of the Confusion of Tongues"), or the height to which it penetrated the rarified atmosphere of the Oriental plains will, perhaps, never be known. The date of the laying of the foundation of the famous structure is usually set at 2,247 years before Christ, or in the year of the Flood 101. There is a Jewish legend recorded in the Talmud which tells us that God did not put a stop to the building of the tower until after it had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, which is equal to nearly twelve English miles. The sacred historians have not left data upon which we can base calculations of its exact height and general dimensions, and it is because of this omission, no doubt, that the imaginative Orientals and other ancient writers have given such fabulous and extravagant traditions

Corea and the Gospel.

(Continued from first page.)

should ever be admitted to a walled city in their territory. It is a land devoid of priests and temples and palaces, for in all lands where a form of religion rules, we find that architecture and art exert their best powers in the interest of the church and the adornment of its edifices. There is not a single temple or religious building in Seoul, the capital, and no priest is allowed to set foot within its gates. This is equally true of every walled city in Corea. It has banished its gods, and although its people doubtless have their native superstitions, and even their isolated Buddhist monasteries in remote sections, they cannot be claimed to have any beliefs amounting to a national religion. It was all the more surprising, therefore, that Christian missionaries should have been permitted to labor, where all priests had been forbidden, and where Buddhism and Confucianism only existed in remote rural districts, and by suffering, being proscribed in the cities. The upper classes cling to the morality of Confucius without the form of Confucianism; the lower classes make a creed of their ancient superstitions and the worship of demons, sprites, imps, and household gods or spirits. Even the monarch himself is a spirit-worshiper. This is the condition of the 250,000 inhabitants of Seoul, and approximately of the 12,000,000 population of the entire kingdom.

lages and communities scattered. At the present time there is a considerable force of missionaries of various denominations in the kingdom. The first Protestant work in Corea was done by Rev. John Ross of Moukden, China, almost ten years ago. He translated the New Testament into the Korean language and sent it across the border together with large numbers of Chinese Bibles, and this was the beginning of a great work in the northern provinces. When the Protestant missionaries went there later, they found whole communities in the north professing Protestant Christianity and studying the Bible without the aid of teachers.

After the treaty between our own country and Corea in 1882, a number of missionaries entered the field, under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Board, the first appointment being Rev. G. W. Heron, M.D. Among others who took up the work were: Dr. H. N. Allen, Rev. Dr. R. S. McClay, Dr. Wm. B. Scranton, Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, Mrs. M. F. Scranton, Rev. H. G. Underwood, Miss A. Ellers, M.D., Miss Meta Howard, Rev. F. Ohlinger, Miss L. S. Horton, M.D., Rev. G. H. Jones, Miss Mary E. Hayden, Dr. C. M. Power, Rev. D. L. Gifford, Rev. Robert Harkness, and many others, representing chiefly the Presbyterian and Methodist Boards.

Missions, training schools, hospitals, boys' and girls schools, and churches were established and the work progressed satisfactorily until 1888, when the Korean government issued an edict forbidding the teaching or preaching of Christianity.

For some time past the missionaries have been working at great disadvantage, and in the face of violent opposition; but they have been patient and hopeful, staying at their stations and awaiting the dawn of a better day and a more tolerant regime.

Russia, England and the United States have all been mentioned as possible mediators in the war. It is said that England is specially favorable to American mediation. Whatever may be the outcome of the present strife, Corea will still remain a great and a hopeful field for Gospel effort. The hands of such worthy laborers as Dr. Hall and his associates should be upheld, and their efforts supplanted by new laborers among the twelve millions of Koreans who know not Jesus and his Gospel.

TOMBS OF EGYPT.

Further details have been received of the interesting discoveries of extremely ancient Egyptian tombs by M. de Morgan, the Director of the Egyptian Government Department of Antiquities. The scene of his operations was in the brick pyramids of Darchour, in the valley of the Nile, known as the Necropolis of Memphis. The Arabs call them the black pyramids, and Herodotus makes mention of them in his writings, stating that they were even more mysterious than their stone sisters.

M. de Morgan came on several immense galleries, in one of which twelve sarcophagi of princesses were placed in as many recesses hollowed out of the rock; but all had been rifled of their contents. In another gallery a gold breast-piece, incrustated with precious stones, was found, bearing the tablet of Usirtasen II., held by two crowned hawks. The designs on the tablet are wrought in cornelians, lapis lazuli, and turquoise. This breast-piece is undoubtedly the most ancient, and possibly the most beautiful, specimen of the goldsmith's art in existence to-day. In a little wooden box were found, also, various smaller objects of great value—bracelets set with gems, shell-shaped ornaments and lions of gold. On the following day two other breast-pieces were found, bearing the names of Usirtasen III. and Amenemha, both of massive gold, incrustated with precious stones. This discovery was followed up by that of numerous smaller ones, over 800 objects being turned up by the picks of the workmen. Many of the relics bore inscriptions which are now being deciphered, and which are expected to shed some light on a period of Egyptian history of which, notwithstanding much investigation, very little is yet known.



THE FOREIGN OFFICE IN SEOUL, COREA.

(From Percival Lowell's "Chosen," by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

concerning it. Even St. Jerome alleges, from the testimony of eye witnesses, who claimed to have seen and examined the ruins of the sky-scraping shaft, that in his day (born 345 A.D.), it was over four miles high.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: S. Mignonette, \$1; Dan'l Drummond, \$2.50; Friend, Phila., Pa., \$2.50. Previously acknowledged, \$327.90. Total \$333.90.

For the Mission to Jews in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust: Mrs. Daisy Demarest, \$1; R. W. Jones, \$5; Miss Mary E. Peebles, \$5.

Toward rebuilding the Brooklyn Tabernacle: Jane Hope, \$100.

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: S. Mignonette, \$1.

For Dr. Nassau's Work in Africa: A. E. W., Easton, \$1.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Anna Simpson, \$2; Summitville, Ind., \$1; In His Name, P. R., 25c.; Miss E., B'klyn, 50c.; Jas. A. Sigafosse, \$1; Friend, Waynesboro, Pa., \$2.50; Christian Endeavor Society of Wolcott Congregational Church, \$5; Mrs. David Brown, \$25.

Some time ago, as has already been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an American warship was sent to Corea to protect our interests and for the safety of the American missionaries. Rev. Dr. W. J. Hall and wife, Rev. Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Scranton, and several other devoted Christian missionaries have been conducting a very successful medical and evangelical work in Seoul and P'eng Yeng for several years past, their labors being blessed by many conversions. They established the first Christian School in the interior of Corea with a class of thirteen bright boys. Their medical skill secured them a welcome in many homes, and although they endured many hardships and afflictions, they persevered and saw the work blessed under their hands. At times they were exposed to personal violence and once their house was stoned by a mob. Their converts, too, were seized and beaten, and the people in some localities combined to drive the missionaries out; but they stood bravely at their posts and were divinely protected. Thus far, nearly all the converts have remained firm, despite the violent opposition of their relatives and neighbors.

Christianity obtained its first foothold in Corea near the close of the last century, but it was subjected to many persecutions, and in 1864, when the reins of government fell into the hands of a king who was bitterly opposed to foreigners, the Christian faith was almost exterminated. Thousands of native converts were slain and whole vil-



FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 19. John 1:35-19.
Golden Text, John 1:41. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE first disciples of Jesus Christ were the fruit of John the Baptist's ministry. This faithful forerunner came, not to teach, but to prepare the way of the Lord; and no sooner was he able to point his disciples to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," than his ministry had attained its object, and he was taken from the scene. To bring men in contact with Christ, who should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, was the object of his existence. Would that all evangelists followed, in this particular, the example of this holy faithful man! "He must increase but I must decrease," was not to him a humbling and painful self-abnegation; he says in relation to it: "My joy therefore is fulfilled," i. e., filled to its utmost fulness (John 3:29, 30). He was but "a voice," conveying the message of God, and then ceasing.

John's disciples still followed him, after his first glad testimony to his Lord: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." But the very next day after this John stood and two of his disciples and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God." Up to this time, all his ministry had gone to awaken expectation in the hearts of men, and prepare them for the coming Messiah. Now he was

Put to the Proof,

whether indeed he could rejoice when he should lose his influence and his popularity. "The two disciples heard him speak and they followed Jesus." And John's joy was full. Looking at all things in the light of God, and of the holy ministry which had been committed to him, John had learned beforehand lessons which the first apostles were so slow to learn: If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself" (Matt. 16:24); "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." (Mark 10:43-45.) Whatever there may have been of self-exaltation in the natural heart of John the Baptist, had been already conquered, and he was proved true whilst he could see himself becoming more and more a nobody as Christ came into view.

There are evangelists and Christian workers who are ready to lay down their physical life for the work and for souls; they can be and are, self-denying in many ways. But one thing they cannot and do not accept, that is that the work shall be diminished, that their meetings shall be smaller, their influence more limited, their opportunities fewer. They will blame themselves and others, fret against circumstances, make mighty efforts to recover lost ground, do anything but what perhaps their God is waiting for, i. e., consent to decrease so that life may increase. Like Jonah, their reputation is really more to them than Christ or his glory. Many a work of God, and many a worker, is sadly superficial, first, because that worker will sacrifice depth for breadth; he judges by the sight of his eyes and by the hearing of his ears, and by what other people say, or what he thinks they will say, rather than by the Word of God, which teaches him his own nothingness before God. He is sure that God led him into the work, that God has blessed him in extending it, but he cannot see that the time may come when God, for reasons known to him, may want him to cease working, or to work in a different way. John the Baptist's acquain-

tance with God was not superficial, and when, instead of the thousands of auditors which hung on his words away in the desert, he had now only two disciples following him at the moment, and those two left him and followed Jesus.

John Understands his God

too well to do anything to retain them, or to doubt his own leading, when he saw that the sun of his own fame was setting. It is by such tests that God can be glorified and can prove to the world that the newness of life which was in Christ, and which was "not of the world," still exists in his disciples, that he which sanctifieth and they which are sanctified are all one," of one spirit and of nature; "as he is so are we in this world," receiving not honor from men; seeking not their own. It is a mercy of God, and our greatest privilege, to be put to the test: we never know either our own weakness, or the grace of God, until we have been tested. John the Baptist was put to yet sorer tests. Thrown into prison for his faithfulness to Herod, he heard of the works of Christ, and it seemed as though the Messiah to whom he had so faithfully borne witness had forgotten him, taking no notice of his imprisonment, giving him no part in his own ministry, but practically ignoring him. He sent to Jesus to inquire about the burden of his heart: "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" And the Master sent him word: "Blessed is he that shall not be offended in me." This was enough for John, he only wanted to know that he was on the right lines, he passed through this last test, and when afterward he was beheaded, he left behind him a life which can never be forgotten, and a ministry which is still doing its work in every land: he lived between two dispensations; the greatest man of the Old Testament and the herald of the new. Thus, without regret, John left his two disciples to follow Jesus. "Jesus turned and saw them following and saith unto them:

What Seek Ye?

There never was a disciple truly following Jesus but that he marked it. But a true following of Jesus means much for life and walk. We must know what we do if we follow him. He saith unto them, "What seek ye?" Are we quite sure what we seek in following Jesus? John's disciples answered, Master (or Teacher) where dwellest thou? It was himself they wanted, not some enjoyment which he could give them. "Come and see," was his reply. He never turns away from those who seek him out. "They abode with him that day, for it was about the tenth hour;" everything else was set aside, it was the first opportunity they had ever had to spend time with Jesus; nothing must interfere with it; any other engagement, the lateness of the hour, all must drop out of sight; the world's Messiah was before them, and so they abode with him that day. What was the consequence? One of them, Andrew, went to seek his brother Simon, he could not bear that Simon should live another day without meeting Jesus. This man was probably also a disciple of John's. Whether Andrew went all the way to their own home in Bethsaida from the side of the Jordan, or whether Simon as well as he, was among the many who had come, even from Galilee, to hear the preaching of John, we know not. But that which most imports is told us. He found his brother and said to him: We have found the Messiah which is being interpreted: the Christ, and he brought him—not to John, his own former teacher, but to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said: "Thou art Simon the son of Jonas: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation: a stone." Jesus gives names, new names to his own. He knew what he would make of Peter, and he named him accordingly.

He named James and John, Boanerges. To the overcomers in the church of Pergamos, who has held fast his name (Rev. 2:13) he says: "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." To the overcomers in the church of Philadelphia, "I will write upon him. . . . My new name: he has not denied my name (Rev. 3:8-12.) Was it because of these two Galilean disciples that on the morrow Jesus would go forth into Galilee, or was it expressly to find Philip, who was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter? The record does not explain. But if indeed, he took this journey for the sake of one disciple or at the most two, how it makes us understand the infinite pains he takes to single out, and reveal himself to those whom the Father has given to him.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



UNDER THE FIG TREE.

omitted. The events of the lesson are a case in point. From the incidents given we are enabled, as has been said, to follow the course of the first seven days of Christ's public ministry, as we are of the last seven. John the Baptist's testimony to the deputation from Jerusalem as to the existence of the Messiah, is followed the next day by direct identification when he saw Jesus coming to him. Jesus just returned from the conflict in the wilderness is declared to be he of whom John spoke on the previous day. On the next day Jesus is there again, and John again points him out to two of his disciples as the Lamb of God. Whether the Baptist apprehended the full meaning of the expression, or was carried by inspiration beyond his own knowledge, does not appear; but the significance of his words must have been apparent afterwards. The meekness, the gentleness, and the sacrifice on Calvary made the application of the words, "The Lamb of God," intensely appropriate. The Evangelist mentions Andrew as one of the disciples, and his avoidance of the name in other parts of his Gospel leads us to infer that the other was John himself. They follow Jesus, who invites them to his home. They address him as "Rabbi," or My Teacher, as if intimating that their allegiance was transferred from the Baptist to him. "It was about the tenth hour," the Evangelist says. The expression has given rise to much debate. It is now generally thought that throughout this Gospel the hours are named on a principle different from that adopted by the other Evangelists. They appear to have followed the old custom of reckoning from sunrise to sunset, while in this Gospel the modern custom, which we follow, of reckoning from midnight to noon, was adopted. If that is so, the tenth hour would be ten o'clock, and Andrew and John stayed with the Lord till sunset. The words, "He first findeth," (verse 41) appear to imply that John also went to find his brother James, and that Andrew was first in finding his brother, or it may be that John and Andrew both went to look for Peter. The finding of Philip is not fully reported, but as he was a fellow-townsmen of Peter and Andrew, it is probable that they had something to do with the meeting. Nathanael's introduction is more dramatic. He was from Cana, which was near Nazareth, but knew nothing of Jesus. He appears in the list of Apostles as Bartholomew, that is the son of Tholomew.

They followed Jesus. It is possible to follow him now by doing as he did and living a helpful life doing one's whole duty. A little while ago the mother of a family of children was taken sick and died. The eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen years, took her mother's place as far as she could, comforting her father in his bereavement, and caring for her younger brothers and sisters; but after some months of this work during which she took no pleasure but gave herself entirely to the self-denying occupation of helping her father and taking care of the children, she was taken ill and was laid on her death-bed. When her Sunday School teacher visited her shortly before her release from pain and weariness, the teacher talked with the child about her hope for the next life. "I'm afraid to meet Jesus," said the child; "I have done so little for him." "Don't be afraid," replied the teacher, "Jesus knows how you have worked for your loved ones." The little girl had no thought that work for her own was work for Jesus, who "came unto his own," and she was comforted.

Where dwellest thou? When the plague was desolating London, Lord Craven determined to go to his country house to avoid infection. His coach was standing in front of his door waiting for him. As he stood within the house near an open window completing his arrangements, he heard his negro coachman say to some one who inquired whither his lordship was going: "He is going to the country. He professes to put his trust in God; but I suppose his God lives in the country, and not in the town, as he is going there to be under his protection." Lord Craven was struck by the remark. "My God," he said, "lives anywhere and can take care of me wherever I am. I will stay here where I may be of some use." And stay he did.

Come and see. An illustration often used to express the beauty of Christ's religion is that of the stained glass window. A man is urged to go to some cathedral that he may see a window which is a triumph of art. He is told of the gorgeous colors and exquisite workmanship and of the singular beauty of form and tint. He goes, and standing outside, he looks for the window that has been described to him. He recognizes it by its shape, but what a disappointment! It is dull and colorless. If he can make out any form on the glass it is but dimly. He turns away in disgust and wonders what his friend could have meant by his glowing description. But he is directed to go inside, and he goes. Then he understands. The window lighted by the sunlight glows in richest coloring and he perceives its beauty. The description was no exaggeration. The window is beautiful beyond conception. So any one who really desires to know what Christianity is must come into the church, must not stay outside. When any one doubts its usefulness or beauty he can receive no better advice than "Come and see."

First findeth his brother. In one of the churches in New York City, there are more men than women in communion and more boys than girls in the Sunday School. The reason is that the young men and boys have organized a society that is called "the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip," the object of which is to have each member bring in his brother or friend. The friend brought is expected to bring in his brother or friend and so the numbers have grown by ones and twos.

Follow me. Christ has left an example which every one who calls himself by his name ought to follow. His life should be read and studied so that we may follow him by being like him. We shall find that he was patient, kind, gentle, forbearing, loving. If we cultivate those qualities, we shall follow him as he wished to be followed. A soldier in the East Indies, a stalwart man, who had been a prize fighter, was a terror to his regiment. He was converted, and the lion became a lamb. Two months afterward in the mess-room some of those who had been afraid of him before began to ridicule him. One of them threw a basin of hot soup over him. The whole company gazed in breathless silence expecting that the offender would be murdered. But after he had torn open his waistcoat and wiped his scalded breast, he turned around and said, "You who know me, know whether I am afraid to resent this treatment. I am not afraid, but I have learned of Christ to be patient. For his sake and because I have taken his name, I do not punish the man who has insulted and injured me." That was following Christ.



The Threshing Floor of Ornan.

Our Traveler Visits the Site of Solomon's Temple where the Mosque of Omar is.

WE are so fortunate as to have in our first visit to Mount Moriah the guidance of Rev. Selah Merrill, D.D., LL.D., whose long consulate in Jerusalem and ability as archaeologist and historian have qualified him beyond any other living man for the office of cicerone to the Holy City and the environs thereof. Our little party is preceded by Mohammed the "kervasse" of the American consul, a personage so much more magnificent than his nominal master as to deserve—or demand—special mention. From top to toe he is official. The embroidered vest; the loose sleeves, stiff with gold lace; the jauntily-ferocious tilt of the red fez capping his six feet of altitude, the wand of office in his right hand, (something that suggests in equal measure, the "hunting-crop" of an English squire, and the "caduceus" of Mercury) go to make up the imposing presence stalking down David Street, then turning into side-ways lined with stuffy bazars.

He takes, and keeps, the middle of the narrow thoroughfare, leading into the heart of the city from the open space before the Grand Hotel. At ten o'clock on this fine winter morning all the world is abroad. The heavy rains have washed the steep street almost clean. We see more distinctly than during previous walks, that it is paved with square stones, and, instead of being graded in the ordinary way, drops to the lower level every ten feet or so, in a marble step six inches deep. Of course no wheeled vehicle can be used upon it, but donkeys, laden with human and inanimate freight, amble up and down the miniature precipices; camels lower their clumsy hulks, one foot at a time, and climb as if each step were an outrage to the inner brute. Barefoot boys belabor the donkeys' unyielding flanks; turbaned men tug and drive the larger craft of the desert.

Mohammed, the Magnificent, goes neither around, nor over anything. Come what may, and go what can, he holds the right of way in the centre of the street. Under the temperate rule of the representative of a Republic, he forbears to strike man or beast. Everything makes way for the party of pale-faces, and nobody eyes us curiously or stops to stare at us.

Without the enclosure of what were of old the Temple grounds, and is now the wall defending the precincts of the Mosque of Omar, we pause while Mohammed, running briskly forward, disappears into the barracks and presently emerges with two uniformed soldiers. Prior to the visit of the Prince of Wales and his tutor-guardian, Dean Stanley to the Holy Land, no Christian was suffered to pass the limits of the Temple area. To-day, Jew and Gentile may visit even the interior of the Mosque, but under the surveillance of a Turkish soldier. The brace of warriors detailed to attend us clank close at our heels throughout the three hours we spend upon holy ground, and we are cautioned not to speak of Turkey by name, or to comment even in English upon the peculiar stringency of existing governmental laws and orders.

All this matters little to visitors whose thoughts are surcharged with the associa-

tions aroused by the fact that our feet actually stand within the gates of the Sacred Place. The space enclosed by the walls of the Mosque is nearly identical with that occupied by the ancient Temple grounds. It is, for the most part, paved with slabs of white stone.

"This was the Court of the Gentiles," says our guide and instructor, and when we have crossed it, and gone up a step or two—"And this the Court of the Women."

Olive and acacia and karab trees grow luxuriantly in the patches of unpaved soil. Mohammed breaks off and offers us green sprays to take away as souvenirs of place and hour.

Such goodly trees may have been in David's mind when he cried out in prophetic transport: "I am like a green olive-tree in the House of God."

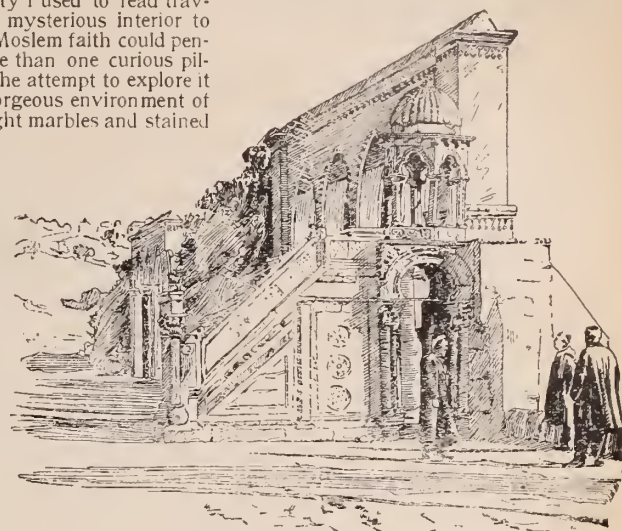
We loiter a little in the rear of the small company of Gentile strangers, to reproduce in imagination the throngs that filled the area, while the Royal Preacher bowed himself in prayer with hands spread forth to heaven upon the brazen scaffold he had reared in the sight of all the congregation

Mosque of Omar, although inferior in dimensions to the Temple, is exceedingly beautiful without and within. I well recollect with what avidity I used to read travelers' stories of the mysterious interior to which none but the Moslem faith could penetrate, and how more than one curious pilgrim lost his life in the attempt to explore it in disguise. The gorgeous environment of tiles, mosaics, wrought marbles and stained

glass detains us but a few minutes in our hurried passage to what would be called in music and poetry, the "motif" of the superb structure. The hoary brow of Mt. Moriah breaks through the tessellated pavement directly under the noble dome. A richly-wrought railing surrounds it. I thrust a reverent hand through an interstice and let it lie upon the rough surface, deaf to the voluble prattle of the trio of sacrists who insist upon pointing out the clumsy imitation of the imprint of a man's hand graven in the granite. It is a big, ungainly hand-print, and, according to Moslem tradition, was left there by the angel Gabriel. To clear this story out of the way, let me say that Mohammed is fabled to have ascended to heaven from this rock, which started with him, and was held back by the angel.

"Let the fellows tell it to you," advises

standing between the earth and heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem," seemed to David's



"THE PULPIT OF OMAR," JERUSALEM.

lifted eyes to hover above this, the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite.

"So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver. And David built there an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings."

The great altar of Solomon's Temple succeeded that erected by his father. A Christian church was reared here by the Crusaders, and for nearly two hundred years, European kings, before assuming their crowns, laid them, in solemn dedication upon this rock. It is fifty-six feet long by forty-two wide. Dr. Merrill shows us a round hole about the size of a man's body in the heart of the huge stone, believed by competent judges to be the aperture by which the blood of victims slain in sacrifice flowed into escape-pipes. A cave or crypt beneath the upper stone is floored with marble, and a circular space, corresponding with the upper opening, gives back a hollow reverberation when struck. Could this be lifted, the vast "leader" flooded daily with the typical purple tide—

The blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,

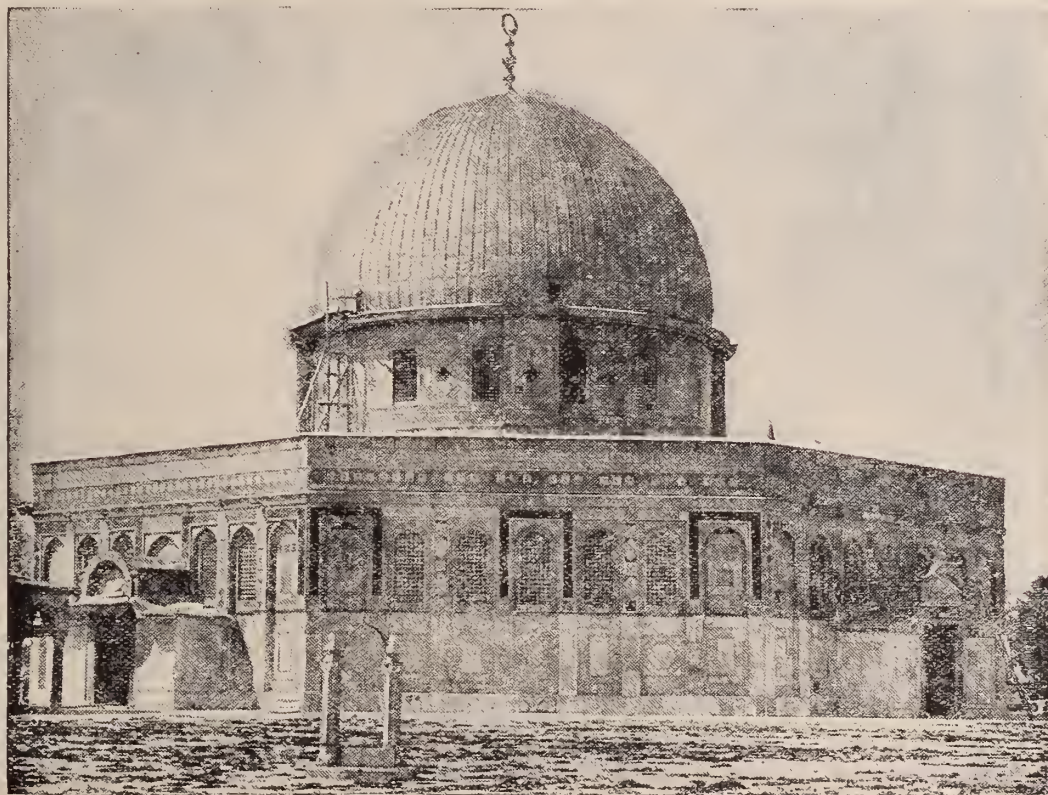
could, probably, be followed to the valley a hundred feet below. One intrepid explorer, many years ago, by the help of huge bribes, obtained permission from the guardians of the place, to lift the marble cover and lower himself by ropes into the very bowels of the mountain. At the last moment, superstitious fears overcame avarice, and the permission was revoked. The Mohammedans say that the hole is the mouth of hell and that evil spirits will arise in a great cloud, should the sealing marble be removed.

Directed by Dr. Merrill, we make out the location, beyond the central rock and railing, of the Holy of Holies. The space once filled by ark and cherubim is small. No devout Jew will enter the mosque, lest he should inadvertently tread upon the hallowed spot which it was not lawful for any man to visit save the high priest, and he but once a year.

In leaving the grounds, one of the party leaps up lightly to snatch for me a bit of hyssop growing in a cleft of the stones, quoting of the King-philosopher, "And he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

The traditional site of Pilate's Judgment-Hall is hard by the Temple enclosure. The howls of our Lord's enemies must have echoed through the midnight silence of the courts to which the tribes had that day repaired with "joys unknown" to celebrate the Passover-feast.

MARION HARLAND.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM, ON THE SITE OF "ORNAN'S THRESHING-FLOOR."

(From a Photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

of Israel. "And said, O, Lord God of Israel! there is no God like thee in the heaven, nor in the earth!"

The mighty plateau built up, filled in and levelled by the Wise King, overlooks valleys and hills in all directions. Solomon's Porch, glorious in white-and-gold, formerly crowned the hill on the eastern side.

"And Jesus walked in the Temple, in Solomon's Porch."

Here the lame man clung in a rapture of joy and gratitude to Peter and John until a crowd collected about the three, "greatly wondering."

The tower on the northwest corner of the enclosed area occupies the site of the tower of Antonia, from which the Roman chief captain ran down with centurions and soldiers to rescue Paul from the infuriated Jews. This, as the readers of Josephus will recall, was the last citadel held by the Jews in the final siege of Jerusalem. The

Dr. Merrill. "I always do this. It is the best way of ridding oneself of them. They cannot go on telling the same story for all time, even in the hope of 'baksheesh.'"

The tale repeated with an infinity of gesticulation and gibberish, the doctor kindly engages the chatters in conversation in their own tongue, and we come back to the bare rock over which twelve hundred years ago, Caliph-Ab-el-Melek built a Mosque. Inwardly we are grateful for the legend that has led to the jealous preservation, without coating of marble or inlaying of fine gold, of the naked top of the hallowed mountain. Beyond reasonable doubt, it was upon this rock that Abraham "built an altar, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him upon the altar upon the wood."

No student of sacred history and archaeology disputes the assertion that the awful apparition of "the angel of the Lord

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EDITOR.

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RELIGIOUS BROTHERHOOD.

THE religious world is so wide that there is plenty of room for all beliefs and all preferences. When a minister stays in a denomination where he is a discordant element, he becomes what the physicians call a foreign substance which is bound to create irritation and ought to go out. Let ministers go where they belong and it will make for peace. That was good advice which Abraham gave to Lot when he said, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee. Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left."

Religious wars are proverbially the worst wars, when ministers do fight they fight like sin. May the God of peace bring all our denominations into smooth waters. It took only one Jonah to upset the entire Mediterranean sea, and one minister out of tune with his denomination will keep everything boiling like a pot from Princeton to Andover and from Middletown to Rochester. Peace, be still! Whole centuries have been consumed in ecclesiastical battle. I do not know but that the whole world would have been converted before this, if the ammunition used against brethren had been used in fighting the common enemy. We have had too many Big Bethel fights, regiments in the thick of the fog blazing away against regiments of the same army. Let us all get into the brigade with which we can the easier keep step, and march shoulder to shoulder to battle and to triumph. I don't know any one of the evangelical denominations to-day in which a minister cannot offer sympathy, pardon, help, salvation and eternal life to all the people. What more opportunity can any of us ask? A minister of religion may stand under any of the denominational banners in the presence of 10,000 people, all of them strangers, and in perfect confidence say, "Any man or woman in this crowd who will accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour may have happiness and heaven." Who wants more opportunity than that? What's the use of trying to get ourselves hurt by jostling our foot under this chariot wheel or running our heads against some fortress wall or standing in front of some cannon that is about to be touched off. The field is the world and it is white to the harrier and waiting for its flocks.

Among the saddest sights I ever saw were the harvests of Germany and France in the summer—ripe and ready and falling and wasted. Why? Because the men who would have reaped them were off to the war. God forbid that the harvest of

Christ all over Christendom now ripe and ready to be garnered should perish for lack of men who are using bayonet instead of sickle. Some good people have looked with dismay upon the fact that clergymen are all the time crossing from denomination to denomination. So far from being a matter of regret it should be a matter of thanksgiving. There are persons born of a parentage belonging to some denomination toward which they have no special affinity and there is some doctrine or form of worship that they prefer, then let them cross over. Because we choose our father's God and our mother's God is no reason why we should stay in the denomination they selected. Go where you can get the most good and be the happiest. All the troubles in all the denominations to-day would be settled if about fifty ministers would cross over, some going this way and some that. Open the gates and let them out. Open the gates and let them in. The work of God is advancing so splendidly in this country that I do not want strife and controversy to divert us. Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez of the king's wardrobe: "Look, look; see the light. I am sure that must be a continent." And so I surely see the advancing morning of regenerated America. I tell you the signs are most encouraging. During the first fifty years of our century in this country there were 3,000,000 converts added to the evangelical churches. There have been as many added to the evangelical churches in the last ten years. In other words the last ten years have been equal to the first fifty of this century. Clear the track for the Lord's chariot.

THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

THE curse of modern society is the millionaire libertines. Society takes the small offenders over its knees and gives them old-fashioned chastisement, but after a man reaches a certain height in wealth and political honor he is allowed a special system of morals and the ten commandments are abrogated. All honor to those who rub off the disguise! God is no respecter of persons and what is right for one is right for all and what is wrong for one is wrong for all. Depend upon it, the lower classes will not be purified till the upper classes are purified. Sin in high and honorable place is a compliment to iniquity. People are imitative and they copy, and if they cannot have as fine horses and as brilliant turnouts, they will at any rate have the license and the dissipation of those more favored of fortune. I know that there is an attempt in some quarters to relax the moralities and suit the theory of what is right or wrong to popular habits. But the world has never seen any system of morals worth the paper they were written on except the Bible. Conform society to that standard and all prosperities will attend. Conform society to any other standard and blasting disintegration will be the consequence. As exposure of vices must precede their cure, I say, Turn on all the lights! Don't let us try with pieces of court plaster to heal wounds that need to be probed. Let there be a glare of publicity on all wrong-doing. Let all the morning, all the evening and all the weekly newspapers publish it. Let it be pilloried in the face of the noonday. Let neither threat nor bribe hinder.

It is too late to shackle the printing press, either in England or America, and most certainly so when it fights in defense of the purity of the domestic circle. An elegant mode of handling sin will never overcome it. You cannot drive back this host of sin with t-pistols. The evil must, with iron hand, be clutched and strangled. Give stout and long continued blows, not with wooden mallet, but with thunderbolts for sledge hammer. And let me say by way of encouragement that the right side will be the winning side. It does sometimes seem as if our cities were to be overrun with crime, and that all the sanctities are to be abolished. But while the agencies of evil are faster than ever, the agencies of good were never so potent. It is only a question

of time when society shall be rectified. If the coral insects can lift an island, our feeble efforts under God may raise a breakwater that will dash back the surges of municipal abomination. Beside that, we toil not in our own strength. It seemed insignificant for Moses to stretch his hand over the Red Sea. What power could that have over the waters? But the East wind blew all night, the waters lifted into two glittering palisades, one on either side. The billows reared as God's hand pulled back upon the crystal bits. So we go forth and stretch out the hand of prayer and Christian effort over these dark, boiling waters of time and suffering. Aha! aha! says the deriding world. But wait! The winds of divine help will begin to blow, the way will clear for the great army of Christian philanthropists, the glittering treasures of the world's beneficence will line the path of our feet, and on the other shore we will be greeted with the clash of all heaven's cymbals, while those who resist and deride and pursue us will fall under the sea and there will be nothing left of them but here and there cast high and dry upon the beach the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the surf the breathless nostril of a riderless charger. God speed the day!

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. A. B. Malawan, N. J. What is the oldest authenticated mummy, yet discovered, as far as known?

The oldest is believed to be that of Sekerem-saf, son of King Pepi, who lived 3200 B. C. This mummy is now at Gizeh.

Teacher, Montclair, N. J. What was the earliest idolatry mentioned in history, sacred or secular?

The first idolatry practised among men was probably Sabeanism, the worship of the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon and stars. Job, (one of the very oldest of the sacred books) has an explanatory passage (see Job 31: 26, 27, 28) which refers to this species of idolatry.

Nina Ramsdell, Indianapolis, Ind. Is it true that the story of Bruce and the spider had its counterpart in ancient history? If so, can you direct me where to find it?

A similar incident is recorded in the Talmud of David, who, when fleeing from Saul, sought refuge in the Cave of Adullam. A spider wove its web across the entrance which deceived Saul's soldiers and saved David. A similar tale is told of Mahomet, and also of St. Felix.

J. J. Allwecht, Lombardville, Ill. What was the meaning of the answer Christ gave to the Pharisees as to the sinful woman (John 8: 3-11)? Did he mean that they were guilty of the same sin, or only that they were guilty of some sin?

The word used by Christ may be translated "this sin," so that it might be understood that they had sinned in the same way. But the lesson of the incident (which, by the way, is not contained in the most ancient copies of John's Gospel) is the condemnation of hypocrisy and of a censorious disposition—of the spirit that would rather inflict punishment than reclaim the criminal.

L. Nutrie, Camden, N. J. Where and when was the first American Camp Meeting held?

In Kentucky in 1799. Two preachers, John and William Magee, the former a Methodist, were on a missionary tour in that State in the Red River district. Their services so crowded the church that they had to be held out of doors in the woods, and a great religious revival followed. They next held service in the woods near Muddy River, and many families came from long distances in wagons and camped there while the meetings lasted.

Constant reader, Allia, Iowa. Who were the Nicolaitanes referred to so severely in Rev. 2: 6, 15?

There is considerable doubt on the subject. By some commentators it is believed that they were followers of Nicolaus, one of the deacons of the church who fell into sin. By others, and with more probability, it is thought that the name is a Greek equivalent of the name of Balaam. Both agree that the Nicolaitanes fell into licentiousness as a reaction from Judaism travestying Paul's doctrine of freedom from law. (See Rom. 6: 1-15.)

Young Christian, Cambridge, Md. Is there any difference between mind, soul and spirit? Are they not identical?

The question is one of long standing, and has occupied the attention of the ablest metaphysicians of this and past times. It would be impossible to present here the various theories that have been advanced. Perhaps as a working theory the distinction between the three terms may be best seen by comparison. It is evident that in the dog, or the horse, there is an element other than mere intelligence, as either animal may be affectionate or vicious. Thus there are two elements in the animal, which, for the sake of argument, may be termed mind and soul. The man is of a higher order, having a conscience, a knowledge of right and wrong, and a sense of accountability. This implies a third element, which is generally spoken of as the spirit. The German meta-

physicians, however, reverse the order, giving the highest place to the soul. Philo called the third, or highest element, "the soul of the soul." Calvin and others held that there were only two elements, regarding soul and spirit as identical. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, however, in the often-quoted passage (Heb. 4: 12) evidently held the triple theory. The identification of the Ego, or personality, naturally follows. An illustration may again help to make the matter clear. Neither the dial, the wheels, nor the mainspring of a watch is the watch, though all are necessary to its being a watch. The man is a combination of all the elements, as a watch is the combination of all its parts.

W. Clark, Scranton, Pa. Is it possible to attain perfection in this life?

If you mean by perfection a stage in which it is not possible for man to become better, or wiser, or holier, we believe that there is no such stage in this life and are not sure that there is one in the life to come. Even in heaven, as more is learned of God and his ways, the soul will grow in knowledge and wisdom and become more God-like. In this life the holier and wiser a man grows, the greater are the possibilities within his reach, and the more he knows of his own imperfections. Progress and growth are the law of the spiritual life all the way through.

J. Paull, Columbus, O. In ancient MSS., both English and Latin, as well as very old inscriptions, I found the letter "I" used instead of "J." Please explain why this was done?

The letter "J" did not come into general use in England until the time of Cromwell. In many books published in the first half of the seventeenth century there does not appear a single letter "I." The change seems to have been made for the purpose of making a distinction between the capital "I" and the small letter "i," by adding a tail to it. This in writing figures with the old Roman numerals, VIII, was transformed into VIIJ, without change in value or pronunciation. At the outset, therefore, "I" appears to have had the same sound as "I." It did not acquire a different or independent sound until after the seventeenth century.

Miss A. . . Brooklyn, N. Y. How do our American public libraries compare in size with those of the great book centres of Europe?

The great libraries of England, France and Germany are the accumulation of many generations, and, therefore, need not be compared with our Smithsonian, Congressional, Astor and other collections of comparatively recent date. Few American collections have anything like 100,000 volumes. The State Library in Munich, Bavaria, is credited with 900,000; the Berlin Library, 800,000; Strasbourg, 600,000, and the libraries of Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Heidelberg and Wurzburg follow in diminishing ratio. Larger than any of these are the collections at the British Museum, London, and Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, which run up in the millions.

W. Brockenborough, Wileysville, Miss. 1. Does the statement in Exodus 9: 16, that Pharaoh was raised up for a special purpose, imply that he was not to blame for his conduct, therefore might be fulfilling God's will as much as Peter and Paul did? 2. Does the reply to the jailer that if he believed he would be saved and his house, mean that if the head of a family is converted his family will be saved, whether they are converted or not?

1. It does not imply any idea of that kind. Pharaoh must have been conscious of his responsibility for his own actions. There is no doubt that wicked men do fulfil God's purpose when by their persistent and long continued sin, in spite of warning and discipline, God uses them to show to sinners his patience and forbearance and final severity. But it is an awful thing for a man to qualify himself for such service. 2. The family of a converted man is not saved by his belief without their own. But his example and influence, especially in the time of the jailer, were likely to introduce an atmosphere into his home that would lead to their conversion. In the case of the jailer, it is scarcely conceivable that he would become a Christian and his family remain unsaved.

Mrs. Lizzie Minnick, Dallas-town, Pa. We have not the information desired.—Reader, Jewell, Kan. 1. No. 2. It soon will.—B. Plummer, 532 Wilson Street, Williamsport, Pa., asks for tracts, pamphlets and other religious literature suitable for distribution.—Win. Kernholitz, Nantux, N. Y. We do not know of any book on the subject. Write to the National Bureau of Immigration at Washington, D. C.—Reader, Malakoff, Ont. 1. We presume piano-tuning would be profitable as a woman's business, in proportion to the skill of the worker. 2. A knowledge of music is very desirable. Many musical colleges and conservatories grant diplomas. 3. The pipe-organ is by no means an easy instrument to master.—C. Foxword. Only one language: English.—Dora H. Wallam, Rising Sun, O. Send to Rev. G. W. Sharp, Kirksville, Mo.—Subscriber, Andover, N. J. We have already answered similar questions repeatedly in these columns. Such a use of a church building, which certainly ought to be reserved exclusively for purposes of worship, is wholly inadvisable.—Mrs. M. E. Elliott, Clarion, Pa. It is simply one of the many altars from infidel sources and is untrue, especially in the particular point you mention. He never glorified the South at the expense of the North.—Mrs. A. E. Hastic, Perry, Ia. Under the circumstances it does not seem to be your duty to transfer your property, but rather to provide for yourself and children by retaining it in your own control.—D. W. Beaver, Hewins, Kans. We believe the Protestants are largely in the majority but cannot give the exact number.—Upton Bishop, Jamaica, N. Y. Write to Rev. E. B. Hartzler, Northfield, Mass.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

WE are indebted to Mr. Walter Lee, of Honolulu, for the photograph which is reproduced on this page of a scene that is destined to become historical. It was taken on July 4th at the moment when the proclamation of the Republic of the Hawaiian Islands was read by the first President, Mr. I. Sanford B. Dole. The day will be memorable to every one who was present in the capital. It opened with a grand salute at dawn of all the guns on the battery. That was the signal for a general outpouring of the citizens to the streets. The stores, business offices and public buildings were already gaily decorated and the interest of the spectators was excited by a friendly rivalry, which was known to have run high, as to who should make the finest and most tasteful display of bunting and patriotic devices for the auspicious day. By eight o'clock all faces were turned toward the executive mansion and that spacious building was crowded with invited guests. Outside, the crowd eagerly seized the points of vantage. The space in front of the marble steps was quickly occupied, every inch of space within hearing distance being filled. A mighty cheer rent the air when President Dole, accompanied by the members of his Cabinet emerged from the building and advanced to the place prepared for them at the head of the steps. The President gazed around over the cheering crowd with evident pleasure and none could grudge him the smile of triumph which lighted up his expressive features. Silence fell as he raised his hand and every ear was strained to catch his words. Briefly, and in well chosen words, he reviewed the history of the country since 1839, when King Kamehameha renounced his despotic powers and gave the islands a constitution, to the present day when the Republic was to be proclaimed. "There are still greater things to be done," Mr. Dole said. "There are achievements in free government as yet unattained to be striven for, in response to the fast growing claim that the poor man, the weak man, the ignorant man shall be recognized in fact as well as in name in the body politic." In stirring words he appealed to his hearers for loyalty and support to the government and then formally declared "the Republic of Hawaii as the sovereign authority over and throughout the Hawaiian Islands from this time forth." The thirty-six foot flag was run up to the top of the mast and as its folds unfurled over the roof of the executive mansion to the breeze, it was saluted by a salvo of artillery, mingled with the shout of thousands of voices and the cry from the President's lips of "God save the Republic." Doubtless, on that solemn occasion, those words, often carelessly uttered, had a very real meaning in the President's heart; for none knows better than he, the dangers that menace the young Republic and it is as true now as it was in bygone days that it is God who "increaseth nations and destroyeth them; he enlargeth the nations and straiteneth them." (Job 12: 23.)

A Police Captain Punished.

The dismissal of Captain Doherty from the police force of New York City is less

of a surprise than it would have been six months ago. The revelations of extensive corruption made before the Lexow Commission prepared the public for some decisive measures on the part of the Police Commissioners. Public opinion, however, is not satisfied by the sentence. The Captain was charged with accepting bribes from law-breakers to refrain from interference with their nefarious business. The evidence against him appears to have been regarded by the Commissioners as conclusive and they dismissed him. Considerable sympathy is felt for him, not because people doubt his guilt, but because other officials are believed to be equally guilty and because the same practices have been carried on for many years past by others in that and other precincts. Indeed, at the trial, the Captain openly charged one of

pot which stood on a shelf at the head of his bed. As he was not around the next day, some neighbors called to see if he was sick. They found him securely bound and gagged on his bed, with a sponge by his side that had been soaked in chloroform. Thieves had entered, drugged him into insensibility, and having tied him up to prevent his giving an alarm, had carried off his money. Doubtless the farmer feels less confident now of his own ability to take care of his property than he did. Many have been brought by painful experience to the same conclusion as to their hearts and lives. Rejecting the appeal God makes to every man to give him their hearts, they have found that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. (Jer. 10: 23.)

The Billiard-Players' Embarrassment.

Two billiard-players found themselves in an embarrassing dilemma in a noted New York hotel a few days ago. A society man who is obliged to spend the summer in the city, while most of his friends are at the mountains or the seaside resorts, says that he was strolling down Broadway after midnight and wishing he could meet some friend who would chat with him for half an hour. Seeing a light in the billiard-parlor of a ho-

He lives in the country, but went to the town to demand payment of a debt. The debtor was unprepared for the visit and pleaded for more time. He said that certain payments were due him which would certainly be made in a few days, and he would then be able to discharge the obligation. The creditor, however, was of a different opinion and insisted on immediate payment or he would take summary measures to recover it. As he held a chattel mortgage on the man's goods he was able to do this. The debtor followed him into the street pleading with him for time and assuring him that he would certainly pay in a few days, while he would be ruined by his goods being seized. "No," said the creditor, "cash down is the only terms you can make with me." The altercation attracted a crowd from which a man stepped out and greeted the creditor, giving him his name and saying he was a tax-collector. "You owe ten years of personal back taxes," he said, "which I have been trying to collect a long time. Now you are here I'll trouble you to pay." The creditor was embarrassed. He said he had not the money with him, but would send it as soon as he returned home. The collector, however, declined to let him go as he had had great trouble already, and reminded him of the words he had just used to his own debtor. He accordingly hailed him to jail where he was held until a messenger could be found to go to his home in the country and procure the money. When he was so severe with his debtor he had probably forgotten his own indebtedness, just as people who declare that they will never forgive some one who has injured them forget that they are barring their own way to God's forgiveness. (Matt. 18: 35)

Brief Notes.

The Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, estimates that more than one hundred millions of Chinese are addicted to the use of opium.

The Government refuses, under present circumstances, to permit Miss Annie Taylor and her party to enter Tibet. The missionaries are not yet ready to enter, but they are confident that when they are, the way will be opened.

Friends of American missionaries in Constantinople were much concerned by the report that one of the missions had been wrecked in the recent earthquakes and some of the missionaries injured. The report is authoritatively contradicted.

Dr. Pentecost says that he knows of a Common drunkard in India, who died some years ago, leaving his twelve-year-old daughter to the missionaries. She was educated, taking the degree of M.A., and is now the principal of an educational institution in India.

Persecution of the Stundists continues in Russia, especially in the Province of Kieff, where they are most numerous, all members of the sect convicted of having attended a prayer-meeting are liable to a fine of fifty roubles (\$21), or a fortnight's imprisonment.

The Bethel Church, of Kansas City, Mo., is working as a rescue mission among needy thousands. Its special effort now is to establish a "State line mission," in the heart of the locality which is the headquarters of lottery and other gambling institutions.

Two Children Baptized at the Congregational Church, of Rutland, Vt., on a recent Sunday, are the descendants respectively of Miles Standish and John Aiden, and bear the family names. One of them wore a robe of broad silk that was brought over in the Mayflower, and has been used as a baptismal robe one hundred times.

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bethel Santhal Mission Northern India, shows that it is doing much good in relieving suffering. During the past year about 5,000 patients were attended. Thirty-one persons have been baptised in six villages and two new churches built. The total of baptised Christians is 712, making, with their children, a Christian community of 1,002.

Miss M. E. Disette has for the Past Six years devoted herself to Christian work among the Zuni Indians at a remote and isolated post in the Zuni Pueblo, Mexico. Herself, being thus banishing herself from civilization and living with the Indians, that she may help them and teach them what Christianity really is, has won the admiration of all who know her and her work. She is taking two Zuni girls to the Indian Teachers' Convention at Santa Fe this year, who are astonishing specimens of what Christian culture can do for the Indian.



PRES. DOLE READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII ON JULY 4.

(From a photograph secured for "The Christian Herald" by Mr. Walter Lee of Honolulu.)

his judges with being cognisant of one of the offences of which he is accused and of having neglected to help him in correcting it. It is obvious, however, that the Commissioners could not take these facts into account in passing sentence. Justice required that being found guilty he must be punished. This fact is generally admitted, though one of the most common excuses made to ministers and Christian workers by those whom they urge to repent of their sins and seek pardon through Christ, is that they are "no worse than other people." The warning of the Bible is explicit that every man must give account of himself unto God. (Rom. 14: 12.)

Distrusted Banks.

A robbery took place recently at Forestville, N. Y., which has excited some amused comment in the village. A farmer of that neighborhood sold his farm and received a check for eight hundred dollars as the first payment. The purchaser advised the farmer to leave the money in the bank when he cashed the check, as it was dangerous to have it in the house. The farmer, however, is a stalwart man rather vain of his physical prowess, and he laughed to scorn the idea of anyone robbing him. He distrusted banks, and declared that the money was safer in his own keeping than in the best bank in the land. He accordingly took the money home with him and put it in a tea-

tel. he entered hoping that some one might be there whom he knew. He was greeted effusively by two men with whom he was but slightly acquainted and was somewhat astonished at their warm welcome. They explained it by saying that they had been waiting for two hours for the appearance of anyone whom they knew. They had begun playing and drinking early in the evening and when they were tired, each discovered that the other had no money to pay for the billiards and the drinks. They knew they would not be asked for the money until they stopped playing, so although they were fearfully tired, they had continued in the hope of some one coming in from whom they could borrow the money. In the meantime they were increasing their indebtedness with every order and were making matters worse. They were learning a lesson that has often been learned at far greater cost by men who have embarked in a career of sin. It is a common experience for a man after beginning wrongdoing to wish to retrieve himself, but to find that he is in a position where he will suffer more by leaving off sin than by continuing in it. So he is held captive and forced to go on against his will. (Jer. 18: 20.)

A Creditor in a Difficulty.

An implacable creditor received harsh treatment in a New Jersey town, the other day, as the result of his own mercilessness.

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

FALSE AMBITIONS.

A Sermon by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., delivered in First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga. Text: Luke 22: 24: "There was a strife among them which of them should be accounted the greatest."

THE fact that man recognizes greatness, and seeks fellowship with it, is evidence that the elements of it are in him, and that he ought to exert himself in every legitimate way to become great. Jesus Christ did not forbid his disciples to seek greatness. He rebuked their false conceptions of greatness, and their wrong methods of seeking it.

If we measure a man by the quantitative standard, he is one of the most insignificant objects in the universe. Compared with the spacial magnificence of yonder sun, he is too little to think about, but when we measure him by the qualitative standard, he outweighs the whole universe of matter. I think, but the sun does not, cannot think. I know what the sun is. I know its orbit, and what will be its movements and changes in years to come, but it has no such knowledge of me. The sun's existence is limited to the realm of matter, but there is open to me a universe of mind. I can read the thoughts and commune with the heart of the Infinite. The sun is not even conscious of its own existence, but I know that I am. The sun has no moral faculty, but I am endowed with faculties which connect me with moral government, and render me capable of distinguishing between the true and the false, the right and the wrong. The sun is perishable, and somewhere in the great future its burning fountains will be quenched, but I am as immortal as the adorable Being who made me. In God's thought the qualitative greatness of mind and spirit rises to an immeasurable height above the spacial or quantitative greatness of any material body. The same principle must guide us in

Measuring Men.

Corbett and Sullivan are great in stature and strength. Martin Van Buren and Alexander Stephens were diminutive and frail, but in the qualitative greatness of mind and heart, they were giants in comparison with whom the two modern heroes of the prize-ring are contemptibly small and weak.

In Solomon, the much-lauded king of Israel, we see not a very high type of human greatness. He came to the throne after the children of Israel had passed through centuries of bondage, poverty, persecution and hard-fought battles. Under Saul and David they became brave and skillful soldiers, and conquered all the tribes that disputed their right to the land which the Lord God had promised to their fathers. Having no war upon his hands, and all the wealth of a great kingdom at his disposal, Solomon began his administration with the desire and purpose to eclipse in material display, and in luxurious living, all surrounding monarchs. Saul and David had lived in tents, but he built for himself a princely palace. The Israelites had worshipped in a moving tabernacle, but he reared for them a great temple whose magnificence was the wonder of the world. His household consisted of three hundred wives, seven hundred concubines, and an army of guards and servants. It is the verdict of history that it requires only about one such administration of government to bring ruin upon any nation. The bewildering splendor, extravagance, and sensuality of Louis XIV. was all that was needed to prepare France for a bloody revolution, and a reign of crime and terror. The years which witnessed the exhaustion of a great surplus in our federal treasury, the enormous increase of taxation, the vast accumulation of capital in the hands of a few heartless monopolists, and the unprecedented extravagance of those who were made rich by class legislation, were the years which immediately preceded the present period of commercial prostration, social discord, strife and disintegration.

After the death of Solomon the kingdom was divided, the temples destroyed, and

the Jews were carried captive into Babylon. When Jesus Christ began his ministry, he stood upon the very site where this Jewish king had reigned in such power and splendor, and said to a people, who were still boasting of the fame of the dead monarch, "Behold! a greater than Solomon is here." To those Jews, blinded by ignorance, superstition and prejudice, this declaration of the "son of a carpenter" was arrogant and offensive in the last degree. But looking at it to-day in the light of nearly nineteen centuries of history, we know that it was true—a greater than Solomon was there.

Greater than Solomon.

He was greater than Solomon because he set up a kingdom among men incomparably better than the one over which Solomon had reigned. Solomon's kingdom was spectacular. He sought to make it externally great—great in appearance—great in those things which appeal to man's sensuous nature and stimulate worldly ambitions. The Kingdom of Christ "cometh not with observation." It cares very little for the external and visible. Its aim is the transformation of human character, by implanting in the heart the principle of a holy life. It brings man into conscious relations with God, and into joyous submission to God's will. It makes him strong in the love of truth, justice, and mercy. It develops and magnifies those elements of his being which render him capable of God-like thought, motive and action, and of blissful fellowship with all that is holiest and divinest in that boundless realm of existence untouched by flesh and blood.

For more than three centuries after the death of Christ his disciples preserved the simplicity and spirituality of his religion. The Kingdom of God was an invisible power, working in the hearts of men, and manifesting itself in their pious walk and conversation. It was during that period that its power and progress astonished the world. It was then that its millions of devotees counted all things earthly as worthless in comparison with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. It was then that they brought themselves and all their possessions to God's altar, saying to those who marvelled at their zeal, "The love of Christ constraineth us." They represented the Kingdom of God as it was in the thought of their divine Master—a reign of righteousness in the hearts of men, manifesting itself in a corresponding rectitude of conduct.

Lost Greatness.

After that period of simplicity and purity, the old Solomonic spirit was revived. Ambitious ministers demanded a spectacular worship—a service that would appeal less to the conscience and more to the sensuous and æsthetic feelings of men, and make religion more popular with the world. Ambitious rulers coveted the support of the Church in enforcing their authority and extending their power. The result was that iniquitous alliance of religion with the state, which destroyed its spirituality, and established a cold and lifeless formalism in which there was much to please the eye, but nothing to touch and purify the heart.

Amid all the darkness of the Dark Ages which followed this apostasy, there were Christians who never consented to these corruptions of the faith and practice of the primitive churches. Bravest and noblest among these were the Albigenes, the Waldenses and the Anabaptists. Their faithful witnessing for the truth prepared the way for the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, the glory of which still illumines the world.

It was the Solomonic spirit that made ten centuries of formalism, superstition, ecclesiastical extravagance, religious intolerance, and all the crimes and horrors of the

worst religious persecution the world has ever seen. It was the return of the Christ spirit that brought back the primitive simplicity of the Kingdom of God, that shattered into fragments colossal systems of falsehood and cruelty, that invested men with the right to worship according to their own convictions, that liberated genius from the thralldom of priestcraft, and gave to the world such majestic men as Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Milton, Shakespeare, Bunyan and Newton.

Surely the man who established such a kingdom, and whose teaching and example have begotten all that is best and noblest in the world's civilization, could truthfully say, "A greater than Solomon is here."

Greatness Inherent.

True greatness is inherent. It is in the man, and not in the raiment he wears, nor in the property he owns, nor in the office he holds. There is no artificial method of making human greatness. There are judicial vagabonds. There are congressional tramps. There are senatorial boobies. There are presidential parvenues. There are royal idiots. There are millionaire baboons.

In the eyes of the world how insignificant was Jesus when he stood before Pilate and Herod. Clothed in all the paraphernalia of royalty, and backed by all the power of imperial Rome, how majestic and grand they were in comparison with the poor peasant Jew, who stood before them charged with crime, and without a solitary friend to plead his cause. But looking back at them to-day in the light which intervening history throws upon them, we see in Jesus the Man of men, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and in Pilate and Herod the weakest and meanest of slaves.

Money, thank God, is not an element of greatness. The manhood of many a millionaire is infinitesimal. Among the forces which are lifting the world into a higher life and freedom, he is an imperceptible factor. In every age the world's

Great Torch-bearers

and deliverers have neither the time nor the inclination to make money. Among the men who make the mountains of our intellectual and moral scenery stands the colossal form of Martin Luther. There was never a day of his great life when his material possessions were larger than those of the average German mechanic. Shakespeare had only a few hundred pounds to leave to his family, but he bequeathed to the world a legacy of thought of more value than all the gold in the vaults of England.

Greatness is not hereditary. Your father and grandfather may have been great philosophers or great scientists, or great theologians, but if you choose a life of intellectual idleness, you will die a fool. There are a great many "Sons and Daughters of the Revolution" among us, but some of them are totally destitute of the genius and spirit of their ancestors. Some of them will never write a Declaration of Independence from anything. They will never revolt against any despotism—no, not even the despotism of their own depraved appetites. No object is more ignoble and disgusting than one of these beer-sucking, club-room loafers, when he is discoursing to some fellow-loafer about "the blue-blood" in his veins.

Every man must be the architect of his own fortune, the builder of his own character, the molder of his own destiny. You cannot make your child great by giving him a great man's name. Doctor Mercer was wont to say, that, "there are more Jesse Mercers in Georgia than behaved themselves." You can find George Washingtons among chicken-thieves, Thomas Jeffersons among society dudes, Jacob Astors among peanut-peddlers, John Miltons among circus-clowns, John Wesleys among bar-keepers, and Abraham Lincolns and Jefferson Davises in the chaingangs. It is not the name that you give him, but the character he builds, and the work he does, that will determine your child's position and power in the world.

Reputation or Character.

"There was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." Their ambition was not so much to be great as it was to be considered great by others. Many a man is willing to be an ignoramus if some little college will confer the degree of LL.D., upon him, and thereby convey to the world the impression that he is a man of letters. Many a man who never saw a battle field, never performed a military evolution, and never read three lines of any book on military tactics, is con-

tent to remain in ignorance of such things so long as his neighbors and acquaintances salute him as colonel or captain. It is not the greatness of knowledge and service that he covets, but a title that is interpreted by the world to mean greatness. Many a church member is

Content to be Ignorant

of religious truth, and neglectful of his most sacred Christian obligations, if he can make the impression upon the community that he is one of the "pillars of the sanctuary." He covets not real greatness in the kingdom of God, but only the appearance of it. If there is anything that a righteous God abhors more than another, it is a religious sham—a church member who gets credit for work which he never performs, for money which he never contributes, and for a piety of which he is utterly destitute. Every such church member is repeating the sin of Ananias and Sapphira, and nothing but God's merciful forbearance keeps him from sinking at once to a starless doom.

"There was a strife among them." It was a strife into which men put wrong motives and wrong methods. I imagine that there was much detraction and calumny in it. I imagine that each tried to magnify and promote himself by disparaging his competitors.

Detraction as a Factor.

Do you see any exhibition of this spirit in our day and generation? Do you know any physician who attempts to gain a high position in the eyes of the community by assuming that the practice of his competitors is but little better than quackery? Did you ever see a specialist in kidney treatment sneer into contempt the diagnosis of the liver doctor? Did you ever hear a candidate for political office belittle another candidate for the same office? Did you ever hear him say, "My competitor is an innocent and pious man, but innocence and piety do not meet the requirements of the high place to which he aspires. The duties of that exalted position call for the services of a masterful mind, and an eloquent tongue, and therefore, my fellow citizens, it becomes your patriotic duty to honor me with your suffrages?" Did you ever see two political newspapers in a strife, each trying to convince the public that the other was the exponent of all that is most disreputable and fraudulent in political journalism?

Do you see any exhibitions of this spirit in religious circles? Do you know any church member who tries to stand first in the esteem of his pastor by discounting anything good that is said and done by other members of his church? Do you know one who thinks that the pastor ought to honor every member according to the length of his countenance and the prolixity of his prayers? Do you know another who thinks that the highest seat in the synagogue should be given to the brother who pays the highest pew-rent? Are there traces of this unrighteous

Strife in the Ranks

of the Christian ministry? Did you hear a minister, whose gifts and graces shine only in the pulpit, say of another minister, in the same community, "Oh, he is a very Godly man; he prays much, he visits all his members every quarter; his sympathies for the afflicted are very deep and tender, but there is much complaint about the dullness of his sermons? He is a good brother; I am warmly attached to him, and regret that he will not be able to remain much longer with us?" Or did you ever hear a minister, whose congregation had dwindled to diminutive proportions, say of another minister, "Yes, he preaches to a great multitude, but it is the music, and not his sermons, that the people go to hear?"

Brethren, all such methods of competition are inspired from beneath. The greatness which men reach by them is empty, spurious, and a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty. The more I see of the petty jealousies and mean contentions among selfish and narrow-minded men, the more I appreciate and magnify the nobility of the sentiment uttered by Daniel Webster, when he said, "I thank God that if I have too little of that spirit which would raise mortals to the skies, I have none of that other spirit that would drag angels down."

Christian brethren, if in the years in which we have taken counsel of each other, and labored together in the Lord, we have fought any battle and won any victory for truth and righteousness—if we have made any real and enduring contribution to the Lord's cause, let us not mar the beauty of

it by coveting any other reward than that which comes from our own approving consciences, and the smiling face of our Master in heaven. If we have become great in the knowledge and experience of divine truth, in courage for the right, in fealty to duty, and in favor with the Lord, let our greatness be its own reward. In the kingdom of God we can climb from height to height only by making stepping stones of our dead selves. Sense and self must be denied. Others must be esteemed better than ourselves, and all our honors, crowns and sceptres laid at Jesus' feet. Let us seek greatness, but let it be the greatness of a noble mind, a pure heart, and a useful life—a greatness won by no unworthy means, and without bringing sorrow to anything that breathes—a greatness that will go with us through the gates of death into a world of redeemed spirits, and that shall make us meet for companionship with cherubim and seraphim, and a seat with our ascended Lord, high above all principalities and powers, in a land enchanting with the beauty of unfading flowers and splended with the unrivalled glory of un-setting suns.

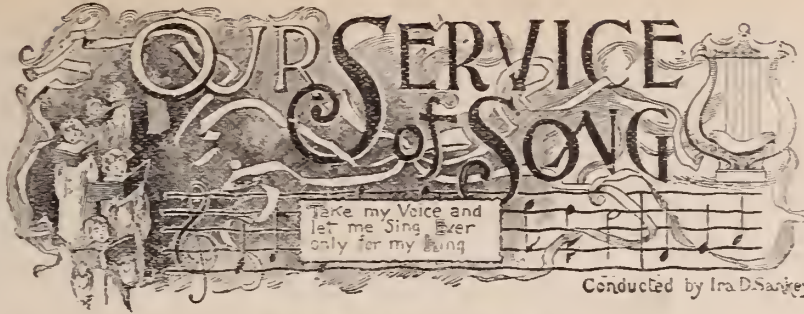
A TRIP TO NORTHERN SIAM.

IN the report of a journey through northern Siam, Rev. Walter Bushell, of the Baptist Missionary Society, speaks in glowing terms of the result of twelve years' labor. He says:

It was my privilege to visit Siam twelve years ago, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Webster. We were the first white men to visit them: all that had been done before this had been done by native Karen evangelists. They had heard something of the truth and had made up their minds to accept it for themselves, but it was during the time we spent with them that the first one was baptized. Hence at our first visit we found them, so far as all outward aspects are concerned, in their heathen state. Now at the time of this, my second visit, twelve years after the first period, the change which has taken place in their manner of life and in their whole general appearance is truly wonderful. It is hard to put your hand on the elements which go to make up this change and to just tell wherein it consists, and yet you feel it at once, and that very forcibly, and when you see them side by side with the heathen, as we did when something over thirty of the men, women and young people of both sexes of Bau Nau village, conducted us to Mequa village, passing through and spending a night in the heathen village of Me Thau, it was then easy to discover some of the things in which they differed from the heathen. Cleanliness, both of person and clothing, was certainly one of them; absence of so-called ornaments, such as ear plates three inches in diameter, right through the lobe of the ear, was another, while the bright and intelligent faces of the Christians showed the result of the schools which have been established among them, and served to deepen the looks of gloom and stupid indifference which are natural to those who have as yet refused to receive the Light of the world.

In each of the two Christian villages we found a neat and respectable chapel, which was by far the best building in the whole village. In Bau Nau the chapel is surrounded by a good fence keeping out all cattle, goats, etc., and the timber is already cut and nailed to do the same thing at Mequa. They are thus enabled to keep the ground under the chapel clean and tidy, and it shows the respect they have for their house of worship. When I was there before not one in the whole village could read; now some few of the old people can read enough to sing from the hymn book, many of the middle-aged can read, and a majority of the young people from ten to fifteen years old can read well, and some of them pass a very creditable examination in the elementary truths of Scripture. We took up a number of New Testaments and hymn books and sold them to the people at Rangoon prices. To take these a month's journey over land means a good deal of trouble, loading and unloading, etc., but when we saw the joy with which these books were purchased and the delight with which the purchasers carried off their prizes, we were amply rewarded and could but rejoice with them in their new found treasure.

The two weeks we spent among these villagers were a season of delight to us. They listened to the various preachers and there was real sorrow manifested when the time of parting came.



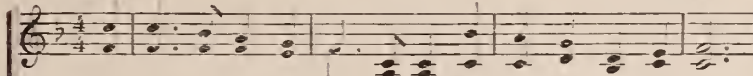
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

O Child of God.

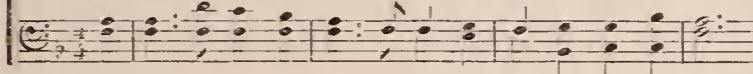
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY.

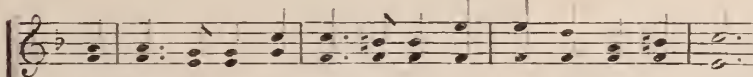
IRA D. SANKEY.



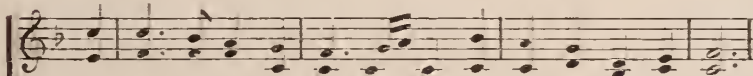
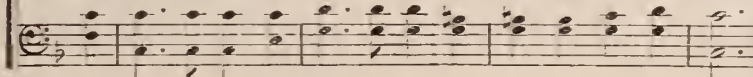
1. O child of God, wait pa-tient-ly When dark thy path may be,
2. O child of God, He lov-eth thee, And thou art all His own;
3. O child of God, how peace-ful-ly He calms thy fears to rest,



And let thy faith lean trust-ing-ly On Him who cares for Thee;
With gen-tle hand He lead-eth thee, Thou dost not walk a-lone;
And draws thee up-ward ten-der-ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;



And though the clouds hang drear-i-ly Up-on the brow of night,
And though thou watchest wea-ri-ly The long and storm-y night,
And He who bend-eth si-lent-ly A-bove the gloom of night,



Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Will take thee home where end-less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.



Used from GOSPEL HYMNS No. 5, by per. of the Publishers.

"COME UNTO ME."

HAST thou a sorrow thou hast never told,
Some pain that gnaws in secret at thy heart,

So cruel that sudden tears, unbidden, start,
And earthly comfort seems but strange and cold?

Art thou weary? Ah, the way is hard,
And footsteps falter o'er the broken steep,
And eyes grow heavy, for there is no sleep
Where thorns and shattered rocks the path retard.

And art thou fearful? Strong men in their prime
Have bowed before the silent hand of Death,
And children met, with incense of sweet breath,
The mowers mowing on the hills of time.

Christ has known sorrow deeper than thine own;
He has borne burdens that none else could share;
He has felt weariness thou couldst not share;
He entered death, but rolled away the stone.

Christ will grant joy for all thy lonely sorrow;
Still He bears burdens, gives the weary

Dying in Him, no terror can molest,
And He will meet thee on the dawning morrow.
—E. V. KINGDON.

COMETH.

"Thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9: 9.

COMETH, my brother! he heareth thy cry.
Knoweth thy need as the swift moments
Cometh, my sister, and cometh to thee, [fly:
Loveth and hasteth thy helper to be.

Yes, thou hast made him the King of thy
Governor over its every part: [heart,
It is his kingdom: He cometh to claim
Every province that owneth his name.

Trials will come, and afflictions and fears,
Sorrows, distresses, and sobs and hot tears,
Yes, but the King cometh, too: so look up!
Jesus is coming to fill thy black cup!

Ring out the pealing of Hope's rusty bell!
"Jesus is coming!" the glad tidings swell!
Cometh already! I hear the drums beat!
Hush! hear you not the tramp of his feet?

Lo, the King cometh to dwell with his own!
Cometh to set in the bosom his throne!
Cometh to counsel, to help, and defend!
Blessed to have such a King for a Friend!

—WILLIAM LUFF

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE.

Changes Which will Take Place After the Coming of the Lord.

BY THE LATE REV. HUGH McNEILLE.

WHAT will this world be like when Christ shall reign over it as its King and all nations shall obey him? We see something of its character in the first Paradise, but a fuller view is given us in the sure word of prophecy. The heavens must receive the Lord Jesus Christ until the time appointed for the restitution of all things. It is in no way necessary that he should enter into the actual possession of his kingdom immediately upon making the purchase. He designed something different: that after having accomplished the purchase, and finished that part of the work, he should retire from the scene, and put his friends upon a state of trial, a spiritual trial, during his absence, that he might prepare his faithful ones, to reign with him and under him, when he returns to take possession of his kingdom. For, you must remember, that our Lord Jesus Christ will govern the earth by instrumentality. The saints he is gathering from the nations now, those whom we call real Christians are they who shall reign with him: his royal priesthood: his assessors in his throne: ruling under him over five cities, or ten cities, or one city, as the case may be. To prepare that instrumentality, he is now exerting the spiritual influence, which constitutes true religion in the present dispensation. And when that is finished, and that instrumentality is all ready, and the Bride, the Lamb's wife, is prepared, and the elect are called, then he hastens his kingdom, for all his lieutenants are ready to take their post all over the earth, under him as King at Jerusalem, and they shall reign under him in all the ends of the earth.

True, indeed, it is, that the sure word of prophecy informs us that the heavens, the heavenly elements which surround the earth, shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth itself, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. But equally true it is, that in immediate connection with this, the same Divine Word adds, "Nevertheless"—that is, notwithstanding this staggering truth—"we, according to his promise,"—we who have faith to rely on his promise in the face of any difficulty—we, "look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." As some help to our faith in this anticipation, the inspired writer invites attention to the nature of the preparatory distinction. This he does by connecting it with a destruction which has already taken place, and of which he speaks in equally decisive terms. "The world that was" before the deluge, "being overflowed with water, perished." No stronger word is used to describe the ruin of the world that now is.

The world that then was, perished, but there was no annihilation. No; for annihilation would be a speechless judgment: annihilation would be a practical confession that there had been a mistake in creation. But there was no mistake. The end was seen from the beginning. Nothing was made in vain: nothing can ever be annihilated. There was no annihilation then, but there was a renovation after destruction by water: and there will be no annihilation now, but renovation after destruction by fire. There was no annihilation in the one case, neither shall there be in the other. This material world remained, though somewhat altered, after it perished by water; and this same material world will remain, after it has perished by fire.

My chief object is to withdraw your attention from a vague, arial, mystified, unearthly anticipation, which has nothing practical in it. It is not the world as it shall be; it is not the good time that's coming. You may depend upon it, we shall have the world firm—firm to stand upon, and not arial as the spiritualists talk. Purified by fire, "the world as it shall be," will be the abode of righteousness: the "ransomed possession" and restored dominion of the second Adam. He shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice upon the earth.

"We see not yet all things put under him." What is the meaning of it but that we shall see it? Can anything be plainer, than that as truly and literally as Jesus Christ was made a little lower than the angels, that is by incarnation: as truly shall all things be put under his feet? "Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent shall thy name then be through all the earth."



MEN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 19. 1. Cor. 9: 19-27.

CONCENTRATION of effort on one supreme object is the lesson taught by the Apostle in the passage selected for the Topic. In order that he may win men for Christ he is willing to subordinate every thing else. He became a servant, he took the attitude of a Jew or of a Gentile, or of a weak man, that he might win souls. It mattered nothing to him if the man's prejudices and principles were absurd, he would adapt himself to the man's standpoint in his own practice even at the cost of self-denial in if by so doing he might hope to win him for Christ. This was no surrender of individuality. No man had a clearer view of the truth than had Paul; but he also had a clear view of what was essential and what was not essential. He refused to be entangled in disputes about minor things. The question of whether a man might eat meat publicly sold, was in his time agitating the Church. Some said it was possible that this meat might be part of a carcass that had been offered in sacrifice to an idol, and they were horrified at the thought that they should eat it. Paul scorned all such silly notions. The kingdom of heaven, he said, was not meat or drink. Still, if the consciences of others were disturbed by it, he would abstain altogether and eat no meat while the world stood. He would not allow such a question to diminish his influence. So with baptism, which still separates the church. He congratulated himself on having kept out of that controversy. He thanked God that he had baptized none of them; God had sent him not to baptize but to preach the Gospel. He wanted to live with men as a brother that he might bring them to Jesus. He would accommodate himself to their ways, respect their weakness, sympathize with their trials, make himself one with them that he might gain their confidence and save their souls. His example gives us the key to success. The Salvation Army has won its way by this means. It went to the slums, it rescued the fallen and sent them to win others. It occupied no pulpits, but sat with the sufferer in his chamber, knelt by the drunkard in the gutter, showed human sympathy and brotherliness, and so accomplished its purpose. And the purpose—what was that? We have too much forgotten it in our day. We have sat at the feet of eloquent and learned preachers to learn of them, but Paul's desire was that men should learn of Christ. His mission was to bring them to Jesus. That achieved, all would be well. Contact with that divine Being would be sufficient for all things. It is the glory of Christianity, the distinguishing feature of the Christian religion — this personal element. Jesus is to all that any man needs. From him directly come all our blessings. Ministers are servants to bring men to him. They cannot save, but they can bring the sinner to One who can save and teach and purify and strengthen. The minister may do much but he has done the chief thing for any man when he has led him to Jesus.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

Bombay Conference can now boast of twelve flourishing Epworth Leagues with a total of 550 members. Four of these Leagues are composed of natives, and work in their native languages. The General Secretary is urging each League to affiliate with the League in America and secure its charter with regular name and number. He promises that the Chapters which work in the

vernacular shall have their charter in their own tongue with an English translation. One difficulty and apparently the only one he has yet experienced is in the fact that his duties as Treasurer, which office is combined with that of Secretary, have hitherto been so light. Having received no money he had no duties to perform in the capacity of Treasurer. He intimates that he would be willing and pleased to have such duties, inasmuch as he, as Secretary, is out of pocket for expenses of postage, stationery and travelling expenses.

THREE C. E. PIONEERS.

In view of the magnificent position of the Christian Endeavor Society to-day with its two million members, a peculiar interest attaches to those who were the pioneers in the



THREE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PIONEERS.

MR. GRANVILLE STAPLES.

MR. EDWARD L. SAYFORD.

REV. J. B. MORGAN.

movement. The portraits which appear on this page will therefore be welcome to all our readers. They are those of the first President of the first Christian Endeavor Society, the first young man to sign the Christian Endeavor pledge and of the first chairman of the British National Council.

Mr. Granville Staples was a member of the Williston Church at Portland, Maine, when Dr. Clark organized the first Society of Christian Endeavor. With the modesty and retiring disposition which has always characterized the pastor he desired that some one other than he should be the President of the Society and Mr. Granville Staples was chosen for the office without a dissentient voice. His piety, geniality and devotion to the society were manifested during his administration, but he was unable to complete the year of office. Business called him to another part of the city and he identified himself with another church. This, however, resulted in good to the church for Mr. Staples promptly organized a society there. Later he removed to Philadelphia where he has been active in Christian Endeavor work. In these days of great things it is no small distinction to have been the first President of the little pioneer society.

Edward L. Sayford was the first juvenile signature attached to the constitution of the Williston Society. The story has often been told of that evening when the idea of the society having been explained and discussed and the constitution framed, Mr. W. H. Pennell affixed his signature to it. The society, however, was chiefly intended for younger people. The middle-aged and the old would be welcome and it is the glory of the Society that it can use any material that comes to it, but it would have missed its object if it had failed to seize and hold the young people. It was, therefore, with pe-

culiar satisfaction that the leader saw a boy of sixteen years, add his name to that of Mr. Pennell on the list. Edward L. Sayford thus became the pioneer of a great multitude who have since then entered the ranks of the great army. Thirteen years have passed since that evening and the sixteen year old boy is now an energetic business man, still a firm believer and an earnest worker in the cause.

Rev. J. B. Morgan, of Chester, is at the head of the great movement in England. As chairman of the National Council he occupies a position similar to that of Dr. F. E. Clark in this country. That he has performed his duties with zeal and tact may be inferred from the rapid growth of the Society in England which might easily have been retarded by an unwise selection of leaders. The number of societies has grown from 18 in 1888 to 1521 in 1894 and new societies are being registered more rapidly than ever before.

AN EPWORTH LEAGUE SYMPOSIUM.

Home criticisms are of the utmost value to any organization, because the critics know most about the subject, and their criticisms are not likely to be attributed to the jealousy of a rival. The replies, therefore, to inquiries as to the weak points in the Epworth League which the editor of the "Epworth Herald" had addressed to prominent friends and workers will command re-

Myrowitz; and "Home Study," by Miss Kate Field. At the afternoon session, various committees were appointed, and voluminous reports were read from circles in various parts of the country. In the evening Mrs. Davis reviewed the year's work of the Order, dwelling on each branch of operations, more particularly on the "Day Nursery," which required an income of \$5,000 a year to maintain its efficiency, and on the excellent work of the Tenement House Chapter, whose need was unlimited but which was receiving generous support from circles in near and distant places. Much was being done by this chapter, she said, to remove prejudices existing among working people against religion. She told the story of a beautiful and intelligent girl, who at a meeting of a working girls' club read a paper bristling with anarchistic doctrines, but who has now become, through her association with the Order, a converted girl and a diligent worker, and has herself organized a circle of King's Daughters. She has done valuable work in bringing many working girls who were of her former way of thinking. Many of these girls work ten hours a day to earn \$2.50 a week.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Union at Washington, D. C., is undertaking to establish a Christian Endeavor country home.

Mr. R. W. Middleton, a former worker in the Adelaide Australia Association, and one who was led to Christ through its agency, has, after spending some time in preparatory study, left for China to join the China Inland Mission.

The Epworth Leagues of Indiana reported at their State Convention recently a gain of 20,000 members. Money raised for the Church and the poor, \$26,000.

Every member of a Christian Endeavor Society is asked to give at least one cent a week to the Mission Board of his church. This small sum, if given, will yield an aggregate of a million dollars.

A new denomination was added this year at Cleveland to the number of those holding denominational rallies at the C. E. Convention. It was that of the Mennonites.

Thirty missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, who are laboring in heathen lands are entirely supported by Christian Endeavor Societies. The number of societies contributing to this special object is 725.

At the recent District Convention of the Epworth Leagues of the Fond du Lac, (Wis.), District it was announced that there were twenty-seven Chapters in the District, with an aggregate membership of 1,050.

Under the revised constitution of the Southern Epworth Leagues the preacher in charge has the right of confirmation or rejection of League officers newly elected, when the Quarterly Conference is too far off to wait.

The Junior Epworth League of Willimantic, Conn., has hired a seat in the church, paid for it, and placed at the head of the pew a card, printed: "Junior League Pew. Welcome." This pew is designed for strangers.

The new journal representing the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is called "The Epworth Era." The motto of the League has been changed to "All for Christ." The League flower is the magnolia.

Encouraging news has lately been received from the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries at Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Damascus. From the latter ancient city Rev. Archibald Staurt writes that the first annual meeting has been held, when a cheering report of the year's work was given. He also states that an Association was being formed at the foot of Mount Hermon as a branch of the Damascus Association, and that an Association building for Damascus is contemplated if sufficient funds can be raised.

KING'S DAUGHTERS IN COUNCIL.

An enthusiastic meeting of King's Daughters was held at Ocean Grove, N. J., on July 23. Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, the devoted and efficient Secretary of the Order, presided. Addresses were given in the morning on "The Work among Seamen," by Miss Mary Cookman; "St. Christopher's Asylum," by Mrs. Mason North; "The Kindergarten," by Mrs. Paul



Lucknow, the Beautiful.

Where Women and Children Fell Beneath the Sepoy Swords in the Great Mutiny—Rare Art and Architecture.

ONE of the saddest chapters of the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857-58, is recalled by the picture presented on this page. Lucknow, one of the most beautiful of Indian cities, has a history that is dark with blood and slaughter. Wherever the English language is spoken, the story of the siege of Lucknow, in which not only many English soldiers, but a number of women and children, perished, is even now, after the lapse of over thirty years, recited with a thrill of horror. On the night of May 30, 1857, the insurrection broke out among the native troops in the Lucknow garrison. It had not been without its forewarnings, and Sir Henry Lawrence, the commanding officer, had taken all possible precautions. The British troops held the city, but very soon the native military police and native cavalry and infantry revolted, being encouraged by the news of the success of the mutiny in other quarters, and especially at Cawnpore. Officers and civilians, women and children, were murdered, and it was only after an almost superhuman effort that the European force dispersed the rebels and drove them off. But the respite was a brief one. Presently the city was fairly in a state of siege, and the British force of some 600 men, with their wives and children, were compelled to concentrate their efforts on making a stand in the Residency, a stoutly fortified enclosure. Attack after attack was made upon it by the mutineers, and the brave defenders were gradually thinned out.

The siege of the Residency lasted twenty-six days, when Gen. Sir Henry Havelock and Gen. Outram arrived with a relieving force, having fought their way all through. But even after the relief, it became clear that the white force, being outnumbered fifty to one, could not long hold its own.

The sufferings of the women and children who, in order to be protected from the fire of the rebels, were doubly imprisoned, may be imagined. Disease, wounds, thirst, famine, the terrible Indian heat, all did their share in swelling the mortality, and all the besieged united in prayers of thankfulness when the second relief under Sir Colin Campbell arrived. Shortly afterwards the civilians, women and children were released from their long imprisonment in the Residency, and escorted by the army to Cawnpore, the Residency being temporarily abandoned to the enemy. In the following March Sir Colin Campbell again marched upon Lucknow, and after a week's hard fighting, recaptured the city. Both he and Havelock had to fight their way through the streets and through the gate shown in the illustration. The white soldiers, remembering the cruelty of the Sepoys toward the women and children, showed no mercy.

Lucknow is fourth in importance among the cities of India. It presents a picture of unusual magnificence and architectural splendor. The river Gumti flows through it. Famous among its buildings are the Imambara, or Mausoleum of Asaf-ud-daula, the Jama Masjid, or Cathedral Mosque, with its lofty minarets, and the Residency, with its painful memories. Its streets are broader and better than in most Indian towns, and there are many features that help to make it pleasing to the eye. Near the Residency is a mound, beneath which lie 2,000 Europeans, who perished in those terrible months of 1857.

Turning to the peaceful side of life in Lucknow, we find it famed for its muslins and textile fabrics, its gold and silver brocade, gorgeous needle-work embroidery,

scope, in the laboratory, seminary, library, or on exploring expeditions. At its best, this spirit of research has awe and reverence enough in it to give it a high and positive religious character, and the best and most characteristic feature about the new movement in higher education I am trying to describe is that its upward tendencies can best be characterized by the word "research," a word, alas, now more often praised than understood.

Two Boys.

Canon Farrar, in one of his latest writings, drew these pen-pictures of two youths, which we commend to the study of all young men: "There are two youths. One has made a choice. As for him, he will, God helping him, try to be a Christian. He knows how hard it is to be a Christian. He knows that he is surrounded with the subtle temptations of the world; he knows that everywhere he carries with him, in his own fallen nature, the germs of many a strong assault of the flesh. He feels, therefore, that—do his best, strive his utmost—he will still, through the frailty of our mortal nature, be an unprofitable servant. But he knows also that he who strives for the mastery will at last be crowned far off in the spiritual city. He has, I say, made his choice. He is Christ's soldier; and he must fight. He is Christ's sentinel; he must watch. He is Christ's athlete; and he must

GRANDMOTHER'S LOOM.

GRANDMOTHER still sat weaving, weaving. Blindly moving the ancient loom. [Sing, "Tell us a story past believing, Stars at the window watch the room; Fire is leaping, birds are sleeping; Grandmother, sing to the ancient loom." "Children hearken, the loom is singing, All those little ones through the sky— Flying stars of eternal winging— Waiting, watching, wandering nigh— All are listening; eyes are glistening; Hearing the loom in the far-off sky. "The loom is wisdom, the loom is living; The loom is beauty, the loom is love; The loom is laboring, weaving, giving— This enough for the stars above. Beauty is old, and anger is cold, And love is labor, and labor love. "This is the song that is past believing, Hear it, children, forget, and play. Over your heads I can see you weaving— Your knees as high as your eyes to-day; This is growing, the one great knowing; Now, my children, forget, and play."

SOCIAL LIFE IN PERSIA.

THE social life of Persia, writes Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, is conditioned also on its domestic life. Whatever society each sex enjoys must be exclusively with members of its own sex. Women may give entertainments or visit, men may do

the same; but on all such occasions only one sex is represented. The interchange of visits among Persian ladies is attended by an etiquette similar to that practiced by the men, with somewhat more attention, perhaps, to serving and urging the guests to eat fruit and confectionery. But except among women of the highest rank, who have private baths attached to their residences, the most important social factor among Persian women is the public bath. There they assemble with their children, and after bathing and having their long tresses dyed with henna and plaited in long braids, which are good for several days, they gather in groups, making the exquisite embroidery for which they are famous, and exchanging the gossip of the neighborhood. Thus they plan the marriages of their children, retail the news they have had from their husbands, and learn what is going on in the world, adding to the means which they possess

in no less degree than their European sisters for influencing the male members of their households and swaying the affairs of the nation. They who think that the seclusion of Oriental women results in a diminution of her influence, labor under a great mistake. If anything, this seclusion sharpens their wits and quickens their talent for intrigue and the execution of deep-laid designs, and the men are like putty in their hands.

Occasionally a Persian husband in a sudden paroxysm of rage, or restive under petticoat rule, may temporarily rebel and vigorously assert himself; but he is soon reduced to subjection again, and fair woman resumes her sway. Half the civil wars of Persia have been due to the women.

A man's social life in Persia begins with sunrise, after he has had his early cup of coffee or tea, has said his morning prayer, and issued from the auderoon, or domestic apartments. Social life in that country gives place at twilight to domestic life; there is, of course, no visiting after dark, the whole city retiring, as it were, to the seclusion of the auderoon, and the streets becoming deserted.



THE CITY GATE OF LUCKNOW, INDIA.

jewelry, glass-work and shawls. A good school and mission work is conducted in the city, which has two colleges, and a growing number of educational institutions of lower grade. Rev. Dr. Talmage, who will proceed to India after leaving Australia, will in all probability spend a portion of his time in this famous city, inspecting its beauties and recalling its historical associations.

The Charm of Childhood.

The very finest expression on the face of a child or infant, writes President G. Stanley Hall, seems to me to be that of open-eyed and often open-mouthed curiosity and wonder. The objects of nature charm and entrance the soul, which for the moment becomes almost one with the face. This divinest thing in childhood, which only bad school methods can kill, which prompts the primeval experiments of infants in learning to use their senses, limbs and minds upon nature, is the root of the spirit of research, which explores, pries, inquires so persistently, and often so destructively in older children, and comes to full maturity in the investigator behind the telescope or micro-

endure hardship. He is Christ's husbandman; and he must labor in the vineyard. Eagerly, therefore, he avails himself of the Sabbath, to take hold of the hope set before him. He will joyously, loyally, thankfully consecrate that day, not to his own petty amusements, but to God. To him, the Sabbath, its worship, its private prayers, its generous self-denials, its quiet, regular early communion are a bliss and a help worth worlds, and so he remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

"But there is another youth. He, too, has made his choice. He is not going to be one of your 'saints' or 'milk-sops.' He is not going 'to be tied to his mother's apron string.' He means to make the Sabbath day unholy. He will spend it in sloth and dissipation; at the best he will go off on his bicycle, and you will find him lolling over the billiard-table in an ale-house, or with his pipe in his mouth under a tree, with a sporting newspaper in his hand. 'Do you ask me, young men, which of these two will be the happier, the purer, the more blessed; which of the two will be the worthier citizen, the better man, the truer Christian? You can give the answer to yourselves.



CHAPTER VII.
EMANCIPATED.

RESTED and refreshed by "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," Zerola awoke. She lay still for some time trying to realize what had happened. The soft couch, the fragrant odors, the clear air, were certainly not of the dungeon. Where was she? Morning by morning, for four long years, the damp earthen smell, the close fetid atmosphere earth choked her as she emerged from dreams to consciousness. Dull, weary and oppressed, there had been none of the exhilaration that she had known on awakening in her home in Nazareth. But on this morning the old sensations seemed to have come back. And what was that strange feeling in her poor blind eyes? It was painful at first, like the thawing of some frozen member. But it meant returning eye-sight. Zerola knew that, and welcomed the pain gladly. Vaguely distinguishable was something brilliant, which she knew must be a stream of sunlight penetrating the darkness of the apartment. Was she dreaming still? She closed her eyes and the glory was shut out. She opened them and it returned. O joy! her eyes were really resuming their functions, and could tell her that the sun had risen. She closed them for a moment to thank God in grateful prayer. How good he was! Darkness was not to be her lot through the remainder of her life, as she had feared. What a blessing sight would be! Only those really know it who recover it after losing it.

And the couch, what was that? Zerola's fingers strayed around its edge, touching inquiringly delicate carving, soft, silky covering and heavy tapestry; to one who had lain night after night on the earthy mould, this was indeed a strange awakening.

Presently a sweet, soft voice fell on her ear, and swiftly Zerola perceived a new evidence of her returning sight, for the sunlight was intercepted by something moving across its path. The old knowledge and association helped her to recognize the moving thing as a human figure, and by the robe and graceful undulating movement, it must be the figure of a woman. The voice set the question at rest, for it was a woman's voice, soft and caressing.

"Are you awake, little one?" it asked in melodious accents. "Ah, I see you are. Will you not rise and eat? I will send my women to help you bathe and dress. Do not hasten, all the day is your own."

Zerola stretched out her hand, once plump and finely formed, but now shrunken and ashen gray from long absence of light and air. "Kind lady," she said, "tell me, I pray you, what has happened to me? Where am I? For years I have seen nothing but gloomy walls around me when I waked, and of late not even those. I cannot see you now, but your voice thrills me. No one has spoken to me in such tones since my mother bade me farewell, long ago in my own land."

"You have been taken out of your cruel prison, my dear," Corthene answered. "Corbulo, my husband, found you there during the storm and the great fire last night and brought you here. This is his home, and we shall protect you and try to make you happy. You have been the victim of a wicked plot, but you are safe now, for you belong to us. Have no fear; my husband's influence is strong enough to save you from your enemies. He will make inquiries and will bring those who have wronged you to justice. I will leave you now to rise and dress. But tell me, is the story true that I have heard that you are a near relative of the young Teacher of Nazareth?"

"Yes, lady, it is true," Zerola answered. "I am spoken of in my land as his sister, but I am really his cousin. Family ties are strong among my people, and our kin are brothers and sisters in love, even when we are not children of the same parents. I do not claim to be a sister of Jesus, and would not even if Mary had been my mother. You do not know, perhaps, that to be

was a solemn mystery about his birth that sets him apart from all others. But I love him more than a sister ever loved a brother. He is all in all to me."

"You mean he was. He is dead; I heard of his cruel death."

"Oh, no, I mean he is still beloved. He is not dead. He is risen; he lives, and I can never think of him as dead. With more than a hundred others I saw him after he was nailed to the cross."

"Well," said Corthene, "we will talk more of this later when you have eaten and rested. Perhaps your long imprisonment has confused your mind. Crucified men do not come to life again; your intense love has deceived you. We are apt to believe that what we wish is really fact. But you can tell me much that I want to know, and I want you to love me and tell me all you remember of your wonderful Teacher. But first you must rest and recover."

An hour later a slave led Zerola into the spacious room in which Corbulo and Corthene were sitting, Corbulo busy with letters brought to him by one of his soldiers, and Corthene at work on the exquisite embroidery in which, like other Roman ladies, she was an adept. Zerola looked timidly around her as she entered. Her slowly-returning vision perceived the objects in the bright light, but vaguely and without recognition. She moved uncertainly, but with a native grace, and the rich garments with which Corthene had ordered her to be clothed, set off her lithe form to perfection. The slave, in obedience to a gesture from Corthene, led Zerola to a seat near the general and his wife and retired.

Corbulo greeted her kindly. "I know something of your story," he said, "but I would fain learn all the facts from your own lips. Tell me how it was that after buying you legally in Jerusalem and sending you to my wife in Rome, I do not hear of you again until I learn that you are in that awful dungeon, where I found you last night more dead than alive."

"I fear," said Zerola, "that I cannot give a connected account of the circumstances. I do not know what really occurred, as I was taken on the first day of the voyage and secluded and treated as a prisoner, and when we reached Rome I was confused with the great city, and was hurried from place to place and finally thrust into the dungeon."

"But why did the Captain of the ship treat you so? I will have him severely punished for disobeying my orders. I told him to treat you with the greatest kindness and deliver you to my wife."

"Oh, do not have any one punished on my account," Zerola pleaded. "I want in all things to be true to my faith. My Lord taught us to love our enemies, to pray for our persecutors. He did so himself in his dying hour, and I want to be like him. The Captain was not really to blame. There was a man on the ship who hated me because I would not give up my lover for him, and I think it was he who persuaded the Captain to treat me harshly. He may have led the Captain to believe that I deserved to be imprisoned. He is a very treacherous, deceitful man."

"I know him," Corbulo exclaimed; "it is Karmes, the Egyptian. I think you are probably right about your misfortunes being due to his influence. He has already been punished. He was in the same prison with you, but not for what he did to you. He has committed many crimes, and it was for one of these that he was sent to prison. There is no need for you to plead for him to be forgiven, for I believe he is dead."

Corbulo had noticed several bodies in the ruins of the prison, with all their life crushed out by the falling masonry; but had not the time to examine them. Yet in the few quick glances which he could get he thought that one looked very much like the carcass, as he called it, of the plotting Egyptian who had persuaded the captain to betray his trust and play him false.

Nevertheless he was mistaken; Karmes had escaped.

And perhaps by this time had learned from the two women who witnessed the scene by the statue, that Corbulo had killed his sister. For Karmes was a half-brother to the hag. Hate and revenge, how strong they are! What they would next prompt the daring Egyptian to, who can tell?

The duties of his office demanding Corbulo's attention, he left his wife and Zerola together while he went to meet his officers. Corthene approached the girl and said: "You spoke just now of your lover, tell me of him. Is he living? Why did he allow you to be seized and sold?"

"Alas, lady, I know not. I parted from him in Jerusalem at night and he promised to meet me in the morning to accompany me to my home at Nazareth. I have not seen him since. As I was going to our meeting place, I was seized and taken to court. One, Saul, who hates the Nazarenes and was the cause of the murder of my lover's father, a noble man named Stephen, denounced me to the rulers of the people and I was sold as a slave. Perhaps my beloved Thæon never knew what became of me. He may be searching for me now."

"Poor girl! It is cruel to have used you so. A curse on any man who robs a girl of her lover. Do you know what has happened to Saul? He is now himself a follower of the Nazarene and one of the most active of those who preach for him. He is coming to Rome to preach. He is a wonderful man and has talked with my husband who has a great admiration for him. Since he adopted the new faith, he has grieved over your suffering and repented of his share in bringing it about. He has sought for you everywhere that he might restore you to your parents."

"Saul a follower of Jesus!" Zerola exclaimed. "Surely you are mistaken."

"No," said Corthene, "my husband knows all the circumstances. Paul—he is now known by that name—told him of them. It was a very sudden affair and Paul seems to think it was miraculous."

"It must have been so," said Zerola. "Nothing less than a miracle could have changed the man. He was very fierce and relentless. Of all the men I ever met, he is the one I should have thought the least likely to become a follower of Jesus."

"Can you forgive him for being the cause of your misery? You said that the Great Teacher taught you to love your enemies. That is a hard duty. Was all his teaching as contrary to human nature as that? Tell me about him; I know so little but I want to know everything. You who knew him and love him can tell me about him. I would have you stay with me and show me how I ought to live to be his follower; but you must want to go to your home, to your lover and your mother. Well you will stay for a time to teach us, Corbulo and me, and then we will emancipate you and send you back to Nazareth."

Zerola needed no urging to speak of him whom her soul loved. She told her mistress about his strange, supernatural birth, of his boyhood and home life, of the scene at his baptism and of his ministry, his miracles, his sweet, gentle, compassionate life and his tragic death. Then, most wonderful of all, of his resurrection and ascension. Corthene listened intently, asking many questions as the narrative proceeded. In those days the word was carried so from one to another. There were no books full of the story; but men and women treasured up all they heard and repeated it lovingly, tenderly. This was an eloquent speaker—one who speaks from a heart overflowing with love, who had looked on that divine countenance, who had listened to the heavenly voice and had seen much of that life of sublime devotion. Zerola could not weary of her subject and lamented only that she could not by any words she could utter present her Lord to her hearer's mind as he appeared to her own. Then, it was not doctrine, nor ritual that his followers talked of, but him. Jesus was their theme and their theology was summed up in being like him.

Corthene was deeply moved by Zerola's words. The girl's enthusiasm gave them power and the story told since then millions of times in many lands and in many tongues had the effect then as it has now, when the speaker and the listener are in earnest. Corthene begged that Corbulo should hear it. Paul had told him much and other preachers he had heard, but Corthene longed that this gentle girl should speak to him as she had done to her. Zerola was glad to have the opportunity and he heard and believed.

Day by day the talk of the husband and wife and the Hebrew girl was on the same

subject which never grew old. But one day as Zerola was describing the walk about Bethany and the Mount of Olives, her voice faltered and she broke into a flood of tears. "She must go home," said Corthene.

A day later—and the girl of Palestine, set at liberty by Corbulo and Corthene, was in the swiftest galley of the Roman General, speeding towards her native land across the blue waters of that waveless sea. However, this voyage was not waveless nor dreary; a gentle breeze helped them onward, on towards home.

Delayed by a storm, Paul had waited at Myra until the arrival of the ship. Now he too was on the Mediterranean, speeding across the waters to his native land. Stranger than chance, the scholar and the slave, apostle and kinswoman of the Nazarene, going home to Palestine in the same ship; neither being aware of the presence of the other.

"How bright the waters, how fresh the mind, how clear the sky!" thought the young emancipated girl.

Now the blind slave is no longer a slave, and more—no longer blind; her temporary loss of sight having been simply the result of dwelling for a considerable period where it was impossible to use the eyes.

Sight restored! Darkness gone; sunshine come!

For many days the ship sailed merrily on, and Zerola felt that secret pleasure which all girls love and deny, the pleasure of being ardently loved by a noble man. For she knew that Thæon loved her with all the intensity of a strong and passionate nature. She was his soul's joy.

Yes, sunshine had indeed come; very soon she would be in Nazareth. And then—what happiness!

But the sunshine always brings the shadows. Thæon, full of hope, was then seeking her in Rome. The two lovers, each seeking the other, were journeying in opposite directions.

Thæon knew that the utmost caution was necessary. The clue he was following in journeying to Rome was of the slightest kind; but he was pursuing that as he had pursued others. They had taunted him, but love of the kind that glowed in his heart is never given to despair. He arranged his plans on the voyage. He would go first to some Christians he knew and inquire of them the way to gain access to Corbulo's household. He must learn first if a slave answering to Zerola's description had been brought into it four years ago. That was the first step to be taken. If that failed he would try the other clue that centered in Karmes, for Thæon still clung to the belief that the Egyptian was in some way concerned in Zerola's abduction.

With these plans arranged Thæon landed at Rome. He had some difficulty in finding the Christians of whom he had resolved first to seek information. The prejudice against them was bitter and they had sought safety in hiding. Thæon's inquiries were all met by evasion. No one would admit that they knew their place of residence, and in this they were trying to protect the fugitives. Thæon's speech betrayed his Jewish nationality, and the Christians in Rome had no enemies so dangerous or so relentless as the Jews. Days drew out to weeks, and still Thæon pursued his quest without success. Every morning he watched for an hour or more outside the palace of Corbulo, hoping that at some door or casement he might catch a glimpse of the beloved face. Then he would go away sadly to resume his search for the Christian people who he thought might help him. Oh, had he but known that she whom he sought was sailing toward her native land, that her long trial was past, and that she was going with joy in her heart to Nazareth, hoping to find him there! Had he but taken courage and have gone boldly to Corbulo and asked him about Zerola, how much toil and weariness and danger he might have been saved. But Corbulo was a great man, and Thæon thought the General would not receive him, and might even seize him and cast him into prison on the charge of designing the liberation of one of his slaves. So Thæon went on blindly seeking. He was in more danger than he knew. One day he noticed that he was followed by dangerous-looking men, and he suspected that some enemy was plotting against him.

Karmes had seen Thæon; and following him, looking closely at him with his black eyes, suddenly remembered who he was. Then the Egyptian began to plot anew.

(To be Continued.)

An "Advance Guard" for Christ!

What Mr. Moody Has Already Accomplished at the Bible Institute—Over 1,200 Students Enrolled Since 1890—The Gospel Fund is Now Over \$3,000.

It is very desirable that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and more particularly those who have been active in aiding this new Gospel Crusade begun by Mr. Moody, should know just what has been accomplished by the Bible Institute from its inception up to the present time. They have adopted the cause of the Institute, and in the highest sense, made its work their own, and upon their material and spiritual co-operation its future usefulness will largely depend. For the general information and encouragement, therefore, of those thousands of earnest Christian men and women in every State of the Union who have shown a disposition to join with us in this grand work for the Master, we present below a resume of what has already been done since the Institute was established, several years ago. This record shows with what tremendous energy and zeal Mr. Moody and his band of associates have labored, in the face of obstacles and discouragements that would have compelled most men to have abandoned the work. But it has been blessed of God under their hands, and not less than **TWELVE HUNDRED STUDENTS** have been trained, equipped and prepared by the Bible Institute to do battle for Christ among the unevangelized masses at home and abroad.

Here is the record, which tells its own story more eloquently than any words of ours:

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.			
Students of American Birth Enrolled.			
STATE	STUDENTS	STATE	STUDENTS
New York.....	73	Montana.....	1
Illinois.....	66	New Jersey.....	8
Pennsylvania.....	63	Kentucky.....	1
Ohio.....	48	Vermont.....	7
Iowa.....	36	Maine.....	6
Wisconsin.....	35	Maryland.....	6
Michigan.....	27	Connecticut.....	5
Indiana.....	22	Virginia.....	5
Missouri.....	18	New Hampshire.....	4
Tennessee.....	17	Texas.....	4
Kansas.....	16	Nebraska.....	4
Massachusetts.....	13	North Carolina.....	3
Minnesota.....	11	Arkansas.....	2
Alabama.....	2	Rhode Island.....	2
California.....	2	Georgia.....	2
Louisiana.....	2	Delaware.....	2
W. Virginia.....	2		
S. Carolina.....	1	Total.....	525

Students of Foreign Birth Enrolled.			
COUNTRY	STUDENTS	COUNTRY	STUDENTS
England.....	83	France.....	1
Scotland.....	16	Russia.....	4
Ireland.....	37	Switzerland.....	5
Canada.....	65	Australia.....	1
New Brunswick.....	10	Turkey.....	2
Nova Scotia.....	4	Atlantic Ocean.....	1
Newfoundland.....	1	Syria.....	2
New Zealand.....	2	Persia.....	2
India.....	2	China.....	2
Wales.....	9	Africa.....	4
Germany.....	11	Hawaii.....	1
Austria.....	12	West Indies.....	1
Sweden.....	13		
Norway.....	4	Total.....	292
Denmark.....	2		

Total Male Students..... 817
Thirty-four States, in all, are represented in the male membership lists. Although 817 male students only are accounted for, there have been fully 900 trained, but until 1890-91 the records of the Institute were not kept with the necessary care and completeness, and the information preceding that date is therefore scant.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.			
Students of American Birth Enrolled.			
STATE	STUDENTS	STATE	STUDENTS
Illinois.....	60	Colorado.....	4
Iowa.....	42	North Carolina.....	4
Massachusetts.....	30	South Carolina.....	3
New York.....	26	Virginia.....	3
Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	23	Connecticut.....	3
Kansas.....	22	Indian Territory.....	3
Michigan.....	18	New Jersey.....	3
Minnesota.....	13	Texas.....	3
Wisconsin.....	22	Staten Island.....	2
Nebraska.....	10	Kentucky.....	2
Missouri.....	9	Rhode Island.....	1
Tennessee.....	9	Delaware.....	1
Vermont.....	8	Montana.....	1
Indiana.....	8	Long Island.....	1
Dakota.....	6	Mississippi.....	1
Maine.....	5	Alabama.....	1
California.....	5	Florida.....	1

Students of Foreign Birth Enrolled.			
COUNTRY	STUDENTS	COUNTRY	STUDENTS
Nova Scotia.....	1	India.....	1
Canada.....	18	Finland.....	1
Turkey.....	4	Wales.....	1
Scotland.....	2	Japan.....	1
Norway.....	2	China.....	1
Ireland.....	2	Sweden.....	1

Total Women Students..... 402
Making a grand total in both departments of 1219 students of both sexes and all nationalities, whose names thus far have been entered upon the rolls of the Bible In-

stitute. Many hundreds of these consecrated young men and women are now engaged in evangelical work in different parts of the world, a very large proportion of them in our own land. About 240, included in this total, are now in the Institute under training.

This is, however, only the advance guard of the great Gospel Army which the Bible Institute stands ready to train and commission for Christian work at home, a campaign in which Mr. Moody has personally invited our readers to join hands and hearts with his workers and himself. Thousands more are needed to carry the Gospel into the homes of our 30,000,000 non-church-goers. It is a campaign for precious souls and all will do well to give heed to the appeal.

Cheering letters from dear friends whose enthusiasm has been awakened for the work, continue to be received in increasing numbers by every day's mail. It is peculiarly touching to note the effect of Mr. Moody's appeal on the hearts of these godly people, who are ever ready to make sacrifice for the Master's sake. One lady (Miss E. A. B., of Caledonia, N.Y.), writes, enclosing \$4.75, the gift of eight friends: "The best investment of money that can be made, be it little or much, is to place it in the savings bank of heaven; for besides the delight we have in helping to send the knowledge of our dear Saviour's salvation to the perishing, we have the Great President's promise: 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord and that which he hath given will he pay him again.'"

Another friend, Mrs. B. A. H., of Plainfield, N. J., contributes \$100 as a "Memorial gift," doubtless a tribute to the memory of some dear one gone before. The sorrowful as well as the joyful, the rich and the poor, are all moved to have a share in the work. L. J. B., South Boston, in forwarding \$5, writes: "This coin is a memento of my sainted mother, who passed on to glory six years ago."

The Moody Gospel Fund, has now passed the \$3,000 mark and is still being generously augmented by subscriptions from many different quarters. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will acknowledge in these columns all moneys received for the Fund. The latest contributions during the week are as follows:

Previously Acknowledged.....	\$2,007 77	Mrs. G. L. B. Orwell, Vt.....	10 00	Mrs. G. A. McKee.....	1 00
Miss Jennet Walker.....	50	Mrs. Mary Adams.....	1 00	A. J. M., Avonia, Pa.....	1 00
Miss Elizabeth McKinnon.....	1 00	Friedl, Lobdell, Miss.....	1 00	In His Name, Chambersburg, Pa.....	2 00
Mrs. James Foote.....	25	Mrs. M. H. Paul.....	5 00	Friedl, Youngtown, O.....	1 00
Mrs. R. J. Mensie.....	1 00	Chas. Peterson.....	5 00	M. M. B., Brooklyn.....	1 00
Mrs. Mary Cameron.....	25	M. B. Milton.....	2 00	Mrs. I. B. Reynolds.....	100 00
Miss Jennie Cameron.....	25	Friedl, Andover.....	1 00	H. M. Whittmore.....	2 00
Mrs. Geo. Holbrook.....	2 00	L. H. Nash.....	1 00	B. B. B., Lebanon, Pa.....	1 00
Mrs. S. McComber.....	5 00	G. Palmer.....	1 00	Christian.....	50 00
Miss M. L. S., Newton, Mass.....	1 00	P. H. Renny.....	1 00	J. S. Rich.....	5 00
Thomas Rutter and family.....	1 00	Mrs. Catherine A. Inis.....	1 00	In His Name, Emporia, Kans.....	1 00
Albert Herr.....	1 00	H. P. D., Amagansett, N. Y.....	5 00	Mrs. G. W. Norris.....	10 00
Sub'r, Md.....	1 00	S. M. J., Asbury Park, N. J.....	5 00	Ella P. Howe.....	10 00
A. Brother, Miss.....	5 00	Mrs. Wm. Babbage.....	1 00	In His Name, Lancaster, Pa.....	3 00
Harriet Woolsey.....	1 00	F. B. Burt.....	1 00	L. A. Wilcox.....	1 00
Friedl, Palmer, Miss.....	1 00	J. P. Johnson.....	1 00	T. G. E., Evanston, Ill.....	10 00
Eva Johnson.....	1 00	Mrs. H. C. Ledbetter.....	2 00	Mrs. E. Myers.....	2 00
Mrs. E. C. Breck.....	1 00	Reader, Georgetown, Mass.....	2 00	Thomas Beyman.....	5 00
Mrs. S. C. Parker.....	1 00	Mr. & Mrs. D. W. W. Fairbanks.....	5 00	Mary S. Hankins.....	5 00
S. T. Gilbert.....	3 00	W. Rendall.....	1 00	H. B. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2 00
O. W. Tucker.....	1 00	H. H. & Jessie Huggins.....	2 00	K. S., Baltimore, Md.....	5 00
Mrs. Z. R. M., Providence, R. I.....	1 00	M. S. M.....	5 00	Mrs. W. W. Fuller.....	1 00
Mrs. Mary McGill.....	5 00	Friend of the cause, Gloverville.....	1 00	E. A. Gilbert.....	1 00
C. B., Wayne, Iowa.....	1 00	Y. P. S. C. E. of Pres. Church, Good Hope, Ill.....	1 40	N. G. Bethea.....	1 00
M. E. Osborn.....	50	Mrs. E. C. Miller.....	5 00	Mrs. Jonathan Jennings.....	1 00
Nellie Baldwin.....	50	G. D., Baltimore, Md.....	1 00	Friedl in Chr'st, Quincy, Mass.....	2 00
M. Davis.....	1 00	Mrs. C. Whaddinton.....	5 00	Rev. E. H. Turner.....	1 00
J. Wilson.....	2 00	C. B. Sheard.....	10 00	Mrs. T. E. Painter.....	1 00
J. T. C., Jordan Valley, Ore.....	1 00	C. Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10 00	Friend in Jesus, Hopedale, O.....	1 00
F. J. Dodd.....	3 00	W. Robertson.....	5 00	H. Halderby.....	1 00
H. A. Simpson.....	1 00	Geo. Grof.....	5 00	Friend, Providence.....	1 00
Sub'r, Kenesaw, Neb.....	2 00	Friend, Ponca, Neb.....	1 00	Miss Louisa Marsh.....	1 00
Friend, Colo.....	2 00	Lizzie Murray.....	1 00	A. W. Oring.....	2 00
Bible Christian, Andover, N. J.....	1 00	Friend, Mooresville, N. C.....	5 00	M. A. Graves.....	50
Mrs. Caroline A. Morris.....	1 00	L. G. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1 00	Mrs. W. A. Smidt.....	5 00
Fannie M. Riddle.....	1 00	S. Combs.....	4 00	Mr. and Mrs. Neuhardt.....	1 00
James Mankley.....	50	Mrs. M. E. Stephens.....	2 00	Friend, C. Mich.....	1 00
Miss E. A. Blakelee.....	1 00	Friend, Decatur, Ill.....	2 00	W. H. L., North Tarrytown, N. Y.....	3 00
Mrs. Margaret McNaughton.....	50	Miss A. Robinson.....	1 00	In His Name, Wyoming.....	5 00
A Constant Reader, New Rochelle, N. Y.....	5 00	Mrs. L. Gunn.....	1 50	One who hath done what he could.....	2
J. Martin.....	1 00	Y. S. & W. C., Morton, N. Y.....	50	And 96 others to be acknowledged next week.....	429 56
S. R. Ludden.....	2 50	Geo. Musson.....	2 00		
Mrs. J. C. Keyes.....	1 00	In His Name, Lynn, Mass.....	5 00		
Irene Keys.....	1 00	B. W. Cincinnati, O.....	1 00		
In His Name, Lodge Pole, Neb.....	1 00	Eliza Sprague.....	4 00		
J. W. C., Ocean Grove, N. J.....	2 00	Kirtland, O.....	1 00		
E. A. F., Northampton, Pa.....	1 00	W. L. A., Billshoro, N. Y.....	1 00		
Mrs. Geo. H. Day.....	5 00	Friend, Tilton, N. H.....	5 00		
T. L. Brown.....	1 00	Friend, Burkesville, Va.....	1 00		
Mrs. M. W. Gillespie.....	10 00	Jas. B. Donaldson.....	1 00		
Mrs. Olive L. Osborn.....	2 00	Mrs. & Mrs. Knapp.....	4 00		
N. H. Anterson.....	5 00	Charlotte, N. C.....	7 00		
Chas. P. Wood.....	1 00	A Pilgrim.....	3 00		
M. E. D., Flint, Mich.....	1 00	Mrs. G. M. Bush.....	2 00		
F. H. McIntosh.....	5 00	D. C. Caldwell.....	20 00		
A. A. Jagtow.....	1 00	Mrs. S. A. Seldmore.....	1 00		
Henry Umholtz.....	1 00	L. F. E., Vaukers, N. Y.....	1 00		
James Fraser.....	2 00	Wm. J. L., Baltimore, Md.....	2 00		
I. H. N., Springfield, O.....	2 00	Chas. W. Brown.....	1 00		
Reader, Uceba, Tenn.....	5 00				
Limited Means, North Hector.....	1 00				
Frank A. Brown.....	1 00				
S. A. Bunting.....	1 00				
Friend, Newton Centre, Mass.....	10 00				
Thos. Fletcher.....	10 00				
Mrs. S. C. Hug.....	50				
In His Name, Belleville, Ill.....	1 00				
H. H. R. Lynch.....	1 00				
L. J. B., Boston, Mass.....	5 00				

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are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

LINCOLN'S SIMPLE WAYS.
An incident is related which shows how simple and kind-hearted President Lincoln was and how he honored old friends. "A young nobleman was just being presented to the president. Inside the door, overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The president, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the nobleman: 'Excuse me, my lord, there's an old friend of mine.' Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand: 'Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mr. — in Sagamon county in 1847. How are you?' The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the salutation, said: 'Mother, he's just the same old Ate!' "Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company; John was killed in the 'seven days' fight, Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington an' see him. An' while we are there we'll go up an' see the president.'" Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim and across the rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know, and he said: 'John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you.' The old lady and her husband were placed in a private room in spite of all their protests.

Are You Nerve-Tired

Do you find it impossible to become interested in your work or in anything else, impossible to sleep, impossible to enjoy your food? If so, your nervous system needs building up and the work must begin at once, for the consequences of delay may be disastrous. Begin today to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And before a week goes by you will feel differently. You will have a good appetite. You can lie down at night and sleep and you will rise in the morning refreshed. You will feel like doing a good day's work. You will be convinced that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness, jaundice.

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Sample **free**. Address
E. W. Hovr & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE BOOK SHELF

THE FUTURE OF BOOKS.*

MEN of letters will not be called Writers in the time soon to be, but rather, Narrators. Little by little the taste for style and for pompously decorated phrases will die away, but the art of utterance will take on unheard-of importance. Certain narrators will be sought out for their time address, their contagious sympathy, their thrilling warmth, and the perfect accuracy, the fine punctuation of their voice.

The ladies will no longer say in speaking of a successful author, "What a charming writer!" All shuddering with emotion, they will sigh, "Ah, how this? 'Teller's' voice thrills you, charms you, moves you! What adorable low tones, what heart-rending accents of love! When you hear his voice you are fairly exhausted with emotion. There is no ravisher of the ear like him!"

Libraries will be transformed into phonographotects; they will contain the works of human genius on properly labelled cylinders, methodically arranged in little cases, rows upon rows, on shelves. The favorite editions will be the autophonographs of artists most in vogue; for example, every one will be asking for Coquelin's "Moliere," Irving's "Shakespeare," Salvini's "Dante," while Goethe, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Emerson, Tennyson, Musset and others will have been "vibrated upon cylinders by favorite Tellers."

The kinetograph will be the illustrator of daily life; not only shall we see it operating in its case, but by a system of lenses and reflectors all the figures in action which it will present in photo-cromo may be projected upon large white screens in our own homes.

Scenes described will be imitated by appropriately dressed figurants and immediately recorded. We shall also have, by way of supplement to the daily phonographic journal, a series of illustrations of the day—slices of active life, so to speak, fresh cut from the actual. Men will soon be dissatisfied with printed interviews, more or less correctly reported. They will insist upon hearing the interviewee, upon listening to the discourse of the fashionable orator, hearing the actual song, the very voice of the diva whose first appearance was made over-night. What but the phonographic journal can give them all this? The voices of the whole world will be gathered up in the celluloid rolls which the post will bring, morning by morning, to the subscribing hearers. They may hear it all, as if in a dream—foreign telegrams, financial news, humorous articles, and all the news of the day.

LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.†

As there are some books referred to in the Old Testament which, it is alleged, are

*From *The End of Books* by Octave Uzanne, Scribner for August.

†From *The Handbook of the Bible*, A Compendium of Facts and Curiosities, by Rev. William Turner. Cloth illustrated pp. 245, price \$1. Thomas Whitaker, New York, publisher.

The Health and Pleasure Resorts of Michigan and the West

are illustrated and described in a handsome folder which has just been issued by the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route." This folder is designed for the special use of people in the East who wish to learn something about the Resorts of Michigan (including Mackinac Island and the Lake Superior Region), Wisconsin, Minnesota, Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Utah, and the Pacific Coast, and will be sent free on application to W. H. Underwood, Eastern Passenger Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science is about to report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found in the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 164 Bro. d. w. s. New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound of Free of all suffering from Asthma, send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

We don't know how some of the great political questions may be finally settled, but we do know that the question of health may be settled by taking Hood's Sassaaparilla which purifies the blood.

lost, a few observations will suffice to show that none of the writings which are accounted sacred by the Jews and Christians (and which claim to be received as inspired writings), ever were or could be lost, and consequently that no sacred or inspired writing is now wanting to complete the canon of Scripture. I. It seems very unsuitable to the ordinary conduct of Divine Providence to suffer a book written under the influence of the Holy Spirit to be lost. II. The zeal of the faithful at all times for their sacred books was such as would be a very effectual means to secure them from perishing. III. The canonical books, either in the original languages or by means of versions, were dispersed in many countries, and in possession of innumerable persons. IV. The books of the Old Testament supposed to be lost were in all probability nothing more than brief records, or memoranda, of certain events, the substance of which the sacred historian had incorporated into his history. 1. The word "sepher," which in the English Bible is rendered book, signifies the bare rehearsal of anything, or any kind of writing, however small. Take the following examples: Bill of divorce (Deuteronomy 24: 1), is in the original a book of divorce; the genealogical table of our Lord's descent (Matt. 1: 1), is called in the Hebrew idiom a book; David's letter to Joab (II. Samuel 11: 14, 15), is a book both in Hebrew and Greek, as also the letter which Naaman brought from his royal master, Benhadad, to King Joram (II. Kings 5: 5). See, also, Matthew 10: 7, and Mark 10: 4. 2. Several of the tracts referred to as books, and which are either lost or their substance incorporated in the books we have, were written by uninspired men—public recorders or chroniclers of passing events. 3. The bare citation of any book in a canonical writing is not sufficient to prove that such book was ever canonical. 4. As to those books supposed to be lost, let it be observed that the book of the Covenant (Exodus 24: 7), refers to nothing else than the injunctions and exhortations laid down in the four preceding chapters; the book of the Wars of the Lord (Numbers 21: 14), is that very record which, upon the defeat of the Amalekites, Moses was commanded to make a record of and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua; the book of Jasher (Joshua 10: 13), was not a divinely inspired record. Josephus says it was the work of an ordinary historiographer, and which, like our "year-books," contained records of occurrences from year to year; and lastly, we have no reason to conclude that the three thousand proverbs, and the one thousand and five songs of Solomon, as well as his treatises on the natural history of plants and animals (which belong to philosophy), were inspired writings. Upon the whole, then, we may conclude that if any books of the Old Testament seem to be wanting in our present canon, they are either such as are incorporated in the canonical writings, or are writings which were never admitted as canonical.

It may be well to repeat, what has already been premised, that these missing books never occupied a place in the sacred canon, not having been received by the Church as a part of Divine revelation, and consequently their loss is little to be regretted.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.*

Old John Brown was thoroughly hated or admired. He had participated in the Kansas troubles and it is said by his enemies that he murdered and plundered. That he took human life cannot be denied, perhaps not for the sake of plunder, but from the extreme fanatical bent of his mind. Brown was a native of Connecticut, and at this time in the sixtieth year of his age. He espoused the cause of abolition very early in life, and was enthusiastic and brave. It is history to be believed, he was unscrupulous as to the methods by which he sought to gain his ends. He had been active in the midst of the troubles in Kan-

*From *Union*, a story of the great rebellion, by John R. M. a continuation of the "Abolitionist's" series. Illustrated cloth pp. 30, price \$1.50. Lind & Wagnall, New York, London and Toronto, publishers.

sas, and had suffered much; and he believed himself to be the destined liberator of the slaves in the American Republic.

John Brown's whole soul was wrapped up in the liberation of the slaves, his motive was good; but his means were foolish and diabolical. He was no Christian; for he killed and incited others to do the same. He was no soldier; for a good general would never have allowed himself to be caught in such a trap, as he was at Harper's Ferry. Just what he intended is a mystery. Before his capture, while seizing Harper's Ferry, he declared his intention to "free the slaves." After his capture, he stated that he never intended a general insurrection. That he was a martyr to the freedom of the negroes, there is cause for dispute, for it may be doubted if his death had anything to do with their freedom.

But John Brown acted on that very night. One by one, his followers had been stealthily congregating, and pikes, guns, and ammunition gathered together for striking the first blow at Virginia and arming the slaves. The refusal of Mark to take part in the insurrection, and the tears that he might betray his plans caused him to act at once. Under cover of profound darkness, Brown, at the head of seventeen white men and five negroes, entered the village of Harper's Ferry on that fatal Sunday night, put out the street lights, and seized the armory and the railway bridge, and quietly arrested and imprisoned in the government buildings the citizens found in the streets at the earliest hours of the next morning, each one being ignorant of what had happened. The invaders seized Colonel Washington, living a few miles from Harper's Ferry, with his arms and horses, and liberated his slaves, and at eight o'clock on Monday morning, the 17th of October, Brown and his followers (among whom were two of his sons), had full possession of the village and government works. His action was as much an act of open rebellion as the attack and capture of Fort Sumter. When asked what his purpose was, and by what authority he acted, Brown replied: "To free the slaves, and by the authority of God Almighty."

He thought that when he struck this blow the negroes of the surrounding country would rise and flock to his standard. He believed that a general uprising of the slaves of the whole country would follow, and that he would win the satisfaction of being a great liberator.

FOR WAKEFUL HOURS.

The following lines were given by the late Robert Charlton, to a member of the Society of Friends, who suffered from sleeplessness:

When courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad thoughts cumber
My weary mind,

The thought shall cheer me—
Thou, Lord, art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is well inclined.

My soul Thou keepest
Who never sleepest;
In gloom the deepest
Thine light above.

Thine eyes behold me;
Thine arms enfold me;
Thy Word has told me
That "God is Love."



MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
TRADE MARK.
FOOD

THE ONLY PERFECT
Substitute for Mother's Milk.

Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen:—I commenced the use of Mellin's Food some three weeks ago, and find it better than all others I have used; my baby is thriving wonderfully upon it. I shall recommend its use to all my friends.

MRS. JASPER L. BROWN,
Tyler, Tex.

Gentlemen:—I am using your Mellin's Food for babies. I find it better than anything else.

Rev. C. C. WILLIAMS.

SEND for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address.

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Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

THIRTEENTH INTERVIEW.

By our Special Commissioner

With Mr. David Cherrett, The Shrubbery, Newtown, Parkstone, Dorset.

In more ways than one Mr. David Cherrett is a remarkable man. In the first place after being discharged years ago from the Royal Navy as "beyond recovery," he is now well, hale, and hearty.

In the second, being compelled by his business to walk nearly all day every day, he counts it a privilege to walk on most regular week-evenings, and mostly every Sunday, six or seven miles to hold preaching services.

At my request Mr. Sherrett came to me at my hotel in Bournemouth, and there it was we had the brief conversation which follows:

My first question had reference to the disease mentioned on Mr. Cherrett's certificate of discharge from the Royal Navy, and his condition of health at that time. In reply Mr. Cherrett said:

"I was in the hospital about three months, having previously been for a short time in sick quarters. The entry on the certificate shows that I was suffering from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I raised a large quantity of phlegm, and sometimes a little blood."

"I saw your sister a month ago, Mr. Cherrett, and she told me she quite thought you were going to die. Did you share her belief?"

"Well, I certainly didn't think I was going to get better. I was very weak indeed, but I soon gained strength after I had adopted Mr. Congreve's treatment for a few weeks. My recovery was gradual, but I am thankful to say it was sure, and my cure has been permanent."

"Then you have had no return of any of the symptoms since?"

"None at all."

"How long ago was this, Mr. Cherrett?"

"Between nine and ten years ago; it was in January, 1883, that I left the navy."

"Do you mind telling me what you have done for a living since?"

"For some years now I have been selling tea in the villages in the district."

"Does not that involve a great deal of walking?"

"Yes, I walk on an average one hundred miles a week—winter and summer—all the year round."

"That seems a great distance, Mr. Cherrett?"

"I think nothing of it."

Here I feel compelled to say that although he might have ridden nearly the whole distance by train, Mr. Cherrett chose to walk from his residence to Bournemouth—a distance of five miles each way, and that after walking all day on his business.

In answer to a further question, Mr. Cherrett said:

"I am a lay preacher connected with the Baptist denomination, and it very seldom happens that I have a free evening. I am conducting services somewhere or other in the villages, and I usually walk to my engagements."

"Shall I be right in saying that since you recovered under Mr. Congreve's care you have aided nothing?"

"I have had the best of health. Quite recently I have been examined by a doctor, who has certified that I am quite fit for work in the foreign mission-field. I have recommended Mr. Congreve's treatment largely, and I know many who have benefited by following it."

Mr. Sherrett was good enough to accord me his permission to publish this account of our interview, and to say that he would be glad at any time to answer any inquiries from persons who may be interested in cases similar to his own.

(In a letter of Jan. 4 [written since this interview] Mr. Cherrett says: "I am constantly recommending your treatment. In going about as a local preacher I have frequent opportunities so to do.")

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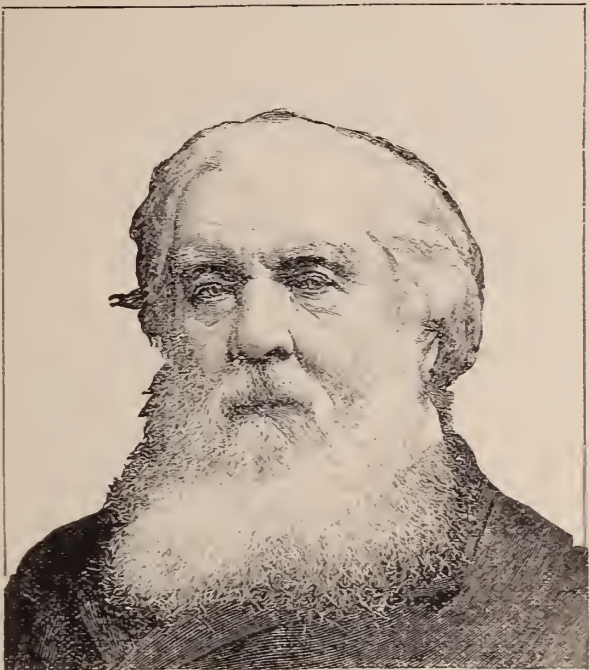
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THE DEAD EXPLORER.

C REMARKABLE man who did much to open up to scholars of the present day the veritable history of the far past, recently died in London. This was Sir Henry Layard, the veteran diplomatist and archaeologist. He was a Parisian by birth, an Italian by education and an Englishman by paternity. This mixed origin was used against him when he presented himself for election in Parliament on the hustings of an English city, where rough jokes are often perpetrated, but Layard won the sympathy of the laughing crowd by asking his opponent whether if a man were born in a stable he would call him a horse. He was to have been a lawyer, but in 1838, when he was twenty-one years old, he received an offer of an appointment in Ceylon. He was making his way to India overland, and spending a weary interval of waiting at Bagdad, when he became interested in the mounds under which he subsequently found the ruins of ancient Nineveh. Having accidentally made the acquaintance of Sir Stratford Canning, he talked with him about the mounds and through him obtained the Sultan's permission to search them. The result was the discovery of the famous palace of Sardanapalus, on the walls of



THE LATE SIR HENRY A. LAYARD.

which were the frescoes now in the British Museum. The work of excavation occupied several years and several more were spent on the volumes in which Layard described his discoveries. He then commenced a political career in the course of which he three times held office in the Government, and was also ambassador at Madrid and Constantinople. In 1880, at the age of sixty-three, he retired into private life devoting his time to the production of works on Assyria, Persia and other Oriental lands.

A SOUL AT AUCTION.

In a recent sermon, Rev. John Robertson, of Glasgow, related the following remarkable incident: It is difficult for a man who is born with a coat of arms on him to get salvation. We never have had that difficulty between us and the common people's Christ; but I assure you it is a difficulty and a big one. To be born with family traditions and to fling them aside is difficult, and Paul, who must have felt that pride of birth, flung it aside for Jesus. When Lady Ann Erskine, passing through that London crowd in her carriage, heard borne on the evening breeze the voice of the preacher, she asked her coachman to drive near to hear what he was saying. Rowland Hill saw her and stopped in his discourse, and he said: "Listen! here is a titled lady. The auction of eternity has begun and there are offers being made for her of high birth to-night. The devil says I will give pleasure, I will give a presentation to the court, I will give luxury, I will give all the attractions of the world for her! Will the hammer fall? Hark!" he said, "there is another voice that bids. It is the voice of Jesus that says, I will give my life for her, I will give my precious blood for her. I that was born the Son of God, that came from glory, will give myself for her. Sins, and never-dying soul, what is to be the decision? Who is to get her? Now or never!" "Drive on," said Lady Erskine to her coachman, but up there in her room that night the arrow had gone home, and she put aside her high birth and her society life, and her pride of blood, and she accepted Christ.

OPENING UP AFRICA.

Railroad-working in Africa is aiding civilization and the Gospel wondrously. It is, however, an expensive business without much prospect of immediate returns. In the Belgian Chamber the other day a

statement in regard to the Congo railway was made by M. De Sinet de Nayer showing that the cause of construction originally estimated at \$5,000,000 will probably reach \$12,000,000 and that its maintenance will require an annual outlay of \$400,000, thus exceeding by \$60,000 the estimated maximum of receipts. The difficulties in the way of construction have been far greater than were anticipated and after three years of effort only the first section of the line from Matadi to Kenge, a distance of forty kilometres, was accomplished. The com-

pany, however, maintains that after the first one hundred and seventy-five kilometres have been built the road can be profitably operated, and having made as favorable a statement as possible of its prospects, asked the Chamber for a subsidy of \$2,000,000. Undoubtedly the opening of the vast Congo region by means of railways and steamers will accelerate the settlement of southern and central Africa, the movement toward which has received considerable impetus recently. The areas now left open for colonization and settlement in other quarters of the world are daily becoming smaller, and Africa from the Equator southward is at present one of the most promising fields. Nevertheless it must be admitted that the Belgian government if it carries out its great enterprise will deserve the thanks of the civilized world, for it is scarcely conceivable that the railroad can be built and operated with profit for many years to come.

"JUST TOO LATE!"

I remember once in China, said Miss Geraldine Guinness at a recent meeting in England, being called hurriedly to see a woman who had taken some poison a few hours before, to put an end to her life, because of the misery and wretchedness of her home. I went with all the speed that I could and found that it was a wealthy mansion standing outside the city gates. When I got there I was led into the front courtyard; and there some ladies of the household met me and said, "Oh! do make haste; we feared it might be too late, but we want

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you to do all you can to save her life." They led me hurriedly across the second court-yard to the house where the woman lived, and there, as I came near the house, I saw lying in the door-way this young girl who had taken the poison. They had laid her where the sunshine would fall on her, and she was covered with a quilt. I asked for the things I required, and went and knelt beside her on the ground. The crowd gathered around me—the ladies, the servants, the children, all in silence, to see what was going to be done. And in the sunshine of that Chinese court-yard I drew back from her face the covering they had spread over her. I expected to find she was in a serious condition, but I was not prepared for what I saw. As the sunlight fell on that pale, beautiful face—for it was beautiful—and the masses of dark hair fell over the bedding, I saw she was gone! I touched the cheek, it was still warm; I raised the hand, it fell lifeless. She had just gone, probably as we crossed the threshold. Her spirit had gone forever beyond our reach! I could not speak: my heart stood still for the great yearning and longing that I had. The women gathered around me:—"Oh! do make haste; oh, do give her some medicine quickly." The clamor and noise went on, but I looked up to them and said: "Don't you see she is dead? She is gone." "Oh! she is only just dead," they cried—"only just this moment—you can bring her back again." We heard only the other day that you had raised a woman from the dead. Her spirit is not gone far." It was a number of minutes before I could speak to convince them that it was no use, for she was beyond recall by us. But as the noise went on around me, and I looked upon that quiet face, I realized what nobody else there could realize—the great change that had come to that young soul! I realized that, as in this death, hundreds and thousands in China are slipping away beyond our reach day by day, hour by hour; a thousand every hour slipping away beyond the reach of help that we could bring them now! It went right into my heart!

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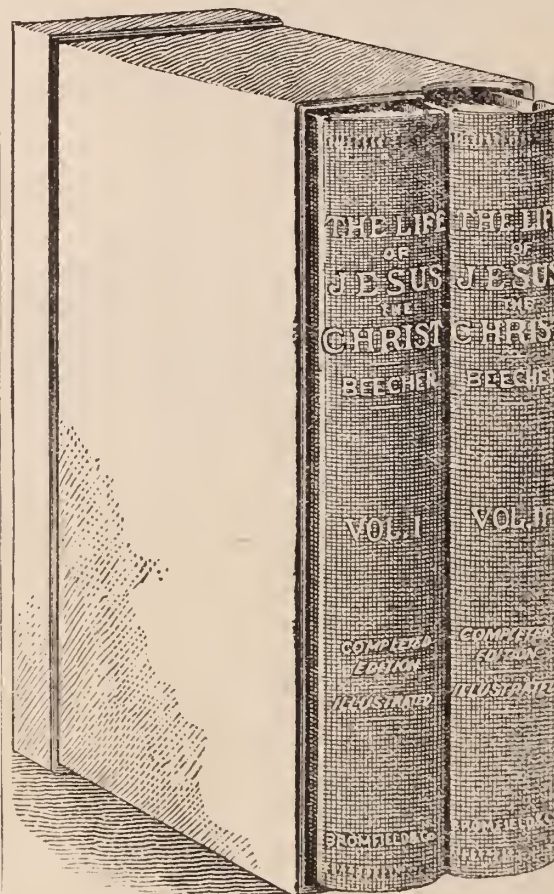
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VOLUME 17.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1894.

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BY THE WATERS OF GALILEE.

The Beautiful Lake, on whose Shores the Saviour often Wandered with His Disciples—
Once Surrounded by Populous Cities, but now Almost Deserted.

SIXTY miles northeast of Jerusalem, in a broad, cup-like basin, surrounded by low hills, lies a placid sheet of water, whose blue depths mirror the sapphire tints of the sky above. On the shores of this little inland sea—it is only thirteen miles in length and six miles across—a very large part of our Lord's public life on earth was spent. The Sea of Galilee, the Sea of Gennesaret, or Lake Tiberias, as it is variously known, was in former times surrounded by a dense population, no less than nine large cities having stood on its shores. Of these, Tiberias was the most important in the time of Christ, and it is the only one that has escaped the ruin of the centuries and survived with its name unchanged. It was the capital of Galilee for many years, having been founded by Herod Antipater, who brought with him from Italy, where he had passed his youth, a taste for display and fine structures, which soon transformed the bare hillside into a beautiful and attractive city of princely palaces and splendid buildings. There he erected a stadium, in which the young men were trained for feats of arms, and his palace was so costly in its adornments, and especially in its sculptures, as to excite comment among the Jews, who disliked the figures of animals with which it was outwardly ornamented.

It is remarkable that no record exists to show that Jesus, who spent so much of his life in and around Galilee, ever visited the city of Tiberias. The only mention made of it in the New Testament is in John 6: 23. It was a centre of Jewish learning and a number of famous academies flourished there, one of its most distinguished citizens being the great Rabbi Judah Hakkodesh, who compiled the Mishna there about 100 A.D. Under Turkish rule it now has a mixed population of some 4,000 Mohammedans, Jews and Christians. It has greatly degenerated and is now described by travelers as a filthy city, intensely hot in the summer months. In 1837 it was almost destroyed by an earthquake in which six hundred persons perished.

Our illustration on this page affords a

glimpse of the margin of this historic lake, with a group of natives resting on the pebbly beach, while a pleasure boat and small fishing craft ride on the calm surface a slight distance off shore. The scenery is for the most part, now bleak and monotonous, and the gorge or depression in which the lake lies is exposed to frequent sudden and violent storms. It was doubtless one of these storms that the Judæan fishermen were caught when, seeming about to sink, they appealed to Christ in the memorable words, "Lord, save us, we perish!" "and he rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm." Some of Christ's most remarkable miracles were performed on the coasts of this little inland sea. Near Chorazin, one of the towns on its border, he healed the leper; at Capernaum, another long-dead city, but which was then in its glory, he cured the man stricken with palsy, restored the withered hand, and healed Simon's wife's mother. Many nights did the Saviour spend in vigil on the bare mountain sides and overlooking those Galileean waters. It was there he called and ordained his twelve apostles, and there he uttered many of those

in the "uplands of Galilee," was performed the first of the Saviour's miracles, the turning of water into wine at the marriage-feast. This incident of his sojourn in Galilee, forms the subject of the Sunday School lesson which is discussed on another page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

At different times during his ministry, the various cities along the lake were doubtless visited by the Saviour. The entire district of Galilee was to a great extent the focus of his activities. Those large cities, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum, Dalmanutha and Magdala, together with Hippos, Tarichea and Gamala, once well known and populous, have almost totally disappeared. Nothing can exceed the desolation that now marks the shores of "Bahr Tu-

barieh," the native name by which the lake is now known. Yet the scene is not altogether unpicturesque, for at intervals, the sweet, clear, cool waters are fringed with palm and oleander. In olden times, the lake's fisheries were abundant and a great source of revenue and they still furnish a livelihood for many of the dwellers along the shores.

There are no abrupt curves, no winding bays to vary the coast line, and the banks rise bare, steep and rugged to the height of two thousand feet above the sea level. Frost is unknown in Galilee, and snow never falls there; but in the distance can be seen Mt. Hermon mantled in snow, like a cold, white sentinel keeping

watch across the Judæan hills. The vicinity of the sea of Galilee is far from salubrious and many visitors find it decidedly unhealthy. One of the ancient customs still scrupulously observed in Tiberias is the washing of the dead in the waters of the lake. There is a venerable tradition among the Jews of Tiberias that the Messiah, when he appears, will emerge from the waters of the lake at Tiberias and proceed to Safed, where he will establish his throne on the highest summit of Galilee, and there inaugurate his kingdom on earth.



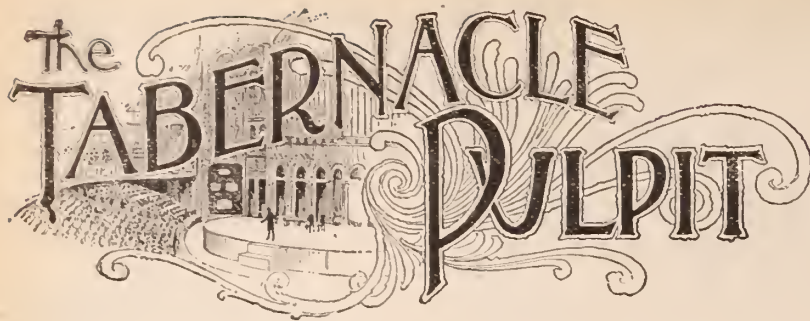
ON THE MARGIN OF THE SEA OF GALILEE, PALESTINE.

(From a photograph secured in the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

glimpse of the margin of this historic lake, with a group of natives resting on the pebbly beach, while a pleasure boat and small fishing craft ride on the calm surface a slight distance off shore. The scenery is for the most part, now bleak and monotonous, and the gorge or depression in which the lake lies is exposed to frequent sudden and violent storms. It was doubtless one of these storms that the Judæan

words of life that have come down to us in the sacred volume through the centuries. As he walked along the pebbly shores, with his little group of disciples, talking with them and teaching them in parables, he was followed many times by the peasant crowds, some eager to listen to burning words, others moved only by curiosity.

At Cana, which lies to the north of Capernaum and on somewhat higher ground,



SUICIDE.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Acts 16: 27, 28, "*He drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm.*"

HERE is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endunged for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endunged for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment.

The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe, on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosed prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Læcærgus a suicide. Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last year that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, misanthropy are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by ludanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of "felo de se" in the last two years of the world's existence than in any two previous years.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found

in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may know from the kind way he treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed the tempests, either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator," and the "Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one ever doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare

that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation 21: 8: "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation 22: 15: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in your life. He made you the custodian of your life as he made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bethshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him; and when the servant declines, then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide! Here is Ahithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend David in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in a cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the Book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of his pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execration of all the ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had—what with his destroyed property, and his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife, and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it,

and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon Intidelity and Agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected him.

You say it is business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of intidelity which practically says, "If you don't like this life, get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it. Infidelity always has been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter. A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on Socialism, and went home and sat down and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay, he loaned it to a friend; the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and then shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstances, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people that it does not make any difference how you go out of the world you will land safely, the rivers would be so full of corpses the ferry-boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street-car.

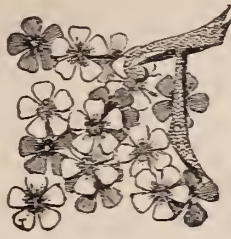
I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. I do not know, but I know that he considered appreciation of a future existence the mightiest hindrance to self-destruction:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in the case of irresponsibility they say, "While this man was demented he took his life," in the other case say, "Having read infidel books and attended infidel

GLIMPSSES OF A GODLY LIFE.

Notable Experiences Related by Rev. F. B. Meyer—Practical Gospel Work Among Ex-Prisoners in England.



HERE are few Christians, either in England or America, who are not more or less familiar with the wonderfully effective pastoral and evangelical work of Rev. F. B. Meyer. Cos-

mopolitan as a preacher, and helpful and elevating as a writer, he has become specially known to Americans through his addresses at the Northfield summer conferences, as well as by his published writings. Mr. Meyer, while pastor of the Victoria Road Church, in Leicester, England, inaugurated in that city a system of aggressive philanthropy which has exerted a far-reaching influence. Under his zealous and inventive management, Melbourne Hall, in that city, became a focus of evangelical activities, which included Sunday Schools, open-air missions, prison visitation, temperance lectures, missionary meetings, rescue work and industrial schools. Afterwards, as pastor of the Baptist Chapel in Regent's Park, London, evangelical work in many different lines distinguished his pastorate, while in Keswick and Mildmay, in England, and as at Northfield, in America, his power and stimulating influence as a spiritual teacher were widely acknowledged. He has been a prolific author of practical religious books, several of which have at different times been noticed in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. At the present time he is pastor of Christ Church, London, where he is continuing the same aggressive spiritual work which has been so fruitful of blessing in his previous charges. He is now at the Northfield Conference, where he will remain for a month by Mr. Moody's invitation, speaking at the meetings daily.

Mr. Meyer's latest contribution to religious literature, which has just been published by Morgan & Scott of London and the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York, is a notable one, being in a sense autobiographical. There is an old Breton legend which says that in remote times, there was a sea-coast town in that country called Is, which was swallowed up by the ocean. Several places are pointed out along the coast by fishermen as the site of this fabled town, and strange, weird tales are told of it. It is a tradition that, when the sea is rough, the spires of the churches in the submerged town may be seen in the hollows of the waves, and that in calmer weather the sweet, low music of the bells rises above the waters. Taking this beautiful legend as both title and text for his new book, Mr. Meyer in his preface says: "Similarly as it has always seemed to me, amid the submerged masses, deep down at the bottom of the ocean of human life, there are yearnings and desires for a better life that ring sad and perpetually. It has been the aim of my life to listen for these and when I have detected them, to present the only answer—the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Some of the ways in which I sought to do this during my Leicester life are narrated in this book."

From "The Bells of Is" we extract a few illustrative and anecdotal passages which will serve to show what may be done amid the cares of a busy pastorate toward helping others.

Fishing for Souls.

In dealing with men, one is often reminded of the experiences of the salmon-fisher, who may have hooked a strong and vigorous fish, but has to act with the utmost prudence lest his prey escape him, and

carry off line and hook in his mad rush to his native depths. As the skillful fisherman willingly plays with his prize for several hours, content to keep but the slenderest hold of it, if only he may succeed at last in drawing it into his net, so the fisher for souls must never be disappointed, though at first his best efforts are met with non-success; he must be prepared to give out line, to wait patiently, sometimes to lose sight of the objects of his solicitude for weeks together; yet the thread of love may follow them into the deepest, darkest depths, and some day, when they are weary of themselves and of sin, they will feel its gentle drawing, and follow it back to your side.

An Exhibition of Idols.

I shall never forget going on one Easter Monday to the old barracks at Leicester, to see an exhibition of idols. In my innocence I supposed that they were missionary trophies from the South Seas or India. To my surprise, there was nothing of the kind; but something even more practical, interesting and striking. For, at the most solemn part of the service, six men went to the rear of the platform and brought out six large sheets of cardboard, each of which was covered with pipes, tobacco-pouches, ciga-



REV. F. B. MEYER.

rette-holders, dog-whistles, ribbons, bows, trinkets, and many other things, all of which had been surrendered as having obstructed the growth of the inner life. Would that all who are so eager to destroy the gods of the heathen, were equally watchful to keep themselves from idols!

God's Plan Never Fails.

I happened to hear of a large disused yard and workshop, formerly occupied by a builder and contractor, and at once felt that this was the very accommodation we required. It was vain to think of linking on so great a work to any Prisoners' Aid Society; nor did I feel able to form a separate committee for this special agency. It was laid on my heart, therefore, to assume the entire responsibility, with no treasurer but the Lord himself. I did not undertake it without much thought and prayer. Like Peter, I kept saying, "If it be Thou, bid me come!" Then I waited for his reply.

It came at last. I was in the train on my way to spend two or three days in Llandudno, when as distinctly as possible I became conscious of the impression that I was to go forward; and that my God would be my treasurer and guide, failing me in no good thing, but leading me forward a step at a time. It is a glad thing for a man when he receives such an intimation as I did then. Nothing can hurt him, nothing daunt. All his need is met as it arises from those inexhaustible stores; and he realizes that the work is no longer his, but God's through him, and the whole weight of the responsibility is on the shoulders that bear the worlds. This is my record to the glory of God—that he never failed me. I had to

use some of my own capital for that business: I passed through some terrific difficulties; I had much to plan and arrange: there was a great expenditure of time and energy; but I never regret having gone into it. There are fruits of the work existing in many places; and when I left Leicester, it was so arranged, through the goodness of God, that every penny of my private income was replaced.

"Put Religion in your Firewood."

I became a firewood merchant. A relief scheme, and had faint hopes of making my fortune! I purchased two horses and three carts, which went out laden with firewood two or three times a day, in charge of my drivers, who usually disposed of their stock. And then the Leicester folk awaked amusedly to see "F. B. Meyer, Firewood Merchant," amongst the other businesses for which that famous town was noted.

I had always taken a leading part in the temperance and blue ribbon movements; and the committee, of which I was president, was constantly engaged in a crusade against public-houses in Leicester and the neighborhood. It was then unanimously agreed that as I had dared to interfere with their trade, they the licensed shopkeepers would "boycott" my firewood; and as my principal business was done among small grocers, this was a serious matter. No grocer who had a license was free to buy our wood. Every epithet was heaped on me. Every bar-parlor rung with execration. And I was dared to go down certain streets of Leicester, under pain of personal violence. I walked down those streets the next day or two after in the most leisurely way, knowing that those who brag most are cowards at heart. Suddenly the sales fell away to about one-third their former amount; the carts came back, day after day, almost as they started in the morning, and the salesmen became very disheartened. I laid the matter before him on whom I ever looked as the chief Partner in the firm. And after two or three weeks the tide began to turn. The sales went up. The carts came back from their rounds empty, and we were all more hopeful. On one of these evenings, as a driver came in with his cart, I asked him what had altered the attitude of our customers, and he replied, "Well, sir, you see, the people don't like you any better than they did; but they say the religious firewood is better weight than the other firewood, and so they are coming back to us." It is a good thing to put your religion into firewood. It pays!

Two Novel Philanthropies.

I felt that I must discover some way by which respectable men, who were out of employment, might be enabled to help themselves. After considerable cogitation, I bought a ladder or two, some pails, and leathers, and started one or two men on the job of window-cleaning. Cards, on which my name was printed, which guaranteed their respectability, were left from door to door, to be followed up a day or two after. My friends throughout the town were very kind; and I think that, in many cases, windows were burnished to an extent that was a little out of the ordinary. Thus encouraged, I felt emboldened to try a larger venture, more especially as my ladders were too short to reach upper windows; and, notwithstanding my guarantee of respectability, my friends did not see their way to admit my proteges within their houses. Besides which, inducements were held out to me that I could do the large factories of the town at so much a window, if only I had ladders long enough to reach them. The result was that in a short time I found myself possessed of two of the longest ladders in the town. I think I can see them now, with my name printed down one side, "Rev. F. B. Meyer's Window-Cleaning Brigade." The result, as far as employing men who were out of work was concerned, amply justified my expenditure; and I had the satisfaction of employing men until they secured situations, which they had an opportunity of doing by moving amongst the residents and manufacturers of the town.

On the same line, and to give employment to the same class, I started the Messenger Brigade, something after the fashion of the Commissionaire Corps. This was intended more especially to help old men who were no longer fit for laborious work. We began with four, in different parts of the town. They stood at certain spots, waiting to be sent on errands, to be called in to do any odd jobs about the house. Had I remained in Leicester, I believe this might have been made a great success.



FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for Aug. 26. John 2: 1-11. Golden Text, John 2: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE visit of Jesus to Galilee was not exclusively for the sake of gaining as disciples Philip and his friend Nathanael. Guided as he always was by his Father, and doing nothing of himself but what he saw his Father do, he went by his Father's will to the marriage at Cana in Galilee. How far should we accept invitations and be present at feasts, is a burning question among earnest young converts; and many would make for themselves and others a hard and fast rule about these things. Jesus made no rule, but always

Looked up for Guidance

to his Father. He could say: "I do nothing of myself. . . . He that sent me is with me; he hath not left me alone; for I do always the things that are pleasing to him." But it takes close and uniform attention to receive such guidance for our life as our Lord always received from his Father for his life. It was a marriage in the family, "the mother of Jesus was there;" and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. Jesus was free to bring his disciples with him, and his disciples did not need to leave him in order to attend this marriage feast. This is an important item in the matter of guidance. Do we want to go where we are not sure Jesus goes with us? Do we hanker after society where Jesus is not a welcome guest? Do we feel at ease where we are not free to speak of our Master, where we have enjoyments which he cannot share, and fellowship with that which is far from his heart? If he has indeed taken the first place in our lives, anything which separates from him becomes intolerable; the question of our enjoyment ceases to be a question, and the question of his will is conclusive.

It is a blessed marriage feast where Jesus is a guest; a type of the marriage feast where he shall be the Bridegroom, and of which it is written: "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb." Not only at the marriage feast, but

In the Married Life

it is blessed to have Jesus. There are no such trials and no such blessings as in married life; no such temptations, no such school, no such opportunities for Christ-likeness, as between two whom God has joined together. Everything of self in married life distorts the beauty of that unity which God has ordained. As long as the husband is occupied with what is due to him from his wife, he is making his wife into a slave and himself into a tyrant. As long as a wife cherishes in her heart a feeling of self-pity, Jesus is not reigning in this marriage. Just as soon as we learn to live in our married life, not unto ourselves, but unto him which died for us, and rose again, everything changes shape and color. The very things, which, when we consider them in the light of what is due to us, are intolerable, and make married life with some seem like a hell upon earth—an iron tether binding them to an instrument of ceaseless torture—are the things which, when yielded to God, fill the whole heart with praise and thanksgiving to God, and love to the one through whom the trial comes. If a husband is exacting, if a wife is perverse, if the situation is full of the elements of trial and suffering, then so much the more is God glorified and his servants filled with his own peace, and with praise to him, when none of these things move them, because they are permitted by him. Jesus, in the marriage, changes the whole situation, neither husband nor wife are dependent on the other, but on the Lord.

Wherever Jesus was, he was there for his Father. The family was poor, the pro-

visions ran out, "they wanted wine." How often the very presence of Jesus shows us what we are in want of! As soon as he draws near to us we are

Conscious of a Lack

which we have never discovered before. A Laodicean church can be "rich and increased with goods," and have need of nothing, until Jesus draws near; then the discovery is made with surprise that she is wretched and miserable, poor, and blind, and naked. How often, when God has been coming very near to his people, by his Word and by his Spirit, they make discoveries of their leanness and misery, of which they had not the smallest idea before. Many are at first discouraged when they begin to see how far they have come short. This is the greatest mistake; to know when we are sick is the beginning of the remedy; to know that we are ignorant is the beginning of learning. It should encourage, not discourage us.

The mother of Jesus saith unto him, "They have no wine." It was the beginning of the ministry of Jesus; as yet he had not taught in public. If, when a child in the temple he must be about his Father's business, or in the things of his Father, much more, now that his ministry was com-

"And there were set there six water pots of stone after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins a piece. Jesus saith unto them: "Fill the water pots with water, and they filled them up to the brim." It was all they could do, but it did not satisfy the need which was felt; Christ must do that. What a type of our service! An act, or a word in simple obedience to that which we learn in the Word by the Spirit; something so small in itself, and so powerless that we wonder as we say or do it; and yet at his word it becomes a power; just as the casting of the net by Simon Peter after the disciples had toiled all night in vain. We do not need to estimate the value of what we do or say in obedience to the understood Word of God; our part is to obey.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



Water-Pot Used at a Wedding Feast.

Incident is in some aspects of it a surprise. It follows so soon after that fierce, weird, spiritual conflict in the Wilderness and the solemn scene at his baptism, that we are astonished to find him at a place of festivity. It is not likely that John the Baptist could have been induced to attend such a celebration, but he was an ascetic,

IN forming a conception of the human character of Jesus from the incidents recorded in the Gospels, the significance of his visit to the wedding at Cana must not be overlooked. The

Draw out now. The change had been made. Christ had no occasion to look at what they drew out; he knew what had occurred and he bade them bear it to the governor of the feast. As the poet said, the "water saw its God and blushed." We must not despise common things or common duties; Christ can transform them into things divine. Ruskin gives a striking illustration of this tact in one of his delightful talks on science. He says: "The same black mud or slime from a footpath in the outskirts of a manufacturing town—the absolute type of impurity—is composed of four elements: clay, soot, sand and water. These four may be separated, one from the other. The clay particles, left to follow their own instinct of unity, become a clear, hard substance, so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire. The sand arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines which reflect the blue, green, purple and red rays in the greatest beauty. We call it then an opal. The soot becomes the hardest thing in the world, and for the blackness it had obtained the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond. Last of all, the water becomes a dew-drop and a crystalline star of snow."

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. Mary gave good advice when she told the servants to obey Jesus. Sometimes a pleasure or amusement seems harmless and most desirable, but if in indulging in it we must disobey Jesus, we ought to forego it. Implicit obedience to him is the way of life and holiness and happiness. A story is told of a Prussian switchman which illustrates this kind of obedience. An express train was approaching and the switch was fixed for it to pass. Both the switchman's hands were engaged in holding the handles of the switch firm, when he heard a childish voice behind him. He turned his head and saw to his horror his five-year-old boy walking up the track toward the train, right in front of the locomotive. What could he do? To loose the switch and save his child would mean wreck to the train. He shouted to the child, "Lie down!" Instantly the child obeyed. After the train had passed, the switchman ran to the spot and found the child unhurt. That child learned that there might be a case in which obedience was life.

He knew not whence it was. Some people do not care whence their blessings come. Children often are ungrateful to the mother who works for them and their father whose labor provides them with home, food and clothing. But it is always a sign of a bad disposition when there is no desire to know and thank a benefactor. When Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir, he was being carried to the hospital in a litter. He was in great agony, and some one brought a blanket and folding it put it under his head, which gave him great relief. He spoke of it and asked whose blanket it was. "Only one of the men's," was the reply. "A soldier's blanket," he said. "Find out the soldier's name." He was told that the soldier's name was Duncan Roy. "Then see," he said, "that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

The servants who drew the water knew. So it is now. When Christian people are in trouble they pray for deliverance and God answers their prayers, sometimes by unlooked-for means. Worldly people who hear of it say it was a fortunate coincidence, or that it was a slice of luck, but the Christian knows whence the good comes. He is like one of the servants who drew the water. In the time of the persecution of the Covenanters in Scotland a service was being held on a hill-side. During the service a troop of dragoons was heard approaching. The people were in a panic and the minister who alone preserved calmness pleaded with God for protection. It seemed useless for the soldiers were surrounding the hill and flight was impossible. But while the soldiers were ascending the hill, a thick, white, blinding mist came rolling over the hill-top which prevented any man seeing another even at the distance of three feet. It enfolded the little congregation in its embrace and hid them. They remained silent and listening intently. Soon the noises below and the shouts of the troopers indicated that they had lost their way. The commander thought only for the safety of his men and gave the order to get together and descend. The search for the Covenanters was abandoned for that day and they escaped.



CANA OF GALILEE.

even his mother to come in between his Father and him. "Woman," he said, "what have I to do with thee?"

Mine Hour is not yet Come.

Only God knows the right hour when everything is ripe for a thing to be done or to be said. Many a thing which God has willed to be done has been done too soon and spoiled. Moses hurried matters in Egypt, by taking things into his own hands. God's time was not come when he slew the Egyptian; and the real deliverance of God's people was hindered and not helped forward by an effort made before the time. It is our vocation to follow Jesus, not to precede him. Mary, too, had a lesson to learn. As a child, Jesus had always obeyed; he was subject to her and to Joseph. But she must retire before the heavenly Father whom her divine Son understood. Since he went up to be baptized of John, and since his temptation in the desert, he was no more the same, he had entered upon his public life, and Mary must draw back before the ministry of him, of whom it had been said to her by the angel: "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Mary learned her lesson, and turning to the servants, said unto them, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." It was the teaching of her who had said to the angel Gabriel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." By the grace of God, she brought forth a Saviour in our flesh, and she gives us this message which she first spoke to the servants at the marriage feast. May not the words be also prophetic of those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb? Can any be called who have not decided to do whatsoever he saith unto them?

which Jesus never was. The life of Jesus was so full of such friendly, genial, sympathetic feeling, that he draws very near to us as one of ourselves, and we love him as deeply as we reverence him. He was probably either on a visit to his new disciple, Nathanael, who lived at Cana, or was on his way to his mother's house at Nazareth when the invitation came. In a country where it is a point of honor to honor a marriage by unlimited hospitality for a period of at least seven days, the exhaustion of the wine would be regarded as very humiliating. Mary's remark to her son may have referred to the custom of guests making a present of wine or oil on such occasions. Christ's answer was not the disrespectful one that might be imagined from our version. It was the common form of address and was simply an intimation to her that he must choose his own time and manner of working. She appears to have been satisfied that he would help in some way, as she told the servants to obey him. The water-pots referred to, were usually placed in the gallery outside the doors of the rooms, convenient for the rinsing of the hands, and vessels as enjoined by the rabbinical law. They were often very large and handsome and the poor used to borrow for the ceremony the finest they could get. Their capacity varied, but in this case, John estimated it at two or three firkins, the firkin being a little over eight gallons. The entire quantity of wine made by Christ would therefore be about a hundred gallons. Much argument has been spent on the question whether it was intoxicating. There is nothing to show one way or the other, but the fact that among the humble people such as these were, these seven days' feasts were never occasions of excess would appear to indicate that the wine ordinarily used was not intoxicating.

A Typical Labor Conflict.

The Strike of the Miners at Cripple Creek, Colo., Followed by Conflicts with Armed Deputies—The Opportunity of the Church.



CHRISTIAN work at the Gold Camp at Cripple Creek, Colo., has been sadly retarded by the recent labor troubles. One of the most embittered and persistent strikes of this troublous year has occurred there, and

the Gospel of peace and good-will has been neglected for the devil's voice of conflict and bloodshed. It is true that the services in the Methodist Tabernacle, and at Mr. Lyman's Preaching tent have continued to be held, but in the angry clamor and the excited feeling prevailing in the neighborhood the call to the better life has fallen on unattentive ears. The American School Union's two missionaries have continued their labors through the district and have done all they could to harmonize the antagonistic elements, but the struggle had to run its disastrous course to the bitter end.

For about six months the industries of the district have been practically suspended. Early in February the demand of the miners for higher wages than was offered was regularly formulated, and being rejected, was followed by a general refusal to work. One by one the chief mines closed and the scene of busy activity became the scene of idleness and discord. Then came the usual sequel. The mine owner attempted to introduce new men to take the places of their former employes. There is seldom any difficulty in finding such men, and there was none at Cripple Creek. The number of the unemployed is too large for the workmen to permanently cripple an industry. A man who is in regular work with a fair income may sympathize with his fellow-workers and feel that they are his brethren whom he would help rather than hinder in a struggle to improve their condition. But when he is out of work and he is hungry, his natural impulse is to provide for his own wants and accept the place of his brother at the wages his brother refuses to take. He is called selfish, he is warned that he is serving the interests of capital and is defeating the cause of the class to which he belongs, but hunger cannot be satisfied by argument, and he goes to work. In this way the mine owners were able to defy their striking employes and carry on their business at the rate of wage they thought it proper to pay. Then came the customary conflict with which we are sadly familiar in these unhappy struggles. The strikers perceiving that their tactics must fail, were more exasperated against the workingmen who were helping to defeat them than against their employers, attacked the new men and open war was declared. Three hundred armed men were conveyed to Cripple Creek to protect the new workers, and the conflict of words became a trial of brute strength in which several men were killed and many more wounded. The strikers built a regular fort, loopholed and entrenched and fought desperately, but the armed force against them was daily reinforced and in the end they were overpowered.

Nothing is more certain than that the Church will eventually be compelled to take up this burning question of the labor difficulty. Among the employers, as among the employed, there are Christian men who feel their responsibility and will listen to the appeals of disinterested religious teachers. In many cases, they are the only appeals to which they will listen, and it is for the preachers to use their opportunity. At the recent Christian Endeavor Convention, at Cleveland, O., this fact was recognized. In a carefully prepared resolution the delegates declared, "That we reassert Christ to be the centre of social unity; his righteousness to be the only basis of industrial peace; his cross of self-giving in service to be his mediator for the reconciliation of men; and his Spirit in human hearts to be the only power adequate to maintain or establish the brotherhood of man in the coming readjustment of human relations." It would be impossible for the Church to interfere in such details as the rate of wages to be paid, or the number of hours that shall constitute a day's work, but it can in

these matters, as in all the affairs of life, emphasize and insist on the cardinal principles of Christianity, the love of God and the brotherhood of man, and show to both employers and employed how those principles are being ignored in this strife and how the conflict of class with class is a fratricidal war which is a disgrace to men who have declared themselves followers of Christ.

THE GOTHES AND THE BIBLE.

About 350 years after Christ the Goths appeared on the banks of the lower Danube, a people of blue eyes and blond hair, one foot taller than the Greeks and the Romans, freedom-loving, vigorous, irresistible in war. They crossed the Danube, swept over the Balkan Peninsula, made Constantinople to tremble, captured Rome and finally settled in Southern France and in Spain. With the numerous tribes of their fellow Teutons, they established many of those Christian nationalities that were to supplant the last universal monarchy of the pagan world. For, after the advent of Christ, the King of kings, there can be no universal monarchy on earth but his. These Goths had a Christian Bishop, Uphilas, who in 350 translated the Bible into their tongue, and planted the root of that deep-seated love of Bible study, so peculiar to the Teutonic race, which later on, in the Reformation proved most powerful to break the yoke of the modern Roman church monarchy.

Neander, the great German historian, in his history of the Christian church, relates a significant incident in the life of Jerome, a church-father-contemporaneous with U-



A PIONEER METHODIST CHURCH AMONG THE MINERS AT CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.

philas. In 403, while in Bethlehem, engaged in learned Biblical research, he received a letter from Sunnia and Fretela, two Goths, asking for a verbal translation of several passages of the Psalms, which they had found translated differently in their Latin and Greek Bibles. Jerome was surprised at the intense interest in the Bible manifested by them, and in the introductory sentence of his answer, gives utterance to his surprise in the following words: "Who should have thought that the barbarian tongue of the Goths would search after the true sense of the original Hebrew text, and that, whilst the Greeks are sleeping and despising the divine Word, even Germany is exploring it."

MISSIONS OF A CENTURY.

A century of missionary effort has resulted as follows: Two hundred and eighty missionary societies have been organized, which have under commission 9,000 foreign missionaries, working in almost every unevangelized country on the globe, and 44,532 native assistants; nearly a million converts have been gathered into 7,800 organized churches, and 1,006,768 pupils into 7,000 Sabbath Schools; eighty Bible societies have given the Bible to the nations in ninety entire versions and 230 partial versions, the total circulation of the Scriptures during the century amounting to the enormous aggregate of 350,000,000 copies; hundreds of millions of pages of wholesome literature have been issued from mission presses; hundreds of thousands of patients have been treated by medical missionaries in hospitals and dispensaries; 70,000 pupils have been gathered into higher educational institutions and 608,000 children in village schools.

A Chat with Joseph Cook.

The Famous Bostonian has some Interesting Views on Recent Events.

WHEN in New York City a few days ago, Rev. Joseph Cook, LL.D., the famous lecturer was interviewed by a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He had just returned from a Western trip, and was disposed to talk quite freely concerning the recent labor strike and other events in that part of the Union. "I was in Chicago the night when about a million dollars worth of cars were burned on the Panhandle Road," he said, "I met a good many representatives of the fifty millions in the United States who are neither rich nor poor, and seemed to have personal opinions about the strike. The purpose of the Debs strike was to absorb all the labor unions in the country—the real object being to form and use a continental trip-hammer to advance the cause of organized labor."

"The strike failed through the audacity of its purposes. The power of the Federal government caused its collapse. My judgment is that Mr. Debs and his associates expected to be powerful enough to snap their fingers at the laws of Illinois. The Governor is well known not to be an extremist for law and order. Hopkins, Mayor of Chicago, is a favorite with the criminal classes. He was expected to treat very leniently any outbreaks that might occur. The next cause in importance was the refusal of Gompers of the American Federation of Labor and Arthur of the Engineers Union to support Debs."

orators declared that \$2 a day would satisfy the men. They wanted the government to find work for them and guarantee it at this price. I talked with Kelley concerning the views and purposes of his followers.

"Do your men believe in Henry George's idea of single tax?" I asked.

"Most of my men never heard of Henry George," was the reply. "But I believe in single tax."

"Do your men believe in Edward Bellamy's idea of national ownership of railroads and telegraphs?"

"Most of them never heard of Bellamy either, but I believe in his ideas."

"What will you do at Washington?" I persisted.

"We shall get what we want. Grover and Congress will weaken when we get there."

"Well, don't do anything rash," I advised him.

"He promised that his men would not engage in anything contrary to law; nevertheless, in twenty-four hours afterward his people went off eastward in a train of box-cars which they are said to have stolen near Ogden. It was understood, I learned in Ogden, that the officials of the railroads going east helped them on to avoid trouble. At Omaha Kelley refused to accept a stolen train. At Omaha he could get no train. The army walked to Des Moines, and then floated on rude boats to St. Louis and Cincinnati. At last accounts there were about 200 of them ready to answer roll call."

"My impression concerning the movement was that for the most part the public treated the army far too generously. It fed the vagabonds and supplied most of the contributions until the thickly settled portions of the country were reached. There were some honest workingmen in the wing, but the general impression was that most of the men were tramps. In Iowa they refused work at \$1.50 a day. Organized vagabondage is the best description of the element that was brought to the front. I didn't see one man whom I would have chosen for a foreman."

"What of social and political progress in Utah, Dr. Cook? Did you make any observations of that character?"

"I was in Salt Lake City just before the bill passed Congress admitting the Territory to Statehood. The annual meeting of the Mormons was being held in the Tabernacle, and the streets were full of people from country and town. The general appearance of the Mormon crowds was that of European peasants. I took pains to wear a hat in which I believed myself to be unrecognizable, and though I had been in Salt Lake City several times, I supposed I was not recognized. I went into a leading bookshop and asked for the latest volumes in polygamy. The clerk handed me a pamphlet entitled, 'Why we Practice Plural Marriage.' This I bought, and also another, and the young clerk, while I was paying him, said to me:

"We don't practise now what these pamphlets advocate."

"Why do you have such a large stock for sale, then?" I asked.

"Oh, we keep them to sell to strangers," he replied with a smile.

"I made no remark. He seemed to take me for a gullible stranger from the East. I told my Salt Lake City friends of the incident and they led me to understand that polygamic literature is not only widely circulated through the Mormon papers, but that even in the Mormon Sunday Schools it finds expression in the hymn books. One of the verses I read has these lines:

God bless the wife who staves,
And helps her husband all she can
To get a dozen wives.

You can buy these hymn-books in Salt Lake city to-day.

"Judge Anderson, of the United States Circuit Court, told me in Salt Lake City that President Woodruff, the head of the Mormon Church, lately testified under oath, on a trial, that a revelation restoring polygamy to its old position might be received at any moment. My impression is that we must strengthen the schools and churches of Utah, otherwise polygamy may, after all, be able to assert itself, free from national interference. We must so invigorate the better sort of enterprises, both educational and industrial, in Utah, as to prevent a dictatorship by the Mormons over the Gentiles. I welcome Utah into the Union, if she absolutely discards polygamy in good faith. There are the elements of a noble state in Utah, but the large mass of dangerous material there may give us more or less trouble yet."



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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HELP FOR COREA.

COREA, the land without a religion, and which has until a very recent date been closed to Christian missionary effort, is in a sore plight. In addition to all the horrors of a war of invasion, her twelve millions of population find themselves face to face with starvation.

In Seoul, the capital, hundreds are reported to be dying of hunger daily. In the other cities and the provinces the condition is equally distressing. The public granaries are empty and the war has already consumed what little stock of food was left.

This picture of a helpless nation, perishing for the want of food, is one that must appeal to the sympathies of every heart susceptible of human feeling. Providentially, it would seem, Corea's anxious eyes have turned westward toward the United States as the only source from which speedy relief can come. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has felt impelled to respond to this appeal without waiting to weigh the matter further. A nation is starving and that is enough warrant for action. The following communication has been forwarded to the Korean representative at Washington:

NEW YORK, Aug. 7, 1894.

To the Korean Charge d' Affaires,
Washington, D.C.

The reports of the alarming and pitiful condition of affairs among the people of Corea call forth our deepest sympathy. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contribute one thousand barrels of flour to any cargo that may be sent for the relief of your starving people. Let us know how we can best help you to help them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
LOUIS KLOPSCH, Proprietor.

We bespeak for Corea the sympathy of true-hearted Christian men and women everywhere, that its troubles may soon cease, and that it may, after a demonstration of Christian kindness from afar, be ready to welcome with open arms the messengers of the Gospel of our Saviour.

A GOSPEL PRESS.

ALL the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God and eternity and all the religious questions in regard to the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. The newspaper evangelized will be the right wing of the Apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of events

and I do not mark it diminuendo; I mark it crescendo. A pastor on the Sabbath preaches to a few hundred or a few thousand people, and on Monday or during the week the printing press will take the sermon and preach it to millions of people. When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on one side gathering up material and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type setters, for all editors, for all publishers that, sitting or standing in positions of such influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman, making her living by knitting, unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become an heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I don't know but, as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

WAR'S BARBARITIES.

AT an awful price of blood and suffering the world is becoming acquainted with the regions that for ages seemed little more than a myth, and nations that stood away back in the dim corridors of history come out on the stage to act a bloody part in this Nineteenth Century. It seems to me that all those who know how to pray should be more and more earnest in petition for the reign of universal peace. Surely, men die fast enough without this organized slaughter. The hearses come soon enough through the cemetery gates and the pestilences cut wide enough swath. Let the sword be scabbarded. God did not put the iron under the mountains for purposes of death, but for the forwarding of human industries. God did not put inventiveness in the human brain that it might fashion some new style of rifle or some further reaching "swamp angel," but to contrive new spindles to weave and better architecture to shelter and swifter modes of intercommunication.

The reports of the recent slaughter in the East strike us as barbaric, but all wars are barbaric. They may start about a technicality or a national misunderstanding, but before the first battle is over, the whole scene rolls back into the dark ages, and it becomes wholesale butchery, and war is only murder on a large scale. You cannot kill a man in a Christian way. Oh, what a world this will be to live in when the chief question with all individuals and governments is how to save life, rather than how to destroy it, how to make the world happy instead of how to make it miserable, and all men shall put into practice that sublime principle which Christ announced in his Olivet discourse: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." That day will come. I am not talking about an abstraction. You and I have no time to waste on that abstraction. The day of which I speak shall come, and we have a right to cheer each other with the anticipation.

So we who are now in the church militant, in the field, contending for the Lord of Hosts, sometimes victorious and sometimes worsted and driven back, keep our courage up with the thought that the chariots of God are 20,000, and all the mountains round about us, as in Elisha's time, are filled with the reserve corps waiting for the moment when they shall be put into the field, and all the forces of unrighteousness shall fly like withered leaves in the autumnal hurricane. The times are charged with destiny. People who live 100 years from now will sit in rapt wonder at those things which are to us every day occurrences. The wheels of God's Providence are

making rapid revolutions, and when our Lord seated in his chariot tells his charioteer to drive rapidly, there must be something of infinite moment soon to come to pass. Let us have our faith ready for anything.

Ride on, King Jesus, and take into thine acknowledged possession the world that thou didst die to save, and when thou comest home from thy final victory, and all heaven shall turn out to bid thee welcome, may we who have worked in our small and humble way for the grand result, be found somewhere in the awaiting procession. Honor enough for us to hold the stirrup as the King mounts the white charger.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. B. Longsdorf, Herndon, Pa. Is it right for a Christian who has horses and carriages, to lend them to parties on Sunday to take pleasure rides and go visiting?

We are somewhat surprised that it should be found necessary to ask such a question. No Christian would knowingly lend his property for such a purpose.

J. L. Metcalf, St. Louis, Mo. Where was the Garden of Eden supposed to have been situated?

In Armenia, near the river Euphrates. Legend, tradition and Scripture point to that as the location, and geographers and scientists are almost united in the belief that it was the cradle of the human race.

Subscriber, Armstrong, Mo. Did Christ as a babe know all things, or was he like an ordinary babe?

It is difficult if not impossible to comprehend the union of the Divine and the human in Christ's nature. He could not have been an ordinary babe, as the Divine nature must have been potent in him even in infancy. But that he knew all things in the sense of secular knowledge cannot be believed. In fact Luke says explicitly (Luke 2: 52) that he increased in wisdom. Even after he commenced his ministry, he admitted that he did not know all things (Mark 13: 32). His divinity must have been restricted by his fleshly environment.

W. R. Loving, Petersburg, Tenn. Does the reference to Pharaoh in Psalm 136: 15 make it certain that he was drowned in the Red Sea?

Not absolutely. The poet would naturally think of him as being overthrown there whether he personally perished or not. Kings are often spoken of as representing nations. The reason that there is some doubt about his being drowned is that the Pharaoh generally identified as the Pharaoh of the Exodus lived several years after the sudden death of his first-born son. But his spirit and power were broken.

Constant Reader, Mechanicville, N. Y. What is the meaning of the reference to the "great house" and the vessels in II. Timothy 2: 20, 21.

The probable meaning is that the Apostle is referring to the visible church as containing some valuable and some useless members just as in a large house there are some vessels of gold and some of wood and earth, the former for important purposes and the latter for temporary or mean uses. The purging from these is either discrimination to be exercised by the pastor or the care to be used by the members in not allowing themselves to be corrupted by association with worldly men who have succeeded although unworthy in gaining admission to the church.

James Langley, Zanesville, O. How did the Apostles and evangelists die?

As far as record and tradition show, they ended their lives as follows: Matthew, martyred by the sword in Ethiopia; Mark, slain by the foes of the Church in Alexandria, being dragged through the streets and abused so that death ensued; Luke, martyred by hanging in Greece; Peter, crucified in Rome; James, beheaded at Jerusalem; James the Less, beaten to death in Jerusalem; Philip, hanged in Phrygia; Bartholomew, flayed alive; Andrew, crucified; Thomas, slain with the sword in India; Jude, shot with arrows; Matthias, stoned and beheaded; Barnabas, stoned to death by Jews at Salonic; Paul, beheaded at Rome by Nero. According to the traditions John was the only one who escaped the martyr's fate. At one time he was put into a caldron of boiling water, but he escaped with his life. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Judea.

A. W. Wawatsosa, Wis. 1. Was Lazarus the beggar identical with the Lazarus that Christ raised? 2. Who was Melchisedec? 3. What is meant by being possessed with devils?

1. No; Lazarus the beggar was a character, or type of a class, and like other characters mentioned by Christ in his parables, had not necessarily an actual existence. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, was an actual man. 2. Melchisedec was the King of Salem (see Gen. 14: 18-20). The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers to him (see Heb. 7: 1-7) as a type of Christ in his characters of King-priest, and uses the fact of Abraham paying him tithes to show that the patriarch recognized a priesthood long before that of Aaron. His argument is to show that as the great high priest, Christ, although not of the tribe of Levi, might claim a more ancient type. The refer-

ence to Melchisedec being without father or mother, etc., simply means that nothing was known of his origin. 3. The demoniac was a great deal like our modern maniac in his symptoms. It has even been contended that the cause is the same in both cases, although that cannot be proved. The common opinion among the Jews was that if a man made himself the servant of the evil one, he would lose his individuality, and the devils would speak by him and through him.

E. J. Humphrey, Colorado City, Colo. What did Christ mean by saying Matt. 5: 14, that his people were the light of the world? We are taught elsewhere that Christ himself was the light of the world.

They were lights in view of the Spirit of Christ which was in them. When Christ left the world they were to take his place. In Prov. 4: 18 you have the same figure, "The path of the just is as a shining light." They were to give the light to the world. Some men who would never be impressed by a sermon or by reading the Bible, are attracted to God by the lives and goodness of Christian people whom they know.

Amelia Gates, Elmira, N. Y. What Jewish priest was it who aided Alexander in the conquest of Persia?

Your inquiry probably refers to Jaddus, who was high priest about the year 330, B. C. When he heard of the approach of Alexander's army, he called upon the people to join in prayer and sacrifice to God to avert the threatened calamity. In a vision he was commanded to go and meet the conqueror, clothed in his priestly garments, and he did so, being accompanied by a large body of the people, dressed in white. Alexander, instead of attacking them, hastened forward and greeted them. He explained his conduct by saying that he, too, had had a vision, in which the figure of Jaddus had appeared to him, and promised to give him the empire of Macedonia. The high priest showed him the prophecies concerning the overthrow of the Persian power by a Grecian conqueror, and Alexander immediately began his victorious campaign against Darius.

Katherine McCurdy. 1. Why was Egypt chosen as a refuge for Christ when Herod was about to kill the children? 2. How long did he remain there? 3. How long was it from the Exodus to Christ's going to Egypt?

1. Because it was the safest and most accessible place where Herod had no power to follow them. Also, because there was already a colony of Jews in Egypt and Joseph and Mary would feel that they would not be among utter strangers. 2. We are not told how long. Probably not more than three months. Joseph appears to have set out on his journey back as soon as he heard of Herod's death and to have arrived on the frontier about the time when Archelaus was appointed to succeed him. Thus, if the commonly accepted dates are correct, would be within three months of the flight. 3. The date of the Exodus is disputed. Some scholars fix it at B. C. 1491 and others at B. C. 1300. Four years would have to be deducted from either date to allow for the fact that the era was reckoned four years later than it should have been.

F. J. H. Cedarhurst, L. I. 1. Probably three months old, but cannot be definitely stated. 2. It is very difficult, at the present time, for unemployed tradesmen to secure work in many of the cities. We presume they might do better in the country districts. —Kora M. Leiman, Beardale, Ill. Write to the "Musical Courier," Boston, Mass., for information. —J. M. L. Porter, Ogden, Mich. Almost any bookseller can procure a copy for you. —Ola Nesmit. We know of no such institution in Pittsburgh. If you have a position now, you would do well to hold it, until the existing business depression is over. —E. Parker, Palachin, N. Y. Dr. Talmage is now in Australia. —J. A. Henderson, Philadelphia. We know of no aid to Bible Study equal to the "Helps" that are published along with the International Teacher's Bible. They are twenty years later than any others and embrace the ripest scholarship and the most practical suggestions on all Biblical topics. These Bibles are sent, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for \$2.—M. F. Morse, Westboro, Mass., is desirous of locating the authors of the two poems, "Just for Today," and "For My Sake." The former is attributed both to Canon Willforce, and St. Francis Xavier? Possibly some of our readers can give more definite information. —B. T. P., Brooklyn. 1. Of the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 2. Write to Rev. John Henry Barrows, Chicago, Ill. 3. No. 4. The second finger of the left hand. —J. C. L., Algiers, Lo. In superstition and idolatry the worship of saints, and adoration of so-called relics, prayers for the dead, belief in an intermediate state and the defilement of the Virgin and other matters. —Harriet S. Hubbard, Thompson, Pa. According to the tradition, she was helress to a small property. —Nevali, Cleveland, O. The theatre must be distinctly classed among those dangerous amusements that have caused the ruin of innumerable young people. Whatever is good in it, is more than counterbalanced by the bad. It should be avoided by all who desire spiritual growth and the up-building of character. —Subscriber. You can obtain all the information wanted by writing to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C. —M. P. Jones, Huntsville, Mo. We have already stated in "The Mail-Bag" that Prof. Fahn of Vienna denies having made any prediction concerning a tidal wave. There is no truth in it. —Mrs. B. Miller, Polo, Ill. 1. His son, Rev. Frank Talmage, is his companion. 2. Six living. 3. None whatever. —J. W. Conley, Newark, O. The only safe plan is to consult a good physician. —Francis Johnson, Sunday School Superintendent, Smith's, Mass., writes: "We are very needy here with but little money to buy Sunday School literature. I saw an account in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where a lady had a quantity to give to some needy Sunday School." —Mrs. E. S. Wears, Owensville, O. Rev. Mr. Avery has been dead two years. The mission is now conducted by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mariner's Chapel, New York. —Mrs. E. B. Weisinger, Holland, Tex. We cannot undertake to do what you ask.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC.

POLAR exploration is being pursued this year with increased vigor. Beside the expeditions already in the Polar regions, another is now on its way thither. This is the expedition fitted out at the expense of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, an English millionaire, which has just sailed from the Thames. It is under the command of Mr. Jackson, an Arctic explorer of large experience, whose portrait, in his Polar costume, appears on this page, with pictures of his ship and the Russian houses he took with him. The ship is named "The Windward." It is a whaler of 321 tons, heavily armored with iron to protect her from the ice. She will carry the expedition to Archangel, where a quantity of stores has been collected. Houses of wood and felt, clothing of reindeer skin, and Siberian dogs and ponies await her arrival. When these are taken on board, she will proceed to the south of Franz Josef Land, where she will leave the party and return home. In the summer of 1896 she will be sent back to the same part of Franz Josef Land to meet the explorers and take them home. The exploring party consists of Mr. Jackson and seven scientific men carefully selected, of whom some have already had experience in far northern latitudes. They carry with them sledges, which, if open water is reached, can be stripped of their runners and used as boats. One of them is of aluminium and another of copper. With these they will try to reach the Pole, though their chief duty will be to make an exhaustive examination of Franz Josef Land, with its flora and fauna, and collect scientific information about it which will be of use to later expeditions. There is now a general belief that Franz Josef Land is the best if not the only practicable way to the Pole, and it is hoped that the exploration of the country may solve several problems connected with the search. Mr. Harmsworth, who has spent \$125,000 in fitting out the expedition, has sought the counsel of the most eminent authorities on Arctic travel and has employed the best experts in devising ingenious methods of overcoming the difficulties which will be encountered. In equipment, clothing and food, the expedition excels any that has been sent out, and there is little doubt that, even if it fails to reach the Pole, it will make valuable additions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions. The careful study devoted to it, the foresight displayed and the earnest endeavor of each member of the expedition to fit himself for the efficient discharge of his duties, are in striking contrast to the conduct of the majority of men with respect to that journey which all must take beyond the grave. For that, although infallible directions are given, there is frequently no preparation. (Ps. 90: 12.)

Signals from Mars.

An interesting astronomical discovery has been made by Mons. Javelle of the Nice observatory. In describing it in a cable despatch to the "New York Herald," Prof. Javelle says that a number of bright

points, exceedingly luminous, have suddenly appeared in the south region of the planet. They may be aurora, or gigantic forest fires, but he is more inclined to think that they are artificial lights set by intelligent beings on the planet with the object of attracting the attention of the inhabitants of this world. The idea was possibly suggested by the plans discussed some two years ago for signalling from this world to Mars. A French lady bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to any astronomer who should devise a means of signalling to Mars and it was then decided that the best kind of signal would be a number of lights arranged on a blackened surface of immense size in some desert: the lights to be successively in the shape of a square, a triangle and a circle. If there are geometers on Mars, they would at once see, supposing that they could see the lights at all, that they were arranged by intelligent beings and they might construct an answering signal. If Mons. Javelle's theory is correct, the people of Mars have anticipated us and are signalling on the principle suggested. It is calculated that a light four hundred

thousand times as powerful as the search light now being set up at Fire Island would be needed to be perceptible on Mars, if there are telescopes there as powerful as we have; but at the present rate of scientific discovery there cannot be any insurmountable obstacle to the production of such a light. The discovery of Prof. Javelle has sent a thrill of fascinated interest through all the observatories in the world and the possibility of the lights on the planet being signals is eagerly discussed. If the astronomers come to the conclusion that they are signals, doubtless, an effort will be made to answer them. This will be natural and desirable, although of course, no practical benefit can come from it. The strange thing is that the general anxiety to establish communication does not lead more men to hold communion with heaven, which is certainly possible and of incalculable benefit. (Jer. 33: 3.)

An Eccentric Will.

A New York lady has been placed by the will of her mother in the unpleasant dilemma of losing a large income or losing her husband. Her mother, who died recently in France, was possessed of an estate valued at six million dollars. She has bequeathed the income of the whole to her daughter, with remainder to the daughter's heirs. The strange condition, however, is attached to the bequest that the daughter shall procure a divorce from her husband, or shall separate from him and remain apart from him. She is to receive the income quarterly on condition that she proves that during the preceding three months she has not been in his society. In the event

of her not being able or willing to do this the income is to be distributed among a number of distant relatives. It appears that the daughter's husband, who is an eminently respectable man, had the misfortune two years ago to offend his mother-in-law, and she took this step to punish him. He and his wife are on affectionate terms, so that the will is a very cruel one. The wife has made no statement of her intentions, but it is believed by her friends that she will hold to her husband and renounce the bequest. That would be the course taken by any true and faithful wife, but there are some, who would applaud her for doing it, who cling to the world and its wealth though they know that it separates them from Christ to whom their obligations are more sacred than those of a wife to her husband. (Matt. 19: 29.)

Trolley Cars in Mourning.

The numerous deaths that have been caused in Brooklyn, N. Y., since the surface cars have used the trolley system, has been for some months a matter of public concern. Various measures have been suggested for the protection of pedestrians, but so far none of them has remedied the evil. A unique suggestion was made the other day by a Binghamton citizen who was visiting Brooklyn. He said that they had the trolley in Binghamton, but the motormen were much more careful there than in Brooklyn, having been taught caution by a wholesome discipline. An ordinance of the city requires the car companies to decorate

with emblems of mourning a car which occasions the death of any person. Last winter a man was run over and killed. When that particular car appeared on the following day it was a

largely personal, consisting chiefly of stocks and bonds and valuable jewels. These, with the title deeds to his real estate, the man kept in his iron safe of which no one but himself knew the combination. He died suddenly without divulging it and the executor was in a difficulty. He could not open the safe in which the will and the bulk of the property were. Several experts were employed, but they failed to open it. He was acquainted with the warden of Joliet prison, to whom among others he mentioned his difficulty. The warden said that he had a man under his care who, he thought, could succeed, as he had exercised his skill in a way that had brought him into trouble. The prisoner was appealed to and he readily consented to try. He sat down before the safe-door gave the handle a few sharp turns and then began carefully feeling for the combination. In about an hour he had found it and the door stood open. Probably his success will not lead to any commutation of his sentence. The proof he gave of his skill would rather be a reason for keeping him in prison. The more brilliant his talents, if they were misapplied, the more dangerous an enemy to society he would be. This fact is often forgotten in speaking of poets, orators, and other public men whose genius is combined with godlessness. Genius cannot save a man but rather adds to his condemnation if it is used in the service of Satan. (1 Cor. 1: 19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Total Receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the financial year closed this spring were about \$1,170,000 of which about \$350,000 were the proceeds of sales, and the balance chiefly gifts and bequests.

Successful Union Evangelistic Services have been held in Woodstock, Vt., under the leadership of Rev. George C. Needham, assisted by Mr. Fisk, a Princeton student who aided greatly as leader of the song service.

Evangelist R. G. Pearson, who was active in the Revival work in New York last winter, has just closed a series of meetings in Greenville, Tenn., with large results. The pastors and churches of the town united and asked Mr. Pearson to lead the meetings.

The Movement for the Union of Evangelical denominations was recently brought informally to the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury who said he was disposed to prefer prayer for "godly union and concord" between all Christians rather than for organic unity.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has Arranged to Conduct Revival Services at Ocean City, N. J., near Atlantic City in connection with the great Camp Meeting which opens there on Aug. 20. Many thousands of persons are expected to be present and a time of rich blessing is hoped for.

The Value of medical missions is shown by the fact that of twenty-five recent donations to the Second Presbyterian Church in Canton, eleven had been

treated as patients in the mission hospital, which is both medical and evangelistic.

The Baroness Langenau, of Vienna, recently spoke at a meeting in the West London Mission and presented it with a necklace worth \$10,000, to be sold for the benefit of the Mission.

Two Lady Evangelists, Miss May French and Miss Hattie McGregor have been conducting revival services at the Baptist Church at Brookline, Vt. They have resulted in large additions to the church and the restoration of several backsliders.

Mrs. Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico, has founded many institutions for the benefit of her countrywomen, among them a day nursery, a society to teach women remunerative employment, and an institution through which girls out of work can find employment.

The Russian Bible Society recently commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its receiving Imperial sanction. The organization was really effected five years before, and in thirty years it has put into circulation 1,588,413 copies, of which 393,507 have been on account of the American Bible Society.

A Lady was Chosen by a District Meeting in England to represent it at the West-Yan Annual Conference. A discussion ensued as to whether her election was legal, and a motion was adopted instructing chairmen of district meetings not to accept the nominations of women as representatives, until the question should be decided by Conference.

A Revised Version of the New Testament in French has been prepared and will be shortly published. It is the work of a committee of French Protestants, of whom the President was Pastor Dupuin of St. Andre. Five denominations were represented in the committee. The famous preacher, Mons. Bersier of Paris, was one of the members. There has been no authorized version since the old Huguenot Bibles were published, the use of which has long been discontinued, owing to the number of words now obsolete that Bible contains. The translation chiefly used is that of Prof. Segond of Geneva, which was published in 1885.

Help from a Burglar.

An executor in Illinois who was unable to administer an estate has received help from an unusual source. He was asked by one of his friends some months ago to become executor to his will and, having consented, was told in general terms the character of the document. The estate was



CAPT. JACKSON.



NEW POLAR EXPEDITION—"THE WINDWARD."



RUSSIAN HOUSES FOR THE EXPEDITION.



A Round of Visits.

Our Traveler Calls upon a Typical Syrian Housewife — The Prerogatives of a well-to-do Moslem Widow.



HAVING stipulated that our visits on this afternoon shall be confined to respectable people whose worldly circumstances are moderately good, I demur when Mrs. Jamal, holding up the hem of her clean

white izzar, leaves a narrow dirty street for a cross-alley, narrower and dirtier yet.

When I say that a Syrian street is dirty, I seek to convey a depth of meaning hard to be received into the imagination of the dweller in Western cities. This particular alley is positively noisome. Refuse of the most objectionable description rots and reeks in corners and close to the walls. The least unsafe footing is in the middle of the street. The houses stand close together, are from two to three stories high, of stone, and badly lighted. Most of them have but a single window in each room; some have none, the door admitting all the light and air that find their way to the murky interior.

All the children who can walk alone are in the street. In commenting upon the circumstance, I check the censure upon my lips. Allie Dinmont retorted, when her husband complained to a visitor that she "would aye give the bairnies their ain waw." "It's little else I have to give them — puir things!" And the uncombed, unwashed, black-eyed elves strolling and scampering in what is no better than a filthy gutter, would seem to have precious little except their own wild will to make life endurable.

Six or eight troop at our heels as we mount to the third story of a building no better and no worse than its neighbors.

"I will take you first to see the people who own the house — people who are well-off, almost rich, for this part of the world," my conductress flings back to me over her shoulder, her pleasant eyes sparkling with fun.

I see the meaning of her arch look the next minute. We have climbed the stairway, built, as are all in the neighborhood, upon the outside of the house, and slippery with mud, and pause at an open door while my guide asks leave to enter. Two-thirds of one room constituting the "home," is raised by two steps from the rest, the door opening at the side of the lower portion. Near the edge of the upper step a woman is slicing carrots into a big metal bowl — copper or brass, but black as iron. Her legs are doubled under her; the floor is covered with dirty matting and she sits flat upon it. She wears a dingy cotton skirt, and a wadded jacket; upon her head is an equally dingy mendeel. A brazier of charcoal is not far off over which the meal she is preparing will presently be cooked; a divan cushioned with Turkey red cotton, runs around two sides of the apartment; in a recess is a pile of quilts and rugs for bedding. Under the divan are a water jar and an oil-jug, with three earthenware bowls of various sizes, also a coffee-pot and half-a-dozen cups. There is not another stick of furniture, not another utensil to be seen.

Without rising, the hostess says in Arabic that we are welcome, and motions us to seat ourselves upon the divan, going on with her work, placidly ignorant of any deficiencies in her garb or surroundings. The children crowd together at the bottom of the room, staring stolidly at us; an older woman than the mistress of the establishment, seats herself upon the matting, reaches out an arm to grab the solitary garment of an eighteen-month-old creeping dangerously near the steps, and when he screams and slaps her, smiles listlessly.

From her appearance I should take her to be sixty years of age, and am amazed at discovering the baby-boy is hers and not yet weaned. She was the sixth wife — and is now the widow — of a Moslem who could afford to please himself in the matter of a plurality of partners. Three were divorced and two died while he was alive. Three of the children we now see belong to the widow by right and birth; her step-sons and daughters are married. Her jointure as her lord's only legal relict, enables her to live independently of them, I am informed. The deceased was in easy circumstances.

The widow's idea of independent ease is to dwell as a boarder with the gain-loving proprietors of the three-story tenement. She and her children, the man of the house, his wife and two children, eat and sleep in this room. Upon hearing it, I gasped! The place may be fifteen feet square. It is certainly not larger than this computation would make it. There is but one window, and that is set high up in the thick stone walls. A pair of pet pigeons are tip-toeing about the floor, pecking at crumbs; there is even a dog upon the threshold, albeit he is an accursed animal among the Moslems. At night-fall the door will close all these creatures in, and the window remain shut for fear of the damp draughts. The floor will be covered with quilts, and eight human beings lie down to sleep in the clothes they have worn by day.

"Yet you tell me these are not of the poorest class? that hundreds of others live in the same way without losing respectability?" I inquire.

My interpreter raises her eyebrows, and makes a gesture that would be impatient were it not courteous.

"I do tell you that they consider themselves comfortable. They have houses and money. They want nothing. And are proud — so very proud that did they know that we are here to see how they live, we would not be let inside of that door. I have told them that you are my English teacher —" and at my look of surprise, she adds, gracefully, "Indeed, madam! it is I who have learned much — ah, so much from you! I know these people. They have good characters and kind hearts. They are not of my religion but I respect them. You wished to see the ways of the country, and you are seeing them."

This is uttered low and rapidly, with the impassive countenance we train ourselves to assume when upon such errands. But for the speaker's womanly wit and tact, I could not gain access to what I especially wish to inspect, the homes of the great middle-class of Syrians. I bow to the unintentional rebuke conveyed in her protest. If "these people" choose to sit cross-legged and eat and sleep upon the floor, it is surely

their affair and not mine. My prejudices in favor of carpets, mattresses, tables and table-cloths, knives, forks and bath-tubs, would seem as outlandish to them as their peculiarities appear to me, while as to their "pride," — the wife of an American freeholder would resent yet more indignantly the intrusion upon her domestic life of a Jerusalem reporter — if there be such a thing.

I copy carefully Mrs. Jamal's deportment, as she takes leave of our entertainers, after ten minutes' chat in Arabic. I even utter after her the one Arabic phrase I have learned, "Mar Salaami," in withdrawing our feet from the door.

Visit No. 2 has livelier elements in it. In point of worldly circumstance the families represented in the group to which I am introduced are apparently superior to the people I set down as "No. 1." The room, approached, as before by an outer stone stairway, is larger than that we have just left, but looks smaller for having an iron bedstead, draped with mosquito netting, and a veritable bureau in it. A plump cushion covered with Turkey-red is laid across two sides of the room, close to the wall. Upon it sit, crossed-legged, the grandmother of the household, sewing upon a man's shirt, and a Nubian woman, as black as charcoal. A deep brand upon the left cheek shows that she was once a slave. Although manumitted by law some years ago, many African slaves have elected to remain with their former owners. This is evidently one of the family. While her mistress plies the needle, the negress folds her arms upon her stomach and leans lazily against the wall, a grin upon her face, and more curiosity in her rolling eye-balls than I have ever seen evinced by a native Syrian of either sex. Chairs are set for us by a young woman who enters hastily behind us. She is introduced as a married daughter of the old woman. Her room is upon another

floor of the house, and this is virtually but one family.

The invariable brazier is in the middle of the matted floor, and the unavoidable coffee steams upon it. We have talked of the weather and the chances of more rain for five minutes before the coffee is poured into tiny, handleless cups by a representative of the third generation, a girl of fourteen who is to be married in a couple of weeks. She trips around the circle in stockinged feet, having left her sandals at the door; her

calico gown, belted about a full waist, is clean and very much like what a New England farmer's daughter would wear while doing the morning's housework. Her brown wrists are banded with gold and silver bangles, eight or ten upon each arm; she looks really animated as, in taking the cup from her hand, I wish for her, through our interpreter, many years of happiness in her new life. The spirit of enterprise exemplified in bed, bureau and chairs, gives tone to the household. A breeze from the world outside of harem windows has stolen in here through some unguarded crevice. The talk has briskness and almost sprightliness in it. The coffee is thick after the manner of all Turkish coffee; it is, moreover, made excessively sweet out of compliment to the foreign guest, and a liberal pinch of allspice is added to it. A decoction of wormwood would be more palatable to one of the victims, but the alternative being to take one of the cigarettes assuming form in the supple fingers of the

daughter, the draught is committed to an amiable, and just now, oft-abused stomach. The cigarette-maker has deposited her



SYRIAN BOYS.

(From a Photograph by Marion Harland.)

yearling baby upon the floor, and, with a bowl of tobacco upon her lap and a pile of papers upon one knee, wets fore-finger and thumb in her mouth before beginning each fresh roll. Her mother lays by her sewing, the Nubian loosens her lazy bones to accept a cigarette; the bride-expectant puffs as fast as the rest, and the baby does not cough when the room is soon blue with smoke. The top of the bureau is ornamented with three tripods of black wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, all standing upside down. One is placed in front of me and several cigarettes and a box of matches are laid in seductive array upon it. Should I change my mind, overcome by the temptation, I need not be mortified by the necessity of asking for the luxury.

The cigarette is always offered, and I need not say, never accepted. My reputation for taste and good manners must suffer in the minds of the spectators, but they refrain from criticism, spoken or looked.

Coffee is made every hour in this room, and cigarettes are rolled by one or other of the women, all day long. They do literally nothing between meals, but sip and smoke and — as a pasha's wife told a visitor of her own method of passing the time — "just sit." The grandmother is a notable and stirring housewife in that she knows how to sew and occasionally make a garment for her soldier-son. She is further distinguished among her neighbors by preferring to sleep in a bed rather than on a quilt upon the floor.

The greeting bestowed upon Mrs. Jamal is cordial to affectionateness. She explains it aside, presently, the baby's screaming demand to be taken up and fed, absorbing the attention of the others.

"You see I run in once in a while, and tell them stories. They are only children — nothing more — and will listen for hours to tales of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Samuel, and all that, you know. I give them only Bible stories, but that they never suspect. Not that they would care, but the men object to having their wives and daughters taught the Christian religion. They say it makes them too independent. So, I must slip in the good I would do them — poor souls!"

A quick footstep sounds upon the stone stair. The women of three generations arise to greet the stalwart young fellow in uniform who appears in the doorway. One after another, they kiss his hands; his aged mother hastens to set the one unoccupied chair for him; the young niece serves him with coffee, his sister supplies him with a cigarette and lights it for him. He is not ill-looking, and his behavior is "quite the thing," according to his lights and those of his kinspeople. He has nodded to us, receiving without a word the attentions paid to him by his assiduous servants, and when we exchange "Mar salaamis" with the rest of the party and are urged to repeat the call, we leave him seated, his long legs stretched half-way across the room, the cigarette between his lips, his handsome eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

MARION HARLAND.



"A NOTABLE AND STIRRING HOUSEWIFE."

From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

On Ararat's Peak.

Two Adventurous Americans make the Ascent of "the Mountain of the Ark."

SOME time ago, a fanatical priest claiming to belong to the Greek Church, excited some attention by a story to which he gave circulation concerning a journey he was said to have made to the summit of Ararat. On the highest peak, as he asserted, he found the remains of a gigantic vessel—no other than the ark of Noah. His story was promptly discredited for, although he had never even set foot on Ararat, there were many reliable travelers who had climbed the famous mountain, only to find its summit a mass of unbroken snow lying on the rocks and earth.

Two young American tourists, Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, while traveling in Asiatic Turkey last year, ascended Ararat successfully. In writing their account of this exciting incident to the "Century," they recite the almost incredible hardships endured during the 14,000 feet climb, the intense cold, burning thirst and danger from glacier and avalanche, they say:

"We pushed and pulled one another almost to the top, and then, with one more desperate effort, we stood upon a vast and gradually sloping snow-bed. Down we plunged above our knees through the yielding surface, and staggered and fell with failing strength; then rose once more and plodded on, until at last we sank exhausted upon the top of Ararat.

"We were suddenly aroused by the rumbling of thunder below us. A storm was rolling rapidly up the southeast slope of the mountain. The atmosphere seemed to be boiling over the heated plain below. Higher and higher came the clouds, rolling and seething among the grim crags along the chasm; and soon we were caught in its embrace. The thermometer dropped at once below the freezing point, and the dense mists, driven against us by the hurricane, formed icicles on our frozen faces. Although we could scarcely see far enough ahead to follow back the track by which we had ascended, yet we were obliged to attempt it at once, for the storm around us was increasing every moment; we could even feel the charges of electricity whenever we touched the iron points of our alpenstocks.

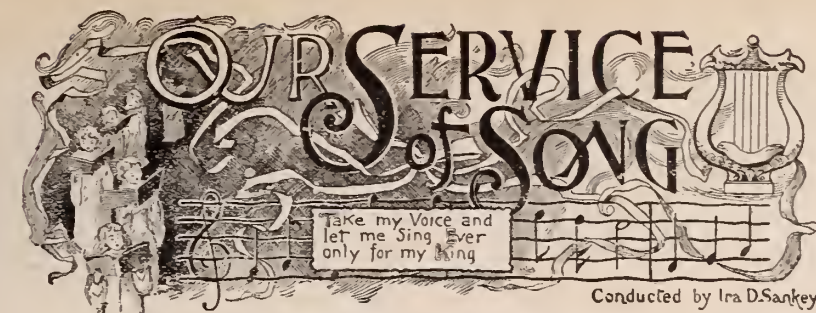
"Carefully peering through the clouds we managed to follow the trail we had made along the gradually sloping summit, to the head of the great chasm, which now appeared more terrible than ever. We saw that it would be extremely perilous, if not actually impossible, to make a descent on the rocks along its treacherous edge in such a hurricane. The only alternative was to take the precipitous snow covered slope. Planting our ice-hooks deep in the snow behind us, we started. At first the strong head wind, which on the top almost took us off our feet, somewhat checked our downward career, but it was not long before we attained a velocity that made our hair stand on end. It was a thrilling experience; we seemed to be sailing through the air itself, for the clouds obscured the slope even twenty feet below. Finally we emerged beneath them into the glare of the afternoon sunlight; but on we dashed for 6,000 feet, leaning heavily on the trailing-stocks, which threw up an icy spray in our wake. We never once stopped until we reached the bottom of the dome, at our last night's camp among the rocks. In less than an hour we had dashed down through a distance which it had taken us nine and a half hours to ascend. The camp was reached at 4 p.m., just twelve hours from the time we left it."

THE GOSPEL ARROW.

In one of his addresses Mr. Moody related the following incident: "I read some time ago a story that illustrates the power of a single tract. A society was some years ago established to distribute tracts by mail in the higher circles. One of these tracts entitled 'Prepare to Meet thy God,' was enclosed in an envelope, and sent to a gentleman well known for his ungodly life and reckless impiety. He was in his study when he read this letter among others.

"What's that?" said he. 'Prepare to meet thy God.' 'Who has had the impudence to send me this cant?' And with an imprecation on his unknown correspondent he arose to put the paper in the fire.

"No, I won't do that," he said to himself. "On second thought I know what I will do. I'll send it to my friend B—." It

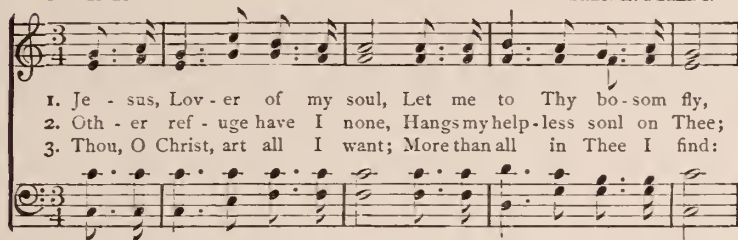


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

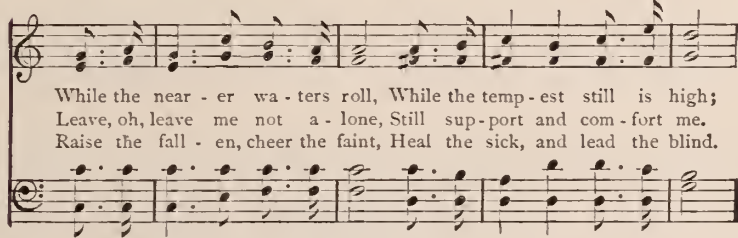
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY.

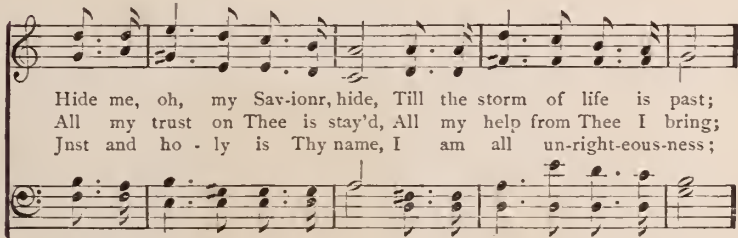
THEO. E. PERKINS.



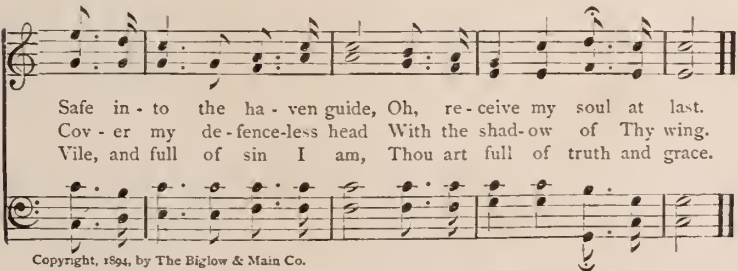
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.



Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

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will be a good joke to hear what he'll say about it." So saying, he enclosed the tract in a fresh envelope, and in a feigned hand directed it to his boon companion.

"Mr. B— was a man of his own stamp, and received the tract as his friend had done, with an oath at the Methodistical humbug, which his first impulse was to it tear in pieces.

"'I'll not tear it, either,' said he to himself. 'Prepare to meet thy God' at once arrested his attention, and smote his conscience. The arrow of conviction entered his heart as he read, and he was converted. Almost his first thought was for his ungodly associates.

"'Have I received such blessed light and truth, and shall I not strive to communicate it to others?'

"He again folded the tract, and enclosed and directed it to one of his companions in sin. Wonderful to say, the little arrow hit the mark. His friend read. He also was converted; and both are now walking as the Lord's redeemed ones."

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer in South Dakota were recently reported in Western religious journals. The drought has been more general than for years. All parts of the State have suffered.

Rainmakers were at work during the latter part of May, but their work was a dismal failure. Small grain came to be in many places almost a total loss. The city of Aberdeen, blessed with a wonderful revival last winter, seeing the spiritual forces gathered there in danger of being scattered as well as the material, held a special service Sunday afternoon, June 3, to pray for rain. This was followed by several other similar services. The Bible was searched for Biblical warrant for such prayer. At length the mayor, himself not a Christian, called on the people to suspend business and gather in the Grain Palace, June 12, to ask God for rain.

That evening a light shower fell, and the next night a general copious rain refreshed all that region. Next, Huron prayed, holding several services, and then gave thanks. The mayor of Madison called on the people to suspend business for prayer, and within forty-eight hours they had their answer. The mayor of Watertown did the same, with like results. In Brookings, also, the mayor's proclamation called for prayer. The afternoon revival service was turned into one for study of the Scriptures and prayer. That evening the sermon was cut short that people might reach their homes before the storm. The following morning (Sunday) an audience that filled the opera house stood before God while the pastor led them in thanksgiving.

TWO PROPHETIC SYMBOLS.

Dr. Elliott's Interpretation in his "Hora Apocalypticæ" of the Symbols of the Travelling Woman and the Dragon.

IN the twelfth chapter of Revelation the travelling woman is spoken of as the mother of "those that keep the commandments of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ," for they are denominated "the remnant of her seed."

She is evidently therefore Christ's true visible Church on earth. The woman's clothing with the sun as her robe of light, the moon (the crescent moon, I conceive) as the sandal to her feet, and the twelve stars as her coronal or diadem, must needs have appeared on the scene of vision very beautiful; and it might perhaps recall to St. John that description of the Bride in the Song of Songs: "Fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as a host."

As regards "the Great Red Dragon having seven heads and ten horns and seven diadems on its heads," a chronological indication seems to be given to the very use of the symbol of the dragon, since it was not till near the close of the 2nd century that the dragon was first used as a Roman ensign, nor till the third that its use became common, we might thence probably infer that the time represented in the vision was not earlier than the third century. A chronological indication of the same kind, but yet more restrictive, seems to be given in the use of diadems, not crowns, on the heads of the dragon, in signification of royal or ruling power. For it was not till the time of Diocletian, A.D. 300 that the diadem was adopted as one of the imperial insignia.

During this period the Church suffered grievous persecution. The sorrows as of a woman in travail had indeed come upon her. Her children were to be crushed, like a hydra-headed enemy of the State, by Maximian, the champion of Roman Polytheism and the Roman Empire. A medal depicting this was coined and is now in the Paris collection, where Maximian appears in the guise and with the name of Hercules destroying his hydra enemy. Similar in character to which is a medal of Diocletian, as Jove striking down with his thunder-bolt a Titan monster ending in serpents, in place of the lower half of the human body. In May, 311, however, light dawned on the Christians. From his sick bed the conscience-stricken Galerius issued an Edict of Toleration in their favor: an Edict which was published in the names of Constantine and Licinius, as consenting parties, as well as in his own; though not in those of Maxentius or Maximian. And when, in the course of the next two eventful years, the Roman Empire becomes tripartited between three emperors—the Christians emerged from these political revolutions thus variously circumstanced. In two-thirds of the Empire, embracing its whole European and African territory, they enjoyed toleration; and presently also, by virtue of the celebrated Milan Decree of Constantine and Licinius, issued March, 313, in their favor, the imperial kindly recognition and support; in the other or Asiatic third they were still, after but a brief and uncertain respite, exposed to persecution as before.

And now, was not the state of things in the Roman Empire one that well answered to the crisis depicted in the vision? First the Christian Church, united as one, and morally bright and beautiful—abundantly the more so from the purifying effect of the last persecution, appeared before the world ascendant, for the first time, in the political heaven: with the sunshine embracing it of the highest of the three Imperial dignities, and the light and favor beaming on it of the second also; moreover with the chief bishops resplendent at its head, as a starry coronal: the heads, now imperially recognized of the dodecapylon of the Christian Israel. The time at which she thus appeared corresponds to the fortieth week of gestation, calculated on the year-day prophetic chronological scale from A.D. 33.

The edict of favor to the Christians was but the precursor evidently to the establishment of Christianity, and by consequence its supremacy in the empire. Might not this be at least one fulfilment of the man-child's birth and assumption to God's throne? Then what next but the ruling of the heathens in the empire with a rod of iron? For it had long been evident that Christianity and heathenism could not consist together in power; and that on the elevation of the former there must needs follow the oppression, and finally the subversion of the latter.



THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning August
20. John 15: 1-11.

CHRIST'S object in those sweet and tender talks that he had with his disciples during the days when he was entering the shadow of the cross was no mystery. He was about to leave them alone in the world where they would have little sympathy and where they must encounter much opposition. He did not conceal from them that they would be hated and persecuted. Their whole future life would be one of poverty, hardship, harass and suffering and all but one would die an ignominious death at the hands of the public executioner. Not a cheerful prospect; but any one of them might escape the misery of such a lot by deserting the cause and abjuring Christ and his work. They might live the ordinary human life in ease and comfort having domestic happiness with home and wife and children and friends. The two alternatives were open to them. Fidelity to Christ with persecution and heavy trouble, on the one hand and desertion of him with peace and comfort, on the other hand. Why should they choose the former? In a few words Christ tells them what they will gain and says that his conversations with them were designed for that specific purpose. "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." So, then, Jesus when near a shameful death had a joy, and could communicate it, so that it would become theirs and it was a joy that would be full.

The expression is deeply significant. No man apart from Christ can say that his joy is full. There is always some bitter drop in the cup. The happiest man has some trouble to vex his soul. We know by experience and by our association with others that no man is perfectly and completely happy. So, Christ was promising something unknown in the world, and he was telling these men how it could come to them. They were to have it by union with him—a strange, unearthly but very real and close mystical union, as vital as the branch has with the vine. We have to grope in the dark for an understanding of such a mysterious union, yet there are things in life that may help us to reach it. The companionship of a husband and wife where there is a true union of spirit, is one. Thousands of men buffeted and harassed in business, are supported and encouraged by the tender love and sympathy they receive in their homes. We wonder that they can be so cheerful in their troubles, and we reach their secret source of equanimity only when we see their domestic life. Friendship often gives such strength. A man is cheerful and helped by some other man who knows his trials and loves him and stands by him. A child crippled or afflicted in some way draws strength to bear his hard lot from father or mother. Each would feel that all the joy in life would depart if he lost the one on whom he leans. Thus we gain some light on Christ's meaning in speaking of the joy that comes from union with him. And his words were

true. They have been fulfilled in the experience of thousands. All who have ever entered into that union know that it means fullness of joy.

THE MONTREAL Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Montreal, has reason to be proud of the beautiful home a picture of which, with the well-kept grounds surrounding it, appears on this page. The building, which with its site is valued at \$175,000, is the largest and best equipped of the buildings owned by the Association in all Canada. It has also the largest number of members, which the latest report gives as 1,532. More than half of these are on the active list, which speaks well also for the spirituality of the Association. It was established in 1851, only seven years after the movement was started by



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, MONTREAL, CANADA.

George Williams in England. It thus antedates the New York Association by a year, competes with Boston for the position of the senior Association on this side of the Atlantic. It has an excellent gymnasium, bath, etc., and does an extensive work in giving secular education to young men. Twelve branches are taught under its auspices and about three hundred young men are registered as pupils. Lectures, sociables and other entertainments are frequently given, making the institution a valuable acquisition to the intellectual life of the city. Nor is the spiritual side of the work neglected. Three religious meetings are held every week with an average attendance of ninety-eight and a Bible class once a week, which has an average attendance of eighty-three.

A SAILOR'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The efforts of the King's Daughters on behalf of seamen are among the most successful of their many labors for Christ.

One incident sent to the "Silver Cross" shows what is being done. A worker in the cause writes: A seaman on the White Star Steamship Majestic, came into our Mission one night under the influence of liquor. He had lost his wife and child, and had tried to drown his sorrow in the intoxicating cup. He listened attentively to the words spoken by one of the Daughters, and resolved to give up drinking and take the pledge. He had a small bottle of whiskey in his pocket which he threw overboard when he returned to his steamer. The following night he came again to the meeting, a sober man. While listening to the appeal from one of the ladies, he made up his mind in all things to follow Christ. He was converted, and wears the silver cross and anchor.

A seaman from the Cunard steamship, Umbria, told us that our efforts to get him to sign the pledge had been the means, in the hands of God, of saving his soul. He had become hardened in sin and kept away from all that was good. His wife was a Christian, but at home, in Liverpool, when the minister came to see them, he would go out of the house, and refuse to hear any one talk on religious subjects. One evening, after a solemn service, I spoke to him very kindly and said, "My friend, will you not be willing to take the pledge for one month, and tell us when you come back from England if you have kept it?" At first he thought he could not keep it, but finally said, "I will put my name

factor of measureless power in the spiritual activities of this age. These are noble objects for a paper to serve—grand ends to promote—worthy of the highest ability and the most complete consecration of the life devoted to their achievement.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey's selection of music for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is one of the new pieces composed for use at the Christian Endeavor Convention at Cleveland. It appears on page 521. Mr. Sankey intends making other selections from this new Christian Endeavor Hymn Book, which will be published in this journal.

An appeal has been issued to Epworth Leagues of the New England Southern Conference, to come to the help of Missionary Secretary C. C. McCabe with contributions. It is signed by the Conference President and by the Presidents of the Providence, New Bedford and Norwich districts.

At the Rally of the Epworth Leagues of Troy Conference at Round Lake, a special appeal was made for contributions to the fund of a quarter million dollars for missions. The delegates pledged themselves to raise as large a sum as possible and have it in the Secretary's office on the day following Thanksgiving Day.

The membership of the Johannesburg, Southern Africa, Y. M. C. A. now numbers over one hundred, and the Association is doing a very vigorous work. Mr. Hastings, of the Standard Bank, has been elected president.

The Christian Endeavor Societies in and about Chicago held a great rally on July 26 in the Union Park Congregational Church. The spacious edifice was full to overflowing. Not less than 2,000 were present.

An advice from Chefoo, North China, says: "Native Y. M. C. A. work opened lately. Dr. Corbett, of the American Presbyterian Mission, presided. Four or five Christian natives spoke. We have opened a second place (off the great street), and at present it is hoped to work the two three nights a week each."

Mr. Miron A. Clarke, secretary of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee for Brazil, writes that he is now about recovered from the yellow fever, while Mrs. Clark is also recovering from an attack of the disease. They do not tear a second attack, and therefore begin anew their work with courage.

An immense photograph is being sold in London of a group of delegates to the recent Jubilee celebration of Young Men's Christian Associations. There are 2,500 portraits in the group.

At the annual Convention of the Marshalltown district, held at Toledo, Iowa, recently forty-one Senior Chapters, twenty-one juniors, three companies of Epworth guards, and one d'elarte class were reported in flourishing condition.

The handsome building of the Young Men's Christian Association in the French capital has been cleared of debt. On his return from the Jubilee celebration, Mons. A. Andre, Regent of the Bank of France, called a meeting of the leading Protestants of Paris and after giving an account of the Association's work, headed a list of contributions with a handsome sum and invited them to complete it. Mr. James Stokes, of New York, responded liberally and before the meeting closed the whole amount required had been paid in.

down." God helped him to keep his promise. He yielded his heart to him and became a Christian, also a member of the Order, and is now wearing the little silver cross.

AN EPWORTH MANIFESTO.

In introducing to his readers the new organ of the Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Dr. S. A. Steel gives the following outline of his idea of the mission of the League and its paper: "The Epworth Era" is the organ of the young people of Southern Methodism. The Church has established it for their benefit. It is to strive to lead them to Christ; to help them in their work; to assist them in all departments of Christian service; to encourage and aid them in the study of good literature; to stimulate them to noble deeds; to attach them in intelligent and unshakable fidelity to the church, which is the body of Christ; to voice their opinions; to report their progress; to magnify their importance as a



Social Life in Japan.

Some Interesting Peculiarities of Asiatic Etiquette—Woman's Position and Influence.

RECENT events in Japan have directed increased attention to the condition of affairs in that country, which is to-day foremost among Asiatic nations in all that relates to social and political progress. Its people are much given to pleasure, and social observances among them are multiplied and exaggerated to an extent that, to Western minds, seems useless and incomprehensible.

In Kioto, which is the religious center of the Mikado's Empire, ceremonialism rules everything, religion, politics, and social observances included. Its people regard themselves as the most cultured part of the nation, and pride themselves upon their ancestral lineage and elegant refinement. Our illustration on this page from a photograph received from Rev. Mr. Kato, a native Christian Congregational preacher and teacher in Japan affords an idea of the ceremonious forms observed during a simple social visit between neighbors. Rigid punctilio characterizes every social function, whether it be an afternoon call, an evening party, or a mere introduction.

Japanese ladies of the better class are slight, but handsome, with complexions which might be compared with those of the ladies of Europe or America; indeed some ladies of the Court are quite as white as their Caucasian cousins. They dress in picturesque fashion, their robes being brilliant with color and rich with silks and delicate stuffs that seem especially suited to the climate.

Woman in the Mikado's realm occupies a social position which her sisters in China may well envy. She is the friend and companion of man in a domestic sense, not his slave. There are many features in social life in the large cities that are offensive to Western taste, but in thousands of Japanese homes the position of the wife and mother is honored and respected as it is with ourselves. The wives are virtuous and exemplary, the husbands kind and affectionate. Children, especially, are made much of in such homes. As they grow up, they are taught the thousand and one little social observances that are so dear to the Japanese feminine heart, and which are regarded as indispensable to the training of youth.

It has been humorously, and yet not inaptly, said by travelers that one of the prin-

cipal recommendations about a Japanese house is that it needs hardly any furniture. Its picturesquely-papered walls and polished ceilings give it at all times an attractive appearance, even though empty. For the rest, a few mats, flower-stands and screens fill up the spaces very nicely. But there are many homes in Japan where tables and chairs, and even bedsteads, are by no means unknown.

Western housewives would probably be more surprised by a peep into the interior of a Japanese kitchen than by anything else in the domestic establishment. Among the natives, cooking ranges are unknown. Many use a couple of earthen ovens no bigger than good-sized flower-pots; yet it is astonishing how skilfully the average housewife can cook with such simple utensils omelets, soups, broiled chickens, puddings, baked, boiled and fried potatoes, and other appetizing dishes. With a grid-iron, a fry-

demands of the religious duties imposed by the two prevailing creeds of the country, Buddhism and Shintoism.

Christianity is making gradual progress in Japan, and within the last twenty-five years many missions have been established in the leading cities, and numerous converts made. They are not a gloomy nor morose people, and those who hear the Gospel, listen patiently, and many accept it heartily, finding in its consolations and promises something to sweeten their lives and endow them with a higher and holier purpose.

Health in the Home.

There is nothing that impresses the mind of a guest more sadly than the absence of health in American homes, writes E. Marguerite Lindley. One can scarce call on a friend where the conversation is not largely the condition of some invalid member of the family absent or present, who claims the sympathy of loving hearts. Health, absolute and unimpaired seems phenomenal; and daily headaches, backaches, indigestion, etc., are as fully anticipated as is the earth's revolution. It is not entirely the fault of the present generation of women and girls. Custom has demanded that education of the body be neglected, and custom is a recognized leader in every circle regardless of hygienic laws. Nature's laws, God's laws, if so strong argument is needed to claim attention of women.

It is custom, not health, comfort or duty that rules the majority of women. Would the true mother but pause and consider that

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land
It the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of buoyant hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a cheerful heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

FOOD AND HAPPINESS.

MORAL and intellectual, as well as physical character, remarks a philosophical writer, depend to a very large extent upon the character of our diet, and when pious women tell me they are so actively engaged in Christian work that they have no time to attend to culinary matters, or look after the food that goes upon their home tables, I say to them: No church work, no temperance work, no benevolent work, no good work of any kind, can be done effectively without the aid of good food, and only through the aid of good, wholesome, well-prepared food can the noblest results of Christian effort be obtained in

this world or the world to come.

The best of cookery will not prove a panacea for every human ill. It will not eradicate disease and death. It will not even banish from the earth all social and political evil, but it will do much to increase the aggregate of earthly enjoyment. It will add greatly to the comfort, health and happiness of suffering humanity. It will develop more fully the physical, mental and moral vigor of men and women, enable them to realize that the world is full of joy and beauty, and encourage them to lead cleaner, sweeter and more effective lives.

Use of Leisure.

Time is money to him whose main purpose is to make money; but to him whose first aspiration is to acquire character, time is character. It is in leisure time that

one feels the fullest freedom of the will. Our busy times are busy partly by a sort of compulsion of necessity or of habit. We are hardly conscious of a deliberate choice in the matter of their occupation. But in the disposal of our leisure time, we are conscious of a free, full and independent use of the will. It is this matter of willing that germinates and roots character. Says Herbert, the eminent German pedagogue: "The will is the seat of character; the kind of decision of the will determines the species of character." It is in his leisure time, therefore, that a man gives the set to his character. Equally with the operation of breathing and the beating of the heart, the character-forming process is going on without leisure, without vacation, whether we would have it so or not. This is a thought for week-day and Sunday, for the winter evening, and conspicuously for the summer vacation.



THE CEREMONIAL OF RECEIVING VISITORS IN A JAPANESE HOME.

ing pan, a few clay bowls for boiling purposes, and a charcoal fire, she is equipped for any culinary task. And the men are just as capable cooks as the women; indeed, there are many Japanese households where men cooks are employed by preference.

Although class distinctions are sharply marked in Japan, there is in most cases a bond of sympathy between "samurai" and "heimin," master and servant, that sometimes receives open and pleasant demonstration. On the day of the New Year festival, servants who have been kindly treated by their master, show their high esteem for him by elevating him bodily some half-dozen times in the air. Altogether, they are a happy, light-hearted people, who extract as much amusement out of life as possible. At the same time, it must be said of them that they do not neglect the

her child is far better fortified for intellectual adult life with health thoroughly established, granting no concessions to any ailments, than with a crowded mind toppling over a poorly developed body. Education would not be the incubating process it is now, and we should have strong, enduring men and women in lieu of a people destined to succumb early to nervous disease and heart failure. Mothers deplore these conditions after they are once present and censure the imprudence of other mothers, yet not one mother in a thousand works earnestly to prevent it in her own case. She must follow custom's demands instead of Nature's and insist beyond all reason upon the piano, the school-books, the easel, everything that involves concentration of will power. What wonder hearts and nerves are over-worked and yield early to disease.



CHAPTER VIII. CROSSING THE DESERT.

LIFE often seems to be full of cross purposes. Zerola was on her way home, counting the days and hours until she would reach the dear house in Nazareth and lay her head on her mother's bosom. She was longing, too, to see Thæon and tell him how she had loved him through all her sufferings. He, too, would be at Nazareth, she thought, and in a few more days she would be with him, and their long-delayed marriage would take place. Vain hopes, both of them! Mary and Thæon, had they known of Zerola's coming, would have been as eager for it as she. They would have been at Nazareth waiting to welcome her and pour into her ears the glad story of love and sympathy, wherewith we comfort the sorrowing and help the sufferer to forget his troubles. But they knew not, and Mary was in Egypt, hoping yet to gain tidings of her long-lost daughter, and Thæon was in Rome seeking her place of concealment. It was to an empty and deserted nest that Zerola was flying on the swift, white-winged vessel.

Disappointment must add its sharp, envenomed stab to the wounds already borne, and it is, as all know, a wound hard to bear. Who is there that has not learned the sting of that laceration, the ache from that blow, the heart-sinking from that crushing weight? The mountains of life on which we breathe the exhilarating air of hope and joy are surrounded by the valleys in which we pant for air and our spirits sink and our limbs are heavy and numb. We stand on the higher levels looking off to other heights near and far, glowing in the sunlight and radiant with celestial glory. Those, too, our feet shall tread. We will go to them and bathe in the cool dews and sun ourselves in the pure light above the clouds. Would that we had wings as an eagle that we might fly from one glorious mountain top to another. But we can reach them only by descending into the valley and ascending wearily and painfully, with feet bruised by the rocks and torn by the briars of the thorny road. With many a stumble and painful fall we descend and ascend, and the hours of exhilaration on the mountain-tops are separated by long intervals of toil and aching pain. On the summit the joy we have seems only the prelude to greater joy to come, while it is really the prelude to sorrow, whose depths are measured by the elevation on which we stand.

And all classes share the same experience, although some stay longer than others on the mountain-top. Less eager are they for new joys and new delights and are content to enjoy without effort or anticipation. But even to them the bitter water of disappointment is no unknown cup. They whom they love and hope to keep ever at their side, die or go to distant lands. Or the love that seemed destined to grow and give fruit, withers and dies being unreciprocated. The affection that seemed personal and disinterested proves to have been mercenary and the discovery wrings the heart and drains it of its life blood. Our hopes wither, our plans are thwarted, our affections wasted, and did we not know that life is but a school to fit us for higher conditions, we should despair. To Zerola, as to Mary, the cup of disappointment must be presented and it was already mixed. What was life worth to the maiden without mother or lover? Liberty and the recovery of sight were only a mockery without the two loved ones. Her elation on the voyage was preparing her for the more acute suffering when she should find the emptiness at the end of it. Mary was spared that pain. She hoped only for tidings, while Zerola was hoping for the

joy of personal reunion. But even Mary's hope failed at last. No sure intelligence of her daughter could be obtained, and she set out on her long and weary journey homeward, sick at heart and despairing.

Happily, both Mary and Zerola knew the only remedy for these distressing experiences. Very dear to both was he who said: "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The peace promised has been given freely and liberally to all who have gone to him for it and, shielded by that garment and standing firmly on the rock, they found that the storms of life might be defied. In her dungeon, Zerola had been supported by it, and in her home Mary experienced it, even when, like Jacob, she mourned for her beloved one, dead to her although alive. They knew that even at the worst, if no more in this life, should either behold the other, he was the resurrection and the life, and beyond the

extend their strong arms and shelter the raven and the nightingale. Far to the north Mount Serbal's granite slopes, engraved with ancient writings and strange symbols, greet the first beams of the morning sun and welcome the first twinkling of the evening star.

Twilight brings a mysterious calmness to the desert, not the stillness of peaceful repose, but rather a timid, voiceless awakening; the very sands beneath your feet seem trembling to tell their dread secrets—well it is if your camel keeps from stumbling over some grim skeleton—well if your cheek recoils not from the fancied touch, the clammy kiss of some spectre seeming to rise from the dark graves and flit down the lonely caverns.

Here thoughts of all kinds crowd through the human mind—thoughts simple and mysterious, noble and unworthy; sometimes angels from holier worlds than this, sometimes the enemies of men; thoughts of the dim, dark past, of its sighings and its yearnings, of its victories and its triumphs, of its failures and its ruins; thoughts of the dimmer unknown future, thoughts of immortality, of its longings and its beckonings—for the soul shrinks from an eternal grave, and so pausing in the midst of this forever to catch some echo of the past, some whisper of the future, feels the place whereon it stands is holy ground, feels its heart throb in unison with the great warm heart of humanity; thoughts of riches and of poverty, of the wealthy hundreds and the

of the usual kind, except that no ornaments of gold or silver shone or tinkled on either the harness of the camel or the litter of the rider.

Just when a short distance from the edge of the foliage bordering the trackless waste, the woman spoke to the camel. It careened a moment, then kneeled. Eager eyes glanced all around, scanned the turfs of arbutus and acacias languishing at the foot of Serbal. Yes, this was the very place: there was the granite boulder. So, placing her sandal upon the neck of the camel, the woman stepped upon the sand. As she walked toward the palm-tree her flowing robe falling in folds almost to the black thongs of her sandals according to the custom among nations of the East, there was a certain power of spirit—seemingly subdued by some gentle passion—surrounding her like an atmosphere which you could feel but not define.

Soon she stood beside the granite; and that very boulder was the stone that marked her husband's grave. The night was beautiful: the blue hills standing dim in the distance like dark-clad sentinels, nightingales singing among the waving branches of the trees, purple clouds tinged with silvery light casting their shadows on old Mount Serbal and drifting ever onward toward the lovely land of Palestine.

And the stars were shining, and they shone upon the grave. The woman now was kneeling, kneeling beside the grave beneath the palm-tree and praying,—Mary the Mother of Zerola was praying to him whom she believed to be "too wise to err and too good to be unkind,"—praying to God the Father of the Nazarene and of all mankind.

Meanwhile the dromedary had arisen and was browsing on the camel-grass growing in the neighborhood, having wandered some little distance from the place where left by its rider.

The night was dark now, but more beautiful. A calming Presence seemed to give the desert that holy charm, that almost sacred stillness wherein the soul of the traveler feels each blade of grass, each palm-tree leaf, the rocks, the hills and all the stars are whispering those beckoning truths that angel hands have engraved in eternal gold deep down in the unvoiced thought of every man and every woman.

Mary soon arose and saw where the camel had wandered to. Walking towards it she observed far up the mountain what seemed to have the appearance of a cross. Then all the story she had heard from the lips of the mother of Jesus flashed through her mind:

the star shining above Bethlehem announcing the birth of the Saviour of men, the flight from Herod across this same desert, and then the warm, welcome friendship of the Egyptian woman, the childhood of the boy, the conception of his purpose in life, the manhood of the Man, then long, happy years of sacrifice and self-devotion, the deeds of kindness prompted by love, and then—the cross! Again she stood in imagination in the throng on that darkest night the world has ever known and beheld the Christ die for his fellow-men, on the Cross at Calvary.

But she must hasten back to Nazareth. Soon the camel and its rider had traveled far over the desert. And in the Eastern sky wandering beams of golden light looked like angels of the morning—for the day was coming—and the woman saw them, but was not glad. How could she be? Her husband in a desert grave, Zerola in a living tomb. Her husband buried by her own hands, when on the way to Egypt; her daughter exiled by her own people when on the way to Nazareth.

"Had my husband lived," thought Mary, "and had we seen the Egyptian woman, life would not look so rayless, almost hopeless; for we thought her letter meant that she could aid us in our search. But she, too, has gone: exiled to Rome! This has been a cruel, unjust world. Four yearning years seeking our daughter—and she is not found! O Zerola, on earth I fear we shall meet—never—NEVER! O Father, teach me to live; teach me to say as Jesus did, 'Thy will be done.'"

Thus did the traveler on the desert pass the night.

To be Continued.



HOMEWARD TO NAZARETH—CROSSING THE DESERT OF PARAN.

grave, reunion was sure. The prophets of their nation had seen this hope dimly, and their poet King had sung of it: but he, their kinsman after the flesh had brought life and immortality to light and proclaimed his victory over the grave. They had seen him after the Cross and the Sepulchre; they had heard his words of peace and benediction, and in the trials that were now come upon them, those words were their comfort and support.

Mary's way to Nazareth lay through the country which her forefathers trod under the guidance of Moses. The desert of Paran must be crossed, and then she would be on familiar ground, and Paran itself she had crossed more than once before, and it was hallowed to her by solemn associations, for there her husband died and was buried.

Here her forefathers had been laid to their last rest a thousand years. Beside the cool waters the palm-trees threw soft waving shadows on their graves. Beside the jagged rocks, safe from the noon-day sun, their last remains reposed, long covered by the sands. For here her ancestors, despising the oppression of Pharaoh and his princes, had ceased to be a race of slaves. Here was Sinai, destined to be forever sacred to all the nations of the world. And many a holy tale the prophets and the priests had written in the Temple scrolls, made this desert hallowed in her memory.

Far, farther than the eye can see, the dreary waste lifts its barren almost lifeless bosom to the unfeeling caresses of the desert winds as they grasping toss the sea-like sands and whistling, moan and howl through the wild caverns of the mountains. Far to the east, the cedars, tall and proud,

poor millions, of bright happy homes of pleasure and of sweetest hope, of dark miserable hovels of pain and despair, of children's faces curved with virtue, of others seared with vice—and wonders if this be justice! Thoughts of love and thoughts of hate, thoughts of sorrow and of joy, thoughts of things and men, of being and of doing; thoughts worthy of the shadow, thoughts worthy of the sunlight.

But memory is not always queen nor thought at all times king: the mind knows that he who hears the raven's cry, hears also the carol of the nightingale, and so yielding to the charm of beauty, not less holy, perhaps, feels the thrill of an Eastern night.

Paran was now in darkness, yet not silence. Frequently the roar of a lion rang through the forest and echoed from the rocks of the desert, heard only by one, the woman traveling alone along the winding caravan road which at the foot of Mount Serbal, or among the shrivelled, struggling herbage that fringed the parched sands of the desert proper, could easily be distinguished, but farther on amidst the black-and-white drifts was entirely lost. Though a leopard or a hyena sometimes rose and straggled or galloped off to right or left, it was not because it had been awakened from its slumber by the tread of the camel, for on being reminded that it was not of the Bactrian but of the true Syrian breed, the reader will at once perceive that that would be as noiseless as stately, and further that in curvature of neck and color of body, the dromedary would not be without some of the grace and charin of a white swan. The furnishings of this ship of the desert were almost

Their Hearts in the Work!

Friends Everywhere Helping to Swell the Moody Gospel Fund—More Consecrated Gifts—A Letter from Mr. Moody on "Soul-Winning."



HERE is nothing that affords such sweet and enduring satisfaction to the human heart as that which we do for the love of others. And when such service is rendered from the highest of motives, and in the name of Him whose love for fallen man was beyond all other love, it is doubly consecrated and blessed. This is the service in which every one who is helping the Moody Bible Institute Gospel Fund is now engaged. To the multitude of our friends who have already aided so nobly and generously in this campaign for souls, Mr. Moody, through the medium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, addresses a word of fraternal encouragement, recognizing in each coadjutor a brother or a sister who, like himself, is striving to carry out the expressed will of the Master in spreading His kingdom and knowledge of His truth throughout the land.

"I want to thank you again," he writes, "from the bottom of my heart for the generous support the Bible Institute is receiving from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Your check for another thousand dollars has just come to hand. I cannot tell you what a help it is to us just now. Surely God will bless the Institute when so many friends are giving us their prayers and their sympathy. Ask your readers to pray that God will follow their gifts with His blessing, so that every man and woman within our doors may do yeoman service in winning souls unto His kingdom."

What the Bible Institute has done in spiritual work among the unevangelized masses in the past, has already been explained in these columns; what it may accomplish in the future depends upon the generous support of the Christian men and women of America in the present emergency. With such an appeal from so consecrated a servant of God as Mr. Moody still ringing in their ears, we cannot believe that any one professing an interest in the Christian cause, will withhold the sympathy and assistance that are so much needed now.

It is proposed to so increase the working capacity of the Institute that a sufficiently large force of Christian workers of both sexes may be trained there to carry the Gospel into the homes of the vast mass of non-church-goers in our large cities, to tell the story of Jesus in the streets, in tents, in slums, and alleys, in the markets, workshops and factories, and among the idle and criminals. This is a duty, in the performance of which Mr. Moody desires and confidently relies upon the co-operation of God's people everywhere. Large sums will be needed for carrying out the project; but the same Divine power that placed the work in his hands will not permit it to suffer for lack of means.

We are privileged to publish extracts from some of the letters received from former students at the Bible Institute who are now actively engaged in the Gospel field. These are specially interesting, as showing how serviceable the training they received there has been, and how valuable such an experience will be to others, who feel called to devote their lives and energies to this important work:

J. B. C. "I came from the Institute into this work (S. S. Missionary and the Bible knowledge and training have enabled me, by the grace of God, and through the power of His Word, to lead many to accept Him as their personal Saviour."

L. E. B. "I regard the time spent in the Bible Institute as the most valuable of my life."

F. E. E. E. Colo. "My study at the Institute was of invaluable assistance to me. It better prepared me for my life-work and gave me a clearer insight into the Word, and the best foundation I ever had for the study of the Word."

J. H., Okla. "I praise God to-day for what Moody's Institute has done for me. While my voice was not heard much during my short stay there, yet I was absorbing all I could like a sponge, and now God is blessing the truth as I learned it from the lips of Mr. Torrey."

C. A. L., Kan. "I have been here almost two years. Am continually using the notes of lectures gotten at the Institute. The Lord has been using the exposition of the Scriptures (the only way I preach) to the building up of Christians and the saving of sinners."

A. S., Mich. "One great source of blessing to me is the daily remembrance of the Institute and the noble work it is doing. It is a delight to remember the blessings so freely received whilst engaged in study, and also the helpful intercourse with my fellows."

E. E. T. Minn. "The instruction and experience received while at the Bible Institute is a great help to me in my present work (minister), and my heart is filled with gratitude to God because he led me to go there."

G. F. A., Ill. "Last week I was ordained and was glad to learn from the council that they had never ordained anyone who gave them so much satisfaction. It was sad to record that my 'soundness of views' was rather a new experience to them. They told me that there is generally a good deal of hedging on matters of doctrine."

Wm. N., Ill. "I deem it right and proper to thank yourself (Mr. Torrey) and the Institute in behalf of our church for the blessing which we believe was derived from having one of your heralds preach Christ so faithfully to us. Surely from a heart of real Christian experience and thorough consecration."

B. A., Mich. "Am very thankful I was directed to the Bible Institute, for there I learned certain lines of truth which have opened up the whole Bible to me in a wonderful way."

Rev. R. D. B., Neb. "Mr. J. R. S. and his wife have been with us in the Gospel Union tent which was pitched in the court house square. The tent was filled every night for four weeks and many who never enter a church had the Gospel preached to them. . . . House to house visitation was made by ladies under the direction of Mrs. S. . . . We were all impressed with the thorough-going manner in which converts were instructed and started in the Christian life. . . . These workers are so efficient that I feel sure they will be a blessing to any people they may visit."

Among the many contributions to the Gospel Fund during the present week is one from a lady (M. B. P., Mount Washington, Md.), who sends us a set of doilies made by herself in her seventy-seventh year, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund. There are six in all, of the most beautiful designs, in drawn work of silk and linen of finest quality, all the patterns different, and every piece a gem of delicate, artistic workmanship. Each doily is about seven inches square, fringe included. These will be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds applied to the Fund. We invite offers from our readers for this beautiful contribution.

In describing the bed-spread contributed to the Fund by Mrs. Evelyn M. Dick of South Boston, the dimensions of the spread were omitted. It measures seven feet by five feet ten inches. It is a splendid piece of artistic work, hand-knit, white-shell pattern; the pattern showing 447 pieces, and occupying many months of loving labor. The donor directs that it be sold for the benefit of the Fund and offers will now be received.

The subscriptions to the Moody Gospel Fund during the week are acknowledged below:

Previously Acknowledged . . . \$3,010 00	
Rich. Hughes	50
E. L. M. H., Morristown, Pa.	35
Mrs. W. H. Smith	1 00
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Friend, Phila., Pa.	1 00
Erie, Ia., Pella, Iowa	50
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MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.*: Mrs. George Holbrook, \$2.; H. A. Simpson, \$1.; Charles Peterson, \$6.; Sympathizer, Wis., 60 cents; In His Name, Warren, Pa., \$1.; A. L. Ingerson, \$2.; Passenger on Chrystenah, \$2.; S. A. D., New London, Conn., \$1.; A. B. Weaver, \$8.; C. M. Sing, 46 cents; Friends, Brewster, N. Y., \$2.; Mrs. Augusta A. Timmerman, box of clothing; Dolena MacKinnon, \$1.; Sue T. Smith, \$1.; Sarah Hall, \$2.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest*: Mr. and Mrs. Newhardt, 50 cents; Mrs. G. S. T., Arcola, Ill., \$1.; H. O. Draper, \$4.; Reader, Georgetown, Mass., \$1.; Mrs. M. J. Banks, \$5. Previously acknowledged, \$333.90. Total, \$345.40.

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: A. L. Ingerson, \$1.

For the Mission to Jews in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust: Mrs. William Sheperd, \$5.; Mrs. Jane Gregory, \$3.; A. L. Ingerson, \$1.; A —, \$2.50; Mrs. Hannah Merry, \$1.50, and also two pieces of linen; Mrs. Thos. Kent, \$5.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Mr. and Mrs. Newhardt, 50 cents; L. R. P., Utica, N. Y., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$353. Total, \$354.50.

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work: Mr. and Mrs. Newhardt, 50 cents; Mrs. S. C. Pflug, 50 cents.

"THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM."

The famous author, Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., recently made the statement, "I am more and more convinced that one of the best ways to hasten the coming of the Kingdom in the earth is to build up the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

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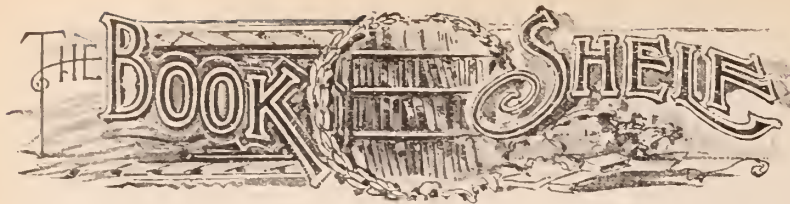
THE LAMP OF LIFE

DR. B. O. KINNEAR, Editor.

(Author of "Impending Judgments") \$1 per annum in advance.

Filled with new prophetic truth, and signs of the Times, See The Christian Herald, May 23, 1894, Address 101 W. 74th st., N. Y. City.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, O., begins 7th yr. Sept. 3. Board, tuition, furnished room and books, \$2.80 to \$3. a wk.; total cost, \$135 a yr.; 8 courses; no saloons; cheapest, safest, best. Catalogue free. W. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Pres.



A LAND WITHOUT A RELIGION.*

CATAclysm which at once and completely overthrew an existing faith, did actually take place in Korea, and the land to this day has never recovered from its effects. As to the way in which it came about, the following is a Korean explanation: It was at the time of the great Japanese invasion of three hundred years ago. Up to that time, Korea was like its neighbors, who have ever been rather tolerant than otherwise of religious beliefs. They have usually harbored two or three at a time, which have managed to live at peace in the placid bosom of the race. The invasion took place just as the sixteenth century of our era was lapsing into the seventeenth. In 1598 Kato and Konichi set sail from Japan—much as William the Conqueror did from Normandy, with only the reciprocal change of continent for island in the two cases—to subjugate their neighbor kingdom across the sea; and after a passage of much the same length, they landed at Pusan, as he did at Pevensey. There is certainly something grander in a flotilla bound for conquest than in an army. We are moved by the daring that braves both Nature and man. So was nature touched herself, and she let them across in safety. Then began the march up from the sea; for, unlike England, there was no gallant Harold to oppose them—none who, after worsting one enemy, had marched (as is even to-day a marvel in tactics) from sea to sea to front the other foe. Korea was paralyzed by the boldness of the deed. She seems hardly to have realized the situation. Her seclusion has always colored to her mind the actions of the outside world with something of the impossibility of fulfillment of a dream. And the Japanese column moved on with the irresistible force of a natural catastrophe.

The invaders were plucky then, as they are plucky now. For all that, they did not despise strategem, so Korean tradition informs us; for the two rival generals were racing by different roads to the capital, and time, for once in the history of the East, became of account. Neither could afford to stop and lay siege, lest his rival should get ahead of him. To gain access, therefore, to those citadels which they could not take by assault, the Japanese adopted a disguise ready at hand. Some of them donned the broad-brimmed hats of the Buddhist priests, that sweep down on the sides so as to conceal completely the face of the wearer. They gave men the appearance of mush-rooms walking. Thus insured against detection, the invaders gained admittance to the outstanding castles and put the garrisons to the sword.

The inoffensive priests suffered for the depredations of the wolves in sheep's clothing. When the Japanese withdrew, which did not happen permanently till thirty years afterward, the Korean Government decreed that for future safety no priest should ever, on any pretense whatsoever, set foot within the gates of a walled city. The expulsion of the priests was naturally followed

*From *Choson, the Land of the Morning Calm*, a sketch of Korea, by Percival Lowell; illustrated; 422 pp. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.

An Asthma Cure at Last

European and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Compound Co., 116 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

The Health and Pleasure Resorts of Michigan and the West

are illustrated and described in a handsome folder which has just been issued by the Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route." This folder is designed for the special use of people in the North who wish to learn something about the Resorts of Michigan (including Mackinac Island and the Lake Superior Region), Wisconsin, Minnesota, Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Utah, and the Pacific Coast, and will be sent free on application to W. H. Underwood, Eastern Passenger Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

by the gradual disappearance of the buildings. The body of religion—its structures—crumbled again to dust, and the spirit winged its flight from persecuting man to rest among the mountains. So religion in Korea died.

Such is one explanation. But there is grave reason to doubt it. It savors far too much of a desire to father upon the hated victorious Japanese the destruction of everything that Korea has lost. The account given in the native histories is more prosaic, but more trustworthy. The other is interesting as showing up one side of the Korean character—an utter untrustworthiness in matters between themselves and others. It comes out even more markedly in their accounts of battles which they are forever winning, and yet somehow after which they invariably retreat.

According to the historical version, some centuries ago there were two parties in the State—one wedded to Confucianism, the other equally attached to Buddhism. The Buddhists had grown exceedingly corrupt. A struggle took place between the two parties; the Buddhist supporters were worsted, and their expulsion was decreed and carried out. Buddhism was banished; thenceforward it lived only in the depths of the country.

A NATION'S FALL.*

THE historian pauses to sum up and emphasize once more the main lesson of his narrative. It is that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the reproach of any people." God had called his son Israel out of Egypt, delivered his chosen from Pharaoh, given them a pleasant land; but "Israel had sinned against Jehovah their God, and had feared other gods, and walked in the statutes of the heathen." They had failed therefore in fulfilling the very purpose for which they had been set apart. They had been intended "to uplift among the nations the banner of righteousness" and the banner of the One True God. Instead of this, they were seduced by the heathen ritual of

"Gay religions full of pomp and gold."

They decked out alien institutions, and alike in frequented and populous places—"from the tower of the watchmen to the fenced city"—set up "matstseboth" (A.V., "pillars") and "Asherim" on every high hill. The green trees became "obumbratices scelerum," the secret bowers of their iniquities. They burnt incense on the "bamoth," and served idols, and wrought wickedness. Useless had been the voices of all the prophets and the seers. They went after vain things, and became vain. Beginning with the two "calves," they proceeded to lewd and orgiastic idolatries. Ahab and Jezebel seduced them into Tyrian Baal-worship. From the Assyrians they learnt and practised the adoration of the host of heaven. From Moab and Ammon they borrowed the abominable rites of Moloch, and used divination and enchantments by means of belomancy (Ezek. 21: 21, 22) and necromancy, and sold themselves to do wickedness.

Nor was this all. These idolatries, with their guilty ritualism, were not confined to Israel, but also

Infected Zion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah.

And thus, when Jehovah afflicted the seed of Israel and cast them out of his sight, Judah also had to feel the stroke of retribution. And it is idle to object that even if Israel had been faithful she must have inevitably perished before the superior might of Damascus, or Nineveh, or Babylon. How can we tell? It is not possible for us thus to write unwritten history, and there is absolutely nothing to show that the surmise is correct. In the days of David, of Uzziah, of Jeroboam II., Judah and Israel had shown what they could achieve. Had

*From *The Second Book of Kings*, a recent volume of the *Expositors' Bible Series*, by F. W. Farrar, D.D. Pp. 47. Price 5s. 6d. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth street, New York.

they been strong in faithfulness to Jehovah, and in the righteousness which that faith required, they would have shown an invincible strength amid the moral involution of the surrounding people. They might have held their own by welding into one strong kingdom the whole of Palestine, including Philistia, Phœnicia, the Negeb, and the Trans-Jordanic region. They might have consolidated the sway which they at various times attained southward, as far as the Red Sea port of Elath; northward over Aram and Damascus, as far as the Hamath on the Orontes; eastward to Thapsacus on the Euphrates; westward to the Isles of the Gentiles.

There is nothing improbable, still less impossible, in the view that, if the Israelites had truly served Jehovah and obeyed his laws, they might then have permanently established the monarchy which was ideally regarded as their inheritance, and which for brief and fitful periods they partially maintained. And such a monarchy, held together by warrior statesmen, strong and righteous, and above all, secure in the blessing of God, would have been a thoroughly adequate counterpoise, not only to dilatory and distracted Egypt, which had long ceased to be aggressive, but even to brutal Assyria, which prevailed in no small measure because of the isolation and mutual dissension of these southern principalities.

But, as it was, "Assyria and Egypt"—the two world powers in the dawn of history, the two chief sources of ancient civilization, the twin giant-empires which bounded the Israelite people on the right hand and on the left—were cruel neighbors, between whom the ill-fated nation was tossed to and fro in wanton sport like a shuttlecock. They were cruel friends before whom it must cringe in turn, praying sometimes for help, suing sometimes for very life—alternate scourges in the hand of the Divine wrath. Now it is the fly of Egypt, and now it is the bee of Assyria, whose ruthless swarms issue at the word of Jehovah, settling in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes, with deadly sting, fatal to man and beast, devastating the land far and wide. Holding the poor Israelite in their relentless embrace, they threatened ever and again to crush him by their grip. Like the fabled rock which frowned over the narrow straits of the Bosphorus, they would crash together and annihilate the helpless craft which the storms of destiny had placed at their mercy. Israel reeled under their successive blows. As was the beginning, so was the end. As the captivity of Egypt had been the cradle of the nation, so was the captivity of Assyria to be its tomb.

In any case the principle of the historian remains unshaken. Sin is weakness, idolatry is folly and rebellion; uncleanness is decrepitude.

"LOVING THE WORLD."*

Katie looked doubtful. Harold glanced from her to his mother, and back again.

"One command is clear, at all events," he said. "'Love not the world.' The gist of the whole matter lies there—in the heart's affections; in the loving or the non-loving." "But what is really and truly meant by 'the world?'" asked Katie.

*From *Life in a Nutshell*, by Agnes Gilberne; a delightful story for the young. Pp. 222; cloth covers. A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

"You might get various answers to that question," Harold said, smiling. "In an ordinary way, people count 'the world' to mean all those who are a little more gay than themselves—all those who allow what they themselves do not allow."

"Yes, I know. It is most dreadfully puzzling. If one could only be quite sure what the Bible exactly means by 'the world!'" "I should say that first there is the simple and every-day meaning of this actual world in which we live—the earth and the things contained in it. We are not to love this world as our home. It is not to be first in our hearts. As citizens of heaven, we are 'strangers and pilgrims' on earth, and the things of earth are to be secondary—used and enjoyed, but not loved with any absorbing affection, and held at all times loosely."

"Yes, and—"

"There is also the meaning of 'the world' in the sense of all that is in opposition to God. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world . . . is not the Father, but is of the world.' You see the true dividing-line. Whatever a man thinks, says, does, allows, is either 'of the Father' or 'of the world.'"

Katie said "Yes," slowly.

"In the days when St. John wrote, the matter was comparatively an easy one. A sharp dividing-line then existed between the persecuted Church and the fashionable heathen world. But things now are much more complicating and puzzling, for the Church glides into the world by gradual stages. So far as we have power to see, there is no sharp visible line of demarcation."

"It is just all that which makes everything so dreadfully difficult," said Katie. "How is one ever to know what is really right?"

"First of all, make up your mind distinctly, that your decision is to be, not merely your own, but under the leading of the Holy Spirit. You must ask Divine guidance, and wait for it. Secondly, make up your mind no less distinctly that your decision is to be for yourself individually, not for your friends and acquaintances. For yourself you must decide—for others you need not."

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The Island of Lepers.

Dr. Talmage tells of the Sadness and the Cheerfulness of Molokai—Unrecognized Heroes who Supplement Damien's Work—The Story of William Ragsdale.

MID-OCEAN, NEAR TASMANIA, JUNE 23, '94.

THE most of the world's heroes and heroines die unrecognized. They will have to wait until the roll is called on the other side of the Dead Sea. I have seen no celebration of the courage and fidelity of Rev. S. Waiwaiolo, who died two years ago in the leper settlement of the Sandwich Islands, nor of the Rev. M. Pahio, who himself struck with leprosy, goes right on with his evangelic labors except when especial ever of his disease prostrates him, and will continue his work of love until he has neither foot to walk nor tongue to speak, because of the dreadful disintegration. But once in awhile there are circumstances which thrill the world with the same story like that of the brilliant Belgian Catholic priest, Joseph Damien, who, after a week's consideration of whether he had better do so, accepted the appointment as missionary to Molokai, the Isle of Lepers, for sixteen years administering to the leprosy and then dying of the leprosy. When told by his physician that he had the fell taint upon him he showed no alarm nor even agitation, but said, "As I expected. I am willing to die for those I came to save." The king knighted him and a memorial slab designates his resting-place, but Protestantism has joined Catholicism in the beatification of this self-sacrificing ecclesiastic.

A Tribute to Damien.

That moral hero completely transformed the Isle of Lepers. It was before his work began a pen of abominations. No law, no decency. All the tigers of passion were let loose. Drunkenness and blasphemy and libertinism and cruelty dominated. The moral disease eclipsed the physical. But Damien dawned upon the darkness. He helped them build cottages. He medicated their physical distresses. The plague which he could not arrest he alleviated. He settled the controversies of the people. He prepared the dead for burial, and digged for them Christian graves, and pronounced upon them a benediction. He launched a Christian civilization upon the wretchedness. He gave them the gospel of good cheer. He told the poor victims concerning the land of eternal health, where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick," and the swollen faces took on the look of hope and the glassy eyes saw coming relief, and the footless and the limbless and the fingerless looked forward to a place where they might walk with the King robed in white, and "everlasting songs upon their heads."

Good and Christlike Joseph Damien! Let all religions honor his memory. Let poetry and canvas and sculpture tell the story of this man who lived and died for others, and from century to century keep

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him in bright remembrance long after the last leper of all the earth shall have felt through all his recovering and revitalized nature the voice of the Son of God saying, "I will! Be thou clean."

The Regime of Molokai.

The eternal pathos of Molokai has attracted the attention of all nations, because it is a leper colony. It is a small island, but it contains a continent of woe. It was established in mercy. Leprosy was so rapidly advancing in the Sandwich Islands that the entire population was imperiled. To control and extirpate the ghastly evil, it was necessary to put it by itself on an island not easily accessible. But those banished there are made as comfortable as possible. In one year this leper settlement cost the Hawaiian Government \$55,000. Every week each patient is allowed four pounds of salmon; nine pounds of rice; one pound of sugar, or, if preferred, from five to six pounds of beef, and twenty-one pounds of "paiai," which is a near approach to bread. Leprosy reigns there. The victims have bands of music, all the players lepers; they have churches, all the worshippers lepers; they have carriages, all the drivers and occupants lepers; they have hospitals, all the nurses and patients lepers; they have drama, and all the actors lepers; they have schools, all the teachers and scholars lepers; marriages are performed, and the contracting parties are lepers; children are born there, and they are mostly lepers. Everything that pustule and scarification and inflammation and gangrene and disfigurement can do, is done here. Science, which has successfully fought back most of the world's disorders, has here closed its pharmacy, put back into the case its surgical instruments, and come down to the government boat and retreated from this island of death. Thank God this dominion of death is being broken, and he will have to dismount this sepulchral throne. Segregation of the victims will complete the overthrow of the foul plague, and in these islands a leper will be as rare as in America, where most of the people never saw a leper.

Cheerful, Though Doomed.

What most strikes a visitor at Molokai is the placidity and cheerfulness of the victimized. One would think they could never smile, never sing, never get out from under a sense of despair. But whatsoever agonies may fill the hearts of these lepers, they appear to the beholder as in a resignation that amounts to good cheer. They seem among the happiest people on earth. Many of them on horseback come galloping down the road. Songs roll over the fated village by day and night. Hawaiian nature adjusts itself to circumstances. We have often seen people who through pulmonary or Bright's disease, were certain of early demise, and yet a mirth bubbling and resonant. The fact is we must all die, and yet we manage to keep cheerful, and why should not those struck by leprosy fatality have sunshine in their countenance and talk?

The mercy of the Hawaiians has made this colony of doomed inhabitants more tolerable than in most lands. I have seen in the suburbs of Jerusalem and Damascus scores of those cast out for this disease and inhabiting caverns and tombs. Beaten of the elements, living on the coin which passers-by may fling to them, while day by day they are rotting alive. Let us thank God that those smitten with incurable sores, in the Sandwich Islands, have homes, and schools, and churches, and food, and nurses, and alleviations, and parterres of sweetest flowers under arches of bluest skies.

The Story of William Ragsdale, Leper.

No respecter of persons is this physical calamity. William Ragsdale, a popular lawyer was sent there. He was eloquent both in Hawaiian and English, and could make his audiences weep, and laugh, and shiver, and resolve. He had the satire of a Junius, and the impassioned abandon of an O'Connell. No one suspected he was a leper before the day when he sent a letter to the authorities, surrendering himself, and saying that on the morrow he would go aboard the steamer for Molokai. He spent the morning of the day of his departure in riding around to say good-by to his friends and just before the hour of sailing, came down to the boat, his neck adorned with gardenia, and turned around and made a fare-well address, closing with the words: "Aloha! May God bless you, my brothers!" Hundreds of the people and a glee club accompanied him to the boat, and they

rent the air with lamentations as the boat swung off from its moorings. He took a Bible and some law books with him into his dreadful exile, and the prayers of churches were offered that he might have courage and peace in the remaining days of his earthly tarrying. Queen Emma's cousin, Hon. Mr. Kaco, was also sent to Molokai, and there was no power in his royal connection to keep him outside of that island.

Mrs. Napela, of high social circle, had her cottage of enforced exile on that island of sepulchres. A legislator of the Hawaiian Islands is there closing his life. He was probably a good legislator in the days of his health, but I cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if all the leprosy legislators of the earth could be put in some island by themselves. Such a banishment would be a mighty thinning out at Albany, Harrisburg, and Washington legislatures, State and National.

The United States Government could afford to provide such a Molokai, and the moral lepers sent there could have their legislature and Congress and board of aldermen and army and navy all of the same blotch. But while the Hawaiian legislator could be found out and sent to the so-called "Isle of precipices," the moral leper is not so easily designated, because he has the blotch not so much on his forehead as on his heart. What every State and Nation now needs is a Molokai or Isle of lepers.

Conversation about leprosy with a former member of the Board of Health for the Hawaiian Islands revealed to me the following facts.

Q. "In what part of the system does leprosy begin its work?"

A. "It attacks the nerve-centres."

Q. "No Cure Now Known for the Plague."

Q. "Are there any cases of cure?"

A. "The only cases I recall are those mentioned in the Bible: Naaman the Syrian hero, and the ten cases that Christ cured, nine of them too mean to acknowledge the divine medicament."

Q. "What in ordinary cases is the velocity of the disease, and how long before it completes its work?"

A. "Well I have known one case last sixteen years. I think the usual duration is five or six years."

Q. "Is it contagious?"

A. "There are different opinions about that. I have seen in married life the husband or wife a leper for years, and the partner in life always in good health. I have known a leprosy parent to have a healthy child. I was talking on this subject with an eminent physician who said to me, 'Do you see those two children playing together? The one is a leper, and the other my own child, and I have no fear about contamination.'"

Q. "How many patients are there in Molokai at the present time?"

A. "About one thousand."

Only two weeks ago, a ship took twenty-five more lepers to Molokai. The scene of parting is said to be so heart-rending that but few people go to the wharf to witness it. The wailing and howling at the parting of families, as the filial, and fraternal, and paternal, and maternal bonds are broken, is something that haunts the memory. Not long ago a young man, sentenced to the leper island, declared he would not be taken alive. He shot three of those who were attempting to segregate him, and then hid in a hut until a cannon on a neighboring hill bombarded the hut into a wreck. Then a relative went to the hut and found the young man dead.

The Doctor of the Future.

But do not let us give up discouraged. Leprosy as well as cancer and all the other unconquered ailments will yet be cured. I do not know where the cradle now holding the coming doctor is being rocked, whether at Molokai, or in Honolulu, or on the banks of the Thames, or the Rhine, or the Tiber, or the Ural, or the Hudson, or the Savannah. Nor do I know from what college he will unroll his diploma, nor in what labora-

tory he will make his experiments, nor in what decade he will give proclamation of the world's emancipation from diseases as yet incurable, but he will go through the same persecutions that Dr. Jenner did because of his discovery of a way to halt small-pox, and as Dr. Keeley has endured because of his almost supernatural cure of alcoholism, and the new discoverer will run the gauntlet of caricature, and expulsion from medical societies, and will, like the most illustrious Being of all ages, become the target for expectation, but the discoverer will give leprosy the command, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," and that disease will wriggle and crawl and shrink out of the world, and after the medical emancipator is dead, the nations will build a monument so high to his memory that the granite shaft will dispute with the skies the right of possession, and in the epitaph thereon the clicking chisel will try to atone for the slanderous tongue, and the world that held back from the discoverer the bread or honest praise, will give him a storm of post-mortem commemoration. Forward the whole column of surgeons and physicians for the conquest of leprosy and cancer.

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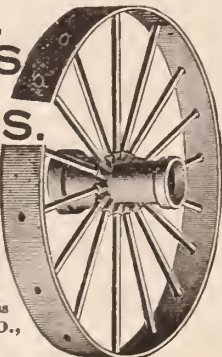
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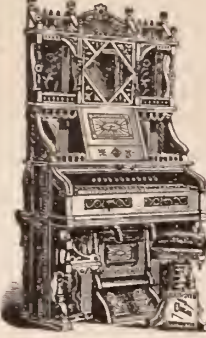
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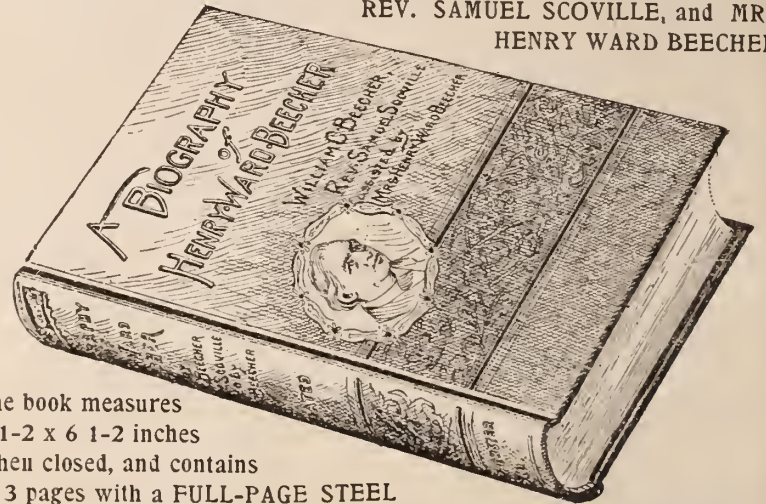
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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OCEAN GROVE'S SILVER WEDDING.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR GREATEST CHRISTIAN SUMMER CAMPING-GROUND.

A Magnificent Outcome to Twenty-five Years' Unremitting, Divinely-blessed, Gospel Endeavor—How the New Mammoth Auditorium Looks—Largest Hall of Religious Assembly in the World—A Spiritual Experiment that Influences a Continent.

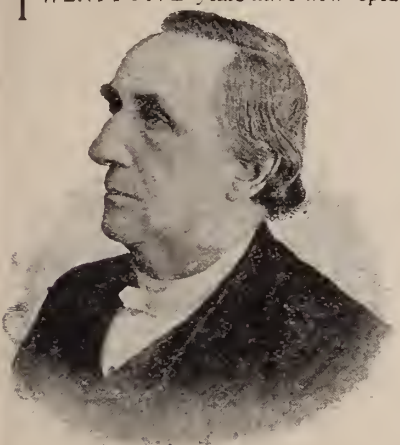
TWENTY-FIVE years have now sped

with attractions toward which the heart of Christian America seems to gravitate, Ocean Grove enters upon a new era of increased spiritual possibilities and responsibilities. There, for a quarter of a century, thousands upon thousands of Christian men and women have assembled every summer, drawn thither by common spiritual impulse, for the purpose of mingling praise and worship with the advantages of an outing by the sea. All these years, since it was first established as a midsummer Mecca for the spiritually-minded, its influ-

a State, but a whole nation. Methodists, and indeed Christian people of many other denominations, look forward every summer to spending a portion of the season there, and many come very long distances to do so. Many a soul awakened to the new life in Ocean Grove, has been fruitful in bringing other souls afar off to the same happy condition.

To present a complete history of Ocean Grove would almost fill an entire issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; therefore we will attempt only a sketch in outline of the leading events connected with this grand old Methodist camping-ground—probably the greatest in the world of its kind. In 1869 there were only a few cottages on a strip of sandy coast to mark the site upon which now stands a populous little city. Here, in summer, a few families had come for several seasons, finding rest and recreation with all the advantages of beautiful surroundings and cool ocean breezes, and

that a religious service should be held in their tent. He agreed, and a few friends were invited. Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., the presiding elder of the district, was asked to deliver an address. Dr. Stokes complied, and chose for his text the first words of the Bible, "In the beginning, God." The choice was significant, for that text became



REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D., LL.D.

since the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting As-

sociation was organized, and in the celebration, this year, of its "Silver Anniversary," the grand old pioneer organization, together with the beautiful city it has founded by the sea, and all the dwellers therein, is entitled to the felicitations of every Christian community in the land. It is an event that marks an important stage in the history of modern religious progress in America; for the whole record of Ocean Grove, from first to last, is a demonstration of the most successful experiment in practical

godliness that has ever been placed on authentic record. This year, with a growth in numbers that is phenomenal, with multiplied resources such as its originators could not have even dreamed of, with a new Auditorium vaster than any building ever before erected for religious purposes and



THE NEW AUDITORIUM AT OCEAN GROVE—EXTERIOR VIEW.

ence has been growing and expanding to such an extent that it has now become national. The pure, elevated, wholesome life that is to be found in this city by the sea, permeates not a township, a county or

without the annoyance and frivolities of a fashionable watering-place. To these tent-dwellers it was an ideal spot, so quiet and reposeful, that a lady who was passing her vacation there suggested to her husband



REV. THOMAS HANLON, D.D., LL.D.

the appropriate motto of the little communi-

ty, and suggested the spiritual and material life, energy, and wondrous growth that were to follow. The services were continued, and the attendance increased. Started as an experiment, they began to assume a permanent shape, and soon thirteen clergymen and thirteen laymen obtained a charter from the New Jersey Legislature, under the title of "The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association," in which they covenanted to devote the land to religious uses forever. The promoters, were men of strong

faith and indomitable energy, and went forward in their work with a will. With keen business sagacity, they planned the little town, and every year saw its borders widening. Beauty, sanitation and comfort were kept steadily in view. An army of

(Continued on page 531.)



AN ONLY SON.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Luke 7: 12-15. *"Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."*

THE text calls us to stand at the gate of the city of Nain. The streets are a-rush with business and gayety, and the ear is deafened with the hammers of mechanism and the wheels of traffic. Work, with its thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills all the street, when suddenly the crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Between the wheels of work and pleasure there comes a long procession of mourning people. Who is it? A trifler says, "Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may have come up from the hospital of the city, or the almshouse, or some low place of the town;" but not so says the serious observer. There are so many evidences of dire bereavement that we know at the first glance some one has been taken away greatly beloved; and to our inquiry, "Who is this that is carried out with so many offices of kindness and affection?" the reply comes, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow." Stand back and let the procession pass out! Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure! Let every head be uncovered! Weep with this passing procession; and let it be told through all the market-places and bazaars of Nain, that in Galilee to-day the sepulchre hath gathered to itself "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

There are two or three things that, in my mind, give especial pathos to this scene. The first is, he was a young man that was being carried out. To the aged, death becomes beautiful. The old man halts and pants along the road, where once he bounded like the roe. From the midst of immediate ailments and sorrows, he cries out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Footsore and hardly bested on the hot journey, he wants to get home. He sits in the church, and sings, with a tremulous voice, some tune he sang forty years ago, and longs to join the better assemblage of the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the thousands of thousands who have passed the flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last sleep! Push back the white locks from the wrinkled temples; they will never ache again. Fold the hands over the still heart; they will never toil again. Close gently the eyes; they will never weep again.

But this man that I am speaking of was a young man. He was just putting on the armor of life, and he was exulting to think how his sturdy blows would ring out above the clangor of the battle. I suppose he had a young man's hopes, a young man's ambitions, and a young man's courage. He said, "If I live many years, I will feed the hungry and clothe the naked. In this city of Nain, where there are so many bad young men, I will be sober, and honest, and pure, and magnanimous, and my mother shall never be ashamed of me." But all these prospects are blasted in one hour. There he passes lifeless in the procession. Behold all that is left on earth of the high-hearted young man of the city of Nain.

There is another thing that adds very much to this scene, and that is, he was an only son. However large the family flock

may be, we never could think of sparing one of the lambs. Though they may all have their faults, they all have their excellences that commend them to the parental heart; and if it were peremptorily demanded of you to-day that you should yield up one of your children out of a very large family, you would be confounded, and you could not make a selection. But this was an only son, around whom gathered all the parental expectations. How much care in his education! How much caution in watching his habits! He would carry down the name to other times. He would have entire control of the family property long after the parents had gone to their last reward. He would stand in society a thinker, a worker, a philanthropist, a Christian. No, no. It is all ended. Behold him there. Breath is gone. Life is extinct. The only son of his mother.

There was one other thing that added to the pathos of this scene, and that was, his mother was a widow. The main hope of that home had been broken, and now he was come up to be the staff. The chief light of the household had been extinguished, and this was the only light left. I suppose she often said, looking at him, "There are only two of us." Oh, it is a grand thing to see a young man step out in life, and say to his mother, "Don't be down-hearted. I will, as far as possible, take father's place, and as long as I live you shall never want anything." It is not always that way. Sometimes the young people get tired of the old people. They say they are queer; that they have so many ailments; and they sometimes wish them out of the way. A young man and his wife sat at the table, their little son on the floor playing beneath the table. The old father was very old, and his hand shook so, they said, "You shall no more sit with us at the table." And so they gave him a place in the corner, where day by day he ate out of an earthen bowl—everything put into that bowl. One day his hand trembled so much he dropped it and it broke; and the son, seated at the elegant table in mid-floor, said to his wife, "Now, we'll get tather a wooden bowl, and that he can't break." So a wooden bowl was obtained, and every day old grandfather ate out of that, sitting in the corner. One day, while the elegant young man and his wife were seated at their table, with chased silver and all the luxuries, and their little son sat upon the floor, they saw the lad whittling, and they said, "My son, what are you doing there with that knife?" "Oh," said he, "I—I'm making a trough for my father and mother to eat out of when they get old!"

But this young man of the text was not of that character. He did not belong to that school. I can tell it from the way they mourned over him. He was to be the companion of his mother. He was to be his mother's protector. He would return now some of the kindnesses he had received in the days of childhood and boyhood. Ah, he would with his strong hand uphold that form already enfeebled with age. Will he do it? No. In one hour all that promise of help and companionship is gone. There

is a world of anguish in that one short phrase, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

Now, my friends, it was upon this scene that Christ broke. He came in without any introduction. He stopped the procession. He had only two utterances to make; the one to the mourning mother, the other to the dead. He cried out to the mourning one, "Weep not;" and then, touching the bier on which the son lay, he cried out, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise! And he that was dead sat up."

I learn two or three things from this subject, and, first, that Christ was a man. You see how that sorrow played upon all the chords of his heart. I think we forget this too often. Christ was a man more certainly than you are, for he was a perfect man. No sailor ever slept in ship's hammock more soundly than Christ slept in that boat on Gennesaret. In every nerve, and muscle, and bone, and fibre of his body; in every emotion and affection of his heart; in every action and decision of his mind, he was a man. He looked off upon the sea just as you look off upon the waters. He went into Martha's house just as you go into a cottage. He breathed hard when he was tired, just as you do when you are exhausted. He felt after sleeping out a night in the storm just like you do when you have been exposed to a tempest. It was just as humiliating for him to beg bread as it would be for you to become a pauper. He felt just as much insulted by being sold for thirty pieces of silver as you would if you were sold for the price of a dog. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot he was a man. When the thorns were twisted for his brow, they hurt him just as much as they hurt your brow, if they were twisted for it. He took not on him the nature of angels; he took on him the seed of Abraham. "Ecce homo!"—Behold the man!

But I must also draw from this subject that he was a God. Suppose that a man should attempt to break up a funeral obsequy: he would be seized by the law, he would be imprisoned, if he were not actually slain by the mob before the officers could secure him. If Christ had been a mere mortal, would he have a right to come in upon such a procession? Would he have succeeded in his interruption? He was more than a man, for when he cried out, "I say unto thee, Arise!" he that was dead sat up." What excitement there must have been thereabouts! The body had lain prostrate. It had been mourned over with agonizing tears, and yet now it begins to move in the shroud, and to be flushed with life; and, at the command of Christ, he rises up and looks into the faces of the astonished spectators. Oh, this was the work of a God! I hear it in his voice; I see it in the flash of his eye; I behold it in the snapping of death's shackles; I see it in the face of the rising slumberer; I hear it in the outcry of all those who were spectators of the scene. If, when I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning with the bereaved, I put my hands on his shoulders, and say, "My brother," now that I hear him proclaim supernatural deliverances, I look up into his face and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Do you not think he was a God? A great many people do not believe that, and they compromise the matter, or they think they compromise it. They say he was a very good man, but he was not a God. That is impossible. He was either a God or a wretch, and I will prove it. If a man professes to be that which he is not, what is he? He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. That is your unanimous verdict. Now, Christ professed to be a God. He said over and over again he was a God, took the attributes of a God, and assumed the works and offices of a God. Dare you now say he was not? He was a God, or he was a wretch. Choose ye.

Do you think I cannot prove by this Bible that he was a God? If you do not believe this Bible, of course there is no need of my talking to you. There is no common data from which to start. Suppose you do believe it? Then I can demonstrate that he

was divine. I can prove he was Creator, John 1: 3, "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." He was eternal, Rev. 22: 13, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." I can prove that he was omnipotent, Heb. 1: 10, "The heavens are the work of thine hands." I can prove he was omniscient, John 2: 25, "He knew what was in man." Oh yes, he is a God. He cleft the sea. He upheaved the crystalline walls along which the Israelites marched. He planted the mountains. He raises up governments and casts down thrones, and marches across nations and across worlds and across the universe, eternal, omnipotent, unhindered and unabashed. That hand that was nailed to the Cross holds the stars in a leash of love. That head that dropped on the bosom in fainting and death shall make the world quake at its nod. That voice that groaned in the last pang shall swear before the trembling world that time shall be no longer. Oh, do not insult the common sense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man, in whose presence the paralytic arm was thrust out well, and the devils crouched, and the lepers dropped their scales, and the tempests folded their wings, and the boy's satchel of a few loaves made a banquet for five thousand, and the sad procession of my text broke up in congratulation and hosanna!

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you, this was a city funeral. In the country, when the bell tolls, they know all about it for five miles around, and they know what was the matter with the man, how old he was, and what were his last experiences. They know with what temporal prospects he has left his family. There is no haste, there is no indecency in the obsequies. There is nothing done as a mere matter of business. Even the children come out as the procession passes, and look sympathetic, and the tree-shadows seem to deepen, and the brooks weep in sympathy as the procession goes by. But, mark you, this that I am speaking of was a city funeral. In great cities the cart jostles the hearse, and there is mirth, and gladness, and indifference as the weeping procession goes by. In this city of Nain, it was a common thing to have trouble and bereavement and death. Christ saw it every day there. Perhaps that very hour there were others being carried out: but this frequency of trouble did not harden Christ's heart at all. He stepped right out, and he saw this mourner, and he had compassion on her, and he said, "Weep not."

Now, I have to tell you, O bruised souls, and there are many everywhere (have you ever looked over any great audience and noticed how many shadows of sorrow there are?) I come to all such and say, "Christ meets you, and he has compassion on you, and he says, 'Weep not.'" Perhaps with some it is financial trouble. "Oh," you say, "it is such a silly thing for a man to cry over lost money." Is it? Suppose you had a large fortune, and all luxuries brought to your table, and your wardrobe was full, and your home was beautified by music and sculpture and painting, and thronged by the elegant and educated, and then some rough misfortune should strike you in the face, and trample your treasures, and taunt your children for their tattered dress, and send you into commercial circles an underling where once you waved a sceptre of gold, do you think you would cry then? I think you would. But Christ comes and meets all such to-day. He sees all the straits in which you have been thrust. He observes the sneer of that man who once was proud to walk in your shadow, and glad to get your help. He sees the protested note, the uncanceled judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the heart-breaking exasperation, and he says, "Weep not. I own the cattle on a thousand hills. I will never let you starve. From my hand the fowls of heaven peck all their food. And will I let you starve? Never—no, my child, never."

Or perhaps this tramp at the gate of Nain has an echo in your own bereft spirit. You

went out to the grave, and you felt you never could come back again. You left your heart there. God has dashed out the light of your eyes, and the heavy spirit that that woman carried out of the gate of Nain is no heavier than yours. Do we not all know? There is an uplifted woe on your heart. You have been out carrying your loved one beyond the gate of the city of Nain. But look yonder. Someone stands watching. He seems waiting for you. As you come up he stretches out his hand of help. His voice is full of tenderness, yet thrills with eternal strength. Who is it? The very one who accosted the mourner at the gate of Nain, and he says, "Weep not."

Perhaps it is a worse grief than that. It may be a living home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhappiness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is cruel, or a father that will not do right; and for years there may have been a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there to-day feeling it is worse than death. It is. It is worse than death. And yet there is relief. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse God and die, look up and hear the voice that accosted the woman as it says, "Weep not."

Earth hath no sorrow
That heaven
cannot cure.

I learn,
again, from all
this that
Christ is the
master of the
grave. Just
outside the
gate of the
city, Death
and Christ

measured lances; and when the young man rose, Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Oh, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started, and how her heart throbbed, as she said, "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. Did you notice that passage in the text as I read it? "He delivered him to his mother." O ye troubled souls! O ye who have lived to see every prospect blasted, peeled, scattered, consumed! wait a little. The seed-time of tears will become the wheat harvest. In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under a sky palled by no hurtling tempest, and amidst redeemed ones that weep not, that part not, that die not, friend will come to friend, and kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gold will lift up their palms as again and again it is announced that the same one who came to the relief of this woman of the text came to the relief of many a maternal heart, and repeated the wonders of resurrection, and "delivered him to his mother." Oh, that will be the harvest of the world.

Ocean Grove Silver Wedding.

(Continued from first page.)

godly consecrated men and women—some of whom have long since passed to their reward, there spent their lives for Christ.

Here oft they sat, and with their friends conversed,
And prayed, and sung of Jesus' precious blood—
Here many a time the story they rehearsed:
Then sweetly passed in triumph up to God.

Among those who were identified with its early Christian triumphs we recall the names of Rev. John S. Inskip and Mrs. Martha J. Inskip. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, George W. Cheesman, and others. Among others who have striven for souls there and whose voices have moved the mighty multitudes are Bishops Spencer, Vincent and Newman, Bowman, Walden and Fowler, Thomas Harrison the well known evangelist, C. H. Yatman with a special mission to the young people, Chaplain C. C. McCabe, Rev. Geo. W. Evans with a genius for Sunday School organization,

were presented by Mr. George Potts of Ocean Grove from his own quarries in Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Osborn, also of Ocean Grove, contributed the corner-stone. There are seven main trusses twenty-one feet apart and each with 161 feet span. Besides these there are eighteen angle trusses, the whole weight of iron and steel used in the building being 550,000 lbs. The building is lighted with 800 incandescent electric lamps, so wired that the number can be doubled if needed, six miles of regulation wire being used. The area of the ground floor is 225 feet by 161 feet, or nearly six-sevenths of an acre. The lower floor contains 5315 folding chairs, the platform 384, and the galleries about 4,000, making a total of about 9,700 seats from each of which the speaker can be seen. Even in the hottest weather, the great building is remarkably cool and always pleasant. The altar rail is 98 feet in length. Trusses, galleries and everything connected with the Auditorium have been tested for strength and with entirely satisfactory results. The first estimate of the cost of this

The Summer Services this year were arranged specially with a view to the anniversary. Sabbath, July 1, was Auditorium Opening Day, when Rev. Dr. Stokes, Rev. T. Hanlon, Rev. C. H. Yatman and others conducted the morning and evening services, the President of the Association preaching the opening sermon. On July 12th, the 25th Anniversary was appropriately celebrated, Rev. Dr. J. R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University, preaching the sermon in the forenoon, and Dr. Joseph Cook, the famous Boston divine, in the evening. Chancellor Day delivered the anniversary address to a great audience at eight P. M. August 9th to 12th inclusive were devoted to Dedication services. All the bishops of the Methodist Church were invited, but many could not attend, being absent in foreign lands. Bishops Bowman, Walden and Fowler attended together with Chaplain McCabe, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Dr. C. E. Mandeville and the resident leaders, and the audiences were large and appreciative. A considerable sum was raised, completely wiping out the debt on the new Auditorium.

The religious activities of Ocean Grove during the present season are numerous and varied. Almost every day of the week is fairly occupied, and the vast attendance at the different gatherings shows that the interest never flags.

Temperance, Home and Foreign Missions, lectures illustrated by stereopticon and otherwise, concerts, King's Daughters, Epworth League, and a great variety of other work closely related to

church matters take the place of the trivialities that usually occupy the attention of the worldly-minded at the average seaside resort.

This week ushered in the great event of the year at Ocean Grove—the Annual Camp meeting, which continues from August 26th to 30th, inclusive. Many dignitaries of the Methodist Church are participating, and the Grove was never so crowded as now. A large number of speakers, many of them of national reputation, have been invited to deliver addresses, the opening sermon being preached by Bishop E. G. Andrews of New York, on August 21. Not only is the great Auditorium itself crowded to overflowing daily during the Camp Meeting, but there are largely attended gatherings in the Temple every morning under the leadership of Rev. C. H. Yatman. Holiness meetings in the Tabernacle daily, with Rev. Geo. Hughes in charge, and Twilight meetings also in the temple. Every Sabbath evening, while Camp Meeting lasts, there are surf meetings, at which thousands sit down on the beach and listen to the living words of truth from the lips of eloquent speakers, as the multitudes of old were wont to assemble on the shores of Galilee's sea to hear the words of life as the Master himself uttered them while he sojournd here on earth.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW AUDITORIUM AT OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

Rev. Thos. Hanlon whose unique and interesting Bible Class of nearly 3,000—the largest in the world—is a leading religious feature of the Grove, and last and most indefatigable and devoted of all, Rev. E. H. Stokes, whose entire energies have been consecrated to the work.

When it was decided to erect a new Auditorium for Ocean Grove on a grander scale than ever before, a Building Committee was appointed consisting of Dr. Stokes, chairman, and Messrs. Geo. W. Evans, T. J. Preston, David H. Brown, A. H. deHaven and Hon. W. O. H. Skirm, with W. H. Stokes as secretary.

Frederick T. Camp was the architect of the new Auditorium which is now universally acknowledged to be the largest evangelical audience room in the United States, if not in the world. Ground was broken for the foundations on December 2, 1893. Some idea of the area occupied may be gathered from the fact that 173,934 square feet or 6,442 cubic yards were excavated before the concrete and cement work could be laid. Its foundations are probably more substantial than those of any of our great public buildings, special care being taken in this respect with a view to assuring the safety of the large audiences that gather there. The cap-stones for trusses and gallery columns

magnificent building was \$50,000, but this was exceeded by several thousands. Viewed as a whole, it is a model structure, light but strong, inviting and homelike even when most densely filled and with every provision for the safety and comfort of the vast assemblages that gather there.

It was not without regret that Ocean Grove bade goodbye to its old Auditorium. That building, which had been the successor of several previous Auditoriums, each larger than its predecessor, had become very dear to the hearts of Methodists all over the country, and to thousands belonging to other denominations. Some idea of the spiritual battles that had been fought and won in these successive buildings may be gathered from the statement made by President Stokes that 12,873 religious services had been held there, or an average of one and one-half services every day during a period of twenty-two years, summer and winter included; that in twenty-four years 7,050 souls had been converted, 4,000 sanctified, 4,500 reclaimed and 55,800 especially helped—a grand total of 72,250 individuals who had been added to the army of Christ through the direct influence of the Ocean Grove meetings. 1894 has been the busiest, and in some respects, the most eventful season in the entire history of the Grove.



JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 2. John 2: 13-25.
Golden Text, John 2: 16. By Mrs. Baxter.

JESUS went up to Jerusalem; his Father's house was the centre of attraction to him. The people, the distinguished personages, the buildings, the variety of commodities in the bazaars, had no attraction for the son of God. At thirty years of age, his steps turned where they had turned at twelve years of age, to the temple. Unwelcome and painful sights were there; a brisk trade was going on in the outer courts of the holy sanctuary of God, in the beasts and birds which were required for sacrifice; and money changing for those from the colonies and other countries, who had brought foreign money to Jerusalem, was going on, and proving to be a thriving concern. It was like a large market, no respect there for the presence of God. And yet it was his Father's house, but none around him marked him, or knew who he was or whence he came. Did the Son of man, at that hour experience what many a child of God has experienced when called of God to take any very unusual step in obedience to him; which would, without doubt call forth opposition and persecution? Was this, was not this one of the times in which he was

"Tempted in all Points

like as we are," and when, looking away from things which are seen and temporal, he, as well as we, had to look at things unseen and eternal, and to recognize the hand of God only, leaving all consequences to him? "He learned obedience by the things which he suffered," and this was probably one of those times of suffering, in which, having obeyed, he obtained the right to be "the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him." He was retiring, and loved to be alone; again and again, we read of his going apart away from the multitude. He did not make his voice to be heard in the streets: the vulgar, repulsive self-assertion which characterizes many, even of God's children, was not to be found in Jesus. He was "meek and lowly in heart." Thus we may infer that it was no easy step for him to take, when, in obedience to his Father, he took the position of Son over that Father's house, made a scourge of small cords, and drove out by sheer physical force these desecrators of the sanctuary, with their sheep and oxen, and turned out the changer's money, and overthrew the tables, and said unto them that sold doves: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

But how could he gain authority over this people? The Son of man knew what Paul the Apostle teaches, that none who go on God's warfare, go at their own charges. God could never send his beloved Son, — he had "emptied himself," and taken the form of a servant — to do a work which he had not previously prepared. We have never to calculate how far it is possible to us to obey God; we deal with a Creator as well as with a Father, and his resources are infinite. He has all power over the hearts of men, and can dispose them as he wills. Of course the Lord

Encountered Opposition.

The chief priests and rulers had never objected to the trading done in the temple courts; who was this that took upon himself so much? His disciples understood him, and to them it was the fulfilment of Ps. 49: 9, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," but with the Jews it was otherwise; they asked of him: "What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing thou doest these things?" Something had struck them, that this young peasant should be able, in one half hour, to accomplish the reformation of an abuse and a desecration

which had long been a crying shame in Jerusalem; they would not condemn what was done. Their consciences were aroused. But then, who sent him? who was he? what authority had he? Jesus answered them and said: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." It was a sign which came to pass afterwards, for "he spoke of the temple of his body." But they had only materialistic ideas, they thought he spoke of the outward temple, and rejoined: "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days."

This was one of the many words which Jesus spoke at the bidding of his Father to such as could not understand his meaning at the time. Only when he was risen from the dead did his disciples remember he had said this unto them. Then they believed the Scripture and the word which Jesus had said. "Was it not John himself that remembered on the very morning of the resurrection, the remarkable saying of Jesus: When he looked into the empty tomb where Jesus had been laid, it is said expressly of him and he saw and believed. For as yet they knew not the Scripture that he must rise again from the dead. God may sometimes send us with a message to those who are not yet in a state to understand or to receive it. Let us be careful how we go as messengers of God, and not be afraid when, in all soberness, it is pressed upon us to say such and such a thing to a person, or a congregation, to whom it does not seem at the time to be adapted. God knows what he is doing: it may be a word which will bear its fruit at another time. A young Christian man was at a small gathering, where the deep truths, which touch a true preparation of heart and life for the coming of the Lord, were dealt with. This young man did not understand, and he thought: "I could teach that man much more than he knows." But the same year, the Lord allowed him to come into severe trial, and then the words which he had formerly despised came back to him in power and transformed his life. If Jesus likened the temple to his human body, he has likened the Church to his mystical body, and as the time of his coming draws near, that body must be cleansed and all spirit of merchandise must be driven out.

Seeking Self in Holy Things.

A Christian man said, not long ago: "I have given large sums to such and such a mission, I think I ought to have a voice in it." Is not this something of the spirit of bargaining or merchandise? Was not that brother seeking his own in the things of God, not really giving but investing his money with the expectation of reaping power and influence? Is this worship — is it not rather merchandise? Is it not the very spirit which led the buyers and sellers in the temple to make the most they could of temporal good for themselves out of the worship of others? But there is a more subtle way in which the spirit of merchandise manifests itself. How many there are who expect to get so much enjoyment from a religious service, so much spiritual sensation out of their prayers, so much comfort for themselves out of Scripture readings, or so much credit from others out of Christian work! They have not yet yielded themselves to God, but their thought is to make God and his worship minister to them. They make God's house a house of merchandise and God's worship a means of gain to themselves. How can such watch and wait for Christ as the Bridegroom who will take to himself only those who have a spirit like his own. This is not the spirit of the Bride, who even forgets her own country, and her father's house. So the King desires her beauty, it is the impress of his own, the divinely wrought conformity to him, which

has been brought about by the Spirit of God on a truly willing mind.

Before the Lord can accomplish his ministry in us and make our whole being a place of God's indwelling, or true place of worship where he shall be honored, he must be allowed to do a very effectual cleansing from all which is not true worship, all which disputes his rights as the One to be considered in our lives. And thus it is with his Church. But the church of Christ as a whole does not understand her calling, she justifies the buyers and sellers, and allows the mixture of the earthly and the heavenly. "That woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess" holds rule still in the Church of God, mixing up her abominations with "works and charity, and service, and faith, and patience." (Rev. 2: 19, 20.) The doctrine of Balaam is still extant among those who hold fast Christ's name, and have not denied his faith.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

JOHN is the only one of the four Evangelists who relates the incident of the lesson. But for his Gospel we should not know that Jesus ever went to Jerusalem after that visit when he was twelve

years old, until his last visit, when he was betrayed and murdered. The other three evangelists record a clearance of the Temple such as John describes, but they place it as occurring during that last visit. We infer, therefore, that after Jesus had driven the bankers and traders out of the Temple at the beginning of his ministry, they returned and were again installed there and again driven out when Jesus went to the city on his last visit. It may be, however, that there was but one clearance and all four evangelists describe the same event. Jesus was shocked, as many a devout Jew must have been, by the spectacle of these traders within the hallowed precincts. They were, doubtless, in the outer quadrangle of the great space of nineteen acres which the Temple occupied. It was a noble square, lined with graceful Corinthian columns, which were arranged so as to form alcoves where the Rabbis might read and explain the law to visitors. But when Jesus visited it, it had become a noisy, busy market, where the lowing of the cattle, the cooing of the doves and the altercations of the money-brokers were the pervading sounds, and no teacher could make himself heard. The shrewd Hebrew had long been aware that the nearer he could establish his business to the Temple, the better for his business. About two million Jews were in Jerusalem at the Passover season and many of these came from distant lands where they were engaged in business. They needed animals and birds for sacrifice and they had to pay the annual Temple tribute of half-a-shekel to the treasury. Their coming was an opportunity for business not likely to be neglected by the Jerusalem Jews. There was a demand for half-shekels, which must be the "money of the sanctuary," not the Roman money of commerce. It was a small coin worth about twenty-eight cents and at this season the money changers made a profit of four cents in supplying it in exchange for other money. There were stores on the streets leading to the Temple, where oxen and sheep and doves were sold to people for offerings, and others where the sanctuary half-shekel could be obtained. A few privileged dealers were, in the time of Annas, admitted to the Court of the Gentiles. Annas made his bargain with them, but their presence there was represented as merely for the convenience of worshippers. They brought in the animals and doves and piles of coin and sold them there. Then there came to be a regular ring. The Levite whose duty it was to examine the offerings, to see that they were without blemish, as enacted by law, could reject any that were brought, and it was soon found that he was apt to reject those purchased outside the Temple. The worshipper soon learned that it was better to deal with one of the tenants of Annas in the Temple Court, than buy at a cheaper rate outside, with the risk of having his purchase thing back on his hands by the Levite. There was general indignation

at the corruption, and therefore when this young Teacher drove the dealers out, they did not resist, as they easily could have done, but submitted through the fear of public opinion. Not even the Levites interfered, but they did not forget the act. A deadly hatred of Jesus was implanted in their hearts, and when he was brought up for trial three years later, it was his remark made on this occasion about destroying the Temple that they brought against him.

Found in the Temple. That was the place where a devout Jew would wish to be found. Perhaps some people seeing a man go regularly to the Temple might at once presume that he was devout; but he might be going there only for business. It is a sad thing when people attend church merely for what they may get for it in profit or reputation. In a famous painting the artist has given a suggestive lesson on this subject. At a distance it appears like a venerable friar, with a book before him and his hands clasped in devotion, but on closer inspection it is seen that his hands are not clasped in devotion, but are squeezing a lemon, and it is not a book before him, but a punch-bowl.

The changers of money sitting. It is remarkable that in the days of adversity and persecution the church has had more purity and power than in her days of prosperity. Thomas Aquinas went on one occasion to wait upon the Pope Innocent IV. in his palace of the Vatican. He found the Pope in his treasury examining the accounts and checking the bags containing large quantities of gold and silver. Innocent looked up as the good doctor entered and said, quoting the words of Peter, "you see the days are past in which the church has to say silver and gold have I none." Aquinas replied, "It is true, holy father, and the days are past, too, when she could say to the lame man, rise and walk."

Drive them out. In the Greek Mythology is the story of ten labors imposed on Hercules. One of these was to cleanse the stables of King Augeas, in which 3,000 oxen had been kept. Many years had the stables been used for this number of beasts, and they had never been cleansed. The immense labor was accomplished, according to the mythical story, in one day. Hercules is said to have performed it by changing the course of the rivers Alpheus and Peneus, so that they would run through the stables and carry away all the filth and pollution. That, of course, was only a fable, but many a heart that was full of sin and impurity has been cleansed when the streams of divine grace have been sent through them, leaving behind them purity and holiness.

My father's house a house of merchandise. Everything connected with the worship of God should be pure. Yet that which should be purest is sometimes polluted with vile motives, and then it is the vilest of all vile things. Ruskin says that the Savoyard's cottage, standing in the midst of an inconceivable inexpressible beauty, set on some golden bank of sloping sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers and noble trees and goodly rocks gathered around it in a perfection, as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled; its timbers are black with smoke, its gardens choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones. A mute emblem of a church without spirituality.

They believed the Scripture. The whole Bible should be believed — its warnings and its promises. It is worthy of it. The Talmud has the story of a peasant girl separated from her betrothed. He had been called away to a distant land on business. He is long detained, and some say he will not return. The girl waits in patience, and friends pity her, and rivals mock her, and enemies taunt her, and say she will never see her lover again. But she goes into her chamber and there turns over the letters he has written and reads again the promises he has made, and is comforted. They may say what they will, she believes him and is sure that he is faithful to her. When on a joyous morning he returns, and hears all that has been said of him, he wonders that the girl kept her confidence in him unshaken. But she shows him the treasured letters and tells him that they kept her firm. So, the Talmud says, Israel may be sure that God will yet return and gather his people. So the Christian is sure that Christ loves his church and will yet glorify it.

TO HELP STRICKEN KOREA.

MINISTER YE SUNG SOO INTERVIEWED IN WASHINGTON BY "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Over a Million Suffering, and Seed and Food Needed—Help to Korea Now May Open Her Gates to the Gospel—A Golden Opportunity for American Generosity.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in last week's issue, gave publicity to the facts regarding the terrible sufferings of the Korean people in consequence of the famine now raging in that unhappy country, it was not beyond expectation that the generous heart of the American people would be touched by such a story of distress. Dr. Klopsch's telegram to the Korean Minister at Washington, Mr. Ye Sung Soo, offering to contribute one thousand barrels of flour toward any cargo that might be raised for the sufferers was made in sympathy for the people of Korea and with no thought of taking further steps in the matter. That tender, however, has been the means of stirring up a great sympathetic and humanitarian movement throughout the country as unexpected as it was unpremeditated. The Korean Minister at once telegraphed urging THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to become the custodian of a Relief Fund for his afflicted country and the American press, with a most unanimous and unmistakable voice, supported him in the demand that this journal should act in such a capacity. While we cheerfully accept this duty, we consider it a striking public recognition of the prompt and splendid generosity displayed by our readers in both the Russian Relief movement two years ago and the Food Fund last winter—a generosity that stands without a parallel in the history of unselfish public beneficence.

Before taking any conclusive attitude in Korean appeal, it was deemed advisable that an interview should be had with the Minister, when the actual condition of affairs in that country could be learned from authoritative sources. Accordingly, Dr. Klopsch, accompanied by Mr. G. H. Sandison of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff, proceeded to Washington and met Minister Ye Sung Soo by special appointment in the offices of the Legation. With him were his secretary, Mr. Jarng Bong Whan, who acted as interpreter, Mr. Pak Yong Kiu, an intelligent young attaché, and Mr. Seville Brown, an American gentleman, familiar with Korean affairs and a warm friend of Minister Ye. (The Korean custom in writing or pronouncing names is to place the surname before the given name.)

The group in the Legation which give welcome to the visitors was a picturesque one—Minister Ye (his costume was a long loose coat of shining silk, white and delicate, and white breeches, with shoes of the pattern peculiar to Korea), aged and venerable-looking, with his high-peaked Korean cap, long hair, beard and mustache, heavily streaked with gray, sat beside his Secretary, Mr. Jarng, a young, smooth-faced, bright-eyed, alert Asiatic, and Mr. Pak, an attaché, also young, and with the thoughtful contemplative face of a student. There is something of the mild, benignant air of a philosopher about the features of Minister Ye that speaks of innate goodness of heart and a noble nature. He comes of a famous Korean family, and he has a number of children, but none of his household are with him in this country. The Legation is in one of the loveliest locations in Washington, the "Iowa Circle." It is a large building, and there is a stillness pervading it that amounts almost to sadness.

After having received through an interpreter full confirmation of the reports current concerning the distressing famine in Korea, and of the utter helplessness of the Government to afford the necessary relief, Mr. Klopsch asked Minister Ye to what causes he attributed the present condition of his country.

"Two years ago," responded Mr. Ye, "our country had too much rain to raise any crop, and last year we had hardly any rain, with like disastrous effect. This year the Japanese and Chinese invasion took place at the very time when our farmers were required in the fields, and our people were driven by the invading forces from their homes to the mountains. As we are principally an agricultural nation, the distress resulting is pitiful in the extreme."

"To what extent is Korea now suffering from famine?"

"As regards territory, four out of her eight provinces are affected, and over a million people are facing starvation."

"Has your Government adopted any effective measures for relief?"

"Our people are poor, our country is poor and our Government is poor. There is not much that we can do for ourselves, but what little could be done has already been done. As long as one Korean possesses a meal, he will gladly share it with another."

"What do your people stand in special need of?"

"Most urgently food is wanted, but that, of course, cannot be secured here and shipped in time to be of practical service to my starving countrymen. But almost equally important is seed. Give us seed that we may be able to sow for next year's harvest. If we can get this, permanent relief is sure to result, and hunger will soon be banished from our land."

"What can you grow to advantage in Korea?"

"Oh, almost anything—wheat, oats, beans, barley, corn and rice."

"Should we arrange to send you a cargo of grain, how can it be best shipped?"

"From San Francisco to Chemulpo, the sea-port of Seoul, the capital of Korea."

"How long would the trip consume?"

"About twenty-five days."

"If the people of this country should supply the grain, would you furnish the vessel?"

"I think I could get friends of Korea to do so. Korea has some very warm friends among Americans who know us."

"Do you think that such a vessel, in view of the present conflict between China and Japan, would be likely to safely reach its destination?"

"Yes, indeed. We have this morning received positive assurances at both the Chinese and Japanese Legations in this city, that if necessary they would provide a convoy for the relief-ship."

"What facilities are there in Korea for the distribution of these supplies among the afflicted districts?"

"We have rivers and floats, good roads, horses, cows and oxen."

"Have you any railroads to facilitate this labor of love?"

"We have no railroads in Korea."

"Would the Government undertake the free distribution of this seed?"

"Most certainly. My Government will welcome your commissioners and help them in every possible way to quickly and safely and surely carry out your instructions."

"Would not the present war seriously interfere with agricultural pursuits?"

"Only temporarily. This war will not last long. The commercial interests of European nations are too great to admit of that, and a halt will soon be called. Then the condition of our country will be deplorable indeed. With no means, no food, no seed, no prospective harvest and the cost of living greatly increased by the war, what can they do, and to whom can they appeal but to the generous people of this great and friendly nation?"

"Is there not danger that even after its distribution, this seed would be diverted from the purposes intended, and be confiscated by your Government for back taxes?"

"Not at all. I will pledge the word of my King, whom I represent, and the honor of Korea, that such will not be the case, and that not one grain shall miscarry if Government efforts can prevent."

The coinage of Korea is peculiar and hard for a foreigner to comprehend. There appears to be no exact equivalent to the value of a tael, in Europe or America. Fifty yang (pronounced "yen"), equal \$1 in gold; one yang is worth one hundred cash (or poon), and thirty yang are the equivalent of a Japanese dollar.

It is the personal desire of Minister Ye that all contributions should be sent in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as custodian of the Relief Fund. Their receipt will be promptly acknowledged and they will be held in readiness for the vessel which the Minister has pledged himself to furnish to carry them to Korea.

This may prove the beginning of a great work for God and humanity—a work all the more consecrated because it comes thus unexpected and undirected by any act on the part of the American people. They are chosen out as God's almoners to Korea for some Divine, mysterious purpose to be

revealed hereafter. That the result will be a blessing to Korea in the increase of friendly relations with our great Republic is assured; but the greater blessing will be the spiritual outgrowth of this movement. "Nations shall be born in a day," and this beneficence may be the entering wedge to open the heart of the Hermit Kingdom to the Gospel of Jesus. Korea is a land without a religion. Touched by the sympathy of Christian America, it may open its doors to welcome our missionaries as it never yet has welcomed the disciples of any creed, since it expelled the Buddhists three centuries ago. It will thus be made, through the exercise of the golden virtue of Christian charity by ourselves, a land ripe for missionary enterprise, welcoming the Gospel and its teachers and keeping in touch with the most advanced Christian nations of the world.

ANTIQUITY OF OUR CALENDAR.

OUR year as we now reckon it is of Egyptian origin. So far as history reaches back into the darkness of the early ages we are led to believe that the dusky brown people by the banks of the Nile were the first to study the motions of the sun and stars and make them the measure of time. And some recent discoveries in Egypt, by careful students, seem to show the way in which the early astronomers were enabled to count the days in the solar year. The great temples on the Nile were built with a long entrance of columns leading from the river to the interior shrine—a kind of tunnel; sometimes it was lined with sphinxes or huge granite figures. Its mouth was turned toward a certain part of the heavens where the light of the setting sun could enter it only once a year. It was either at the summer solstice, when the sun was furthest in the north, or at some other periodic position of sun or star.

We may imagine the Egyptian astronomer watching in the inner shrine for the opening of the new year. The long line of columns served as a telescope by which he could catch the first beam of the setting sun. Suddenly the red light would flash through the tunnel up to the Holy of Holies; the moment it reached the shrine the philosopher would mark the hour, and know that another year had begun. From that point in time he could count day after day until, when the three hundred and sixty-five days had passed, once more the red beam of light streamed into the tunnel, and another year had passed away. In this way it seems probable that our days were first counted and divided.

Other nations, and even the Greeks and Romans, used the moon as their guide, and divided the year into lunar months. But it was found, as time passed on, that great irregularities crept in; the months no longer corresponded to the seasons; April became June, and the autumn months winter. The Egyptian sun-year was then generally adopted. But even this was disordered and altered by the ignorance of the Roman priests; and at last Julius Cæsar, who was fond of astronomy, resolved to correct the calendar; it is his year that we now use, and to his friend, the Egyptian Sosigenes, we owe our division of time.

WAR NEAR MOUNT HERMON.

Dr. H. H. Jessup, of Syria, now in New York City, has written an interesting article on the condition of affairs in Eastern Syria. A dispatch appeared in the daily journals lately stating that four hundred Circassians and Druzes had been killed or wounded in a fight in Syria. To most people it was an item of small interest; to Dr. Jessup's eyes it was a matter of much significance. It was to him a flash of light in the East, revealing conditions which were not unexpected to him and which he well understands. He finds the explanation of the fight in a political movement which has been steadily promoted by the Sultan of Turkey, and by which the Sultan is endeavoring to supplant the Bedouin tribes of the Hauran by a Circassian population who are loyal to the Sultan, and who are gradually taking possession of the rich lands over which the Bedouins have ridden in former times. The Arabs, and also the Druzes in the region of Mt. Hermon, claim that these fertile fields on which the Circassians are planting their homes and building villages are their pasturage grounds, and they are fighting off the intruders. The Circassians have held their ground as yet, but hostilities often break out, and the dispatch on which Dr. Jessup comments is simply the brief record of one of many battles.

The Press and the Famine.

Leading Newspapers Urging Help for Korea through "The Christian Herald."

KOREA'S sufferings have been widely commented upon by the press of the country generally, and the leading newspapers have been prompt in their approval of Minister's Ye's suggestion that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should be made the depository for all contributions of food or seed, intended for the famine sufferers in that country. First to espouse this humane course was the "New York Sun," which said editorially:

American civilization should move promptly for the relief, as far as possible, of the hunger-maddened farmers and peasants of this peaceful, agricultural, friendly people. The flag of the United States is respected by both China and Japan, and supplies sent out for the starving Koreans to the American Legation at Seoul could not go wrong. Subscriptions of money for this purpose might well be forwarded through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, if that newspaper, which has been earliest in its perception of the urgency of the case, will consent to be the agent of the humane impulses of our citizens.

The "New York Herald" commented on the matter as follows:

Much to Secretary Gresham's regret, he has been compelled to inform Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York, that it will be impossible for the United States to furnish a war ship or transport for the transportation of provisions to the starving peasants of Korea without any authorization from Congress. Telegrams, tendering grain and other food supplies, have been received at the Korean Legation, and the Minister wishes it stated for the benefit of these and intending contributors, that the material offered should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York. He has also telegraphed to an agent in San Francisco inquiring as to the cost of chartering a steamer at that port to carry provisions to Korea. The American Trading Company, of New York, which has commercial relations with China, Japan and Korea, has volunteered to do everything in its power toward furthering the charitable scheme, and it said to be certain that the governments of Japan and China will aid in seeing that the contributions reach their destination and that they are properly distributed.

The Washington "Post" has the following, editorially:

The Post has already made mention of the charitable movement on behalf of the famine-stricken people of Korea, inaugurated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, and so gratefully and pathetically acknowledged by the Korean envoy at this Capital. It is comforting and reassuring to observe the generous response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's suggestion which has been elicited in every part of the country. These manifestations of the real spirit of humanity and brotherly love are honorable to the country and the generation. They represent a form of Christianity understood in every language and capable of asserting itself to the worshippers of every God. They are better than dogmas, more eloquent than sermons, more convincing than any argument. They embody the noble Samaritanism of which our own Saviour has spoken to us, but of which we too often lose sight in the ardor of doctrinal enthusiasm. They explain themselves to the very darkest mind; they touch and stimulate the most wretched heart.

We understand that our evening contemporary, the Star, has undertaken the kindly office of receiving contributions, and we trust that Washington will in this deserving cause display the same zealous generosity that has in the past made its name everywhere respected and beloved.

A very large number of other journals throughout the country have published similar views approving of the humanitarian project of sending help to Korea, which looks to this Republic for aid in its present dire extremity.

INSANE THROUGH A MIRROR.

Some years ago there was a missionary bazaar held in a Christian city in aid of African missions. When the bazaar was finished, it was found that a number of articles were left unsold. Some of them, it was thought, might be very handy for the mission, so it was decided to send the lot out to Africa. Among other things was a box of little hand mirrors, that had been given by a merchant. The mirrors took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant powerful tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except as a double silhouette, in a placid lake. Being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful; whereas, she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. A messenger was dispatched for one of the mirrors, which he procured and at once returned to his mistress. When she got possession of it she took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, with one blow of her hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country. Are there not many in other lands who, when they are brought face to face with God's looking-glass, with the hideousness of their sin, and they cannot deny the fact, blame the mirror?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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EDUCATION.

THE world's population is mightily increasing, and we want in all departments more trained hands and hearts and heads. The world can never have a surplus of educated men. You say that hundreds of those well educated turn out nerveless and useless. Yes, but how much worse their deficit had no opportunities been afforded them. The work will go on until thorough education will come within reach of all the people, and ignorance will be forever banished from the world. What is now called a liberal education will come to help laborers in all departments, until chemistry and geology shall be harnessed to every plow, and science will prune and trim and enrich and redeem every orchard, and mathematics and natural philosophy will help in the construction and management of all machinery, and those things that are now considered the luxuries of education will become the common and universal possession of all the people. So much has the standard of collegiate education been advanced that those who used to graduate with honors from universities would not be qualified to enter some of our modern colleges.

The speeches now made by the young men at commencements are far superior to those of our boyhood. The old humdrum about Greece and Rome has been exchanged for harangue about things of here and today. The sylphs and dryads and naiads and the gods have gone out of business. Longfellow turns out to be a better poet than Homer, and Bancroft a better historian than Herodotus, and we have fifty orators who can beat Demosthenes. The absurd halo has melted from the brow of the ancients, and the old philosophers could not keep up with a class in our Polytechnic or Packer. Washington got angry and pitched a negro servant out of the window at Mount Vernon, and in the biography of Thomas Jefferson we find that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by the fact that next to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was a livery stable, and that the horse-flies left their perch one day and attacked the American Congress and bit and stung the members so that those who could not before get their courage up to sign the tremendous document, at the intolerable annoyance of the flies, hastily penned their names so as to get off and away from the circumscribed irritation.

College education has been revolutionized and the mind of the student is not so stuffed with the heavy baggage of Latin and Greek that he has no room for practical, every-day information. Look at the graduates of this week and last week and next week, and you will find vast improvement in physique. By regatta and base-ball club and gymnasium and military drill, a class of healthy

men is launched for the voyage of life from the dry dock, instead of those crazy crafts that were loaded to the water's edge with physical infirmities enough to sink them before they got out as far as quarantine. In many of the institutions a great advancement has been made in the fact that male and female education go side by side, just as God intended it. He put the two sexes beside each other in Eden. He puts them beside each other in the family, and why not in the colleges? There are those who talk of woman as though she were a satellite of man or an annex to the lords of creation, and seem to think that she was a divine after-thought. But, judging of old times by the fashion plates of other centuries, the granddaughters are far superior to the grandmothers, and the fuss which they used to make a hundred years ago over a very good woman shows me that feminine excellence, which is common now, was rare then. At the beginning of this century a woman was considered well educated if she could do a sum in rule of three. Algebras and geometries were to her inaccessible heights. Now look at the books in all departments of knowledge under the arm of the school-miss. This land will not be what it ought to be till woman has equal opportunity for thorough education with man. She has greater responsibilities, and certainly should not have less opportunities. Blessed be God for the brightening prospects of schools and colleges and churches and nations.

"GOD'S COUNTRY."

YOU ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocketbook is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist. God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so and let the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in all political conventions take a pen full of ink and with bold hand, head any document with one significant "whereas," acknowledging the goodness of God in the past and begging his kindness and protection for the future? This country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way acknowledge it. From the moment that on an October morning in 1492 Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country and saw also a thorn and a cluster of berries—type of our history ever since the piercing sorrows and the cluster of national joys—until this hour, our country has been bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas in the name of God. William Penn settled Pennsylvania in the name of God. The Pilgrim Fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer, all heads uncovered.

In the war of 1812 an officer came to General Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General Jackson said, "What is the noise?" The officer said: "It is the voice of prayer and praise." And the General said: "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the camp; you had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge, prayer at Monmouth, prayer at Atlanta, prayer at South Mountain, prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh," says some sceptic, "the Northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it didn't amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with this statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand is. Yes, the Northern people prayed in one way and the Southern people prayed in another way and God answered in his own way, giving to the North the re-establishment of the Government and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she ever had anticipated and harnessing all her rivers in great manufacturing institutions, until the Mobile and the Talla-

poosa, and the Chattahoochee are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great mines of coal and iron, of which the world knows nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give 99 per cent. more of affluence than she ever possessed. Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered Abraham Lincoln's prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. God's country all the way past; God's country now. Put his name in your pronunciamientos. Put his name on your ensigns. Put his name on your city and State and national enterprises. Put his name in your hearts!

We publish in this issue a musical selection from the new Christian Endeavor Hymn Book, by Mr. Sankey, as used at the recent Christian Endeavor convention at Cleveland. Other choice selections from the same source will appear from time to time in these pages, by special arrangement.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

If any of "The Mail-Bag" readers have any booklets, religious papers or Testaments, for which they now have no particular use and wish to aid those who are destitute of such literature, they can do so by sending the same to Rev. M. Copley, Louisiana, Ky.

M. E. Port Penn, Del. The inclosed quotation has given me so much food for thought, that I thought I would pass it on. It is this: "A deep impression was made on the writer's mind, a few days ago, in hearing the close of a conversation on the street, in which one said, 'It won't make any difference to us a hundred years from now.' Now, stop one moment and consider. Will it make no difference to you a hundred years from now what your thoughts and actions were while on this earth? What do we learn from the Bible about Dives and Lazarus on this subject?"

M. Hall, Roscobel, Pa. A preacher recently said in a sermon preached here that a sinner is a child of the devil and a Christian is a child of God. Is not the sinner also a child of God?

In the sense of his being one of God's creatures, he may be called his child, but as he is in rebellion against God, is not obeying him, nor knowing him, he must be accounted unworthy of the name. Through Christ he may become truly a child of God by being transformed by the Holy Spirit which God will give to those who ask him.

Mary Colan, South Bend, Ind. Does the command in Numbers 15: 30, 31 imply that if we do evil, knowing it to be evil, there can be no forgiveness?

No, otherwise few would be forgiven. The command was one of those necessary for the maintenance of discipline in the peculiar circumstances in which the people were placed. They came out of the corruption of Egypt and were going to a land in which they would be surrounded by idolaters. Severe penalties were therefore prescribed which do not concern us or apply to the future life at all.

Mrs. E. J. Barnes, room 704, Brown's Block, Rockford, Ill., writes: "I see in the MAIL-BAG that 'Old Farmer' would like to pay the cost of a personal worker in his stead in the Moody Training School. I have long been anxious to enter that school, but have no means at command. I have done personal work in the evangelistic line in the departments of W. C. T. U. I would like to devote my life wholly to the service of my Master, and I realize the necessity of a training for the work. I have no family ties to hinder, only two children who are settled in life."

G. W. M., Port Wine, Colo. How can a young man cure himself of extreme diffidence, sensitiveness and timidity?

Probably the best means of inducing self-reliance and confidence is to accustom oneself to the society of intelligent men and women as much as possible. Join in the conversation, even though you may be able to contribute very little to it, and strive by every means to overcome the disposition to reticence and silence. Read interesting books on recent topics and store your mind with good material for conversation. An excellent help is to join a debating club.

W. F. Lovelace, Wynne, 1. Is there any direct command to use wine at the Lord's Supper. 2. Are the two accounts of the creation in Genesis accounts of different acts or of the same creation? 3. Should foot-washing be practiced in the churches now?

1. Christ's object appears to have been to institute a common meal which should be a sign of brotherliness and fellowship—an acknowledgment that union in him was a bond so close as to obliterate social and class distinction and to make it a holy sacrament. In using bread and wine he used the elements common at the time in Palestine, and although he gave no direct command as to what should be used, his example has always been followed. 2. There was but one creation. It is thought that extracts from two or more original documents were used in the preparation of the work of Genesis. 3. Foot-washing is based on the words of Christ (John 13: 14). It would be a

childish literalism to infer that Christ was commanding a practice for perpetual use. At that time, when sandals were worn, the custom of washing the feet of a guest was common, and was performed by a servant. The whole connection of the passage shows that Christ by his example and his words was simply inculcating humility and a readiness to serve others even by menial acts. In our day, they who have his spirit and desire to follow his example and precept, may do so in better ways than in washing a man's feet.

G. R. Brown, Salisbury, Ky. 1. Where in the Bible do you find it stated that Nahor was older than Methuselah? 2. If ancient Jerusalem is from "fifty to seventy feet below the modern town," can it be truly said of our visits there that we visit the place and scenes of the Saviour's wonderful works, and do we really know that modern Jerusalem is over the very spot where stood ancient Jerusalem?

1. See answer to G. B. Fullerton and others in this issue. 2. The original sites of all very ancient cities are more or less covered by debris, and Jerusalem is not an exception. Otherwise, the location, general scenery and surroundings are unchanged. The identity of modern Jerusalem with the city of our Saviour's time has never been doubted.

Constant Reader, Baltimore, Md. Is it a brother's duty to support another brother who has spent a small fortune in dissipation, refused to help his relatives when he might have done so, and now throws himself on his brother, creating dissatisfaction in the latter's family?

How far help may be extended to an erring brother, under such peculiar circumstances, must be left to the individual judgment and conscience, always bearing in mind that one's own wife and children have a first claim upon a man for support, before all others. Our Saviour counsels forgiveness and forbearance to the uttermost, and the Christian spirit will not permit a man to cast off his own brother, as long as he has it in his power to help him, but persistent offending by a spendthrift, to the extent of impoverishing others, need not be endured. Probably a complete cessation of all supplies would bring him to his senses and induce better conduct hereafter.

J. F. R., Fort Sherman, Ia. Suppose a man to have believed himself converted, to have joined the church, but on account of unpleasantness in the church and personal misfortune, to have withdrawn from membership; and suppose that then being taunted by old associates and being provoked by other things, he denounces the church and declares openly that henceforth he will serve the devil—in such a case has the man committed the unpardonable sin, or if he repents and tries to live right will he be forgiven?

He need have no doubt as to God forgiving him, if he sincerely repents and pleads the merits of his Saviour. The fact of his being concerned about his salvation and earnestly desiring God's forgiveness, shows that he has not committed the unpardonable sin. The Holy Spirit is evidently drawing him and God never tantalizes a man by implanting desires which will not be gratified. Christ, who pardoned Peter, and restored him to his Apostleship, after he had denied him with oaths and curses, will not reject a repentant backslider in these days.

H. A. Bachelder, Oakland, Me. 1. Is it generally believed by Biblical scholars that we are near the time of Christ's Second Advent? 2. Is it sin to read secular newspapers on the Sabbath?

1. Biblical scholars are divided on this subject into two schools. One school expects the Lord's coming before the Millennium and the other expects it at the close. There is consequently a difference of a thousand years between them. The pre-millennarians believe that the present time so closely resembles the time indicated in prophecy as that in which the Lord would come, that they expect his advent within a few years. Many of them base that belief also on a calculation of the dates and periods mentioned in Daniel and the Revelation. 2. Without presuming to declare the practice sinful, we should consider the Christian who spent the Lord's Day in reading secular newspapers a man who did not rightly appreciate the purpose of the day or value the opportunity it affords for laying aside worldly things and gaining spiritual good and doing spiritual service.

Win. Hair, Pomona, Cal. If, as some teach, the world is near its end, how are we to understand the statement Rev. 20: 4, that certain persons would be raised from the dead a thousand years before the general resurrection? If they have not been raised, it would appear that the world must last at least another thousand years?

We do not think that any intelligent people teach that the world is near its end. Prophetic expositors teach that it is the dispensation not the world that is near its end. Most of them are agreed that Christ will appear to summon his waiting and expectant people to himself and will then, after an interval of about three years come to the earth and will reign for a thousand years and that all this must take place before the end or regeneration of the earth.

A. G. B., Fullerton, Neb., J. E. Lorton, Galeburg, Kan., A. B. F., Cincinnati, J. D. Woods, Lockport, N. Y., and others. Rev. Dr. Talmage is now in Australia. Your letter will be submitted to him on his return.—Ida Botsford, Clifton, S. D., writes that she will thankfully receive any Sunday School literature that may be forwarded to her by readers of this paper.—C. F. Weidman, St. Louis, Mo. Write to Falk, photographer, New York.—T. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. A series of glasses of different sizes which produce the notes and semi-notes of the musical scale, when lightly struck with wood or metal.—Constant Reader, Washington, D. C. We don't know it. It sounds Buddhist.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

COREA, THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

COREA, to her sorrow, occupies, at the present time, a larger share of the world's attention than ever before in her history. Ordinarily, but little interest is taken in the affairs of the strange kingdom, which so reluctantly opened its gates to foreigners as to have earned for itself the title of "The Hermit Nation." Now, however, that China and Japan are engaged in fierce conflict on her soil and England, Russia and France are watching the struggle with jealous vigilance, Korea is for the time a land of world-wide interest. The more that is learned of her, shows in what striking contrast to Western nations are all her institutions and national life. On this page is a picture of Fusan, the most southern port of Korea, which is distant from the Japanese coast but little more than fifty miles. It has a magnificent natural harbor, in which a large navy could be accommodated. The bold headlands which protect it from the sea were once well cultivated and occupied by a thriving Korean city. But the King of Korea conceived the idea that if signs of prosperity were observed from passing vessels, foreign nations might be tempted to invade the country. He, therefore, commanded the people to remove inland and the headlands were reduced to a state of desolation which could invite no visitors. After the headlands are passed, the bay opens in a broad expanse of smooth water. Two villages, of which the Japanese occupy one and the Chinese the other, line the shores of the bay. The Korean city is farther inland and is not visible from the bay. Mr. A. B. de Guerville, who visited it on his way to Seoul as the World's Fair Commissioner, gives to the "New York Herald" a graphic account of its people. He says that they are handsome and well made and dress in long, loose garments of white muslin. They welcomed the Americans with good humor and with boundless curiosity. He describes the city of Fusan as abominably dirty and looking like heaps of mud. Subsequently he had an audience with the king at Seoul, which is a much more important city, with many foreign business houses and two imposing hotels. He found the king a man of considerable intelligence, who was deeply interested in all that he could learn of America. The primitive character of the people was conspicuous everywhere. Their history goes back to a period before the time of Solomon and their rigid isolation has rendered them a most interesting, but in the presence of nineteenth century civilization, a most bewildered people. They are now in the throes of a national convulsion and are besides in the terrible grip of famine, the result of the failure of the harvests in two successive years. An appeal on behalf of the starving millions has been issued to the American people by the Korean minister at Washington. A liberal response will assuredly be made and our readers will be pleased to see by the correspondence published on another page, that the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is officially recognized as the leader in the movement. The Koreans have hitherto been hostile to Christianity, as appears from the letters sent to us by Dr. Hall, who is laboring as a medical missionary there, but they are likely to take a new view of it when they find by experience that it is a faith which prompts its followers to feed the hungry and pity those who are ready to perish. (Matt. 25: 34-40.)

A Search for an Heir.

Inquiries are being made for a man who was formerly an inmate of the almshouse at Albany, N. Y. He is a Swede by birth

but has been many years in this country. A fellow-countryman used to visit him occasionally at the almshouse, who told the officials there that he had known their charge in Stockholm. According to his account, the man belonged to one of the most wealthy families in that city, but had been cast off by them on account of his evil ways and his propensity for squandering his money. In some way he had managed to pick up the trade of machinist during his wanderings about the United States, and about six months ago he heard of some work and left the almshouse to secure it. Nothing has been heard of him since that time; but last week his friend went to the almshouse to inquire for him. He said the man had fallen heir to about half a million dollars and advertisements were appearing for him in the Swedish papers. The fortune came from his uncle, a banker in Stockholm, who believed in his nephew and had

released the prisoner. Probably no plea for mercy by the prisoner on his own account would have availed to save him from a heavy sentence but for the sake of those who loved him he was allowed to go free. It is so that the sinner may hope for pardon. Not for his own sake but for the sake of Jesus who loved him and died for him he is forgiven. (John 3: 16.)

A Dog's Mistake.

A boy residing in upper New York is lying in a dangerous condition, as the result of a dog's mistaken effort to rescue him. It is the boy's habit to take a bath in the East River every morning during the summer. He has become an expert swimmer and takes a delight in plunging from the head of the spile at the end of one of the piers. A few days ago he was taking his favorite exercise, when a man with a big St. Bernard dog strolled down the pier. The dog seeing the boy in the water became excited and dragging his chain out of the man's hand jumped into the river. In a few minutes he had reached the boy's side and grabbed him by the arm. The boy tried to fight the dog off and was badly hurt in the struggle that ensued, but was finally dragged out of the river by the powerful animal. It appears that the St. Bernard has saved three persons from drowning and was

doctor says it was due to the patient's physical condition, but the patient says it was caused by the doctor's want of skill in setting the limbs at the time of the accident. If it should be proved that the limbs were not properly set, even though the cause was the surgeon's reluctance to cause pain, the verdict will probably go against him. There are cases in which the firm infliction of pain is the greatest kindness. It is often so in spiritual matters. God severely reproached the ancient prophets that they had healed the hurt of the daughter of his people slightly. (Jer. 6: 14.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Missionary Presses in the Turkish Empire print about forty million pages annually, and over one-half of these pages are God's Word.

The Sacred River Ganges is to Lose its special sanctity after next year, according to a prophecy in the Hindu Scriptures. The Nerbudda will then be the holy stream of India.

The Death of Dr. Leslie Stevens, Superintendent of the Central China Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church is announced. He died of dysentery at Nanking on July 27. He was one of the most devoted and earnest workers in the China field.

Sir John Burns, the Managing Director of the Cunard Steamship Company, has given directions, at the request of a British chaplain, that no ship of that company in the Mediterranean shall work cargo on Sunday in ports abroad any more than they would at home.

For Some Years There has been Going on a movement in Germany in favor of a stricter observance of the Lord's Day. Recently the Consistory of Hanover issued a pastoral letter to the ministers and church councils reminding them "that it is the duty of the church to lead the members of congregations from Sunday rest to Sunday hallowing."

The Recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, reports a prosperous year. The churches have received 1868 communicants and reduced the debt of the previous year \$45,000.

At the Dedication of the New Auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J., on Sunday, August 12, the whole of the debt on the new building was cleared off. The subscriptions in the morning amounted to \$13,000 and in the evening the balance of \$12,000 was promised. The entire cost of the building was \$65,000.

Rev. Daniel Wilshire, the President of the Baptist Union in the Bahamas, writes that there are now three thousand members in the Union which has its own building and is doing valuable work. The English Baptist Missionary Society still retains an agent there but the burden of the aggressive missionary work is evidently on Mr. Wilshire's shoulders although he receives no salary from the Society.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills has been engaged to serve as stated supply for one year for the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y. The church grants Mr. Mills leave of absence for several weeks during the year to meet such engagements for evangelistic services as have been made already. It is understood that if the arrangement is mutually satisfactory Mr. Mills will become the regular pastor of the church.

The First English Baptist Church in the Orange Free State, Africa, has been opened; it seats 250 persons. The constitution of the church is framed on the basis of union. "The membership of the church has, from its establishment, been open to believers who have not been baptized according to the usages of the Baptists, and it will remain open to them."

The Burnham Industrial Farm at Caanan Four Corners, N. Y., where incorrigible boys are cared for and trained in farm work has a few vacancies for consecrated Christian workers who have tact and skill in the management of boys. As it is a benevolent institution the salary paid is of the smallest, but there are abundant opportunities for Christian usefulness. The superintendent is Rev. John Dooley to whom applications should be sent.

A Panic was Narrowly Escaped in the Congregational Church at Thomastonville, Conn., on Sunday evening, July 29. The spire of the building was struck by lightning soon after the service commenced. The electric light wires conducted the electricity all over the building, the lights were put out and the lamps broken, the glass and porcelain scattering down in a shower upon the congregation. A panic was averted, however, by one of the deacons who began singing the Doxology, in which the congregation soon joined.

At the Camp Meeting of the Christian Alliance at Old Orchard, Me., on August 12, Rev. A. B. Simpson appealed for funds to prosecute the foreign missionary work of the Alliance. The response was enthusiastic. One person gave a piece of real estate worth \$1,000; another gave securities of the value of \$10,000; several persons gave valuable jewels. The cash gifts were similarly large. One gave \$5,000 and several \$1,000 each. Below that amount there were many contributions of \$500 and \$100. In all, over forty thousand dollars was raised at the one meeting for foreign missions.

A Novel Experiment in the Fight Against the saloon is being tried at New Rochelle, N. Y. A large two-story building has been hired and furnished at a cost of \$3,000, contributed mainly by the Christian people of the town. The ground floor is devoted to a refreshment room in which tea, coffee, lemonade and sandwiches are sold at cost price; a reading room supplied with daily and weekly papers and an amusement room where there are appliances for chess, checkers, dominoes, etc. The upper floor is occupied by dormitories and shower baths. Here a man may get a bath, bed and breakfast in perfect cleanliness and neatness for thirty-five cents.



THE WAR IN COREA—FUSAN, THE SOUTHERN PORT OF COREA.

made him his heir. The almshouse officials could give no clue to his whereabouts and he has not yet been found. It is supposed that he is still wandering about the country seeking work and unconscious of the fortune awaiting his appearance. It is assumed that if he knew of it, he would apply for it; yet there are many who have been told again and again of the eternal riches which they might have from God through Christ, who never seek them. (1. Peter 1: 4.)

Saved by His Victim.

The release of a highway robber on the plea of the prosecutor occasioned a pathetic scene in a New York court a few days ago. A man was charged before Recorder Smyth with having snatched a purse from the hand of a lady on the Boulevard. He was undoubtedly guilty for more than one person had witnessed the crime and when he was caught the purse was in his possession. One witness, however, failed to appear and the man was remanded. When he was brought up the second time, the lady whom he had robbed went on the stand and asked the Recorder to release the prisoner. She said that she had visited his wife and found her a most worthy woman who had seen better days. She had a young infant and the prisoner's father who was aged and helpless lived with them. She pleaded that for the sake of these three the Recorder would let the prisoner go and she further promised to find work for him and give him the opportunity of earning an honest living. The Recorder was naturally reluctant to overlook so serious a crime but eventually the lady's pleading won him over and he

doubtless under the impression that the boy was in need of similar service. The boy's parents naturally do not feel toward the dog as do the friends of the three persons whom he rescued from drowning, but are indignant over the needless suffering their son is passing through. Sometimes worldly people feel similar indignation against Christian workers when they witness the suffering that often follows conviction of sin before peace comes through believing; but it is never justifiable for the sinner is never, like the boy, in no danger or able to save himself. (II. Cor. 7: 9.)

Doctor and Patient in Litigation.

A suit for the recovery of a fee of four thousand dollars, is shortly to be tried in the Court of Common Pleas of New York. It is brought by a surgeon for services rendered to a man who was injured by being thrown from his horse. A cross suit has also been filed by the patient against the surgeon for five thousand dollars damages sustained by the surgeon's unskillful treatment. The patient's arm and leg were broken by the fall from his horse and there were other minor injuries. He was in a very nervous condition when the surgeon examined him and there was some difficulty in setting the limbs. He was in intense pain which the surgeon was humanely desirous should not be unnecessarily increased in the operation. The man lay helpless for more than six months, and several serious operations were performed, owing to the broken bones failing to unite. That fact is admitted on both sides, but the litigants differ as to the cause of the failure. The



A Round of Visits.

An "Afternoon Out" with Two Young Matrons of Widely Different Types—Child-wives and their Burdens—Mrs. Jamal's Good Work among the Girls.

(Concluded.)



SIT No. 3 of this one of our "afternoons out" is paid to a young matron who would be comely were she less slatternly and plumper. Her room is without a win-

dow, and if the sun had not shone out brightly for the quarter-hour of our stay, we should not be able to see from one wall to another of the gloomy confines.

My guide knits her brows disapprovingly and sighs in entering. Her second remark to the hostess is a protest. A cradle is drawn near the door that the light may fall upon a weazen-faced baby, sitting upright in it. His eyes are startlingly large and dark in the small visage; the fingers eagerly outstretched to the bowl in the mother's hand, are like the claws of a bird. He is too hungry to notice the strangers, yet Mrs. Jamal intercepts the vessel.

"You are not going to give him this?"

She shows it to me.

"Curdled!" I say. "We call it 'loppered milk'!"

"It is lebben, and old lebben at that, sour like vinegar and mouldy, and not too clean. Child! child!" turning to the mother, "don't you know that babies should have sweet milk? the freshest you can get? Goat's milk if you cannot get cow's?" And again to me and despairingly—"What can be expected of a mother who is hardly more than a baby herself? She is but fourteen now."

The girl-wife laughs childishly, and good-humoredly, and proceeds to hold the nauseous-looking mess to the greedy lips.

"He eats it every day. He eats nothing else," she says carelessly.

"He looks like it!" retorts the visitor. "Ah, madame, it is cases such as thus that make the heart ache. I have known this girl since she was six years old. She was married at twelve. She cannot cook, she cannot sew; her baby's clothes must be made by somebody else, and you see what a place this is for a husband to come to at night. I would teach her if I could, but they never learn anything after they are married."

The mother looks around at the earnest tone, and laughs again, comprehending nothing except that her friend is troubled, and about her, and profoundly indifferent to censure as to praise. The chamber is as ill-furnished as her mind. No "Franji" innovations in the shape of beds with legs to support them, seats to match, and chests of drawers, have perverted Syrian simplicity here. A roll of dirty bedding in one corner, a brazier of hot ashes, the coffee-pot simmering upon it, a big bowl, the cushioned bench against the wall, and the cradle, make up the list of household goods and chattels. The order of unwashed humanity; of past cookery, in which onions took an active part, and of stale tobacco-smoke blend queerly and powerfully with the pungent fumes of the boiling coffee. Seasoned as I have thought myself to be by now, to assaults upon the olfactory organs, I am thankful to be allowed to retreat to the outer air. My companion lingers a moment longer to explain that we have not time to accept the coffee the good-natured hostess would press upon us, and to subjoin a few more words of neighborly counsel.

"Not that it will do any good," continues the mentor in rejoining me. "But I cannot help liking the poor child. She is of such

a good disposition and loves her baby. Her husband is much older than she, and has steady work, and would be kind to a woman who made his home comfortable. I try to make her understand this, and to encourage her to keep things clean and learn to sew and cook his food well. As you have seen, she but laughs. She ran wild upon the street until she was married, just as those girls are doing now"—directing my notice to a knot of children scrambling over a broken wall at the bottom of the street, chattering and shrieking like so many parrots. "What can mothers expect who let their daughters grow up so, but that they will have homes and babies like those you saw just now?"

She is so much absorbed in the subject, and so intent upon shielding her white izzar from the pollution of pavement and wall, that she does not at once hear a soft call from the landing of a flight of steps bulging over the street.

The summons is repeated, and we look up to see a woman beckoning importunately. She pulls her "mendeel" forward over

We have been seen from other doorways. Mrs. Jamal still cuddles the baby when two more women enter; one leads a child; her companion carries another in her arms. Salutations and introductions over, the mother of the toddler prefers a request. A piece of dark blue cloth is thrown over her shoulder, just purchased for her by her husband, and she would like to make a jacket out of it for herself. With frank disregard of conventionality, or what we account conventional usages, Mrs. Jamal lays by her "izzar," spreads the cloth upon the matted floor, kneels down beside it, measures and chalks a pattern upon it with workmanlike skill, and cuts out the garment as swiftly and well as if she were a trained tailoress. The women follow every movement with keen interest, and I am almost as much engrossed.

It is doubtful if my conductress has ever heard of "zenana missions," under that name. She would be surprised were I to dub her "a home-and-foreign-missionary." She is merely a Christian woman, dwelling among her own people; a housekeeper, wife and mother, happy in her home, and longing to make other homes as happy as hers.

I have already learned to distinguish Christian women from Moslem wherever I see them, and silently conclude (correctly, as I learn presently) that the bearer of the baby belongs to the Greek Church. It is not an expression of superior intelligence alone that characterizes the Christians, but a general alertness of bearing and play of countenance, a sort of self-respectfulness, it I may thus phrase it. "This woman has a soul of her very own," it seems to say. "She thinks, feels, hopes and lives her

Sandreczky, whose Children's Hospital is one of the noblest monuments to Christian enterprise in Jerusalem, and to whose courtesy and professional skill foreign residents and visitors alike bear grateful testimony, once said the same thing in effect to me:

"In the Moslem's opinion, the most mischievous idea that could get possession of the mind of his wife or daughter, would be belief in the equality of the sexes. Whatever tends to overthrow the tenet of masculinity—that is, patriarchal—sovereignty, is a direct blow at the Mohammedan religion. The woman who suspects her own individuality is dangerous."

Here is the key-note to what makes mission work among the followers of the Prophet especially difficult and discouraging. It is not uncommon for an English or American visitor to a harem, small or large, to be warned not to speak of Christ or his religion to the women, and frequent calls from the pale-faces would excite a degree of suspicion which would lead to exclusion. It follows, as a necessity, that the good done to the creatures who minister to the needs and pleasures of the superior sex, must be wrought tactfully and gradually.

"I am no more in my husband's sight than his donkey!" said a sad-eyed woman to an American woman who had been an angel of mercy to the miserable household. "Not so much, for he beats the donkey less."

In our homeward walk, I say something of this to my companion. She shakes her head mournfully:

"You see but a little. If you were to live among them year after year, you would be very sad. I do what I can to lighten the load of my small world. But what is that among so many?"

Returned to my cozy room in the Grand Hotel, and sitting down to transfer to my "Familiar Talk" portfolio the notes jotted down this afternoon, the impulse comes strongly upon me to write further again to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers concerning the unobtrusive, sensible work this one Christian woman, unaccredited by any society, is doing among her countrywomen. Three times a week she collects in her neat sitting-room from fourteen to eighteen native girls, and teaches them to do plain sewing, embroidery, knitting and mending, giving her house and her time without charge. The girls take turns in cooking a luncheon served at noon, washing up the dishes and setting things in order when the meal is over. In the spring, she leads them into the country to gather the wild flowers that glorify the hills and fields for a few weeks. These are carefully pressed, and, under her eye, arranged upon cards inscribed, "Flowers from the Holy Land," and sold during the tourists' season as souvenirs of the visit. The sales of these and other articles do not meet the expenses of materials and food, unless the number of visitors be unusually large. In an ordinary season, the class is kept up at a loss. What afflicts the instructress most is that she must refuse many applications from girls who wish to become pupils, would-be recruits from the ranks of the empty-handed and empty-minded, whom the busy philanthropist pities from the depths of her generous heart.

Mrs. Jamal's modesty would shrink from the title of philanthropist. She is simply living her life conscientiously, in the fear of God, and in love for her neighbor in the sphere to which she has been called. Yet I can answer for her gratitude should the proposition made by me in a former "Talk"—that some of the "Circles" in the far land in which women are surely more highly favored by heaven than in any other—would send monthly a few dollars for this quiet, practical work, be taken up in active earnest. Twenty-five dollars per month would enable the teacher to enlarge her class and increase the usefulness of what she has undertaken.

She can labor successfully where foreigners may not enter, and, being one of themselves, can brighten and better her countrywomen's lot as it now is, while gradually raising them to desire and appreciate higher things.

As before, I can, without consultation with the editors of this paper, guarantee that anything sent to their care for this purpose, will be safely forwarded.

Finally, let me thank those who have responded to the former appeal; thank them in my own name, in Mrs. Jamal's, and for the sake of the helpless, almost hopeless women who will reap the benefit of their contributions. MARION HARLAND.



THE COURT-YARD OF A SYRIAN HOME

From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

her face and runs down to meet us, when we begin the ascent of the stairway.

"She will have it that we must come to see her," smiles the interpreter, introducing me in dumb show.

My new acquaintance unveils her face when we are within her door, kisses my hand and Mrs. Jamal's cheeks, and begs us to be seated upon the divan. It is covered, I note immediately, first with the conventional Turkey-red, and over this with clean, white muslin, a sort of "scrim," such as is used for window-curtains. An iron bedstead fills up one corner of the room, curtained with the same material as the divan-cover; a neat chest of drawers is in the opposite corner, and a tray set upon this holds cups, saucers, tumblers and plates. A cupboard is let into the wall; a baby is creeping over the floor.

Mrs. Jamal picks it up and kisses a face that is positively clean and almost chubby. "The youngest of our!" she interjects, between caresses and pet-names. "The mother was married at ten. Her first was born at fourteen. She is nearly twenty now. From eight until ten, she was in my school. She reads and is handy with the needle. And we have always been dear friends. Ah!" nodding and smiling to the pleased mother—"I am very proud of my scholar!"

own life to some extent. Knowing herself to be immortal and more accountable to God than to her husband for word and action, she is lifted above the beasts that perish."

It is rare to find a Moslem woman of twenty who can read or write. It is rarer to meet with a Christian woman of any age among the respectable middle classes who cannot. A teacher in a mission school told me yesterday that a wealthy Moslem, yielding to his daughter's importunities to be sent to school—education of some kind being just now a "fashionable fad" in their circle—brought them to the English lady in person, and asked that they might be instructed in needlework and music and even taught to read.

"But not to write!" he stipulated. "Women who can write will bring disgrace upon their families by sending love-letters to men who are not chosen by their parents to be their husbands. It is never safe."

Let me remark, furthermore, while my guide kneels on the floor, the shining shears moving as briskly as her kindly tongue—that jealous dread of the encroachments of the Christian religion is on the increase, not decline, among Mohammedan men. Mrs. Jamal conveyed the secret of this distrust in saying that they fear religion will make wives and daughters independent. Dr.

Persecution and Peril.

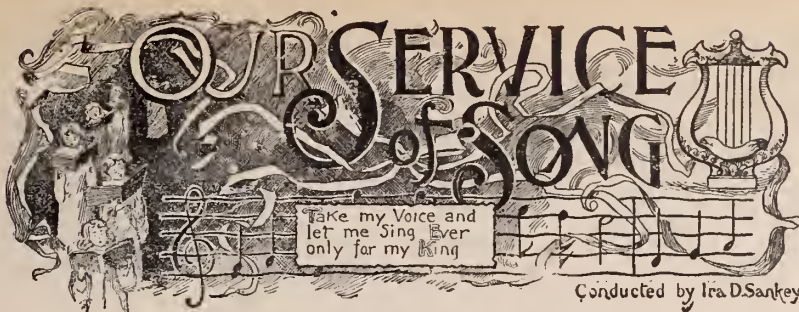
Troublous Times for Christian Missionaries in China.

RECENT letters from the scene of missionary operations in South China, convey the intelligence that the Lord's workers there are passing through a season of great peril and privation. Rev. R. H. Graves, a Baptist missionary, writes, that since the outbreak of the plague, which has carried off many thousands, the smouldering feeling of hatred to foreigners has been kindled by the sanitary regulations, and by designing men who circulate absurd stories about foreigners cutting out the hearts of the patients to make medicine, etc. As carbolic acid and other disinfectants have been used, these men have posted placards everywhere in the country, as well as in the city, stating that the foreigners are distributing scent bags with the object of killing off the people, and that all who smell them will die within three days. The wily priests, too, taking advantage of the panic, circulate stories among the people, saying that the wrath of the gods has come upon them because of the preaching of Jesus, and the only way to stop the plague is to drive out the missionaries and extirpate the native Christians. Two ladies of the United Brethren mission, at Honam, near Canton, were attacked. A Baptist chapel at Shiu Hing was stoned. Virulent placards against foreigners are posted up in the streets of the town.

Independently of the plague, the Chinese seem bent upon persecuting the Christians. At Peng Loh, in Kwong Sai the Christians, some twenty in number were trying to build a little meeting house for themselves, when the authorities forbade them. At Peng Nam, an old native Christian brother was beaten and his wife dragged before the magistrate, and two Bible colporteurs were badly beaten and plundered. Miss Hartwell, a missionary, held a rented house against Chinese rioters, who tried to drive her out of the village by stoning the house and breaking in the roof. On appealing to the magistrate he waited two weeks and then sent a most offensive proclamation, intended to inflame rather than quiet the people, saying that although her object was to inveigle the women and girls to Hong Kong and sell them for immoral purposes, etc., yet he must not drive her out as she was sent by her king, who was at peace with China, to carry on this work. Of course she would not post up such a paper at her door, and her firmness secured a better paper. These things show the animus of the ruling classes in China.

In Hainan, a building under erection by the Presbyterian mission was attacked at night, the work was stopped and the property seized by some of the literati under instructions from the Taotai, the highest official on the island.

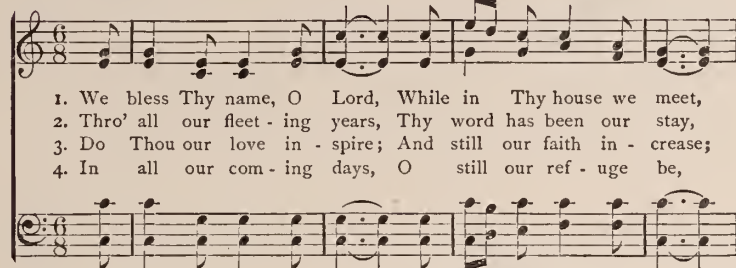
Rev. Edward S. Little, a Methodist clergyman, writes: "The Government and the majority of the officials, and the literary men, have one ambition, and that is to revert to the former custom, shut up the empire, and rigidly exclude all foreigners. It is needless to say that this cannot be accomplished, and the sooner the Chinese make up their minds to this the better. One official—the infamous Cheo Han—the instigator of the fire and bloodshed of 1891, is still at large and at work. Foreign governments attempted to have him suppressed. The officials replied that he had gone mad, that he had fled from his home, and so on. Western governments believed this, and nothing had been done to punish the ferocious outbreaks of 1891, or to prevent their recurrence. The riots and murders of foreigners that have occurred since then are sufficient proof of this. Cheo Han has remained all the time in his home at Chang Sha, and has recommenced with great vigor his attack on Christianity and foreigners. The blasphemous lampoons, defaming Christ and representing the Church as guilty of the most outrageous barbarities, are being again circulated in vast quantities, and with them many new ones. Some urge the people to rise and murder all foreigners and burn their property, and as an encouragement it is stated that foreigners are utterly powerless to defend themselves or to retaliate, so there is no danger and nothing to be feared. The Government knows all this, and by allowing it to proceed under its protection, in the face of all Western protests, shows that it approves."



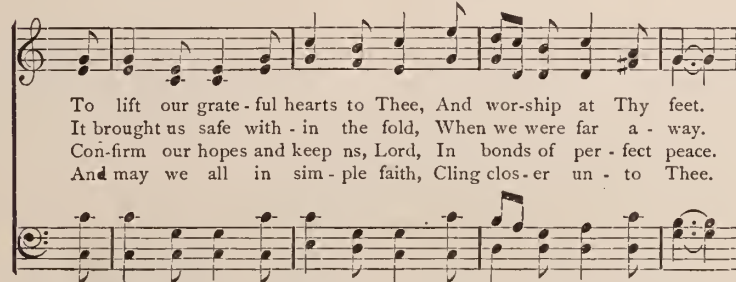
We Bless Thy Name, O Lord.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. We bless Thy name, O Lord, While in Thy house we meet,
2. Thro' all our fleet-ing years, Thy word has been our stay,
3. Do Thou our love in-spire; And still our faith in-crease;
4. In all our com-ing days, O still our ref-uge be,

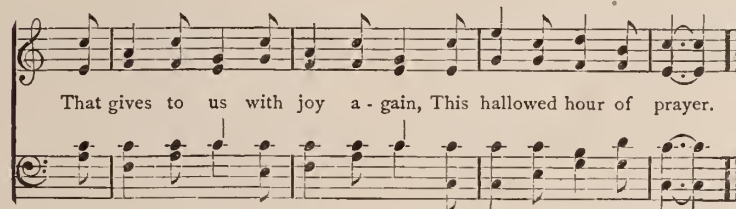


To lift our grate-ful hearts to Thee, And wor-ship at Thy feet.
It brought us safe with-in the fold, When we were far a-way.
Con-firm our hopes and keep us, Lord, In bonds of per-fect peace.
And may we all in sim-ple faith, Cling clos-er un-to Thee.

Refrain.



We bless Thy name, O Lord, For Thy pro-tection care,



That gives to us with joy a-gain, This hallowed hour of prayer.

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From Christian Endeavor Hymns, by permission of the Publishers.

Through the length and breadth of the land, Christian preachers, native and foreign, have traveled and told of a Saviour from sin and an uplifter of the human race. Millions of books and tracts have been scattered broadcast. All this is working in the minds of the people. It is impossible that a great people like this shall come into a new life, except with great struggles. Armed force for the propagation of the Gospel is never dreamed of, but the firm arm of law ought to guarantee to every creature on the globe this right.

PRAYER QUICKLY ANSWERED.

A servant girl who had been converted, and was striving to serve her heavenly Master in her earthly duties, was greatly distressed because she had no Bible, nor had she money to buy one. Her mistress lent her a Bible whenever she wished it, but she longed to possess one of her very own, over which she could pore in her spare moments and in which she could mark the passages that had been specially blessed to her. So she thought the quickest and surest way to get what she desired was to ask God for it. She prayed to her Father to give her a copy of his blessed Word. It did not come that night, and all the next day passed, and still no Bible came. Could the Lord not have heard the prayer? Or having heard it was he too busy to answer

it? About nine in the evening, her mistress called, "Mary!" "Yes ma'am." "Go along to Miss Y—'s, she was cleaning out some old cupboards last night and came upon a large school Bible, for which she has no use, and which she thought would do for you. If you will go along you will get it." Here was the answer to her prayer. God had heard her, and was quick to answer her.

THE TOUCH OF A HAND.

Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper! A leper!" to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was near by, put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me. For seven years no one has touched me!"

The missionary lady says that at that moment it flashed across her mind why it is repeatedly recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the lepers. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as healing power. Jesus will touch one as no other power can if he is only permitted to. Has he touched your heart? Christ will enter into full fellowship with you, if you will let him.

THREE JUDGMENT DAYS.

The Judgment of Service, Judgment of Nations and the Final Judgment.

BY REV. MARMADUKE WASHINGTON.

PROPHECY indicates that there will be three judgments in the future. There is first that which I will call the judgment of the believers. In 11 Cor. 5: 10, "For we must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ," etc. The meaning of the Greek word is "the award seat." It is not a seat on which the judge of the assize sits—no penal judgment—but one of reward or loss. It is referring to the chair on which the president of the Olympian games sat to decide the winner in the contest. The loser does not lose his head, does not lose his life, but he loses his crown—his reward. And so this judgment is one of reward or loss. This is for us who are members of Christ's body, not for all mankind, as you will see in the context; Paul is writing to the saints, who are characterized by certain marks which distinguish them as saints of God. The apostle again refers to this judgment of rewards in 1 Cor. 9: 27—"Lest by any means when I have preached unto other I myself might become a castaway." The word in the Greek means dishonored—not that I should be lost in the sense of my soul being lost, but that I should lose my crown, my reward. It is also referred to in 1 Cor. 3: 11, 12, where a believer having got upon the foundation, sets up a faulty building of wood and stubble. That is work carried out in the energy of the flesh and not of the Holy Ghost. If you and I do any work—preach the Gospel, teach in the Sunday School or anything else—in order to please ourselves or to please others, we are building upon the foundation a building of wood and stubble. It may please the world, but if it is done with that motive, it is not acceptable to the Lord, and will be all burnt up when he comes. This, then is the first judgment of the future. We are not told that this decision will take place when he first comes in the air but I cannot conceive that the Lord will defer it. I feel sure that he will give the rewards as soon as he can.

The next great day of the future is called "The day of the Lord." It is referred to in Zechariah 14: 3, 4, where we are told that his feet—the feet of the once rejected Messiah—shall stand upon the Mount of Olives. In Ezekiel 21: 27, we have these remarkable words, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." The first overturn was under Assyria, the second under the Romans, and the third will be the Antichrist—the man of sin—when our Lord will descend upon the Mount of Olives, when, in Joel we are told, he will plead with the nations on account of his ancient people, and his judgment-seat will be set up in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Take this with the 25th of Matthew, where we read, "When the Lord shall come in his glory . . . and shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and shall gather the living nations and shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep. And to those on the right hand he shall say, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Now whatever spiritual application we may make on this passage, the interpretation, I believe, refers to God's heritage, the Jews, and he will judge the people upon their treatment of them. We see then the judgment of the nations which will take place on that day is that of those living on the earth when the Lord descends.

The third great day of the future is the day of final judgment. This is a most solemn day. In Rev. 20: 11, 12 we read, "And I saw a great white throne and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them; and I saw the dead small and great stand before God," etc. It will not be a great assize, but a simple pronouncement of judgment. We are on our trial now. The evidence is being all taken down now, but then the books will be opened and the evidence read and the judgment will be pronounced. God the Father judges no man, but that is committed to his Son, who will sit upon the great white throne as the Son of Man. But to those who would have nothing to do with him in life, he will be the Almighty Son of God. Not one will be passed over. God will bring every wicked one into judgment—all the deeds of darkness done in this great city, every secret thing, good or bad.



THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning September
2. John 2: 13-17; 17: 11-17.

CHRIST'S conception of his Church in its relations with the world is remarkable for its boldness and sublime confidence. It was to be in the world, but not of the world. It was to be pure in the midst of corruption, to be righteous in the midst of wickedness, a light in a dark place. Not a fortress barricaded and barred for the safety of those within, but a garrison operating on the surrounding country. Monasteries and nunneries are concrete misconceptions of Christ's ideal. Asceticism was far removed from his nature as he wished it to be from that of his followers. He would spend days and nights in solitude, but he came from it to mingle with men and to attend a marriage feast. On the mountain-top a cloud enveloped him and he talked with heavenly visitors, but he came down to heal the demoniac and to go on with his work of teaching and healing. The Christian statesman, the Christian lawyer, the Christian merchant, the Christian clerk or domestic servant may fulfil his ideal, and perhaps more completely than the Christian minister. He would have his followers do the world's work, yet keep themselves from the world's principles. He knew perfectly how difficult it would be to do that, but he assured them that his grace would be sufficient to the task. There was to be no lowering of the standard, no concession to the world, but an inflexible adherence to his principles while associating with the world. History shows the alternations of the character of the struggle. At times the world has hated the Church and persecuted it, and at other times it has petted and caressed it. At times the church has boldly taken its stand for right and truth at the cost of favor and popularity, and at other times it has yielded to the evil surrounding it and has become worldly. The problem has always been to influence without being influenced, to impart life to the sick without suffering from contagion. And as with the Church, so with the individual. The true disciple of Christ is so filled with his spirit that his aims and hopes and purposes are unworldly. He does not need to ask if he may have this or that indulgence, may join in this or that amusement without forfeiting his position in the Church. He is seeking higher things, and his real life is hidden with Christ in God. He is a positive power to influence others, and must never be a negative nature to turn this way or that by the influence of others. He is to show by his life that Christ is sufficient for him, giving him all the joy he desires and supporting him in sorrow and trial. In that way, better than any other, he can show what the religion of Christ is, and what it is able to do for any man who takes it for himself.



A GRATEFUL MESSAGE.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, whose ill-

ness prevented his attendance at the recent convention at Cleveland, has issued the following message of thanks to sympathizing friends: Dr. Clark wishes to express his profound thanks, through "The Golden Rule," to the many, many friends who have remembered him in his illness. He has received scores of telegraphic messages and letters from all parts of the country, expressing love and sympathy, and he has come to know, as he could not otherwise have learned, the affectionate interest of a multitude of Endeavorers and Christian people of all ages. Even the sad disappointment and loss of the convention, to which he had been looking forward so long, was mitigated by the loving and hopeful words.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, HONOLULU, HAWAII.

Dr. Clark is taking complete and absolute rest on the coast of Maine, and is not allowed for the present to write letters, so that his friends will not think it strange if they do not receive immediate answers to their kind messages. But he is already beginning to improve, and we confidently believe that in a few weeks he will be able to take up his work for the Endeavor cause.



THE Y. M. C. A. IN HONOLULU.

It is gratifying to learn that in the new Republic of Hawaii the Young Men's Christian Association is a flourishing institution. On this page is a picture of its building in Honolulu, the capital, which is taken from a photograph kindly sent to us by Mr. Walter Lee, of that city. The building is entirely free of debt, and an effort is being made to add a thoroughly equipped gymnasium to its present advantages. The roll of membership, according to the latest report, was 274. A considerable number of young men who were formerly members have recently removed to the United States and other lands, but many new names have been added to the list since the report was issued, and the Association is constantly growing in popularity among the young men of the city. A well-furnished reading room is an attractive feature of the Association. The visitors' book shows that last year the average number of visitors was more than a hundred and fifty a day. Sev-

eral educational classes have been organized, which have an aggregate membership of 107. The religious meetings are made the main feature of the Association's work, and these are largely attended. They are not confined to the Association itself, but are of an aggressive character designed for evangelical progress in the city. A service is regularly held by the members in the military barracks, and another service in the city prison, both of which have been instrumental in the conversion of many souls. A service is also conducted every Saturday evening in the Bethel Hall. Beside these, the Association has a regular organized system of visitation of the vessels in the harbor, and no ship of any nationality sails away that does not carry tracts or other religious literature, the gift of the association to sailors. No less than 17,780 such silent messengers of truth were distributed last year by the the association among the toilers of the deep. The list of lectures, temperance concerts and other entertainments also shows how active and enterprising a body the young men of the Association are. A flourishing boys' auxiliary is connected with the Association which among its other good work supports a native boy in the Kamehameha school. A new impulse has been given lately to the Association's activities by the election of Mr. D. W. Corbett as General Secretary. He is extremely

dinners and 148 baskets of provisions, besides several barrels of clothing to needy districts. They also furnished a room in the new building of the Young Women's Christian Association. Other methods of work with a more distinctively spiritual bearing have been adopted by several circles in addition to their philanthropic labors. One circle has been sending letters to the women prisoners in the Penitentiary and also contributing funds to aid the discharged prisoners to go to their homes or to obtain work by which they can earn an honest livelihood. Another Circle supports a district nurse; another a Bible reader and another a lady missionary in India. The Order in Pennsylvania is evidently a very busy body of ladies, who are doing Christ's work on earth with devotion and intelligent helpfulness. It now numbers nearly five thousand members.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

There is a flourishing Epworth League of twenty-six members at Maza, N. Dak., where one year ago there was no Methodist organization of any kind.



The Missouri Epworth Leagues held their annual Convention this year at Pertle Springs. The report showed 210 Leagues, 8,400 members, as contrasted with fifty Leagues and 2,000 members a year ago.



The Epworth League in Singapore is doing effective work among the Chinese and Malays.



The Baptist Young People of the Tabernacle Church, Milwaukee, have undertaken charge of the special service on one Sunday evening of every month.



The Kansas City Christian Endeavor Union is earnestly prosecuting its vigorous good-citizenship fight. It is battling bravely against the saloons, the lotteries and bad politics.



One of the Junior district Christian Endeavor superintendents of Florida, has given good proof of her devotion and enthusiasm by starting a society nearly thirty miles from her home and by walking out to lead its meeting until some one else could be secured to take her place as leader.



During the past year the Christian Endeavor movement in England has spread largely among the Welsh, rendering it necessary to publish portions of the Christian Endeavor literature in that language.



The following additions to the Board of Managers of the Baptist Young People's Union were made at the Toronto Convention: Jesse A. Baldwin, Prof. Ira M. Price, Rev. L. A. Crandall, D.D., Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., Mr. N. G. Lenington, Rev. H. W. Reed, Mr. A. D. Dana, all of Chicago, and Mr. O. P. Coshov for Oregon.



A classification of delegates to the Toronto B.Y.P.U. was made with the following results: From the department of the Gold: Massachusetts, 170; New York, 410; Pennsylvania, 462; Ohio, 248; Michigan, 372; Indiana, 121; Illinois, 378. Total 2,497. From the Blue—Iowa, 43; Nebraska, 34; Minnesota, 30; South Dakota, 24; Kansas, 21; Colorado, 12. Total, 178. From the Green—Maryland, 99; Virginia, 29; Kentucky, 22; Mississippi, 21; Arkansas, 14; Texas, 32; South Carolina, 61; Georgia, 25; District of Columbia, 13. Total, 337. From the Red—Quebec, 25; New Brunswick, 6; Nova Scotia, 54; Manitoba, 2; Prince Edward Island, 6; British Columbia, 1; Ontario, 2,427. Total, 2,521. Specials—India, 1; China, 2; Palestine, 1; England, 2. Grand Total, 5,539.



THE PENNSYLVANIA CIRCLES.

The annual report just issued of the King's Daughters in Pennsylvania shows that the Order is flourishing in that State, and is prosecuting its work on the Christlike plan. During the winter's distress the five hundred circles scattered through the State were busy with relief work, one circle helping another and contributing to the necessities of those whose energies were overtaxed. The circles of one church alone sent out \$500 in money, 1500 articles of clothing, eight tons of coal, one hundred



Our Children's Bathing Hour.

Days of Pure Enjoyment for the Young Folks at Mont Lawn.



URING these beautiful August days, our young folks at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson are in the height of their midsummer enjoyment. Over 800 have now spent a ten days' vacation at this pleasant retreat, the largest number in the Home at any one time being 149.

As the applications continue to increase, care has to be exercised not to unduly overcrowd the Home; but the pressure has been so great that additional beds have had to be procured and set up in the dormitories, so that the utmost limit of capacity may now be said to be reached. For every vacancy there are over ten applications, and if there were a thousand beds they could be very speedily filled.

A question that occasioned no little thought for a time was as to bathing facilities; for, as everybody knows, boys and girls, whether raised in city or country, dearly love a frolic in the water. At first it was very difficult to secure a sufficient space on the Hudson river front for bathing purposes, but finally the Nyack Country Club, of which Capt. D. A. Nesbitt, Company B, Seventh Regiment, is the President, kindly placed at our disposal the conveniences of the club on the river front. Now, every week day, the children enjoy their bracing dip, twenty-five boys going down to the river in the forenoon and a like number of girls in the afternoon, always in charge of some responsible adult who is able to keep them out of danger. The bathing-place is entirely safe, however. On a recent occasion all the boys at the Home—some sixty in number—were taken down to bathe at once, and had such a frolic in the water as will not soon be forgotten. Our photograph gives a glimpse of the scene. All the girls took their turn the same afternoon—nearly seventy of them romping and splashing, laughing and racing in the water, to the amusement of the grown-ups who went along as escort and safe-guards.

All the children are remarkably well-behaved, and fully appreciate the advantages they are enjoying while they pass their ten

days' vacation at Mont Lawn. They never weary of talking about the kindness they experience there; it seems so much of a change from the routine of their dull and hapless lives at home. And rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, mirth and activity everywhere testify to the physical benefit they are receiving. One feature that had to be developed more largely than was originally intended was the supply of clothing and shoes. Probably fifty suits for boys and girls have been given to the children during the last month, and about an equal number of pairs of shoes. Then the girls are taught to be tidy, and it is now a cause for reproach if there is a rip in the dress or a button missing.

To the new-comer, the Home is at first a marvel and a thing to be gazed at and looked about with undisguised delight.

assist in keeping the Home in that remarkably clean condition which invariably excites pleasant comment from those who visit it.

**

Strive to Live at Your Best.

"Don't try to do a great thing," writes Rev. F. B. Meyer. "You may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity that will never come. Do the little things. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people that try and molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life for man, woman or child."

**

"Pleasing Mother."

It is a universal truth that mothers are specially pleased with the successes of their children. A mother watches the successive steps and efforts of her children as only a mother can. If they succeed in their callings, she rejoices as no one can. If chil-

OUR YEARS.

Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blest.

—BICKERSTETH.

**

THE WOODS IN AUGUST.

THE many flowers heralding the approach of summer, writes Ella Connor Ferris—the violets, buttercups, sweet williams, blue-bells and daisies—are gone long ago, save some tardy arrival that looks up with wondering eye at its own loneliness; but the later flowers, fewer in number, more than compensate in their brilliancy of coloring for the earlier flower treasures. The golden-rod pluming every fence-corner, every roadside, with its gay golden head nodding so cheery a welcome, flaming out its vivid yellow, truly gorgeous in its bright-

ness, seems to have appropriated a stray bit of sunshine, and to have adapted it, by some mysterious process, to the gilding of its own petals. A wild rose, clinging tenaciously, with its gnarled, crooked branches to a steep, shelving hillside, is covered with dainty pink blossoms, which, with their centres like golden eyes, gaze up at the sun most undauntedly, seeming to revel in his every ray, no matter how piercing. The appearance of its fairy foliage and mass of rosy bloom is a never-failing source of pleasant surprise, as the barren, clayey soil always looks so incapable of producing such loveliness.

How many shades of green the mosses show! One little patch at the foot of a giant tree looking like a piece of green velvet; another in all shades of brown, with leaves like tiny umbrellas, under which

the fairies might dance; another minute bit, so new that its color is nearly as much gold as green, shows delicate filaments of one flower; while a flat, gray rock jutting a little way above the bed of a small brook has its rough surface nearly covered with the soft bronzy velvet of another variety.

**

Helpfulness.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in my employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. WHITTIER.



THE BOYS' BATHING HOUR AT THE "CHILDREN'S HOME."

(Photographed Specially for "The Christian Herald.")

Each new contingent is given the pleasure of a carriage-ride on the day after arrival. Some odd bits of character peep out in the letters written by the children to their parents at home. "We sca'sely does nothin' but pray and eat," one little lad wrote home to his mother lately. Poor boy! Prayer and plenty of good food had doubtless been strangers to him, until he came to the Home.

Nobody is idle at the Home unless sick, and as there are no sick, it follows that all are busy. The only trouble experienced from the beginning was the accident to a little boy who fractured his arm, but who, after having it fully restored has been returned to his home safe and sound. Every day some of the children are set tasks of helpfulness such as house-cleaning, mending, etc. The result of this policy is that every child is anxious to be useful and to

dren appreciate the concern that is felt for them, and the earnest desire for their success that follows them everywhere by their mothers, they would care vastly more about pleasing them than is often the case. Pleasing mother should be a habit with children. Early in life they should begin the cultivation of thought and effort with reference to the gratification of her wishes and of making her happy. If they would do this they would find daily opportunities for speaking kind words, and rendering of such helpful services and of showing noble traits of character in dealings with others, as would gladden the heart and lighten the cares of mother in a way too often little thought of. If boys, if girls, could but realize their indebtedness to their mothers, they certainly would generally be very much more anxious about pleasing them.



CHAPTER IX.
HOME ONCE MORE.

IT was morning in Nazareth.

Nestling among the hills on the south of Lebanon, Esdraelon stretching wide and far, lay the city.

The sun, shining over the waving cedars, brightening the quiet streets through which the shepherds were, at that hour leading their herds and flocks to the pasture-lands beyond, gave the city that peculiar charm which scarcely ever fails after long absence to make one's native place more dear, to call back the pretty scenes of childhood. It did not fail with Zerola: she felt its strange power. She was now walking along a street where years ago some few beside herself had seen Jesus give a cup of cold water to a slave. Perhaps the prince—for so he proved to be—may have seen in after times the cross that now marked the spot where he had lain in chains and shown his wordless gratitude. For to the followers of the Nazarene the cross, being so significant of sacrifice and self-devotion, had become the emblem of their religion.

Zerola saw it as she passed thinking, "The sky was dark then, but now all is bright; and hope, ever cheering, still leads me on. Again in Palestine: what glad, what holy thoughts its hills and lakes suggest. Again in Nazareth, again to help my mother,—again to meet my lover."

She hastened through the olive-groves, past the flat-roofed houses, of which the city mainly consisted, varied here and there by a pyramid roof or less frequently by a dome.

And as the girl, now a woman, walked along the winding streets the people seemed to remember a bearing and a countenance not unknown.

Soon she stood before her home, and in a moment was walking quickly up the path to the house. There were the same flowers, the stars of Bethlehem and the lilies, struggling to lift their white and purple blossoms from out the foliage growing so green and tangled in the shadows of the old date-palm standing just in front of the door.

Four years in prison—now on the very threshold of home!

Should she go in immediately, or wait a moment and see if mother would come out?

She waited, then entered; hurried through each room, glanced anxiously around, and in an instant realized it all—the house was deserted, desolate!

"My father, my mother have gone," she said aloud, half shrinking from the words. "O, God, tell me where are they! O where is Thæon?"

But this was not the utterance of despair—no, rather of decision. Such circumstances as the above only make weak natures still weaker. Zerola was made stronger. She arose quickly and went out through the door of the carpenter shop behind the house, without, however, hearing the front door open at the same moment and a man enter.

Walking through the garden this time she did not fail to observe its particularly untended and deserted appearance; and yet the very wildness of the foliage gave it a certain beauty which is not always rivalled by the most careful culture. Sitting down not far from the date-palm to consider what course had better be pursued, the girl fancied she heard within the house footsteps, but dismissed the idea as one of her own imagination; and Paul, for the man was none other than the great apostle, little thought the was so near Zerola.

He had sought tidings of her wherever he had gone, but hitherto had learned nothing. Of all the Christians whom before his conversion he had been the means of leading to imprisonment and death, none was regretted more deeply than Zerola. Her kinship with the Master he loved and served so faithfully probably originated the feeling. There was a pathos, too, about the act of mercy and love that she was doing

when she was seized which appealed to Paul now as it did not at the time. He understood now that what she did was done in his name, and that she was serving him and following in his footsteps as she carried the cup of water to that poor dying man. Paul also feared from what he had learned of the character of Karmes since that time that he had handed the girl over to a fate worse than death. It was a cruel thing—this thing that he had done in his blind zeal. Among the long list of cruelties that his conscience reproached him with this of Zerola seemed the deepest dyed. "I am not worthy to be called an apostle," he wrote in his old age, "because I persecuted the Church of God." Mercy and forgiveness he had but he grieved sorely. A lesson to all persecutors in all times, who may learn from it how easily prejudice blinds the eyes and how wrong one may be at the moment when we are most sure of being right. Paul could not be near Nazareth without going to the house from which he had snatched the brightest jewel, to ask of the family if any tidings of Zerola had been obtained.

The emptiness of the house did not oppress Paul as it had oppressed Zerola. He had seen the family but a year before, while to Zerola no tidings had come for more than four years. He waited awhile, and then went out to ascertain if any one in the village knew where Mary was or when she would return. He learned there of her journey into Egypt, and that even then she was expected. He resolved to wait in Nazareth that night and to visit the house again before nightfall.

Zerola could take no such measures. She dreaded making inquiries. What might she not hear? Mary might be dead. Thæon might be dead. She would know all to-morrow. It would be too much for her to bear it to-day in her weak and wearied condition. She would wait and rest bearing the suspense as best she could, rather than learn a truth that might crush her. In this she showed her weakness as well as her strength. Few can bear suspense without fretting and distress, but Zerola knew that all things were in the hands of God and that nothing could come upon her without his consent. She would gather strength by waiting, her faith would strengthen its hold on him and she would learn to say as her Lord had said in the moment of his greatest agony, "Thy will be done." But her physical weakness was also betrayed by her decision. The shock of evil news was a thing to be dreaded in her frail state for Zerola felt that her long imprisonment had left her very frail. Yes; on all grounds it was wise to wait and to-morrow she would have strength to hear the worst.

It was now nearing noon; scarcely a cloud was in the sky. The heat was becoming very oppressive. Zerola, fairly exhausted by her long wearisome journey, lay down to rest awhile. And very soon she fell asleep.

Fortunately, only the comparatively few who have been dwellers in a Roman prison of the first century, have had that experience which would enable one even to picture indistinctly the dreams which would naturally present themselves to the mind of a girl so recently and strangely liberated. Indeed very few have ever been in such a prison as Zerola. Therefore it will readily appear that sleep in a place like this was what she now most needed.

That very hour a woman riding on a camel might have been seen coming through the olive groves on the slopes of Nazareth towards the city. She was hastening anxiously onward, scarcely pausing to look left or right. As she passed through the streets the respect of the people for her seemed almost to have the depth of reverence. Her very dignity added that charm of repose to her beauty which made them feel her countenance was but the expression of the soul within. She, too, saw the Cross; but with what thoughts we may but faintly know.

For the reader will have seen that the woman was Mary the mother of Zerola.

After dismounting and securing the camel, she soon was walking up the path to her home. The lilies, the stars of Bethlehem and all the flowers seemed more lovely now. Mary felt and heard the golden messages trembling on the golden sunbeams, and whispering from the tender petals of the blossoms. For there are moments when the soul seems to be drifting on a dark though fear-lit sea, and then it will cling to the frailest spar.

She was now about to open the door, but changed to glance around.

"Surely that is a girl," she said, crossing to where the sleeper lay, "perhaps the daughter of some exiled prince, perhaps the lost one of some poor peasant. Some day my own child may lie even as this one,—would God that I might be the one to find her! But, whoever this may be, she is a child of our Father who is in heaven."

Four years in a dungeon produce many changes and Mary's eye's were grown dim more from weeping than from age.

The woman knelt beside her, saying as she brushed the hair from the girl's brow, "I know, my child, thou hast a mother once—if thou hast not now." And Mary took her in her arms, and kissed her—kissed her with a mother's kiss.

Zerola awoke.

Her eyes met Mary's. Those were piercing looks, of amazement, almost fear; then of recognition! looks of love!

And together the mother and daughter looked to that God who sees the tears of the fatherless and hears the widow's cry. And as they prayed each felt the holy calm of God's eternal love—for both were saying: "O, Father, thy will be done."

Thus the long-sought reunion of mother and daughter solemnized when it came the souls of both. Their feelings were too deep to find expression in any way other than in the most solemn of all forms known to the human race, the act of communion with the Deity. All the long pent-up grief of the mother's heart, the mourning of those four long years, the deep yearning of her soul for her precious treasure, strove together for utterance in passionate thankfulness to God for his love and kindness. Zerola, too, as she clung to her mother in the embrace that she had pictured to herself again and again in the gloomy dungeon in Rome and on the deck of the ship as it crossed the Mediterranean could find no words to relieve her heart but words of prayer and praise. Oh, there is no love between mortals so close and so tender as the love which leads both to the feet of Christ. When the hearts of two human beings are one in him, they are drawn closer to each other by their being one in their supreme devotion. It was so with mother and daughter on that day in the Nazareth home. Of the trivialities of ordinary life neither could speak. The moment was too thrilling, the joy of reunion too sacred for aught but the outpouring to God of the emotion of both their hearts. So the two women knelt and prayed, their arms about each other's necks and their faces beautiful in youth and maturity turned heavenward with a radiant light beaming from them as of a reflected glory.

Meanwhile the apostle had returned and was walking through the garden. As he drew near they heard his footsteps, and turning around saw and recognized him. Zerola drew back, but Mary, with the forgiveness of a Nazarene, advancing took his hand and led him to her daughter. Her words were few, but they told enough.

When she had finished speaking, Paul spoke to Zerola. But it was with the voice of a man across whose pathway in life has fallen some dark shadow. He looked upon the ground, saying in his very heart: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Then he felt a tender hand take his, and raising his eyes they met Zerola's; and there was that in touch and voice and look which said, "The past is all forgotten, forgiveness lights the future."

"You have suffered much, I fear," Paul said. "I, too, have suffered on your account. I did you a wrong but it was in blindness and unbelief. I knew not what I did. Beyond measure I persecuted the people of God and harassed them. You have heard how my eyes were opened and that now I preach Jesus whom then I scorned. On that fatal morning when I caused you to be seized and sold into slavery, I had caused the death of one bright youth who might, had he lived, have been my helper now. He died a martyr's death as I shall die when my work is done. It is a cause worth dy-

ing for, but I want to live on that I may carry into the farthest regions of the earth the story of the Cross. I am glad that you forgive me all the misery I caused you. It is sweet to forgive and to be forgiven and you show that you are truly your Lord's as you forgive me. May the grace of Christ be upon you more and more richly and fill you with all joy and peace in him."

Zerola bowed her head humbly as the concluding words of benediction were uttered by the great Apostle. "I thank you," she said. "I heard from Corbulo and Corthene in Rome how great is the service you have rendered to our Lord, and how you have suffered for him, and have braved death to spread the news of his life and teaching through the lands of darkness. It is good to be blessed by one who has proved so faithful and valiant a servant of my Lord." She held out her hand, and Paul took it in his own as she added, "We are made one by the love we bear him."

Looking at Mary, Zerola then asked, "Mother, where is Thæon?"

Paul turned and walked away. In their conversation about the martyr, they had not mentioned his name. The apostle was filled with remorse. What a crime his bigotry had led him to commit! What sorrow he had brought to this home! Mary and Zerola had forgiven him: God had forgiven him. But he could not forgive himself. A small nature might easily have done so; but Paul's was large, noble.

When Mary answered her daughter's question she thought Paul was out of hearing, but as he walked away he caught the words:

"Zerola, when thou didst take the cup of cold water to the martyr on that morning in Jerusalem, it was to Thæon . . . that thou wast carrying it. Daughter thy lover—is—dead."

Suddenly becoming as if lifeless, the girl fell upon the ground, overwhelmed with that sorrow which can be felt only by one who has learned to truly love with all the fervor of a woman's heart. Mary, quickly kneeling beside her, took her in her arms and carried her to the house where in years gone by they had all lived so happily. And pressing her to her bosom she prayed as never before.

Had she found her beloved daughter only to lose her at a stroke? Zerola's face looked like the face of the dead. The mother mourned over her and labored to bring life back to the beautiful form. Zerola thought she had schooled herself to say, "Thy will be done," but as she heard that Thæon was dead, her heart seemed to cease beating, all around had grown dim, and she remembered no more. But the young life, even in so delicate a frame as Zerola's, does not easily yield itself under a mental shock. It was only a swoon, and Mary's efforts were rewarded after some minutes with the returning color in the pale cheeks that showed the blood was once more circulating in her veins. She did not hasten returning consciousness, realizing that the desolation would come on her child with renewed weight, and that this oblivion was merciful.

At last Zerola's lustrous eyes looked up piteously into her face. "Mother," she said, "Is that true? Is that true, that you told me? Is Thæon really lost to me forever? O, mother, I loved him very tenderly. Shall I never see him again?"

"Not on earth, my child," Mary replied sadly. "But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. There can be no parting forever between souls who are trusting in our Lord. You remember his words to Martha? They have comforted us often: we thought of you and of others. 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

"Yes, mother, I do not forget, but it is very hard." Zerola was feeling the bitterness that every soul feels in bereavement however firm its faith in the resurrection. Oh, for one hour of her Lord's presence! Oh, for the sound of that voice which spoke by the tomb of Lazarus, by the bedside of the daughter of Jairus, and by the bier outside the gate of Nain. Like Martha, the young heart wailed, "If thou hadst been here he would not have died." Who can wonder that even her mother's presence in which she had pined could not fill the void caused by the loss of Thæon. The day was coming when she would learn that she had not lost him, that he was living and longing for her; but now she must taste the bitterness of death and must drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

(To be Continued.)

The Moody Gospel Fund.

still Progressing and the Outlook for the Work Brightening Daily.

MANY letters of encouragement have been received during the past week, enclosing contributions for the Moody Gospel Fund, and invoking the divine blessing upon the work. Much interest has been felt in the letters from former students at the Bible Institute, in which grateful testimony was given showing the value of the training they had received, and how it had been the means of opening up avenues of spiritual usefulness in their evangelistic labors.

Mr. Moody's appeal has moved many of our readers and their friends as no other appeal could have done, and they are vying with each other in the determination to have a share in the good work he is now doing. All, whether rich or poor, old or young, want to "do a little for Jesus." Some of the sacrifices made for this cause are extremely touching, and prove the goodness of heart of the generous senders more than volumes could explain. Surely He who multiplied the loaves and fishes will so abundantly bless their offerings, however small, that the increase will enable the Institute to go forward in its good work of training evangelists and missionaries to carry the Gospel to the churchless millions.

The contributions during the week are acknowledged below:

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E. V. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
And 60 others to be acknowledged next week	150 00

Total to date \$3,885.01

INDIA'S SACRED RIVERS.

A real cause, if not of disquiet, at least of thoughtful interest, says a correspondent, is found in India to-day, which may portend nothing less than a religious revolution. For ages the River Ganges has been accounted a sacred stream. Its waters are regarded as possessing a peculiar power of purification, and its banks, consequently, are almost everywhere lined with temples. Indeed the religion, philosophy, and even sociology of Hindostan have largely centred in "Mother Gunga," far more than those of Rome upon the Tiber, or of Egypt upon the Nile. Yet the Ganges had a rival, if never yet a successful, at least a potential one. That rival is the Nerbudda, the mighty stream, which, rising in Gundwana, flows westward along the northern border of the Deccan, to the Arabian Sea. There is a legend that Indra, the Lord of Light, with his own hand, made the passageway, between walls of snowy marble, through which its waters leap down into the broad estuary at Broach, and for this reason it has ever been reckoned a holy stream. Moreover, about a hundred years ago, there arose and spread abroad through all the land a prophecy that at a certain time the sanctity of the Ganges itself should be transferred to the Nerbudda, and the latter become supreme.

The date, explicitly stated in this prophecy, for which wide credence was obtained, was the year 1804. As that date drew nearer and nearer, belief, or at any rate expectancy, grew steadily stronger. At the present time the tension is almost indescribable. Why the change is to occur, no one can tell; nor yet how it is to be manifested, whether by some stupendous cataclysm of nature, or by a revolution of religious sentiment. Nor are there lacking, especially among the innumerable Gangetic shrines,

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many who dispute the correctness of the prophecy. Yet there is to-day such a state of general unrest, speculation and anxiety as has not been known in India for generations. Whether any movement of tangible form will grow out of it is an interesting question.

SWEET VOICES.

WHEN low sweet voices call to me From out the great unknown, And I the glittering towers see

Of my beloved home, I'll cast the sandals from my feet. And haste the Fatherland to greet.

When fragrant breezes waft to me

Some song unknown to earth, When time's dim hills no more I see, And as the sounds of mirth Grow fainter to my listening ears, I shall not be oppressed with fears.

And when the everlasting gate

Of heaven shall lift to me, I will not at the portal wait, But hasten in to be A "little one" of God the King, And with the "many voices" sing.

—M. A. H.

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THE BOOK SHELF

CHRISTIAN ASTRONOMY.*

I DO not know whether you can, in imagination, lean over the battlements of this little solar system, and see what there is beyond it. Do not narrow your minds to a few hundred millions of miles! If you look out for a long way indeed, you will begin to see a star. I should only be uttering meaningless words if I told you its distance from us; yet there are others, of those that we are able to see, that are almost immeasurably farther away. They have taken a deal of trouble to send us a ray of light such a vast distance, to inform us that they are getting on very well, and that, though they are at such a distance from us, they still enjoy themselves as best they can in our absence.

These stars, as the common people look at them, seem to be scattered about in the heavens, as we say, "anyhow." I always admire that charming variety; and I am thankful to God that he has not set the stars in straight lines, like rows of street-lamps. Only think, brethren, how it would be if we looked up at night and saw the stars all arranged in rows, like pins on a paper! Bless the Lord, it is not so! He just took a handful of bright worlds and scattered them about the sky, and they dropped into most most beautiful positions, so that people say, "There is the Great Bear; and, 'That is Charles's Wain,' and every countryman knows the Reaping-hook. Have you not seen it, brethren? Others say, 'That is the Virgin, and that is the Ram, and that is the Bull,' and so on.

I think that naming of the various constellations is very like a good deal of mystical preaching that there is nowadays. The preachers say, "That is so-and-so, and this is so-and-so." Well, perhaps it is so; but I do not see it. You may imagine anything you like in the constellations of the heavens. I have pictured a fortress in the fire, and watched it being built up, and seen little soldiers come and pull it all down. You can see anything in the fire, and in the sky, and in the Bible, if you like to look for it in that way; you do not see it in reality, it is only a freak of your imagination. There are no bulls and bears in the heavens. There may be a virgin, but she is not to be worshipped as the Romanists teach. I hope you all know the pole-star; you ought also to know the pointers; they point to the pole-star, and that is just what we ought to do, to direct the poor slaves of sin and Satan to the true Star of Liberty, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

Then there are the Pleiades; almost anybody can tell you where they are. They are a cluster of apparently little stars, but they are intensely bright. They teach me that, if I am a very little man, I must try to be very bright; if I cannot be like Aldebaran, or some of the brightest gems of the sky, I must be as bright as I can in my own particular sphere, and be as useful there as if I were a star of the first magnitude. Then, on the other side of the globe, they look up to the Southern Cross. It is very beautiful to think of the Cross being the guide of the mariner; it is the best guide anyone can have, either this side of the tropics or the other.

There are many wonderful things to be learned about the stars, to which I hope you will give your earnest attention as you have the opportunity. Among the rest is this fact, that some stars have ceased to be visible to us. Tycho Brahe said that on one occasion he found a number of villagers looking up at the sky, and on asking them why they were gazing at the heavens, they told him that a new star had suddenly appeared. It shone brightly for a few months, and then vanished. Many times a starry world has seemed to turn red, as if it were on fire; it has apparently burned, and blazed away, and then disappeared. Kepler, writing concerning such a phenomenon, says: "What it may portend is hard to determine; and thus much only is certain, that it comes to tell mankind either nothing at all, or high

and weighty news, quite beyond human sense and understanding." In allusion to the opinion of some, who explained the novel object by the Epicurean doctrine of a fortuitous combination of atoms, he remarks, with characteristic oddity, yet good sense, "I will tell these disputants—my opponents—not my opinion, but my wife's. Yesterday, when weary with writing, and my mind quite dusty with considering these atoms, I was called to supper, and a salad that I had asked for was set before me. 'It seems, then,' I said aloud, 'that if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of water, vinegar, and oil, and slices of egg, had been flying about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen, by chance, that there would come a salad.' 'Yes,' says my wife, 'but not one so nice or well dressed as this which I have made for you.'

So I should think; and if the fortuitous combination of atoms could not make a salad, it is not very likely that they could make a whole world. I once asked a man who said that the world was a fortuitous concourse of atoms, "Have you ever chanced to have no money, and to be away where you knew nobody who would give you a dinner?" He replied, "Yes, I have." "Well, then," said I, "did it ever happen to you that fortuitous concourse of atoms made a leg of mutton for you, with some nice boiled turnips, and caper sauce, for your dinner?" "No," he said, "it has not." "Well," I answered, "a leg of mutton, at any rate, even with turnips and caper sauce included, is an easier thing to make than one of these worlds, like Jupiter or Venus."

Wonderful combinations of glory and beauty may be seen in the stellar sky; and some of these stars are red, some blue, some yellow; all the colors of the rainbow are represented in them. It would be very wonderful to live in one of them, and to look across the sky, and see all the glories of the heavens that God has made. On the whole, however, for the present, I am quite content to abide upon this little planet, especially as I am not able to change it for another home, until God so wills it.

FIRST CENTURY CHRISTIANS.*

Who were the Aristobulus and the Narcissus to whom or rather, to members of their households, Paul sends salutation at the close of his letter to the Romans? Strangely enough, heathen writers tell us about an Aristobulus and Narcissus who were famous in Rome at this time. Tacitus tells us that Narcissus once a slave of the Emperor Claudius, had been set free and so served his former master in the capacity of private secretary. He is said to have had great influence over the Emperor. He had made use of his position to amass great wealth, and was one of the most important and influential men in Rome. Aristobulus was a grandson of Herod the Great, who lived mostly in Rome. He, too, possessed great influence, because of his friendships and his immense wealth. From the fact that Paul greets his kinsman Herodion in direct connection with the household of Aristobulus, it is not at all improbable that this Herodion was a member of his family. At the time that Paul wrote this letter it is not improbable that both were dead, but their slaves had passed into the hands of the Emperor Nero, and it was customary for such persons still to bear the name of their former master.

These and others mentioned in the letter all belong to the family of the Emperor, but they were only slaves. Did Christianity go no higher in the social scale in the court at Rome? Or were there Christians among

*From *A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church*, by Oliver J. Thatcher. Pp. 312; price \$1.50. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.

"The Lamp of Life" is a monthly journal devoted to Scriptural exposition. Carefully studied articles on Salvation, Sanctification; New Light on Prophecy, of vital importance. British Israelism. Exposure of Higher Criticism, &c. Of great service to Bible Students. Price, \$1 per year, in advance; ten cts. single copy. Address, Dr. E. D. Kline, Ed., 101 W. 74th street, New York.

the nobility, or perhaps even in the very family of Nero himself? Again we are indebted to Tacitus for a bit of interesting information. The wife of the great Roman general, Plautius, who conquered Britain, was named Pomponia Grechina. About A. D. 57 or 58 she was charged with being a convert to a foreign superstition. According to the Roman custom, her husband was ordered to try her on this charge. We have no account of the trial, but we are told that her husband pronounced her innocent. How much influence his heart exercised on his judgment we cannot tell, but probably it had much to do with her exculpation. For, in spite of the fact that she was declared innocent, the historian further tells us that the lady lived in retirement for about forty years after this, wholly given up to a gloomy religion. He does not call her a Christian, but his language is very like that used in describing Christians, who were compelled to live in retirement, shunning all society, because they did not wish to expose themselves to censure. They could not take any part in public life without either engaging in idolatrous practices, or by refusing to do so, subjecting themselves to criticism and persecution. Certain it is at any rate that some of her slaves were Christians, for their burial places have been discovered in the Christian catacombs in Rome.

But Christianity came still nearer to the throne of the Cæsars. About the year 95 the Emperor Domitian put to death his cousin, the consul Titus Flavius Clemens, on the charges of "a contemptible inactivity" and "atheism." His wife, Flavia Domitilla was at the same time, and for the same reasons, banished to an island in the Mediterranean. This Domitilla was beyond all peradventure a Christian. Her name is inseparably connected with the early history of the church at Rome. One of the many catacombs in the neighborhood of Rome bears her name and contains the graves of many of her slaves and who also became Christians. From the frequent occurrence of the names of Flavia and Flavius in the inscriptions in the catacombs, many members of the Flavian family must have become Christians. Many of these Christian graves are undoubtedly from the first century. It was not common to date the inscriptions on the graves, but we have at least three from the first century bearing dates. Christianity had a strong hold in Rome before the year 100. Everything we know of Clemens and Domitilla goes to show that they were both Christians, for these charges that were made against them are the same that were made against the Christians. One was that they refrained from any share in the affairs of State.



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Spurgeon.

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Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot on receipt of \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, London, Eng., & 4 Wooster St., New York. Mention this paper.

*From *The Art of Illustration*, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A posthumous volume of lectures originally delivered to the students of the Pastors' College, London. Pp. 265; cloth binding, price \$1.00. William B. Eerdmans, N. Y. Publisher.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in Samoa.

Scenes of Battle and Shipwreck—A Visit to the Royal Palace—"Trade-Gin," and "Kava"—Malietoa's Missionary Flag.

APIA, SAMOA, July 2, 1894.

A HUNDRED and sixty dead men in the angry waters: one ship sunk out of sight so that not so much as a plank or rope has since appeared: of our three great American warships lying in the harbor the *Leipsic* beached, the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* demolished: of the three great German men-of-war the *Eber* and *Olga* gone completely under: the *Adler* rolled over on its side and cracking apart amidships. Out of all the vessels in harbor only one saved, and that because it had steam-up and could sail out into the sea: three days of wreckage and fright and horror which shook the island and by report of next steamer transfixed all nations: all this a brief putting of what an antipodean hurricane did for this harbor in March, 1889. While all up and down the beach of this island are pieces of the wreckage of that unparalleled tempest, only one skeleton of a ship remains, the "*Adler*," sufficiently distinct to represent that scene of cyclonic infernalization. It is rather unfortunate that Samoa in the popular mind of all nations, stands as a synonym of shipwreck, for the place is as fine a specimen of foliage and fruitage as the world holds. Indeed, its harbor is the sea-captain's anxiety. For though a wide harbor it has only a small entrance, and rocks in all directions toss the white foam. The captain told us that we need not think we were left if we saw him sailing out to sea, for he would do so if a squall came up, but he would return and take us.

After more than seven days of ocean rolling without sight of ship or land the Samoan Islands greet you like

A Beatific Vision.

As we came on deck this morning the waters were covered with small boats of natives bringing specimens of coral and all manner of flowers and fruits, ready to sell these and transport to shore all the passengers who chose to go. A boat belonging to the German Legation with four stout oarsmen took us three quarters of a mile to the beach. From thence we went to King Malietoa's residence. But it is a time of war. The king had fled to the forest. A few nights before he was thought to be at a village house and it was surrounded and shot into, and the king would have been slain if he had been there. The whole island is in a turmoil. We were shown the king's rooms and his pictures and bric-a-brac. The walls suggested fondness for German and English Royalty, but I found not the face of any American President or General. We saw the queen, and at the invitation of the warriors went into the guards' tent. About fifteen dusky soldiers each reclining on a pillow of round wood upheld by two small supports. A more uncomfortable pillow, it would seem to me, than that in Bethel from the foot of which Jacob saw the angels.

Each of the warriors had a gun within reach. At their invitation we sat down on a mat beside those who were sitting and in scant vocabulary talked over the Samoan troubles. We saw one soldier who had been shot in the foot, and he was limping along leaning on an assistant. Four men were killed last night in a skirmish and another skirmish is to take place to-night. There are natives who do not want to pay their taxes and their various grievances have been summed up, and a young warrior wants to get the throne and introduce the millennium. A long continued struggle is opening. Meanwhile a German and English man-of-war is in the harbor, and an American man-of-war is expected soon. What will be the result no one can prophesy. But this is certain, this island and all the group of islands are suffering from foreign interference. It is a common saying among the natives that first comes the missionary, then comes the merchant, then comes the consul, then comes the man-of-war, then, Oh my!

Why should three great nations like the English, German and American stoop to such small business as to be watching with anxious and expensive vigilance these islands for fear that this or that foreign gov-

ernment should get a little advantage? Better Call Home your War Ships

and leave all to the missionaries. They will do more for the civilization of Samoa than all the guns that ever spoke from the sides of the world's navies. The captain of our steamer in an interesting address a few evenings ago concerning the islands of the Pacific, declared that the only movement towards civilization that amounted to anything in these islands had been made by the church. Gospel, not gunpowder. Life, not death. Bibles, not bullets.

The only movement that at this time has full swing in Samoa is "Trade-Gin." That maddens and embrates, and has given to Samoa the unsavory and unjust title of the "Hell of the Pacific." The foreign gin is helped in its work by a domestic drink called "Kava."

Tell all the Methodists that Malietoa is a Wesleyan and a consistent follower of the three worthies of Epworth, Susannah, Charles and John. Though his every drop of inherited blood is warlike, this king is a man of peace. The flag that floats over his house is a one-starred flag contrived by a missionary. Indeed the good work of the Missionaries is found wherever we go on this island. The Bible is the chief book. There are churches and schools. One of the group of islands has a college of fifty-five students in preparation for the ministry. Nearly all the inhabitants of these islands can read and write. There are no doubt enough bad people. Three ships of war lying for the most time in the harbor keep the natives familiar with the vices of more civilized nations.

At half-past six, on Sabbath morning, the church bells ring, and the people put on their best attire and assemble for worship. Again in mid-afternoon the church bells ring and the people gather. Far on into the Sunday night the Christian songs may be heard, caught up and sounded back from home to home, and from mountain to beach. There is far more

Sabbath Kept in Samoa

than in any town or city in America of the same size. But this was not always so. From what cruelty Christian civilization has lifted it! In olden time when they conquered an enemy they broke his spine. To add to the humiliation of the defeated some of them were roasted and eaten. When a woman was candidate for marriage to some chief she was seated in the market-place for the public to decide whether she were fit for such marriage. If they decided in the negative she was clubbed to death.

They worshipped the dog, or the eel, or

the turtle, or the lizard, or the shark. "Back!" cried the Christian religion to such monstrosities of behavior and all things changed.

The Samoans have not much use for clothes. I saw no fashion-plates in the windows. A tailor would starve to death in Samoa. Lack of complete physical investiture comes not from undue economy, not from pauperism, not from immorality, but originally from the fact that on these islands the climate is so mild the year round that necessity does not make inexorable demand for covering upon weavers and clothiers.

But gradually calicoes and nankeens and alpacas are coming into demand. The Samoan somewhat substitutes tattooing, which in some cases appears quite like a suit of clothes. In the boat crossing from wharf to steamer I put my hand on the knee of a Samoan and said, "You are tattooed." He replied, "Yes, that me clothes." I said, "When do you have that tattooing done?" He answered "Twenty years of age." I said, "Does it hurt?" He replied, "Oh, yes! Hurt! Swell up!" I asked, "How long does it take to have that tattooing done?" He answered, "Two months." Indeed all the men I noticed had been tattooed. It is a badge of manhood.

As we passed along the main street of the island we had a crowd after us with something to sell. To buy a flower or a shell was greatly to reinforce the number of the escorting party. The men are muscular and well formed. The children are beautiful. As to the women, every nation has its type of female beauty, and no one of another nation is competent to judge concerning it.

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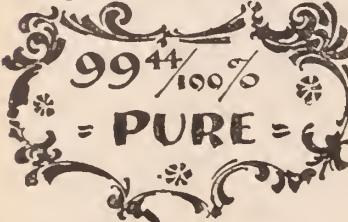
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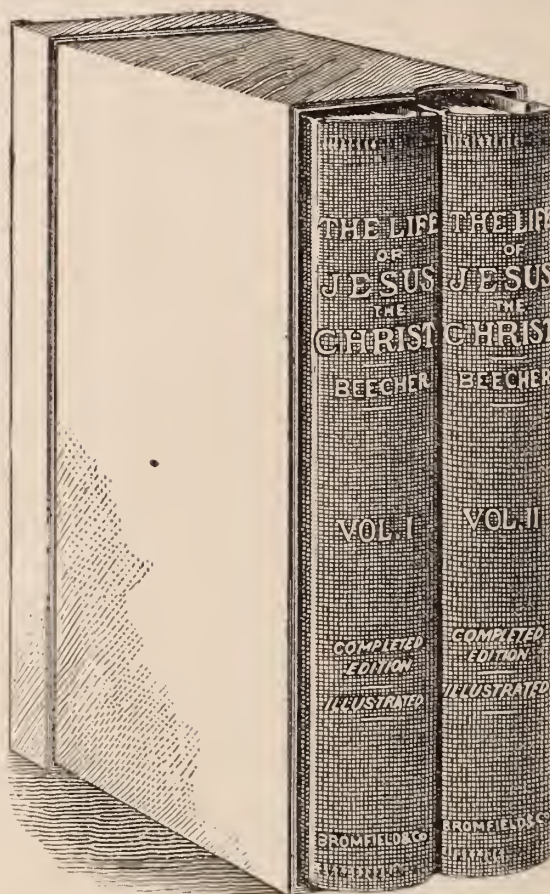
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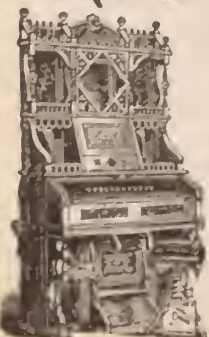
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A NATIVE MISSION IN JAPAN.

Peculiarities and Beauties of The Land of the Rising Sun—The Great Sacred Mountain—The Light of Social and Political Progress with Spiritual Darkness—Mr. Kato's Tokyo Mission—A Native Aggressive Christian Effort.

JAPAN has for many years past been the theme of writers and artists, who have studied it with delighted interest. Its name means, in the Chinese dialect from which it is derived, the land that the sun comes from. Stretching with its contiguous islands almost from the Arctic Circle to the Tropic of Cancer, it has an endless variety of climate and weather, and an equally varied vegetation. Its surface is so broken with mountains and by the contour of the country as to leave but a comparatively small portion available for such farming as we have, but the people know how to adapt themselves to their surroundings and have made their land to blossom like a garden. Of all the mountains none possess the fascination for the visitor that there is in Fujiyama, the slumbering volcano, a picture of which appears on this page. It rears its snowy head twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, and its glorious beauty and majesty of form impress every beholder. It is not surprising that the superstitious veneration of the past times have surrounded it with sacred associations and mythical traditions, and have made it a veritable temple where thousands still go every year to worship. Its ascent has to be made on foot, and the pilgrims spend two days in making the jour-

ney, halting by the way at resting-places provided specially for their accommodation, and sleeping on the summit, that they may worship the sun at its rising.

But it is with the people, rather than with the country, that the Christian's interest is mainly concerned. The aggregate area of the four islands is only 157,000 square miles—about the size of California, yet the population is nearly forty millions. Within this generation they have suddenly revolutionized their social and political life, and have emerged from feudalism into constitutional liberty with a rapidity unknown in any other nation. It is saddening, however, to learn that while Japan has been eagerly adopting Western ideas in her government,

tians in Japan is under forty thousand and, while there are only 377 Protestant churches, there are 108,112 Buddhist temples and 193,242 Shinto Shrines. But among the small number of Christians there are some whose hearts God has touched with his Spirit, and aroused to a sense of the urgent need of their country. It may interest our readers to know some facts about one of the efforts that is now being made in Japan as a result of this concern.

In one of the most densely populated districts of the great city of Tokyo, a district where trade, and manufacture, and business of all kinds create an atmosphere of their own, where life is eager and restless, and men and women of all classes congregate—a modest building is devoted to Christian work. A notice in Japanese characters, hieroglyphics to the Western visitor, but legible enough to the native, is conspicuous at its doors, notifying the passer-by that the Jesus religion is preached and explained within, every evening and

many thousands of business and professional men. At night, audiences are gath-



REV. SATORI KATO.

ered numbering from seventy to a hundred

persons, and on Sundays every part of the building is occupied and over a hundred and fifty persons hear the Gospel. This building is not a church; there is no church organization and the audience is a changing one. When the same person is seen there night after night and manifests in other ways an interest in religion, he is advised to see one of the Christian missionaries in Tokyo, and if he becomes a Christian he connects himself with an organized Church. This building is an



FUJIYAMA THE GREAT SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.

From a Photograph supplied to "The Christian Herald" by Rev. Satori Kato.

outpost, or in some of its features a recruiting station for the cause of Christ in the city.

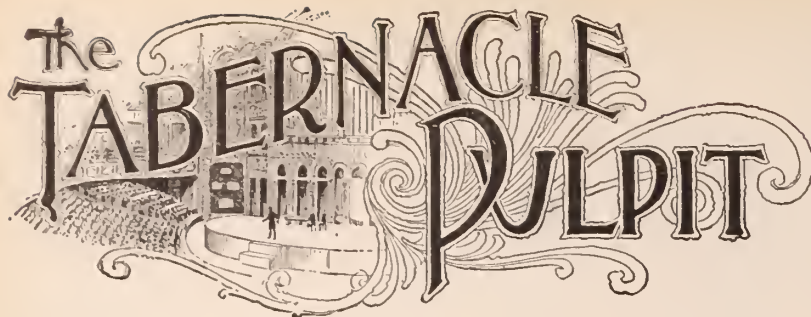
Its founder and superintendent is Rev. Satori Kato, a typical Japanese gentleman, animated, intelligent and courteous. He is now on a visit to this country and has giv-

three times on Sunday. This is the headquarters of the Tokyo Mission. It is situated on the street called Yumicho Kyobashi, a street of hurrying throngs, of busy workers, a thoroughfare used daily by

outpost, or in some of its features a recruiting station for the cause of Christ in the city.

Its founder and superintendent is Rev. Satori Kato, a typical Japanese gentleman, animated, intelligent and courteous. He is now on a visit to this country and has giv-

(Continued on page 547.)



EVERLASTING LIFE.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Micah 2: 10, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

THIS was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition: but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays, and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to mid-life who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully; and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire-bell: is it your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness

from his forehead, and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From house-tops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbing voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position." That same world said, after a while, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank

himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer, and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the Land of Gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipation, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased Pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet; look at their eyes. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed the Chinese tea-boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton-picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell

carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the Pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garner is full. Oh sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart, for that is your rest.

Scovill M'Callum, a boy of my Sunday School, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing,

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary.

Then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks, and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. One lamb gone out of this fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs, how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice, or kindle the lustre of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse-wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel, and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glistened with the sun that never sets.

Oh ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, to-night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of mid life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the office, or store, or shop, for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands, and cry out, "This is Heaven!"

A Native Mission in Japan.

(Continued from first page.)

en THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some interesting information about his mission and the work he is trying to do there. On a former visit to the United States, he was deeply impressed with the value of the work done in the mission halls of our great cities in reaching the non-church goers and the great masses of the people, who need to have the Gospel carried to them as they do not seek it for themselves. The conviction was forced upon him that there was urgent need for such work in his own land. Here the people are nominally Christian and in theory recognize the value of the Christian religion and their own need of it, though in practice they neglect it. But in Japan, it is regarded as a religion of aliens, an imported article, which the patriot is inclined to consider inferior to the ancient faiths of his people. There is, therefore, the greater need for aggressive work that the people, who are little likely to go to the missionaries of their own accord, may hear what Christianity really is and realize the truth that Peter proclaimed long ago in Jerusalem, when, having preached Jesus, he declared, "Neither is there salvation in any other."

Especially in his own city of Tokyo, Mr. Kato felt that such an effort was needed. It is a city nearly as large as New York with a population of a million and a half, covering an area of fifty-eight square miles. How long would it take with all the missionaries of all denominations to evangelize such a city? Nor is size the only difficulty. The language, the customs, the ways of thought and life are all in startling contrast to those of America and other western lands, and the missionary is and must always be a stranger. To really reach the people he must live among them as they live and must be one with them. Mr. Kato had seen the difficulties the missionaries were struggling with and longed to supplement their efforts by some outside agency which would be nearer to the people and form a link or point of contact between them and the missionaries. It was with this view that he rented the building a picture of which appears on this page. With a few friends who had been converted like himself he commenced a regular service and organized a system of aggressive operations, such as visiting the people in their houses, talking with them in the markets and preparing tracts and other literary productions of an evangelistic character. The mission succeeded from the outset and now it is his custom when in Japan to spend the whole day there, from early morning until ten or eleven at night. They are very busy days; for inquirers come from the surrounding districts to argue and discuss the claims of Christianity, invitations come from families who have heard of the work and wish to know more of the new teaching and they must be visited. Then there is the evening preaching service to be prepared for and conducted. This is not the easy matter that it is in many of the lands to which the missionary goes. The Japanese are an ancient and an educated people. In Tokyo alone there are twenty-four daily papers and there are very few people who cannot read them. Three and a half million children are in the schools of Japan and there is a rigid compulsory education law which deals severely with parents who neglect to send their children to the schools. It is therefore an intelligent and educated audience that gathers in the mission, to whom the Gospel must be presented in forcible, logical and attractive form. In this work the native Japanese has an advantage over the foreign missionary in his thorough knowledge of the language as well as with the thought of his hearers. In his audience Mr. Kato may have Buddhists, Shintoists and Confucianists and it is a singular fact that sometimes the three beliefs are found in the same person. The Buddhist does not find it difficult to give the reverence to his ancestors which the Shinto faith requires of him as his chief duty and he is willing to accept the code of morals which Confucius prescribed. It is not unnatural that such men should feel themselves well supplied with three faiths and turn a deaf ear to a man who urges them to listen to an exposition of a fourth. But it is not from these that the chief difficulty comes. The Buddhist, the Shintoist or the Confucianist if he is sincere is already prepared to receive and appreciate the sublime religion of the Cross and to see in it a power superior to all other faiths. The most difficult class to reach is the agnostic and the infidel. Unhappily, those classes are largely on the increase in

Japan. Mr. Kato says, that is not at all uncommon in the debates which arise after his preaching services, to find men advancing the objections raised by Strauss, Renan and Ingersoll and to be apparently well read in anti-Christian literature. Even the religious classes have been affected by the drift. The Buddhist lapses into pantheism and from pantheism to infidelity. But the most common of all objections is the one with which we are familiar here—that which is based on the inconsistencies of Christians. The Japanese asks how it is that drunkenness, immorality, evasion of the laws, fraud and business trickery are to be seen in men professing the faith that is being preached to them and decline to accept a faith the professors of which are guilty of such things. Unhappily he has no difficulty in pointing out among the men who have gone to Japan from Christian lands for business purposes numerous examples of such lives and he makes the most of the argument.

Mr. Kato, who has undertaken the arduous work of conducting the mission, ap-

But before completing his studies, and while living in Tokyo, he came under the influence of the Gospel, was converted, and resolved from that time to devote all his energies to the preaching of the Gospel. He was publicly baptized in 1880 by Rev. T. C. Winn, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and proceeded to the Union Theological Seminary in Tokyo to obtain a theological training. After his graduation, he labored in Osaka, Hiroshima and Kokura with success. At Kokura, where he was stationed for one year, sixteen were baptized, three of whom became students of the Theological Seminary, and are now preaching the Gospel. In 1886 he became pastor of the Shinagawa Church in Tokyo and succeeded in getting a new church building erected, the cost of which was to the extent of seven-tenths defrayed by the native Christians. After a period of earnest labor there, he passed through a painful experience. The wave of rationalism which was passing through the Christian churches of America, England and other lands, swept him from his anchorage. He had always

wick, N. J. Thence he went to Europe for further study, returning to Japan in the spring of 1893. One of his first steps, prompted by what he had observed in his travels, was the founding of the Tokyo Mission, to which he has since given all his thought and energy.

It had been Mr. Kato's hope that as the usefulness of the mission came to be demonstrated and the need of such work should be realized, the Presbyterian Mission would take charge of it and continue it under his superintendence. In this, however, he was disappointed. The missionaries found that special work of this character was not authorized by the Mission Board of the Church. Also, in continuing it under Mr. Kato's superintendence, they would be assuming a responsibility without power, which, in view of his recent lapse into rationalism, might become embarrassing. The missionaries, therefore, declined Mr. Kato's offer and he has since carried on the work alone, assisted by the contributions of native Christians and of such of the foreign residents as sympathize with his enterprise. Although, Mr. Kato is now a member of the Chinzei Presbytery, whose district is the Island of Kyushu and professes himself a staunch Presbyterian, the Presbyterian Mission in Japan deems it prudent to refrain from endorsing his work and its mission board in this country has made the fact known here. The missionaries, doubtless, took this step reluctantly, but with a conviction of its duty in guarding the Christian work in Japan from the danger that is always involved in independent effort outside the regular church organization. Mr. Kato may be able to work all the more successfully without interference or control, and if he continues to look to God for guidance and support, he is not likely to lack either of them or to bring reproach on the Church of Christ.

The Presbyterian Mission in Japan, according to the report issued in July of this year, has seventy-two churches, seventy-five regularly ordained ministers and one hundred and thirteen evangelists. Its total membership is 11,116, an increase of 111 over its last report, issued two years ago. These latter figures are an indication of the vicissitudes of missionary work, for as there were 1,266 baptisms during the two years and the net increase is only 111, it follows that the church must have lost 1,185 members by death and other causes during that period. This fact shows how difficult a field Japan must be and how urgent is the need of aggressive effort, such as Mr. Kato has outlined as the programme of the Tokyo Mission.

A PERSECUTED COLPORTEUR.

Despite the denunciations and warnings of a village priest, Colporteur Steger, of the Bible Society, sold twenty copies of the Bible in a village near Ratisbon, Bavaria. Called a swindler and a blackguard, Steger calmly replied that he had the Word of God to sell, and was no swindler. "Are you the man against whom this warning is issued?" he was asked, and the newspaper with the warning in was shown to him. "I am the man," he replied; "here is the Word of Truth; if there is a falsehood, examine and judge for yourselves." Several New Testaments were bought. Meanwhile the excitement in the village increased and a storm seemed to be brewing. Steger was charged with selling Protestant and Socialistic books, and personal violence was threatened. To all this opposition he replied, "I sell only the Word of God; let anyone read it, and he will be convinced that I speak the truth."

Steger adds: "Despite all this hostility and uproar, I was able to sow the good seed abundantly in this village." In the neighborhood of Furth, Steger found traces of work done there ten years before. Many of the New Testaments then sold had become precious to their possessors, who had had vigorously to oppose the priest when he ordered their destruction. A woman who had bought a Bible gave evidence of having received much spiritual blessing. A man had given up his Bible to be destroyed and was now glad of the opportunity to provide himself with another copy. Steger reports that in Bavaria even the Protestants are not provided with the Scriptures as they should be. "Of twelve Protestant families in a village, only six had Bibles. Two others had New Testaments, the rest no part of God's Word, and they did not feel they had any need of it. I was able to place Bibles in three families, and I did not omit to speak very seriously with them about their spiritual well-being."



THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE TOKYO MISSION IN JAPAN.

appears to be well qualified by training and education for the task. He is thirty-three years old and is a native of Kanazawa, a town on the West coast of Japan. His family is a distinguished one and prides itself on its famous ancestor, Admiral Kato, who won renown in his expedition against Korea, which Japan sent out exactly three hundred years ago. His father belonged to the "Samurai" class and served as a member of the staff of Count Mibu, Governor of Echigo. Mr. Kato's education began with the study of Chinese classics at the age of six years under the direction of a literateur. Thence he was sent to the public school of Kanazawa, which had at that time just adopted the Western methods of education. He subsequently studied at the high school of Nagoya and passed the requisite examination for employment in the public service. After holding office for some months he determined to adopt the profession of the law, and took a special course of study with that end in view.

been an omnivorous reader, and he eagerly seized the works of the eminent scholars whose names he had learned to respect alike for their learning and their piety. But the insidious poison contained there worked dire mischief in his soul. Doubts of the inspiration of the Bible, doubts of the divinity of Christ and all the evangelical doctrines distracted him. He was in no condition to teach or preach, and he resigned his pastorate that he might devote himself entirely to a settlement of the momentous questions which were agitating him. He supported himself for a time by literary work and made a church connection with the Unitarians. This period of doubt and darkness, however, was brief. Mr. Kato soon realized the unsatisfactory nature of mere negation, and emerged into the light, holding more firmly than ever "the faith once delivered to the saints." He came to America to get further strength, and took the advanced course of systematic theology in the Theological Seminary of New Brun-



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 29. John 3: 1-16. Golden Text, John 3: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHILE the Lord Jesus was in Jerusalem, a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, came unto him by night, and said unto him, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a Teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles which thou doest except God be with him." Oh, how many there are who can go so far as to believe that Jesus is a Teacher come from God, and yet find as much difficulty as Nicodemus did to come themselves into contact with that God, or to live out, in their own lives, that teaching which they allow to be from him. They will come so far, but no farther; they dread, as he does who is learning to swim, anything which will take them off their feet, or put them under the power or control of him whom they call their God! O, with what difficulty man learns to yield himself really up to God out of his own hands! Nicodemus came as a teacher to the great Teacher, and the first thing he had to learn was his own ignorance: "Except a man be

Born Again

[margin, born from above], he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus was at sea. To adopt the teaching of a new and striking teacher was one thing; to adapt a measure of his ideas and thoughts, and graft them on to his own, so as to enlarge his theology was one thing; but to be born again, to become the subject of a change which involved the life itself, was out of his range entirely. To Nicodemus, birth and life conveyed no other idea than physical birth and physical life. Up to the present time he knew only physical and mental; and the life which he knew could nowhere answer to the expression used by the Lord Jesus. "How can a man be born when he is old?" Such were his questions; he wanted to learn, but the truth was as yet "far above out of his sight." Jesus answered him, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, this is a thing which is personal, which touches thee: Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

None of the erudition of this learned man had brought him so much as a hint of the truths which were being opened to him now. He was out of his depth, in a region where he could not find his bearings. "Born of water and of the Spirit," the washing of water by the Word, quickened by the Spirit of God; generated by the Word and the Spirit; this was altogether unknown to Nicodemus. Of a kingdom thus entered he had no conception; all his life up to this time had been lived on a human plane, and all his religion had consisted in what he said, and did, and knew intellectually, but far from above, real contact with God was quite unknown to him. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that he knew; but, "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit," he did not know experimentally.

And how many there are even of God's children who know little of this great truth! There are many who attempt, by fleshly energy and zeal, and fleshly excitement, to stir up spiritual works. By striking expressions, by thrilling anecdotes, by touching hymns, by tragical tones of voice, by that which appeals to the emotions, they attempt to create a spiritual movement, but the flesh cannot generate the spirit; man

cannot beget God the Holy Ghost out of anything which proceeds from himself. The fruit tree brings forth fruit after its kind; and the flesh brings forth fruit after its kind. The flesh can no more generate that which is spiritual than can the Holy Ghost generate that which is of the flesh. It is blasphemy when men get up an excitement which comes from their own emotions, and call it the working of the Holy Ghost. Let us be reverent when we speak of him who is God, as God the Father is, and God the Son.

Nicodemus was honest enough to reveal his ignorance: he said, "How can these things be?" Something had laid hold of him, he was willing to be taught. Although too timid to be seen coming to Jesus in broad daylight, yet something in the words and deeds of Jesus had awakened a longing in him for a reality he had not as yet. Perhaps he had seen and admired the courage of the young Galilean artisan who had dared to take the high hand with the buyers and sellers in the temple. Jesus answered him, "Art thou the teacher of Israel and knowest not these things?" The essential to all teaching is to know what we teach. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," and thou knowest not even the very entrance into the kingdom of heaven, thou hast not seen even the very first step! How canst thou teach that which thou hast not experienced? Thou art ignorant of the Spirit: how teach that which can be learned only by the Spirit? "The wind [or spirit] bloweth where it listeth" [or willeth]. Men cannot control the Holy Ghost, he wills, he leads, it is ours to follow his leading. But "thou hearest the sound thereof,"

Quite another Sound

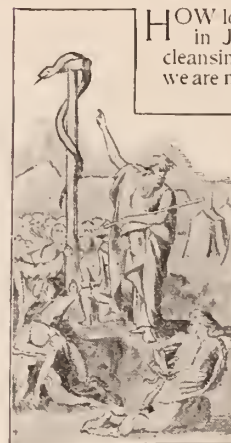
than the sound of the flesh: not the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire (1 Kings 19: 11, 12), but the "still small voice." It is a terrible mistake to suppose that, by any human power, we can bring forth that which is spiritual. "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned. This Nicodemus did not know, and had yet to learn. But the "teacher of Israel" howled before the Teacher sent from God, and was willing to learn of Jesus. Thus the Lord continued, "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things." To be born again, to be spiritually quickened is but the first step into the heavenly things, the kingdom of God, which "is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." This compared to the deeper teachings of the Lord is an "earthly thing." When his disciples came to him to know the meaning of his parable of the sower and the seed, he said, "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?" (Mark 4: 13). It was just this which Nicodemus did not know, and which no man can know, until he has experienced it.

And now the Lord declares to Nicodemus one of the principles of the "heavenly things." "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." In God's economy there is no getting higher up without first coming lower down. Down to the Cross is the first step upward to the throne. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life. Moses lifted up the serpent of brass to be God's way of life out of death for the bitten Israelites in the desert who would believe in their own ruin, and obey

God by looking away from themselves to the serpent. None perhaps, but such as look truly in the desperate nature of their case would have been willing to seek healing in a way so contrary to all which could flatter man's pride or exalt his reason. None could look on the serpent of brass without seeing God's undeserved love for the rebellious. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." Only when the day of salvation shall have ended and the day of glory shall have begun will it be known how many precious immortal souls have found their way into the kingdom through these blessed words! They are a protest against the erroneous idea conceived by some that God's anger against the sinner was appeased by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"As Moses lifted up the Serpent."

HOW long Jesus remained in Jerusalem after the cleansing of the Temple we are not informed. John, who alone mentions this visit, does not attempt to write a biography of Christ, but selects only such incidents as will best serve his purpose. As he said, (20: 30, 31.) "These are written that ye might believe." In reporting the conversation with Nicodemus he had the same object in view, and the subsequent history of the Church has proved how wise he was. This passage has probably been the means of more conversions than have resulted from any other passage in the New Testament. The conversation may have taken place in John's own house; for he appears to have had a house in Jerusalem and we may be sure that his Lord would be a welcome guest there. However that may have been, John seems to have been present at the interview. The passage reads like the rough notes of a listener and there are gaps in it which doubtless were filled up. The verses from the sixteenth to the twenty-fifth were apparently no part of the talk, but are John's own commentary, written long afterward. Perhaps we do Nicodemus an injustice in supposing that his going to Jesus at night was a proof of his timidity. It was more likely that he chose that time as one when Jesus would be unoccupied and could give him undivided attention. If he had been as timid as we have been apt to think him, he would not have gone to Christ at all; and later on, when after the Crucifixion, at a time when the cause seemed lost, and association with it must involve obloquy, he would not have brought that hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes and assisted at the burial of Christ. He was probably much older than Jesus, and as one of the distinguished men of the nation, it he was attracted to him by his courageous cleansing of the Temple, may have gone to him with the intention of encouraging him and giving him advice. His surprise must have been great when the young Teacher met him with the radical statement contained in his first words. This illustrious Pharisee who had all his life been trying to attain external perfection, is told that he had made a wrong beginning and had worked on wrong lines. He would be perfectly familiar with the phrase "The Kingdom of God," and doubtless regarded his Jewish birth and his blameless life as qualifications for it; but Jesus answers him that a new birth is necessary. How deeply externalism and literalism must have eaten into the religious life of the time we may judge when Nicodemus supposed Christ meant a literal birth. Christ's reply contains the two philosophic principles at the basis of his religion. They are, that a changed life is possible and must start from within outward, and that the power comes from God through faith. Spiritual results must be produced by spiritual means, and the spirit of man can be quickened into life and power only by contact with the Holy

Spirit of God. So much Nicodemus learned in that night's interview.

Ye must be born again. Mere reformation of conduct is not sufficient to fit anyone for Christ's kingdom. There must be a change of heart. Mr. Moody uses this home-illustration of the fact: A man buys a farm and he finds on that farm a pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. A person comes along and says, "Look here, my friend, you don't want to use that water. The man who lived here before, he used that water and it poisoned him and his wife and children—the water did." "Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint and paints the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and now he has a fine looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say, "What a fool to go and paint the pump when the water is bad." But that is what sinners are trying to do. They are trying to paint up the old pump that has always given bad water. It was a new well the man wanted, and the sinner wants a new heart.

Can a man be born when he is old? Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, was told that there was a dispute about the place and time of his birth, some saying he was born in Copenhagen in 1770, others in Brussels, and so on. He was asked to settle the question. "What matters it?" he asked. "I don't know. But I arrived in Rome on March 8, 1797." His meaning was that not until he came to Rome and began his studies there did he really begin to live. Many a Christian has felt so about his life. It was not real life that he spent before he was born again. His true life began at his conversion. Lord Lyndhurst, who was converted late in life, used to say in a voice broken by emotion, "My soul is saved, but my life is lost."

Gave his only begotten Son. There was a fire in the sailors' home at Liverpool. Some persons were in the upper stories and their escape was cut off. The fire ladders were too short to reach. A longer ladder was at last found, but that also was too short. The fire was getting nearer, and it seemed as it they must perish. In the emergency a sailor, who was looking on, ran up the ladder and braced himself firmly against the burning building. With his feet on topmost round of the ladder, and the window sill firmly clutched with his hands, he stood strong and immovable. "Quick," he cried to the despairing men, "scramble down my body to the ladder and you are safe." The sailors needed no urging. One by one they passed down the living way to the ladder and so to the ground and all were saved. Then the man came down himself. His hands and face were blistered, and he was bruised from head to foot, but he had saved the men. That ladder went a long way, but before the imperilled men could be saved it needed the length of a man. Philosophy, temperance and other helps may do much for the uplifting of the human race, but they would all have failed if Christ had not given himself to be the living way.

God so loved the world. A monument on the borders of a Russian forest is the memorial of a pathetic story. A Russian nobleman was traveling homeward at night when the dreaded yell of a pack of wolves was heard. He had good horses and he put them to their highest speed, but soon the wolves were following the sleigh at but a short distance. Realizing that they would soon be upon him and he would die a frightful death, he bade his servant cut the traces of one of the horses. The servant obeyed and the horse rushed away, but in a few moments the wolves had caught it and were tearing it to pieces. The wolves were delayed over their meal and the nobleman and his servant made good use of the interval. Soon, however, the yells of the pack were again heard. A second horse was sacrificed, but still they were many miles from safety. It was a race for life, and with the two remaining horses they sped onward. The lights of the castle could be seen in the far distance when the wolves were again upon them. It would be suicidal to give up another horse. Yet before they could reach the castle the wolves would kill them. Then the heroic servant flung himself out of the sleigh. The nobleman heard him tire his pistol twice, and then heard no more. The wolves were feasting on the body of the man who had loved him so much as to give his life for him. He reached home safely and afterward reared on the spot where his servant had fallen the monument to his memory.

THE DESTITUTION IN KOREA.

Minister Ye Sung Soo Repeats the Story of Famine and Death—An Interview with an American Missionary, Lately from Korea—The Proposed Relief Movement.



THE publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week of the interview with the Korean Minister in Washington, in which that official described, in eloquent terms, the helpless condition of the poor peasants in his country, has excited wide-spread sympathy in their behalf. Minister Ye Sung Soo's unofficial appeal has been telegraphed throughout the United States, together with his request that contributions for the Korean famine sufferers should be sent to them through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Meanwhile, the telegraphic blockade between Korea and the rest of the world continues unbroken, and no news can be received from that country, which has become the battleground of the two great Asiatic nations, China and Japan. With invading armies occupying her cities and devouring her substance; with her harbors filled with foreign war-ships, and with all her industries paralyzed by the war now in progress, Korea is indeed in a pitiful plight.

In supplement to his recent interview, and in answer to a request for further information, Minister Ye Sung Soo (whose portrait appears on this page), has forwarded the following letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17.

DEAR SIRS:—I received a personal letter from Korea, which is dated July 11. It states that the condition of the people is a very painful one. Since the uprising of the rebellion in Chun La To, one of the leading agricultural provinces in Korea, it has been depopulated by the rebels, and also two other surrounding provinces which are regarded as among the most productive land in Korea. The people of these three provinces who constitute nearly half of the whole population of the country, are starving. These wander from place to place seeking relief, but there is no means to help their need. Men and women, and young and old, are going about the country. Many are exiled by the rebellion, or the Government troops, and they have no means to live. Day after day their trouble weighs upon them. Death would be better to them than living in this world. Many are found dead on the roadside. Parents often think they had better give their daughters to the rich class, and thus have the poor innocent creatures saved from death by starvation.

I write with a very painful heart and in the sincere hope of saving my poor countrymen.

In addition to this, the Chinese and Japanese troops have fought several battles nearby these three agricultural provinces, causing the people to scatter, leaving their homes and everything they possessed.

I remain yours truly,

YE SUNG SOO.

Late dispatches from Shanghai, giving news from the seat of war in Korea, contain no mention of the famine in that country. They state, however, that the commissariat of the Chinese army is complaining of an insufficiency of supplies for the land troops now in Korea. Thus far the principal events of the war have occurred by sea, between the contending navies of China and Japan, the advantage resting with the Mikado's ships. At Seoul, the Korean capital, letters written on July 27, represent the king as disposed to acquiesce in the Japanese demands for reforms, and as having promised to cast off Chinese influence and declare Korea a free and independent nation.

The Queen, who is said to have been the real head of the Korean government, and largely responsible for the condition of affairs had fled to the north. The king, at the time the letter was written, was still practically a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese. The great foreign powers, including the United States, are all represented in Seoul as well as in Chemulpo, the port of the capital, by armed forces and war ships. Both Chi-

na and Japan seem determined to prosecute the war to the end, but there is still a prospect of intervention by the civilized powers to avert serious loss to international commerce. Japan proposes to raise a popular loan of fifty million dollars to continue the war.

A representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago interviewed Dr. J. B. Busted, an American medical missionary in Seoul, who had come home on a brief vacation.

He said his visit to the United States at this time, was for the purpose of raising funds for the Dispensary of the Methodist Episcopal Church Hospital in Seoul. Medical work in Seoul is advancing grandly, and the medical missionaries are doing practically the greatest Gospel work in Korea. At the Methodist Hospital, Dr. Busted and his associates have an average of fifteen patients a day, the number sometimes reaching as high as thirty or thirty-five. It is a free dispensary, but some of the patients pay a small voluntary fee, thirty, forty, or a hundred "cash," according to their ability. Dr. Busted sailed on August 17 on his return to Korea. Shortly before sailing, he talked freely with the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning affairs in the country of his destination.

"I left Korea on June 16, 1894," he said. "Owing to the war, there had been for some time an embargo on rice, the Korean product not being allowed to be sent out of the country. China, however, sent large quantities to Chemulpo for shipment elsewhere. I remember seeing stacks of it many feet high awaiting shipment at the wharves in Chemulpo."

"Do you know of a famine now existing in Korea?"

"A famine has been caused, as you already know, by two crop failures, followed by the war. The time of sowing in Korea is about the latter part of March or the first of April. Rice is sown at that time in one bed, and a month later transplanted to another. The harvest time for the rice falls

"It has also been stated that the suffering there at present from want and sickness is so intense that hundreds are dying daily in Seoul and elsewhere."

Dr. Busted looked at the questioner in mild surprise.

"Hundreds dying of starvation!" he repeated. "No, not quite that many. If such numbers were dying of starvation, I certainly would hear of it. We, who conduct the medical mission in Seoul, would also know if such were the fact. But no doubt there will be a good deal of suffering on account of the war. I recall a distribution of rice by one of the rich officials outside of Seoul and on the river. He gave away hundreds of bags of it to the poor. It is quite likely that any stores belonging to the government may be exhausted. But he wealthy class, no doubt, have quantities of rice in their own private store-houses, so there is no danger of suffering among people of means."

"No information of any description can be had from Korea direct," said the interviewer. "There were no dispatches at the Korean Legation at Washington, which we visited last week, and THE CHRISTIAN

"Yes, to Hon. John M. B. Sill, our American Minister at Seoul, who is in full sympathy with all Christian work, or to Dr. H. M. Allen, our Secretary of Legation there."



YE SUNG SOO, THE KOREAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

The Korean Characters below the Photograph are His Name and Official Titles.

李承壽

"What of distribution—as to facilities?"

"We use ponies, which are loaded with bags, and these can travel anywhere," replied Dr. Busted. "On the Han River, on which Seoul is situated (although the capital is really several miles from the river, there are boats, but no steamers. Of course the effect of such a generous philanthropy by Americans would have a good moral result, and would be of the greatest possible benefit to the missions. At the present time our missionaries are simply tolerated; but the work is in a very promising condition."

"There are already signs of coming progress in Korea," he added, "progress that will bring railroads and steamers. It is amusing enough to observe the first intimations of these changes. I remember seeing a bicycle there, and some enterprising people actually started an omnibus from the river to Seoul. It was drawn by eight donkeys! Unfortunately the venture failed."

Speaking further, Dr. Busted said:

"The outcome of this war must be beneficial. Korea has long resisted the spirit of modern progress; but now a great change is bound to come. I believe that the demand formulated by Japan upon the Korean government may have reference to the adoption of modern improvements and methods, as well as to governmental reforms. Chinese influence is potent in Korea, and the latter is heavily indebted to the Mongol Empire. For years, Korea's expenditures have been greater than her income. Her best resources remain undeveloped, although she has rich mines of gold, silver and coal. She has practically no commerce, and her exports, with the exception of rice and ginseng, amount to nothing. The higher classes in Korea do not believe in working, and consequently, as they must live, they do so at the expense of the industrious poor. A very large proportion of the population is agricultural and on their industry the whole country depends."

Owing to interruption, caused by the war between China and Japan, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has not been able to secure information by cable direct from Korea, concerning the status of affairs in that country. Consequently we are not in a position to say to what extent Korea suffers at the time of this writing, from famine. We expect almost hourly to receive exhaustive information per cable, and as soon as it comes to hand, we will place it before our readers. In the meantime, all contributions received will be held at this office, to be later forwarded to the American Minister at Seoul, to be applied to relief purposes.



CHEMULPO, THE PORT OF SEOUL, CAPITAL OF KOREA.

about October. There has undoubtedly been a great deal of suffering among the poor people of the country, but the most acute distress will not be felt until after the next crop is harvested, two months hence. Then, should it be a failure, the peasants will suffer greatly."

"But it has been stated that they cannot expect any crop this year; that the peasants have been driven to the mountains off their little farms; that they have neither food nor seed, and therefore that there is no prospect of a crop."

"Oh," responded Dr. Busted with a smile, "I hope it is not quite so bad. I think that there will be a crop, but it may be a poor one. The probability is that the war will not last very long, and that the people, after a bit, will come out all right. Many of the Korean peasant-farmers have doubtless been frightened off by the war and have left their crops to seek safety in the interior."

HERALD'S cablegram to Mr. Moore, of the American Trading Company at Seoul, asking for information was stopped at Shanghai."

"Yes," interposed Dr. Busted, "and there must be considerable delay on all the steamship lines, too, I imagine. I would not be surprised if Mrs. Busted and I experienced a good deal of hindrance before we reached Chemulpo, owing to the war."

"Can they use flour in Korea?"

"No," said Dr. Busted, "that is, the poorer class cannot. Their staple is rice. They have a flour made from rice, and with it they make cakes, and they have also bean cakes. The best thing would be to send rice and beans."

"Do you think such a cargo would really reach the hands of the peasants themselves, without serious diminution? And might not this be guarded against, by consigning it to some responsible person?"



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

OUT-OF-DOORS PLEASURES.

THE human race want more physical strength as well as more brain, and the fresh air and the blue sky, and the hand on rope or rudder or ball or mallet or racket does well whether it pulls or turns or reaches or strikes for success. There is no harm in the mere fact that it is a race. The whole human family so far as it amounts to anything is engaged in an effort for precedence. Merchant in race with merchant, mechanic in race with mechanic, professional man in race with professional man, and, if there were no ambition to excel, life would come down to a flat monotone and all enterprise would die out and the world halt on its swift march toward elevation and betterment. There is no virtue in driving slowly or sailing slowly or walking slowly. The most of the things that God manages are characterized by speed. Rapid currents, swift lightnings and worlds turned hundreds of miles a minute. And I do not know where men get the idea that there is a sanctity in tardiness. A canalboat is certainly no better than an express train. By out-of-door exercises the emaciated forms of college students are being filled out, and instead of young men starting life bent over and ghostly and timid, as sick people are apt to be, they come on the stage of life with the stride of an athlete and the gleaming eye of a victor. I ascribe it to romping amusements that there has been such a marked bettering of the physical condition of American women. Blessed be croquet and lawn tennis and calisthenics and gymnastics. The journeying of many girls in foreign lands where they have opportunity of admiring the superior physical qualities of the English and German ladies has also had a good effect. Perhaps the fact that so many of those females who pride themselves on their bewitching languors and fashionable invalidism have been passed by when our young men came to make selections of lifetime associates, may have helped to cure that tolly. It has been found out that doll babies are of but little worth in the journey of life, and capacity on the part of a woman to sweep out a drawing-room without fainting and make a loaf of bread not sour or soggy is of more importance than the satin in a cheek which the fingers of diphtheria may unravel, or the color of the hair, which one strong grip of a fever may pull out.

We had cause for congratulation in the fact that woman's physical condition is improving, but there is room yet for higher stages of advancement, for the largest room in the world, we are told, is the room for improvement. Turn the girls out-of-doors every chance you have. Let them, properly accompanied, bathe in the fields and generalize among the rocks. Deny them not oar or skate or saddle. A race of weak

women will make a race of puny men. We are not ambitious for amazons nor for women in the political hustings, but out and out Christian women who could enjoy what rights they have and support great souls in bodies fitted to contain them. But while we applaud all those physical exercises which administer to masculine and feminine vitality, let us set ourselves against everything that would bedraggle and debase innocent amusement. Who would have thought that ball playing could be made, as it is in many places, a dissipation and carousal, and that many who engage in it have nothing to show as a result but battered knuckles and faces telling of strong drink inside as much as could a tavern sign outside? And they hang around doing nothing, waiting for the next match, while their wives or mothers or sisters take in washing to support them in loafdom. Let boatman's oar and cricketer's wicket and the white sail of the yachtsman be handed over where they belong, among those whose sports are means of health consecrated to useful purposes.

RAIN-MAKERS.

IN time of great aridity you have noticed for days and weeks that it will look like rain, and it would almost rain, and the clouds only wanted a little help such as science is now ready to give in order to shower the fields into fruitfulness. Vast tracts of land where it never rains, or rains so seldom that their present chief characteristic is barrenness, will become luxuriant harvest fields. Rainmaking invention coupled with irrigation will make the great American desert, which the Union Pacific rail train crosses day after day amid dust and heat, become like Westchester farms in New York or Lancaster farms in Pennsylvania or Somerset county farms in New Jersey. It is not an impertinent interference with Providence any more than a lightning rod which with iron finger points the lightning to its hiding-place in the earth, is an impertinent interference with electricity. In future time, when the earth is in distressing need of rain, while as in olden times fast days may be proclaimed and the people assemble in churches to supplicate the downpour, the rain-makers will at the same time be busy, for God loves faith and works to go together, as when a ship is in peril, while the passengers are praying to God for rescue, the sailors are doing their best to save the ship.

Now that we have found out how to make it rain, the next thing will be to find out how to make it stop raining, for droughts are no more devastating than floods and freshets. The bidding of a storm to stop may, after a while, be as easy as the bidding of a storm to start. I rejoice that the field of invention seems to be lifted from the earth's surface. We want no more labor-saving machines, for the time has come when men and women need the wages that come from human toil, and if you are going to do everything by machinery how are the industrious population of the earth to make a living? Labor-saving machinery has left hundreds of thousands of honest and industrious people with absolutely nothing to do. I know both sides of this subject. The theory is abroad that while machinery does much work that was done by human hands, new modes of livelihood are open for the toiling classes, but the simple fact is that the surplus of machinery leaves multitudes of people who would like to earn their living in enforced idleness. It was necessary, in order to feed and clothe the world's population, that new wheels and scythes and threshers should be invented, but it seems we have progressed enough in that direction. Now let human fingers and human shoulders at good wages do the rest. I am glad that the inventors have taken to the clouds. May the skies be filled with inventions which shall start rain and stop it, invoke snow storms and halt them, cool the intense heat and warm the blizzards, until the world, now so beautiful and attractive and glorious for human residence, shall be made more beautiful and

attractive and glorious. For the development of the human race God lets it struggle out and up and on. There was the ocean and the human race all these years has been bridging it. There is electricity, supposed for ages to have only a deadly mission, now called to propel machinery and illumine cities. The impossibles have become the possibles. The difficulties have become the easies. The deadly has become the helpful. The clouds that in dry weather floated in tantalization just beyond the world's reach and seeming to say: "Don't you wish I would fill your casks and your wells and your cisterns, but I will not," and the homes and the fields and the forests get ready for the blessing, only to see it float away—such clouds will quit their tantalization and science will cry out to the clouds, "Let there be rain!" and all the gardens and fields will clap their hands in the refreshment. So I say, all hail to the rain-makers who have been gaining atmospheric victory.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Afton, Va. 1. Were the doctors with whom Christ was found conversing in the Temple doctors of medicine also or doctors of law? 2. Is Josephus accepted as good authority upon disputed questions of which he may have written?

1. The doctors were men learned in law, moral philosophy, theology and science; men distinguished as teachers and leaders of thought. 2. Josephus is an acknowledged authority on questions of Jewish history.

John A. King, Lake Butler, Fla. I have just read Dr. Talmage's editorial "Religious Brotherhood," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 8, and it is so grand that I wish to give my mile of approval and say that I trust it is the rallying cry of the friends of Jesus, that will result in the binding together in Christian brotherhood of all who love the Lord. Thousands are longing and praying for the day when wars shall cease among God's people, and when all may go forth to labor in the Master's vineyard without fear of being knifed by some one fighting under the same flag. Oh! that every shot and shell sent out by Christians were aimed directly at the enemy.

T., Greenwood, Miss. A short time since I was drawn to serve on the jury in our court. A case was given us late Saturday evening. After deliberating until midnight we failed to agree, and by order of the judge were locked up. Sunday morning a verdict was reached by all except myself, I refusing to act on the matter at all on Sunday. Did I do right? or should I have agreed with the others and been discharged and gone to church?

The answer would depend upon the character of the case under consideration. It would seem, however, that the lesser evil might have been chosen had you been able to agree conscientiously with the others, settled the matter and gone to church. On the other hand, if your objections were well founded and it was clearly a matter that would not suffer by going over, you were justified in doing as you did.

In a letter to a friend in the United States, Silas Bender, Head Master A. M. Boys' Boarding School, Madanapelle, South India, has these kind words of this journal:

I earnestly request that you will kindly see your way to accede to my request for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as by so doing you will not only be cheering and gladdening my heart, but also placing in my hands for instruction and enlightenment one of the best Christian periodicals in the world.

We are glad to have the good wishes and prayers of our friends abroad as well as at home, and such letters afford us encouragement in our labors.

P. C. Chaney, New Salem, Ill. 1. It is stated in "The Mail-Bag" of August 8 that what was believed to be the oldest mummy yet discovered is that of Seker-em-saf, son of King Pepi, who lived 3200 B.C., which was then 800 years before the Flood. Is there a record extant that was made before the Flood? and if so, was it carved in letters or hieroglyphics, and in what language? 2. Of what nation or people are the Aztec Indians, or aborigines, of Mexico the descendants? 3. I see by a history of ancient Mexico that eight leagues north-east of the City of Mexico were two pyramids: the first, dedicated to the sun, was 181 feet in perpendicular height, and 693 feet in length; the other one was dedicated to the moon, and was 144 feet in perpendicular height. Are these pyramids still in existence?

1. In hieroglyphics, we believe. All the information we have on this subject, we have already published. 2. The origin or descent of the Aztecs is undecided. According to native traditions, they came about the eleventh or twelfth century, from a country called Aztlan, lying to the Northwest, but history has never been able to locate it. 3. We cannot tell.

L. B., Frankfort Springs, Pa. I am told that Moses felt safe in crossing the Red Sea because of his knowledge of the tides and the effect of the winds and there was no miracle at all. Do you think it possible that the safety of the Israelites and the destruction of the Egyptians were merely coincidences?

We are told (Ex. 14: 21) that God caused an East wind to blow. He used natural means to accomplish his purpose, as he generally does. We cannot imagine Moses taking the fearful responsibility of leading that great host with the women and children into the bed of the sea with no other ground for the action than his

knowledge of the tides. The Bible by mentioning God's command and his action distinctly places the matter in the category of miracles and there is no other record of it known.

N. S. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. I noticed stated in "The Mail-Bag" by a reader that "Christians themselves should be the badge of Jesus Christ," and that they should "reflect the likeness of Jesus Christ, so that the world at a glance may see that they are the children of God." It is true that we ought to identify a Christian by something more than a mere badge, but can we always "see at a glance that a person is a Christian?" I have known some of the kindest of Christians, who to outward appearance seemed otherwise, and none are responsible for physical appearance. Then, if we were obliged to accost a stranger for direction or assistance, we would at once know in whom to place our trust. I sincerely hope a badge will be agreed upon for I know it would unite Christians in one common bond. I suggest a silver star, as symbolic of the Star of Bethlehem and of our hope.

Elie Marc, Natick, R. I. As I am going in foreign field is next month to do missionary work, I would like to ask you concerning the best method of erecting a house for myself. I am to have a school for children. I go to Hayti (West Indies). I have heard about portable houses of iron.

Write to the Baptist Missionary Society, Jamaica, W. I., for full information. The Society has missionaries in the field to which you are going, who no doubt will be glad to give you the benefit of their experience.

E. B., Clarence, Ia. Is the baptism of the Holy Ghost given after being born again?

The baptism of the Holy Spirit is usually understood as meaning the power and energy for service and of necessity this must come after the new birth. You cannot conceive of the service of an unregenerate person being acceptable to God. Of course the new birth is the work of the Holy Spirit, but the baptism in its general acceptance is a later blessing.

Subscriber, Elkton, Md. What is the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost mentioned in Luke 12: 10?

Many volumes have been written on the subject without any sure result being reached. The opinion generally accepted now is that it consisted in attributing to Satanic influence, the works and wonders worked by Jesus through the power of the Holy Spirit. Whether it may be committed in these times is doubtful. The nearest approach to it is perhaps in scoffing at conversion and in saying that the converted person is under the influence of Satan.

P. B. C., Bandy Lake, Pa. If, as you say, Pastor Spurgeon was never ordained, what right had he to baptize and administer the Lord's Supper? Might not others do the same?

Mr. Spurgeon's call to the ministry was fully attested by the wonderful success attending his preaching. He naturally accepted the invitation of a church to become its pastor and perform the functions of the pastorate. He apparently did not think that the confirmation of the call by other ministers was necessary. When God had used his words to the conversion of any person he felt himself fitted to baptize that person and receive him at the Lord's table. No one supposes that any special grace is conferred by ordination. It is possible that others may do the same, and whenever any one who is as well fitted as Mr. Spurgeon was, does so, there will not be many persons blame him or seek to prevent him.

B. S., N. J. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 692 8th Ave., New York City.—Reader, Smithfield, O. They study the peculiar field and requirements of various publications, and then send their MSS. to the one for which it appears best adapted.—Mrs. L. H. Savage, Rockford, Ill. We cannot give the information you ask.—Ettie A. Chandler, Hanburg, Ia. We have not the information.—L. E. Scofield, Red Oak Grove, Va. About \$175 complete.—E. B. Send name and address to Mrs. N. B. Meek, Eckley, Channing Co., Colo.—Mary A. Dyer, East Chatham, Minn. Write to Rev. A. Torrey, Bible Institute, La Salle Ave., Chicago.—W. W. Westmoreland, Magazine, Ariz. Write to Rev. W. H. Hall, Md., Pyong Yang, Korea.—E. G. F. You can see what you want by adding the "Mail-Bag" from time to time, where such requests are made.—Subscriber, Skowhegan, Me. Write to the Editor, "Golden News," New York City.—Katie M. Keewitt, Nokesville, Va. Write to Presbyterian Mission Board, 43 6th Ave., New York.—Constant Reader, Keene, N. H. No, but he prepared it for publication. He is now in Australia.—W. H. Dodd, Blacksburg, Va. Write to Treat, Publisher, Cooper Union Building, N. Y., for the book in question.—W. F. Faxon, Springfield, Vt. Write to G. Thompson, Oswego, N. Y.—B. Barclay, Longmont, Colo.—R. M. Colman, Pitcair, Ia.; J. S. Farber, Harshequa, Miss.; W. S. Philes, Statesville, N. C.; D. G. Stackhouse, Camden, N. J.; Jas. Davidson, Toronto, Ont.; Geo. V. Snyder, Chapman Quarries, Pa.; Subscriber, Newark, N. J.; E. E. S. Albany, N. Y.; H. C. Balsbaugh, Harrisburg, Pa.; Reader, Camp Chase, O.; C. W. Gregory, San Marco, Tex.; I. A. C. Omaha, Neb.; Lena Woodruff, Binghamton, N. Y.; F. H. Barker, Indianapolis; D. B. Davidson, St. Louis; J. H. R., Jersey City; A. H. Long, Mountjoy, Pa.; W. C. Church, Taylorville, Ill.; J. M. Beale, Gayandotte, W. Va.; Mrs. H. A. Bartlett, Newton, Mass.; A. L. C., Canby, Me.; E. Leatherman, Springfield, Minn.; Thos. Peritt, Faison, N. C.; W. Hall, Paterson, N. J.; H. A. L., New Jersey; H. G. M., Richmond, Cal.; E. Towle, Northwood Narrows, N. H.; J. W. Jones, Chatham, N. Y.; P. J. Jarlow, Albany, N. Y.; E. S. Harris, Penna. Grove, N. J.; F. M. Cook, Topoka, Kan.; A. Robertson, Mt. Forest; D. G. Auldheimer, Cantonment, O. K. F. Bell, Vilas, Mrs. C. W. Peterson, Englewood, Ill.; Mrs. J. Miett, Woonsocket, R. I.; G. H. Bingham, Scranton, Pa.; W. H. R., Louisiana, Mo.; J. M. L., Porter, Ogden, Utah; Edgar Frisby, Washington, D. C. and others. Your inquiry will be referred to Dr. Talmage on his return.—E. A. Eggers (requested to send his address to Ernest Henboth, 544 Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah.—Mrs. C. H. Browning, Springfield, Pa. Write to Mrs. Davis, The "Silver Cross," New York.—Mrs. N. E. Williams, Mt. Selma, Tex. These stories are absolutely unfounded. As far as we know, he does not own a single dollar's worth of real estate on earth, except his own residence in the city of Brooklyn.

THE

BIBLE AND THE

NEWSPAPER

IS THE KING OF SIAM DEAD?

A REPORT of the death of the King of Siam is brought by the steamer "Tacoma" which has just arrived from China. It appears that the news reached Hong Kong shortly before the "Tacoma" left that port. That it was credited there is evident from the fact that an English war ship was at once despatched to the Siamese capital in anticipation of there being disturbances which might imperil the safety of foreign residents. There is, however, some reason to doubt the truth of the report, as so important an event would surely have been reported by cable. The rumor may have had its origin in the probability of the King's death. It is known that a strong feeling of hostility against him was aroused among the nobles owing to his abject surrender to France last year. The nobles would have had him resist French aggression and regarded his refusal as an act of cowardice. They did not know, as the King knew, the power of the adversary and they foolishly believed that a successful resistance might have been made. Since that time they have assumed a sullen demeanor which in the land of the far Orient is often the prelude to the sudden death of monarchs by poison or the dagger. King Chulalongkorn, whose portrait with that of his Queen, Sewang Wattana, appears on this page, is forty-one years old and has been twenty-six years on the throne. He has been regarded as an enlightened sovereign who has exerted himself for the development of his country and has introduced Western ideas and customs with an energy which has made him unpopular with some of his conservative subjects. He has also been a friend of the missionaries who will sincerely deplore his death if it has really occurred. There is no doubt that the King acted wisely in making the best terms he could with France and his course was really better for the nobles than would have been the case had he done as they wished. That fact, however, they do not know and therefore they have ceased to pay him the respect due to his wisdom. Men often act so when the providential dealings of God are painful to them and that is inexcusable because his love and wisdom are both infinite. (Prov. 3: 11, 12.)

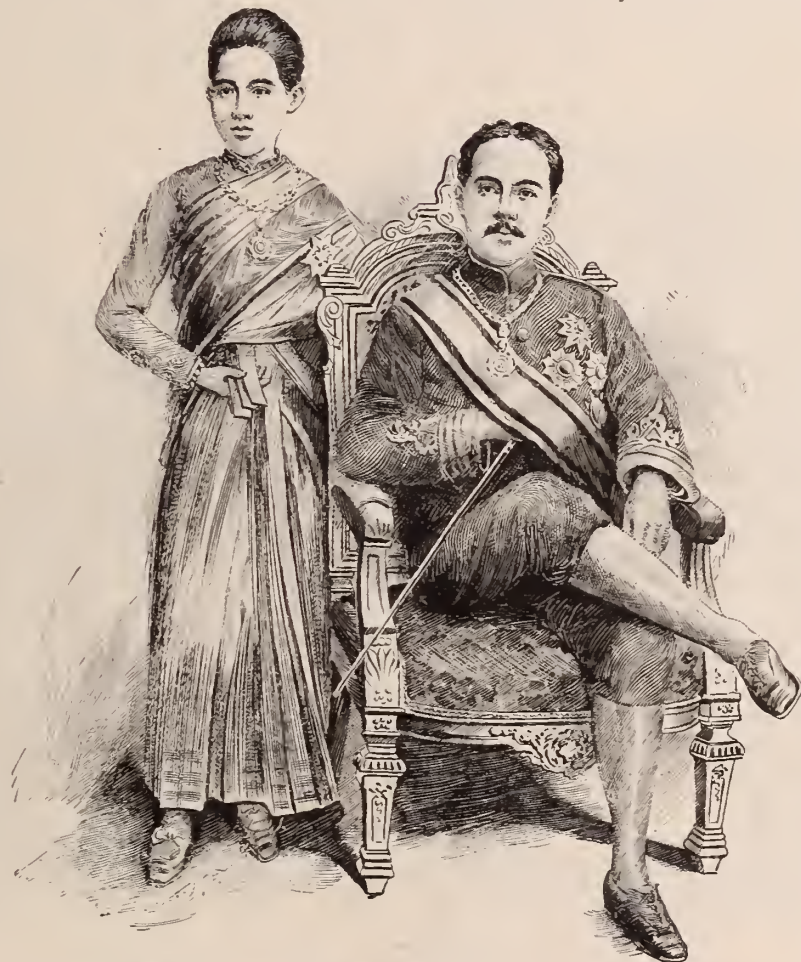
Leaving the Cherokee Strip.

A dispatch from Arkansas City, Kans., to the New York "Times" gives a sad account of a number of settlers in the Cherokee strip who had arrived there on their way to their former homes. These travelers say that there is a great deal of distress in the Strip. Large numbers of the settlers find that the land which they succeeded in getting is absolutely worthless for agricultural purposes. Others whose claims were disputed after the wild rush of September 16, 1893, did nothing to improve the land until the courts adjudicated on the claim and consequently having sown nothing had no harvest to reap. Some of them had waited on the line of Southern Kansas so long for the opening of the Strip that their little capital was exhausted, and all the money they could beg or borrow was needed to buy the food which had to be brought in from Kansas. In many instances severe sickness has fallen on the families. Women and children accustomed to the comforts of a home, spent the winter in temporary shacks, old tents or in a wagon-box set on the ground and covered with a canvas sheet. Even the people who counted themselves happy in securing town lots have, in some case become disgusted and have left. The correspondent says that one town which ten months ago had a population of fifteen thousand, now contains barely three hundred persons. How bitter the disappointment of these people must be we can imagine when we recall the eagerness of that rush for claims a year ago, and the scenes of violence and excitement which were witnessed. How many there are engaged in the struggle for wealth and devoting to it their every energy and even imperiling their souls in the pursuit, who must at the close of life feel as these settlers do,

that although they succeeded in getting what they wanted, they have made a mistake, and the prize was not worth the struggle. (Luke 12: 20.)

A Pension Suspended.

There is a very disappointed man in a Veteran's Home in Wisconsin. Besides the privileges of the Home, he has been drawing a pension from the Government regularly every month. A few days ago the pension agent received a notice from Commissioner Lochren, directing him to pay the man no more money. No reason was given for the order, and when the pensioner was notified that his pension was stopped, he vigorously protested. He was referred to the Pension Department, to which he immediately sent his complaint.



CHULALONKORN AND SEWANG WATTANA, THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM.

In reply, he received from the Commissioner the brief explanation that the Department on looking up his record, had discovered that he was a deserter. If the fact is as the Department alleges, it is surprising that the man ever secured a pension, but not at all surprising that the pension should be withdrawn when the discovery was made. The pensioner, however, appears to have been deeply chagrined, although his conscience must have told him that he was not entitled to a pension. There is reason to fear that at the day of final account many will be similarly disappointed and with infinitely greater reason. Christ said that there were some whose claims would be urged, but would be rejected with the reply, "I never knew you." (Luke 13: 25-27.)

The Sinking Continent.

A startling statement was made on Aug. 15 by a learned professor at the meeting of the Scientific Societies held in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was nothing less than that the whole American continent is gradually sinking into the ocean. Prof. J. W. Spencer was the speaker, and his address was made before the Geological Section. He said that he had made experiments at the mouth of the

Mississippi and in the Gulf of Mexico, and these experiments have convinced him that Louisiana and other parts of the surrounding country are 8,000 feet lower than they were originally. In referring to the West India Islands, Prof. Spencer said that several of them had had two or three periods of re-elevation of from 200 to 300 feet, and had since settled. The professor had also discovered that there were many evidences that the land in Florida had been much higher with respect to the sea level than at the present time, and there were also indications that some of the land had sunk within comparatively recent times. It is not likely that the Professor's statement will cause general alarm. People are not apt to be concerned about a catastrophe which is not likely to occur for many centuries. Unhappily, but very few are concerned about a catastrophe in which they may be personally involved, and do not trouble themselves to be among the number who would be unmoved if the earth were removed, having the promise of a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. (II Peter 3: 10-13.)

A Living Chimney.

A large chestnut tree in the neighborhood of Asherville, N. C., has long been regarded as a natural curiosity. About dawn on

had a human and not a diabolical origin. There is good reason to believe that an injustice is often done to the enemy of souls in attributing to him things for which men are themselves responsible. While some temptations come from him it is more frequently true, as James says, that men are tempted when they are drawn away of their own lusts and enticed. (James 1: 14.)

A Steer in a Church.

The services at the Protestant Episcopal Church of Newark, N. J., were interrupted on Sunday, August 5, by the sudden entrance of a steer. A herd was being driven through the town on its way to South Orange, when a steer broke loose and turned into Broadway. The driver gave chase and was assisted by several boys, whose shouts seemed to scare the animal. It increased its pace as its pursuers ran, until it reached the church. As it was a warm morning, all the doors stood open and the steer rushed headlong into the building. The rector was in the middle of his sermon as the steer ran up the centre aisle. The people started to their feet and several of the women and children screamed. For a minute it seemed as if there would be a panic, but happily one member of the congregation who had had some experience with cattle, went to the steer and drove it out of the church. The excitement then subsided and the sermon was resumed. Probably the steer was as much scared by its novel surroundings as the people were, and the man who extricated it from its strange refuge did a service to both the people and the steer. Troubles have often arisen in churches from the presence of people who are as much out of place there as the steer was; but in those cases a better method than expulsion is to beseech God for them that their nature may be changed. (II Cor. 2: 7.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, addressed the intermediate department of the Sunday School at Ocean Grove on Aug. 10. The gathering was the largest of the season. He also addressed the Young People's gathering in the morning.

It is Reported that the Sultan of Turkey has ordered the repair, at a cost of \$400,000, of the old aqueducts of Solomon at Jerusalem, which were in working order in the time of Christ.

Dr. George F. Pentecost is taking a brief vacation from the duties of his London Church. He has arranged to preach for Dr. John Hall in New York on the first three Sundays in September.

One of Great Britain's most devoted and hard-working evangelists is dead. The English journals say that Mr. John M. Scroggie, who was laboring at Haddington, near Edinburgh, died on August 1.

Rev. Alexander Maclaren, the Distinguished Baptist preacher of Manchester, England, intends visiting this country the coming autumn. Efforts will be made to have him give one or more lectures at the Chicago University.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the London Methodist minister, is suffering from severe illness, the result of overstrain of the nervous system. He has been compelled to cancel all his engagements and retire to the Continent for rest.

Father Chiniquy has been Celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday. A large number of Canadian Protestants subscribed to present him with a handsome testimonial in recognition of his labors and sufferings in the Protestant cause.

Mr. T. V. Powderly, ex-chief of the Knights of Labor, was asked recently what was the shortest distance that the law should interpose between a saloon and the nearest school-house. He replied, "Not less than five hundred miles would be my law if I had the making of it."

A Missionary at Chefoo, China, reports that he had been holding a service for the baptism of converts just before writing. One of the candidates was a man seventy-five years old. He had been brought to the service in a wheelbarrow from his home five miles away, by his son who was already a member of the Christian church.

The Christian Church of all Denominations has suffered a loss in the death of the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. James Strong of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Strong was Professor of Exegetical Theology at Drew Theological Seminary. He was a member of the Anglo-American Commission for the Revision of the Bible. He was also one of the editors of McClintock & Strong's Bible Cyclopedia.

Mrs. George Wilcox, of Brooklyn, a daughter of the late Rev. W. I. Budington, formerly pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, has offered to erect a chapel in memory of her father in connection with Mr. Moody's boys' school at Mt. Hermon. Mr. Moody had named the site Temptation Hill, and when he took visitors to see it, he told them he had given it that name in the hope that some one might be tempted to build a chapel upon it.

Mr. John Wanamaker has made a study of the plans of practical helpfulness carried on in several London churches during his stay in that city, and proposes to introduce several of them at his Bethany Church in Philadelphia. He says that he hopes to make the church a helpful place to the people who are attached directly or indirectly to the church and Sunday School, not only in the line of religious privileges, but in lines of practical and industrial education, including whatever will help young people, with limited opportunities, to make the most of their lives.



In a Palankeen to Jericho.

A Grotesque Vehicle, but Comfortable Enough—Historical Places Noted in Passing—Syrian Shepherds—The Khan of the Good Samaritan.



THE romantic reader of Oriental fable and travel conjures up at the word "Palankeen," a vision of luxury which will be dashed by a description of the conveyance as it is brought up to the hotel-door on this fine and frosty December morning. It is not a curtained litter, piled with silken cushions, borne upon mens' shoulders; neither is it a sedan chair swung between gilded poles. A stout wooden box, open in front, and half-way to the back on the sides, is fitted upon two pairs of shafts, one behind, one in front. A glass window, working upon hinges, is let into each side, and over these hang red curtains. A bench fastened into the rear end of the interior is cushioned with red stuff; a mat lies on the foot.

At first sight the vehicle strikes one as clumsy, unwieldy and grotesquely ugly. A mule is harnessed within each pair of shafts; rugs, a railway pillow and my satchel are bestowed within, and I mount to my carriage by means of a step-ladder, held firm by David himself. I was inclined to laugh when this feature of Oriental magnificence was first submitted for my approval, but in previous journeys to that upon which we are now bound, I have learned to appreciate the shelter and comfort it affords, and respite from the saddle when one is weary, or not well, is grateful in the extreme. Packed in among downy cushions, swathed in furs and soft woollens, with abundance of room for limbs that tire of one position in the long marches, I do not grudge Mrs. Lott's her carriage and high prancing pair, as the muleteer gives the word and the little caravan sets forward through the Jaffa gate. Some women have complained to me that the swing of a palankeen made them slightly sea-sick for a few hours. Although a wretched sailor upon the water, I have never known the slightest nausea in this ungainly equipage. The motion is precisely what one feels in the saddle on the back of a fairly well-gaited horse. It is not as smooth as that of a carriage built over elastic springs, but the comparative roughness has ample compen-

sation in the roominess of the interior and opportunity for change of position when one is cramped by sitting.

We were once jocosely critical over the quantity of timber in the body and shafts of my "coach." Experience has proved the need of stanchness and solidity; nevertheless, as we jog along the first familiar stages of our route, I fall to musing upon what manner of conveyance I would have constructed in America, and presented to my faithful dragoman, had I the means to compass this end. It should be light and strong, weather-tight, and upheld by such springs as only American carriage-builders know how to make, and be gratefully dedicated to the use of American women-tourists—

A halt is called, and I arouse myself to inquire why. David, gorgeous in profession-

salem for some days. We pass Gethsemane, dispensing a few coins to still the husky shrillness of the lepers' cry; skirt the Mount of Olives, and, diverging to the right, fall into line upon the Bethany road, an excellent thoroughfare for seven miles—almost half-way to Jericho. After we have left the mean hamlet of Bethany behind us, we begin the descent between hills that grew more and more barren, as we go on. The olive is the only tree to be seen, and the groves of this become rarer and smaller. At the juncture of the Bethany highway with a comparatively disused track leading to Bethpage, waits a mounted and dignified figure—the shiek who is to be our safe conduct as we go "down from Jerusalem to Jericho." He and David ride together; Alcides falls back to the side of my palankeen; Serkeese trots on ahead with his queer-looking load. It is a taciturn company when we are bound upon an all-day expedition. The road winds down into a tortuous valley, at the head of which David reins up his horse and waits our approach. A small, half-ruined khan planted upon the edge of the way has a reason for being in a well opposite to it, and lower by twenty feet or thereabouts. Both are very old, the situation of a khan usually remaining the same for countless generations, particularly when it is in the vicinity of a spring of living water. Some one at the hotel spoke of this well last night as probably En-shemesh, one of the division-lines between Judah and Benjamin.

Be this as it may, this was the route by which he came up from the Jericho where he had dined with Zaccheus, and in departing from which he had made the blind Bartimeus to see.

All signs of human habitation fail us as we proceed. High hills line the highway, ridged by natural terraces, treeless, and at this time of year, sere to the summits. The heights, with their naked ledges, remind us of nothing more forcibly than of gigantic skeletons from which the flesh has wasted and dropped away. The silence is profound and awful. The clink of the horses' iron hoofs upon the rock-bedded road and the harsh call of the muleteers to the patient beasts are all that we hear for miles together. Another—and a credible—tradition is committed to us in a defile, an hour's journey beyond the Apostles' Fountain. Hereabouts, it is believed, Shimei came out from Bahurim, "and as David and his men went by the way, Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him, and cursed as he went, and threw stones at him and cast dust."

As we read the tale, imagination is quick with the picture of the royal father's flight between the hills, and there is cordial, although may be, unholly sympathy expressed with rude Abishai's outbreak: "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king? Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head!" We can almost see the foul-tongued son of Gera—whose behavior, after the king's restoration was a convinc-

ing proof that the bully is always the coward,—leaping from one to another projection of the hill-side, to hurl down missiles upon the fugitives who "came weary and refreshed themselves there."

On, on we ride, between sad and silent heights, over waterless ravines, whose pebbly beds will be washed and tossed by turbulent floods after the spring rains. The glare of the white rocks is now and then relieved by curious pink strata, sometimes deepening



MARION HARLAND IN HER PALANKEEN, EN ROUTE TO JERICHO.

The mounted figure on the right is David Jamal, dragoman; on the left is Mr. Terkune, our traveler's son.

al gear, rides to my side to prefer the petition of a native photographer to "take" the palankeen and the escort. The picture here-with presented gives so correct an impression of the procession and the place—a stone-strewn olive-orchard on the lowest slope of Olivet—that I commend a study of the novel scene to the curious and interested. The camp and camp-appointments have gone forward, leaving to me as attendants, Serkeese, grinning from the top of the swathed luncheon-tent and hamper; the two muleteers; Alcides, upon Massoud, and disguised in hunting shirt, fez and kafevah, and David Jamal upon Dervish. The foremost posts of the palankeen are wreathed with leaves and flowers in honor of our "fresh start."

"Now," calls out Alcides from the van, as we are released from the glaring eye of the camera, "We can all go to Jericho!"

"Quite so, sir!" replies the only hearer besides myself who comprehends an English sentence, a grave response that may or may not signify familiarity with American slang.

For our destination is Jericho, and we are to be absent from our headquarters in Jeru-

"The waters of En-shemesh, and the goings out thereof, were as Eurogel." ("The Fuller's Fountain," reads the margin.) "And the border went up by the valley of the son of Hinnom unto the south side of the Jebusite; the same is Jerusalem."

Our guide has a more interesting story of the waters:

"Called 'The Apostles' Fountain,' because of the tradition that Christ our Lord, on his last journey to Jerusalem, rested here while telling his disciples that he was going up to be betrayed and crucified. He was on his way from Jericho, you see, and not yet come to Bethpage, near the Mount of Olives. It is only a tradition—but it might have been."

"It might have been," for the ruined wall and part of a roof of the ancient caravan-serai are distinctly Roman, and the spring is perennial. What more natural than that the "taking of the twelve disciples apart in the way" may have been at the foot of the ascent upon the summit of which he was to meet the "great multitudes" and their shouts of "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that coming in the name of the Lord!"

into rose-color. At long intervals, we see high up on the breast of the mountain mingled flocks of sheep and goats, feeding together, while the shepherd, wrapped in his brown-and-white mantle, stands or sits near. Here, we observe for the first time, an illustration of the division of the mixed herd prophesied by our Lord, and to which our attention was once called by Dr. Webster, the devoted missionary of Haiti. A shepherd, walking before the flocks, a sickly lamb tucked away close to his warm body inside of his thick garment, called them, as he went, in a peculiar note, plaintive, yet penetrating which we could hear plainly half-a-mile away. The sheep followed him in a long steady line,—the black goats straggled hither and yon, cropping the herbage, running races, scampering up rocks at the left and right, until we wondered how he could ever collect and finally get them safely to the fold.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."

Alcides spurs up a hillside to have audience with a shepherd, whose garment of goat's hair is wrapped about him as gracefully as ever Roman senator wore toga and gallops back in proud possession of a veritable pastoral pipe. The sounds evoke

from it by the new owner are weak and shrill, yet "carry" well in the still air.

"Do you suppose that the boy-shepherd of Bethlehem played psalm-tunes upon a machine like this?" winds up the performance, "One could get better music out of a penny whistle."

The classic instrument is about eight inches in length and consists of two reeds, each pierced on one side with six breathing holes. They are fastened longitudinally together with rosin, and into the upper end are fitted two movable mouth-pieces, attached to the pipe by a twine string. It is a primitive affair, but looks as if it might have capabilities—in the right hands.

Noon is near when we espy the Hathrur Khan, or the Khan of the Good Samaritan. Having always supposed the story of the man who fell among thieves upon this road to be merely a parable related with a specific purpose, we are surprised to learn that it is here considered that our Lord made use of a real incident, as historic as the fall of the Tower of Siloam, in answering the lawyer's question—"Who is my neighbor?" The Jericho road has been for twenty centuries the haunt of banditti. Even yet, peaceable husbandmen conveying crops to the Jerusalem market, or returning with the proceeds of their merchandise, are often set upon by watchful predatory tribes, and robbed. It is certain that the site of this wayside khan is very old, and that it has borne for hundreds of years the name of "him who showed mercy" to a feudal foe. It is almost certain that our Lord, journeying, as usual, on foot with his disciples, stayed his progress to the City where he was to offer the last and Greatest Sacrifice for sinning humanity, and rested here, perhaps for the mid-day meal, as we are now doing.

The khan is a big shed, with a courtyard in the back, as new as it is uncomely, but the foundations are ancient. Upon an overlooking hill are the ruins of a Roman watch-tower from which is an extensive view of the defiles of approach in all directions.

Palankeen and mules are left without; human beings lunch in the vast, bare chamber, open at the back toward the courtyard in which the horses are tethered. David hovers about us to be sure that we are comfortable; the sheik mounts guard without, perched in a niche of the archway, cigarette between his fingers, his eyes closed in meditation or slumber. The hum of conversation from another party of tourists and the chatter of the muleteers in the road, disperse thinly into the vast silences that encompass us in what is, for all we can see or hear, desolation without an inhabitant.

MARION HARLAND.

The Moody Gospel Fund.

Offerings Still Pouring in for the Cause From Many Quarters.

THE past week shows no diminution in the interest our readers have shown in the success of the Moody Gospel Fund, and the contributions have been liberal. Among the many letters received, we cannot refrain from quoting from two that are especially touching in the earnest desire they reveal for the success of this great spiritual movement.

Mrs. H—, writing from Mount Vernon, N. Y., says: "I have been much interested in Mr. Moody's efforts in the Bible Institute, Chicago. It is a grand work and much needed. I should like greatly to help it along. I have some diamond studs belonging to a dear and only son, who has recently died and I should like to give them to the work."

A lady in Pekin, Ill., writes: "There is no cause I am more anxious to assist than this. I have a handsome silk quilt—many pieces are painted and embroidered, and it is by all pronounced very pretty. I should be willing to give it to the Moody cause."

We cannot accept such sacrifices or permit friends to part with treasures which they have doubtless prized very highly, and we have written them accordingly.

The contributions to the Fund during the week have been as follows:

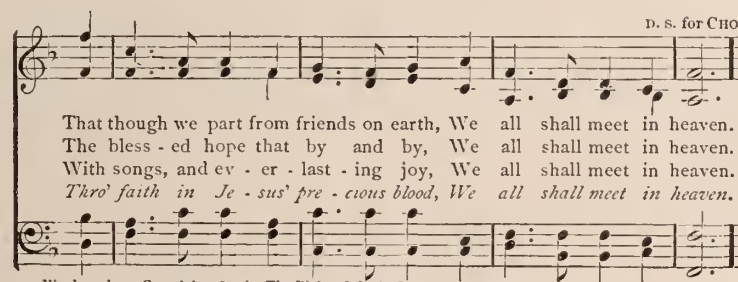
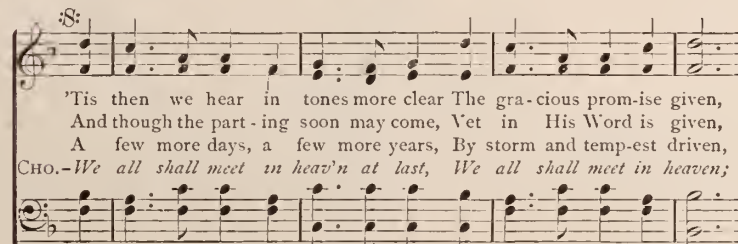
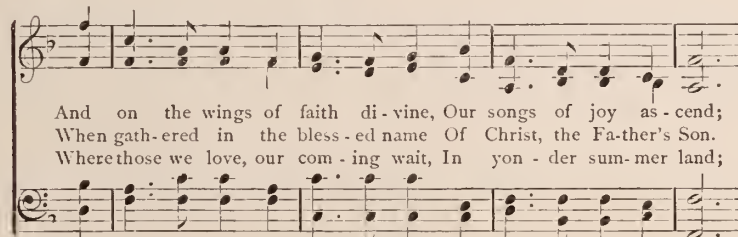
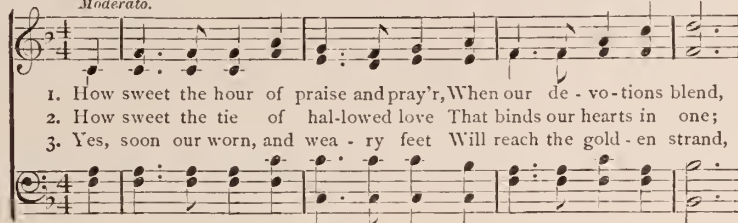
Friend, Henderson, Tex.	50
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith	35
Reader of the C. H.	25
Maitha Peoples	50
Fund of Missions, Orchardville, Ont., Can.	8 50
Subr., Kewanee, Ill.	1 00
Friend, Downsville, Ill.	1 00
J. M. M., Saratoga, N. Y.	1 00
K. M. S., Easthampton	1 00
Wm. M. Rudd	1 00
Mrs. A. A. Harris	1 00



How Sweet the Hour.

F. J. CROSBY.
Moderato.

Scotch Air.



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Friend, Manitoba.	1 00	Miss Lena Freeman	1 00
Friend, Monson, Mass.	2 00	Miss A. M. Kimball	50
Subr., Glen Moore, Pa.	1 00	Miss C. F. Pierce	50
Mrs. C. Billings	1 00	A Widow's Mite, E. D., Red Bank, N. J.	10 00
J. M. M., N. J.	1 00	M. J. Clark	1 00
—, Bristol, Conn.	2 00	Friend to the cause, Moncton, N. B., Can.	1 00
Mrs. J. D. Winstead	1 00	Cheerfully, Chesterville.	2 00
M. G. Ketcham	1 00	Mrs. C. Christie	5 00
Mrs. G. W. Ross and S. S. class.	10 00	Sisters, Woodstock, Va.	5 00
Andrew S. Winkley	1 00	Friend, Mannington, W. Va.	1 75
Mrs. E. W. W., No. Bennington, Vt.	25	Christian Comrades of Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Erie Co., Ohio	4 00
J. S. Waddell	2 00	—, Elkades, Iowa.	1 00
Mary Leonard	2 50	G. F. A., Milwaukee, Wis.	1 00
L. R. Adams	2 50	Friend and old subr., 1 elhi, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. M. J., Baltimore, Md.	1 00	J. D. W., West Sayville	1 00
E. H. Harley	2 00	Y. P. S. C. E., Barnet Centre, Vt.	12 25
—, Phelps, N. Y.	5 00	A. M. B., Phila., Pa.	2 00
Mrs. John Stuart	1 00	F. R. Morehouse	1 00
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Miss C. S., Crested Butte, Colo.	1 00	Friend to the cause, Methuen	1 00
—, Fair Haven, N. Y.	1 00	E. and H. O., Germantown, Pa.	2 00
In His Name, Hamden	1 00	Mrs. R. D. Armstrong	5 00
Friend, Newark, Cal.	1 00	E. A. J., Morristown, N. J.	1 00
Anna Alton	25	A lover of Jesus, Conn.	1 00
Subr., San Antonio, Tex.	2 50	C. M. L., Lewisburg, Pa.	25 00
M. P. W., Newark, N. J.	1 00	Friend, Decatur, Ill.	5 00
Mother, son and daughter, N. J.	3 00	Christian friend, Gloversville, N. Y.	50
Mrs. E. B., Howell, Mich.	4 00	M., Madison, Ohio	10
Friend, East Orange	5 00	M. M. E., Philmont, N. Y.	1 00
H. S. W., Lowell, Mass.	1 00	R. and M., Lodge Pole, Neb.	1 00
Margaret Hammond, Ill.	1 00	New Subr., N. H.	1 00
In His Name, Phila., Pa.	1 00	M. W. Lee	2 00
C. G. K., Chicago, Ill.	2 00	Friend, Allentown, La.	1 00
A lover of the Master's work, Chelmsford, Mass.	1 00	Friend, Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Mrs. Sarah K. G., Cottage City	2 00	John and Laura Keil	1 00
L. D.	25	B. H. S., Hamorton, Pa.	1 00
—, Chuton, Iowa	50	E. Whaley	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. K., Brooklyn	1 00	—, Taunton, Mass.	1 00
Mrs. B. M. Pollock	2 00	Robert Bell	1 00
Mrs. H. Strong	2 00	King's daughter	50
Friend, Broad Brook, Conn.	2 00	S. D. Campbell	1 00
—, Sabina, Ohio	1 00	Widow's mite, Essex, Ontario, Can.	1 00
Mrs. Will A. Smith	2 00	F. E. D., Greene, Me.	1 00
Mrs. S. S. Pearce	5 00	G. Goodale	5 00
Miss Laura Freeman	1 00		

THE TRIBULATIONS.

Three Distinct Times of Trouble Predicted in the New Testament.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

IT will be quite apparent to the careful reader of the New Testament that our Lord and his Apostles speak of several perfectly distinct "tribulations;" the confounding of which has been the occasion of not a little perplexity and confusion in many minds. We can clearly distinguish three tribulations as referred to in the New Testament, and to point out wherein these differ either in time or character, is our object in the following paper.

1. In the first place, then, we find both the Lord Jesus Christ and the apostles Paul and John referring to what we shall take leave to call the Tribulation of the Church. Of this our Lord himself speaks when he says, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." (John 16: 33.) And again, when in answer to the statement of Peter, as the spokesman of the apostolic band, "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee," He replied in these remarkable words: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions." (Mark 10: 28, 30.) To which words of the Lord Jesus it is probable that Paul referred when he exhorted the disciples at Lystra, Iconium and Antioch to continue in the faith, reminding them that "we must, through much tribulation, enter into the Kingdom of God." (Acts 14: 22.) While John subscribes himself to the seven churches in Asia as their "brother and companion (or fellow-partaker) in the tribulation and kingdom and endurance in Jesus Christ." (Rev. 1: 9.)

This, "the tribulation in Jesus," or in other words, the Church's tribulation, is commensurate with her earthly existence. Its sources are obvious and constant. Consciousness of her own failure, the latent when not overt hostility of the world, the malignity of Satan and his hosts, and the gracious educative discipline of her divine Husband and Lord; these are ever more or less in operation, and serve to make the pathway of the Church one of suffering and tribulation from her Pentecostal birth-day to the time of her gathering together in the presence of her returning Lord, at the sounding of the last trumpet. Nevertheless there have, doubtless, been special seasons in the history of the Church when she has been called upon to endure tribulation of unwonted severity, when the furnace has been heated seven times more than it is wont to be heated, as when it is said to the Church in Smyrna, "Ye shall have tribulation ten days" (Rev. 2: 10); supposed by some to have reference to the ten great Pagan persecutions through which, as we learn from secular historians, the early Church had to pass.

2. Of this tribulation of the Church it is not our intention to speak particularly at present; and therefore, having thus briefly indicated its separate and special character, we may at once proceed to notice in the second place, the tribulation of Israel. This was most distinctly and emphatically predicted by the Lord Jesus in what is called "the Prophecy on the Mount," recorded in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew, and also, more succinctly, in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, and the twenty-first chapter of the Gospel according to Luke. In the first of the narratives, having referred to the "abomination of desolation of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the Holy place;" a prediction which certainly received, at least, an inchoate fulfilment in the planting of the standards of the Roman legions—the eagles upon which were objects of idolatrous worship to the Roman soldiers—in the lines of the besieging army under Vespasian, and their subsequent setting upon the site of the Temple after the taking of Jerusalem by Titus; our Lord gives a warning to "them that are in Jerusalem to flee to the mountains;" a warning which we know the Jewish Christians actually obeyed by fleeing to Pella, a town on the northern boundary of Peræa.

(To be Continued.)



THE ALTERNATIVES.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning September 9. John 3: 16-21, 31, 36.

VARIOUS images are used in the passage selected for the topic to indicate the difference in the two types of character referred to. There are those who believe and those who believe not; those who do truth and those who do evil; he that comes from above and he that is of the earth; he who will not be condemned and he who is condemned already; he who hath everlasting life and he who will not see life. The difference, it will be seen is no mere difference of surface but a radical difference in nature. There is one who comes from above, who believes, who does truth and has everlasting life; and there is another who is of the earth. He believes not, does evil, is already condemned and will not see life. This is a revelation, but it is also a matter of experience. We see it around us and we see it within us. The two natures exist side by side, the one tending ever upward and the other ever downward. The end of each is the end which our own consciousness foresees and approves. To the one comes destruction and to the other everlasting life. It must be so; otherwise we should be unable to understand the moral character of God and the principles of his government. The evil in the individual must perish and if the evil permeates and controls the individual he perishes with it, because when the evil is eliminated there is nothing left of him to live.

The important fact, which Jesus revealed is that it is possible to pass from one category to the other. The man conscious of belonging to the earthly and the evil need not bemoan his fate in despair. He may be delivered from his doom by a change of nature, may as Jesus said, be born again. Only by such a change can he hope to really live in this world and have everlasting life in the next. This change comes, as is intimated, by believing or as it is termed in theology, by faith. Faith is the bond which connects us with Christ and from him power and life enter into the nature. The earthly or animal part of the personality is no longer supreme, the thoughts are no longer occupied with material concerns, the appetites and passions are restrained and put under subjection and the higher nature gains strength, develops and rules. How this change is worked we know not. It is mystery but it is a fact. Contact with Jesus—the contact that is established by faith transforms the whole being and the man has a new life. We know in a lower degree how companionship with a noble nature, a friendship with a pure and elevated person affects us and the same effect in infinitely greater degree comes by union with Christ. He imparts life the pure life of the heavens and the man is no longer earthly but becomes a child of God.

THE OAKLAND Y. M. C. A.

The building, a picture of which appears on this page, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland, Cal. It is situated on a suitable site at the corner of Clay and Twelfth Streets, where it is accessible to the young men of all parts of the city. The Association was organized in Oakland in 1879 and was received with enthusiasm. The population at that time was small but the list of membership soon contained nearly two hundred names. It has increased with the growth of the city until now with a population of about 58,000 it has over five hundred members. The idea of owning its own building was a

cherished hope from the early days of the Association's history, but it was not until 1891 that the project took definite shape. The series of revival meetings held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey and other evangelists on the Pacific Coast about that time gave an impetus to the movement and eventually sufficient funds were in hand to justify the beginning of building operations. The handsome structure which is now the property of the Association cost \$43,000 of which all but \$15,000 has been paid and of this pledges to the amount of \$5,000 are in hand.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE HOUSE.

The continued success of the Epworth settlement in Boston, Mass., is reported. A correspondent of the "Epworth Herald" who is one of the workers in the institution



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF OAKLAND, CAL.

says: A comfortable house has been hired, and there a company of earnest young people are living, doing pioneer work "for Jesus' sake." The North End was once the finest residential part of the city. Now it is the district of the slums. Immigration has come in tidal waves. First the Irish came, and the Americans went. Then the Italians invaded, and the sons of Erin fled. Then the Jews arrived, and the Portuguese and Italians are there in small colonies. Our people abandoned the field some years since. Last December, however, Dr. Chadbourne, presiding-elder at that time, organized a new Methodist Church once more at the North End. It started with seventy members, and was "pentecostal" in that nearly all "kindreds and tribes" were represented. Nine Portuguese, one Jew, one Swede, and ten Americans were received as probationers, and seven Americans by letter. Jewish, Italian, and Portuguese classes were formed.

This settlement now established is officially under the care of the City Missionary and Church Extension Society, Rev. E. J. Helms is the faithful superintendent. The Epworth Leagues, however, do much in paying the rent of the house, \$650 a year, which is given now by the chapters all over New England. Some assume the rent for a week, some for a month, while some send any amount they can secure. The Epworth Leagues are helping also in the flower

Mission connected with the settlement, in providing Sunday-morning breakfasts, and in holding meetings in an empty stable belonging to the Electric Car Company.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

At the recent Convention of Baptist Young People's Unions at Toronto, one of the most important questions considered was that of winning the associate members into the ranks of the active members. An excellent paper on the subject was read by Rev. W. H. Geistweit, of Minneapolis. From the report of it in the "Baptist Union," we take the two following incidents, which may be valuable to members of other young people's societies:

Two illustrations, one from personal experience, will give you the heart of my subject as I see it: In a great meeting a young man was leaning forward on the back of a seat, with his face covered by his hands. There were many like him, and the workers were all too few. "Go speak to that young man," was the loving command of the leader to another young man who happened to be in the forefront of Young People's work in that church. Fear took possession of him, he trembled as a leaf, and said, "O, I cannot go, I never did such a thing before; I am not able to do it." The leader was firm in his loving demand. "You must go," he said. Going down the aisle, he dropped into the seat of the young man, put his arm over his shoulder, and in a half

ingly to the sidewalk; I at once said to her, 'Let me help you, Aunt,' and took her by the arm and helped her to the sidewalk; as I turned away, she looked up into my face and said, 'O, sir, I wish you was as kind to my Master as you are to me.' That brought me, sir; your sermon had no effect—but I couldn't get rid of that simple soul's desire for me."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Baptist Young People's Union has been organized at Perry, Oklahoma. This is the first Union organized in the strip.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Brisbane, Queensland, has commenced a work among sailors which has been greatly blessed. The sailors have proved very appreciative of the interest taken in them and the temperance and religious influences have both been used with good effect.

Two Christian Endeavor churches have been built in the West by the Societies of the Reformed Church. One of them is located at Edgerton, Minn., and the other at Wakonda, S. D. The Societies are now engaged in raising funds to build a church at Johnstown, N. Y.

One of the most pleasing features of the marked advance of Christian Endeavor in England, last year, was the fact that 3,878 members of Christian Endeavor Societies joined the Church.

Montana has followed other States in adopting the idea of having a special State Christian Endeavor Day. The day chosen was July 1, and it was observed by sunrise prayer meetings and by rallies in the evening.

Meetings on the Hamlin Race Track are being held by a St. Paul, (Minn.), Epworth League. Five hundred men are employed in connection with the races, including the jockeys and stable-men. The meetings are held for their benefit and are largely attended. The racing men have expressed their appreciation of this interest in their welfare.

The danger of admitting to the Y. M. C. A. base-ball team young men who are not members of the Y. M. C. A., has been proved in a Western Association. The non-members aided by a few members, who should have known better, and led by a professional base-ball player, who was captain of the team voted for Sunday playing and carried it. Now the Y. M. C. A. is considering how to save itself from the disgrace of having its name borne by a team which plays on Sundays.

The Christian Endeavor Union of Canton, O., issues an annual directory of its nine societies which has been found very useful to members and visitors. Each Society has a page to itself, and there is one page for general announcements. The page devoted to each Society contains the name of the church, its location, the name of the pastor and his residence, the meeting-time of the Society, its enrolment, its officers and their addresses, chairmen of the various committees and their addresses, and the date of organization.

The Committees of an Australian Christian Endeavor Society have chosen for themselves mottoes, and these mottoes are hung up about the room in which the society meets. The motto of the Look-out committee is, "Trim your lamps and be ready;" of the Prayer-meeting committee, "Watch and pray;" of the Visiting committee, "Jesus invites you"; of the Music committee, "Our song shall be for Jesus."

The five volumes of the Epworth League reading course are: "The New Generation," by Edwin A. Schell, D.D.; "Christianity and the Christ," by Bradford Paul Raymond, President of Wesleyan University; "Abraham Lincoln, the First American," by David D. Thompson; "Between Two Flags," by Maud B. Booth; and "Imago Christi," by Rev. James Stalker, D.D. They have been issued by Cranston & Curtis of Chicago, in uniform binding at \$2.50 the set.



Nearing the Harvest.

The Season of Greatest Activity among Agriculturists at Hand—Life on the Great Farms of the West.

A FEW more weeks will usher in the harvest over a very large portion of the farming states. Formerly, the East held the agricultural palm in America, but this supremacy has long since passed over to the great grain-raising sections of the West, which now raise enough food, as some statisticians have claimed, to supply the world. A farmer's life is no longer what it used to be. Tillage by old-fashioned plough, ox team and mule have been rendered unprofitable by many labor-saving inventions that have been devised for the farmer, and if he would compete on equal terms with his neighbors, the agriculturist must now do the heavier and more laborious portion of his work by steam.

In our illustration on this page, some idea is furnished of the methods employed in progressive farming. The scene presented is the harvesting of a wheat-field on one of the great farms in South Dakota. A long line of harvesters is seen busily reaping the grain in a field which probably embraces many hundreds of acres. Some fields are even thousands of acres in extent. On the great Dalrymple farm situated in what is known as "The Wheat Belt," there are over 50,000 acres in wheat alone. The belt runs through North and South Dakota and Minnesota, and within its boundaries are the largest farms in the world—vast tracts, whose dimensions would have astonished our immediate ancestors, who were contented with from 20 to 100 acres, and viewed the quarter-section farms of the new West as needlessly large. But improved machinery and the application of steam have now made it possible for an energetic farmer to undertake the cultivation of miles of grain land, where acres would have taxed his facilities before. He now uses steam for threshing, ploughing, hauling and reaping, and it is not an infrequent sight to witness on these huge Western farms as many as twenty tireless, puffing machines in line, all busily at work, performing the labor of many hundreds of men.

Farmers generally do not view the vast farms, such as we have described, with much favor. They hold that, while they have greatly increased the product of the soil, they have been the cause of reducing prices to a point that has made moderate-sized farms unprofitable. The farmer with 200 or 250 acres and simple appliances cannot compete with his 10,000 or 20,000 acre neighbor, whose wealth enables him

to equip his farm with steam machinery and who is served by an army of laborers lacking the skill and knowledge required of the other's employees, who must know how to swing a scythe, handle a cradle, hold the plough, sow the seed and a thousand other things that went to make up the practical farmer. The result is that in some sections the small farmer is disappearing and the land is coming into the hands of those who conduct agricultural operations on a wholesale basis. Besides, many large tracts are now tenured in for pasturage and held for speculation, being rented for just enough to pay the taxes and keep the fences in repair.

Social life on the great Western farms of the wheat belt has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. It is not as lonely as on

free surroundings and few recreations cannot compensate for the absence of many comforts and privileges enjoyed elsewhere.

Victoria's Early Piety.
Even as a child Victoria was piously inclined. Until she was twelve years old she did not know that she was heir to the throne: at that age she found it out by a genealogical tree being left in her way. On asking if it was really true that she was the next to reign, and being informed that it was, she said, "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty: there is much splendor but more responsibility." Then raising her right hand, she added, "I will be good." Years after, when the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain came to tell her majesty of her accession, she was roused from sleep at five o'clock in the morning. As soon as she was told that she was queen of Great Britain, with a strong sense of her need of God's help in her new responsibility, she turned to the archbishop, and kneeling down said, "Let us pray."

The Industrious Lady Spider.
In a recent lecture in Boston, Professor Wood dealt with the phenomena of spider life. In one tribe the female is one thousand three hundred times as large as the male. Three kinds of thread are spun. One of great strength for the radiating or spoke



HARVEST SCENE ON A SOUTH DAKOTA FARM.

A HARVEST HYMN
THANK God that on a thousand hills
His summer gift the landscape fills;
And reapers in the joyous morn
Are busy with the ripened corn.
Thank God for coverlets of snow
That kept the corn-seed warm below;
And for the patient Mother Earth
That nursed and fed it from its birth.

Thank God for all the generous rains,
And the hot sunshine on the plains;
And that the season's gray and gold
Brought increase of a hundred-fold.

Thank God for all the corn that stands
In other fields of other lands;
And that where'er his children roam,
Some grateful hearts sing, "Harvest Home."

Thank God with life as well as lip,
With holy prayer and fellowship;
With holier hope and nobler aim,
Sing praises to the Father's name.

Thank him who for our joy and rest
Has made the Father manifest;
And for his kingdom that shall come,
With righteousness for Harvest Home.
—MARLANNE FARNINGHAM.

SHADOWTOWN.
SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry from Shadowtown,
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness closes down.
Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so:
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.
See where the fire-logs glow and spark
Glitter the lights of the shadowland,
The raining drops on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.
There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still,
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window-sill.
Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger, say "Good night!"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

MORE "CHILD-FANCIES."
I HAVE a little child in my kindergarten who has all the instincts and thoughts of a poet, writes Miriam McKenzie. She sees the dandelion and she exclaims, "Look, the stars have dropped down, Miss Katy." We went into the country one day, and I found her listening attentively to the humming of the bees. She looked up at me with a sweet stillness in her pretty eyes. "I'm listening to the bees murmuring in the grass," she whispered. She saw the cobwebs strung from twig to twig, and in her fanciful way she declared that the fairies had "put their clothes lines up," for their gossamer dresses to dry. When we came out of the woods to call the cab for our homeward journey, she alone stood at the edge of this song-thrilled retreat, and looking back into its depths said in farewell, "Back in there, Miss Katy, is the blooming May." Her mother brought me once a little verse she had heard her singing over some flowers:

O, my little roses dear,
I will pluck and put you here,
In the vase I put you, too,
And it wets your toes all through.

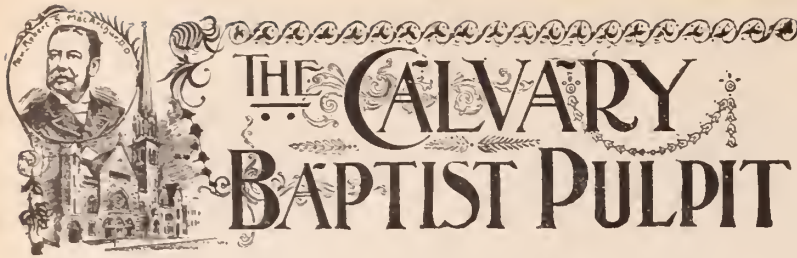
Of course, this merely shows a natural turn for making words rhyme, but if this same poetical child should grow to maturity and talk about the dandelions as "stars from the sky," in a "poem," she would be laughed at as a plagiarist, though the idea originated in that fresh little mind as surely as it did in the mind of

one who wrote of the yellow flower:
Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle in the milky way.

Look on the Bright Side.
Cultivate sunny-heartedness, writes Rev. Philip Graer, and you will have a priceless charm for brightening existence and hushing troubled waters into happy peace. Form the habit of giving cheer and encouragement to others, never uttering needlessly a disheartening word. Don't quench hope, or throw cold water on reasonable enthusiasm, or chill ardor, or create an atmosphere of censure and fault-finding, but make folks tingle to the finger-tips with the heartiness and spontaneity of your presence and greeting. Make others happy and you cannot help but be benefited. Don't let the black-pinioned raven's croak drown the skylark's note. Always look on the bright side.

the smaller farms, since there are usually several hundreds of employees—in fact a little community. The workers live in tenant houses that are comfortable enough, but nothing more. They are poorly paid, as a rule, and the life is a hard one with few relaxations. Winter is occupied in taking care of stock, and the spring, summer and autumn are all seasons of labor in the field, the latter the busiest. There is usually a little chapel or meeting-room in the settlement, where divine worship is held, though not always regularly: still the opportunities for both social and religious gatherings is better at such places than among the widely-scattered small farms, where neighbors often live miles apart from each other, and where attending church means a long, arduous journey, sometimes an impossibility in winter or during the rains. Dwellers in cities and towns know little of the hardships and disadvantages of such a life, whose

lines of the web: the cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious: that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what in the first instance, catch and hold the wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held securely by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass of flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as for example a wasp. A scientific experiment once drew out from the body of a single spider three thousand four hundred and eighty yards of thread or spider silk—a length little short of two miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silkworm.



PRECEPTS AND PROMISES.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S.

MacArthur, D.D. Text: II Chronicles 7: 14: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

THESE words were spoken by God in connection with the consecration of the Temple. David had it in his heart to build a house unto his God; but, being a man of war, he was not permitted to perform this sacred service. This high honor came to his son Solomon, who was a man of peace, his very name signifying "Peaceful," or "Pacific." He was "chosen to sit on the throne of the Kingdom of the Lord over Israel." David cheerfully resigned the work to Solomon, commanding him "to be strong and to do it." Silently and majestically did the glorious building rise in the sight of men and God. Never was a king more royally engaged than was Solomon when he stood before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands and kneeled down upon his knees, and poured out his heart in prayer unto God. Sacrifices were then offered unto God, and many important relations in life, and the duties attaching to them, were named before the Lord. But without the presence of the ever-living God, Solomon realized that all else was vain, hence the grand

Climax of the Prayer:

"Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength."

In connection with these great promises and holy festivities, the Lord of heaven and earth uttered the words chosen as the text. Our attention is directed at once in this verse to the fact that God has a people which are called by his name. God has never left himself without witnesses; in every clime and in every century there have been those who were ready to testify to God and to his truth. God's people are his by purchase on his part and by profession on their part. They are sent into the world as apostles of his truth, and as witnesses of his character. They are peculiarly dear to God, as purchased by his grace and protected by his power. He loves them above all beside in this world. They are dear to him as the apple of his eye; their names are engraven on the palms of his hands; he controls all things for their good and for his own glory. They are the salt of the earth; and that salt has not lost its savor. They are the light of the world; and

That Light has not Gone Out.

In studying this text we are to observe the conditions on which God's people may receive blessings from their heavenly Father. The reference here, though to Israel primarily, is applicable to the church of God to-day. The Church of Christ is now the Israel of God. The church needs all the blessings asked in and promised to the prayer that Solomon made. The church cannot live without spiritual blessing from its divine Head. The church may have great numbers, and yet be spiritually weak; it may have attentive audiences, and but few active members. It may have treasuries filled with money and many other forms of outward prosperity, and yet may be poor, hungry, weak and dying. If we have God's blessing in the conversion of souls and in the spiritual growth of his church, we shall be rich whatever else we lack. But if the spiritual gift be lacking, whatever else we possess, we shall be poor indeed. Christ must reign in our hearts, and rule over our lives, else we shall be powerless for good among men and be joyless in our own souls.

The first condition of blessing here named is that God's people "shall humble themselves." Humility is always a condition of spiritual blessing. The more we grow in grace, the more humble do we become in our own estimation. Attention has often been called to the fact that comparatively

soon after his conversion, the Apostle Paul declared himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." But as the years passed, and he grew in grace and knowledge, he said, "I am less than the least of all saints." And as the years still passed and he grew into the stature of the more perfect man in Christ Jesus, and his martyrdom was at hand, he exclaimed, "I am the chief of sinners." It is possible for us to be proud of our supposed absence of pride. Unconsciousness is always a sign of power, and humility is always a sign of growth in divine life. If we had a proper sense of our sinfulness, we never could indulge in spiritual pride. That we are not humble is itself a sufficient cause for humility. Since first we professed Christ's name, we have wandered far from his path and have often brought coldness into our own hearts and dishonor upon his great name. We have been unmindful of the ten thousand blessings which we have received from his hand. His goodness ought to lead us to repentance of heart, and to consecration of life. Humility is evermore the cause of true exaltation. No true eminence is possible except it be preceded by true humility. This was the great and distinguishing quality of the ideal man, the Lord Christ Jesus. He could say with the utmost truthfulness, "I am meek and lowly in heart." He could well therefore urge us to take a lesson from his own spirit and life. The Psalmist could say, "I was brought low, and he helped me." The Lord dwells only with the humble and contrite in heart; the proud he regards afar off. No man is strong until he learns his own weakness; and no man is wise until he realizes his own ignorance. When we are poor and needy, God opens to us the rich treasures of his grace. When in our own esteem we are rich and increased with goods, we are on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy. The first step towards spiritual wealth is a realization of our spiritual poverty. The sacrifices of God are evermore a broken and contrite heart; these he will never despise. O, that we may sit to-day in lowliness of heart at the feet of the Lord's Christ!

The Divine Fulcrum.

Another ground of blessing here specified by God is the spirit and act of prayer. Prayer stands closely related to the condition of humility. Archimedes, after his discovery of the lever, affirmed that if he could but have a fulcrum he could raise the foundation of the whole earth. Prayer is the divine fulcrum; if it be fixed upon God and heaven it will raise the earth to heaven; it will change all our earthly conditions, and transfer us into the likeness of Christ, and earth into the image of heaven. A man who lives in the enjoyment of God's blessing and presence prays as naturally as he breathes. All Christians spend too little time in communion with God. There should be secret prayer. Our Lord gives us wise instruction at this point. Those who pray to God secretly are honored of God publicly; in secret communion strength is gained for public conflict. After the sun had set and before it was up, we find Christ engaged in prayer. The great crises of Christ's life were passed alone with God. The truest, grandest and sublimest lives can never be attained simply in the excitement of public duties. No tree can send a vigorous trunk into the air, except it send down a vigorous tap-root into the soil; there must ever be a close relation between the spreading roots and the spreading branches. Men may live a life of noisy activity for God, but it will be largely a barren life, if there be not times of secret communion with God. In the shades of the garden, Christ won the victory over the sorrows of the cross. When he came forth victorious from

Gethsemane, he was crowned victor over the agony of Calvary. There will always be a time and place for secret prayer for the truly devout heart. Isaac may find his in the fields; David his on his bed; Daniel his with his windows open toward Jerusalem; Christ his on the lonely mountains; Peter his on the house-tops; General Havelock his by rising at four o'clock in the morning if the marching hour was six; Luther his somewhere praying for hours, when the duties of the day were especially numerous and heavy; and Knox and Baxter theirs, however perplexing were their public duties. And so praying these heroic saints stirred nations and blessed the world.

Family Prayer.

There also ought to be family prayer. A prayerless home is a roofless house. Such a house is built upon the sand and one day it will fall. Let the family altar be erected in your home; let the flame of daily devotion brightly burn thereon. Perhaps, once it was erected, but now it has fallen down; perhaps once faith was strong and love was tender; but now both are weak and the voice of prayer is hushed. Business now intrudes; family cares have multiplied; the father hurries away and God is not, at least formally, recognized. O, men and women let not these things be. Wife and mother, you can open the holy book, re-erect the altar and beside it kneel with your little ones. Do not neglect to rekindle the sacred fire. Dare not trifle with God. You and those you love are at his mercy. Beware, how you treat the God of heaven and earth in whose hand your breath is, and whose are all your ways.

The text teaches us, also, that if we are ready to receive blessings from God, we are to seek his face. Have we wandered from God? Has his service become tiresome and his presence irksome? Then we must go back to God.

All who are to receive blessings from God must "turn from their wicked ways." This is an eminently practical requirement. There may be outward humility without inward reality; there may be prayers long and loud, public and private; there may be much prayer-meeting talk for Christ and of religion.

What is the Daily Life?

What are our actions? That is a fine remark made by Emerson, "What care I for what you say, when what you do sits above my head and thunders so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Evermore, actions speak louder than words. Do men see in us the honesty, the manliness, the saintliness of the true Christian? A man may be a very saint in the sanctuary, and a very Satan on the street. The world is quick to detect the ring of spurious coin; but the counterfeit is a witness to the existence of pure gold, for men do not counterfeit lead. Even a true Christian may, for a time, walk in wickedness. David did, Peter did, and so many since have done. If you are a true Christian you will be penitently brought back. God will lay on the rod because you are a child; do not refuse to listen to your Father's voice. The path of return may be rough, but you will have to travel it.

We now come to God's conditional promise—"Then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." This is a most gracious promise. Evermore God's precepts and promises are found side by side. This is not an arbitrary arrangement on the part of God; for only as we obey the commands are we prepared to enjoy the blessing which God gives us. Were God to give us blessings while we refused to give him obedience, there would be an illustration of Christ's words, "casting pearls before swine."

The first part of the promise is, "then will I hear from heaven." The thought of a God who sees and hears what is done and said on earth is overwhelming to evil men. God does not sit in selfish indifference to the needs of men, while receiving the praises of saints and seraphs. There is a philosophical conception of God which is utterly unphilosophical; a conception which represents him as being too great to notice the needs and to listen to the cries of the children of men. That conception degrades God; his greatness is best seen when he is noting the fall of a sparrow and hearing the cry of his feeble children. In the first verse of the 40th Psalm we have the words, "He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." The word translated "inclined" really means that God bowed, that God bent forward to hearken, as if he would place his

ear near the mouth of the supplicant. That is a marvellous representation of the greatness as truly as it is of the goodness of God. We are told that at Crete there was a statue of Jupiter which was devoid of ears; such a statement is a true representation of the god of certain agnostic philosophers in all the ages. But such is not the description of God as given in the Bible. Our God has an ear to hear, a heart to pity, and a hand to help. His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, nor his arm shortened that it cannot save. Our King, the King of kings, is

Ready to Give us an Audience

at any moment of the day or night, and in any place in which the cry goes up to his ear. We have read of the British soldier in India who was lying near death. He had long neglected the calls of God, but was now anxious to find mercy. He remembered a Christian friend living 160 miles away, and to him he sent this telegraphic message, "I am dying; what shall I do to be saved." Immediately flashing along the wires came back the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." The soldier believed; and soon after died with words of hope and triumph on his lips. God be thanked, there is a better telegraphic communication than this; from every sin-sick soul there is immediate communication with the heart of God, and from God's lips there comes the reply, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; look unto him and be saved. The response between the soul of the supplicant and the heart of God is immediate.

The next element in this prayer is the forgiveness of sin—"and will forgive their sin." All of us need divine forgiveness. No angel could write out all the pardons which God bestows upon penitent sinners. We dishonor God by not trusting him for complete forgiveness. Let us now confess to him our sins, that he may cleanse us from our unbelief, disobedience and hostility.

The last promise is that healing will come to the land—"and will heal their land." It was a land flowing with milk and honey; and the people were to recognize God's hand. Solomon is conscious of the immediate presence of God throughout this entire dedicatory service for himself and for the nation. It is still true that God is the God of nations as of individuals. He was the God of our fathers; he is our God, and he will be the God of our children. Our great republic is a monument of God's mercy to us in all the crises of our wonderful history; and this mighty nation must not forget God.

Our Land Needs Healing.

The history of the Jewish church was long one of depression, of wickedness and evil; but they were delivered when they cried unto God. While the Hollanders in 1672 were awaiting an attack they offered most earnest prayers to God; the tide changed, foes could not land and soon their ships were driven from the coasts. The man who refuses to see the hand of God in the history of nations, proves himself to be as inaccurate a student of history as he is irreverent and unphilosophical.

God intends to teach us practical lessons by the depressed times through which we are passing. Have we to some degree forgotten God? Have we rejoiced in our inventive genius, our heroic endeavors, and our national achievements? God is humbling us to-day in our own sight, and in the sight of all the nations of the earth. Our land needs healing; the tide of intemperance flows as a terrible curse among the people; because of this fearful evil many hearts are torn and bleeding. The saloon is the incarnation of Satan; it lifts its crimson hand in defiance before men and before God. O, God of our fathers, heal our land from this terrible curse. Gambling is a related evil; it also is a terrible curse. Sabbath breaking is on the increase. Mammon is the god of many thousands of Americans; and the love of money is the ruin of many souls. God will not hold us guiltless if we trample on his commands issued so solemnly from Mount Sinai. We cannot expect to walk upon the highway of the nations except we obey God's law regarding his holy day.

O, people of the living God, listen to God's promises and obey its solemn conditions. Then indeed may we expect that our souls shall be established; our peace be as a river, and the blessing of the triune God come upon our great Republic and upon all the obedient people of the earth. God hasten the day for his Son's sake.

Under the Southern Cross.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Eloquently Describes the Celestial Crucifix—What Christianity has done for the South Sea Islands—Early Missionaries and their Influence—A Native Boy Hero.

STEAMSHIP "ALAMEDA," IN MID-OCEAN, July 10, 1894.

HERE are some things in the mind year after year remaining undefined. The time for explanation does not seem to come. We had for years seen allusions to the Southern Cross. We knew not what it meant. We supposed it to be an appearance in the heavens at certain latitude and longitude, yet we knew not exactly what that appearance was. But seated a few nights ago on the deck of this ship in our voyage around the world a gentleman bent over me and said, "The Southern Cross is visible. Let us go and see it." Going to the opposite side of the ship, I looked up and beheld it in all its suggestiveness looking down upon us, and looking down upon the sea. The Southern Cross! It is made up of four bright stars. One star standing at the top of the perpendicular piece of the Cross, and another star standing for the foot of it. One star standing for the right hand end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, and another star for the left hand end of it. So clear, so resplendent, so charged with significance, so sublimely marking off the heavens that neither man nor woman nor child nor angel nor devil can doubt it. The Southern Cross! To make it God put those four worlds in their places. The tender and tremendous emblem of our religion nailed against the heavens with silver nails of star. Four are enough.

God Wastes no Worlds. He will not encourage stupidity. If you cannot see the Southern Cross in the four stars, forty stars will not make you see it. Up yonder they stand, the four stellar evangelists upholding the cross. What a Gospel of the firmament! The Cross that Constantine saw in the sky with the words, "By this conquer," was an evanescent cross and for one night, but this Southern Cross is for all nights, and to last while creation lasts. So every night of this voyage among the islands of the Pacific I am reminded by this celestial crucifix of the only influence that has turned the islands from their cruelty, and shamelessness, and horror—the influence of the Cross.

Excepting the throne of the Deity, I think there will be no higher thrones in heaven than those occupied by the missionaries. Others have lived and died for their own country. These lived and died for the natives of other countries. Many of the missionaries were the graduates of Yale or Princeton, or New Brunswick, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or Edinburgh, and were qualified for pulpits, for editorial chairs, for medical achievement, for great words and deeds in Court rooms, for commercial successes that would have brought all honors and all luxuries to their feet. Many of the women of this Foreign Mission cause were brought up in refined associations, could play well on musical instruments, were the charm of best society, had attractiveness that fitted them for any circle of ease or opulence. Such men and women took whale-ships for foreign lands, lived on fare that only coarsest digestive organs could manage, were tossed for months on rough seas, landed amid naked savages, abode in grass huts, spent their life amid the squalor and the stench, and the vermin, and the epidemics and the low vices of those whom they had come to rescue. Of a roll of a hundred and eighty names of such men and women not more than four or five of them were ever heard of outside of their own kindred or the circles of barbarians among whom they lived.

The story of the Christian Heroes and Heroines who came to these islands of the Pacific in the Brig Thaddeus, the Leland, the Benjamin Bush, the Averich, and the Mary Frazier under Captain Charles Sumner, can never be fully told. All the talents, all the scholarship, all the nerve and muscle and brain, all the spiritual energies of these Christly men and women put forth on behalf of people whom they had never seen, and whose names they had never heard pronounced until the day of the arrival on these islands. Some of these messengers of light were cut to pieces and devoured by

cannibals. Some of them toiled to save the besotted savage, while profligates of Christian countries landed from merchantman or war vessel or whaling ship were trying to destroy them. The daughter of one of the missionary families describes her mother as toiling until the skin was blistered off her arms, and says that while her father was about to preach a group of drunken sailors broke the windows and brandished a knife about his face, saying, "Here he is: I have got him! Come on! These missionaries sent their little children to America and Europe because they could not be properly brought up amid heathenism, and what heart-rending partings took place as fathers and mothers surrendered their children for the voyage across the seas in many cases those parents never seeing their children again. No regular postal arrangements, letters were often not received until eighteen months or two years old. The ship Captain Charles Sumner for the first part of the voyage to the Pacific with his group of missionaries scoffed at Christianity, but he was converted under the influence of their example and became their champion. He said about one of these Pacific Islands, "I have been here before and I see the difference. Formerly as soon as my anchor was down my ship was surrounded by

Dissolute Men and Women, skimming out from shore and trying to come aboard. How different now! Christianity has made the change." And when some one traduced the missionaries he said, "Oh, you need not tell me these stories. I have lived four months with these dreadful people and know them well. I knew the natives, too, as they were many years ago, and I am fully convinced that the change I see is from the influence of the religion of the Bible."

One boy was the means of the civilization and evangelization of the Sandwich Islands. His father and mother were killed and he ran away with his baby brother on his back. The infant was slain by a spear. The heroic boy got on a ship for New England. He was found weeping on the steps of Yale College, Connecticut. He told the story of his native island. That story aroused the Christian world. "A little child shall lead them." The Tahitian Islands have felt the same supernal power. All these islands have been illumined, and the most of the abominations have sped away, not because of the threat of foreign guns, or as a result of national or international politics, but by the influence of that which vander mighty crucifix in the night sky typifies. Let no ship captain ever see it from a deck on the Pacific, or passenger whether for pleasure or profit sailing amid these islands behold it, without remembering what the Southern Cross has done for the besotted savages bounded on all sides by these vast wildernesses of water.

Oh, that Southern Cross! Were ever four worlds better placed than those which compose it? Though they were uninhabited, and built only for this significance, they were worthily built. Shine on until all the people of this hemisphere who see thee shall bethink themselves of the sacrifice thou dost depict! A cross not made out of darkness, but out of light. A cross strong enough for all nations who see it to hang their hopes upon. One night while I watched

This Celestial Crucifix, the clouds gathered and the top of the cross was gone, and the foot of it was gone, and the outspread arms were gone. No more of it to be seen than if it had never been hoisted. Had the cloud conquered the stars? No. After awhile the clouds parted and rolled back and off, and there it stood with the same old emblazonment—the Southern Cross. So the hostilities of earth and hell may roll up and seem to destroy the hope of communities and of nations, but in God's good time the antagonism will fall back, and all obscurations will be dispelled and all the earth shall see it, the Southern Cross for the South, the Northern Cross for the North, the Eastern Cross for the East, the Western Cross for the West, but all four of the crosses found at last in the new astronomy of the Gospel to be one and the same Cross, that which was set up nineteen hundred years ago, and of which I have found either a prophecy or a reminiscence in that uplifted splendor seen night by night while pacing the deck of a steamer on the Pacific.

To be With Talmage

Gospel Work in Africa.

Missionary Snyder Tells of the "Dark Side" of the Congo Field—A Godless, Wicked People Learning of Christ.

A MISSIONARY'S life is not all a holiday. Sometimes bright days come. Sometimes one's heart seems to beat a joyous, glad-some beat: but these days are rare. There comes to the true missionary a sense of nearness to God; as though one could feel the "everlasting arms" and hear the "wings," and this brings a joy, and a pleasure, and a comfort, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the world's definition of them.

A person coming here from a northern climate must necessarily undergo that change known by the name of acclimatization, and that means for some a very trying time, and often death. The sickness of Africa is hæmaturic fever—it lurks in the air as the snake lurks in the desert: you may tread on it to-day, be bitten and die; you may live in Africa twenty years and never have the fever. You may be well this evening and buried inside of five days, yes, four days—may be buried to-morrow night. Not much is known about hæmaturic fever. No symptoms warn one of its approach. Have you a fever this afternoon? It may be hæmaturic, it may not. The hæmorrhage is the first indication and tells you what it is. The hæmorrhages last, as a rule, two days—sometimes less, sometimes more, according to the treatment. My experience is limited: but as near as I can tell, more die after the hæmorrhages cease than at the time they occur. Those who survive the attack, quickly regain their strength, seemingly having suffered loss of strength only, due to the loss of blood. Those who die seem to have had not only a loss of blood but the blood remaining in the system is poisoned, due in some way to the diseased kidneys. Some die of exhaustion. A very satisfactory treatment consists in freely purging, and administering quinine in large doses, hypodermically.

Next to this, in point of trouble, though not so deadly, comes the "jigger" (sarcophylla penetrans). One has not to live very long in Africa before becoming acquainted with this pest, in appearance very much like the common flea, only much smaller. The female insect burrows under the skin producing an intense itching not at all relieved, save by removal. If not removed at once, the female begins to lay an innumerable amount of eggs in a sac and in a day or two a black spot is noticed where the itching is, and if you are at all skilful, the sac and insect may easily be removed, leaving a hole, however, in the foot, the size of a pea. No one is exempt from this pest. Shoes will not keep them out, nor are you free of them from one end of the year to the other.

Mosquitoes rarely trouble us. Wild honey-bees are exceedingly troublesome at some times of the year. Scorpions and centipedes abound: I can personally testify to the stinging properties of the scorpion. One stung me and for twenty-four hours I was in pain. Snakes do not seem to be very plentiful. I have seen but three kinds: one a small brown snake, said to be very poisonous, a green snake the bite of which, the natives say, produces death, and the boa-constrictor, a specimen of which came on our station early one morning and killed four goats and was in the act of swallowing one of them when he was discovered and shot. I measured him and found his length to be twelve feet four inches, and eighteen inches around. The natives told us it was a "child snake" and proceeded to tell us of others measuring twenty feet. We are satisfied with seeing the "children." So far we have failed to see any wild animals of any consequence.

Word has just reached us of the death of C. E. Ingham, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, on the lower Congo. It seems he went out to shoot an elephant and having accomplished this, he sat himself down on the carcass while the natives proceeded to cut off the tail. The elephant was not dead, as it quickly proved by rising and grasping Mr. Ingham and crushing his life out against its tusks. Having done this, the hunter and the hunted lay together—dead.

Word came to us a little while ago of a war on the lower Congo, between the state and the carriers. The result was two white men killed, three wounded, and numbers of native soldiers killed; mails thrown into

water and caravans, of course, stopped. When you know that a loss of a mail may mean six months of news blotted out, and the caravans stopped means perhaps six months of food and clothing supply delayed and very likely lost for ever, you can readily see that this can be classed with the other "Congo Crosses." One fact in connection with this war needs special mention, and that is this: seventy-five villages united in common cause against the enemy. This is surprising because of the fact that hitherto in Central Africa, the combining of forces among the natives has not occurred, and this new step shows the influence of civilization and should be a warning to the State that should not go unheeded.

Another report from the Congo is that a white man, who was thought to have been thrown from his canoe by a wounded "hippo," was killed by the native with him in the canoe in order to secure the money he always carried with him fastened by a belt to his waist.

Our Gospel message is treated by the natives with indifference. We have told them of God and how he made all things: how he loves them: and of Jesus who gave his life for them; but it is as an idle tale to them. They have in themselves no idea of a God. The Zapo-Zaps believe that, when they die, that is the end. The Ba-kete hold that the spirit of the dead goes to some place unknown to them, and remains a short or long time as it wills and then returns and enters into a woman and is born again. The spirit has the power of choosing the town and woman to which he wishes to return. This, in a nut-shell, is the natives' explanation of death and birth. Naturally they are fatalists and since our arrival everything is "Bwala bi Nzambi" —Palaver for God!

I have closely questioned the natives but they tell me that before the coming of the white people they were ignorant of Nzambi. (The word "Nzambi" has been introduced here from the lower Congo and perhaps has been handed down to them from the times of the early priests). The people steal and lie without a sign of a blush. So far we have failed to see any repentance. Several of the natives know enough of "God's palaver" to make them responsible and we are praying for an outpouring of God's Spirit in their hearts.

Eight natives have just come in from a village a few miles away. I have been telling them of God and his dear Son. They say to me, "Why don't you come and live with us? Why is it that Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Rowbotham and you have sat here with the people of Ka Senga and not one of you come to us?" What can I tell them? Mr. Sheppard is away; Mr. R— and wife have gone home; Mrs. Adamson is dead, and we are only three at this station. I have told them, however, that just as soon as I can, I will go to them.

Pray the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers. These eight natives to whom I have not spoken heretofore, evinced much interest in what I had to say. Here, then, is an open door; here is a strong call to the folks at home. There is not another mission for hundreds of miles around. Three missionaries to a million of people!

D. W. SNYDER, Luebo, W. C. Africa, March 9, '94.

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ZEROLA of NAZARETH

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF PAUL THE APOSTLE.
By W. J. THOROLD.

CHAPTER X.

WHIRLING AND WILD CAROUSAL.

ROOM there, make room for the chariot of Corbulo!

So shouted the people as his black Arabians, driven by the General himself, galloped along the ringing pavement of the Applan Way, whose large hexagonal blocks of basaltic lava formed a road hard and smooth as skill and stone could make it.

Half the city, both citizens and strangers, were now enjoying the pleasures of the promenade. For it was evening.

"A costly four!" exclaimed a certain Egyptian as Corbulo flashed by.

"Magnificent chariot!" responded his companion, a man whom you would at once have seen was also from the country of the Nile.

"But cursed charioteer," muttered the other.

They now quickened their steps.

"That," remarked the taller of the two, pointing at the Roman's brilliant equipage and following it with his black eyes, "that to tickle his pride—but this," replacing something shining and sharp beneath his robe, "this to tickle his—"

"Hush, Karmes," interrupted the second, "we will be discovered."

"It is well if we are not now," the Egyptian replied sullenly. "But, Arni, who is that?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"That man there, passing the statue."

They both looked eagerly.

"By the stars!" exclaimed Arni, "it is Thæon!"

They now walked still faster.

"Perpol, it is he! Where, then, are the girls—think you the pretty nymphs have played us false?"

"Judge not so hastily. Your Pyramids were not built in an hour."

"But they should have got him to the house by this time."

Then there was silence for a time. In a few minutes it was broken by the smaller of the two. "Aha, Karmes," he laughed, "the girls are cunning as their master. Look! There they are!"

"True, Arni, true."

"Let us approach then, and listen."

"But we have not time."

"Why not?"

"Remember the message: 'By the statue at day-break!' And the wine and the dance come before that."

"Yes," repeated Arni, "the banquet comes first. And then—'By the statue at day-break!' It will go hard with Corbulo to die so."

"Yes; but it went hard with my sister when he killed her beside that same statue," replied the first Egyptian, coloring with anger.

"Well, for the General if he knew our plot, Karmes," laughed his companion, half pityingly.

"Ay, well!" was the answer.

"And he will know when—"

"When this dagger tells him," interrupted the Egyptian, muttering and patting his breast.

And the two men hurried off to their meeting-place.

Well might it have been for them if they had only known how much Corbulo did know of their conspiracy! For he knew all. But they trusted to their cunning.

By this time the two women referred to had caught up to Thæon, and were now talking with him. Misled by their speaking his own language he seemed to have forgotten his usual caution.

"Pardon me," said the elder of the two, "but do you not come from Nazareth?"

He looked at them a moment, and answered that he did.

"Then your name is Thæon," she added scanning the man over, and smiling winningly.

He was perplexed. How did they know who he was. It seemed to be explained, however, when she continued: "Several

years ago we lived there ourselves, but now our home is here in Rome."

Although neither of them had ever seen Palestine they had been furnished with all necessary facts by Arni and Karmes. They knew thoroughly the history of the man before them. In addition to this both had the tact of their sex and the cunning of their race.

"And have you not found Zerola yet?" inquired the younger after a slight pause in the conversation.

Thæon looked astonished. They might know his nationality and his name, but how could they have found out his errand.

"Oh, he not surprised," they said together, looking archly at him, "we know her well."

"You know her," he repeated, trying in vain to conceal his feelings. But they knew only too well the workings of a manly heart when its owner is passionately in love.

"Can you tell me where Zerola is?" he asked.

"Yes, we can. Come with us, and we will take you to her," was the answer.

What possibilities belong to every woman! How noble she may be, if she only will. But yet how false sometimes—and treacherous.

The three turned and walked in the opposite direction to that in which they had been going. Past the spraying fountains, past the marble columns, the sloping gardens and triumphal arches, they hastened onward. The girls laughed to themselves at his trust and credulity.

At length they reached their destination. It was a house situated behind the statue!

No sooner had Thæon entered this place than he began to doubt. "What," he thought, "would Zerola be doing in such company as this?"

Seated around the spacious room were a dozen men and as many women, all drinking.

In a moment he realized the truth: he had been deceived!

But how could he make his escape? It would not do to let them see that he even wished to go. That was evident.

As he sat trying to devise some way, the doors at the farther end of the room swung softly open, and the strains of music came floating through the long torch-lit corridor. Then he heard the march of sandalled feet stepping to the touch of lute and tabret, and in a few minutes a score of dancing girls entered dressed in all the attire of processional display and oriental attractiveness. And the revel commenced. And the revel whirled!

An hour or more passed when Karmes leaning over whispered to Arni: "Remember, 'by the statue at day-break!' The hour draws near."

"And our men are ready for their work," answered Arni. "Nine are hiding by the roadside, waiting to drag the Roman from his chariot as he passes. And then—"

"Then, ay, then Corbulo! O revenge, how sweet thou art!"

Meanwhile the feast was going on. "But Karmes," asked the other, "how comes it that Corbulo is driving along the Applan Way so late to-night?"

"He has gone to meet Paul, who but yesterday arrived from Palestine," was the answer.

"The General will be turning Nazarene next," suggested two or three of the women sitting near, and listening.

They all laughed.

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"Well, this to the Apostle," sneered Arni, as he emptied his goblet.

"And this to the General," responded the tall Egyptian.

Another now joined them.

"The girls," he said, "who saw Corbulo kill your sister, say they have something to tell you, Karmes. They wish to speak with you."

"Bid them come to me, then."

In a few minutes they were before him.

"Thæon will have nothing to do with us," they said appealingly, "and we cannot overcome his determination."

"Why, I thought you could overcome anything masculine," was the half-joking reply. "But I'll overcome him; not by means of any feminine wiles, but by means of—"

"Of what?" they asked.

"Of this!" he replied. And with his finger-tips he made his dagger ring.

"But what did you come to tell me?"

"To tell you?"

"Yes."

"It is this: Let not pleasure be forgotten in your anger, Karmes," was their answer. They looked at him. And their look said: "Come."

The men arose.

"Once more then let us drink the health of the gods," said Arni, jestingly.

Again the goblets were filled.

"These," said they all as they quaffed the glowing liquid, "these to the merry gods of Wealth, Wine—and Woman!"

And through the hall the shouts went ringing.

Song and jest and laughter, what a jolly company, eating and drinking in loud revel. The charm of the music, the sparkle of the wine, the excitement of the dance—eastern, enticing, voluptuous—who could resist such fascinating pleasure? None now: none then. So all—save one—Egyptians and Romans, women, men and girls, all went whirling in one carousal.

Knock—knock.

A trumpet blast.

Wrenching of doors and clanking of chains.

Spears, armor, swords shining weirdly in the torches' flickering light.

Was it a dream? No.

A hundred soldiers stood within the room! Every man armed and resolute.

The revellers were silent, almost sobered.

"A thousand more are waiting for you outside," said the centurion, glancing from one to the other. And his iron will was in his voice.

In a few minutes the men were prisoners. The women were permitted to go to their homes. How wearily they tramped along the Applan Way.

In a few hours the prisoners were in the presence of Corbulo. There stood the great Roman, calm, cold and immovable as the marble walls around him.

"Karmes," he said, "your plot was discovered. I know all: yes—All!"

Then turning to the guard he said, with a wave of the head:

"These to the galleys—except one."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

In a moment he continued, "Thæon is free!"

How sullen looked the conspirators.

To be chained to an oar, to be treated like a dog—it seemed their future life would be but a slow death. And worse than that, into its darkness would never shine a ray of hope.

The voice of Karmes first broke the silence of the chamber. "Than be a galley-slave," he shouted, "I had rather be a corpse!"

Corbulo waited a moment, deliberating. Then, looking into the Egyptian's black eyes, said slowly:

"I grant thy wish."

Then to the centurion: "Karmes dies to-morrow—by the statue at day-break!"

All the conspirators glanced hurriedly at each other, and dropped their eyes.

Looking again at the old intriguer, Corbulo continued: "I permitted you to make a voyage on one of my ships. But how was my confidence rewarded? By fickleness, falseness, and treachery. You betrayed my trust; you tried to betray Zerola, but failed. Then for some crime you were immured in the same sepulchre. In its wreck by the lightning you escaped—then formed a plot to take my own life, and Thæon's. But you have failed—failed in all! And now, now Karmes, prepare to follow the hag!"

Then the doors of the room swung open. And through the long corridor were seen a hundred soldiers ranged and standing by the walls. Forth came the sound of the sheathing of a hundred swords as, at the signal of the centurions, they shouted:

"By the statue at day-break!"

And the walls echoed the words:

"By the statue at day-break!"

(To be concluded.)

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gives. Use Pearlina for washing (all kinds of washing) and you have

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a hint in the fact that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearlina have

been used, and the sale increases? But if you want

sad experience, take the old-fashioned way with soap, and rubbing and scrubbing. That's hard for you, and for the

things that you wash. It's all rub, rub

rub—in other words, it's the experience based on kicks.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.



A CHINESE VILLAGE SCENE.*

None of the villages opposite Canton we went into a number of Chinese flower gardens, and laughed again and again at the odd shapes into which they had dwarfed and twisted every sort of plant and tree. Some were like dragons, others like men, women and gods. Some were comic, others religious; others, again, beautiful imitations of mountains, valleys and landscapes, with grottos, pagodas and houses here and there on the mountain side. But all were in miniature. Here were orange trees with fruit and flowers, and the trees were less than a foot high; forest trees, many years old, as big as rose bushes; boxwood plants cut to look like a great fat Buddha, or Brother Jonathan, tall and lank, with an umbrella in his hand and his hat on one side of his head.

In another village was a great Buddhist temple full of lazy priests and sacred pigs and hens. Here is a regular pig-pen, with gigantic swine, so fat that they can scarcely move, which some one has rescued from the butcher's hands and dedicated to the gods, and here they are fed by all the pious worshippers who come, until their troughs are running over with rice and onions, and they are ready to die of corpulence. Here they live in peace till they die of old age—worthy types of the bestial degradation of blind and Christless heathenism, or Matthew Arnold's "Light of Asia."

But the saddest sight we saw that day, and the one that will live longest in our memory as a sort of monograph of heathenism in its cruel horrors, was a little dead baby girl, floating with downward face on the water of the canal. All around were hundreds of boats, little family boats, full of men and women and children rowing and paddling about in the canal, but no one seemed to notice or care for her. Not a yard away was the boat from which, perhaps, she had fallen, but her little helpless hands had been stretched out to them in vain, and her little cries had been stifled by the waters of death ere they responded. She was only a girl! It was "her fate" to fall over, and why should they interfere? So our friends told us the Chinese really believed and acted. They assured us that if we were to fall into that canal, probably not a single hand would be moved to save us. It was our business, and why should they interfere? If we chose to drown, they were not going to hinder us; and if we chose to swim, why—all right.

Indeed, the captain of our river steamer told us that only a few nights ago he heard a splashing in the water near his ship as she lay at the wharf. There were men around, but nobody moved, and he could not possibly have got near without going ashore, and taking ten minutes to get round the pier to the spot. Next morning he asked one of the men, who had been standing by, and he said it was a Chinaman who had fallen in, and they let him die. It was his business,—why should they interfere? And there, sure enough, when the tide went down, lay his dead body in the low water, and the people came down all day to wash their rice and fill their water vessels—right beside him—and no one noticed or seemed to care for that poor, lifeless form that died because there was none to help.

And so our little baby girl lay floating in the river, and no one lifted her or sought for her a burial robe or "lucky grave." There she would lie till she floated out with the tide to the deep sea, or the river shore, to be devoured by the fishes or dogs. If she had been a little boy, perhaps more would have been done for her, for we noticed that all the little boys on the river-boats had life preservers, made of gourds, tied on their backs, but they never tie them on little girls, and so she had to die because she was only a little girl, and to lie unburied, unpitied and unremembered, because she had the sad lot to be born with the face and form of a little daughter of Eve in cruel, heathen China. Poor, little, dead, Chinese baby girl,

—speak—speak to the women and girls of Christian lands, as thou hast spoken to our heart, until there shall be enough of pity, love and power to reach and save the other poor, sad women and girls of China, whose sorrows we never see!

RICHES AND PRIDE.

Bishop Huntingdon, one of the most candid students of sociology, declares truly that rarely indeed, even at the present day, do we find a rich man who looks upon his servants, or the employees who co-operate in the production of his riches, as his equals, or as ends in themselves. Rarely do we find one striving to encourage in those dependent upon him the spirit of independence and self-respect, by affording them every opportunity for culture, providing for their health, associating with them on equal terms. To him they are merely so many "hands," which he would gladly, if he could, replace by machines, feeding on water, coal, and grease. They have no claim upon him for anything but wages; and he thinks he has done his whole duty by them when he has paid them the lowest market rate of these.

In this way riches foster the aristocratic spirit, which draws a cruel, unbrotherly line between two conditions of men, perverting the one with cold pride and the other with obsequious envy. Indeed, of all the sources of vice none is more fertile than the pride which makes a man think and feel that to certain of his fellow-beings he does not owe the ordinary regards, courtesies, and considerations of gentle life. Pride—"by that sin fell the angels;" it is the first, the fundamental sin, the spring of well-nigh all the others. It is almost impossible for one man to be just or considerate to another man whom he regards as his inferior, or to maintain a man's dignity toward one whose claim to superiority he allows. As Lowell has said, the true spirit of democracy, which is also the true spirit of humanity, bids us say to every man, "You are as good as I;" and until we say this in spirit and in truth we are neither humane nor democratic.

Here is a man who is dependent upon manual labor for a living; he is unemployed and unknown and his pocket is empty. He has a wife and children. With that sole equipment, "a pair of stout hands," which so many well-fed and well-clad students of the social problem consider an abundant outfit for happiness, he seeks employment. The first effect of the competitive system is that he finds about him men eager and anxious in the same pursuit, and before he gets a place he sees the scanty clothes of a hungry family wearing out. He has walked the streets of a city or of a factory town, facing the humiliation of beggary; has persuaded some tradesmen to trust him in small sums for bread, and has made vague promises to the owner of the tenement where he is lodged. When he finally finds a job, with this load of debt upon him, he discovers that between stern necessity and a keen employer, who believes that "business is business," his independence has gone into the bargain with his time and strength. Not only must he spend ten hours every day at his task, but all the terms of that task are subject to arbitrary dictation. In every particular demand he must yield silently, bearing rudeness, exaction, bad temper, or he must lose his situation.

The Golden Rule will not let us sleep well nights until we are doing our utmost to hasten a revolution in this matter of the laborer's self-respect. He who gave us the Golden Rule was brotherhood itself. He denounced the fashionable shams of his time with the nonchalance of an emperor and the intelligence of an artisan. His social theories held the relentlessness of love. His spirit and example must yet glorify human society.

*From *Common Folks' Religion*: a volume of sermons and addresses, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Cloth covers; pp. 343; price \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers.

From Affluence to Poverty.

Once a Belle and Noted Hostess, Now in Danger of Eviction from her Lodgings.
(FROM THE "NEW YORK SUN.")

In a dark little room on the second floor of the tenement house at 58 Leroy street, New York, is living a middle-aged woman, the daughter of a wealthy Southern planter, and the widow of a man who at one time was one of the largest merchants in South Carolina. She is now in great want owing to the illness of her son. She has not money enough to pay her rent, and unless help comes to her promptly, she will be dispossessed. "The Sun" has her name, and her story is vouched for by a reliable business man in this city who remembers her as a belle in South Carolina. Her father was rated as a millionaire before the war. He was the owner of four large plantations, and his hospitality was famous even in a State of plantations. His daughter was educated in the best schools and was brought up in luxury. She learned a little music, a little painting and fine needlework, and for the past ten years she has turned these accomplishments to account and managed to support herself by them. Her marriage, which occurred twenty-eight years ago, was a social event of importance. Her husband died, leaving her two young boys and a comfortable income. The son, who is now in Bellevue, was sent to a Southern college. Then some of the mother's investments began to turn out badly, and in the attempt to retrieve her losses her fortune was swept away. The war had wiped out her father's wealth and she was left penniless.

With her son she came to New York, where she might work unknown to the people who had known her in her more prosperous days. She devoted herself to painting, and took a studio in Fourteenth street. Her son learned the printer's trade and worked as a compositor. For a time they got along very comfortably. Besides her painting, the mother gave music lessons and did all sorts of decorative work. A few of her old friends found her and gave her commissions. But her son never has been strong, and his frequent sicknesses have been expensive. Less than a year ago he was sick again, and the expense incurred caused them to move from more comfortable rooms to the house in Leroy street. Three weeks ago the son again became ill, and he has since been in Bellevue very dangerously sick.

When "The Sun" reporter called on this lady last night she said: "I have been unable to sell my work. People say it is a luxury now. If I could only find some way to pay my rent and get a room a little nearer Bellevue, where I could see my son more frequently, I think I should be happy. Tomorrow is my wedding anniversary, and notwithstanding my reverses it would be a cheerful one if my son were only well."

The room was neat and the furniture was the cheapest. A few paintings in oils and water colors were hung on the walls. "I can't afford car fare to Bellevue," she said, "and I find it a long walk. I hardly know what I am going to do. Last night I walked the floor all night, but I could think of nothing. I have no relatives now who can assist me. You see I can paint and do fancy work, but no one wants to buy such things now. I only need a chance to work, but I can't get it. And then I have had to swallow much pride; but pride and poverty don't go well together."

A friend of this lady's, who knew her family in the South, said to "The Sun" reporter: "I can vouch for the truth of her story in all its details, for I knew her when she was the hostess of one of the finest houses in the South. As the result of a train of misfortunes she is now without means and threatened with eviction."

This case, being brought to the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was at once made a subject of investigation, and the facts as stated by "The Sun," were fully verified. The lady was in sore need and ab-

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solutely penniless. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has found her a comfortable lodging on Twenty-seventh street, paying a month's rent in advance, providing for the transportation of her few belongings and leaving with her a sum sufficient for immediate needs. She is a woman of excellent education and Christian character and it is hoped that some opening may soon be found which will bring permanent relief.

ENDURING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

A colporteur of the British Bible Society in traveling through Albania, called at a town where the bishop endeavored, but happily in vain, to induce the governor to drive the colporteur away, but attained his object more effectually by sending out everywhere an encyclical, warning the people against speaking to him or buying the Scriptures. In another village he was barbarously treated, mocked, spit upon, and could not even get bread. He endured this for two days, and proceeded to Topovon, where he found the teacher friendly, and sold eight copies. In the next village he was treated worse than ever, and was struck and thrice refused bread, till a stranger kindly relieved his wants. In the next village he met with cold indifference and neglect, while in the sixth and last he met still greater difficulties, the people meeting together one day to beat him and drive him away in disgrace. He quieted them, however, a good deal by reading Matt. 5 in Albanian, in consequence of which the priest bought a New Testament.

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I WILL help thee, hear the promise Of the One who reigns above. Though I'm weak and heavy laden, He will fill my heart with love. Led by him and trusting ever In his grace from day to day, I shall be secure from danger; From him shall I never stray. Keep me ever near thee, Jesus, With my hand enclosed in thine; Then, when duty calls or danger, I'll not murmur nor repine. With thy constant, loving presence Ever near to help bestow, I can labor in thy vineyard And need never fear the foe. Carlisle, Pa. LYDIA M. ARNOLD.

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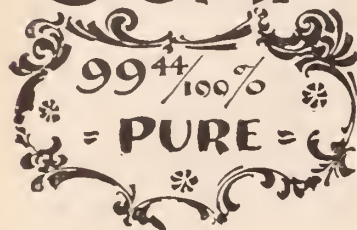
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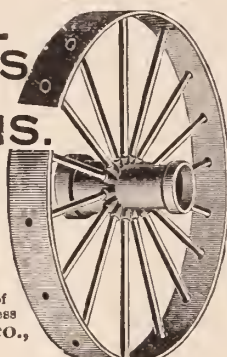
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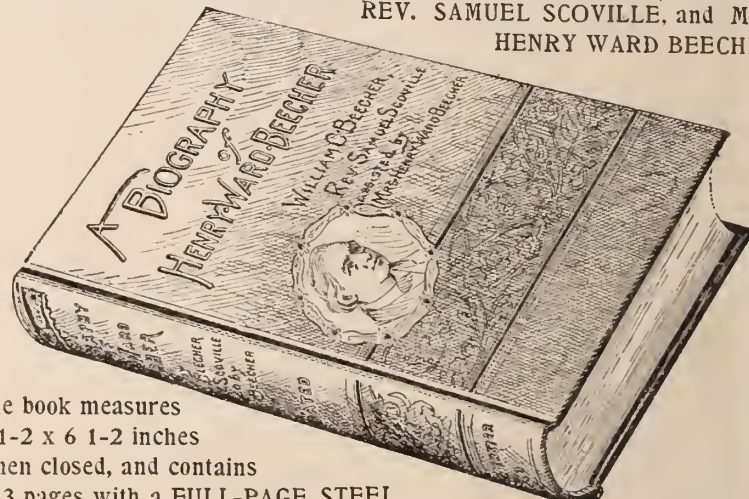
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'TWIXT EBAL AND GERIZIM.

Ancient Shechem and its Beautiful Surroundings and Sacred Memories—The Mountains of Blessing and Cursing—The Descendants of the Ancient Samaritans and their Bible—"Jacob's Well" Where Jesus Talked with the Woman of Samaria.

IN the land of Ephraim, blessed with "the good things of the ancient mountains," are found some of the most picturesque and romantic scenes in all Palestine. Selected from among many localities, that which probably pleases the eye and the sense of the traveler most, is to be viewed from the crest of a ridge, which looks down upon a plain, bounded on the further side by a broken mountain chain,

Nablous has about 13,000 inhabitants, nearly all Moslem. There are probably less than three hundred Samaritans in the city to-day, twice as many Christians belonging to the Greek Church, and a small colony of Hebrews. It is quite an active, bustling city, with bazaars as large and pretentious as those of Jaffa and Jerusalem. Wool and cotton are sent from Nablous to the country east of the Jordan, and some

ity of the city, that strict laws are enacted for the protection of the trees and their fruit, and no picking is permitted until the date has first been set by the authorities. On that day a public crier announces the opening of the olive harvest, and the people flock to the orchards and gather the fruit, by beating or shaking the trees. The best of the fruit is selected for eating, and the remainder is pressed for oil. A single tree in Nablous has been known to yield twelve gallons of olive oil. In this ancient city, the olive industry with its cumbrous, old-fashioned presses of various designs—some of them doubtless but little changed in many centuries—can be seen to greater perfection, perhaps, than in any other city in Palestine.

brought his coat to Jacob, on their return from Mesopotamia. The city shelters also the only sect of Samaritans now in existence. The origin of the people from whom they are directly descended is related in II. Kings 17: 24-41. Even at the present time, they still preserve their ancient faith and form of worship. On the upper slope of Mount Gerizim—which overlooks the city on one side, as Mount Ebal does on the other—they have a temple in which they annually celebrate the Passover Feast and partake of the Paschal lamb. Their priests possess a copy of the Pentateuch, believed to be the oldest in existence, and which they declare to have been written by a grandson of Aaron; but learned Western



THE CITY OF NABLOUS [ANCIENT SHECHEM], WITH MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM.

(From a photograph secured in Palestine by "The Christian Herald.")

and with a city lying in the valley between; it is Shechem, one of the six ancient cities of refuge, which lies thus nestling at the foot of the slopes of Ebal and Gerizim, in the little valley hardly more than five hundred feet wide. The fertile hills around are orchard-clad and terraced, and the plain, too, is dotted with groves of olive.

products of the same character find their way to Western Europe. There are a full score of factories where soap is made from olive oil. So large is the olive-growing industry and so inseparable from the prosper-

Nablous possesses many points of interest associated with Bible study. In one part of the city is shown the "Jama el Nadra," a mosque said to be erected on the site of the spot where the brethren of Joseph

scholars and Orientalists assert that the scroll is certainly not more than a thousand years old. It is fifteen inches wide and between twenty and thirty yards long, and contains the whole of the first five books of the Bible.

Gerizim, the holy mountain of Samaria
(Continued on page 563.)



THE RESCUE.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Acts 16: 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

JAILS are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out, "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer, "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hamples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and sate from all

possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear, than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was

just to love him. How attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring before me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death-rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard.

Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by many is, "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust

your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe: I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! No hope!" We are lost! we are lost! The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane-deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life-boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life-boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long-continued exclamations; with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon: aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages." And built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe

on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness. I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place: unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, or I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live.

What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O, Death, will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Thou despoiler of families. With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us to his house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with effluence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that named sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the port beam of the cross. Oh, I want to and in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake with his presence.

Oh, broken-hearted men and women,

how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying, "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven.

Oh, aged men and women, grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says, "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

A CURIOUS TREE.

In a recent letter from Rev. Mr. D. W. Snyder of Luebo, Congo, Africa, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the missionary enclosed a drawing from which the illustration of a remarkable double tree, on this page, has been reproduced. The peculiar combination is a natural curiosity. Near the foot of a stately palm, fifty feet in height, a strange seed finds lodgment in the soil. As it shoots up, its tendrils reach out towards the great tree and soon they are clinging closely about its trunk. Higher and higher creeps the aerial-roots of the parasite on the palm, and, at a height of twelve feet from the ground, they unite to form a new tree whose topmost branches are soon almost as high as those of the palm itself. The parasite lives upon the palm, drawing its strength and its juices and it is only a matter of time when the noble tree will die of the continuous drain upon its vitality. Like sin which, weak and seemingly insignificant at first, grows in strength with every coil it is permitted to twine around the heart of man, till it

saps the moral nature and destroys it, so the parasite of the palm unless dislodged at the outset, will eventually kill the tree, which must submit to its doom in impotent silence.

A GODLY CONTRACTOR.

At the beginning of work on the Manchester ship canal in England, a mission was organized among the workmen by the late Thomas Walker, contractor, a true Christian. Wherever a large body of men were stationed he built a mission hall and employed a missionary. The hut settlements had their own schools and teachers, as the villages were too far away, and the accommodation too meagre. There were also three hospitals for the sick and injured. When the canal was in full operation there were nine missionaries and a clerical superintendent; ten halls, seating from 150 to 600 each. Every week, by these means, thousands of people had the Gospel brought to them, hundreds of children were gathered into Sunday Schools, and most of the men were brought under the influence of the mission by the delivery of noonday addresses all along the canal. Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, Circulating libraries, Bible and educational classes were kept in regular operation. Many men, women, and children were led to Christ, and many more to sign the temperance pledge. Mr. Frank Foster, of Shandon, Ohio, who took charge of two halls for a time, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that he remembers, with pleasure, how these working men and women stood by him in the open air, speaking earnestly and praying sincerely that their "mates" might be saved. The Navvies (grade-vies) in England are a separate class and go on "tramp" wherever public work is to be done. Until about seventeen years ago they were left to drink and the devil. Sunday was "dog-fighting and hair-cutting day," with not unfrequent "boxing." Mrs. Garnett (sister to Dean Hart of Denver), began a Bible Class for the men, making a "Reservoir" near Leeds. The converted men formed a prayer union, then a Navy Mission Society was organized, which sends a Missionary wherever large numbers of men are employed. The moral character of the men has been raised, and on almost every railway, canal, reservoir or other similar work under construction you would find a church, formed by the converts of this Society, seeking to "hold the fort" for Christ. Two other Societies have been organized of late years, one in Scotland, now sustained by the Presbyterian Church, and one in Italy, as an independent Mission. Is it not time that something was done in this country for this class of migratory laborers?

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

'Twixt Ebal and Gerezim.

Continued from first page.

(on the left in the illustration), has been at different times adorned with Jewish temples, Roman castles, Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques, all now in ruins. Many travelers climb the mountain for the sake of the glorious view it affords of the vale beneath, of distant Hermor with its snowy fringe and of wide-spreading region of valleys and plains of great natural beauty on either hand, with a line of ruined villages or cities along the northern road that leads to Nablous. On that highway, or near it, the traveler passes successively Bireh, Shafut (the ancient Mizpeh), Tulich-el-ful (formerly Gibeah), Er-Ram (once the powerful Ramah, where Rizpeh's sons were slain), and Seilon (the ancient Shiloh). A little below the hilly ridge and between it and the city are the ruins of a Crusader church, and an antiquated cistern in the solid rock, which the guides declare to be the veritable site of Jacob's Well. From it can be descried the white walls and tents of Nablous. None of those venerable localities would now be recognizable were it not for the well-preserved traditions concerning them, but Nablous itself is still great and populous, and its splendid history is unimpaired. Founded by Shechem, the son of Hamor, it was a great city even in Abraham's day. Near it, is the "Covenant Oak," under which the patriarch pitched his tent on first entering the land of promise, where he already found the idolatrous Canaanites worshipping Baal—the aboriginal inhabitants—in possession. Long ages afterward, when the Canaanites had been driven out, Joshua with his victorious army erected an altar in Shechem, in obedience to the command of Moses. Then dividing his army, he placed one-half on Mount Gerizim and the other half on Mount Ebal, the altar, priests and Levites being on Ebal. After a sacrifice and the pronouncing of "blessings and denunciations," the great assemblage dispersed. Many years afterward the Samaritans built an altar on Gerizim, and the religious rupture between them and the Jews became final when Manasseh, the brother of Juddua, the Hebrew High Priest, having refused to annul his marriage with the daughter of Sanballat, fled to Shechem and became the High Priest of the new sanctuary. The Samaritans then declared Gerizim the true centre of worship, and doctrines and rites similar to those on Mount Moriah were adopted. Thereafter, the Jews had "no dealings with the Samaritans." They hated them more fiercely than they did the heathen, because they were rivals.

The religious separation, which existed in full force and bitterness in our Saviour's time, was never healed. It found expression in the conversation that took place between the Saviour and the woman of Samaria at the well at Sychar, which is the subject of the Sunday School lesson treated on another page in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A BRAVE BIBLE WOMAN.

Thirty years ago European prisoners in Calcutta were constantly visited by a most excellent Bible woman, Miss Andrews. She was a little insignificant-looking Eurasian, but she was strong in simple faith, and mighty in the Scriptures. She spent her days in the cells, teaching each man separately. Some could not even read, and many were hardened desperadoes, but she won the confidence and respect of all, and many remarkable conversions could be traced to no other human instrumentality. One, formerly a soldier, had been condemned to death; another had, single-handed, committed burglaries all over Calcutta; a third, a colored man, was looked upon as incorrigible. These and many others became so totally changed that when transferred to Ootacamund to fulfil their sentences, the Governor of the prison at Madras remarked he had "never seen such prisoners," and the head of the prison at Ootacamund relaxed the rule which forbids all intercourse with a prisoner for the first three months, and allowed them freely to correspond with Miss Andrews. Mr. King, the master of the Calcutta gaol, spoke most highly of the excellent results of her influence, and gave her full liberty of action. It was a quiet work. There was no committee, and the lady who was styled her superintendent confined herself to raising her salary and helping her in any way she could. Such a work might surely be carried on in every prison in this land.



THE PALM AND THE PARASITE TREE.
From a drawing by Rev. D. W. Snyder, Missionary at Luebo, Africa.



JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

S. Lesson for Sept. 16. John 4:9-26. Golden Text, John 4:14. By Mrs. Baxter.

BECAUSE the report of the works of Jesus in Judea, after the Pass-over was over, had reached the ears of the Pharisees, he must needs leave Judea; because there was waiting at Jacob's well, a soul prepared by his Father, "He must needs go through Samaria." There can be no accident, there is no possibility of anything like chance, to those who let themselves be led by the Spirit of God in conjunction with his Word. We have already seen how diligently our blessed Lord sought in the Scriptures to find a clue to all the will of the Father, that he might fulfil it in smallest details, and he knew from his Father, (for he did nothing from himself) that their was some reason why he should go through Samaria. The Lord's journeys were not regulated, either by the convenience or by the pleasantness of the route, but wholly and solely

By the Will of his Father,

carefully sought and followed. There was no respite, he desired no respite from his ceaseless purpose to please him. Thus when he came near to Sychar, and wearied with his journey, he sat down to rest, on the well, it was not for him an opportunity to complain of the heat or of his weariness, —which was quite as great as ours is on a hot, sultry day, his only occupation was to watch for indications of his Father's object in leading him thither. A woman of the city came to draw water; a most ordinary thing which might happen more often than not, when a traveller sat to rest on the well. But to Jesus everything had a meaning; nothing could be an accident. Why did just this woman come, just at this moment, to draw water when the Son of man, God incarnate, sat there weary? His open ear listened for a word from his Father, and he then knew what next to do.

"Give me to drink," he said to the woman. "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." A simple request rudely refused, did not look promising. But he did not judge according to the sight of his eyes, or the hearing of his ears; he was ever on the watch to learn from his Father. So guided, it was but one minute before he could speak in his own gentle and yet most uncompromising way to this most unpromising subject. Time spent with God in getting

The Right Clue to a Soul

is time saved in the end, and the precious education to our own souls that comes through rude and offensive replies, and the priceless opportunities of manifesting the spirit of Christ, need a moment by moment dependence upon God. The woman's attention was secured; her rudeness gave way; it was no longer, "Thou a Jew," when she spoke to him, but "Sir" or "Lord, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof, and his cattle?" (R.V.) It was ever the purpose of the Lord to lead those who sought him on to higher ground. He answered: "Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." (verse 14, R.V.) Without any understanding of the depth of meaning which lay in the Saviour's words, the woman's

quick perception shewed her that he spoke of something which was infinitely beyond her present experience, and although she took it altogether materially, having no higher conceptions than the world of time and sense, and earthly consciousness, yet there was in her answer a real appeal to the Saviour: "Sir, give me the water, that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw."

A definite request made to the Lord Jesus is never left unanswered. And yet how essentially different was the answer to anything which this woman expected! She had asked, all unconsciously, for the Holy Spirit of God, the "living water", and she little knew

The Consequences of her Request.

Living water, the Holy Spirit of God, cannot dwell in unclean vessels. But the woman was now fairly launched into an interview with him who has eternal life to give; she had preferred her petition, Jesus could not and would not ignore it. "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." "I have no husband." "Thou saidst well, I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in this hast thou said truly." There is no coming to the light without the darkness being revealed and brought to the surface. If this woman would receive anything from Jesus, all hidden things must come to the surface. Oh, how many there are who want to have more to do with Jesus, but they are not willing to let him go deeply with them. They do not want the past to be searched out, they do not want to be humbled; they are not prepared to meet Jesus as a Prophet; a Seer, who sees what others cannot and do not see. How little this woman expected to have the veil torn off from her past, shameful life, and to have its horror exposed to view! And yet her request really involved this. She could never receive the living water to mix with the tainted, corrupted waters of her own life. All must be regulated by God if her prayer were to be answered. Let us take heed how we pray superficially. God is in earnest if we are not, and he will answer our real prayers in his own way. He sees preparation needful where we see nothing.

"Sir, I perceive that thou art a Prophet." Not one word of self-justification, not one attempt to deny, to excuse, or to palliate the awful revelation of her life; no word of curiosity as to how he could have obtained such information regarding her. It was a full admission that she was justly condemned; the Father had seen under all the sin and shame, one to whom he could reveal himself. She continued: "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." If Jesus were a prophet she must make the most of any religious knowledge she had. And Jesus did not accuse her of presumption and hypocrisy; that with such a past, she should presume to enter on such questions; but he again led her on to higher ground. Reality, this is the main thing; real worship, worship which is a real honor to God. Not hypocrisy, not feigned worship, not personal enjoyment in the search for happy feelings under cover of worshipping God; not a something which ministers to us, but the offering of a conquered, aching heart or hearts, which ministers to God,—such is worship in spirit and in truth.

It was nothing which emanated from her impure mind which made the woman instantly refer to the coming Messiah. Could it be that in her life of sin, of hopeless, falling deeper and deeper and deeper in her shame, there had been a longing, yearning outlook for the expected Messiah, not as was ordinarily expected in her time, but as one who could deal with such a fallen

creature as she was? She wanted a Messiah who would show her how to live a changed life! "I know that Messiah cometh (which is called Christ); when he is come, he will declare unto us all things." "I that speak unto thee am he." And she was conquered! The Messiah, whom she had secretly looked for, while others would never have believed that such a woman could have had a thought about him, had broken into her life, and all was changed. The question about temporal water-supply occupied her no longer, her very waterpot was left behind, and with all the frankness which characterized her conversation with the Lord, she appealed to the men of the city: "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" No shielding herself; no sparing her own reputation for a moment. She was well known in the city, perhaps no other person, speaking the same words, would have had the same influence. Her appeal was not unheeded; they came out to meet Jesus.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



Jacob's Well.

AS in last week's lesson, the subject of study is a personal conversation. It is remarkable how much of what we have of

Christ's teaching was first uttered, not as a set sermon to a large audience, but in conversation with one or two persons. A very different person was this from the one to whom Christ addressed the words we considered last week. Between

Nicodemus and this woman of Samaria there was a wide gulf. He was, blameless, proud, learned; she was a woman of the common people with a tarnished character. As a great writer says: "She was evidently a woman of quick thought, fertile in expedient, and possessed of much natural force, just such a one as might have had five husbands. Love had not taught her delicacy or purity. One does not think pleasantly of five successive marriages, and is not surprised that her last choice had not even the pretence of marriage." Christ does not need to tell her, as he told Nicodemus, that a new birth was necessary. Her own conscience would tell her that. His talking to her at all excites surprise, but his doing so endears him to the fallen and the sinful to this day. The conversation is simple and natural, and as the woman changes the topic, Jesus follows her, not trying to force the talk, but allowing her to lead, bringing it always away from the impersonal and the doctrinal to the practical and the spiritual. He must needs go through Samaria. That was the direct route to Galilee, but devout Jews generally avoided the country, going through Perea in preference. The Jews and Samaritans disliked each other, and had done so since the days of Ezra, when the Jews refused to accept the help of the Samaritans in rebuilding the Temple and the wall. The Samaritans were a mixed race. Who they were and the cause of their being hated, we are told in II. Kings 17: 24-34. To this story may be added the fact, which was a sore grievance, that the Samaritans had sacrilegiously changed the reading of the Pentateuch so as to make Mount Gerizim, instead of Jerusalem, the appointed place of worship. Their religion was a vile mixture of Judaism with idolatry. Jacob's well was on the slope of Mount Gerizim, and may be seen to-day. It is about ten feet in diameter, and about eighty feet deep. A picture of the place appears on first page. Jesus had accomplished about half his journey when he reached the spot and sat down to rest while his companions went to obtain food. It is uncertain what time of the day it was. It John follows his usual custom of reckoning the hours on the Roman system, as we do, the sixth hour would be six o'clock in the evening; but it he follows the Jewish custom, it would be noon. To Jesus, sitting there,

comes the woman with her water-pot, and his simple request for a drink introduces the conversation in which he declares himself the Messiah and lays down the broad principle as to worship that the place is not nearly so important as the condition of the heart.

If thou knowest the gift of God The trouble is that people do not know how near God is to them nor how ready he is to give them what they need for their good. A ship after long buffeting with a storm, driven hither and thither, and making no port, was without water. Its crew almost dying with thirst, hailed a passing vessel with the cry, "Water! Water! give us water!" The answer came back, "Let down your buckets; it is fresh water you are sailing in." They were off the coast of Brazil, in the outflow of the Amazon, which pushes its tide of living waters away out many miles into the Atlantic.

Living water. Dr. Cuyler relates that during a long country walk the late Dr. William Wisner stopped at a farm-house and asked for a glass of water. A young lady brought it to him in the porch where he sat, and he entered into conversation with her, telling her of the living water which refreshes and sanctifies the soul. She listened respectfully, but apparently without much feeling. But many years afterward she sought Dr. Wisner out and told him that she had found in Christ the living water to which he had directed her in her youth on that summer's day, and that his words had been used to her conversion.

Shall thirst again. Christ told the secret of real happiness and satisfaction when he spoke of the fountain of living water being "in the man," not outside of him. Those who seek happiness in pleasure, business, or any of the world's pursuits, are like the farmer who was lost on a Western prairie and spent the night under a delusion. He wanted badly to get to his home, but he could not recognize any landmark. At length, when almost in despair he came to the track of another sleigh. He followed it thinking it would bring him to safety, and was much rejoiced when after awhile he heard the jingle of other bells. But reaching the man he had been following, he found that he, too, was lost, and that he had both been moving in a circle, following each other round and round. They were both disappointed, but after some talk occurred to them to look at the North Star and before morning they were safe at home. The guiding light is in the heavens and there is nothing but dissatisfaction and disappointment in any other help.

Where men ought to worship. The old idea of worshipping idols led to the idea of sacred places which still survives among us. Many still imagine that it is only in church that God can be truly worshipped whereas he is ready to listen to a prayer uttered in business or on the street. History relates that, when the Roman conqueror captured the temple in Jerusalem and drove headlong into the holy of holies he was surprised at finding no graven image, no idol, no shining presence, no shrine of gold with a figure of the Deity inside it. "Why, it is only a vacant sanctuary," he exclaimed. So people think of the world but the Christian sees God in every flow and every part of creation.

Whence hast thou living water? The question is often asked about children and grown people who are sick or crippled, how it is that they seem happy when well people are discontented and miserable. The answer is that they go to God continually for living water. Day by day they get fresh supplies which are exhausted with the day's pain. The old fable of the buckets illustrates this. "How dismal you look," said one bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other. "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being tilled; for let us go away ever full, we always come back empty." "I know, how strange to look at in that way," said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we are, we always go away full. Only look at that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

He would have given thee. The springs of the base of the Alpine mountains are the freshest and freshest when the summer sun has dried and parched the verdure in the valleys below. The heat that has burned arid plains has melted mountain glaciers, snow, and increased the volume of mountain streams. It often happens that when human aid seems powerless to help us, and the springs of earthly comfort and hope are dried up, that God's great spirit flows freshest and fullest to gladden the

A Friend's Mission to China.

Miss Margaret I. Holme Going to Nanking from the New York Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends to Labor for Christ among China's Millions.

MENTION was made in this journal a few weeks ago, of the noble effort of the Christian Endeavor Societies connected with the New York Yearly meeting of the Society of

Friends, to commission one of their number as a missionary to China. The effort has been entirely successful. The New York Society has raised \$250 the Brooklyn Society \$300, and Friends' Societies in other parts of the State have raised the balance of the funds required. We are now through the kindness of Mr. J. L. Spicer enabled to publish a

portrait of the new missionary and some facts concerning her and the work in which she will be engaged.

Miss Margaret I. Holme, whose love of souls and devotion to Christ's cause have led her to undertake this unattractive and possibly perilous task, is well fitted by education and experience for the duty. Nothing has been more conspicuous in her character and life, says one of her associates, than the complete surrender she has made of herself to the Master. She has looked to him in her every step for guidance, and has held herself entirely at his disposal wherever he might call her to go. The fact that the condition of the heathen world became a matter of personal concern to her, led her to think that God was calling her to work for him in that sphere, and when the special needs of China appealed to her with especial prominence, she felt sure that the call was real. She was confirmed in this belief by the removal of obstacles which appeared to bar her path, and when the way was opened for her to enter Rev. A. B. Simpson's Training College in New York, she availed herself gladly of the opportunity. In the firm conviction that she was walking in the path God had marked out for her. Fresh confirmation has come in the action of the Christian Endeavor Societies, who are now sending her to the field which has been most in her thoughts, and for which she has been specially trained. She sails from Vancouver, B. C., on Sept. 17, and is rejoicing in the nearness of her departure. The natural pain of parting from the beloved members of her family seems to be swallowed up in the joy of obeying the call to service. She has no fears for her safety or for support in her arduous duties; but does not assured that he who has called her will protect and care for her.

Miss Holme is not a beginner in this life of faith. She witnessed it as a girl in the life of her mother, and for the past twelve years it has been her own experience. She is an Englishwoman by birth, and is about thirty years of age. Her youth was a period of vicissitude. During her childhood her father met with business reverses, and her family had to adapt itself to straitened resources. Shortly afterward, her father's death left his widow with a family of three daughters and a son to struggle with the world alone—yet not alone, for God was with them. Miss Holme has a vivid recollection of one night in her girlhood when she spoke to her Christian mother about her soul, and of the solemn hour when, the rest of the family wrapped in slumber, she knelt by that mother's side and gave herself to Christ. Since then her one desire has

been to be spent in his service, and she is thankful that he has deigned to accept of her labor. It is now eight years since the family left the mother country and settled on our shores. They had been members of the Society of Friends on the other side, and on coming here they joined the Friends' Meeting in Brooklyn, where they were warmly welcomed in the name of the Lord.

The Mission to which Miss Holme is going as a worker for Christ is located at Nanking, a city of about half a million

population in Southern China. It is about a hundred miles from the East coast and was formerly the capital of the Empire. In some respects it is still more influential than Peking, the present capital, for it is Nanking that the nobles go for their education at its famous University. The Mission was organized in the spring of 1890, by the Society of

Friends in Ohio. Esther Butler went out as the pioneer missionary and she enjoyed the distinction of being the first Quaker missionary who ever went to China. She labored with the quiet, unostentatious devotion characteristic of the Society, and with the success which God gives to those who think more of the Master and his work than they do of themselves. It soon became necessary to furnish her with a headquarters appropriate to the extensive work that had grown up. An excellent house planned expressly for the work of the Mission was erected, at a cost of seven thousand dollars. The better facilities it afforded gave a new impetus to the missionary labor and new needs soon developed. One of these which appealed strongly to the heart of the gentle lady at the head of the Mission, was for an orphanage, where the little waifs whose lot in China is peculiarly sad, could be sheltered and educated under Christian auspices. This need the Society of Friends promptly supplied. A large edifice costing over four thousand dollars was built in connection with the mission, and was speedily tenanted with the bereaved children. The institution is one of genuine helpfulness of a most Christlike kind, and it has in its elements of hope which cheer the hearts of the workers and the church. The adult Chinaman is hard to win and hard to keep, so many and strong are the ties which hold him to the religion of his fathers; but the children rescued from destitution and probably from early death, are not so bound, and are responsive to Christian influence. As they leave the place where they have been sheltered, to go into active Chinese life, they will carry with them the results of their religious training, and exert a beneficial influence wherever they may go. Perhaps in such institutions lies our best hope for the evangelization of China. Certainly the China of the next generation would be a better and happier nation if the example of the Society of Friends were followed by every Missionary Society in the empire.

A new project in connection with the mission has recently been launched. The urgent need of medical help is felt by all missionaries in China, especially surgical help, the Chinese medical fraternity being almost without knowledge and experience in surgery. The Friends' Mission therefore, proposes to establish a hospital for women in connection with its station at Nanking, and we learn that sufficient funds have already been contributed to erect the building. A training school for nurses and teachers will be attached so that the Mission will be complete in all departments.

Korea Still Silent.

No News yet received to Substantiate the Reports of Famine and Death—Result of "The Christian Herald's" Inquiries.



SEVERAL weeks have now elapsed since the first intimations of the prevalence of a great famine in Korea, were telegraphed from Washington. It was represented, at that time, that the situation in that afflicted country was painful in the extreme and that hundreds were dying daily of actual starvation. The publication of these statements in the daily press and especially the interview with the Korean Minister in Washington, Mr. Ye Sung Soo, which appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, excited widespread sympathy in behalf of the Korean people. In that interview, as our readers will remember, the Minister repeated the story of famine and disaster, and described the wretched condition to which his countrymen had been reduced by war and want together. The proprietor of this journal, moved by sympathy, offered to contribute one thousand barrels of flour toward any relief cargo that might be sent to Korea, and the Minister thereupon expressed the desire that all funds and contributions subscribed for that purpose might be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. At the same time, it was announced in these columns that no conclusive steps would be taken in the matter until cable or mail advices arrived from Korea, confirming the rumors that had reached the Korean Legation in Washington, whence they had been widely disseminated through the press.

Up to the present writing, nothing has yet been received from Korea by mail or cable, to substantiate the gloomy reports of famine and death. Cable despatches of inquiry, sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to the American Minister at Seoul, the agent of the American Trading Company at Chemulpo, and Rev. Mr. Hall, missionary, have remained unanswered, owing probably to the partial telegraph blockade caused by the war; our State Department in Washington has no advices that tell of

In our issue of last week, it was announced that, owing to our inability to secure advices from Korea, confirmatory or otherwise, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would defer action on the proposed relief movement. The further and exhaustive inquiries made during the past week are still inconclusive. Unless, by September 15, we receive information from authentic sources of the continuance of the famine up to that time and in the aggravated form in which it was supposed to exist nearly a month ago, we shall then feel justified in concluding that Korea is not in such dire need of relief as His Excellency, Minister Ye considered her to be when he issued his appeal. And unless the contributors to the Korean Fund notify us that it is their positive wish that the money they have subscribed shall be sent to Seoul to the care of the American Minister for the suffering who may be found there, every subscription will be refunded to the sender by registered mail, at the expense of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the various funds indicated by the senders:

From Mrs. John G. Ropes, President of the Ready and Willing Workers' Circle of King's Daughters of Fort Lee and Coytesville, \$2 for Mrs. Rottenberger (urgent case of poverty); from Mrs. H. B. Parker, \$5, and—, Winside, Neb., \$1 for The Christian Mission to Jews in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust; from Mrs. Wm. C. Falls, Kans., \$1 for Foreign Missions; from E. E. Kirkland, Pope, N. Y., \$1 for the Bethesda Mission for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls, and \$1 for the Permanent Lodging House for Homeless Women; from Mrs. Mary B. Irwin, Port Gibson, Miss., 25 cents for Mary Washington Fund; from Mrs. B. Stiles, Newark, N. J., \$2 for Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Wm. Selbie, Deadwood, S. D., \$20; R. A. H., Oak Ridge, Miss., 50c.; Frances Steele, Orange, N. J., \$1; Friend, Passaic, N. J., \$2; Friends, Terryville, \$2; Mrs. G. W. Ross and Sunday School Class, Waverly, Kan., \$10; Phil-



THE ROYAL PALACE AT SEOUL, KOREA.

lips, Julia and Joe Hundley, \$1; E. B. P., Morristown, N. J., \$1; Buds of Hore of Warrentown, W. Va., per Mrs. C. E. Stillings, \$1; Lover of the Master's Work, Chelmsford, Mass., \$1; Arthur Meachen, Minneapolis, Minn., \$1; Mrs. C. Christie, Baltimore, Md., \$3; "One who wishes to help," Weymouth, Mass., \$1; "I. H. N.," Warren, Pa., \$1; J. G. M., New York, \$5; Mrs. S. J. H., New York, \$1; "In His Name," Bloomingdale, Ga., \$1; "Two Friends," Philadelphia, Pa., \$3.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Alex. P. Stewart, Rossville, \$25; Mrs. M. McClung, Hudson, Ill., \$1; "In His Name, Anon.," \$5; "In His Name," Philadelphia, Pa., \$2; "Friend," Henderson, Tex., 50c.; P. H. H., Charlottesville, Ind., \$5; Wm. S. Magee, Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; C. C. Grubb, Jeffersonville, \$1. Previously acknowledged—\$345.40. Total, \$389.90.



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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AN OCEAN WAVE.

THAT which has been to me one of the great wonders in my voyages across the Atlantic and is now as fascinating in my first voyage over the Pacific, will I suppose be to me as great a wonder until the last push of the steamer after I have entered New York Harbor. I mean the architecture and adornment of an ocean wave. What mathematics could contrive its curve, or what compass execute it? Its gracefulness, its ease, its perfection, its suggestiveness of more curves if it desired to make them. Then the lace work of foam hung on it, all its threads woven by the finger of God, and looped up, and unrolled, and folded, and put back on shelves of crystal. Then the top of the wave as it makes up its mind to recoil or drop on the other side or mount higher. Now the white melting into the blue like snowy clouds dissolving into the blue of skies. Then two waves each garnished with surf rising to meet each other, and married into one bliss of opalescence, and emerald, and fire. Oh! the rise, the rush, the arch, the fall, the voice, the splendor, the convulsion, the miracle, the coronation, the divinity in an ocean billow. All the harmonies of heaven did not make St. John forget the "voice of many waters."

But there is the illumined wave, or the one that glows as it is struck through with light from the other side, or the wave that takes on the colors of hovering cloud, and is saffron or orange or solferino or beryl or amber, or the shifting of all the colors from the center of the wave's curve to the coronal and the base. Oh, the living wave, the inspired wave, the pictured wave, the wave just born, the wave just dying. The complexion of the wave is ever changing; fluorescent, rufescent, iridescent. Now phosphorescence decorates it with a flash, or the night sinks into it a silver anchorage of star, or the morning puts upon its brow a coronet. Blanced into white or blushed into carmine. Now black as a raven's wing, now roseate as the flamingo's plumage. From russet to ultra-marine, and thence to malachite, then incarnadined as if wounded into vermilion or magenta. I celebrate not the ocean. It is too big. I celebrate only one ocean wave. But there are times when it is hushed to sleep, on the great bosom of its mother which never ceases to heave, for though the billow may slumber, the ocean keeps its everlasting swell. The child may sleep, while the mother rests not. But he who has only studied the wave asleep or the wave a-roll, does not fully know it. The wave has moods. It sometimes passes from the calm to the irate, from the beautiful to the awful, from the pleasant to the terrific, from the slumberous to the paroxysmal, from esthetics to demoniacs, and though now it may play with the zephyr,

it may afterwards wrestle with Caribbean whirlwind or Mediterranean euroclydon. Nothing can stand before it when commanded to destroy. It rallies from the abysses a semi-omnipotence. From all sides under the strength of the winds it rolls towards the ship or bombards the shore. It was one wave that consummated almost every shipwreck. The preliminary waves, the preparatory forces, the introductory turries may have done their work, but the final stroke was left for one climacteric force, and that gathered and rolled up and surged forward, black with wrath and charged upon the palaces of the deep, submerging them, or moved into the unsheltered harbor with the twisted bolts, and the split beams of ocean conquerors.

The ocean sentenced to death in the Book which says, "There shall be no more sea," seems determined to demonstrate, before it is slain, what one wave can do, in lighting up the world with the beautiful, or blackening it under the swoop of a tornado.

COUNTY FAIRS.

IT is a grand thing once a year to have the farmers and stock-raisers demonstrate what they are doing. It is cheering, while the fact of the advancement of the human race is established, to know that the herds and the flocks are also improving, and that although at the beginning the fruits and harvests were blasted by the first east wind that swept Paradise, now through the skill of agriculturist and pomologist and botanist the fields and the orchards and the gardens of our time are putting on a luxuriance at least suggestive of what the bountiful yield of the earth was before the first thorn stung the foot of our progenitors. When from the Edenic state man fell, at the same time the brute creation fell, and even inanimate nature reeled under the shock. The work of restoration is now going rapidly on, and, as it is hard to tell what the human race will be 300 years from now if the earth continues in existence, it would be equally difficult to prophesy the flora and fauna of the twenty-second century. Daniel Webster, after he was no longer able to walk across his farm at Marshfield, Mass., used to sit out on his piazza and have his cattle driven past him that he might breathe their clover-scented breath and admire their proportions, and it is a healthy and exalted experience in these autumnal days to have the herds and flocks of America driven within sight of the multitudes gathered on the fair grounds.

Such occasions also demonstrate that the horse is being regenerated. After for ages being whipped and galled and glandered and spavined through the cruelty of man, this creature is coming to appreciation and there is a possibility that he may through kindness and skill be made as beautiful and majestic an animal as the one you hear prancing and neighing in the Bible as Job cries out: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith: among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." My admiration for the horse is all the more confirmed when I see that his morals have not been in the slightest hurt by the roughs and the jockeys with whom he is often compelled to associate. Improving all the time is he, in arch of neck, in flame of eye, in roundness of limb, in speed of hoof, and I pray all success to the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals which have done so much to arrest the abominations which have been practiced upon this king of beasts. Without betting and no surrounding of dissipation, let this mighty and beautiful creature of God—a well shaped and well broken horse—be brought on the fair grounds for admiration. If he be so constructed as to be able to go fast, let him go. Many a horse enjoys speed better than tardiness. At the rate some people drive it would have taken ascending Elijah's horses of fire six weeks to reach the gates of heaven. Glad am I that in our country and state fair it is

being demonstrated that quadruped and bird and flower and fruit and grain are coming to higher standards, and instead of the plucked dominick, the Cochinchina, and instead of the poor runt of the pasture field, the Alderney, and instead of the sheep hardly worth the shearing, the Southdown, and instead of the flower with a few straggling leaves, the rose with all the splendors of rising and setting suns.

All patronage and prosperity to the county fairs. It would do those of us who live cramped up in cities an everlasting good if we could spend at least a half day this autumn in some county fair, amid the neighing of the horses and the bleating of the sheep and the crowing of the chanticleers. Especially would it turn those of us who were born in the country back again to boyhood and girlhood, and we would see the cattle standing again with their head through the bars as we went to the fields to bring them home at the eventide, and old-time voices that have long been silent might revive again, and our memory would be full of echoes glad and pathetic.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Willimantic Camp Ground. A friend recollects hearing the following lines sixty or more years ago:

"Look astern, on your way,
See your end, mark it well?"
Can any one supply the rest.

Possibly some reader may be able to give this information.

J. S. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn. What are the avowed religions of the rulers of the leading nations of Europe?

England, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Protestant; France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Catholic; Russia, Greece, Greek Church; Turkey, Mohammedan.

A. P. Body, Reading, Pa. A young man here desires to become a minister of the Gospel, but his father opposes the choice. Does he do wrong or break the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," if he goes ahead against his parents' wishes?

See answer to T. D. F., Elmira, Kan., in the MAIL-BAG of June 27th, last which would seem to apply to your case.

Reader. What must a person whose greatest fault is selfishness, do to overcome it?

Cultivate generous impulses and embrace every chance to do generous deeds. You will not lack opportunity, if you watch for it. Try to both feel and act kindly, and to anticipate the wants of others. If you are a member of the Epworth League or King's Daughters, take an active part in all missions of benevolence and charity. For the rest, pray to God to help you to overcome your selfishness, and the change will surely come.

August Verbist, Hope Villa. Is Dr. Talmage's book "From Manger to Throne" published in the French language? Where can I get the same and what is the price?

Although Dr. Talmage's sermons are published in nearly every language under the sun, we do not believe that his new book "From Manger to Throne" has yet been translated into French. You can procure the regular edition in English by sending \$2 to this office, which will also entitle you to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year.

Mrs. C. E. Elliott (a subscriber), sends us the following lines to "Mother":

When mother's face no more you see,
Think of the truths she taught to thee;
And when you bend your knees in prayer,
Think of dear mother over there.
Think of the hands that toiled for you;
Think of the heart that ever was true;
Think of the tear that oft would start;
When you had wounded that kind heart;
Though not a word her lips had spoken,
You knew her heart was almost broken.
Have you wandered far away?
Have you ceased my child to pray?
Oh, why not return to-day?
Jesus calls, do not delay.

H. R. White, Beverly, Mass. I have seen Dr. Talmage's book, entitled: "Manger to Throne," and would like to own it. Will you please let me know the price of your paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for one year and the book?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, and a copy of "From Manger to Throne," will be forwarded to any one desiring to subscribe, on receipt of \$2 at this office.

Mrs. Kirk, Plainville, Neb. Is it possible to harmonize the two genealogies of Christ given respectively by Matthew and Luke?

Many efforts have been made to do so and several hypotheses have been suggested which are reasonable. The one that commends itself to the largest number of scholars is that of Dr. Barrett, who contends that Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph and Luke that of Mary. The husband and wife belonging to the same tribe would naturally have in their genealogical

lines some ancestors common to both. After a great deal of research, he discovered that the Jews had a habit, in tracing the female line, of speaking of a woman's husband as the son of her father, when really he was the son-in-law. Thus Luke speaks of Heli as the father of Joseph, when he was Mary's father and Joseph's father-in-law. It is that theory is correct, Jesus could trace his genealogy through Mary to David and Abraham. That there was no flaw in it we may be sure, otherwise the Jews would surely have pointed it out when his Messiahship was claimed. It is matter of history that this question was never raised during his life or for a hundred years after his death.

Mrs. Mary Rutledge, 636 Front St., Fort Madison, Ia., writes us:

Please ask your readers to send religious papers, especially THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to me for use in State Prison work. The good that such literature does in this work shall never be known in this world.

Margaret Leith, Kirkwood, Wis. If you could put the pattern of Mrs. Evelyn M. Dick's bed-spread (which she gave to the Moody Fund), in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it would be pleasing to many of your readers.

It has already been pictorially presented in our issue of Aug. 1.

Old Subscriber, Santa Ana, Cal. Who is Prof. Fall, and how old a man is he? Has he predicted the end of the world this month?

He is a distinguished Vienna scientist, now about in mid-life. He has made no such absurd prediction, nor any prediction that this continent need worry about. His forecasts had relation to seismic and tidal disturbances elsewhere.

D. H. Johnson, Abbeville, N. C. Is it proper for a minister of the Gospel to kiss young women, who are not related to him, in the congregation or publicly? Is it proper under any circumstances?

Such practices are nauseating to all sensible people, and are not tolerated in decent society anywhere. We know of no Christian sect or denomination that would encourage public and promiscuous osculation, and those individuals who make a habit of it need to be sharply looked after. Kissing among relations within certain degrees, or even between very dear friends may, under certain circumstances, be permissible, as an expression of joy or sorrow at meeting or parting.

C. S. P., Montville, Ct. Do you think it is right for a Christian to make a practice of spending the Sabbath at home, reading sermons instead of going to church?

A true Christian will not neglect the appointed ordinances of religion and if church be available, he will go there to worship, no matter how simple the service. For a healthy man or woman professing Christianity to remain at home Sundays instead of going to church to publicly join with others in divine worship, is seemingly without excuse. Sermon-reading is a poor substitute for the audible Word, and may be a mere pretext for indulging laziness.

J. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. In Christ's talk with Nicodemus he spoke of the Holy Spirit's influence being like wind blowing where it listeth; am I then to blame if it does not touch me?

It is rather a question of loss to you than of blame. It will be a deplorable calamity for you if the Holy Spirit does not influence you. The very possibility should prompt you to seek the blessing most earnestly, and God has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask it. (Luke 11:13.) He delights to answer such a prayer. Referring again to the simile of the wind, you should remember that although the sailor cannot bring the wind, he can do his part by hoisting the sail.

Minnie Weaver, Write to Mr. Lewis, at Red Wing, Minn., or care American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.—Inquirer, Centralia, Pa. We do not see anything improper about it.—J. Kellogg Hall, Lyme, Conn. We cannot.—Leila Watson, Montgomery, Texas. Your first and last questions were both answered in THE MAIL-BAG recently. We do not know the quotation to which you refer.—Mrs. R. Lancashire, Rock Cave, W. Va., W. C. Pierson, Winsboro, Tex., Wm. H. Johnson, Red Bank, N. J., M. E. Lindsey, Nellie O. Frank, A. White, Iowa, H. H. Anderson, Maister, Mich., Mrs. J. H. Whitmore, Alexandria, S. D., Irwin S. Miner, Tustin, Mich., Reader, Church Point, Geo. E. Hatchelder, Lyndfield Centre, Mass., G. J. D., Ottawa, Ont., Subscriber, Scammon, Kan., Subscriber, Bridgehampton, L. I., B. T. Brown, Crystal Dale, N. Y., R. N. Tanner, Cherry Creek, N. Y., J. McDaniel, Yeagertown, Pa., J. W. Hubbard, Rochester, N. Y., M. Plank, N. Y. City, J. S. Dearford, New Philadelphia, O., H. C. Keeley, Indianapolis, Ind., Geo. Cummins, Philadelphia, W. H. McCormack, Leesburg, Fla., K. J. Morris, Covington, O., Mrs. J. R. Mann, Salem, N. Y., J. H. M., Atlanta, Ga., W. R. Bushnell, Saybrook, Ct., Mrs. R. Barkley, Newark, N. J., C. D., Ottawa, Ont., E. T. M., Salem, N. Y., Geo. W. Miller, Oakes, Pa., Mrs. W. W. Lumpkin, Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. C. R. Brown Springfield, Mo., Mary A. Sawyer, Rapid City, and others; Dr. Talmage is now absent on his round-the-world tour. Your letters will be submitted to him on his return.—Old Subscriber. If you have a genuine Stradivarius, you may have a very valuable instrument. Write to "The Musical Herald," Boston, Mass.—Geo. M. Stewart, Long Island City. There was one in Toronto, Can., a few years ago, but not now, we believe.—Reader, Chequest, Pa. To do what you ask would occupy too much space in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Write to any of the newspaper agencies, Rowell, Ayer, or Pettengill, in New York, for full information.—J. H. Selfridge, Ampoy, Ind. You should make such inquiries through a reputable lawyer.—H. R. E. Quant, Toronto, Ont. Write to Methodist Book Concern, 420 Fifth Ave., New York, for all information on the subject.—L. D. Sibley, Vineland, N. J. Your description is insufficient for us to base any opinion upon.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CHINA IN THE FIELD.

WAR has evidently set in in earnest in Corea. That at least four battles have been fought is certain, but of their results and of the actual situation scarcely anything is known. All reports come from either Japanese or Chinese sources, and one is as unreliable as the other. The Japanese newspapers have been notified that if any news of the war is published other than that supplied by the Government, the Editor or Publisher, or both, would be imprisoned for a year. The result is that any report received from Yokohama announces a Japanese victory, and any report received from Shanghai announces a Japanese defeat, and there is a fair presumption that the two reports refer to the same engagement. The Chinese are clearly vastly superior in numbers, but the Japanese are superior in drill, organization and equipment. It is the conflict of the whale and the sword-fish. If the Chinese prevail, it will be by protracting the struggle and wearing out the strength of the Japanese, who cannot replace the army in Corea so easily as can China. Even in the matter of numbers and equipment it is difficult to get the truth, owing to the gross exaggeration of the official reports. A Hong Kong correspondent of the New York "Sun" gives an astonishing report of the extent to which this exaggeration prevails on the Chinese side. He says that from the chief generals down to the captains there is corruption and misrepresentation on the most impudent scale. A general draws pay for five regiments when he only has four; a colonel for ten companies when he has eight, and a captain for a hundred men when he has fifty. The Government has on its books as an effective force, for which full pay is appropriated, a brigade of cavalry which really consists of only twenty men mounted on ponies, who earn their living by carrying the mails of the local post offices. Many other illustrations are given of the frauds practiced on the Government. Beside this, the number of men actually in service by no means consists of properly drilled and equipped troops. A large part of the army belongs to the old force of "Banner-men," who know nothing of the methods of modern warfare. A second section is called "the army of the Green Standard," which is worthless in military efficiency, and is for the greater part equipped with axes, spears and bows and arrows. A third consists of irregulars who have done occasional service, but whom it would be difficult to mobilize. The fourth, which is the really effective force, is the army organized by Li Hung Chang, the prime minister, and one or two southern viceroys. It has been drilled by Europeans and its arms are of the modern pattern. Nominally its strength is said to be six hundred thousand men, but it is doubtful whether more than three hundred thousand could be put in the field. It has excited the jealousy of the other sections of the army, whose commanders would not be sorry to see it beaten. Thus the Chinese army, although numbered by millions, is divided in itself, and has comparatively few soldiers able and willing to do effective service. It is sad to think that the army of Christ in the world should to any extent resemble it in these characteristics, yet it is true that those who are loyal and zealously serving him are but a small band compared with the millions who, living in Christian lands, call themselves Christians. (Num. 32: 6.)

Prof. Koch's Discovery.

A New York physician who has recently visited Germany reports in enthusiastic terms the discovery by Dr. Koch, the eminent bacteriologist of a cure for diphtheria. He states that in every instance in which a patient is treated within thirty-six hours of being exposed to the infection the disease is warded off. In some cases that he investigated there was a moral certainty from the nature of the exposure that the patient would have taken the malady if he had not been treated with Dr. Koch's remedy. Its

principle, like his remedy for consumption, is that of inoculation. Bacilli from a diphtheritic patient are cultured and an animal is inoculated with a mild infusion. Larger infusions are given on successive days until the animal ceases to suffer from them, and no swelling, loss of appetite, or other ill effects are produced by the inoculations. Its blood is then said to be thoroughly impregnated with anti-toxine and can be used to inoculate human beings. It appears from the physician's report that the remedy is not so efficacious when it is administered after the disease developed. Only one-half of the patients recovered who had allowed five days to elapse between the date of infection and their inoculation with the remedy. Every day's interval lessened their chances of recovery. The same thing may be said of spiritual remedies for sin. Though it is the glory of Christianity that the hoary

estate between them, but when the will was read, it turned out that the testator had left them only a small legacy and had bequeathed the bulk of his property to the poor. It was to be used for erecting soup kitchens and other institutions for the benefit of the hungry and penniless. The brothers denounced the will as unnatural and contended that it should be set aside as the production of an insane person. This the judge declined to do, on the ground that apart from the will, there was no evidence of the testator being insane and that bequests to the poor were not in themselves proofs of insanity. It cannot, however, be said that the brothers were altogether wrong in characterizing the will as unnatural. The testator departed from the natural course, which would be to make the welfare of his relatives his first concern next to his own. But the natural course is not always the wisest or best course. Christ demands a better love than we give to relatives and he intimated that those who did his will were nearer and dearer to him than even his mother. (Matt. 12: 46-50.)

To Electroplate Ships.

An electrician in New Jersey believes he has invented a device which will solve a problem connected with our war-ships. Whenever a vessel returns from a cruise,

nide of copper to clean the surface and to leave a film. The boxes will then be used as an ordinary electric bath by which a deposit of copper as large as the boxes will be fixed to the ship, and so by a removal of the boxes from place to place, the whole hull will be covered. He finds that iron or steel vessels may be treated in this way, thus obviating the need for sheathing. The cost will be less than cleaning and painting, and the results superior. A difficulty analogous to the one which this process is designed to remedy besets the Christian in his voyage through life. The world's evil clings to him like the barnacles to the ship as he moves through it, and it retards his progress in divine things. The remedy in his case, however, is not an outside veneer, but a more thorough change of nature which is accomplished by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit. (Gal. 5: 16.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Last Year in Response to a Request made by the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, many of our readers were kind enough to furnish him with the names of twenty-five church members or adult Sunday School workers, in return for which they received a beautiful section of Olive Wood, cut from the Mount of Olives and polished in Jerusalem by workmen from Bethlehem. We have all these names now on file in our office, but would like to increase the list. We therefore, make the same liberal offer, namely, a section of genuine Olive Wood for every twenty-five new names not repetitions—but names which have not been already sent in, and hope that as many of our subscribers as can supply such names will avail themselves of this generous proposition. The Olive Wood is sent either by mail or express, all charges prepaid. Do not enclose communications of any other character in the application. Address your letter Premium Department, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

At THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, over one thousand children have already been accommodated this summer. It is proposed to continue the work for some time longer. The expense will be about one thousand dollars. The funds received for the Home are now completely exhausted and we would esteem it a great favor if such of our readers as have it in their heart to help in this blessed work of caring for the little ones, will send in promptly whatever sums they can conveniently contribute. Such contributions will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The largest Sunday School Library in the world is in Washington, D.C., the property of the Assembly Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Lucius Hippolyte, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Port-au-Prince, Hayti, sends an earnest plea for help in the evangelization of that island with its million of population.

Mr. Henry Varley's many friends in this country will be glad to know that his mission in Valvern, Eng., has become a great success. He expects to sail for Australia in November.

Eleven Polar Expeditions are now on their way to the North, three of them being primarily for the rescue of other explorers.

A Three Days' Sunday School Convention will be held in Washington, beginning October 8th. The principal object of this convention is to increase the interest in and improve the methods of Sunday School work.

One of the Best Things that can be Said of any Christian was recently spoken of a deceased convert in China by one of his friends. The Chinaman said "there was no difference between his life and the Book."

It is proposed that the Christian physicians of America and England present a well-bound copy of the Bible to each of the physicians of Japan, of whom there are forty thousand. The fund for the purpose has been opened in London.

The venerable Dr. John G. Paton, whose recent visit to this country will be long a cherished memory in the churches, has sailed for the New Hebrides. He takes with him three missionaries and sufficient money to purchase a new mission ship.

A marriage in which a large number of Christian people in all lands take an interest was solemnized on Aug. 29, in the Congregational Church, Northfield, Mass. It was the marriage of Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. D.W. Whittle, to Mr. W. R. Moody.

Two Missionaries—W. C. Palmer and J. E. White—are setting out to labor among the negroes on the banks of the Mississippi. They have bought a stern-wheel steamer and fitted it up for the service and called it the "Morning Star." They expect to live on board and hold services there, or on land, as circumstances may favor.

According to the latest census returns, there are in New Zealand 1,197 churches and chapels, a growth of 134 in five years; 241 school houses and 161 dwellings and public buildings are used for Sabbath purposes, all these various edifices having accommodations for about 278,000 persons, less than half the population of the colony, and are actually attended by less than 200,000. Of the various denominations, the Presbyterians report 40,785 attendants, the Episcopalians 37,252, Roman Catholics 30,525, Wesleyans 27,106, and Salvationists 14,442.

A Wealthy New York Lady whose Name is not disclosed has purchased a house at Sharon, Ct., and devoted it to the use of crippled children. Several acres of well wooded ground surround the house and the lady has provided a number of invalid chairs on wheels for the use of the children who can thus spend their time under the trees. The children's hospitals of New York keep the house supplied with their patients, many of whom have been greatly benefited by the change and the fresh air. The house is named, The Bobolink.



THE WAR IN COREA—CHINESE TROOPS EMBARKING ON A TRANSPORT SHIP.

headed sinner may be saved, yet it is a matter of fact that few are converted in old age, and every year's delay makes it more difficult to renounce sin and turn to Christ. (Eccles. 12: 1.)

A Will Upheld.

A suit to set aside a will has just been dismissed in a New York court. The testator was an eccentric bachelor, who when he died was eighty-one years old. He wrote the will himself a few months before he died and it had numerous interlineations and erasures. It looked as if he had altered his mind several times after signing it, and instead of making a new will had erased and changed parts of the one already made. He had two brothers, who expected to divide

especially if she has been in tropical climates, it is necessary to have her hull scraped clear of barnacles, and painted. In the case of the cruiser "Chicago," the cost of this work is twelve thousand dollars. It has to be done, however, as the barnacles which adhere to the hull not only decrease her speed, but are destructive to the hull if they are not removed at short intervals. The fact that barnacles do not adhere to copper suggested to the electrician the idea he has worked out. It is to put a sheet of copper only the twelfth of an inch thick on the entire hull. His plan is to have a number of boxes whose edges conform to the shape of the hull, and are made air-tight with rubber packing, and to attach them to the outside of the ship when she is in dock. He will fill the boxes with a solution of cya-



Still on the Jericho Road.

The Brook Cherith and Memories of Elijah—An Adventure with Camels.



BEYOND the Khan Hathrur, the road from Jerusalem to Jericho grows more difficult until narrowing, almost without warning, into a bridle-path, it ends the specula-

tions in which we have indulged as to the possibility of going by carriage all the way to the Jordan. So rough and straight is it that more than once I insist upon alighting and walking around a sharp spur where the track is a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice, or the hill we are to descend seems, to my apprehension, to have no more incline than the side of a house.

The brooding silence is oppressive to ear and spirit. Alcides avers gloomily that the "best Baedeker for Palestine" opens of itself at Jeremiah whenever we would consult it. Even a cluster of black tents would be "comely" to eyes wearied by the illimitable stretch of treeless mountains, but we see none. Following the example of their robber ancestry, the Bedouins burrow in ravine and "wady," and natural dens and caves of the earth. The shepherds far up the heights, a few men on foot and still fewer upon donkeys are all the fellow-creatures we see until, in the dreariest part of the route, a defile so deep that the sun never visits it in winter except at noon, a woman rides briskly past. Being portly of figure, she is no inconsiderable load for her donkey, and parcels of divers patterns and weights are strapped to her saddle, but she goes by our party at a smart amble and is soon lost behind the bulging shoulder of a hill. Two men, similarly mounted and a pack-donkey hardly visible under his load of baskets and sacks, follow her.

"An enterprising lady," the guide says admiringly. "She and her brother keep the hotel at Jericho. And keep it well. She has been to Jerusalem for supplies."

The incident is incongruous with the stern desolation of the scene, but we are glad of the relief of a laugh. A modern hotel, household supplies of sugar, eggs, flour, and coffee, not to dwell upon the brisk donkey and his plump rider,—bring us down—(or up) from meditations among the tombs of a mighty Past. The cheerful ring of our voices comes back in a shocked echo from the furrowed walls closing us in on either hand. The upper heights are honeycombed with caves, winding paths, slight threads at a distance, leading to black mouths of some. These were, ages ago, the cells of hermits, emulous of austere Elijah's fame, and little dreaming, amid fastings and prayers and temptations, of the far different warfare to be waged against flesh and blood by their successors in the tenantry of the high places of the rocks.

Down the Wady Kelt which, by and by, runs parallel with our road, wears a fierce little brook, brawling so noisily that we can hear it before we can see it.

"The Brook Cherith," David names it, and we have enough to think and talk of for the next mile. We alight then, and quitting the track, clamber over intervening hills and gulleys to reach the cliff at whose base foams the fussy torrent. It will shrink

to a tiny rivulet in summer, and is making the most of its day of power. Right over against us, scarcely distinguishable in the shadow of the perpendicular wall opposite from the rock to which it clings, is a miniature edition of a Greek convent. Those who founded it believed, or said that they believed, the site to be near Elijah's hiding-place during the miraculous drouth that plagued the land in Ahab's reign. They named it, however, the Monastery of St. John, the Elijah of the New Testament. It is marvelous how the materials for building even so tiny an edifice were transported to the chosen spot, although we trace again upon the face of the precipice thread-like paths along which wild goats might tear

the bottom we take a sharp turn and another world opens upon us. It is as if the two peaked promontories in which the sides of the pass terminate were rolled back like gates, and the landscape unfolded panorama-wise before our eyes. The plain of the Jordan loses itself behind sand-hills on our left, and farther away on the right is the Dead Sea, blue and serene as the Mediterranean on this afternoon.

Glimpses of the sacred river sparkle between clumps of green. The oasis, luxuriant upon the banks, disperses in sparser verdure and coppices of thorn trees receding from the water. The white tents of our camp gleam near one of these groves, and to reach it we must cross a plain overgrown with bushes, nearly a mile in width. The track is sandy; the mules with the best intentions with regard to their waiting supper, cannot make much speed. I am ashamed of the folly, but I have not been so undeniably terrified since first setting foot upon Syrian soil, as in discovering that the moving brown objects partially concealed by the low growth are camels,—a herd of them pasturing with nobody near to hinder any demonstration they may take it into their hideous heads to make toward the equipage which excites their curiosity. Utterly ignorant as to the stampeding proclivities of my favorite abominations, I do not know whether to expect a charge in force, or a

window on my right hand, I see a particularly malevolent camel, a big blackish brute, "point" me fifty feet off, and come straight toward the palankeen, nose outstretched and shoulder hunched up after the manner of that most idiotic of feathered bipeds—a turkey-hen. In a truce a dozen other noses take the same line, and a row of the horrors is coming directly for us. The muleteers pay no attention to them, until my energetic gesticulation directs their eyes to the peril. Then both laugh a little, and one shouts carelessly at the foremost camel who halts to stare at us,—and with joy unspeakable, yet which I dare not confess, I behold the top of Alcides's "kafeyah" above the bushes that swallowed him up, just now, and he cantered back to see what has become of me. With all the consideration for my welfare that never sleeps or wavers, he has not betheought himself of my antipathy for the desert craft.

"What harm could they do to you? They are the most peaceable of animals," he chides, laughingly.

I offer no excuse for the silly terrors, from the effects of which I did not fully recover until the cup of four-o'clock tea Imbarak has ready when we dismount at the tent-door, has been swallowed and the exceeding beauty of the view begins to act soothingly upon jarred nerves. The absurd incident has peaceable fruits of righteousness in one

particular, at least;—I shall never again sneer at a woman who jumps upon a chair at sight of a mouse, or screams when a spider runs over neck or cheek.

The situation of the camp is, as usual, well chosen. We are, as I have indicated, upon the outskirts of the oasis. Beyond the band of verdure, apparently so near that we are incredulous as to the miles that separate us from them, rise the mountains of Moab, purpled by the sunset, solemn with the glooms of falling evening. A double peak is pointed out as Mount Nebo.

There is light enough for us to read in the clear type of the "International Teachers' Edition," how "Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah" — (or the hill), "that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphthali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea;"

("That is the Mediterranean," is interjected here.)

"And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar."

Jericho was worth having in that age, and fourteen hundred years thereafter, when enamored Antony deeded it to Cleopatra, from whom Herod rented it. The flow of milk and honey was scarcely a figure of speech. The fertile plains, irrigated from the Jordan, were grazed by flocks and herds, and bee-culture was one of the chief industries of the population. "A divine region," says Josephus, "covered with beautiful gardens and groves of palms of different kinds."

There are not a dozen palms in sight, when we stroll to the top of the bank beyond the camping-ground, for an unobstructed view, but the Jericho oranges have a reputation of their own. A man sent into the town on an errand brings back immense citrons, six inches in length and ten in circumference, sweet oranges, and, rather as a curiosity than to please the palate, sweet lemons, which we find insipid. It is

David's will that the dining-tent be decorated this evening, and the messenger is laden with fruit-bearing branches of citron and lemon-trees, long sprays of acacia, studded with fluffy golden balls, deliciously fragrant; an unknown white flower, and, because I have expressed desire to see them, bunches of the famous "Dead Sea apples." Several clusters are hung against the palankeen curtain, and Alcides transfers the group to a "film," while I cut open some of the nondescript vegetables for the purpose of classification. The writer who called them "a sort of potato," looked no further than leaves and flower, which strongly resemble those of the potato. But they grow upon a bush from two to six feet high, and in color and shape are identical



CONVENT ON THE BROOK CHERITH, PALESTINE.

(Photographed by Marion Harland. On the Traditional Site of Elijah's Hiding-Place.)

tread. The monastery seems actually to "back up" against the grim wall as if afraid of falling.

Pink and rose-color have given place to chalky whiteness in the towering sides and heads of the mountains hemming us in. We are going down all the while, following generally the capricious turns of the brook, and never out of sight of the gorge it has worn in the everlasting hills. I have alighted to walk down a rocky fall—I cannot call it a descent—the abruptness of which makes me dizzy when I behold it from the palankeen; David Jamal and the sheik have gone down the same, their horses treading warily upon the rolling stones, when half-way to

challenge to single combat. There are, I judge, at least one hundred of the hulking creatures munching the coarse grass, stripping leaves from the bushes and principally—or so it appears to me—wandering aimlessly over the meadow in quest of some stray bit of mischief peculiarly suited to the cameline nature.

All three of my mounted escorts have ridden on, Jamal, doubtless to make all ready for our reception in camp, and the sheik for Jamal's good company. With difficulty I restrain the wild impulse to scream to Alcides's disappearing figure as Massoud gallops after the pair now lost to sight in the coppice. Glancing through the

with our yellow egg tomato. The seed, also, are those of the tomato, but dark-brown, as is the soft pulp surrounding them. Jamal says that they give forth a goodly smell at a certain stage of ripeness. Now, we find in them no particular odor of any kind beyond a certain rank weediness shared by them with scores of other plants. They are not edible, nor yet poisonous, and assuredly are never filled with ashes.

"What sort of growth do you suppose the poet had in mind when he wrote —
And Dead Sea fruit shall quench the thirst
Of those who long for wine?"

queries Alcides, returning the kodak to its case. "And no tourist in modern Egypt can find the genuine lotus. There is a sign in New York City: 'Destroyer of Moths.' Foreign travel might be advertised as a 'Universal Myth Destroyer.'"

"We are to have visitors!" David comes up to say.

A long man and a short woman are alighting from their horses. It does not surprise, however it may annoy us, to recognize the inevitables. It is in accordance with the law of the general fitness of things—especially of human things—that Dr. and Mrs. Sharpe should have "dropped in" upon our sunset rest on their way to the Jordan Hotel in the lower valley.

MARION HARLAND.

The Gospel Fund Growing.

Mr. Moody's Appreciation of the Aid the Work is Receiving.

IN a letter just received from Mr. Moody, written in Chicago, the great evangelist again expresses his "warmest thanks for the generous support the Bible Institute is receiving from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers." That the public interest in the Gospel Fund is well maintained, is evident from the many cordial letters that continue to be received at this office from contributors in all parts of the Union. Contributions during the week were as follows:

Mrs. Gooden	2 00
Mrs. Fairman	1 00
Mary E. Winstead	5 00
Laura J. Currier	15 00
Mrs. Allen	2 00
Mrs. Allen	1 00
E. A. Ikene	2 00
Frances Steele	2 00
Mrs. M. McClung	1 00
H. W. P. Monterey, Mich.	1 00
G. H. Luce	5 00
R. A. H., Oak Ridge, Miss.	50
Union C. E., Union Mills, Wis.	1 50
H. A. D., Cincinnati	6 00
Mrs. Sarah E. McKee	5 00
S. E. T., of O. L. Home	1 00
Mother and daughter, W. Rumney, N. H.	1 00
E. A. G.	1 00
Friend, Unionville, Ohio	1 00
Lizbie	1 00
J. L. Meereau	25
Mrs. C. E. Carr	1 25
Friend, Bloomington, Ill.	1 00
New Sub'r. Bridgeport, Conn.	5 00
K. B. C., Huntingdon, Pa.	2 00
Well-wisher, Hackensack	1 00
R. S. V. S., Pleasant Valley, Va.	1 00
H. L. H., Geneva, N. Y.	2 00
Sub'r, Ypsilanti, Mich.	1 00
A. A. and C. L. Dikeman	100 00
Mrs. L. Blubaugh	2 00
St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
J. Y. B., Tarrytown, N. Y.	1 00
M. J., Md.	1 00
Mrs. M. Simmons	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moores	10 00
Henry Nelson	3 00
Louisa B. C., Newark, N. J.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Hylgate	2 00
Friend, Elgin, Ill.	2 00
Mrs. A. C. Calhoun	1 00
C. J., Levasy, W. Va.	20
Clara C. Dushan	3 00
Mrs. M. A. White	1 00
Mrs. Nelson Sage	2 00
Reader of C. H., Cleveland	2 00
Mrs. Wickman	1 00
Mrs. Luzetta A. March	1 00
Sub'r. Hubbard City, Tex.	1 00
Mrs. S. E. Bunnell	2 00
Mrs. C. E. Kimball	2 00
Jennie Brown	4 00
G. H. S. D., Lynnfield Center, Mass.	1 00
Wm. W. Davis	1 00
Mrs. A. Brower	1 00
Mrs. C. H. B., Phila., Pa.	5 00
Mrs. Jas. Weir	5 00
Miss Emma Ralph	1 00
Newton, N. H.	1 00
Sub'r, Lake Crystal, Minn.	1 00
Friend, Fayette, Wis.	1 00
C. E. Roettgen	1 00
Friend, Fillmore, Mich.	1 00
Widow's mite, Troy, Kan.	50
Mrs. Almer Ames	1 00
A Thank-offering Nina	1 00
A friend to the cause, De Kalb, Ill.	2 00
E., Millville, Mass.	1 00
Mrs. Louisa A. Wheelock	5 00
Mrs. A. R. Atkinson	3 00
Mrs. J. E. Lonsdale	2 00
Mrs. A. Hall	1 00
Waldo, Fla.	1 00
C. H. A., Maryland	2 00
In His Name, Providence, R. I.	2 00
Adelaide M. Travers	75
Mrs. W. C. Findlev	1 00
H. A. White	2 00
W. G. Sandercock	1 00
Friend, Springfield, O.	5 00

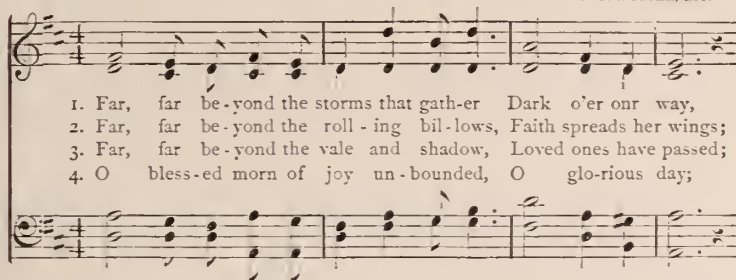


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

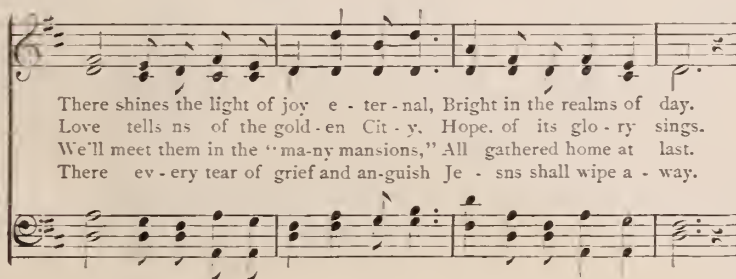
The Home-land Shore.

F. J. CROSBY.

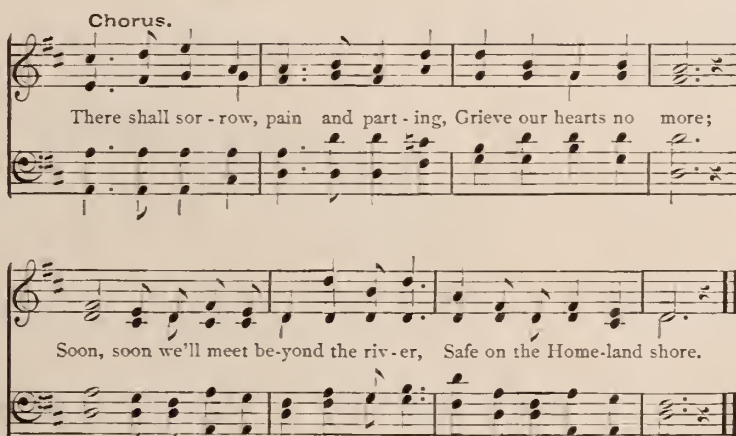
S. C. FOSTER, 217.



1. Far, far be-yond the storms that gath-er Dark o'er our way,
2. Far, far be-yond the roll-ing bil-lows, Faith spreads her wings;
3. Far, far be-yond the vale and shadow, Loved ones have passed;
4. O bless-ed morn of joy un-bounded, O glo-rious day;

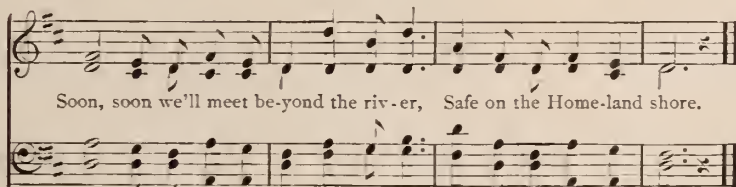


There shines the light of joy e-ter-nal, Bright in the realms of day.
Love tells ns of the gold-en Cit-y. Hope, of its glo-ry sings.
We'll meet them in the "ma-ny mansions," All gathered home at last.
There ev-ery tear of grief and an-guish Je-sus shall wipe a-way.



Chorus.

There shall sor-row, pain and part-ing, Grieve our hearts no more;



Soon, soon we'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Safe on the Home-land shore.

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IS YOUR ALL IN JESUS' KEEPING? *

Is your all in Jesus keeping?
Have you given him your heart?
Are you his awake, or sleeping?
Of your nature is he part?

Is his promise fraught with meaning?
In his word do you confide?
On his bosom are you leaning?
In his love do you abide?

Would you have his great salvation?
Have his sufferings atone?
Would you flee from condemnation?
And belong to him alone?

Is your back or face turned toward him?
Would you have his hand to guide?
Would you have his might protect you?
In his mercy would you hide?

* This poem was written in memory of a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage, and containing the following extract: "Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love him? Has he become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into his keeping, as your children in heaven are already in his bosom? Has he done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust him, living and dying, and forever? Is your back or your face toward him? Would you like to have his hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His suffering to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His heaven to crown you?"

When deep waters come upon you,
Would you have his grace uphold?
Would you have his face shine on you?
Would you have his arms enfold?

Can you trust him, living—dying?
And when crosses are laid down—
On his wondrous love relying,
Would you have his heaven to crown?

Ponder well the sacred pages
Telling of eternal things!
Trusting Christ, the Rock of Ages—
Lord of lords and King of kings!

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

WESLEY'S BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

A lady once said to John Wesley: "If you knew that you would die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "Why," was the answer, "just as I intend to spend it. I should preach to-night at Gloucester and again to-morrow morning. After that I would ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon and meet the society in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, as he expects me to entertain him: converse, pray with the family, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to sleep and wake in glory."

THE TRIBULATIONS.

Three Distinct Times of Trouble Predicted in the New Testament.

BY REV. W. MAUDE.

(Continued from page 553.)

OUR Lord said of this second tribulation, the tribulation of Israel as reported by Matthew (24: 15-22): "There shall be great tribulations, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

Now in the parallel passage in Luke's Gospel—for that it is a parallel passage and a chronological parallel the most able commentators are now pretty well agreed—we are plainly taught that the period of Israel's tribulation extends from the events which led to and accompanied the destruction of Jerusalem to the close of the present Gentile dispensation. Nor is there any real contradiction or even inconsistency between the prophecy as recorded by the Evangelist Matthew and the Evangelist Luke. The tribulation of Israel commences and ends in a terrible crisis. The commencing crisis was the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, accompanied by all the appalling sufferings of the Jewish people, of which their historian, Josephus, has left us so ghastly a narrative; and the closing final crisis is that which they have yet to endure under the last personal Antichrist. These two crises in their main features bear a striking resemblance to each other, and they alone seem to be referred to by Matthew. Luke, however, shows us that they are only the beginning and ending of one long period of tribulation extending over many centuries of more or less severe suffering to be endured by the Jewish people during their dispersion among the Gentiles.

This interpretation of the narratives of the three Synoptists alone enables us to affect a substantial harmony between them, without having recourse to the arbitrary and untenable assumption that while Luke describes only the events connected with the destruction of Jerusalem; Matthew, on the contrary, refers only to events to take place at the close of this dispensation. Mark, it is immediately after and in obvious connection with the announcement that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled," that Luke refers to the abnormal celestial phenomena which are to indicate the imminent "coming of the Son of Man with power and great glory." And surely it is difficult to doubt that the time, as well as the events themselves, are identical with those spoken of by Matthew, when he says: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. * * * And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth (lit. 'of the land') mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (Matthew 24: 29-31).

The point we desire clearly to bring out is this: Luke, as all admit, speaks of the destruction of Jerusalem as the days of Divine vengeance and wrath, to terminate only with the time of the Gentiles, and to be immediately followed by the predicted signs in the heavens, and the coming of the Son of Man. Matthew tells us that "Immediately after the tribulation of those days," these signs are to appear, and the coming of Christ is to take place. But when he speaks of "those days," to what days does he allude? What days have been previously spoken of? Plainly, days commencing with the destruction of Jerusalem, and which must continue their course to the end of the present age, since they are to be followed "immediately" by its closing events. Therefore, according to both Matthew and Luke, the tribulation of Israel has already extended over more than eighteen centuries, and in this sense, as well as that of the severity of its crises, it may truly be called "a great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be."

To be Concluded.

A New Work on Prophecy.

Just published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a new booklet on "The Lord's Coming," by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear week by week in this journal. Its fifteen chapters cover the period from the Parousia to the Millennium. Paper cover: 104 pages; price fifteen cents. May be obtained at this office, 92-93 Bible House, New York



HUMAN LONGINGS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Sept. 16. Isa. 55.

WHAT shall a young man do with his life in order to make the best of it? The question is worth considering, in view of the number of spoiled lives and utter failures that abound on every hand. In thinking out the problem, one aspect is frequently overlooked. Old age seems so far off to the young that it is apt to become the horizon and the vast region beyond to be ignored. Plans and purposes are formed which are to have their fruition in a competence, in dignity, honor and influence, to be enjoyed after the half century mile stone is passed. It would be bad enough if the result of such planning were an eternity of exclusion from God. But this is not the only painful result. There is the added misery of years of discontent and dissatisfaction. Achievements, as they are realized, fail to give the solid gratification they seemed to promise. Wealth brings care and the desire for greater wealth. Honor is always alloyed with the jealous carping and envious depreciation of rivals. Pleasure satiates and demoralizes. Even learning is a pain and a weariness, and is perpetually opening new vistas which the scholar deplores his inability to explore. Gratification comes from each pursuit, but not satisfaction. There is ever a longing for something else, and the more intelligent a man is, the more this longing disturbs him. The reason is that there is in every man a spiritual nature which clamors for sustenance and development. Its demands are imperative, and if they are not met the man must suffer. It is a remarkable fact, too, that this spiritual craving is the one craving of human nature for which infinite provision has been made. It is boundless and fathomless as the nature of God himself. It was no vain boast that Christ made to the woman of Samaria that he who drank of the water that he gave should never thirst, but should have within him a spring of living water, springing up to everlasting life. Experience has proved its truth. Contact with the divine life produces life, and the new nature finds all its wants met with a provision that knows no exhaustion, and in which there is no surfeit. Beside this, there comes the moment when the animal nature that connects the man with the brute and the material world is sloughed off, and then the spirit, nourished and developed, soars to new spheres in which it is no longer restrained, but dwells in infinite delight. In such a path there is possession and hope, and from both there is unalloyed peace and satisfaction. "I shall be satisfied," wrote the Psalmist, "when I awake with thy likeness." And the likeness is forming all through the life, giving greater joy as it grows until its culmination, and the God-

like soul enters the presence of God himself. There, every human longing is satisfied; the groping and striving of life are ended, and he walks in the perfect light of the throne.



A THRIVING ASSOCIATION.

The difficult problem of uniting the young men of two adjacent towns in the work of one Young Men's Christian Association, has been successfully solved by an Association in Pennsylvania. The two towns

cheerful, well-lighted reading room, well equipped with periodicals and cabinets of good books; also the men's meeting room, which is used on week days for games and amusements, and on Sunday for the men's meeting. This room seats 100, and during the past year has often been crowded. An aspect of hospitality and kindly welcome pervades this entire floor.

From this floor a door, manipulated by electricity, opens to the stairway connecting with the basement, where are situated the locker and dressing-rooms; bath-room furnished with needle, shower and sponge baths, of the latest improved make. On this floor is also the gymnasium, bright and cheerful, well ventilated and well lighted. Its dimensions are forty feet by fifty feet, and it is well stocked with all the necessary and modern apparatus.

From the reception room, which is the key to all parts of the building, a wide staircase leads up to the second floor through a wide hallway to the auditorium, with a seating capacity of four hundred. Two class rooms, with wide folding-doors, open into it increasing the seating capacity by one hundred more. On this floor, also, is the members' parlor, with piano and furniture of a substantial and comfortable make.

The Association has an energetic Ladies' Auxiliary to which it is indebted for the entire furnishing of the building, including,

Resolved, That gratefully recognizing the providential rise, development, and possibility of the endeavor for Christian citizenship, we commend to all our societies the appointment of a committee for the arousing, instruction and co-operation of their members, churches and fellow-citizens in the effort to secure civic righteousness, industrial peace and the social unification of their respective communities, and that their work in behalf of Christian citizenship may be so done as to be an incentive to, and an expression of that power with God which alone can give us power with men, and is to be secured only through united prayer and personal consecration.

Resolved, That in the face of present distrust and recent breach of human relationships, we re-affirm our faith in the future, our confidence in the law-abiding and liberty-loving spirit of the people, our unshaken trust in the Christian solution of present problems, and our abiding hope for the coming of the kingdom of God on earth.

Resolved, That we re-assert Christ to be the centre of social unity; his righteousness to be the only basis of industrial peace; his cross of self-giving in service to be the only means of social salvation; his church to be his mediator for the reconciliation of men; and his spirit in human hearts to be the only power adequate to maintain or establish the brotherhood of man in the coming readjustment of human relations.

Resolved, That we will seek and will respond to opportunities to co-operate with all individual and organized efforts to promote civic righteousness, industrial peace, and social development.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

Preparations are being made for the great National Biennial Conference of Epworth Leagues in 1896.

Christian Endeavor Societies in the Christian churches in the State of Texas, have pledged \$600 for the support of their denominational State Endeavor evangelist. Within a few weeks seven new societies have been formed in consequence of his work.

In Adelaide, South Australia, during the recent depression, a Christian Endeavor free soup-house fed nearly 16,000 hungry men. It required 4,000 gallons of soup, and more than 10,000 loaves of bread.

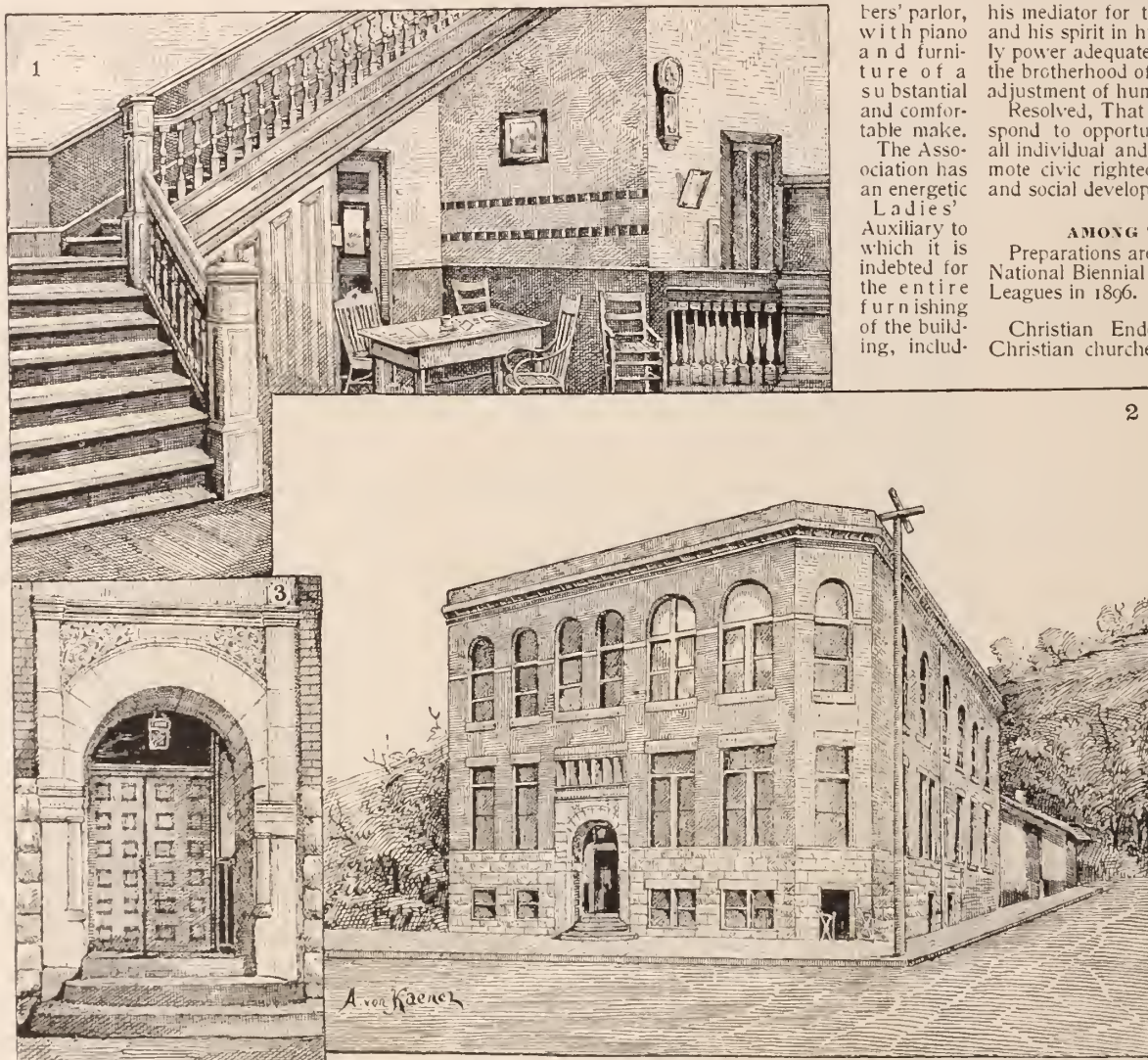
Mr. George Gray, the Secretary of the New South Wales Christian Endeavor Union, reports to the "Golden Rule" a large increase of societies and members in that country. There were registered in April 162 societies and 25 Junior societies, with a total membership of almost 6,000. This is an increase of forty societies since their last convention.

The Women's Christian Association of Kingston, Can., now has a number of useful agencies employed for the benefit of the women of the city. Among these is what is called a Kitchen Garden, for the teaching of cooking, housework and domestic operations of all kinds. Its kindergarten is largely attended, and it proposes to open a Creche for the care of infants, whose mothers have to earn their own living.

There are now in the Boone District, Iowa, fifty Epworth Leagues and one Christian Endeavor Society with an aggregate membership of 2,361, a net increase for the past year of 705; and twenty Junior Leagues with a membership of 1,067, a net increase of 380, giving a total increase for the year of 1,094. This large increase in new chapters and membership is due to an aggressive campaign carried on by President J. A. Henderson of Jefferson, and Secretary J. K. Elwell of Boone, assisted by the officers of the cabinet.

PURITY IN CITY AND SOCIETY.

How much the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Epworth Leagues and the Baptist Unions may do for the purification of municipal affairs and social life by sincere and hearty effort, may be realized when we consider the enormous number of their aggregate membership. It is therefore a wise and significant hint that the General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society gives by calling attention to the following resolution passed at the recent convention with which the sister societies, we may be sure, will heartily concur:



THE Y. M. C. A. OF SHARPSBURG AND ETNA, PA.
1. Staircase from the Reception Room. 2. The Main Building. 3. The Principal Entrance.

are Sharpsburg and Etna, and the report of the combined work there which is published by the "Young Men's Era" shows how much they have accomplished by tact and good-fellowship. Pictures of the building which is the headquarters of the Christian young men of both towns appear on this page. The aggregate population of Sharpsburg and Etna is about ten thousand, and it was felt that an association that would serve both might be organized with better results than an Association in each town. A site was secured accessible to all and a handsome and commodious building, costing with furniture \$26,500, was erected.

The building is fifty by ninety feet, two stories high, and situated on a corner lot. The entrance is of a pleasing design, inviting in appearance. A short and wide stairway leads into the commodious reception room, and to the right is an alcove divided off by an oak railing for the business office. Communicating with the reception room, by means of large sliding door, is the large,

ing the piano and the electric lighting fixtures. A promising Boys' Auxiliary has also been organized which has a large membership, and is exerting a wholesome influence in the two towns. The example of Sharpsburg and Etna, and the success which has attended the experiment may serve as a suggestion to other towns similarly situated.



Rural Life in Japan.

How the Villagers Live in the "Land of the Rising Sun"—Intelligent and Industrious—"The Yankees of the East."

EVERY year, the Western world learns more about Japan and sees more reason to admire many traits of the Japanese character. Should the present war with China result favorably to the Mikado's country, Japan will have a very fine prospect of assuming the first place among the Asiatic nations, in political, if not in commercial importance. In all matters that relate to science, invention, and modern progress, she has long led her Oriental contemporaries. Her people are the brightest, most amiable and most intelligent portion of the Mongol race. In a previous article, some timely and interesting facts were presented concerning social life in Japan, especially in the larger cities. To-day we give an illustration showing another side of the social picture, and by no means an unpleasant one. The Japanese farmer and his wife might easily find a counterpart in some of the countries of middle Europe at the present time, and their social condition and surroundings are no poorer than those of the European farm-peasants. With his broad sun-hat, grass coat and loose clothing, the tiller of the soil is protected from cold and heat. His wife, who is carrying a basketful of produce and the inevitable tea-pot, is accompanying him home from the field, or probably from the woodland where he has been felling trees or making fences. Farm-laborers in Japan work all day in the rice-fields, varying the work of cultivation with the felling of trees or cutting brushwood on the hills. As the wages are very small, they frequently eke out a livelihood by snaring birds or by fishing. Few are so well off as to be able to afford a pack-horse, or an ox, and most of the farm work is performed by hand. They use a small, single-handed plough which is drawn through the soft soil by a couple of "coolies" or possibly by a pony. To separate the ears of rice from the stalks, the latter are pulled by hand through a long row of iron teeth, projecting from a rude log. Winnowing is done by a laborer who walks slowly along with a fan in either hand, working both simultaneously. Their sickle is straight and only four inches long, with a fifteen-inch handle.

The peasants lead the simplest lives imaginable. Rice, potatoes, radishes, home-made bread, tea and excellent coffee constitute their chief articles of food, and even this list is often reduced in winter when the food supply runs short. Of late years, the grievous burden of taxation has been greatly lightened, and the farmer's life is a more tolerable one, but the slightest shortage in the harvest brings widespread suffering. Yet, although the life of the peasant in his straw-thatched dwelling may be full of hardships, these do not seem to impair his amiability of temper; even if he knew that the daimio, and the magistrates, and the "hata-moto," or nobles, and all the petty officials, had abundance of good things, while his own table was well-nigh bare, he would still be cheerful and comparatively happy. Cheerfulness is a national characteristic, and it is fortunate that it is so. There has been no serious unrest or revolution in Japan since the last great outbreak against official oppression in 1869. They are essentially a quiet and peaceable people, devoting

much care to their gardens and rice fields and their schools, for even the poorest districts have public schools, established by the government.

"A Comfort in the House."

Just before the author of "Stepping Heavenward" was called to the heaven she loved and longed for, she said, "I prayed this morning that I might be a comfort to-day to everybody in the house." And she was, for her friends noted that despite great physical exhaustion, "she was in a sweet and gentle mood all the afternoon."

Two "Stupid" Boys.

Mr. Dawson, the master of a famous preparatory school in England, used to declare that the two stupidest boys he ever had in his classes, turned out to be the brightest men. One boy was stupid at figures, but

gyman was residing in the family of a church member who was in the habit of finding fault with the food or cooking at almost every meal. After some days had elapsed, the man, as he frequently did, asked the minister to give thanks before dinner. "I think," said the minister, "that I shall not give thanks at your table any more." The man looked surprised, and said grace himself. Toward the close of the repast he asked the reason of the minister's seemingly strange conduct, who replied thus: "I have noticed that you are in the practice of finding fault with your victuals, much to the annoyance of your wife, and it seems to me inconsistent, nay, insulting to God, to give thanks for food and then be displeased with it. My advice to you is, eat your dinner without asking a blessing or giving thanks, and when you have done, if you like your dinner, thank God for it then." It is needless to say that the habit of fault-finding was broken off.

maining studies, and a boy may overcome by hard application his natural repugnance to a certain study, and become a master of it.

READY.
Ready to follow God's command,
Ready to labor heart and hand,
Ready to conquer every foe,
Ready the seed of truth to sow.
Ready to cheer the sad and weak,
Ready the erring soul to seek,
Ready with songs to praise our King,
Ready with all we have to bring.
Ready as soldiers, firm and true,
Ready our Master's work to do,
Ready to hold our banner high,
Ready to dare, and do, and die.

HOME SILENCES.

OMIT all the slights and be economical of censure in the home circle, writes Rev. Dr. Talmage, for there will before long be a hearse standing at your front door that will take away out of your presence the best friend you have on earth and the richest boon which God in his omnipotence and infinity has capacity to bestow, namely—a good wife. If a child go, that desolates the nursery. If a wife go, that desolates all the house and all the heart and all the world. The silences are so appalling when her voice is still, the vacancies are so ghastly, the gloom is as though the midnights of 50 years had dropped at once. The little child running around the room with a hurt finger calling for the mother who will not come, and at night asking for a drink and saying: "No, no: I want mamma to bring it." Reminiscences that rush on the heart like a mountain torrent over which a cloud has burst. Her jewels, her books, her pictures, her dresses, some of them suggestive of banquet and some of burial, put into the trunk whose lid goes down with a heavy thud as much as to say, "Dead." The morning dead. The night dead. The air dead. The world dead. Oh, man, if in that hour you think of any unkind words uttered, you would be willing to pay in red coin of blood every drop from your heart if you could bring back the unkind words. But they will not come back. Words gone from the lips do not fly in circles like doves coming back to their cote, but in a straight line, a million miles a minute across the eternities. They never come back. Flattering epitaphology, though a Dryden composed it, polished Aberdeen granite, though an Angelo chiseled it, cannot atone for unkindness to the living.

My mind is full of the memory of a couple who were united in holy marriage December 10th, 1863. Their Christian names were old-fashioned like themselves—David the one, Catharine the other. Legal contract, of course, but chiefly the Lord married them. They lived to see their crystal wedding, their silver wedding, their golden wedding, and nine years beside. They lived to weep over the graves of three of their children. They lived to pass through many hardships and trials, but they kept the Christian faith. They lived for God, for each other, for their children, for everybody but themselves. Their hair grew white with age and their steps grew shorter and shorter and their voices tremulous in the church psalm, though one they had led in the village choir. The one leaned heavily on a staff which I have in my house to-day, but heavier on the arm of God, who had always helped them. They were well mated. What was the joy of the one was the joy of the other; what was the sorrow of the one was the sorrow of the other. At last they parted. God gave to her three years precedence of departure, but the three years soon passed, and they were remarried. Their children are gradually joining them and will soon all be there. But the vision of that married life will linger in my memory forever and ever.

The Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small.
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.



A JAPANESE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

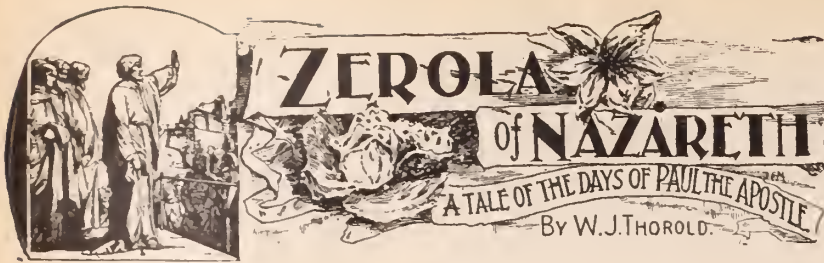
From a Photograph secured in Tokyo for "The Christian Herald."

How precious are such moods! When every one in any family is in a sweet and gentle mood, the life of the household is as the soft music of an Aolian harp. Its labors seem light. Every eye is beaming and every heart is glad. Happy household. Would there not be more such joyous homes if every inmate of every house earnestly prayed every morning, "Lord, make me a comfort to-day to everybody in the house."

The Fault-Finding Habit.

Many a home is made unhappy, and many a religious profession is rendered entirely nugatory, by the presence of the fault-finder. It is only now and then that he receives the rebuke he deserves. A cler-

there was another who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. At Rugby one of the boys rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence except that of doing "sums." In due time he distinguished himself at Oxford University. He became known to the world as Dean Stanley. The other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than he, afterward developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years. William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight. Thus we see that a boy may be stupid in one study and bright in all the re-



CHAPTER XI. A BRIDAL MORNING.

IF, a few months after the events just narrated, you had been passing along the slopes of Nazareth you might have seen, one evening as the twilight was coming on, a form kneeling in an olive-grove. And had you walked still nearer you might have been able to distinguish a countenance and a voice which you would at once have recognized.

The woman was thinking of an evening in Nazareth when Karmes the Egyptian spoke the words:

"Let her remember this hour years to come!"

She was thinking also of that morning in Jerusalem when the cup of cold water she was carrying to her lover was dashed from her hands, of the time spent in Rome and of the return to Palestine.

She had recovered from all the effects of her imprisonment. As she knelt in the kindly rays of the evening sun you would have said the girl of Palestine possessed that strange charm of presence, that wonderful symmetry of form, that enchanting and marvellous comeliness of countenance which poets and historians of ancient times have ascribed to eastern queens. She seemed more royal now, more lovely than ever before—for sorrow and love had graced with more than beauty the olive brow that only lacked a crown.

The stars cast long golden whispers down to where she knelt beneath the waving branches of the trees, praying: "Father, forgive them, they knew not what they did."

Then a holy purpose filled her soul: and as she arose she heard the disciples chanting near by, in a temple not made with hands, a hymn of the Nazarenes:

We believe in human kindness:
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in creature's keenest ken.
We believe in self-denial,
And its secret throbs of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doli in the sinner leave.
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—we do believe.

We believe in love renewing
All that sin has swept away,
Leaven like its work pursuing
Night by night, and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its relieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—we believe.

We believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and not to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumphs,—we believe.

A bright day? Yes: for there, before her, stood—her lover.

"Zerola!"

"Thæon!"

Then for a while there was that silence which is sometimes the language of the purest and most passionate love. And as Zerola rested her head on her lover's breast, and Thæon pressed his lips to those of his betrothed, they stood clasped in one long embrace, each listening while the other whispered those words which lovers long so much to hear, and told of the past dark years and spoke of the brightening future.

Yes: what great changes may take place within the limits of a single day. When the sun again appeared above the eastern hills it was shining upon the happy bridal morning of Thæon and Zerola of Nazareth.

They were Jew and Jewess still. The followers of the Nazarene had not yet broken with Jewish rites and traditions. The marriage was to be according to the customs

of the time and country. The whole village would have been disappointed had it been shorn of any of its festivity or of the rejoicing which accompanied the humblest wedding in Judæa. Zerola and her family were too well known and honored in Nazareth to permit of the wedding being other than an occasion of public interest. Both Zerola and Mary shrank from the time-honored customs, more elaborate and more boisterous than in Western lands, but with the selfishness and with the regard for the feelings and wishes of others, rather than their own, which sprang from the love of Jesus, they yielded to the public wish. Zerola was to be married with all the rustic pomp and ceremony that was demanded in Nazareth.

That Mary had been widowed and Thæon was fatherless, were facts which placed the marriage in a category of its own. They imposed a duty on every relative and friend of the bride's family. Appropriate gifts must be made, that the marriage-feast of seven days' duration should lack nothing of its lavish hospitality and profusion. The specially invited guests had accordingly received their invitations, accompanied with the new robe and the lamp with a supply of oil, which the messenger bore to the guest when he carried the invitation. On this day the messenger would again pay a second visit, to remind the guests that this was the day set for the wedding.

By evening everything was in readiness. Zerola's friends and relatives were beginning to assemble in the humble abode, where now she and her widowed mother were the only dwellers. Many of them had not seen her since her return, and she had to recount to them the story of her seizure, imprisonment and deliverance. Jewish propriety did not admit of Thæon's being present at these conversations. The old figment of his being a complete stranger to his bride must be respected. He was to be supposed as not having seen her, and must spend the day in solitary prayer and purification until the ceremony had been performed, and he should lift her veil and gaze for the first time on her beauty. Old forms long survive the facts on which they are based, and the pretty fictions and emblematic ceremonies of a by-gone time were to be observed, although their meaning had been forgotten in the clearer and better light of a more advanced civilization. At sunset Zerola was duly robed for the ceremony. Such ornaments as she had were put upon her. Poor and of little value were those that her mother could give her, but among them were several gems almost priceless which Corthene and Corbulo had insisted on giving her when she quitted Rome. The country people had at rare intervals seen such gems, on occasions of their visits to Jerusalem at the feasts, when some wealthy Jew, or some Roman potentate showed himself on the streets, his attire sparkling in the sunlight with the glitter of the jewels. They had no conception of their cost, but knew it must be enormous. All these the bride must wear, it being the law that whatever was on her person when she entered the home of her husband to become his wife was her inalienable property. Houses and lands and furniture that she might own became his by the marriage, and he even retained in his own hands the dowry with which he was supposed to endow her, and which must equal in amount the sum given by the bride's father. In the event of divorce, the dowry must be given up to the divorced woman, but it was sometimes difficult to secure it. The jewels and clothing she wore at the ceremony of marriage were, however, her own and on these her husband had no claim. Thæon, himself, although he had travelled into many lands in his search for Zerola knew almost as little as the Nazareth peasants the enormous wealth that Zerola carried about her on that happy evening. The sparkling stones were very beautiful in their clear light, but that was all. Zerola herself looked queenly as she was arrayed in her simple garments on which the jewels flash-

ed and glowed. Her people thought her majestic and they kissed her and bent before her in genuine admiration. Every girl was the Queen of the village on her wedding-day, and the girls cheerfully rendered her the homage they expected to some day receive for themselves. Then the bridal veil was produced, and thrown over her and, over all, enveloping her completely and making her look like an animated heap of clothing some large piece of cloth richly embroidered which was generally borrowed for the occasion and had done duty for generations. So attired Zerola set forth from her mother's dwelling.

The bridal procession was quickly formed. First came a band of performers on the drum, the flute and other musical instruments. Then a number of women in white mantles, walking two by two. These in the intervals of the music uttering the quavering joyous shout of "Zugaret," the word which, pronounced in the same thrilling tone, probably Leah and Rachel and all the Hebrew brides of the Old Testament heard on the eve of their nuptials: Children in gay attire followed, dancing merrily to the time of the music, and on each side of the road were the women of the village, who scattered flowers and rice and candies in the path of the procession. In this order Zerola and her companions made the circuit of the village, ending at the dwelling which Thæon had provided for their married life.

Later in the evening there was a second spectacle to delight the people of the village. This was the procession of the bridegroom, who must also be conducted in state to his new home. An interval of uncertain duration elapsed between the two processions and many of the people dispersed to their homes. The fiction must be kept up that the bridegroom wished to go to his bride unobserved. But as Thæon emerged from the house of his friend, where he was temporarily staying, the cry went through the village, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." Then there was a rush from all the houses, and the men and women with lamps alight sallied out to join in the procession.

Like the procession of the bride a band of music was at the head, but now the musicians played martial airs and the men danced in accompaniment, whirling their torches and swinging their lamps. With two friends, one on either hand, Thæon walked, with head erect and joy lighting his countenance. Veiled women, members of his family followed, each carrying a lighted lamp and uttering their peculiar "zugaret" cry. The circuit of the village was again made and ended at Thæon's home. There his bride was presented to him and in a minute Zerola's veil and stifling covering were stripped off and she was clasped in her lover's arms. The religious ceremony was then performed. It was of the briefest kind. A few words of prayer for the young couple, the placing of a ring, the emblem of a fetter, on Zerola's hand and a benediction completed it. The village scribe had legal formalities to observe and his documents in triple copies were ready. One was for his own custody, one for the bride and one for the bridegroom. Thæon and Zerola affixed their signatures to each, which were duly witnessed by their friends and the marriage ceremony was over.

But there must be a feast. No marriage in Oriental lands could be complete without such a celebration. With the revelry and excesses that sometimes marked such scenes, Thæon and Zerola and their friends could have nothing to do. But their Christian profession was no bar to hospitality and cheerfulness. Jesus himself had joined in such a scene of festivity and had hallowed it with the performance of a miracle. There was no reason why the newly married couple should restrain the natural joy that filled their hearts. For were they not happy? Their separation and the sufferings both had endured had made a background for the sunshine which was now shed on their lot. It had all ended better than they feared and they were full of love for each other and gratitude to God. Instinctively they shared their joy with the friends and relatives who had come from distant towns and villages to rejoice with them, and the time-honored custom of the feast was observed with all its accompaniments of story-telling, reminiscence and merry-making.

"God has been very good to us," said Zerola, as she and Thæon walked together alone in the old garden that night, where more than four years before they had plighted their troth and Karmes had watched them with malignant envy. "Only he who gave us to each other could have brought

us together through so many perils. Thæon, my husband, we must live together for him. Our lives belong to him."

"Surely, they do," Thæon replied. "We will find out what we can do and we will do it with all our hearts. Now, that I have thee for my own, I shall have a better heart to the work and thou wilt encourage and cheer me. I know that thou wilt and thine own service will be a blessing. When I thought I had lost thee utterly, my heart sank and I grieved that those stones had not killed me as the persecutors thought they had. God was kinder to me than I hoped. And thou, dear one, didst thou never lose faith and hope, even in the dungeon?"

"Often I lost hope, but never faith. Our Lord's words, that we so often repeat in our times of trouble, about the very hairs of our head being numbered, used to come into my mind and I knew that I was safe in his hands. Jesus did not deceive us; he said we should have persecution. I suppose we shall have more. I remember that terrible picture he drew of the time that is to come when Jerusalem will fall into the enemy's hands, and not one stone be left upon another. I pray, Thæon, that we may be together in that day to strengthen each other."

"We will always be together, my wife, until we are called hence. If thou hadst died, I would have asked Paul to let me be a servant to him and go with him in his journeys: but now I will stay here in Galilee and Judæa and work. There is much yet to be done here, and it was the Lord's command to preach here first. I will do that, for I cannot be silent."

"Oh, my Thæon, they will surely kill thee. Can we not do good and be helpful and kind and live good lives without thy preaching? Already many have been put to death as thou knowest for preaching Jesus in Judæa. The priests are exceeding bitter. Think, my husband, what it would be to me to lose thee now."

"Fear not, Zerola, we are his and he will keep us in all our ways. Thou would'st not really in thy heart of hearts have me silent. Thou would'st come to despise me as a coward if I did not proclaim my faith. Though it were for love of thee that I spoke not, thou wouldst be ashamed of thy husband if he had not courage."

"Never, Thæon. I know thou art brave, but I cannot bear the thought of losing thee. I would have thee prudent and discreet. I cannot think of thy defying those cruel priests."

"Remember his words, my wife, 'He that loveth father or mother or wife more than me is not worthy of me.' Love to him requires me to tell all men of him and thou knowest that if I am silent it will be because I love thee better than him."

"Oh, no, no," cried Zerola, "do not say that. I would be very dear to thee, Thæon, but not to come between him and thee. Thou savest truly, Thæon, that would be shameful. Oh, heed me not, I am a woman and weak. Do thy duty and the will of the Lord be done."

[THE END.]

PROFIT OUT OF LOSS.

A farmer living in the Northern part of New York State has gained a large sum by what he regarded as a misfortune. A year ago his barns were burned, and he had reason to believe that an enemy started the fire that consumed them. They were not fully insured, but he collected on his policies enough to largely reduce his loss. They were large barns, and their removal opened up a delightful view of the surrounding country, which they had hidden all his life. His neighbors, while sympathizing with him also expressed their pleasure in the prospect of the miles of country which the barns had shut out. A short time ago some visitors were in the neighborhood and were so enchanted with the view that they offered to purchase some of the farmer's land, and named a price such as he had never dreamed of securing for it. If the barns had not been burned no one would have made him such an offer. It is not often that an enemy's malicious act brings benefit to his victim, but it is very common for spiritual good to come by way of misfortune. The Christian, indeed has the explicit assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8:28.)

The Society of Friends maintains missions in India, Madagascar, China, Syria, Kaffraria, Mexico and Alaska. The various societies spend about \$70,000 annually in their work.

THE BOOK SHELF

DE SOTO AND THE INCA.*

THE first meeting of the Inca and De Soto was a noble sight, and one which the historian has delighted to describe. On the wide plain beyond Caxamarca stretched the tents of the Indian army—a force numbered by thousands—with the gorgeous pavilion of the Inca in their midst; and here, sheltered by his protecting legions, the Indian ruler awaited the approach of the Spaniard. When within a few paces of the Inca, partly out of respect to the dignity of his presence, and partly to lessen the fears of the attendants, who were unable to emulate the proud indifference of their King at sight of the spirited white horse which the stranger rode, that gallant cavalier dismounted, and advanced to offer his salutations.

In reply to his request that Pizarro be granted an audience, the Inca appointed the next day, and, as De Soto noticed during their conversation that Attahuallapa betrayed some interest in the restless movements of the horse, which had been left in charge of an attendant, he mounted and performed several equestrian feats, greatly to the astonishment and terror of the awed retainers. This over, De Soto retired, bearing the royal message to Pizarro.

It was not until late in the afternoon of November 16th, 1532, that the Inca, with cortege, approached the public square of Caxamarca, the place which had been agreed upon for the meeting. Already the body of armed warriors, drawn up in imposing array, awaited his coming. Attahuallapa, dressed in the gorgeous robes of his office, his handsome head bound in the variegated turban from which hung the scarlet tassel, the insignia of his rank, his pensive features standing out in striking contrast against the glittering palanquin, presented an impressive and suggestive spectacle to the Spaniards.

Friar Vincent, Pizarro's spiritual adviser, and the chief among the missionary band, so-called, now advanced toward the King with upheld crucifix, and in the language of his priestly office exhorted him to embrace the Catholic faith, presenting some of its doctrines, and saying that it was for this that his countrymen had entered the Peruvian territories.

The abruptness and strangeness of the address somewhat surprised Attahuallapa, who, with becoming firmness, refused to relinquish the religion of his fathers, and awaited the further pleasure of his inexplicable guests. Friar Vincent immediately reported his non-success to Pizarro, and, incensed at the proud bearing of the Peruvian encouraged his master to set upon the obstinate unbelievers. The time for action had come. If the opportunity were lost, the Spaniards might be surrounded and annihilated, for their leader well knew that his outrages would, sooner or later, raise rebellion. In a moment the square was a battleground, the Peruvian retainers, filled with consternation, and defenseless, were being hewn down, or attempting to escape the massacre; the bearers of the royal palanquin were giving way before the deadly swords of their assailants, and the Inca was at the mercy of Pizarro and his men. A body of desperate Indians had burst through the stone inclosure of the square and were fleeing toward the distant tents, hotly pursued by a body of horsemen; but their object gained, the troops were recalled and the carnage stopped.

What part De Soto took in this perfidious affair has not been recorded. With the friendly feeling he had for Attahuallapa, it is not probable that he would enter into any conspiracy against him, or that he would countenance such a breach of military honor. If he was a witness of the scene, and made no attempt to prevent it, this is the darkest accusation that can be brought

against him, but his subsequent kindness to the outraged monarch would seem to deny even this.

"MOTHER!—JESUS!"*

In the tenderest terms she bade each farewell, bidding them meet her in heaven, and telling the others to take care of mother, and her father to meet her in heaven; and said to him, "You must, you must! You know how well I love you all, but mother best next to Jesus. You know I love Jesus, and oh, I wonder if it is wrong to think of you so when he is coming to me! I wish he would come right now: I suffer so. I hope—I hope—I hope I'm ready. Yes, I know I am, for I am one of the lambs, and Jesus carries the lambs in his bosom. I hope he will take me right into his arms." Again she said, "I hope I'm pure and fair to enter into heaven. Oh, I hope I'm worthy! I know my sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb."

Her sufferings seemed so great that those who were with her thought she had better not talk, but she replied, "Let me talk while I can, for I shall never see another day break." Presently she said, "I am going easier than I expected. I almost knew I would." Her dearest friend came in, and calling her to her bedside, Fannie said, "I have always loved you so. Do not forget me, and meet me in heaven." She also sent loving messages to her many friends, with love to all and everybody.

Prayer was offered, and when "Amen" was said, she also said "Amen." Turning to those she was leaving, she said, "Kiss me again." Mother, sisters, father, brother, and the few dear friends pressed nearer for a last kiss, and she murmured, "Mother—best of all next to Jesus!"

Presently she said, "Please turn up the light, for it is growing dark;" and a moment later, "The light has gone down." On being told it was still burning, she replied, "The light is all right, but it is still dark, and I know why; but it is all right. I'm not afraid to die. I'm growing cold." Gazing through the darkness, she said, "I can see you all yet;" and each name for the last time lingered lovingly on her lips,—"Mother—best of all next to Jesus." Then as if gazing beyond, "It is all light now. Good-by—good-by. I'm going home—home—home—forever and forever more."

Again her lips moved faintly, but the last word was inaudible, and with perhaps the word "Mother" or "Jesus" she had passed through the darkness beyond the shadow into the light of the blessed.

MOTHERHOOD WISDOM.

To be a mother is the grandest vocation in the world. No other human being has a position of such power and influence. She holds in her hands the destiny of nations; for to her is necessarily committed the making of the nation's citizens.

Fröbel says that we must look to the mothers of a country for that country's welfare, far more than to those who shape its policy and make its laws. And he adds this pregnant declaration, "We must therefore cultivate mothers." All thoughtful students of the great problem of humanity must echo this declaration. The children of the future are crying to the people of the present, "Educate our mothers;" and the

*From *The Prose and Poetical Works of Fannie McEwen* (the foregoing extract is taken from a memoir of the poet). A volume which contains many gems of great beauty, the product of a young life now passed away. Pp. 386; cloth covers; price \$2. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

†From *The Science of Motherhood*, by Mrs. Hannah Whiteall Smith. Pp. 47; board covers; price 35c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

"The Lamp of Life" is a monthly journal devoted to Scriptural exposition; Carefully studied articles on Salvation, Sanctification; New light on Prophecy, of vital importance; British-Israelism; Exposure of Higher Criticism, &c. Of great service to Bible Students. Price, \$1 per year, in advance; ten cts. single copy. Address, Dr. B. O. Kinnear, Ed., 101 W. 74th street, New York.

*From *Headwaters of the Mississippi*, by Captain Willard Glazier, illustrated by True Williams of Chicago. Pp. 527, cloth covers. An entertaining record of history, romance, adventure, discovery and conquest. Rand & McNally, Chicago and New York, Publishers.

ears of this generation are beginning to hear the cry. But with amazement we discover that almost nothing has ever been done to fit mothers for the solemn responsibilities laid upon them. Of all the specialists on earth, the mother brings the poorest training to her immortal task.

Therefore it is that a new science is gradually developing among us, which we may call the Science of Motherhood. Some may shrink from this word "science," and may declare that mothers are made such by the will of God, and cannot be improved by any science. But what is a science? Webster defines it to be "knowledge duly arranged and referred to the general facts and principles upon which it is founded." If there is no science of motherhood in this sense, it is high time there was.

If it is worth the effort of a life-time to lift a fellow creature out of a pit of degradation, how much more worth while must it be to prevent him from falling into the pit. And this work of prevention is, in the highest sense, the mother's privilege. She it is to whom is given the first and the largest opportunity of influencing the man or woman that is to be; hers is the privilege of laying the foundation stones of their future life. To her is intrusted, in a large measure, the working out of God's ideal for each child given to her care; and upon her will it largely depend whether characters shall be rounded out into the fullness of a noble manhood or womanhood, or dwarfed by neglect and deformed by sin. It is a high privilege to be allowed to start in the right path the immortal soul just entering upon its perilous journey; and the mother to whom this privilege is accorded must surely be eager to bring to her work the best wisdom and the clearest knowledge. The science of motherhood means simply the development of this wisdom and knowledge.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Following the *Star*, or the *Story of the Wise Men*, by U. L. Pp. 249; price 90 cents. Published by The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dr. Talmage in New Zealand.

He Discusses Antipodean Experiences and Balaklava on a Bishop's Dining-table—Woman Suffrage Triumphs.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, July 20, 1894.

THE Angels of Night were descending from the evening skies and ascending from the waves of the Pacific and riding down in black chariot of shadow from the mountains of New Zealand as we approached the Harbor of Auckland, and the light-house on the rocks held up its great torch to keep us off the reefs, and to show us the way to safe wharfrage, seeming to say, "Yonder is a path of waves! Ride into peace! Accept the welcome of this Island continent!"

It was half past seven o'clock when the great screw of our steamer ceased to swirl the waters, and the gang plank was lowered and we descended to the firm land, our name called as we heard it spoken by a multitude who were there to greet us. Strange sensation was it ten thousand miles from home to hear our name pronounced by those whose faces we had never seen before, and whose faces could be only dimly seen now by the lanterns on the docks and the lights of our ship, just halted after a long voyage. What made the night more memorable was that I was suddenly informed at eight o'clock I was to lecture in their Hall, and thirty minutes was short time to allow a poor sailor like myself to get physical and mental equipoise, after twenty-one days' pitching. But at eight o'clock I was ready and confronted a throng of people, cordial and genial as any one ever saluted from platform or pulpit.

Never so glad were we to stand on firm land as the night of our arrival at Auckland. Wondrous New Zealand! Few people realize how it was discovered. They tell us of Captain Cook and of Dutch navigators, but all the islands of the South Sea as well as this immense New Zealand were discovered as a result of the effort to watch the transit of Venus over the sun's disc from the South Seas. The Royal Society sent out ships for this purpose, and Captain Cook and the astronomers and botanists who accompanied him on his voyage were only the agents of science. How the interests of this world are linked with the behavior of other worlds, and how the fact mentioned suggests that most of the valuable things known in this world have been found out while looking for something else, and what sublimity all this gives to the work of the explorer, the transit of Venus an island of light, resulting in the transit of many islands from the unknown into the well known. But the prowess of such men can never be fully appreciated. To me and to most people who come here, New Zealand is a splendid surprise. We have all read so much about the superstitions and outrageous cruelty of this land in other times, that we are startled on arriving here to find more churches in New Zealand than in America, in proportion to the number of the population. In one village that I visited since coming here, I find eight churches to a population of three thousand people. There are too many churches in many places in New Zealand and they jostle each other and contend for right of possession, hindering each other, and half-starving many of their ministers as is sure to be the case when there are too many churches and consequently not enough support for every one of them.

Another surprise to me is that female suffrage is in full blast. I found elegant ladies telling of their experience at the ballot box, and I hereby report to the American ladies now moving for the right of female suffrage that New Zealand is clear ahead of them and that the experiment has been made here successfully. Instead of the ballot box degrading woman, woman is here elevating the ballot box, and why in New Zealand or America or anywhere else should man be so afraid to let woman have a vote, as though man himself had made such a grand use of it. Look at the illiterates, and the incompetents who have been elected to office and see how poorly the masculines have exercised the right of suffrage; look at the governments of nine-tenths of the American cities and see what work the ballot box has done in the possession of man. Man at the ballot box is a failure, give woman a chance. I am not clear that governmental affairs will be made any better by the change; but they cannot be any worse. New Zealand has tried it, let England and

America try it. It is often said in America that if women had the right to vote they would not exercise it. For the refutation of that theory I put the fact that in the last election in New Zealand of 100,000 women who registered 90,000 have voted, while of the 193,000 men who registered only 120,000 have voted. This ratio shows that women are more anxious to vote than men. Perhaps woman will yet save politics. I know the charge that she is responsible for the ruin of her race, since she first ate the forbidden fruit in Paradise, but I think there is a chapter in that matter of Edenic fruit not written. I think that Adam when he saw Eve eating that apple asked for a bite and getting it into his possession ate the most of it, and he immediately shook the tree for more apples and has been eating ever since. If woman did first transgress I cannot forget that she introduced into the world the only Being who has ever done much towards saving it. Woman has started for suffrage and she is a determined and persevering creature, and she will keep on until she gets it; she may yet decide the elections in England, and elect Presidents for the United States, as already she is busy in the political affairs of New Zealand. I was surprised also in these regions to find how warmly loyal they are to old England. I had heard that they had become somewhat impatient of their governmental mother. But this is not so. They practically have things their own way, electing their own Parliament, and all Governors sent out from the old country are such men as are agreeable, and the people are required to pay no tax to the British crown, and they are in good humor with the British flag.

Among our most interesting hours in New Zealand were those spent at the Bishop's house in Auckland. Lord Bishop Cowie is a man of marvellous attractiveness, and his home is an enchantment, adorned with many curios which he brought from India when he served as chaplain during that war which interests and appals the world with its tales of mutiny. While chaplain he rode with Sir Colin Campbell and his historical host for the capture of Lucknow, that city whose name will stand in the literature of all ages as the synonym for Sepoy atrocities, and womanly fortitude, and Christian heroics. He told us most graphically how the women waiting for death at Lucknow tore up their underclothes to make bandages for the wounds of the soldiers, and that when at last these women were rescued they appeared in the brilliant dress of the ball-room. These dresses formerly worn by the convivial having been suddenly come upon, and when the wives and daughters of missionaries and Christian merchants had nothing else to wear.

Lord Bishop Cowie also had on his walls pictures of some of the most stirring scenes of the Russian war with which the military friends of the Bishop had been cognizant. Here is a pictured scene where there was no retreat for the English and yet their standing firm seemed certain destruction, and their General cried out, "Men! there is no retreat from this place, you will die here!" and the men replied, "Aye, aye, we are ready to do that!" And yonder another pictured scene of Balaklava after the famous charge of the six hundred, and the Commander said to the few men who had got back from the awful charge, "Men, it was a mad-brained trick," and they replied, "Never mind, General, we would do it again." The Bishop's walls in other places were made interesting by swords, belts, and torn insignia of battle from the fields of India, all the more interesting because we expect in our journey around the world to visit Lucknow and Cawnpore and Delhi and many of the chief places made immortal by the struggle between British valor and Sepoy infamy.

Lamp-troubles are mostly over.

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Pearl-glass and pearl-top chimneys last as a teacup lasts.

And here from the Bishop's own words. I got a satisfactory answer to a question I have asked many times, but for which I never received a satisfactory answer. I said, "your Lordship knew the chief men of Balaklava, and will you please explain to me what I have never been able to find out, and to which Tennyson makes reference in his 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and in that line where he says, 'Some one had blundered.' Do you know and will you tell me exactly what that blunder was?" He said, "I can and will." Then the Bishop illustrated with knives and forks and napkin rings on the dining-table the position of the English guns, the Russian guns and the troops. He demonstrated to me plainly what the military blunder was that caused the dash and havoc of that cavalry regiment whose click of spurs, and clatter of hoofs, and jingle of bits, and spurts of blood you hear in the Poet Laureate's battle hymn. Here was the line of the English guns not very well defended, and yonder was the line of Russian guns backed by the whole Russian Army. The order was given to the cavalry regiment to take care of those English guns and keep them from being taken by the Russians, and the command was, "Take care of those English guns!" But the words were misunderstood and it was supposed that the order was to capture the Russian artillery. Instead of the command, "Take care of those English guns!" it was thought the command was, "Take those Russian guns!" For that ghastly and horrible assault of the impossible, the riders plunged their spurs and headed their horses into certain death. At last I had positive information as to what the blunder at Balaklava was. At Edinburgh, Scotland, years ago I asked one of the soldiers who rode in that charge the same question, but even he a participant in the scenes of that fiery day could not tell me just what the blunder was.

Now I have at last not only told in stirring words of a natural orator and magnetic talker, but on the dining table of the Lord Bishop of Auckland I had it set out before the eye dramatised and demonstrated by the cutlery on the white table cloth; but instead of the steel bayonets, the silver forks of a beautiful repast, and instead of the sharp swords of death, knives for bread-cutting, and instead of the belching guns of destruction, the napkin rings of a hospitality the memory of which shall be bright and fresh as long as I remember this visit to New Zealand.

T. De Witt Talmage

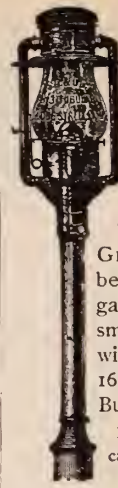


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Ocean Grove's Love Feast.

Over 300 Persons Testify in an Hour Before an Audience of 11,000 People.

ALL previous Gospel gatherings in this country were outdone by the unprecedented assemblage at the closing services of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting. At the early forenoon service on "Camp Meeting Sunday" (Aug. 26), in the great Auditorium, there were over 10,000 persons in the building, and several thousand more around the various entrances. After several short addresses, Rev. Dr. Stokes asked that everyone in the vast audience shake hands. What followed is thus described in the Asbury "Daily Press": "Shake hands with me," said the doctor, extending his hand, and thousands of hands were stretched out toward his. "Have your experiences short," he said; "if you don't, some one will shorten them." Rev. A. E. Ballard was the first to respond. "Lifted from witness of spirit to witness of God Almighty." "I have found the land of beauty," shouted a man from the gallery.

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice On thee my Saviour and my God!" sang the audience.

"He taught me how to live—rejoicing every day!" said an aged lady.

"A converted rabbi for thirty-three years—my salvation is in Christ—praise God for this heavenly Jerusalem come down on earth!" said a converted Jew.

"Glory to God!" "The Lord is with them that fear him!" "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," came from several voices.

"My Saviour came a drunkard save, for he has rescued me," said a fine-looking man in the audience.

"Sixty years ago I started to serve God—fifty-six years ago to preach, and twenty-six years ago was sanctified," declared a happy-looking old colored minister.

"When the roll is called up yonder I'll be here," promised a man with a G. A. R. button on his breast.

A sweet-faced woman—Mr. Burriss, from Washington, D.C.—thrilled the audience with modest testimony, and was followed by Mrs. Bottome of the King's Daughters: "He that liveth and believeth in me shall ever die."

"Where he leads me I will follow," sang a man in the audience, when an avalanche of testimonies poured in. Many were on their feet and a happy confusion prevailed in various parts of the vast hall men and women spoke to those around them.

"Christ keeps me on the road, in the hotels, and at my business," declared a commercial traveler.

"Oh, sing of his mighty love," rang out from choir and congregation.

"He leadeth me," sang a man in the audience, followed by D. L. Anderson of John Wanamaker's Sunday School in the long experience, "A little talk with Jesus."

A missionary from Africa praised God for help in the past, and asked the prayers of the congregation for himself and wife as they went to their distant field.

"I've reached the land of corn and wine" sounded out from the choir; the congregation took up the refrain and in a moment a sea of fluttering handkerchiefs waved in the Chautauqua salute, while a perceptible scent of perfume and cologne filled the building. The chorus was repeated, and again and again the flashing sea of white eaned out.

A quiet fell on the audience as blind Fan- Crosby, the sweet hymn writer rose, Glory to God in the highest—my heart hallelujah!" she said.

"Shake hands," said Dr. Stokes from the platform, and the hand of the blind woman was extended in the direction of the vice. The audience broke out in one of the latest hymns: "In that Happy Land."

"Ceaseless joy, ceaseless thanksgiving!" The present time is the best of my life in Christ!" were uttered experiences. "For thirty-four years I've known the keeping power of Christ," said white-haired Father reet.

"An engineer—pray for the brotherhood Locomotive Engineers," said a stalwart pking man from the gallery.

"August 26th, 1894, saved up to date! alleluiah," replied a business man.

"I was saved from drunkenness—I am asking the people to go with me and vote t the cursed liquor traffic," declared a re-mer.

"For forty years I've been attending

Methodist love feasts! Praise God, they grow better every year!" said a grave-looking old man in measured cadence.

"Saved, saved, glory to God," sang "Gypsy" Smith in his sweet tenor voice, aided in the chorus by the deep-toned alto of Mrs. John G. Wilson.

And so, unconsciously, the time had passed away. Two hundred and ninety-five persons by actual count had spoken, and doubtless some were missed by the reporter.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" AT OCEAN GROVE.

From the Ocean Grove Record.
Dr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of the above paper, has again placed 1 Ocean Grove under large obligations for the editorial and pictorial prominence given in his widely popular paper to this place. The HERALD never does a thing of this kind by halves. Under the most generous and liberal control, it leads the press of modern times in munificence. Accompanying magnificent illustrations, we find a concise yet comprehensive sketch of Ocean Grove in its organization, peculiar character, Silver Anniversary the present season, and especially the building of the greatest auditorium in Christendom and its dedication free of debt. It is very highly appreciated by every recipient, and will be carried to thousands of homes as a beautiful souvenir of the season and place.

From the Ocean Grove Times.
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contains fine cuts of the Auditorium with pictures of Drs. Stokes and Hanlon, and also a full and interesting description of the dedicatory services, and other matter of interest. Copies of this edition will no doubt attract a great deal of attention.

The Gospel in Syria.

Good Work of American Missionaries in the Ancient City of Sidon—Native Christians Multiplying.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

FROM a city standing on the shore of the Mediterranean, in the centre of the great highway of ancient commerce, from Sidon, the ancient city, I write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, telling our sincere Christian brothers in the West about our present state and what the Gospel is doing here. The present Sidon may hardly be called a city, with not more than 12,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are Mohammedans and the remaining fourth Christians who are greatly oppressed. Despite many difficulties, they build churches and establish schools. Tyranny, like a monstrous millstone, rests upon and compresses the energies of the Oriental Christians and they are all but annihilated by the stern rule of the Turks.

Zealous American missionaries came to this city about forty years ago, and since that time they have been distributing religious books and inspiring a taste for reading and inquiry, not only in the city but in many of the neighboring towns and villages. It is gratifying to know that their work is not in vain. The Bible is now spread nearly over all Syria, and thousands of the people who once never thought of possessing it, now read it regularly. Two of our devoted missionaries, Rev. W. R. Eddy and Rev. G. A. Ford, know the Arabic language well and the work they are doing is astonishing. They are not satisfied to labor in the city only but are doing itinerant work by journeys over a wide district in the country. They have about twenty different stations outside and in each there is a church with a native preacher, and a school with a native teacher.

Mohammedans are very ignorant here. They have no high schools, no learned people among them to elevate them and take away their ignorance. Nearly everywhere in Syria, Mohammedans are not permitted to let their children go into Christian schools. Many of them know nothing about Christianity and those who do know anything of it are the rich and officers of the government, who chose worldly wealth and honor rather than the privilege of being members of Christ's church.

Our American missionaries have organized two boarding schools in Sidon, one for

A New Cure for Asthma
Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 116 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

In hot weather the blood is liable to become impure, and boils, pimples and hives appear. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes and keeps the blood pure. In this way Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all such eruptions

the boys, the other for the girls. The students come from all parts of Syria, and after being through, go back into the country to teach and preach the Gospel everywhere. The number of pupils in the Academy this year is seventy, with six native teachers. The Girls' Seminary has about forty with six female native teachers, three American ladies and a native teacher, Mr. David Curban, a graduate of the S. P. College. From these two schools a good number of graduates every year go out in the country to fulfil the command of the Master. We have a great hope that the work of true Christians in Syria may be extended and greatly blessed if carried on in absolute dependence on God. AMUN YUSUF.
American Academy, Sidon, Syria. April 15.

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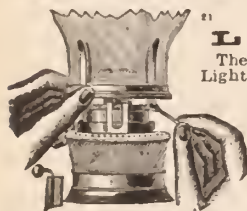
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 37.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Office, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

MONT LAWN'S RED-LETTER DAY.

The Arrival of the One Thousandth Child at our Children's Home—Lillie S., a Typical "Cherry Hill" Gamin and Her Touching Story—Grateful Letters from Parents.

THERE was a breeze of excitement among the hundred and thirty or more youngsters at Mont Lawn last week, indicating that something of unusual importance was about to happen. Our little folks, whose numbers of late have run far up into the

hundreds, were watching for the advent of one whom they spoke of in whispers as "Number 1,000." Many the surmises indulged in. Would 1,000 be a boy? Of course, all the little fellows said so; why, it could never be a girl! Would he be a tall boy, and would he take the lead in their sports over the lawn, and their berrying parties through the woods, and in the bathing and swimming down in the Hudson? And so, by common consent, the children prepared in their juvenile way a royal welcome for Number 1,000 who was yet to come. Meanwhile, the missionaries who assist House-mother Faulhaber in the conduct of the Home, entered heartily into the matter, and kept close tally of the children, watching for the mysterious stranger whose arrival should round out the thousand.

Number 1,000 was found in New York on Saturday, and proved to be a little girl—a typical child of the streets, such as cannot be found anywhere else on this continent, save in the great metropolis itself. She was in charge of Miss M. A. Delany, a mission worker connected with the Catherine Street Mission. The little one's name is Lillie S., and she belongs to Cherry street, where she was born, of American parents, who were born in the same neighborhood. Lillie's parents, it need hardly be said, were delighted to have the little one spend ten days at Mont Lawn, and the mother looked especially grateful. The house in which they live is one of the most tumble-down rookeries in the Cherry Hill district, and is the very picture of utter dilapidation.

When Lillie came to us, her sad little features lighted up and her eyes danced in gleeful expectation of the good time she expected to have with the other children at Mont Lawn. But what did she know about Mont Lawn, this slip of a child, whose bare feet had never pressed the grass; whose only glimpses of trees or flowers had been those stunted specimens seen in the purlieus of the city; who had never known the pleasures of a free romp in a green field, and who could not tell a cow from a sheep? Outside of the dingy, dilapidated tenement in which she lived,

her whole world had been bounded by the curb stone, and her playground had been a narrow, gloomy alley on Cherry street, where two children could hardly stand abreast. She had often heard the roar of the Elevated road; but until the kind missionary took her up to the Bible House, she had never yet ridden on the Elevated. The country and all its charms were to

said softly, in answer to a question. "We lives on the foist floor in der rear, and me 'n' der others plays on der side-walk. Yes, I'm ten going 'leven (she looks about eight), and I'm de oldest livin'. There's Georgie—he's two, and there's me sister Maggie—she's eight, 'sides me; an' (this with childish sigh that was peculiarly touching) der was 'leven in the family, but six be dead!"

Six dead! And this child of ten the oldest of the living! As she stood there, with her poor little tattered skirt, with the undergarments peeping out through the big rents, and with bare feet whose toes show-

which the great city consumes ere they reach manhood and womanhood. Yet there was something sweet and attractive about this child: her dark-brown eyes reflected truthfulness, and the whole face, in spite of the tangled hair and the rags, was not unattractive.

"No," continued Number 1,000, "we never goes to church. I never was inside one, 'n I never went to Sunday School until dis lady," indicating Miss Delany, "tuk me to the Catherine Street Mission, little 'wile ago. I goes dis way barefoot all summer."

When Number 1,000 was taken with the other children on board the steamer,

"Chrystenah," the fact that somebody of consequence was in the party soon leaked out, and Lillie was surrounded by the other children who kept up a constant chattering until the Nyack dock was reached. Then came the lovely drive up through the Rockland road to the Home—twenty minutes' smooth riding through a beautiful pastoral country. At last the Home was reached, and a delegation of youngsters poured out into the roadway to meet THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wagonette.

"Have you got him? Has he come? Oh, missionary, where is he?" cried the children. Even the horses, used to being surrounded and petted by our young folks, kept their eyes wide open during this scene, as if they, too, took an interest in the new arrival.

"Yes, he has come," said the missionary, and suiting the action to the word, she handed Lillie, all smiles and radiant with happiness, out into the middle of the road, "and there he is."

A dozen of the bigger girls crowded around and said, "Oh, its a girl! its a girl!" and the boys drew back in momentary chagrin. But the sulks do not last long at Mont Lawn, and soon the hundred odd children were calling aloud in welcome to Number 1,000. She was cheered and greeted and patted and petted: some gave her apples and pears, and one wee fellow who stood looking with wide-open eyes, lispingly remarked: "I tought it might be a boy."

During the week, Lillie was the child heroine of the Home—if such a shrinking, timid little creature can be called by so dignified a title. A great wave of sunshine had entered into the life of the wee, barefoot, ragged girl from Cherry Hill. Clad in a nice, clean, well-fitting frock, a snowy apron, and with the added luxury of shoes and stockings, she entered into the pleasures of the other children with a strange eagerness born of unacquaintance. Everything was strange and new:

the singing of the birds by day and the ceaseless hum of insect-life in the woods atter nightfall; the drives, the romps across the meadows, or the games on the lawn where they played "ring-a-rosy" around the Lib-

(Continued on page 589.)



"LITTLE NUMBER 1,000!"

LILLIE S., OF "CHERRY HILL," THE THOUSANDTH GUEST AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME.

(Photographed specially for "The Christian Herald.")

her a mystery, and something which her imagination could not seem to comprehend. "I doesn't have no place to play in," she

ed the marks of many days' trudging over hot, stony side-walks, she seemed to be a true type of those thousands of children



COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Judges 12: 6, "Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."



Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a say "shibboleth" always left out the sound brogue of their own, and when they tried to of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The Church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the Church proposed to make people think right by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox, but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, nor make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's

conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After a while the printing-press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion, there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error. The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by sceptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding-place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizens' apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, pretends by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitfield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am too bring-

ing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, it thou will not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and, looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole life bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots ten years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head, and wants other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long-drawn aisle, and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often the child of ignorance.

You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travellers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveller came, and said "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth,

over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist Church must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the Church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of fire-arms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no! you will say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; there is so much sharp shooting on the narrow road I guess I'll try the broad road!"

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said that if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition! how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the Bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay!

I go out sometimes in the summer, and find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest," and another beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive!" So I come out between the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says, "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say, "g-

where you get the most honey." That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has Intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship," and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did Intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it the faster it marched.

What did Intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church it would not have to-day a disciple left. The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were imprisoned, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has Intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed twenty-five thousand churches and three million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree rather than those in which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A

man comes up on this side of the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side of the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Do you trust him for time and for eternity?" He says: "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes," I say. "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our

respect. So come on, ye hundred thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye five hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye million Baptists, and ye two million Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest: for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help. Forward, the whole line! In the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might forcefully illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place about twenty years ago. One Monday morning at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer "Atlantic" crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a life-boat, and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across

the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that night when the "Atlantic" struck Mars Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints, and in life everlasting. Amen!"

JAPAN AND HER IDOLS.

Idolatry is gradually relaxing its hold on Japan, where it has flourished for many centuries. On this page, we are privileged, through the kindness of Rev. Satori Kato, an independent Christian

Railroads in Palestine.

The Land of the Bible being Opened Up by Modern Enterprise.

ALL the world is aware by this time that a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been in active operation for now more than a year, whose engines were manufactured in the United States of America. The Jaffa depot is close to the German colony; and the line, after passing Ramleh and Lydda, takes a circling southward course to the Judean mountains, issuing past Bittir, and running near Bethlehem, terminating at another German colony to the southwest of the walls of Jerusalem, at a quarter of an hour's walk from the Jaffa gate of the city. But all the world may not know that another line of railroad is now in rapid construction by an English Company from the maritime termini of Haifa and Akka, or Acco, across the plain of Esdraelon and the valley of Jezreel, to the famous city of Damascus. A French Company is said to be working a road from Beyrout, near the ruins of Baalbek, also to Damascus.

Thus the land of the Book, the land of the Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs, the cradle of the Bible and of Christianity, is being opened up by the iron road to pilgrims and tourists, who take pleasure in her stones, and to commerce and European civilization; and this at the very time when the rightful heirs to the land are returning in thousands to their patrimony, and the "latter rain," so long withheld, and so indispensable to agricultural prosperity, is returning also in regularity and copiousness.

Did the prophets know anything, or predict anything, of railroads? I decidedly incline to maintain that Isaiah did, and foretold these very railroads in chapters 35: 8; 10: 23; 11: 16; 62: 10. His "Maslul and Mesilla,"—literally "cast up, embanked roads,"—are, I believe, railroads. The correct translation of 35: 8 is, "And there shall be there an embanked (cast up) road, and a road,"—thereby intimating an unusual road—"and the road to the Holy (city or place) it shall be called." Jerusalem's name in Arabic and other eastern tongues is simply "the Holy," and the prophet tells us how this road shall be called—"Derech Hakodesh"—Arabic, "Trek Elkhods"—the very name now heard in the streets of Jaffa and Jerusalem! He says even stupid people shall not lose their way in that kind of double road; and that there would be no need to quarry stones for it, but simply "to gather them," 62: 10. He knew they would be plentiful on the surface of the ground.

From Jaffa to the Judean range are the plains of Philistia and Sharon, liable to inundation by the winter rains. So the prophet foresaw that it would have to be an embanked road. As a matter of fact, the company began by making a slight embankment for the railroad, which the first winter rains washed away, and it had to be reconstructed more solidly and higher.

In chapter 10: 23 the Prophet predicts prolongations of the Palestine lines to Egypt, and Assyria; and I hear from Jerusalem that the prolongation of the line to Gaza, and down to Egypt, is to be commenced soon.

The "Kirkaroth" of Isaiah 66: 20—swift, rolling vehicles—not swift beasts, nor dromedaries—may be the future electric cars of Palestine; while the "fiery peladoth" is riding," if Nahum 2: 3, may represent some new invention of aerial locomotion.

The "Salt Sea," not "Dead," is now navigated by sailing vessels! They are employed in picking up bitumen from the surface of the water on account of the Sultan, to be followed, doubtless soon, by steam launches, rendering it possible to visit the highlands of Moab in a few hours!

Everybody thinks we are on the eve of great events that will eclipse past history, and none will be greater than those now looming on the horizon of the Holy Land. The great Eastern Question has its centre there—in the city of the Great King.

A. BEN OLIEL.
Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 23, '94.



THE GOD OF THE FISHERMEN.



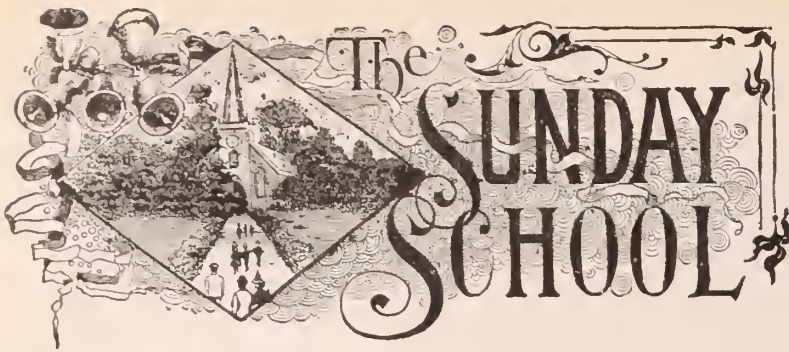
BUDDHA IN CONTEMPLATION.



THE GOD OF GOOD FORTUNE OR WEALTH.

SOME NATIVE GODS OF JAPAN.

Photographed direct from the idols furnished by Rev. Satori Kato to "The Christian Herald."



CHRIST'S PEACEFUL REIGN.*

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 23. Isa. 11: 1-9. Golden Text, Isa. 11: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THEY shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." The Lord has said it, and it will surely come to pass. But when, and by what means? This is the burning question for the children of God in these last days of a dying dispensation. The word "And," in the beginning of our chapter, connects it with what has gone before. The Lord has been speaking, through his prophet, of

"A Remnant."

Israel, as a nation, had failed to understand, and to carry out the purposes of God. Before the law was given on Mount Sinai he had said to his people, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation" (Ex. 19: 4-6); and again (Deut. 7: 6): "Thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth." But Israel had failed; they had desired a king that they might "be like the nations," they had adopted the gods and the customs of the heathen; and the dividing line between them and the nations was broken down: they failed to be God's witnesses.

But God's purpose, once formed, is unalterable. The failure of man cannot change it. In the beginning God made man in his likeness, after his image. He has never abandoned his purpose to make man like God, and to have a people upon earth who should "show forth the praises [or virtues] of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light." If the people of Israel, as a nation, did not understand, there was a remnant who did understand, of which we read (Isa. 10: 20-23): "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and such as are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no more again stay upon him that smote them; but shall stay upon the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, in truth. The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God. For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the seas, yet a remnant of them shall return." The Apostle Paul quotes these words thus: "Isaiah crieth concerning Israel, If the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, it is the remnant that shall be saved: for the Lord will execute his Word upon the earth, finishing it and cutting it short." All through time God's purposes must stand: they do not depend on the faithfulness of man. He seeks to unite man with him in his purpose; but if one generation fails him, he can call another, or where, as in the case of Israel, a people fail him, he can call a remnant out of this people, who will respond to him.

This principle of God's working is of the last importance to his people now upon the earth. Since the Jews, as a nation, rejected Christ, God has visited the Gentiles "to take out of them a people for his name," i.e., for his character. The Church of Christ, composed of converted people of all churches, denominations, and nations, in these times of the Gentiles, has miserably failed of her high calling, to be "a people for his name." Other names, their own

* The International Committee give the option of two lessons for Sept. 23: 11: 1-9, or Daniel's abstinence, Daniel 1: 1-20. Golden Text, Daniel 1: 8.

name, their denominational name—another character,—the character of the age in which they live have been far more manifest in the Church than the names and character of Christ; and he must withdraw from his people to a remnant again: from "the Churches" (Rev. 2: 2, 3) to "the overcomers in the same chapter that his purpose may be accomplished and that he may be free to carry out, and to fulfil this glorious promise: "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Christians pray for the blessed time to come as though God were tardy. "God is 'not slack concerning his promise, but he is waiting for the co-operation of his people. Before the world can know that God has sent his Son, those whom the Father has given him must be one. "As thou, Father, art in Me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are One: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one [perfected into one, R.V.]; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou has loved me." It is not our God who delays the world's conversion: it is that those whom he has given to his Son, have not fully yielded to his work upon them, in making of them, together, "one perfect man" made out of many members. The whole creation is waiting for this time of blessing mentioned in our text; but, in order that it should come about, there must be "the manifestation of the sons of God," for which the creation waits: the Bride of Christ must make herself ready. It is not God who keeps the world waiting for blessing. It is "the remnant," or the overcomers, who in this day take their place, that are

Keeping God Waiting;

and keeping the world waiting for the future time of blessing. God never cast away his people whom he foreknew; but there is, at this present time, a remnant according to the election of grace." What Israel seeketh for, that he obtained not, "but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." It is just the same now: A few have seen "the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," but the Church, as a whole, is hardened against that true, practical holiness of life by which the Bride shall make herself ready. But we are living in a critical hour: "A hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved." (R.V.) The movement among the Jews in our day which attracts so much notice among the nations upon earth; their power influence and riches, their persecutions, the awakening among them to assert again their nationality; the many changes in Palestine itself, all goes to show us that "the times of the Gentiles" are almost run out. What then is our position? Paul would have us know concerning the Jews that "as touching the Gospel, they are enemies for your sake," or "through their fall salvation is come to the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy." "But as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sake. For the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance. For as ye in times past were disobedient to God, but now have obtained mercy by their disobedience, even so have these also now been disobedient, that by the mercy shown to you they also may now obtain mercy." It is a wondrous and stirring truth that as soon as God's purpose is accomplished fully to gather out from among the nations a people for his name, a Bride who has made herself ready, as soon as the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left, then blessing will come upon the sleeping church, and through the church upon Is-

rael; and after the times of Antichrist, through Israel, blessing will come upon the world, and the peaceful reign of Christ will be ushered in.

It is in connection with the remnant that Isaiah prophesies: "And there shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick 'scent' [margin] in the fear of the Lord." Then follows the description of his reign as though, immediately upon his appearance, this wondrous time of peace and prosperity, this complete cancelling of the physical consequences of the fall, should take place. Righteousness also should prosper and the enmity between the beasts of prey and the domestic animals should be done away.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



A BABYLONIAN SCULPTURE.

their diet by Daniel and his three companions in captivity. Critics from the time of Porphyry to the present day have made the book of Daniel an object of attack. Whatever is the view taken of the dispute as to the date and authorship of the book, there can be no question of the beauty and inspiring quality of the historical facts therein set down. The one recorded in the verses selected for the lesson is especially notable. Its picture of Daniel, a prisoner of war, an exile, and an ardent worshipper of the true God, pleading for and at last obtaining permission to abstain from the delicacies and wines provided from the royal table, is very impressive. The circumstances detailed imply that Daniel was at the time a youth about seventeen years old, of princely if not royal blood, who had been singled out by the great king of Babylon, from among the prisoners to be educated and trained for high office. Such a distinction would develop pride and vanity in ordinary boys, and lead them to not only abjure their nationality, but their religious principles. There would naturally be a strong temptation to become a Babylonian in manner and in religion. Daniel is represented as overcoming the temptation and remaining true to his God. The apparent way to advancement to influence and power would be docility and at least an outward acceptance of Babylonian religion, yet at the outset Daniel is described as resisting, and proving by a practical test that he was right in resisting, the regulations of the palace. This, too, in a matter in which a young man's resistance would be least expected. The rich viands and choice wines would be eagerly enjoyed by many young men. But Daniel was no epicure, and he refused them. His action was justified by the mental as well as physical results. Not only were he and his companions superior "in matters of wisdom and understanding," but were "fairer and fatter in flesh" than those who had lived on the royal dainties.

Daniel purposed in his heart. All good and evil purposes start there. The philosopher-king never said a truer word than when he declared, "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Ruskin insists in reference to painters, that "a person false at heart may, when it suits his purpose, seize a stray truth here or there; but the relations of truth, its perfectness, that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. As wholeness and wholesomeness go together, so also sight with sincerity. It is only the constant desire of and submissiveness to truth which can mark its infinite aspects, and fit them and knit them into the strength of sacred invention."

Their countenances appeared fairer. There

is no greater mistake than to think that intoxicating liquor is good for the physical health or for the mind. The temporary exhilaration produced by a few glasses of wine soon passes away, and even under their influence, a man's high spirits generally are so evidently artificial as to bring him into contempt; while the puffed and bloated and inflamed countenance of the habitual inebriate provokes the derision of everyone. A broker returning to his office after a lunch with a client in which a good deal of wine had been drunk, remarked complacently to a visitor, "The world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." The visitor looked at him significantly and replied, "Yes, sir, and he looks different to the world."

Prove thy servants ten days. Daniel asked to be allowed to live on pulse and water. It is not certain what pulse was, but its name implies that it was a preparation of vegetables, peas, barley or seeds. This, and only water to drink, formed the diet which the four young men had, and on which they thrived so well that, at the end of ten days, they looked better than those who had eaten the king's meat and drunk the king's wines. Some people are not content to make even a ten days' experience of the kind, but go on drinking for years until constitution and character are both ruined. Dr. Lobb tells the story of a man who stood at a bar pleading for a glass of liquor. The bartender refused him, having been warned not to sell him any. He tried to bribe the man to supply him, but the bartender was firm. "You have had delirium tremens," he said, "and I dare not sell to you." The man was angry, and he stepped aside sullenly to make room for two young men who gave their order and received their drink without demur. The first man was annoyed, and he said to the bartender, "You would do less harm by giving me the liquor than giving it to them. I am ruined body and soul, and it can make no difference to me now, how much I drink; but those young men will be ruined by it as I have been. When I was their age you sold me liquor freely enough. Now, after I have been drinking for years, you refuse me and you ruin someone else." Then, turning to the young men, he said, "Keep on as you are doing and in a few years you will be like me."

Wisdom and understanding. Both were needed in the man who was to occupy the high position for which Daniel was destined. His attitude as to the wine was one proof of his possessing them. Statesmen do not appear to realize how the country is impoverished by the drinking habit. No only is money wasted in the cost of the liquor, but in the extra number of prison jailers, policemen and others, required owing to the wicked things men do when they are drunk. A few years ago in a box of treasures imported from Europe, some grasses were used as packing to keep the delicate glass from being broken. Attached to the grass were some germs of a destructive moth, which destroys trees and plants. They came to life and have multiplied enormously. A Boston journal says that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has already spent \$205,000 in efforts to exterminate it, and the latest request for an appropriation for the purpose called for over \$100,000 more. But the losses caused by the ravages of the moth which they are striving so hard to destroy are small compared with the losses caused by intoxicating liquor.

Therefore stood they before the king. This is to say they were trusted officers of the court, men who could be relied on. A historian of the war says that at Gen. Grant headquarters one evening, a number of officers were assembled in council. After the business, others joined them and a social glass was proposed. Only one declined giving as his reason that he "never drank." The evening passed and each went to his respective duty. A few days afterward the officer who declined a drink, received a note from Gen. Grant asking him to call upon him. When he appeared, Grant reminded him of his saying that he never drank and asked him if that was true. The officer replied that it was, he was on principle a total abstainer. Gen. Grant said that he wanted a man of those principles to take charge of the Commissary Department and pointed him on the spot. He served in that capacity through the war and afterward when Grant became President, the officer who never drank was again in request. I had earned in the army the reputation of a man who could be relied upon, and such men are needed in all kinds of public business.

THOUSANDS HOMELESS AND HELPLESS!

THE PITIFUL CONDITION OF THE SUFFERERS BY THE GREAT CONSTANTINOPLE EARTHQUAKE.

One of the Worst European Calamities in Many Years—An Overwhelming Disaster that has Brought Suffering Upon Moslem and Christian Alike—Hon. A. S. Hewitt's Eloquent Plea for Help from America—Minister Terrell's Telegram.



EW disasters in recent years have been productive of such widespread and poignant suffering among thousands of people of all ages and conditions, as the series of great earthquakes

where dwellings and shops had fallen, numbers of dead were taken out, some being mangled beyond recognition. Up to the present time no accurate estimate of the number of lives sacrificed in Constantinople has been made, but it is known to be very large and the number of those injured is much greater. At the present moment, there are thousands of persons in that city homeless and unsheltered, living out in the open fields, with insufficient clothing and food. The Sultan has assisted, to the full extent of his power, in helping these cases; but so widespread is the suffering in Constantinople and many of the surrounding

from abroad, if the misery and want are to be seriously relieved."

Ex-Mayor A. S. Hewitt, writing from accurate information as to the condition of affairs, gives this moving picture of the situation in the capital:

"The older portion of Constantinople is practically in ruins. The bazaars, which are really only covered streets, are, with their priceless contents, overthrown and destroyed. The loss of life has been very great, and the remaining population are living in tents and such temporary shelters as can be provided, while business has ceased and the ordinary avenues of employment are closed. The suffering is intense, and the resources of the government, being small at the best, are entirely inadequate to meet the demand for succor and relief from starvation. Women and children are suffering from hunger, and if assistance be not promptly furnished, famine and pestilence are certain to follow."

Not only in Constantinople itself, but in the suburbs, as already stated, the devasta-

buried in the ruins.

At Broussa, Smyrna, Tchatalja, Balikesar, Panderna, Karahissar, Sahib, Ghemlek, Sandikli, Biledjick, Lefke, Iregheut, Moudania, Krenastli, Trilla and other places, the soil was shaken and the greatest terror was inspired among the inhabitants. In many of the districts in the outskirts of Constantinople the earthquake did much damage, not a village being spared. Khans were demolished, walls thrown down, churches, convents, shops and dwellings ruined, mosques and minarets cracked, and traffic wholly stopped. Several were killed at Pera and a number injured; at Ederne-Kapou, a number perished, at Fatnieh, seventeen are known to have been killed and sixteen injured and at a nearby village twelve were seriously injured by collapsing walls. Ten were killed at Toulou on the Gulf of Ismid. In the region of Stamboul alone there were one hundred and thirty deaths. It is not known how many died in the ruins at Yakadjik and Yalova, twenty-five are known to have lost their lives at Ada-Bazar, twelve at Halki, several at Pendik, three at Pancaldi and four at Hasskeni. At all of these places and many others the suffering among the survivors is extreme and but little can be done to relieve them. Tents, loaves of bread and physicians were promptly forwarded by the government to the scenes of the greatest suffering. Already several of the European governments have taken action looking to a popular movement for aiding the sufferers in Turkey. Americans recall the fact that when the news of the Johnstown calamity reached the Old World, American travelers met and organized, in order to provide relief for the sufferers and the first substantial subscription came from the Sultan of Turkey.

Indifference, when questions of human sympathy with suffering are concerned, is not a characteristic of the American nation. This has been strikingly demonstrated by the splendid aid it rendered to Russia two years ago, when the "Leo" and other vessels were sent laden with food for the starving peasants, and by the promptness with which it showed its readiness to respond to the call of Korea for help—which fortunately proved unnecessary. Had the facts been accessible earlier with regard to the present Turkish calamity, we believe that ere now a relief movement would have been under way, and that Americans would have shown that they had not forgotten how to be grateful to the Sultan, for his prompt sympathy for the sufferers in the Conemaugh valley several years ago.

The same humane, Christian spirit which has inspired the generosity of Americans in the past, will prompt them now to extend a helping hand to the Turkish sufferers, regardless of race or creed. Relief organizations are already at work in London and Paris, but the need is so great and the cause so urgent that American aid will be gladly welcomed and all the more if rendered speedily.

It need not on this occasion be sent in the form of food cargoes, as was the case with Russia and Ireland, and as would have been the case with Korea, had her condition been such as to require aid. We are advised that the best way in which the Constantinople earthquake sufferers can be aided is by sending any moneys that may be contributed direct to the American Minister in Constantinople, he to superintend the distribution of the same, in conjunction with the Ottoman authorities. Every contribution, no matter how small, sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this purpose, will be duly acknowledged in these columns, and such amounts will be promptly forwarded to U. S. Minister Terrell at Constantinople.

which recently laid the older portion of Constantinople in ruins. Until within a few days ago, the details of this calamity, in one of the oldest and greatest of European cities, were not known in this country, the cable accounts having been comparatively meagre. It is now known, however, that the extent of the earthquake was far greater than previously supposed, and that its disastrous effects have been such as to temporarily paralyze the Ottoman government in its efforts to extend relief to the victims.

It is impossible to draw too realistic a picture of the suffering that has been inflicted on thousands—Moslems and Christians alike—in the Turkish capital, and unless adequate relief be extended, the condition must soon become even worse than at present. In response to a cablegram of inquiry from the proprietor of this journal, the United States Minister in Constantinople has telegraphed as follows:

"CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York. Condition does warrant relief. All European Governments have contributed. The Sultan gave generously during Johnstown disaster and Christian America should reciprocate. TERRELL."

Reading for the first time the story of this series of tremendous natural convulsions, which laid thousands of dwellings in ruins, one is forcibly reminded of the vivid narratives of the ancient historians, describing the engulfment of Antioch, the swallowing up of the old Roman cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the awful Lisbon disaster. Such calamities transcend the power of the pen to describe. No writer has thus far been able to do justice to the fearful scenes that took place in Constantinople in July 10th and 11th last, when four distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in every street, shaking and rocking the ancient city to its very foundation. Hundreds of houses in Stamboul and the suburbs were completely wrecked, especially in the older quarters of Uzuntecharchi and Yenidjani. The grand bazaar, well known and beloved of all European and American visitors to Constantinople, as the most wonderfully picturesque agglomeration of marts in the world, was almost totally ruined, and where formerly were piles of glistening fabrics, rich silks, laces, carpets and jewelry, all is now desolation and debris. Scores of shops were involved in the wreck, the swaying earth, like a very sea, toppling over every building that stood in the path of its waves.

But the saddest part of the picture lay not in the shattering of buildings and the ruin of merchandise, but in the loss of life and the tremendous amount of human misery that has been entailed on the survivors. In one quarter in the grand bazaar, 134 dead bodies were taken out of the ruins on the first day. In other parts of the city



THE GREAT CONSTANTINOPLE EARTHQUAKES—SCENES IN THE RUINED DISTRICTS.
1. A Wrecked Street. 2. Ruins of the Grand Bazaar. 3. Destitute Earthquake Sufferers Camping Out-Doors.

villages, that the relief measures are entirely inadequate, and there are no funds available for so great a crisis.

The Sultan, in order to allay the panic, forbade publication of the detailed accounts, but from other sources it is learned that the destruction of life and property has been in excess of the first hasty estimates. Admiral Woods Pasha, in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, says: "There are many thousands of people sleeping out on the bare ground, their homes having been completely destroyed, and many of them lacking the necessities of life. Here at Constantinople the material loss and moral effects have been bad enough, but away across the Marmora, and up towards Angora the devastation is terrible. The town of Ada-Bazar is in ruins, and many villages between there and Ismid are level with the ground. Such is also the case with the outlying villages to the southward of Constantinople, and along the northern shore of the Marmora. The Sultan is doing all he possibly can in the way of providing tents and rations, but it is necessary that these efforts should be supplemented by all possible aid

tion has been widespread, and the consequent destitution appalling. The factory at Djoubali was greatly damaged, and other houses collapsed, several people being killed. The earthquake was felt with especial severity at Princes Isle in the Sea of Marmora. At Prinkipo, the chief town, and a favorite resort of the citizens of Constantinople, the Greek Orthodox Church and a large number of elegant villas and country residences were destroyed or seriously damaged, including some houses belonging to British residents. Houses also fell in at Mizzi, where four people were killed. On the island of Halki nearly all of the houses have been rendered uninhabitable. A portion of the Great Ottoman Naval College also collapsed, six students being killed and several injured. On the island of Antigoni not a house was left intact. At Pera four houses fell in, and many were damaged, the number of victims being five. At Galata the death-roll amounted to ten, including several women and children. The houses and shops in this quarter suffered severely. At the village of St. Stefanos five women and a Greek family of six persons were

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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KOREA HEARD FROM.

AFTER considerable delay, occasioned, doubtless, by the interruption to cable service caused by the war, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a reply to its message to United States Minister Sill, our Government's representative in Korea. It is brief and to the point, being as follows:

"FUSAN, Korea.

By Post from Seoul.

"CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

"No famine prevails in Korea."

(Signed), SILL.

This is the first direct and authoritative news of the real condition of affairs in Korea that has reached this country, and is a complete contradiction of the famine rumors that were circulated through the Korean Legation in Washington several weeks ago. It furnishes ample justification for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S delay in entering upon any relief movement, until reliable intelligence could be received from Korea.

As announced in last week's issue, all contributions sent to this office for the purpose of extending aid to Korea will now be refunded to the senders, unless they expressly desire them to be devoted to other purposes of a like nature. We respectfully ask those contributors who sent their gifts anonymously to forward their names and addresses, with such other information as will enable us to identify and return their contributions.

WHEN TO STOP.

THERE is occasional discussion in the papers as to how long or short sermons and prayers ought to be. Some say a discourse ought to last thirty minutes, and others forty, and others an hour; and prayers should be three minutes long, or five, or fifteen. You might as well discuss how long a frock-coat ought to be, or how many ounces of food a man ought to eat. In the one case, everything depends upon the man's size; in the other, everything on the capacity of his stomach. A sermon or a prayer ought to go on as long as it is of any profit. If it is doing no good the sermon is half an hour too long though it take only thirty minutes. If the audience cough and fidget, or shuffle their feet, you had better stop praying. There is no excuse for a man's talking or praying too long if he have good eyesight and hearing. But suppose a man have his sermon written and before him. You say he must go through with it. Oh, no! Let him skip a few leaves. Better sacrifice three or four sheets of sermon paper than sacrifice the interest of your hearers.

But it is a silly thing for a man in a prayer-meeting or pulpit to stop merely because a certain number of minutes have

expired, if attention be deepening: absurd as a hunter on track of a roebuck, and within two minutes of bringing down its antlers, stopping because his wife said that at six o'clock precisely, he must be home to supper. Keep on hunting for souls till your ammunition gives out. Still we must all admit that the danger is on the side of prolixity. The most interesting prayers we ever hear are by new converts, who say everything they have to say and break down in one minute. There are men who, from the way they begin their supplications, indicate a long siege. They first pray you into a good frame, and then they pray you out. They take literally what Paul meant to be figurative, "Pray without ceasing."

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

THERE are now in the United States nearly forty agricultural colleges. They are doing much for the science of farming. May all prosperity attend them! We think, however, that men seldom get to be practical farmers through such institutions. The students there have so delicate a time that they will not feel much like going out into the teeth of the northwest wind to sow winter grain, or drag logs through the snow with the thermometer five degrees below zero. We think that the most successful farmers are those who in boyhood rise at early daybreak, milk the cows and drive them out to pasture, eat a chunk of salt pork, and get off to the fields before city people have come to their last morning dream.

Many of the best farmers in the best farming regions of the world never heard of an agricultural college. The practical part of the science of agriculture must be dug up by two brawny hands out of the middle of a corn field. Those make the successful farmers who come in the regular line of succession. Their father tilled the soil, and their grandfather and their great grandfather, who went from the plough to Lexington and back again from Lexington to the plough. Many a man puts down his gilt-edged book on phosphate and subsoiling, puts on his gloves, takes a jack-knife, and goes out to trim his grape-vines, trimming them in the wrong place, and is under the delusion that he is a farmer. That does very well if you have inherited or first made your fortune, and have an income of twelve thousand dollars a year, and you can afford to lose six thousand of it annually in experimenting with cows and chickens and unheard-of rotation of crops. But if we wanted our boy to come out an agricultural success, we would put him when very young in the furrow and tell him to go ahead till he comes to the hay-stack, then turn round the hay-stack and go back to the furrow.

By all means, through agricultural colleges, keep up the science of farming; but let none suppose that you can keep your soft hands and untanned cheek and fastidious tastes, and yet be a successful tiller of the soil. You must learn to rough it.

CHRISTIANS IN POLITICS.

OUGHT Christian ministers and Christian people enter actively into a political campaign? This question is asked every day, and ought to be intelligently answered. As far as pastors of churches are concerned, I say let them do as they seemed called of God to do. If they think it is best for them to take the Republican or Democratic or Prohibition platform, they have full right so to do. When a man becomes an ordained minister of the Gospel he nowise surrenders his rights of citizenship. Some of the best ministers of religion in all denominations are discussing political principles in public halls before excited assemblages, and they ought not to be reprehended for so doing. When a candidate is received into the ministry the hands of ordination are put upon his head and not upon his mouth. Ministers of religion, if they wish to take the political field, have good precedent and clear back. Rev. Dr. Emmons of Massachusetts, spoke freely about Thomas Jefferson as a candidate

for the Presidency and Rev. Dr. Mayhew declared what he thought of the repeal of the Stamp act. As for myself, while I have discussed the great questions of Christian patriotism and public welfare as much as any of my ministerial brethren, I have done so always in the pulpit and have never felt called to take the partisan platform. What I say on the great theme of public morality and national interest I prefer to say where no political party can either dictate or be held responsible.

But what position should a Christian layman take in a time when municipal, State, and national interests are under discussion? An active part in politics, it is his own good morals are sufficiently established to warrant it. Politics is a rough sea on which frail barkly had not better venture. With the best intent and the determination to reform politics I have known good men start out in an election campaign and at the close of two or three seasons of such work they were confirmed drunkards. A few years ago, a gentleman had a serious talk with me about the importance of effecting an improvement in city politics, and he started out in exalted missionary spirit to purify the caucus and the ballot box, but the last I heard of him was that he sat in a low restaurant after midnight too intoxicated to get home without help. So we have record of a missionary who went from this country to India to convert the Hindoos, but the Hindoos converted the missionary. If, however, your habits of integrity and sobriety are thoroughly fixed go out in the strength of God and help in the political contest. There are times when a man can as thoroughly serve God in a political meeting as in a prayer meeting. If we leave to the unprincipled demagogues to decide who shall rule, what will become of us?

OUR MAIL-BAG.

E. E. Ellis, Wilmington, Del. What is the meaning of 1 Cor. 15: 18? How can those who sleep in Christ perish?

They cannot; and that is precisely what Paul avers. He is proving the certainty of a resurrection and he shows that it must be so, otherwise those who sleep in Christ have perished, which is inconceivable. To illustrate: you might say the President was born in the United States; if he were not, the United States have had one President who was not born on the soil.

Subscriber, Vincennes, Ind. If, as we are told, flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, how will it be possible for us to know our friends in heaven?

The spiritual body may, and probably will, bear a sufficient resemblance to the natural body to permit of recognition. Christ after his resurrection was recognized by some who knew him, but not by all. It is probable, too, that the vision of the glorified man will be of a different order from that of the mortal body, so that the power of recognition may be increased. Spirit beholding spirit may be as quick to recognize a loved one as a mortal beholding another mortal.

G. B. Moody, Springtown, Tex. Did our Lord have any brothers and sisters?

The "people of his own country" said he had both (see Matthew 13: 54-56), and they gave the names of his brothers as James, Joseph, Simon and Judas. The Church of Rome, however, insisted from early times that Mary had no children beside Jesus Christ, and contended that the word translated brothers in this and other passages referred to the first cousins of Christ, who were the children of Mary's sister, who was the wife of Clopas. Scholars say that the word might mean cousins, but the first and common meaning is that of actual brothers.

Earnest Seeler. — Is it right for a converted person to join a church if his or her parents are opposed to it?

The question is one of duty to Christ or to parents. Christ required a public confession of him before men, and joining the church is the recognized mode of confession. The first duty of a converted person is to his Lord. Care should be taken not to make the disobedience to parents offensive. The young person should explain to his parents with respect the reasons for disobedience, and show by his conduct his desire to obey them in all things wherein his conscience does not require him to do otherwise.

New Subscriber, Harvard, Ill. 1. What is meant by dividing asunder the soul and spirit? Heb. 4: 12: are they not identical? 2. Is not 1 Cor. 9: 5, a proof that Paul was married?

1. The writer is speaking of the convincing and converting Word of God, which he represents as a sword coming closer to a man than anything else, dividing soul from spirit. There are several ways of explaining his meaning, but the most natural is that he regards the

soul as the seat of the affections and emotions and the spirit as the seat of the conscience and the divine influence as far as it can be imparted to a man. The Word of God separates the two, setting them against each other so that the converted man finds there are many things he loved before which his spirit now forbids him to love. 2. We think not. The Apostle is there only claiming the right to have a wife if he chose. His expressed wish in 1 Cor. 7: 7, 8 seems conclusive on the question.

Subscriber, Saybrook, Ill. 1. Did King Solomon repent of his sins before his death? 2. Why did Paul say it was better to marry than to burn? (1 Cor. 7: 9.)

1. If Solomon ever repented there is no record of it in the Bible. It is most probable, however, that a man so wise as he would mourn over his fall and the evils of his life. There is no value in speculation on the subject where there is no basis. 2. The Apostle deprecated marriage in the conditions of persecution and insecurity existing at the time. But he still more deprecated unchastity. If a man could not remain unmarried without being vicious he had better marry.

Subscriber, Greenfield, O. If the Book of Enoch is apocryphical, as is generally believed, and Jude quotes from it as if it were genuine, does not that suggest doubts of Jude's own inspiration and imply that he was not kept from error?

Jude does not say that he quotes from the Book of Enoch. He says that Enoch made a certain prophecy. There is no evidence to show that Enoch did not make the prophecy, even if a book purporting to be his were proved not to have been his. Beside this, a man might quote from a book without endorsing the book, as Paul, in his sermon on Mars' Hill, quoted from Aratus, the Greek poet, but would not be understood as endorsing all the poems of Aratus.

J. H. R. Why was it necessary for Christ to come into the world? If men were being saved before he came, could they not have continued to be saved to the end of time?

The fact of Christ's coming and suffering and dying should preclude all thought of such a question. If God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, you may depend that there was supreme need for it. In Christ the types and sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation found their fulfilment as well as their culmination. Without him and his life and death they would have been empty meaningless forms. Beside all this Christ came to reveal the Father to the world. If all that we owe to Christ and his Gospel to-day were eliminated from the world, the gloom and poverty and hopelessness of life would be appalling.

G. Conant, Osceola, Mo. 1. What is the general belief as regards the heathen who never heard of Christ? 2. Will the millions of people who died before Christ be judged according to the Old or the New Testament?

1. It is folly to dogmatize as to the future state of the heathen. It is our duty to carry the Gospel to them. Those who died without hearing of Christ will be judged by a God who is merciful as well as just. All that we can know on the subject is what our Lord himself said (Luke 12: 48). "He that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." 2. The same verse shows that people will be judged according to the light they had. In Hebrew 11 you will find that under the Old Testament, as under the New, the cardinal question is whether a man exercised faith and lived up to it.

J. G. Beringer, Pa. Is a man justified in believing that he is converted and that he may start in to work for Christ, if he has never been to a mourners' bench nor prayed until he felt a change and shouted as others do?

We cannot tell if such a man is justified in believing himself to be converted unless we knew what ground he has for the belief. He need not doubt the genuineness of his conversion on account of the absence of the experiences mentioned. The mourners' bench has been the way by which thousands have come to Christ, but other thousands have come in other ways. Nor is the ecstatic shout that is the natural expression of joy with others, essential. If a man repents of his sins and believes in Christ, and accepts him as his Saviour and his Lord, he will be saved. He is not saved by his tears, or his ecstasy, or his shouting, but by Christ, who has promised to save all who put their trust in him.

Frank F. McLeod, Boston. The word "humanitarian" has three shades of meaning: 1. the theological which you have already defined; 2. philosophical or ethical, as distinguished from religious; and 3. benevolent or philanthropic, which the most recent and commonly accepted interpretation Webster defines a humanitarian as "one who is actively concerned in promoting the welfare of his kind." The New Standard Dictionary gives about the same definition. Archdeacon Farrar and others employ the term in the sense of broad philanthropy and humane feeling.—Mrs. Kate C. Maher, N. Y. Thanks for verses.—G. W. S., Mass. Send fifteen cents to this office.—H. D. Shollers, Chicago. 1. He is fully engaged elsewhere. 2. The first is New York City, the other we believe Boston. 3. October or November.—Daniel Hester, Stillmore, Ga. Probably it will.—Rev. L. M. Copley, London, Ky. can use to advantage good second hand Sunday School and other religious literature.—Mrs. E. G. Wright, Rome City, Ind. It means largely "bumbling."—Will the "Old Farmer" write to the Moody Bible Institute, to support one student at the Moody Bible Institute, please send his address to this office, as we have letters for him.—J. A. McCoy, Stranger, Tex. W. F. Cranston, Harrisburg, Pa. Alfred F. Rushton, Chicago, Ill. M. Hewlett, Toronto, Can. Mary J. McCrea, Conway, Ia. Your letters will be referred to Dr. Talmage when he returns from his foreign tour.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

AN IMPERIAL WEDDING.

THE Russian capital has recently been the scene of a magnificent marriage celebration. The Czar's eldest daughter, Xenia Alexandrovna, was the bride, and the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, was the bridegroom. The portrait of the imperial bride appears on this page. Although there is only nine years difference between their ages, they belong to different generations. Both are descended from the Emperor Nicholas, the bridegroom being his grandson and the bride his great-granddaughter. The ceremony attracted a large number of imperial and royal personages. The bride is related through her mother, the Czarina, to the royal families of Denmark, England, and Greece, all of which were numerously represented on this occasion. The Czar gave orders that the ceremony should be of the most magnificent character and no expense was spared in giving effect to his command. It was followed by a banquet to the distinguished guests, which was on the same lavish scale. The court chronicler records with evident pride as a specimen of the expenditure, that the cost of bringing the fish from Volga and Caspian fisheries to the wedding table was three thousand gold roubles, which is equivalent to two thousand dollars. Concerts and illuminations concluded the festivities of a day that will not soon be forgotten in St. Petersburg. The part of ordinary citizens in such a celebration is of necessity that of spectators only, but a day is coming, which is described by the prophets under the figure of a marriage, when the lowliest of the subjects of the Great King, if he has been loyal and faithful to his trust will be welcomed, and will sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. (Luke 13: 29, 30.)

A Druggist's Weapon.

A novel weapon was used by a druggist in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week in a struggle with burglars. He sleeps at the rear of his store in a room which he uses as a laboratory as well as a bed-room. He was awakened one night by a noise at the door of his store, and thinking that someone wanted a prescription prepared, he rose and went into the store. There he saw a man climbing in through the transom. A second man came in by the same way. Knowing that he would have little chance unarmed in an unequal struggle with two desperate men, he went into the laboratory to look for a weapon. A bottle of ammonia stood on the table and he poured some of it into a glass and returned to the store. The burglars were searching for the money drawer, and one of them came behind the counter where the druggist was standing. Before he had time to strike, or draw a pistol, the druggist flung the ammonia in his face and the burglar dropped like a log. Almost suffocated and blinded, he struggled to his feet and made for the door. He could not open it, but he broke the glass and jumped through. His companion followed him, but not before the druggist had flung a glassful of the ammonia on the back of his neck. He gave a yell of pain as he ran, which was heard by a policeman, who succeeded in arresting one of the pair. The druggist was very pleased with the result of his encounter, and said if he had to face an antagonist he would rather have a glass of ammonia in his hand than a pistol or a club. Probably no one but a druggist would have thought of such a weapon; but, like David, in the Bible story of the fight with the big Goliath, he overcame with the weapon with which he was familiar. The incident suggests a lesson for those who think what great things they could do in the conflict between good and evil if they had only wealth, or genius. They may do more effective service with the powers they have than with those they covet. (1 Cor. 12: 7-11.)

Wasted Work.

Two gangs of workmen were watched by a curious crowd as they toiled in Columbus avenue, New York, a few days ago. One gang was undoing the work that the

other gang was doing. For some weeks past, a car-company has had contractors at work laying tracks and a trench for a cable to run in. The car-company is under contract to pave the avenue with granite blocks after its tracks are laid. It was about to do so, when a gas company asked to have the work delayed. They had received permission to lay a main alongside the tracks and wished to do so before the new pavement was put down. The car-company, however, refused to comply with the request and went on laying the stones. They levelled them accurately and sanded them afterward. The gas-company's men were soon on the scene, but could not dig the trench for their main until they had taken up the stones just laid. They went to work with their crowbars and took up the stones and piled them on the sidewalk, where they were before. The two gangs were only a few yards apart and the stones were taken up before they had been down half-an-hour. They worked in this way for two days, and at the end the avenue was in the same condition as when they began. The men received wages for their work, which was the only satisfactory feature of the affair. The antagonism and lack of co-operation is deplorable and it extends through much of the world's work. Unhappily, too, the spirit often manifests itself in the work of the Church. In aggressive effort in the domestic and foreign mission fields the workers are frequently seen antagonizing each other's work, rather than co-operating with each other and economizing resources for the advancement of the common cause. As it was in the days of the great apostle, many preach Christ even of envy and strife and some of good will. The one of contention but the other of love. (Phil. 1: 15, 16.)

Captors and Prisoner Entombed.

A party of fishermen in Clay County, West Virginia, made a startling discovery recently. Two of the party wandered from the camp in which they have been spending their summer vacation, on Big Sycamore Creek, and climbed over the cliff about two miles away to a flat ledge far below. They noticed that the front of the cliff was crumbling away and that apparently for many years past great masses of earth had fallen from it. Some had rested on the ledge for a time and then had rolled over into the ravine below. There was a large hole in the side of the cliff and the two men looked in. They were surprised to see an old army musket lying within. It was covered with rust as if it had been there a long time. They penetrated farther and found themselves in a cave twenty feet in diameter and twelve feet high. On the shingle floor of the cave were three heaps of clothing. Looking closely at them, the men were horrified to find that they were the remains of three soldiers. They were only skeletons and their uniforms were rotted away. The brass buttons, however, showed that two were Confederate and one a Union soldier. It is conjectured that the two Southerners had captured a Northern soldier and were conveying him to camp when they took shelter in the cave, perhaps for the night, or only from a storm, but were shut in by one of the landslides and captors and prison-

er all perished. It made little difference in their sad situation which was prisoner as one fate overtook them all. So will it be at the last with all classes. Now there is a great deal of pride and prejudice and we make much of social distinctions but in that day all barriers will be swept away and all will stand on the same plane before God to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. (1. Peter 1: 17.)

The Escape of a Train.

A trainload of passengers had a narrow escape from death on August 30, in passing over a bridge which spans the Bronx River. The train left the Grand Central Station, New York, at its usual hour and had reached White Plains where the track crosses an iron bridge which was built twenty years ago over the Bronx, to replace a wooden bridge which had been burned. As the engineer reached the centre of the bridge he heard a crash and felt the track sinking beneath him. He looked back and saw the train undulating like a boat on a stormy sea. The speed was about fifty miles an hour, but the engineer threw open the throttle and put the locomotive at its highest rate. He held his



THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE—THE BRIDE, PRINCESS XENIA.

breath in suspense for a few moments, but to his intense relief saw the last car pass safely over the bridge on to the firm ground. Then he slowed up and sent a man back to ascertain what had occurred. It was found that two of the great iron girders had worn loose and had fallen into the river. The bridge was tottering to its fall and the train had been saved only by the spurt the engineer made when he realized the danger. It is much to be wished that people who find themselves in a place where there is spiritual danger would always make similar haste to leave it. Too often they linger under the spell of fascination until they lose their souls. (Prov. 6: 5.)

A Hap-Hazard Destination.

A hard-working business man in New York took unusual chances in spending his vacation this year. The opportunity for leaving his work for a month occurred unexpectedly and he had formed no plans for using it. He was indifferent, too, and cared only to get a change of scene and a complete rest. On consulting his wife he found that she, too, had no preference. They drove to the Grand Central Depot with their plans still unformed and as they stood in the ticket-office were undecided whether they should go to the seashore or the mountains. Finally, the man went to the window and, looking over the racks in which the tickets are kept, pointed to one compartment and asked for two of the tickets in it. The clerk handed them to him, received the money for them and told him when the train would start. On coming away from

the window, his wife asked him if he knew now where they were going. He looked at the ticket and told her the name of the town but neither of them had ever heard of it, or knew where it was. They boarded the train in the same state of ignorance and did not seek enlightenment. On his return to New York, the man said they had spent a delightful month. Their tickets were for a quaint little town in Canada, far away from the beaten tracks of summer excursionists, where they stayed at a pretty little hotel and found a simple, plain, but interesting lot of people. They had been very kindly treated and had thoroughly enjoyed their stay. Not many would have been content to go even for a month to a place they knew nothing of and it may be supposed that they would not have been willing to do so if their sojourn had been for years instead of a month. Yet how many there are who know that they have an eternity to spend somewhere, who live as if they were indifferent whether they spent it in scenes of bliss or misery! (Deut. 32: 29.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Collections in England on Hospital Sunday amounted to \$209,000.

Evangelists Holland and Davis are conducting very successful revival services at Fall River, Mass.

A Church has been built at Leith, Scotland, in memory of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. His son, Rev. Charles Spurgeon will officiate at the dedication.

The First Congregational Church of Middleboro, Mass., celebrated its two hundredth anniversary on Aug. 26. One of its pastorates—that of Dr. Israel Putnam was of thirty years duration.

"The Presbyterian," London, Reports that in New Zealand, owing to the adoption of female franchise, the very existence of the liquor trade is being threatened in that colony.

Miss Frances Willard announces that owing to the financial distress in the country she returns to the National Women's Christian Temperance Union her last two years' salary, which she received as president of that organization.

A New York Newspaper recently published an article purporting to be by Col. Ingersoll defending the commission of suicide. Copies of the article have been found in the possession of seven persons who have killed themselves since its publication.

The Salvation Army has undertaken to act as disbursing agent for the people in Chicago who wish to devote money for the relief of the suffering people at Pullman. The Army has opened a receiving station at 538 West Madison street, Chicago.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church reports 184,138 communicants. The additions to membership were 16,818. The number of congregations is 2,881; of ministers, 1,708, and of presbyteries 126. Besides the ministers, there are 266 licentiates and 259 candidates.

Mr. W. Dean Howells' New Book, "A Traveler from Altruria," is having an enormous sale. Mr. Laurence Hutton in reviewing it remarks that there really is an Altruria and One came from thence nineteen centuries ago to tell the world of it but he was scoffed at and crucified.

Russia is reported to have ceased banishing the Stundists to the Caucasus. The earnest and devoted men have been making converts to the faith in their places of banishment so fast that there are now large number of Stundists there, where there were none until the exiles were sent there. There are now over 300,000 Stundists in Southern Russia.

A Correspondent of the Chicago "Interior" says that the Romanists in Japan have a special dispensation from the Pope, allowing them to hold half of the Sabbath day and attend to their religious services the other half. But in spite of these concessions, Romanism does not receive the favor given to Protestantism.

Baron Hirsch has sent some three or four thousand Russian Jews to the Argentine Republic, and he hopes to have a Jewish community there of 100,000 within ten years. He sends them out in companies of fifty families, each provided with a rabbi and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.

The New York Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society, is making an effort to supply a copy of the Bible to every scholar, who can profitably use one, in this city. As the cost will be greater than the income of the Society can meet, a fund is being raised in the schools and churches and by the King's Daughters and private collectors.

An interesting ceremony took place recently at Walhalla, N. D. It was the removal of the remains of Benjamin Terry to the new Protestant Cemetery. Terry was a young Protestant Missionary who was murdered in 1852 by the Sioux, to whom he went to preach the Gospel. There being no Protestant Cemetery at that time, he was interred in the Roman Catholic burial ground in a corner set apart for "suicides, heretics and unbaptized infants."

A Series of Meetings for the Deepening of spiritual life will be held in Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Oct. 9-12. The following pastors are expected among others to take part: Dr. K. S. MacArthur, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. Harsha, Dr. L. W. Marshall, Dr. Gregg, Rev. George C. Needham and Major Whittle. All particulars may be obtained by addressing the pastor of the church, Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., 424 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. George Dana Boardman Made an Earnest appeal for Christian Unity at a recent meeting of the Institute of Christian Philosophy. He proposed as a basis for a union church, the Bible as supreme, a simple creed, baptism as a mode of admission, a Presbyterian form of government, and historical Episcopal headship, a Methodist discipline, a liturgy blending the stateliness of ancient with the appositeness of modern adjustments communion with Christ the term of communion with all Christians, and a voluntary system of financial support.



The Dead Sea.

Our Traveler Visits its Lonely Shores—
A Glimpse of Mount Nebo—Reflections
Concerning Sodom and Gomorrah.

WITH hospitable tact, the head of our commissary department has fresh tea made, and our easiest chairs are paraded for the visitors. It chimes in with our present opinion of the ex-college-president that he rejects sugar and cream, and gulps the boiling-hot liquid without winking. Setting the cup down with unnecessary stress, he summons David.

"Now, I dare say you have been telling these 'Innocents Abroad'—in grimmest pleasantry—that the contemptible 'run' of rain-water up there is the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed twice a day by the ravens?"

David's inclination of the head and slight smile are the soul of the Oriental's respectful forbearance.

"And being a latter-day dragoman, you have thought it incumbent upon you to hint at doubts of the ravens themselves? Some traveled tool—the most obnoxious species of fool extant—probably a professor of theology—has rattled off a lot of stuff about the same word meaning 'ravens' and 'Arabs' or, as others have it—'merchants,' or still others—'Orbites'—the inhabitants of the neighboring city of Orb. Each and all of these efforts to explain away the miracle plainly recorded in the inspired Word is an insult to the Book and to the learning of those who translated it into the vulgar tongue."

"I am not a scholar, Dr. Sharpe," David begins deprecatingly.

Aldices has got hold of an idea.

"If the word translated 'ravens' can be made to mean any one of the three other things you have mentioned, why not give Elijah the benefit of the doubt, and relieve his memory from the obloquy of eating tainted flesh? Anybody who knows the raven's habits and taste must prefer this reading. And"—warming with the theme—"what more likely than that the Bedouins would have protected and fed the fugitive who threw himself upon their hospitality? They would do it to-day, wouldn't they, David?"

"Without a doubt, Captain."

"The question, young gentleman, is not what you, or I, or anybody else would prefer—"

"Now, doctor, dear, why will you dispute with everybody?" Mrs. Sharpe slips in, plaintively. "I declare you quite spoil the pleasure I had anticipated in going through dear, dear old Palestine in company with a learned man. It is so much sweeter and more Christian to believe what the Church and the dragomen, who were born here and have lived here all their lives, tell us, than to be forever in the seat of the scornful, as one might say. As for Cherith—doesn't the Bible say expressly that it dried up, after awhile, and what more likely than when the summer weather came on—and, as you have remarked," turning to Aldices—"the idea of tainted meat isn't pleasant to a person."

Her spouse jumps up and strides away to his horse, calling harshly to the dragoman that the sun is down and they ought to be off. Mrs. Sharpe finishes the tea she has had qualified with "two lumps, a good deal of cream, and a dash of hot water—if you please!" before rising to follow.

"The blessed man is a saint at heart, but a little impatient of contradiction," she murmurs softly with her "good night."

We renew our laugh over the interview after dinner, when a company of friends from the hotel below walk over the intervening half-mile to pass the evening with us. There are two clergymen among the guests and both have fled for their lives,

have dared to lean toward what we call "the Bedouin theory."

We are thankful nothing was said to the critic of Nebo or Pishgah in looking by the light of a late moon toward the solemn height across the river. Already we have learned to seek out that point of the landscape, and dream, in gazing upon it, of the solitary man who climbed it to see "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," before dying there alone. Then

The angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the sleeper there.

"But no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

The march over the plains is begun sometimes on the morrow. It leads, shortly after quitting the camp, right through a Mos-

plain where the recent rains have settled in bluish mud. The horses keep upon drier ground, David and the sheik dashing away for horseback practice upon a stretch of short, scant grass. Both are well mounted and the racing, the sudden turnings and wheelings, the bounds and curvettings of the blooded animals are interesting to watch. My muleteers are ankle-deep in the sticky mire, drawing their feet out with a sucking sound. The subaltern has taken off his red slippers (it is always a puzzle to me how he ever keeps them on, for they are turned in under the heel and held in place by the toes only) and carries them in his hand till I suggest that he put them into the "boot" of the palanquin.

The sun shines hotly overhead by the time we get an unobstructed view of the Dead Sea. A blue haze hangs above it and veils the encompassing range of mountains; ineffable lights play over hills and sea; the water gives back the sunshine from dimpling waves. All the storied desolateness of the scene is to be found upon the land. The horses kick up salt as they walk, and about the hoof-prints in the sands are borders like hoar-frost—salt, so acrid to the tongue, that I marvel at the mules' disposition to snatch mouthfuls of it.

Hereabouts archæologists incline to locate Sodom and Gomorrah, and not in the bed of the salt sea.

Another shock to early belief and dreams!

were at the basin of the Jordan lying at the upper, or northern end of the sea. The southern border is sharply precipitous and a line of mountains would have hidden from Abraham in Hebron, "the smoke of the



"DEAD SEA APPLES"

(From a Photograph by Marion Harland.)

country that went up like the smoke of a furnace," had this "country" occupied the present bed of the Dead Sea. Excavations in the mounds near the Jordan are constantly unearthing the rubbish of buried towns, and the subsoil of the waste lands over which we are riding is saturated with bituminous ooze. "The vale of Siddim was full of sin-pits"—i.e., say erudite authorities, liquid bitumen, such as was used for mortar in the tower of Babel, and by Semiramis in building Babylon. The doomed cities came to their ruin by brimstone and fire from the Lord. The whole region would burn like tinder if once ignited. The agency of water in the terrible work does not appear in the sacred record.

"I am afraid we must give it up," concludes my fellow-student, ruefully. "But should we encounter Dr. Sharpe here—(which may the fates foretell!) we will not admit our discomfiture to him. He is quite capable of discounting the whole story, Bible or no Bible."

Two large boats are beached upon the shelving shingle, lapped by the sparkling waves. The government has a monopoly of the bitumen that floats upon the surface of the Dead Sea, and the boats are here to collect it. A piece weighing fourteen tons arose to the top of the water last week, and smaller fragments are found in abundance, especially after a storm of wind. To the government alone belongs all the salt brought into and sold in Syria. The driftwood along the shore of this sea is thickly encrusted with it, and the peasants of the region come by stealth to scrape it off for family use. When detected in the act, they are arrested and punished as thieves.

Of course, Alcides must take the regulation bath in the saline waves, so buoyant that, as he reports afterward, it is impossible to sink oneself without great effort, and then the body bounds back to the surface like a rubber ball. While he is absent with an attendant, I pace the wet shingle, as hard as a floor, and find mood and scene wondrously tranquil—not at all what might be expected with the Dead Sea washing the tips of my boots, and the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah vivid in my mind. Far away toward the southern extremity of the shining sheet, which is likewise known as "Lake Asphaltum," once stood Machias, in whose dungeons John the Baptist was murdered, and nearer to us "little Zoar," spared that Lot might take refuge there. The latter place is yet more to me because it was the boundary of the sweep of the undimmed eye of the prophet, nigh unto death, and yet in the full vigor of manly perfection.

My eyes return, and lingeringly, to "Nebo's lonely mountain," sublime in noon-tide serenity, still the warder of the plain and sea. All the beauty of the "city of palm-trees" and the "glory" (not the "swellings") of Jordan, could not have hindered a compassionate thought from crossing the seer's mind as he beheld from afar the region he had so lately described as "the land of brimstone, and salt, and burning, that is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein—Sodom and Gomorrah and Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger, and in his wrath."

MARION HARLAND.



MOUNT NEBO, MOAB, SCENE OF THE DEATH OF MOSES.

From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

lem burial-ground. Six men are hollowing a shallow grave in the sand; about a stone's cast away, the corpse that is to fill it, wrapped in coarse matting, is laid in the shadow of a thorn-tree; a group of women wail and sob intermittently about it; the intermission is devoted to cheerful chat, probably to gossip.

"It was an old man, or they would not be laughing and talking between their crying-fits," says David, in riding by. "If he were young, they would mourn loud and long."

Chalk hills bound the tedious level in the direction from which we have come; the purple mountains of Moab are upon the left; all about us are spread sand-dunes and clumps of scrub-growth; thorn bushes—the "Spina Christi" or "Christ-thorn," with wild willows and now and then a bunch of pinkish flowers growing from a tall succulent stem, with fleshy leaves and a shrub resembling the larch, but with more feathery foliage, that bears brownish-red berries. In an hour the land dips to a lower

Never more can I repeat the weird lines conned with delightful shivers in my girlhood:

The wind blows chill across the gloomy waves
How unlike the green and dancing main!
The surge is foul as if it rolled o'er graves—
Stranger! here lie the cities of the plain.

Another myth goes down before scientific investigation. The waves are not gloomy, much less foul, and the tradition that the cities of the plain lie underneath is—traditional! Loath to admit all this, we have fled to the history and the testimony concerning the destruction of the guilty towns, and are confounded that the main narrative and confirmative passages to which the margin refers us, do not so much as intimate the engulfment by the Dead Sea of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim. Again and again, we read, that they were "overthrown by the Lord in his wrath," but the incoming of the bitter waters has no part in the tragedy. Furthermore—the "cities of the plain" would show that they

Revival Echoes.

Mr. C. N. Crittenton, Founder of the Florence Mission, Writes of a Year of Spiritual Work in the West.

GRASS VALLEY, CALA., Aug. 16, 1894.

DEAR Brother Klopsch: After seeing you last fall, I visited England for about two months, returned again to our own country and attended the Christian Workers' Convention at Atlanta, Ga., where we have a Florence Home, which is doing a blessed work for the Master, and our precious girls are saved from evils of sin and degradation. I return to New York to the mother Florence Mission where, as you know, there is a perpetual revival the year around.

On November 30, I commenced revival meetings in Adams, N. Y., from there to Dansville, N. Y., thence to Woodville and Henderson, all these places being in my native county of Jefferson, and where over six hundred started heavenward. I then went to Niantic, Conn., into the Baptist Church, the pastor there being a convert of our New York Florence Mission. Brother Carpenter of Jersey City, N. J., was with me in all these meetings. On February 20 I left New York for Elko, Nevada, and had meetings in Elko, Reno and Canon City. I then went to Virginia City, where there has been \$425,000,000 taken out of the ground of gold and silver (mostly the latter).

We had a blessed meeting there, several good Presbyterian ladies, who did not believe in revivals, attended regularly, were sanctified wholly and since that time have been workers for God. All glory to Jesus! About one hundred started in the good way. I then left Nevada for California, where I have been for four years in evangelistic work, with the exception of the time mentioned above.

On Sunday, April 22, we commenced meetings in Santa Rosa, Cala. (City of Roses), a two weeks' series. At the close of these services, when all the evangelical churches were in union, old residents stated they never saw the city so stirred by the power of God. Then I went to Willits with my brother and Sister Tuttle. It is a small country village. God blessed his own Word and many were converted. Loads of people came twenty-five miles to listen to the plain, simple Gospel. From Willits to San Francisco, where we open a ten days' union meeting in Grace M.E. Church. The Congregational, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches uniting, and the God of Elijah was with us and some very remarkable conversions, believers being quickened and sanctified. June 1 to June 10 inclusive, we had camp-meetings at Beulah Park, Oakland. Rev. John A. Wood presided, and Rev. T. P. Brasee the "tornado preacher" of Los Angeles, assisted. The last night there was a scene long to be remembered, sobs, tears, groans and shouts of victory, closing by singing, "We're Marching to Zion."

The following Wednesday night we commenced a two weeks' meeting in Watsonville—truly a time of refreshing and soul-saving among all classes from the Mayor of the city, down to the children. Then on to a small village, Centreville, to help our friend and brother, Rev. F. H. Robinson. Many were converted and God's children were wonderfully served, so that all worldliness was laid aside and resolutions made to "Love God with all their hearts."

From Centreville to San Jose, to hold the fourth anniversary of the Florence Mission. On July 21st we went to Elm Grove Camp-meeting, among the Redwoods, where Rev. G. S. Montgomery and his blessed little wife, sister Carrie Judd Montgomery, presided, and where a large number of God's saints were assembled and were fed from his precious Word. We commenced a two weeks' series of meetings here, in this beautiful mining city of Grass Valley, on Sunday, August 5. The interest has steadily increased, until the whole city and surrounding country are being wonderfully stirred. Yesterday we had an "all-day meeting," and at different hours Rev. J. A. Macanby, Rev. R. Garver, and Rev. O. B. Smith, preached. A large street meeting was held at 7 p.m., and at 7.30 p.m. the regular Evangelistic service. There was a real old-fashioned pentecostal shower of blessing.

Yours in the Work.

C. F. N. CRITTENTON.



Sowing the Precious Seed.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sow ing the pre cious seed In the ear ly dawn of morn ing.
2. Sow ing the pre cious seed While the day is fast de clin ing,
3. Sow ing the pre cious seed With an ear nest, true eu deav or,

Sow ing the pre cious seed In the noon day fair; Sow ing the pre cious seed,
Sow ing the pre cious seed In the twi light dim; Sow ing the pre cious seed,
Sow ing the pre cious seed Of the gold en grain; Sow ing the pre cious seed,
D. S.—Break ing the bread of life,

For the youth ful heart's a dorn ing, Sow ing the pre cious seed
Nei ther doubt ing, nor ro pin ing, Leav ing it all to God,
And the hand with hold ing nev er, Pray ing that God will send
Tell ing o'er the gos pel sto ry, Sow ing the pre cious seed

Chorus.
With a ten der care, Sow ing the pre cious seed, Sow ing the
Trust ing all to Him, It the sun and rain,
For the dear home land.

pre cious seed, Seat ter ing far and wide with pa tient, lov ing hand;
We are

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ALL IN CHRIST.

AS I go on the road of life,
Still toiling upward day by day,
I need a staff on which to lean.
To help my steps along the way,
Christ is my staff.

Sometimes my feet no resting find, [sand,"
Beneath the ground seems "sinking
I ask the Lord to guide my steps,
I seek and find safe place to stand,
On Christ my rock.

Night has come down, I lose my way,
Dense clouds have veiled the starry sky,
When lo! a pure sweet Light hath shined,
And in its beams the shadows fly,
Christ is my light.

With earnest work the day is filled,
So much is needed in earth's strife,
I toil till spent, the flesh is weak,
I hunger for the Bread of Life,
Christ is that bread.

He's all things for me, wisdom, love,
But deepest is this wondrous word,
Feed on him, live upon his life,
And walk with him, the Master, Lord,
Christ is my life.

Oh, blessed Master, longing faint,
Let me lean close upon thy breast,
Draw me into thy heart of love,
And let my soul find peace and rest,
Christ is my all.

Berlin, Mass. —PHOEBE A. HOLDER.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

COMFORT one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heaven burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another;
Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb—
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people room.

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken—
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another
By the hope of him who sought us
In our peril—him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood:
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



THE BODY'S POWER ON THE SOUL.

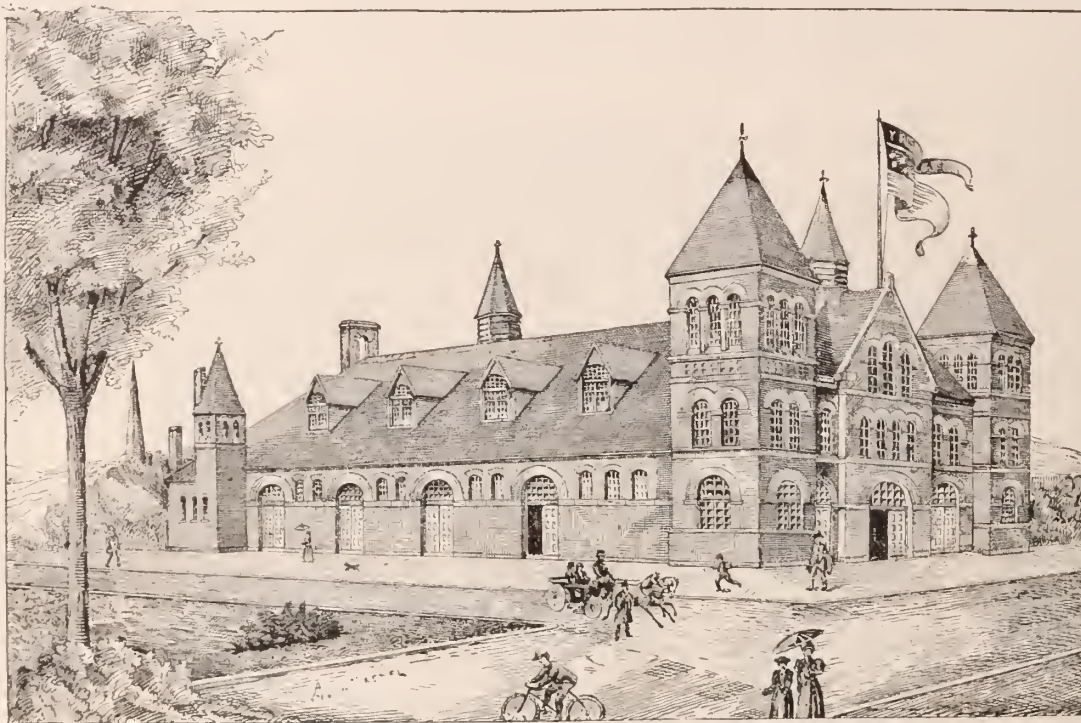
Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Sept. 23. Daniel 1: 8-20.

VERY close is the connection between soul and body. So close is it that some materialistic philosophers have denied the existence of the soul altogether, and have contended that the brain and nerves constitute the thinking and the emotional part of the human being. In a Christian Endeavor Society there is no need to go over the arguments for the existence of the soul. The Topic assumes its existence, while recognizing its sensitiveness to physical influences. It is the ethereal, impalpable, invisible tenant of the body, and, like everything in nature, is affected by its environment. The story is told of a clergyman, that, having moved into a new house, he became nervous, irritable and incapable of study. His medical adviser, after trying the usual remedies, ordered change of air and scene. The patient speedily recovered, but on returning home was again seized with his former malady. Finally it occurred to the physician to examine the rooms in which he studied and slept. He found that the delicate, pretty paper on the walls reeked with poison, which it exhaled whenever the temperature of the rooms was raised. It was this poison which robbed the clergyman of his health and vigor. Both were restored when a new and harmless paper was substituted for the poisonous one. In like manner does the soul suffer by dwelling in a body reeking with foul appetites and lusts. Indulgence in eating to excess or in drinking in toxicants, affects thought and disposition as every one knows who has tried the experiment. Indulgence of the physical nature produces weakness of the mental and spiritual nature and there are many forms of bodily disease which induce mental suffering. More than this, the body may be so pampered and indulged that it becomes strong enough to bring the soul into subjection and to debase and pollute it. Composite human nature may thus fall into a condition of anarchy and that part which was intended to rule becomes the slave of the other part, which was intended for service. Not a few of the temptations which rack the soul and are called spiritual conflicts, have a physical origin and can be removed by physical remedies. Even a change of diet may relieve the pressure of temptation and lead the way to spiritual victory. The apostle Paul declared that he had found it necessary to bring under his body and keep it in subjection, lest even he should fall and become a castaway. He realized, as many have done since his day, that the soul is liable to attack through the body and may suffer irreparable injury through the privacies of its fleshly tabernacle. By precept and example he inculcated perpetual vigilance and he who would rise from the brute to the human and the divine can succeed in no other way.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN INDIA.

An interesting celebration took place in the Deccan District of India just before the last mail left. It was the first anniversary of the Epworth League of Chadarghat. The League, it appears, has had seventy active

and thirteen associate members registered during the year. The Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Union which had been in useful existence there since October, 1889, has been placed under the immediate charge of the department of mercy and help which has carried on its work by public meetings and private effort. This department is active also in looking after the rich and poor and in tract distribution. At the anniversary meeting the President of the League, Rev. G. K. Gilder, had requested each member to bring a curiosity, relic or other object of interest and give a five minutes' descriptive talk. A table was covered with a small museum and twelve members gave interesting descriptions. Among the objects were cinchona bark, agates from the Godaver, an old coin, a locust from the Red Sea, a



PENNSYLVANIA CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION—THE AUDITORIUM, YORK, PA.

tailor bird's nest, a foot warmer from Italy, a bow and arrow and an axe from Bastar, etc. Those present entered into the spirit of the occasion and made the meeting a varied and delightful time. It was stated that the weekly Bible classes and devotional meetings were well attended, and the League is doing a very active and useful work at the station.



PENNSYLVANIA C. E. CONVENTION.

Nearly fifty thousand Pennsylvania young people are looking with interest towards the great Christian Endeavor Convention to be held at York, Pa., October 17th to 19th. Three thousand delegates are expected, and elaborate preparations are being made for their reception.

The Auditorium, in which the convention will be held, a picture of which appears on this page, is an ideal building for the purpose. It is a brick structure located within two blocks of the centre of the city, and is readily reached by all street car lines. The acoustic properties can hardly be excelled; a low tone of voice can be heard distinctly in any part of the building. The facilities for lighting are all that can be desired; many windows admit the sunlight by day, and electric lights will be used at night. The ventilation is excellent and there are seven entrances and exits, so that the building can be quickly filled and emptied of the 4,500 people which it will comfortably seat.

Overflow meetings will be provided for in neighboring churches; a sub-Post and Telegraph office will be established in a side room within the Auditorium, for the convenience of delegates.

A most attractive programme has been arranged. Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, D. D., of Indiana; Mr. S. L. Mershon of Chicago; Rev. J. F. Cowan and many other noted speakers will address the meetings. A choir of three hundred voices under the direction of Prot. Lowe of Philadelphia, and Prof. Rice of York will lead the singing.

Among the features of the convention will be a parade of the Juniors on Friday afternoon, and five simultaneous meetings on the same afternoon. Sunrise prayer-meetings in four churches every morning, and a series of Evangelistic meetings conducted by a band of Endeavorers in the mills and factories of York each day at noon.

This Entertainment and Hotel Committees are making thorough preparations for the entertainment of the delegates. Accommodations will be provided in boarding houses and in private families, at a rate not exceeding \$1.50 per day. The Entertainment Committee expects to send out scouts to meet the incoming delegates, who will be recognized by the white yachting cap.

This will be the eighth annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Christian Endeavor Union. The organization was formed at Easton on December 15, 1887. The

State Convention at York are in every respect as complete as the Convention at Cleveland."

The object of the Convention is for the general good of the work, and also for the yearly election of officers and such other business as may seem necessary to the advancement of the cause.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Sioux City, Ia., is celebrating the extinction of the debt on its new building.



A King's Daughters' Circle in San Francisco is composed of eight Chinese women, two Japanese, two Syrians, and their two American teachers.



India has now 72 Christian Endeavor Societies, Japan, 59; the West Indies, 44; Turkey, 38; China, 23; and Madagascar, 30. In missionary lands there are in all 2,740 societies.



The great Auditorium at Round Lake, N. Y., was occupied on August 21st with a summer convention of the Baptist Young People's Union. The meetings were enthusiastic and very largely attended.



A Christian Endeavor Society at Paola, Kan., has added a seat to those in the City Park, and keeps upon it a notice of the time and place of its meetings. There is also attached to it a receptacle for newspapers and periodicals which the Society distributes in the hospitals.



There are now thirty-eight Christian Endeavor Societies in China with an aggregate membership of 1,000. At the recent national Convention one hundred delegates were present and the sessions continued three days. One of the delegates was Mr. Ling, of Foochoo, who signed the Christian Endeavor pledge nine years ago.



The Baptist Young People's Society of Westminster, Mass., on receiving the news that its delegates to the Toronto Convention had given a pledge on behalf of the Society to the Founding Fund, not only ratified the action of the delegates, but doubled the amount promised, and added thereto another \$25 contributed by the young people in the Sunday School.



The Epworth Leagues of New Jersey have decided to hold a great State Convention at Elizabeth, N. J. The date has been fixed for May 21-23, 1895, in order to give time for extensive and thorough preparation.



A young local preacher organized an Epworth League not long ago at Snokomo, Kans., where there was no Methodist church. The League prospered and did aggressive work, there has been a revival and a Methodist church is now established there.



The Founding Fund of the Baptist Union amounts according to the latest published report to \$21,102.61, of which \$1,400.55 was given at the Toronto Convention. Illinois has given \$10,065.82, which is more than one-half of the whole sum subscribed. Pledges and conditional pledges to the amount of \$6,719 have also been given.



An emphatic expression of opinion on a question now agitating many Baptist Christian Endeavor Societies, is contained in an editorial in a recent issue of "The Examiner," the leading Baptist journal. The writer says: "Our own opinion is now, as it has always been, that the ideal organization of Baptist young people is a local society of Christian Endeavor, affiliated with association, State and national organizations of B. Y. P. U. When a local society of Christian Endeavor reorganizes, it loses much and gains nothing."

The Convention City, York, has a very strong Endeavor Union, with twenty-one Senior and ten Junior Societies, and a membership of sixteen hundred. The President is Rev. Chas. A. Oliver.

The York County Union is presided over by the Rev. D. M. Metzger, of Wrightsville. There are sixty Senior and fifteen Junior Societies in the county, with a membership of about four thousand.

The Convention Committee, appointed by the York City Union, is General Chairman, Otis L. Jacobs; Secretary and Chairman of Hotel Committee, J. Webber Yeats; Finance, Henry Small; Music, Prof. E. A. Rise; Halls, Reinhardt Dempwolf; Usher, F. W. Porter; Social, E. E. Curtis; Press, William T. Ellis; Reception, Dr. J. F. Klinedinst and Miss Mary Anstadt.

President Charles Roads said recently: "The preparations and arrangements for the



Home Life in New Mexico.

The Mysterious Pueblo Indians and their Adobe Villages—Houses and Customs Unchanged during Centuries.



ALTHOUGH the law of change seems to be resistless and universal in our own rapidly-moving and progressive land, there are places almost at our very doors, where life goes on pretty much as it did in the days before Columbus set foot on Amer-

ican soil or Cortes and Coronado made their brilliant conquests in the southern half of our western hemisphere. This seeming unchangeableness in the order of things social is strangely impressed upon the traveler in New Mexico, which has of late years become a centre of archaeological interest. While the more important cities, including Santa Fe, have adopted many modern devices and improvements, the smaller settlements and villages still have the same general appearance they presented to explorers and travelers who visited them hundreds of years ago. Pueblos, they are still called, the old Indian word signifying "town" being retained just as the adobe houses themselves, the manner of dress of the people, their social customs and general surroundings are unchanged since aboriginal days.

There are in New Mexico nineteen pueblos, of which that shown in the photograph on this page is a fair type. They vary in size only, there being practically no difference in architecture. Each pueblo was originally designed to accommodate several hundred persons, who dwelt together in community, as communism in its simplest form was and still is an essential part of the Pueblo belief. Instead of being built of one or two stories, like the old Spanish adobes in Mexico, they were almost all of a single story, built upon each other in the form of terraces, sometimes as many as five or six houses overlying each other, and the highest being accessible by ladders only. The most celebrated of these pueblos are Taos, Laguna, Santa Clara, and Zuni.

To one who has lived in a modern dwelling-house, a visit to a pueblo home is full of strange interest. Its walls are very thick, and the entrance is gained, not by a door, but by a window or an aperture in the roof which is reached with the aid of ladders. Within, the place is dimly lighted by the small, deep-set windows, that serve also for ventilation, for they are guiltless of glass. Some of the houses are constructed of stone laid in mortar, but the majority are of adobe or sun-dried brick. It is quite evident, from the general plan of the structures, that in former ages, the principal object must have been that of defence against enemies. With this view, entrance was made as difficult as possible, and the houses are often ranged in the form of a hollow square, or built up against the face of a bluff or steep mountain side difficult of approach. There are no stairways in these queer-looking structures, all the climbing being done by ladders. Each community

has one or more large apartments devoted to the purposes of council assemblies, tribal dancing rooms, or chambers in which religious rites are performed.

They are a simple people, these Pueblos, quiet, honest and law-abiding; mainly agriculturists and herdsmen. A few skins, baskets and pieces of pottery constitute the furniture of a Pueblo home. The clay-baked oven in which the family cooking is done is outside the house. The women are expert spinners and weavers and make their own belts, blankets and cloth, and the men are skilled in the mysteries of pottery manufacture. But although the government has

that is what kills ministers. Hot waffles, fresh biscuit, oysters, and cold tongue at seven o'clock in the evening, have given many a 'man of God' dyspepsia, a dull brain, poor sermons, short pastorate, and an early decease. Rich and late suppers are doing a bad work for some of our best clergymen. We know of ministerial clubs where the members assemble Saturday afternoon to discuss religious topics, tarrying until evening, when a sumptuous table is provided for them. As a consequence they do not sleep well on Saturday night, and the congregations on Sabbath see what they suppose is a heavenly pallor on their pastor's cheek, when his wife knows it was hot biscuit at tea the evening before that did the business. If you invite your minister out to eat, better have him at noon or thereabouts; or, if calling him to tea, then let it be in the early part of the week, giving him time to get over his gustatory indulgences. The most of ministers have a powerful appetite for good food, and capacity to resist temptation in that direction may not be one of their strong points.

Mother's "No."

Long before the baby lips have learned to lisped their first intelligible words, says a

paratively easy to teach it that when that article is refused it is no use desiring it any longer. This can be done very firmly, though very lovingly; the lesson once learned will never be forgotten.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"O, mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind and dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small, and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise
And let us feel the light of thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DON'T EXAGGERATE.

A GOOD many girls — girls who mean to be truthful — drift into a little habit of exaggeration that in time will become something more, remarks a philosophical writer. A girl with a vivid imagination hears a story told, and seized with a desire to outdo her companion, tells a marvelous one, which is absolutely without existence except in her own brain. It is fiction that will hurt nobody, she thinks. That's where she is mistaken. Every time she does this sort of thing she hurts herself. She makes her conscience weaker, and almost before she is conscious of it she will be telling things that will cause mischief. She will ruin herself morally, and mentally, and people will speak of her as one who is not to be trusted, and who is undesirable as a friend. She becomes the sort of a woman about whom in time people will say: "I prefer her enmity to her friendship, because when she is my enemy she doesn't know about my private affairs and can't exaggerate them and tell them to everybody; whereas while she is my friend she may, without meaning to do it, tell in detail all of my life, and make me very uncomfortable." Fancy having made yourself so undesirable that your enmity is preferred to your friendship—it is possible. Now, stop in time. With the first inclination to give the history of two thousand rather than two cats, put a memory ribbon in your

frock, and whenever you feel the inclination to enlarge upon stories already told, that little ribbon will flutter a warning and remind you to stop in time.

The Boy and the Light.

A little boy walked with his father at night through the country and carried the lantern. The black silence made him shiver, and he said: "Father, I am afraid, for the light reaches a very little way." His father said: "True, my boy, but if you will walk on, the light will shine to the end of your journey." There is night time as well as day time in Christian experience. Not always do the rays of God's providence illuminate the horizon; there are times, as well, when God gives his followers only enough light to enable them to take the next step. But that is all that is needed. Of one thing we may be sure—that light will never go out. If we walk on, it will shine to the end of our journey.

I count this thing to be grandly true.
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from a common sod,
To a clearer air and a broader view



AN AZTEC VILLAGE IN NEW MEXICO.

supplied them with modern implements of husbandry and educational facilities, their progress is almost imperceptible, and since they were first visited by Nunez about 1530, their habits and habitations have remained practically unchanged. They are believed to be the descendants of the ancient Aztecs, and their degeneracy is an illustration of the deterioration of a once proud and powerful people. Christianity has made but little progress among them thus far, for it has to contend with a long inheritance of ignorance and gross superstition. Many of the customs of the Pueblos may be clearly referred to a barbarous period. Their religious festivals, "knife" dances, and self-mutilations, are not unlike some of the rites still observed among the Sioux Indians, while others resemble the peculiar ceremonies to be witnessed among the idolatrous fanatics of Hindustan.

Ministers at Tea.

"What is more delicious for a minister than to accept an invitation to a parishioner's house," writes Dr. Talmage, "and sit an hour or two in the evening at the table with a collection of pleasant people? But

Canadian writer, the baby mind will have discovered the difference between "Yes" and "No," as those all important monosyllables fall from its mother's lips. Make up your mind from the very first never to say "No" unless you mean it and having said it let nothing persuade you to alter it. Attracted by the shining blade of a knife, the glitter of a bright pair of scissors or some other article, the little one reaches out its hand to possess the dangerous toy. You say, "No, no, baby mustn't have that," knowing that the desired object is dangerous, or, it may be, too fragile to be entrusted to the wee hands. Then the little lips go down, and disappointment is very naturally followed by an outburst of grief.

Too often does the mistaken mother yield to the pleading tears; the coveted thing is given over to quiet the cries, and baby learns two important things: First, that mother's "No" does not mean "No;" secondly, that if it wants a thing very badly the best plan is to cry for it. Now, I admit that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to teach an infant that the article it longs to play with is not fit for a toy; but it is com-



SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

THE TWO GREAT NECESSITIES.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor

A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: John 3: 7: "Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." John 3: 14: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

HERE are two great "must bes" in the third chapter of John, which we do well seriously to consider—a divine and a human must be. Jesus did not say to us, "Ye must be lifted up on the cross." He did not say, "We must be born again;" thus purposely excluding himself from the company of those who needed regeneration; and in the same discourse he said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up," thus purposely excluding us from the great transaction of the cross. Christ could not from the nature of the case, be included in our "must be;" we could not be included in his "must be." On the other hand he could not be excused from his "must be;" we could not be excused from ours. I wish this morning to speak to you on the two great necessities.

The Divine Necessity.

"The Son of Man must be lifted up." Did not Jesus Christ choose to die—freely? Voluntarily choose to give his life a ransom for many? How then can it be said that he must die? Because with a divine being, freedom and necessity are entirely compatible. Even God who is the author of law, is under law; I say it reverently. He made the commandment, "Thou shalt not lie," and he is under that commandment, for we are told that "God cannot lie." Thus authority and obedience belong to the same Almighty Being. So Christ was absolutely free with respect to his life: "I have power to lay down my life," he says, "and I have power to take it again: no man taketh it from me." But, he adds, "this commandment I have received of my Father." It was the necessity of filial obedience, then, first of all, which he was under. God speaking from heaven said: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and Christ looking up to heaven said, "I do always those things which please thee." Thus the divine Father and the divine Son are perfectly agreed upon this point—the faultless obedience of Jesus Christ. The Son of God could die but he could not disobey: he could surrender his life, but he could not surrender his loyalty. As the needle is free to move upon its pivot, in response to the slightest influence, and yet, however swayed or deflected, always turns loyally to the pole, so Christ's will, while absolutely free, turned irresistibly to the Father's commandment. The "may be" of choice surrendered to the "must be" of authority; the liberty of will yielded to the loyalty of love. Christ could not turn from the cross when his Father called him to the cross. He must be lifted up for the sins of the world.

Pity and Love.

Consider what this means. Looking to God what do I hear? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." Excess of love conquered by excess of pity; the yearnings of a Father's heart overcome by a Father's compassion! God so pitied this poor world that he poured out the very "heart of his heart," and flung it among the rabble of Calvary, to be trampled on and crushed by sacrilegious feet, that thereby he might win back a lost race to himself. And looking to Christ what do I hear? "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened till it can be accomplished." The hunger of compassion absolutely craving the sharpness of the cross; love embracing the crucifixion as a mother embraces her infant child! Truly "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were sinners, Christ died for us."

And the necessity of law was behind this necessity of love. It is written in the Scrip-

tures, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins;" and I know not but that this law is just as inexorable as the law of mathematics, that two and two make four. It is a great mystery I confess; and I do not pretend to justify or demonstrate it. But I do know that Christ recognized it, otherwise he never would have said: "Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up" or "The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinners, and crucified and raised again the third day."

Therefore I beg you to consider what a gratuitous insult it is to say that the blood of Christ is not

Necessary for Remission

of sins, when Christ himself said that it was necessary—said it before he came to the cross, and held fast to the saying amid the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, amid the taunting and reviling of the Jewish priests and Roman soldiers, and amid the thirst and darkness of his passion and vicarious anguish. There are theological questions about which we may differ, but here is a bleeding fact before which we must shut our mouths. O! sinner, if you do not wish to be saved by the blood of Christ, turn your back on his cross and close your lips, and march sullenly and silently to death and doom. But I beg you do not discuss with him the question whether you might not be saved without the shedding of blood. This is simply saying that he made a mistake in dying: that the cup of his anguish was a needless draught: that the work of his crucifixion was one of supererogation. The Scriptures declare that "he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." To say that his death is not necessary for our salvation, is to say that he did more than he need have done in dying on Calvary; that he overwrought his obedience and exaggerated the work of the cross.

And men have said it and do say it. The amiable Dr. Channing lost his patience at the insistence of evangelical Christians on the doctrine of the atonement, and is reported as saying, in a memorable phrase, that "they had set up a gallows in the centre of the universe." Nay, they did not set up that gallows. Christ did not set it up, God did not set it up.

Christ found the Gallows

already standing when he came into the world, and beneath that gallows the whole race under the death sentence from a violated law. And he gave himself to suffer in their stead, "the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God." I know that to many this last saying sounds strange and paradoxical. But the paradoxes are not all in the Gospel. Yonder a murderer was executed the other day; and on the scaffold two men stood, one on either side of the criminal; on the right hand the executioner, on the left hand the chaplain; the one to enforce the death sentence, the other to pronounce the absolution of the church. Could anything be more absurd—hanging a man and pardoning him in the same act? "If he must be punished, let him be punished," one might say; "if he can be forgiven, let him be forgiven, but do not undertake both in one transaction." Yet this is substantially what is done at every execution. We bring the Gospel with its offer of pardon, and the law with its penalty of death.

It is a paradox it is also a parable. In the death of Christ we see condemnation and forgiveness in the same act. The nails cry out with every stroke of the hammer which drives them through the quivering flesh: "The wages of sin is death." He who on the cross was made sin for us endured the righteous penalty of sin. But when he cries out with his dying breath, "Father, forgive them," we see that another was there also. Love pronounces absolu-

tion while justice pronounces sentence, and so in the paradox we behold the atonement. "Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

The Human Necessity:

"Ye must be born again." It is a necessity first of all in ourselves. For our Lord adds by way of explanation: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." There is a great gulf not only in the life to come, but in the present life between the natural man and the spiritual man. No process of refinement or clarification can ever turn oil into water. No enrichment or improvement can ever turn water into oil. The two do not mix or coalesce; water remains water, oil remains oil to the end. "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God," said Nicodemus to Christ. "A teacher," answers Jesus, "it is not teaching that is needed. Think you that human nature can be cultured and improved to such a point that one shall be qualified for heaven? Nay, that which is born of the flesh is flesh. Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again." God's life must be communicated to you before you can be fitted for God's presence. Only "that which is born of Spirit is Spirit." Does this seem like a harsh accusation of human nature? But it is the Lord who makes it, not I. Hear what Christ says in the 6th of John. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." "Lord, that is very severe." My morality and my uprightness; my charity and my benevolence; my self-denial and humility—all profiteth nothing? Not as a ground of acceptance with God? American money will not pass current in England, however good it may be in this country, because it is not the coin of the realm. "Holiness, without which no man can see the Lord," says the Scripture. This is the currency of heaven, and holiness is something of God; it is the gold of his nature, it bears the image and superscription of his person. You must have holiness in order to see God, which is but saying, you must have the divine life implanted within you. "Ye must" is Christ's own word. There is but one way of entering the kingdom of God, and that is God's way; and there is only one life which can live in the kingdom of God, and that is God's life.

The Necessity in Nature.

Let me illustrate this from nature. There are two worlds on this globe of ours, each with its own kind of inhabitants. There is the world of air and the world of water. Can the inhabitants of one of these worlds pass to the other? Take a man or beast from the world of air and put him into the world of water and death by drowning ensues at once. Take a fish from the world of water and introduce it into the world of air and it dies immediately of suffocation. Now these two worlds are not more widely separated from one another than the natural world which we call earth and the spiritual world which we call heaven. Put an unregenerated man into heaven and he could not live there, because he could not breathe the air of heaven; for he has not the organs to inhale the atmosphere which is the very life of the very God. Therefore one must be born again in order to see the kingdom of God.

To bring the truth down to actual experience—Do you know why it is that a thoroughly worldly man is ill at ease and wretched when introduced into a fervent and spiritual prayer-meeting? Because he has not the organs of faith and love and hope with which to breathe the atmosphere of the prayer-meeting. He is a fish out of water and is miserable. Do you know why a thoroughly consecrated Christian is unhappy in a ball-room or a card party? Because he is out of his element. As the saying is among the scientific men:—everything must be adapted to its environment. Therefore Christ's great demand is reasonable enough. You must be born again in order to be fitted for the heavenly country. If you delight supremely in the pleasures and vanities of the world, how can you be happy in heaven were you transplanted thither? If your highest joy is the service of Christ how can you be happy in the vanities of this world? Here you have the test whether you would be ready for heaven if called to-day.

Now how can this new birth be attained? Hear Jesus' Words which immediately follow this announcement of the doctrine of the new birth. "No man hath ascended into heaven but he that came down from

heaven, even the Son of Man who is in heaven." What is this but saying that the stream of life can rise no higher than its source! Christ brought the life of heaven down to us, that by it we might be able to attain to heaven. What a strange sight it is on this earth where everything tends to fall downward to see a balloon rising upward. Like a war-horse eager for the fray, it sways and pulls at the ropes which fasten it till suddenly, being released, it bounds away to the clouds, leaving the earth in the far distance behind. What gives it this buoyancy? Some of the higher and lighter atmosphere of the heavens has been caught and imprisoned in it, and now it simply seeks its own. Jesus Christ came down from heaven, saying as he arrived, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." "He that believeth on me hath eternal life," he says.

That is Regeneration:

the life of God communicated to men. Now we have that within us which being derived from God tends to God. Now we can ascend up to heaven because we have within us that which came down from heaven. And see how simple is the requirement on our part. We are not told that we must accomplish the new birth for ourselves. That were impossible. New birth is new creation, and only God can accomplish that. As well think of creating sun or moon or stars, as to create in ourselves a new heart. Here we are absolutely helpless. But the requirement on our part is faith. "Believe on the Son of God and you shall have life."

And now my hearer let me press home the question upon your heart—"Have you been born again?" If not I have no promise of heaven within my reach for you. No person since Adam, ever came into this world by any other way than by the gate of natural birth. The lowly door of weak and helpless infancy is the only door by which a human being ever entered this life. And you do not complain of that: for it is a natural and universal law. Well, just as natural and universal is the law that through the new birth we must enter the new life, the life of heaven. Now is the time for this great change. Now is the day for this great transaction. To you I appeal, O men and women, this morning. Receive Christ, for it is written, that "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become sons of God, even to them which believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man but of God."

A FLOAT IN CHINA.

From a letter to "The Baptist Missionary Magazine" from Miss Emma Inveen, who is laboring for Christ in Inland China, we extract the following description of her return up the Yangtze River:

It was my pleasure and privilege to be in Shanghai on the arrival of our friends on the nineteenth day of last month. Ten days were spent in Shanghai in changing from American to Chinese dress and in making preparations for a long journey still before us. It was pleasant to find that no one had objections to adopting the native costume, which experience in inland China has proved to be more convenient for ourselves, and less offensive to the people we desire to reach—not that any of us try to look like Chinamen or for a moment imagine we do. The last day of the year we sailed for Hankow by the steamer "Teh-shing"—"Virtuous Prosperity." As European rates were very high, we decided to take first-class Chinese fare. Although this necessitated eating Chinese food for a few days, the saving in money to the Missionary Union would be so much, that all gladly fell in with the plan. The discomforts, if any, were more than counterbalanced by the novelty of the experience, the handling of chopsticks, and the amusement afforded by occasional surprising discoveries which were fished up by the chopsticks out of the bowl of "chai."

Late Tuesday afternoon we set sail from Ichang, turning our backs upon that last gunboat, and the last vestige of Western civilization and set our faces toward the region beyond. It seemed like a plunge into the great unknown. But we were strong in the strength of him whose messengers we are, and who goeth before and is even now and always with us. Thank God, it is our blessed portion to walk by faith; we have joys unknown to others; we know that he will lead us step by step; his Spirit will guide us now, even as he led his servants in apostolic times.

Mont Lawn's Red-Letter Day.

(Continued from first page.)

erty pole; the picture and block games indoors and the thrice-wonderful phonograph, with its hidden voices and its unseen musicians. Besides, had she not her own locker where she kept the few little things she possessed, and didn't she get one of the "very bestest" seats at table, right beside the missionary, and wasn't her little white iron cot just "too sweet?" How nice it was to join her faint treble with the others in singing of Jesus, and to say "Amen" when the house-mother prayed to God to protect and bless the children. How different it all was from Cherry street where her greatest pleasure was a ride in her father's peddling cart, or a skip on the narrow pavement. She felt that it was all unreal, like some pretty dream, and must soon fade away and leave her just as she was before. She half dreaded lest, if she should shut her eyes and open them suddenly, the trees, flowers, and children would vanish and she, no longer "Number 1000," would look around on the dingy walls of the two bare rooms in the old tenement.

But, by and by, Lillie got accustomed to her surroundings. A hint of the late roses crept into her pale cheeks and the pure, sweet, hillside air gave her strength to run and play all day long. She will carry back with her to Cherry Hill the memory of the brightest days of her young life, and of an experience that may influence her eternal welfare. Dear little "Number 1,000!" May kindness and love brighten your lot and the lives of all the children of the poor.

Ingratitude has hardly a place in the child-nature, and among the hundreds of little ones who have been housed, fed and cared for at Mont Lawn, we have yet to learn of one boy or girl who, at the end of the ten days' vacation, has not gone home with a heart full of the kindest remembrances. Many of them write us loving letters, recalling the happy hours they spent at the Home. Lack of space forbids more than a mere reference to these letters. A father and mother write under date, Aug. 27:

With our hearts streaming over with joy and gratitude, we send our thanks to you for your kindness in taking two of our little ones to your delightful place in the country and making us all glad and happy. It was a refreshing to them both for soul and body. Our prayer is for you, that the blessing of God will rest upon you and your labor of love. May God continue to make you a blessing to many little children.

Thankfully yours in Christ, H. T. and S. O. T.

Here is a letter sent from the Home by one of our little girls to her mother:

THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1894.

DEAR MAMMA:—I arrived safely at THE CHRISTIAN HOME, NYACK, Wednesday, 6.30 p.m. Nellie and I went to the Bible House to be examined by a lady doctor. We had a nice sail on the boat and a ride in the stage-coach. There were a great many children at the Home, brought from different Sun Day Schools, cheering us when we arrived. We were called into supper, and had apple-sauce, milk, bread, and crackers; for our breakfast, this morning we had milk and H.O., and for our dinner we had pork and beans, tomatoes, potatoes, pudding, and bread. Nellie and I have a bed to ourselves, and it is lovely. It is an iron bed, a lovely spring, two sheets, a double quilt and a white spread; and we have everything to ourselves.

Your loving daughter, SADIE.

The arrival and departure of the mail is always an event at Mont Lawn. It is amusing to watch the interest many of our little folks take in the letters sent or received by their playmates. Any boy or girl who gets a letter is a person of importance among their own little circle.

"I got a letter to-day," said a bright little black-eyed maid of seven to another girl.

"Did ver? Wish't I had a letter."

"Oh, I guess your folks don't know how to write."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the other child and her lips trembled.

"Poor thing!" explained one of the missionaries, "I suppose that other didn't know it, but Susy's father and mother are both deaf and dumb. That's why she felt hurt at what her mate said just now."

"Indeed; how strange! Yet she seems to have all her faculties perfect."

"Oh, yes; she can talk well enough and so can her brother, but the parents and her uncles and aunts are nearly all deaf and dumb."

The average number of children at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home during the summer has been 125, the largest number at any time being 149. The largest party taken up in any one day was 34, the average being 25. The average cost of conducting the Home has been \$50 per day. It will probably be closed for the season sometime during the latter part of the current month.

A GREAT WESTERN CALAMITY!

Many Hundreds Dead and Thousands Rendered Destitute by Forest Fires in Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin—Whole Towns Obliterated—Terrible Scenes in the Lumber District Towns—A Relief Movement Already begun and Help Needed.

ONE of the saddest calamities that has ever visited the Western States is reported from Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, where several towns and a number of villages in the lumber districts have been destroyed by terrible forest fires in which hundreds of men, women and children have perished. It is probable that the total number of those who perished may be very near one thousand.

The worst disaster befel in Minnesota. Between Kettle River and Cross Lake, lies a great valley, which was occupied by a considerable population engaged mainly in the lumber industry and this tract has been swept bare by conflagrations so fierce and swift that nothing could stand before them and people had no time to escape. Three towns—Hinckley, Mission Creek and Pokegama—are in ashes, and in and around Hinckley alone, 447 poor, charred and blackened bodies have been found, while hundreds of other incinerated victims lie scattered around among the different villages and settlements. Whole families are known to have been cremated. In some of the settlements, a few of the stronger men escaped death by flight, or by hiding in small lakes or swampy places, but the fire seems to have penetrated everywhere.

Meanwhile, the survivors who escaped death at Hinckley and Mission Creek, and those whose homes were consumed in the other Minnesota towns and villages of the burned lumber district are destitute, without either homes or food. The city of St. Paul has sent them a supply of provisions for temporary relief, the State is preparing to help them and from United States Army headquarters in St. Paul, tents and hospital supplies have been sent for the treatment of the very large number of injured. Not since the great Chicago fire have so many people suffered in this country through conflagration as are now suffering in those States. Relief Committees have been organized and the entire country will be invited to aid in the Christian work of helping and comforting these afflicted ones until they are again able to do something for themselves.

Rev. Mr. Knudson, a Presbyterian pastor in Hinckley, relates a most thrilling experience during the fire. He says it swept down on the town like an avalanche. Many who perished might have been saved had they kept away from the river. The people lost their heads and stampeded, trying to escape by teams and saddle-horses. Mr. Knudson went to a hilltop, and when the fire passed over, found himself in a charred desert, surrounded by hundreds of dead, while those who survived were far from help and with nothing to eat or drink.

At Pine City there are over 600 homeless, at Hinckley, where 450 perished, almost the entire remaining population is destitute, with no clothing, food or shelter; Sandstone has 50 dead, and 225 homeless, and Sandstone Junction is in a like plight. Pokegama, Cromwell and Miller have also suffered greatly, but the loss of life and the number of homeless is not yet accurately known.

Many narrow escapes from the fire are recorded, and there were numerous instances of heroism. Hinckley is 75 miles from St. Paul, lying between that city and Duluth. A limited express train with a plucky engineer, named James Root, and carrying eighty passengers, ran into the fire at Hinckley. It seemed certain death to attempt to stop at the depot there, but Root did so and in a moment the cars caught fire. Two hundred frightened fugitives from Hinckley soon filled the train which resumed its backward journey southward, the wind fanning the flames and the cars soon being a moving mass of fire. Many of the passengers were driven temporarily insane by the terrible situation and rushed out upon the car platforms, moaning, shouting and praying loudly in their agony and distress. Some leaped from the cars, preferring to risk death in the smoking forest to incarceration in the blazing train. Others tumbled blindly off the train to the track not a few being killed by the fall.

The clothing of the engineer and firemen was ablaze repeatedly and the face and hands of the former were literally baked; but Root bravely clung to his post, knowing that to leave it or to stop his engine would

mean certain death to all on the train. His helper frequently dipped water from the tank and threw it over him to cool the bursting skin, and thus he was enabled to pull through the last dreadful six miles of fire with his burning train, and when Skunk Lake was reached, the remaining passengers rushed out of the cars and into the water. There were many who had to be carried, being utterly unable to help themselves. Brave Engineer Root was found to be frightfully and perhaps mortally injured by the exposure to the flames, while Sullivan, the conductor of the train, who had been cool and resolute throughout the dreadful journey, became a raving maniac and had to be conveyed to an asylum. Scores of other instances of noble courage and self-denial are recorded,—faithful telegraph operators perishing at their posts, mothers dying in the effort to save their little ones, fathers perishing while fighting off the flames from wives and babes. All over the Minnesota burned district, charred and unrecognizable bodies were found after the fire, their poor, mutilated frames looking more like blackened tree-stumps than human remains. In the fields, and in streets, lanes, woods and ditches they were found lying where they had fled for shelter. Along the railroad-track were the corpses of many who had tried in vain to escape by the train. Three men who walked back to Hinckley after the fire were almost suffocated by the smoke and fell over a dead body at every few yards. Most of the dead seemed to have perished of suffocation. Some had run their heads into sand heaps in their desperate efforts to escape the furnace-like atmosphere. At one place they found a mother who had lain down over her three little children in the vain effort to shelter them from the fierce heat, and all four had died together.

One of the most distressing features of the calamity was the search that was conducted by parents for missing children and by sons and daughters for their aged relatives. Bodies were piled up in rude coffins in the graveyards and at railway depots for identification, but only a small proportion could be positively recognized before burial.

Weeks may elapse before the number who perished can be accurately ascertained. It may be that in Minnesota alone the death-roll will very nearly reach 1,000. In Wisconsin, the towns partially destroyed by the forest fires are Benoit, Poplar, Marengo, Spencer, High Bridge, Ashland, Bayfield, Washburn, Baronette, Granite Lake, Bashan, Shell Lake and Comstock, and in Michigan the town of South Rubicon, besides several others that have not been heard from, having apparently been isolated by the fire, if not destroyed. The loss to property will run up into the millions. Not

only lumber lands but rich dairy farms were swept away, and many hundreds of valuable cattle perished.

Relief measures have already been taken by the merchants of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, by the Minnesota State Board of Charities, and by the authorities of different cities in Wisconsin and Michigan for the purpose of aiding the thousands of destitute and homeless. In Minnesota, where the suffering is greatest, help is urgently needed, and any of our readers who desire to send a mite for the relief of these poor, homeless, bereft ones, may do so by forwarding their contribution to this journal. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent a representative to the scene of the suffering in Minnesota, and has appropriated funds which he will apply to the relief of the most needy cases, either in the form of food, clothing, medicines, or otherwise. His communications from the stricken district will appear from time to time. Meanwhile, all who desire in these columns to aid in this work can do so by co-operating with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the purpose indicated by the senders:

From Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, \$2 for the support of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary; from John Blair, Philadelphia, \$10 for Foreign Missions; from Mrs. E. F. Cobb, \$1 for Bella Cooke's Work; from Friend, Springfield, O., \$4 for the Bethesda Home; from H. L. and Mrs. Lunt, \$1 for Mrs. Jamal's schools in Palestine; from Mrs. J. W. Crane, \$10 for Dr. Faust's Mission to the Jews.

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THE BOOK SHELF

TWO YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.*

THESE two were only boys, and had not the steadfast courage which sometimes comes to riper years. They had known some trials; yet life, love, friendship, and the beautiful world around them were very dear to their young hearts. Yet they were Christians, and it they were about to be called upon to die, strength would be vouchsafed to them as it was needed. It has been said that dying grace comes with the dying hour. The perspiration broke forth under the yellow curls on Karl's forehead, and the cold hand of Frederic trembled in his own.

The silence was suddenly broken by the man who held the sword. He was a dark-browed, stolid-faced individual, whose countenance betokened no nice regard for justice, far less a sentiment of tenderness; yet his words might have put to the blush the men who, claiming to be shepherds over God's flock, were enacting the part of wolves.

"I like not this," he said grimly. "How can I do this thing? The boys have had no trial!"

"Better obey thine orders and ask no questions," responded the other.

There was a pause, and then the executioner spoke again, more emphatically than before:

"I tell thee I like it not. Go thou and inform the archbishop for me, that I misdoubt the right of a proceeding like this, and ask him plainly for me, if the lads should not first be brought to trial. And see that you give careful heed to his reply. Begone."

His companion said no more, but turned back at once toward the town. The dark-browed executioner stood with drawn sword, as if guarding the prisoners whom he had dared to reprieve.

The youths, knowing well that supplications would be vain, and that an attempt to escape would be worse than useless, awaited in silence the return of the messenger, whose words would bring a further respite or a death-warrant for them both.

The time, burdened as it was with awful suspense, went by. The sun looked over the mountain tops, and lighted up the spot where they were standing.

The brothers, facing their guard, saw that he was watching keenly for the man whom he had had the temerity to send for instructions, in the face of explicit orders. They wondered if something might not prevent his return; if the archbishop might not be too much engaged to receive him; if he might not be absent, and so a final order fall to be issued.

The minutes seemed to drag, and yet to fly. They followed the messenger in imagination, back to the town, along the streets which they had lately traversed, and to the place of their late imprisonment. They tried to calculate the time that would be required for his journey and return. They began to hope that he was not coming back. They watched the guard. He kept his eyes fixed steadily on a distant point beyond them, and his countenance indicated no variation of thought or feeling.

They waited and waited still without turning their heads. They heard no footsteps on the sword behind them, but suddenly they heard, as those who hear a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky:

"The archbishop says: 'Do what I command you, and leave the responsibility to the prince.'"

"Does that mean that we must die?" asked Frederic. The man with the sword nodded.

"Wilt thou give us time to pray, first?" asked the boy.

Again the executioner gave a silent affirmative. The two boys knelt down, clasped in each other's arms. They prayed simultaneously, in slightly varying language, for their widowed mother and other friends. They prayed for the spread of the Gospel light and truth, and then they prayed for

strength to die, and exclaimed together: "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits!"

Their voices ceased. They bowed their heads, still kneeling. The cruel blade descended once and again!

Aghast, we drop the veil upon this deed, committed in the light of the sun, not far from Salzburg, in the sixteenth century, under the authority of Rome!

MISS BASCOM'S THIEF.*

"Why, Mr. Kennedy!"

"I should say so, Miss Bascom! I just caught this young rascal lugging off your rug from the front railing, and I'm bringing him to justice," giving the specimen under his grasp a mock-savage shake as he spoke; "what had we better do with him? I might get my gatling gun, and take him for a target, or you could feed him pie-meal to Tiger."

At these fearful suggestions the captive, a forlorn and ragged mite of a boy, broke into a howl of dismay, and made a desperate effort to relieve himself from the clutch upon his collar.

"Oh, now, Mr. Kennedy!" remonstrated his landlady, "what's the use of scaring the poor little thing to death? There, don't cry Bubby, Tiger's only a cat, and wouldn't hurt a flea; and as to guns, there isn't one in the house, to my knowledge. But don't you know it's dreadful bad of you to steal?"

"Folks can't starve!" blubbered the boy. "Starve? You young cannibal, would you eat the rug?" thundered Kennedy in tragic tones.

"Dud Hanks sold his'n fur a dollar," explained the captive.

"Oh, he did, dud he? Well, it's about time some of you 'Juds' were made an example of, I should think! Isn't there any dark, dank, and dismal dungeon down in that old basement, Miss Bascom? We might—"

But she caught one word only. "Starve?" she cried, aghast, "who's starving Bub—are you?"

"Yes'm; me an' ma an' the twins. Pa's gone off to get work, an' ma's sick, an' ther' ain't but half a scuttle o' coal left, an' three praties," he managed to sob out.

"That's it, my blossom!" Kennedy nodded encouragingly. "You have it pat, only didn't you get in one too many potatoes? And where's the ham-bone you've lived on for a week? You must have a ham-bone, you know."

"Oh, stop your nonsense, now, and let go of the child, please! I'll tend to him. Come, sonny, I can find enough for you to eat, anyhow, and we'll see about the coal later. Come, there's something left from breakfast, I know."

"Probably," observed Kennedy with a pathetic air, "as I wasn't down to get my share—but wait, Miss Bascom! Do you realize that you are cheating the law of its just dues when you take a villain, re-handled from his crime, and begin stuffing him with eggs and bacon—especially your eggs and bacon, Miss Bascom?"

"Villain! A mite like that? And what has the law got to do with such a baby, anyhow, I'd like to know? But, there! One can't reason on an empty stomach. Come on, Bubby!"

Evidently Miss Thirza intended to appropriate the "villain," stomach and all; and she was hurrying him away, leaving Kennedy shaking with silent laughter, when he recovered voice enough to call out—

"Hold on, then, my dear madam! If you insist on being 'particeps criminis,' so do I—we'll fall together! Catch, Muggins!" flinging a half-dollar over the balustrade.

*From *Not For Profit* by Fannie F. Newberry. An interesting story of Christian experience. Pp. 287. Cloth cover. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, pub'rs.

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"That's for fuel, you know—liquid fuel, I presume it will be; but you're to blame, Miss Bascom!"

She looked up, and beamed upon him over her glasses.

"I knew, Mr. Kennedy, that your bark was worse than your bite. Thank you!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Abraham Lincoln Myth, by Bocardo Braman-tin. Pp. 88; price paper cover, 25¢. Published by The Mascot Pub. Co., 169 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Tenny and Partners, by James Otis. Author of *Topsy Tyler*, *Mr. Stubbs' Lot*, etc., etc. Pp. 250. Published by A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

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DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, July 28, '94.

WHAT the Indians are to America the Maoris are to New Zealand. These aborigines are dying out very rapidly, but you see them in all the upper portions of New Zealand. All this country was once theirs, and they would have kept it, but from whaling ships the foreigners alighted to furnish enough rum and vices of all sorts to kill the Maoris. They are said to be a superior race of savages, but the nobility of them I fail to see. Their faces are ploughed up, not with age but by a tattooing which they suppose pictorializes and beautifies. Sharp shells scooped out these furrows of the countenance. Their greatest fun was massacre. When some of them adopted Christianity they received the old Testament but rejected the New Testament. They liked the war scenes of the old but not the Peace of the New. On occasions they made cartridges of the New Testament. When they could not eat all their enemies they preserved them in tin cans and sent them as delicate presents to their friends. The ship "Boyd," bound for England put in at one of the New Zealand harbors, and all on board were slain and eaten except a woman and three children, who hid away, the only survivors to tell the story. Of course all ships knew that if they were wrecked on these shores they would become a part of the diet of the people. Two of their chiefs taken to London in 1820 aroused much interest and they were loaded with presents of all sorts; but before starting for home these recipients exchanged the presents for muskets with which they drove back and destroyed the neighboring tribes who could not afford muskets. Some of these savages went so far as to lend clubs and powder and knives to their enemies that lively fighting might be kept up. On one occasion they refused to capture the trains carrying food and ammunition to the opposing forces, and when the chief of the Maoris was asked the cause of this, he replied, "Why, you fool, if we had captured their ammunition and food how could they have fought?" One of the missionaries says that he held a religious service at a place between two fighting tribes, and from both tribes the audience was made up on Sunday, but on Monday they resumed their old fight. If they had had plainly put to them the first question of the Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" their reply, if frankly made, would have been, "The chief end of man is to make an end of him."

De Quincy wrote an essay on "Murder as a Fine Art," but to the Maoris murder was a pastime. Assassination was for ages their gladdest recreation. Massacre was their sport. It was to them what the tennis court and croquet ground and base-ball are to many moderns. No hunter ever enjoyed shooting reed birds, or fetching down a roebuck; no fisherman better liked throwing a fly and watching a spotted trout rise and snap it, than did these Maoris the slaughter of a man. Give beef or mutton to others, but the appetite of the Maori wanted something human in the bill of fare. Many of the Maoris may be good, and kind, and noble, but their ancestors were without nobility of nature, unless laziness and heartlessness, and revenge and malevolence be noble. What an appetite they must have had for soup of human bones! for white man on toast! and for spare rib of missionary! We search New Zealand in vain from top of the North Island to foot of South Island to find among the Maoris anything more noble than seen in the American Indian seated by a bridle path of the Rocky Mountains, wrapped in filthy blanket, hair combed once in forty years, waiting for a cowboy to toss him a rusty cent.

They tell the most enormous stories of the bravery of their ancestors. These ancestors, they say, killed the two great warriors at Waterloo, Wellington and Napoleon, and the tribe believe it, too. Within a few days one of their chiefs was buried amid wild scenes of lamentation, and after the body was put in the ground, the chief's hat and blanket and umbrella were thrown in after him, and then many of the tribe leaped upon the grave with howls and dancing. Not satisfied with deeds of cruelty while living, these noble Maoris in olden

time, expected their wives to strangle themselves, and while twisting the flax for the rope, the sister of the dead chief is reported by a recent writer as looking up at the moon and saying:

It is well with thee, oh moon! You return from death, Spreading your light on the little waves. Men say, "Behold, the moon reappears!" But the dead of this world return no more. [tain, Grief and pain spring up in my heart as from a fountain. I hasten to death for relief.

Oh! that all might eat those numerous soothsayers, Who could not foretell his death, Oh! that I might eat the Governor, For his was the war!

One of the most terrible things in all the country of the Maoris is their law of Tapu. If any one breaks that he must die. When a thing is said to be Tapu, no one must use or employ it. For instance, a man gave a slave a knife, forthwith that knife became Tapu, yet some one dared with that knife to cut the bread for the chief's mother, and the man who used the knife for that purpose was butchered. That whimsicality of Tapu has left its victims all up and down New Zealand. The fact is, that barbarisms are so repulsive in every form, that there is nothing admirable about them, and the only thing to do, is by the influence of Christian civilization to extirpate them, and they are going, and for the most part have already gone. Cannibalism in New Zealand is dead. The funeral pyres in India have been extinguished. The Juggernaut has been put aside as a curiosity for travelers to look at. Instead of the cruelties that once cursed these lands, I find our glorious Christianity dominant. All over New Zealand, the highest culture, the grandest churches, the best schools, and a citizenship than which the world holds nothing nobler.

I hereby report to the American lecturers that New Zealand is a grand place for their useful work. Only two or three English and one American lecturer have ever trod these platforms. But the opportunity here is illimitable. Not in all the round earth are there more alert, responsive, or electric audiences. They are quicker than American or European assemblages to take everything said on platform or in pulpit. They call out all there is in a speaker of instruction or entertainment. And the Church and the World have yet to find out that audiences for the most part decide whether sermons or lectures shall be good or poor. Stolid and unresponsive audiences, make stolid and stupid speakers.

Let all the nations reconstruct their notions of New Zealand. I write this at Dunedin, imposing in its architecture, picturesque, in its surroundings, unbounded in its hospitality and another Edinburgh, after which I understand, it is named, Dun-Edin, being the Gaelic for the Northern capital of intelligence. The Scotch founded it and what the Scotch do they do well. They believe in something, and it is almost always something good that they believe in. High-toned morality characterizes everything that they do or touch; solidity, breadth, massiveness, and religiosity are the types of the men and cities and nations they build. No country is well started that has not felt the influence of the Scotch, with their bravery arm and high cheek bones. The sea port of this place is called Chalmers Port, named after, I have no doubt, Thomas Chalmers, the greatest of Scotchmen, unless it was John Knox; and the largest church in this place, where I preached last night, is Knox Church, called I have no doubt, after the man who, at Hollywood, made a queen tremble. Here I am in the mid-winter of this Colony, for July here corresponds with our American January; but there are no such severities of frost or snow as we are familiar with in New York latitudes. The grass is at this moment a bright emerald, the gardens are in glorious flower. From the top of the North Island of New Zealand to the foot of the South Island, the Colony is a bewitchment of interest. For 120 miles ever and anon geysers send up their steam curling on the air. The glaciers, the romantic lakes, the drives, the wooded summits, the mountain peaks, the escarpment

of the hills, the fertile fields, the falling waters, the hot springs, the flora with its infinitude of camellias, and its small heaven of ferns, the sunrises and sunsets, and above all the people with cordiality and heartiness, independent of all weather and circumstances, make New Zealand 500 miles of invitation to the inhabitant of other zones to come here whether for health or pleasure, or livelihood or worship.

What uplifted altars of basalt! What blue domes of sky! What bright layers of river! What baptism of gentle shower! What incense of morning mist! What doxology of sea on both beaches! What a temple of beauty, and glory, and joy, and divine aspiration, is New Zealand!

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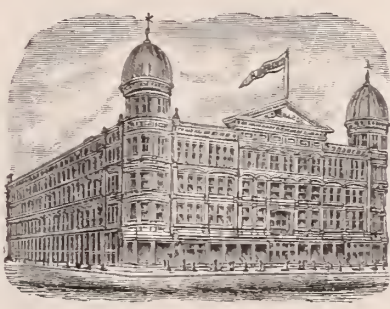
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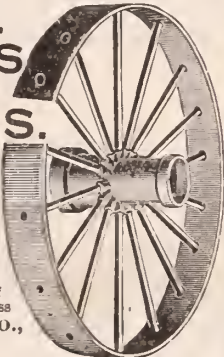
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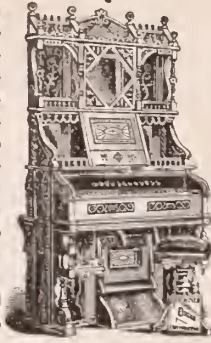
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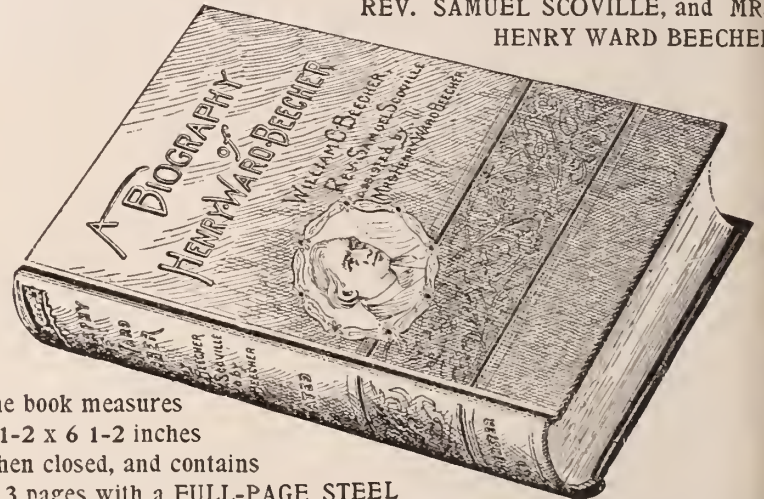
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A YOUNG JEWISH EVANGELIST.

What Hermann Warszawiak is Doing to Bring his Jewish Brethren in New York to Christ.—The Sabbath School Choir and his Adult Bible Class of Jewish Enquirers.

IN a small church on the East side of New York City an audience gathers every Saturday which, once seen by any Christian visitor, is not soon forgotten. In contour and feature the people resemble those in any synagogue of the city. They are Hebrew in type and there is in their expression the same quick, alert intelligence and the same intensity of purpose that marks the Jewish countenance in all lands. But there is a difference. In the synagogue there is the calm, dignified look of people who are engaged in a sacred, time-honored service, hallowed by the observance of an ancient race for many centuries; while in the church the observer notices on each face an eagerness and concentration of thought that denotes mental conflict. The speaker, like his hearers, has the Jewish face with its marks of intellectual activity and keen penetration. He is small of stature and slight in build, but evidently a man of vigorous mental power, a veritable, logical athlete. He speaks in German with the Hebrew accent and the Hebrew dialect, which the pure German denominates "jargon." The attention he receives, and the occasional interruptions and pertinent questions show that his words are fully understood, if not approved by his hearers. His replies are courteous but pointed, often disconcerting and they usually silence, if not convince the questioner. The speaker is Hermann Warszawiak, the famous Jewish missionary to the Jews.

For more than four years these meetings have been held every week under Mr. Warszawiak's leadership. He has not faltered in the face of opposition, or become discouraged by meagre results. Progress in mission work among Jews is necessarily slow and difficult. None know that better than Mr. Warszawiak and the other Jewish missionaries who are now engaged in the work. They know by painful experience how strong are the prejudices that have to be overcome before the Jew can be led to recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the long-expected Messiah. They know, too, how heavy is

the cost to the Jew of making open confession of Christ. Many of them have had to bear loss of fortune, and that social ostracism which to a sensitive man is like martyrdom, as the penalty for declaring themselves Christians. Knowing these things, they labor patiently and cheerfully in Christ's cause. It is not easy work, nor work that is without reproach, but it is work to which the love of Christ and of their brethren constrains them. The converted Jew cannot be silent. The joy that fills his heart and satisfies the longing of his soul must be communicated to others who still have the veil over their hearts. Like the great Apostle their hearts' desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved, and they labor and pray continually for that end. In New York alone we have five such missions besides Mr. Warszawiak's, at the head of each of which is a Jewish teacher of that spirit. Dr. Faust's work, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, has already been described in these columns. Then, there is Dr. Gabelein, whom the Methodist Church is supporting; Dr. Lichtenstein, who has the help of the Baptist

ject of discourse are identical—to convince God's chosen people that Jesus is "He of whom Moses and the Prophets did write."

To the large number of Russian Jews whom recent troubles in their own country have driven to our shores, Mr. Warszawiak is by birth and family a teacher with special claims. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, twenty-nine years ago. On his mother's side he belongs to the famous Rabbinical family of Gurah, and his uncle is, by inheritance, the head of the Chassidim, the modern representatives of the ancient order

his nephew, but earnestly strove to train him in the fear of God.

His invariable morning salutation was "Prepare to meet thy God," and the same words were the last the boy heard from the lips of his revered instructor when he parted from him in the evening. The way of preparation of course was obedience to the six hundred and thirteen precepts contained in the Pentateuch and to the almost innumerable number in the Talmud. The boy was ambitious and



HERMANN WARSZAWIAK

longed to be holy like his distinguished uncle and without blame before God. He was conscious of shortcoming, and even in his early youth lamented that no sacrifice was or could be offered to atone for the sins he committed. This need of sacrifice and the conviction that only by sacrifice could atonement be made, occupied his mind with increasing persistence, and was to be ultimately the means of leading him to Christ.

The boy wrestling with these spiritual problems and ardently longing after holiness, continued his studies, in the hope of becoming a great Rabbi. Two brothers had already entered that calling and were preaching in Polish cities. In his fifteenth year his parents arranged with a wealthy Jewish banker of the city of Lodz for a marriage between Hermann Warszawiak and the banker's daughter who was fourteen years old at that time. The two young people, according to the prevailing custom, were not permitted to see each other or communicate with each other until the day of the wedding, a year later. The banker evident-

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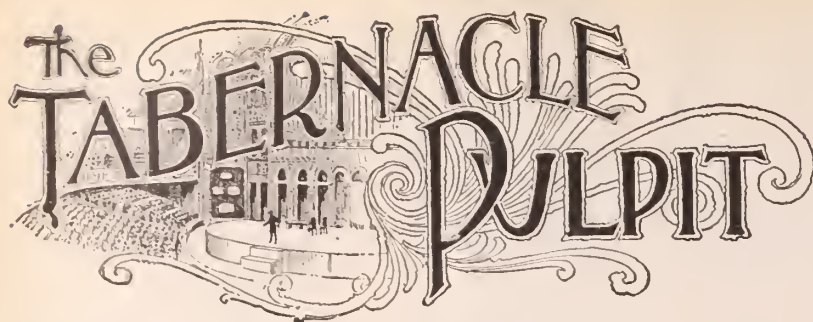


THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHOIR OF THE HEBREW CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Church; Dr. Landeman, whom the Lutherans are aiding, and Dr. Leberman, who is working under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In all these missions, although the sponsors are of different denominations, the object and aim and sub-

ject which supported Judas Macabæus in his heroic struggles. Under the tuition of his uncle, Hermann Warszawiak attained a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures and the Talmud. The Rabbi was not content with imparting book knowledge to

tween Hermann Warszawiak and the banker's daughter who was fourteen years old at that time. The two young people, according to the prevailing custom, were not permitted to see each other or communicate with each other until the day of the wedding, a year later. The banker evident-



HOLY COMPULSION.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Luke 14: 23, "And compel them to come in."



THE plainest people in our day have luxuries which the kings and queens of olden times never imagined. I walked up and down the stairs of Holyrood Palace—a palace that was considered one of the wonders of the world—and I said, "Can it be possible that this is all there was of this reputed wonderful place?" And this is the case in many other instances. There are fruits in Westchester County and on Long Island farms far better than the pomegranates and apricots of Bible times. Through all the ages there have been scenes of festivity, and the wealthy man of my text plans a great entertainment, and invites his friends. If one builds a beautiful home, he wants his acquaintances to come and enjoy it. If one buys an exquisite picture, he wants his friends to come and appreciate it; and it was a laudable thing when the wealthy man of my text, happy himself, wanted to make other people happy. And so the invitations went out; but something went very much wrong. You can imagine the embarrassment of any one who has provided a grand feast when he finds out that the guests invited do not intend to come. There is nothing that so provokes the master of the feast as that.

Well, these people invited to this great banquet of the text made most frivolous excuses. The fact was, I suppose, that some of them were offended that this man had succeeded so much better in the world than they had. There are people in all occupations and professions who consider it a wrong to them that anybody else is advanced. I suppose these people invited to the feast said among themselves, "We are not going to administer to that man's vanity, he is proud enough now; we won't go; beside that, we could all give parties if we made our money the way that man makes his."

So when the messengers went out with the invitations there was a unanimous refusal. One man said, "Oh, I have bought a farm, and I must go and look at it!" He was a land speculator, and had no business to buy land until he knew about it. A frivolous excuse. Another man said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen." The probability is he was a speculator in live stock. He ought to have known about the oxen before he bought them. Beside that, if he had been very anxious to get to the feast, he could have hooked them up and driven them on the road there. Another frivolous excuse. Another man said, "Oh, I have married a wife, and I can't come;" when if he had said to his wife, "I have an invitation to a splendid dinner; it is highly complimentary to me; I should very much like to go; will you go along with me?" she would have said, "To be sure I will go." Another frivolous excuse. The fact was that they did not want to go.

"Now," said the great man of the feast, "I will not be defeated in this matter; I have with an honest purpose provided a banquet, and there are scores of people who would like to come if they were only invited. Here, my man, here, you go out, and when you find a blind man, give him your arm and

fetch him in; and when you find a lame man, give him a crutch and fetch him in; and when you find a poor man, tell him that there is a plate for him in my mansion; and when you find some one who is so ragged and wretched that he has never been invited anywhere, then, by the kindest tenderness and the most loving invitation any one ever had, compel him to come in."

Oh, my friends, it requires no acuteness on my part, or on your part, to see in all this affair that religion is a banquet. The table was set in Palestine a good many years ago, and the disciples gathered around it, and they thought they would have a good time all by themselves, but while they sat by this table the leaves began to grow and spread, and one leaf went to the east and another leaf went to the west, until the whole earth was covered up with them, and the clusters from the heavenly vineyard were piled up on the board, and the trumpets and harps of eternity made up the orchestra, and as this wine of God is pressed to the lips of a sinning, bleeding, suffering, dying, groaning world, a voice breaks from the heavens, saying, "Drink, O friends; yea, drink, O beloved!" O blessed Lord Jesus, the best Friend I ever had, the best friend any man ever had, was there ever such a table? Was there ever such a banquet?

From the Cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Heaven's redeeming work is done,
Come, and welcome; sinners, come.

Religion is a joyous thing. I do not want to hear anybody talk about religion as though it were a funeral. I do not want anybody to whine in the prayer-meeting about the kingdom of God. I do not want any man to roll up his eyes, giving in that way evidence of his sanctity. The men and women of God whom I happen to know, for the most part, find religion a great joy. It is exhilaration to the body. It is invigoration to the mind. It is rapture to the soul. It is balm for all wounds. It is light for all darkness. It is harbor from all storms, and though God knows that some of them have trouble enough now, they rejoice because they are on their way to the congratulations eternal.

I stopped one nightfall, years ago, at Freyburg, Switzerland, to hear the organ of world-wide celebrity in that place. I went into the cathedral at nightfall. All the accessories were favorable. There was only one light in all the cathedral, and that a faint taper on the altar. I looked up into the venerable arches, and saw the shadows of centuries, and when the organ awoke, the cathedral awoke, and all the arches seemed to lift and quiver as the music came under them. That instrument did not seem to be made out of wood and metal, but out of human hearts, so wonderfully did it pulsate with every emotion; now laughing like a child, now sobbing like a tempest. At one moment the music would die away until you could hear the cricket chirp outside the wall, and then it would roll up until it seemed as if the surge of the sea and the crash of an avalanche had struck the organ-pipes at the same moment. At one time that night it seemed as if a squadron of spirits weeping up from earth had met a squadron of descending angels whose glory

beat back the woe. Standing there and looking at the dim taper on the altar of the cathedral, I said, "How much like many a Christian's life! Shadows hover, and sometimes his hope is dim, and faint, and flickering, like a taper on the altar. But at what time God wills, the heavens break forth with music upon his soul, and the air becomes resonant as the angels of God beat it with their shining sceptres."

Oh, the Lord God has many fair and beautiful daughters; but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace! Now, my brothers and sisters—for I have a right to call you all so—I know some people look back on their ancestral line, and they see they are descended from the Puritans or Huguenots, and they rejoice in that; but I look back on my ancestral line, and I see therein such a mingling and mixture of the blood of all nationalities that I feel akin to all the world, and by the blood of the Son of God, who died for all people, I address you in the bonds of universal brotherhood. I come out as only a servant, bringing an invitation to a party, and I put it into your hand, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready," and I urge it upon you and continue to urge it, and, before I get through, I hope, by the blessing of God, to compel you to come in.

We must take care how we give the invitation. My Christian friends, I think sometimes we have just gone opposite to Christ's command, and we have compelled people to stay out. Sometimes our elaborated instructions have been the hindrance. We graduate from our theological seminaries on stilts, and it takes five or six years before we can come down and stand right beside the great masses of the people, learning their joys, sorrows, victories, defeats. We get our heads so brimful of theological wisdom that we have to stand very straight lest they spill over. Now, what do the great masses of the people care about the technicalities of religion? What do they care about the hypostatic union or the difference between sub-lapsarian and supra-lapsarian? What do they care for your profound explanations, clear as a London fog? When a man is drowning he does not want you to stand by the dock and describe the nature of the water into which he has fallen, and tell him there are two parts hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas, with a common density of thirty-nine Fahrenheit, turning to steam under a common atmospheric pressure of two hundred and twelve. He does not want a chemical lecture on water; he wants a rope.

O my friends, the curse of God on the Church, it seems to me, in this day, is metaphysics. We speak in an unknown tongue in our Sabbath Schools, and in our religious assemblages, and in our pulpits, and how can people be saved unless they can understand us? We put on our official gowns, and we think the two silk balloons flapping at the elbows of a preacher give him great sanctity. The river of God's truth flows down before us pure and clear as crystal; but we take our theological stick and stir it up, and stir it up, until you cannot see the bottom. Oh, for the simplicity of Christ in all our instructions—the simplicity he practised when standing among the people, he took a lily, and said, "There is a lesson of the manner I will clothe you;" and, pointing to a raven, said, "There is a lesson of the way I will feed you; consider the lilies—behold the fowls."

I think often in our religious instructions we compel the people to stay out by our church architecture. People come in and they find things angular, and cold, and stiff, and they go away never again to come; when the church ought to be a great home-circle, everybody having a hymn-book, giving half of it to the one next him, every one who has a hand to shake hands, shaking hands—the church architecture and the church surroundings saying to the people, "Come in and be at home." Instead of that, I think all these surroundings often compel the people to stay out. Now, let us

all repent of our sins and begin on the other track, and by our heartiness of affection, and warmth of manner, and imploration of the Spirit of God, compel the people to come in. How shall we lead sinners to accept the Lord's invitation? I think we must certainly begin by a holy life. We must be better men, better women, before we can compel the people to come into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. There are fine essays being written in this day about science and religion. I tell you the best argument in behalf of our holy Christianity: it is a good man, a good woman, a life all consecrated to Christ. No infidel can answer it. Oh, let us by a holy example compel the people to come in!

I read of a minister of the Gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places, and thought himself all alone, when he heard a voice beneath him say, "Father, look out for the safe path, I am following," and he looked back and he saw that he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. Oh, let us be sure and take the safe path! Our children are following, our partners in business are following, our neighbors are following, a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. Oh, be sure and take the right path! Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in.

I think there is work also in the way of kindly admonition. I do not believe there is a person in this house who, if approached in a kindly and brotherly manner, would refuse to listen. If you are rebuffed, it is because you lack in tact and common-sense. But oh, how much effective work there is in the way of kindly admonition! There are thousands of men all round about you who have never had one personal invitation to the cross. Give that one invitation, and you would be surprised at the alacrity with which they would accept it.

I have a friend, a Christian physician, who one day became very anxious about the salvation of a brother physician, and so he left his office, went down to this man's office, and said, "Is the doctor in?" "No," replied the young man waiting; "the doctor is not in." "Well," said this physician, "when he comes in tell him I called, and give him my Christian love." This worldly doctor came home after a while, and the message was given to him, and he said within himself, "What does he mean by leaving his Christian love for me?" And he became very much awakened and stirred in spirit, and he said after a while, "Why, that man must mean my soul," and he went into his back office, knelt down, and began to pray. Then he took his hat and went out to the office of this Christian physician, and said, "What can I do to be saved?" and the two doctors knelt in the office and commended their souls to God. All the means used in that case was only the voice of one good man, saying, "Give my Christian love to the doctor." The voice of kindly admonition. Have you uttered it to-day? Will you utter it to-morrow? Will you utter it now? Compel them to come in.

I think there is a great work also to be done in the way of prayer. If we had faith enough to-day, we could go before God and ask for the salvation of all the people in our churches, and they would all be saved, there and then, without a single exception. There might be professional men there, political men there, worldly men there, men who had not heard the Gospel for twenty years, men who are prejudiced against the preachers, men who are prejudiced against the music, men who are prejudiced against the Church, men who are prejudiced against God—I do not care—they might be brought in by fervent prayer—you would compel them to come in.

Oh, for such an earnest prayer! People of God, lay hold of the horns of the altar now, and supplicate the salvation of all those who sit in the same pew with you—yea, the redemption of all who sit in your churches. What a momentous hour! God help!

At the close of a religious service, and when the people had nearly all left the building, a pastor saw a little girl with her head bowed on the back of the pew, and, passing down the aisle, he said to himself, "The little child has fallen asleep." So he tapped her on the shoulder and said, "The service is over." She said, "I know it is over; I am praying, sir, I am praying." "Well," said he, minister, "whatsoever ye ask of God, believing, ye will receive." She said, "Is that in the Bible?" "Yes," he said, "there is a promise of that kind in the Bible." "Well," she said, "let me see it." So he turned over the Bible until he came to the promise, and she said, "That's so, is it? Now, O Lord, bring my father to this church to-night."

While she was praying her father passed to the door of the church, and came down to his child and said, "What do you want of me?" When that child had begun to pray one hour before for her father, he was three miles away; but by some strange impulse that he could not understand, he hastened to the church, and there the twain met, the father's arm around the child's neck, the child's arm around the father's neck, and there he entered on the road to heaven. "Whatsoever ye ask of God, believing, ye will receive." That was an answer to the child's prayer. What did she do? She compelled him to come in. "I tell you to-day, my friends, of great salvation. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, an angel passed along and said, 'My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;' and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered round in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. 'Now,' said the man who was playing the violin, 'put that coin in your pockets.' The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, 'Who is he? who is it?' and some one just entering the crowd said, 'Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist.' The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he find us in our spiritual misery, and across the broken strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.

"Oh, will you accept this sacrifice now? I do not single out this and that man, and this and that woman. But I say all may come. The sacrifice is so great, all may be saved. Does it not seem to you as if heaven was very near? I can feel its breath on my cheek. God is near. Christ is near. The Holy Spirit is near. Ministering angels are near. Your glorified kindred in heaven are near. Your Christian father near. Your glorified mother near. Your departed children near. Your redemption is near.

A Young Jewish Evangelist.

(Continued from first page.)

ly considered the alliance of his daughter with a scion of the Gurah family a high honor, for he received him into his household and supplied him with every luxury. He built a synagogue in connection with his own house in which his young son-in-law preached on the Sabbath and lectured once or twice during the week. Mrs. Warszawiak tells the story of those days in which she saw much of her husband's spiritual conflicts. The idea of the necessity of atonement still clung to him and he was in the habit of practising prolonged fasts in the hope that God would accept the self-denial as sacrifice. It was during this period that his course of study brought him to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah where he read of one by whose "stripes we are healed." What those words meant to the soul conscious of sin, convinced that atonement was required and knowing no way of atonement, may be imagined. His sermons took a new tone, and some of his hearers declared that he was preaching Christian doctrine in a Jewish synagogue. The preacher was not aware that it was Christian doctrine; but he believed it to be the true teaching of the prophet. A division

him the love of his family, the respect of the community, all his prospects of wealth and honor and possibly even his wife and children. The struggle caused him a serious illness, but on his bed of sickness he made his resolve. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he went to Mr. Edward and was baptized. The news soon reached Warsaw and Lodz and as the Jews did in Christ's time with the converts, they publicly cast him out of the synagogue. If his parents could have succeeded in regaining possession of him, he would probably have fared badly at their hands; but Mr. Edward, finding that they were plotting to get him, sent him to Scotland and subsequently to this country.

Mr. Warszawiak landed in New York on March 28, 1890, and commenced mission work almost immediately. His arrival was most opportune. Thousands of Jews had within two or three years come from Russia, Poland and Germany and filled the tenement houses on the East side of the city. Their presence created a new problem for the City Mission, whose workers have done excellent service in that neighborhood. The Mission secured Mr. Warszawiak's aid and he was thus enabled to begin evangelistic work among his own people almost immediately on his arrival.

Mission. Rev. Jacob Freshman decided to hand over to the Mission his Hebrew Christian Church in St. Mark's Place, which he had just cleared of debt after the arduous labor of twelve years. The Mission gladly accepted the building, which afforded a convenient place of meeting when the Rivington Street Church was being used for the regular Mission services. It also provides a place of residence for the missionary, who had previously been compelled to frequently change his boarding place. He was never regarded as a desirable boarder, owing to the numbers of Jews who called upon him for religious conversation at all hours of the day and night.

Another institution connected with the Mission, is the Home for persecuted Jewish converts, which was opened about two years ago in Avenue D. Mr. Warszawiak discovered the need of such a home early in his work. No sooner was a Jew known to be attending the services than his situation, if he worked for a Jewish employer, became precarious, and when the convert was baptized he soon learned that his services in the store or shop were no longer required. A temporary refuge for such men was urgently needed, that their profession of Christianity should not involve their utter homelessness. By the liberality of Mr.

Warszawiak's friends in Scotland, a house was rented and furnished and there the missionary provides a shelter for the converts until they can secure other employment.

One of the most delightful features of the services is the singing of the children's choir. Some fifteen months ago the difficulty of obtaining good music at the services became a serious problem. A conference between the organist and the missionary led to a solution. The organist, Mr. Charles Crump, found in the Jewish colony about twenty children with good voices. These he succeeded in training, after a few weeks' practice, and now, clad in their pretty surplices, they appear at all the Saturday services and sing the hymns and anthems with singular sweetness and harmony. A picture of the choir reproduced from a photograph appears on the first page.

About two years ago Mr. Warszawiak had the happiness of being re-united with his wife. After her husband was driven from the synagogue and home, she never heard his name mentioned except in scorn and detestation. She was surprised that she received no word from him, but as she afterward learned, that was not his fault. He wrote repeatedly, but his letters were intercepted by her parents. In relating her story, she said that, having known her husband's life, and having witnessed his earnest efforts to find the truth and obey it, she could not but believe him sincere. She was convinced that he was acting from pure motives, and with a strong conviction that he was doing right. Natural affection drew her toward him, and when she learned that he was going to London from New York, and that his mother proposed to visit him there, she determined to go, too. She knew that her parents would never consent to her going, so she secretly packed a few necessities and with her two little girls left her home in Lodz to rejoin her husband in London. Her parents, however, discovered her flight before the train left the city and followed her to the railroad station. A stormy interview took place, but the wife was firm in her determination to go. Her parents, as a last effort, took possession of the children, believing that she would not leave them, but the wife was proof even under that trying ordeal. On meeting her husband she heard how he had been led to Christ, and under his teaching she, too, made profession of her faith in Jesus. She accompanied her husband to New York, and has rendered him valuable assistance in his work.

The meetings at the Rivington Street Church on Saturdays are now much larger than the church will comfortably hold and large numbers go away disappointed. Mr. Warszawiak hopes to raise enough money ultimately to erect a building in the Jewish quarter in which his work may be done.



MR. WARSZAWIAK'S BIBLE CLASS OF JEWISH BELIEVERS AND INQUIRERS.

arose among the people, and the young preacher's opponents grew in number with every new sermon or lecture. Finally his wife's parents declared against him and bade him leave their home. They regarded him as already an apostate, and refused to allow his wife and their two infant children to accompany him. He was to go to his father's home in Warsaw, and engage in business for a time, and they hoped that he would soon abandon his heretical notions and return to them. Their hope was doomed to disappointment, for in a few months the news reached them that he had been publicly baptized.

When Warszawiak left Lodz he had no idea of becoming a Christian. He had been simply following the truth as he found it in the Hebrew Scriptures but it led him to a state of mind in which the truth as it is in Christ found ready acceptance, when it was presented to him. It was during a visit that he paid to Breslau that the great change came. He was walking on the public promenade there one Sunday when the sound of singing attracted him. He entered the building whence it proceeded and remained to the preaching that followed. The preacher was Rev. Daniel Edward the Scotch missionary to the Jews. The sermon was provisionally one that specially met his case, showing how fully Jesus fulfilled the prophecies and had become the Sacrifice once offered for all. Warszawiak spoke to Mr. Edward after the service and there commenced a friendship which led to his full acceptance of Christ. The young convert was fully aware of the consequences of his change of faith. He knew that it would cost

At his first service, in the chapel attached to the De Witt Memorial Church, only sixteen Jews were present: but the following Saturday the room was crowded, and on the next Saturday the service was held in the Church which was well filled. Among the audience were several who had belonged to the synagogue of which Mr. Warszawiak's uncle was Rabbi, and who therefore knew the young Christian preacher. The service was in every case followed by a free discussion, in which any one present was allowed to question the missionary. Many of the questioners who were most prominent in preparing difficult questions as to the Trinity and other Christian doctrines, and who denounced the teaching as false, have since been led through their own questions to accept Jesus as their Saviour.

Eloquent and convincing as are the sermons preached in the Rivington Street Church, both in the Hebra-German language and in English, the most effective work is that which Mr. Warszawiak denominates "hand to hand work." With a single inquirer, or with a class of inquirers, with the Old Testament in hand, the various passages of Messianic prophecy are examined singly and the inquirer learns how each prophecy and type find their fulfillment in Jesus of Nazareth. "These are your own Scriptures," Mr. Warszawiak says to them, "they are all you have; if you do not believe them, what do you believe?" A photograph of one of these classes was taken recently, and we print a reproduction of it on this page.

At the beginning of the present year new facilities were placed at the disposal of the



A PERFECT MAN.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 30.* Eph. 4:1-16. Golden Text, Eph. 4:13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A PERFECT MAN (Eph. 4:13) made up of those whom the Father has given to his Son, and who are "made perfect in one" (R.V., "perfected into one," John 17:23), made in himself "one new man," composed of Jew and Gentile (Eph. 2:15); one "chaste virgin" (2. Cor. 11:2), to be presented to Christ: one "man child," (Rev. 12:5), the result of the Church's travail through all the ages of Christendom, who shall be "caught up to God, and to his throne," as he overcame and is set down with the Father upon his throne (Rev. 27): who shall rule the nation with a rod of iron, as he himself does (Rev. 12:5; Ps. 2:9); such is God's "inheritance in the saints" (Eph. 1:18): his "own possession" (Eph. 1:14; Titus 1:14, R.V.) "to the praise of his glory."

Throughout the dispensation of the Church, and in some measure even before, there have been men and women of God who have heard and understood God's call to be holy; and have, at a cost to themselves, followed an unpopular, misunderstood path, contrary to the spirit and customs of the age in which they lived. Thus Enoch and Noah "walked with God;" thus Abraham counted it worth while to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's house, to lead a life of dependence on, and obedience to, God alone. Joseph, Job, Moses, Elijah, were men separated unto God, unlike other men, seeing everything from above, understanding all things in their relation to him, not in relation to their own experience, or their own interests, nor yet those of other people. But these were

One in a Generation,

scattered throughout the ages; men of mark, specially called of God; they were indeed in all their lives "for his name." But when Christ came on earth, in his life and by his death he made the way possible for not only one especial instrument here and there, but that there should be brought out from among the Gentiles "a people for his name." Having chosen Israel so that "the Lord's portion is his pledge, and Jacob the lot of his inheritance" (Deut. 32:9), he was yet obliged to testify against them: "My people would not hearken to my voice, and Israel would none of me," and he withdrew, into "a remnant." That remnant, in this dispensation, is absorbed in the Church of Christ where "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female: for ye all are one man in Christ Jesus." And, the Church of Christ, too, has failed; but that very failure works together for good to the accomplishment of his unchanging purpose, which he carries out with the overcomers in the churches.

In order to carry out this great purpose, our blessed Lord and Saviour must come, and, in his own person, identify himself with our sin and with the curse which was due to it; and not only so, but, in taking upon him the seed of Abraham, he must also learn obedience by that which he suffered and, being made perfect, become the Author of eternal salvation to all them which obey him. He could not bring the "many sons unto glory" until the Captain of their salvation was made "perfect through sufferings," until he had proved in a human life, that God could succeed in making man like himself. By his yielded will, we are "sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." He has broken through and become a new and by-

ing way by which fallen, redeemed, restored man can escape "the corruption which is in the world through lust," and can become in very deed partakers of the divine nature.

In all ages, since Christ ascended into heaven, there have been individuals who have seen God's high purpose, and their high calling. But the larger number have taken, personally or individually, that which God has designed for his chosen, his one "perfect man," made out of many. In all holy reverence would we speak of our adorable, Triune God. Each of the holy Persons of the Trinity is indeed holy and perfect, but there is a wondrous, ineffable perfection in

The Unity of God

the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—one God. And the wondrous glory of our high calling is the design of God to make, of those whom he perfects, a perfection in unity, a company of conquered selves, purified and perfected into one. Just as God the Father manifests his holiness of perfection in his relation to God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, so he would have us perfected individually, but much more fully, perfected into one. How many children of God are perfect or seem to be so away from their own homes, or apart from their own homes, or apart from their fellow-workers, or in circumstances where the self life is not aroused, but once put into circumstances where their holiness of heart is put to the test, where others, whom they have considered inferior in knowledge and in spiritual development seem to be more blest and used of God than they, they break down, and find that, after all, they are not as they had thought, partakers of the divine nature where comparisons are impossible; just where things cut the closest, just where unity and disunion can most be manifested, there is failure.

Paul was filled with the greatness of this vocation as he wrote his letter to the Ephesians. He could see that if once such a phenomenon could be manifested on earth as a number of God's children so conquered so dead to themselves, that they should be a manifestation of unity on earth, as God is in heaven, Christ's victory would be indeed complete, and sin and death could no longer have a claim upon man, over whose nature God had gained such a victory. He sees it himself; he prays that God will open the eyes of those to whom he writes it and seems not to know how to find terms which will adequately express the magnitude of what he sees. He speaks of Christ breaking down the enmity of Jew and Gentile as a preparation for it, and then, a second time, he prays. That wondrous prayer of Eph. 3:14: 21, was a preparation for that which is to follow, and which, having spoken of in his first chapter as God's purpose, he now calls our vocation—"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthily of the vocation wherewith ye are called."

God's Purpose becomes our Calling

as soon as it is made known to us. God wills that we should be one, as he and his Father are one. It is our part to manifest "all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Lowliness unites us to others, but self-esteem even in our innermost thoughts, always brings about division. When in lowliness of mind we each esteem others better than ourselves, they will not contend with us for the lowest place; there is nothing to rouse the flesh in them, and if they too are learning of the Lord, they will instinctively be ashamed by our humility, and seek, on the next occasion, the last place for themselves. But there are some who will readily take the last place in every other way, but when it

comes to taking a lower place than they have been used to, in the confidence and esteem of an honored servant of the Lord, it is an opportunity of putting to the proof, whether, in such a way as this, they are really dead to themselves, and whether God is really nearer to them than his most chosen and blessed children. Again there are some who will gladly take the lowest place in every way except where it touches the work of God in their hands; but to see others increase, and themselves decrease in blessing upon the work, is intolerable to some who still have enough of self-life in them to be able to compare themselves one with another. The true unity which is our vocation is above all possibility of comparison. We cannot compare our hand with our foot; the members of our bodies serve one another; the eye and the ear are interdependent, and so it is with those who understand aright, and enter into this high vocation of divine oneness, "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It is our vocation to manifest to the world that which is written in the Scriptures, as it was our Lord's vocation to manifest that which had been written concerning him. It is ours to prove by the grace of God that "there is one body and one Spirit," by the corporate oneness which shows that we are members one of another.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



SELDOM has the teacher more urgent need of Review Sunday than at the close of this quarter. The separate lessons need like gems to be placed in their proper setting and a general view of the whole to be given to the class. All our theology is unimportant compared with the person and life of our Lord. Everything in religion centres in him and, apart from him, Christianity is a lifeless husk. He is its life and life still comes from him to everyone who seeks it at his hands. The world never tires of hearing of him when they who speak of him truly represent him. His character serves as a model to men of every class and of classes most widely separated from his. Kings, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, physicians, lawyers, even slaves have found in his life and character a model for themselves and though manly in deed and word, he has been the model for innumerable women in every station of life. Why is it that One who lived nineteen centuries ago still exerts so mighty and extensive an influence? How is it that among the millions who were his contemporaries and the millions who have lived since, he alone, a simple Galilean peasant, with no extraneous circumstances to make him conspicuous, should be even at this time of critical analysis and cold disparagement of past ideals, the most eminent and illustrious figure of all time. Men live for him, exile themselves for his sake, go to pestilential lands and into all kinds of danger for love of him and die with his name on their lips. Why is it? The answer is in his life, the opening chapters of which we have been studying during the past three months. The phenomenon and its explanation need to be impressed on the mind of every child. The ground covered so far shows his divine origin, his humble birth, his peril as an infant and his youthful promise. Then, after the long interval of eighteen years, his baptism, his temptation, his first followers, his first miracle, his returning zeal, and his two private conversations with the learned doctor and the dissolute woman. They are the opening scenes of the wonderful life that was to have so tragic a close, and so marvellous a triumph over man's worst enemy. One session may well be given to grouping the incidents into one story and presenting it vividly to the youthful mind.

The devil leaveth him. (Matt. 4:11.) He went away defeated. Christ was invulnerable to his shafts. It is not often so. There is in every nature some place peculiarly open to attack, and the tempter knows where it is. In some it is the love of money, in others of pleasure. Robertson says there is a deep truth contained in the tabled story of old where a mother wishing to render her son invulnerable, plunged him into the

Styx, but forgot to plunge in his heel, by which she held him. We are baptized in the blood and fire of sorrow, that temptation may make us invulnerable; but temptation assails us always and in some vulnerable part be it the head or the heart. When the devil leaves us it is too often as a conqueror.

Believed . . . the word which Jesus had said. (John 2:22.) During the Crimean war a dead soldier was found on the field of Inkerman with a book under him. He was laying on his face and one of his fingers was on the open page of the book. He had apparently half raised himself but could not turn on his side. He had opened the book to read and when life became extinct had fallen forward. Looking at the book they found it was a Bible. His finger rested on the passage, "I am the resurrection and the life he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live." Doubtless they were the last words he had read for there was a smile on his face. Blood had dripped on the book and his finger was glued by it to the page and when they went to remove it a piece of the paper clung to the finger. He was buried with the promise so attached to his finger.

The Lamb of God. (John 1:29.) On the top of a beautiful chateau in France is the sculptured figure of a lamb. The same figure appears in bas-relief on the walls. A story is told in explanation of it. It is said that the marquis who built the chateau was inspecting the progress of the work and had climbed to the highest pinnacle when he became dizzy and fell. The builders ran to the place to pick up what they expected would be his dead body. But he was living. A pet lamb happened to be grazing on the lawn near the walls and the man fell upon the animal killing it instantly. But it broke his fall and his life was saved. To commemorate the incident he caused the figure of a lamb to be placed on the summit and the walls of his house where it remains to this day. Christ was the Lamb of God because of his sacrifice by whom all who believe in him may be saved.

Born of the Spirit. (John 3:8.) Dr. Sanford, dwelling on the irrepressible power of the Spirit in the heart and on the life, says: There was a boy in the State where I live, whose mother was very nervous and could not bear to have the slightest noise made in her presence. One day the little boy was whistling, and she said, "Really you must stop whistling." The boy at once obeyed, but it was not long before he began to whistle again. Again he was checked, and again he heroically stopped. A third time he began, and the mother said, "Now then you are at it again." "Why, mother," said the little fellow, "I cannot help it; it whistled itself." That I say to you. Be filled with the Holy Spirit to overflowing, and you will speak for Jesus, not because you think it is a duty, but because you cannot possibly help it; the Spirit will speak for itself.

Ye must be born again. (John 3:7.) That is, a change of nature is necessary. Pastor Spurgeon used to tell the story of a man who took his gun to a gunsmith for repairs. The smith examined it and put it down in despair. The customer asked him if he could not repair it, and the man said he could not, and proceeded to point out its defects. "Well, I can have a new barrel," he said. "But," said the smith, "the lock is worn out." The man said he would have a new lock. "But the stock is split and worm-eaten." The man said he would have a new stock. "Stock, lock and barrel!" exclaimed the smith; "Why not have new gun at once?" "I never thought of that," said the customer. "That is what I will do." So the man who tries to reform himself discovers that his nature needs so much repairing that the best thing he can do is to take it to God and get a new one altogether.

As Moses lifted up the serpent. (John 3:14.) An earnest Christian woman lay upon her death-bed in a Boston hospital. She had devoted herself to an unselfish life, and contracted the disease that caused her death in spending her life for others. The night she died she said to her attendants: "Please raise the curtain." There, on a great church opposite the hospital, flooded by moonlight stood Thorvaldsen's statue of the Master. Long and silently she gazed upon it. "Don't drop the curtain," she pleaded. "I want to look at Christ." Our doubts, our sins, our troubles, our perplexities, are all curtains that fall between us and the true meaning of a simple Christian life. Raise them and look at him; the one Teacher whose wisdom none can question; the one Saviour by whom immortality is assured.

*The International Subject for next year is Review of the Quarter's Lessons, Golden Text, Mark 1:1. Mrs. M. Baxter would like to see a large class to take her in which the session is not closed to review.

TO AID THE EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS.

America to Join with Europe in Succoring the Constantinople Sufferers—A Turkish Relief Fund Begun—An International Charity in which all may Assist.

WHEN the first detailed reports of the terrible Constantinople earthquakes reached this country, there was a general expression of sympathy for the thousands of sufferers who had been suddenly bereft by the great disaster, of friends and property. Later news only serves to confirm the impression of the extensive character of the calamity and the misery it has brought to thousands of the wretched survivors, both Moslems and Christians. Following the example of Europe and with a desire not to be outdone in deeds of Christian charity, America has resolved to do its share toward helping those unfortunate, and the first steps were taken last week for organizing a Turkish Relief Committee. At a meeting held in the Bible House, New York City, there were present a number of gentlemen active in philanthropic and charitable enterprises and also several prominent natives of Turkey, now resident here and some of them naturalized American citizens. These included Ismail Assim Bey, the Turkish Vice Consul in New York, who attended the meeting in his unofficial capacity, Robert Levy Esq. of Constantinople, ex-Turkish Representative at the World's Fair, Chicago, Dr. Theodorian, Dr. Nevdon M. Boyajian, Dr. A. Ayzavian, G. Gulbenkian, a leading merchant, and John S. Dionian, M. Kelekian, M. Nergarian, also merchants, Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, G. H. Sandison, Dr. Lewi and several others. An informal discussion took place at which several of the gentlemen present explained the distressing condition of the earthquake sufferers, the efforts of the Sultan's government to relieve them and the generous movement undertaken in different European cities for the same purpose. The letter of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Congressman and ex-Mayor of New York, was referred to with approval, in which he eloquently urged that Christian America should take up its share of this Samaritan burden and simultaneously afford evidence of its practical claim to be regarded as a humane nation and as being mindful of the prompt generosity with which the Sultan personally hastened to contribute to the relief of the Conemaugh Valley flood sufferers in this country several years ago, when his name led all the list of foreign contributors with a princely donation. Dr. Klopsch was appointed as President of the Committee by a unanimous vote and Dr. Boyajian, Secretary. Hon. A. S. Hewitt, Vice Consul Assim Bey and Hon. Whitelaw Reid were proposed as honorary members of the Fund. It was resolved to appeal to the American people generally through the public press, and to ask all contributors to send their offerings through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, every contribution to be duly acknowledged in its columns. Before the meeting adjourned, the following contributions to the Fund were announced:

Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.	\$100.00
P. B. Bromfield, Hempstead, L. I.	25.00
Ismail Assim Bey, Turkish Vice-Counsel, N. Y.	25.00
Robt. Levy, New York	100.00
Mr. G. Gulbenkian "	100.00
Mr. Caliahis Bey "	100.00
Mr. Kelekian "	25.00
Mr. Nergarian "	50.00
Mr. Telhan "	25.00
Mr. Costikian "	25.00
L. P. Shuman, Chicago, Ill.	25.00

Usually one of the most beautiful of old-world cities, Constantinople at this moment presents in many places the appearance of having undergone a military siege. Not only have its gardens, its cypresses,

mosques, minarets and towers been shaken and shattered as though by bombardment, but whole streets are closed by the debris of demolished stores and dwellings, which the ruined proprietors have neither the energy nor the means to rebuild. Old residents, who recall the great fires of 1865, 1866 and 1870, declare that the present desolation far exceeds all that was caused by these visitations. Hundreds of stores, bazaars, workshops and dwellings are levelled with the ground, and the other and even more gloomy side of the picture is seen in the many groups of destitute, who

are compelled of necessity to camp outside where ever they can. In a letter from Con-

and every kind of imaginable shelter which they have been able to put up for their families and children. The sight of all this is indescribably pitiful, even to the most indifferent passer-by, and the misery and want of most of the unfortunate victims is beyond all description. All government offices have been vacated, and business is carried on in tents and temporary buildings. Many tents have been provided for the most needy, and bread is being given to the hungry by the order of the Sultan, who on hearing of the calamity, had at first granted 1,000 Turkish Liras for himself, and 500 Liras for the Prince, and a few days after had increased his donation to 5,000 Turkish Liras (\$22,000) in aid to the sufferers. Contributions are solicited by benevolent societies to help the thousands of the sufferers whose only hope for their daily bread now remains in the hands of their more fortunate neighbors. Committees have been appointed in England, France and other parts of Europe to solicit aid for the sufferers of Stamboul, and the first list of contributors in London, headed by the Mayor of the city of London, was \$113, and only six names are in the list."

Mr. Shishimian urges that Americans should embrace this opportunity of showing their sympathy by extending practical help. He adds further: "There are yet a

fulfil the Master's wishes follow his example and help in this work of assisting these earthquake sufferers, remembering that he that gives quickly gives twice, and that every offering given in the right spirit, will return a thrice-fold blessing to the giver.

The Western Sufferers.

"The Christian Herald" Missionary Visiting and Distributing Relief in the Minnesota Burned District—Governor Nelson's Approval.

WHEN the news of the great forest fires in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, involving the loss of hundreds of lives and the desolation of many homes, was received in the East, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, foreseeing the suffering that must naturally ensue, decided to send a representative to the scene of the greatest distress—the burned pine-lands of Minnesota. When last week's issue of this journal went to press, Rev. George W. Sharp, our Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest, had already arrived in St. Paul, having been directed by telegraph to proceed thither where he was to receive funds, and then without delay, travel over the entire district between that city and Duluth, relieving distress wherever found, either with money, medicine or food. He will visit in turn the burned towns of Hinckley, Mission Creek and Pokegama, as well as the ill-fated villages that lie in the fire-swept timber belt. Mr. Sharp has been supplied with funds appropriated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the work. In leading eastern cities considerable sums have been raised for the sufferers. Mayor Gilroy of New York last week received from Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister in Washington, information that a cablegram had been received at the Embassy from the Turkish Foreign Office in Constantinople, stating that the Sultan had forwarded three hundred Turkish pounds to be distributed among the forest fire sufferers in America. The value of a Turkish pound is about \$4.38.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary, on his arrival upon the field, found many local philanthropic agencies at work, notably the Minnesota State Board of Charities and Corrections, and from Rev. H. H. Hart, a leading member of the Executive Committee specially appointed by the Governor, he secured much information that proved valuable as a guide to his own efforts. Governor Nelson furnished Mr. Sharp with the following letter, approving his mission:

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 9, 1894.
To whom it may concern:—The bearer, Rev. George W. Sharp, of Kirkville, Mo., CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary of The American Sunday School Union, having been sent among us to distribute a fund generously provided by Mr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the relief of forest fire sufferers, I request for Mr. Sharp the hearty co-operation of all who may be in a position to assist him in his benevolent mission.
Signed, KUTE NELSON, Governor.
Besides the material assistance Mr. Sharp may afford, this good man, whose whole life has been spent in Christian work, will be able to carry to many desolate and afflicted forest homes the consoling message of the Gospel of Jesus.



AMONG THE BAZAARS.



A STREET IN THE POORER SECTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKES.

stantinople, on the effects of the recent earthquakes, Rev. G. N. Shishimian, American Missionary, writes: "The great bazaars of ages are in a heap of ruins. Many khans and Turkish baths have also wholly or partly fallen in. Almost every mosque church and public building is damaged (in one side of the city) and every private building injured, many beyond repairing. Innumerable houses have become uninhabitable, and a large force of workmen is engaged by the government tearing down shattered walls and buildings in danger of falling. The inhabitants are camping out in the open lots within the city and along the railroad line by the seashore as far as the Seven Towers, under tents, awnings

few poor families sheltered within the walls of our mission lot. The bread distributed by the government to the poor, I am told, is 400 loaves to 5,000 Christian sufferers. One loaf weighs about two pounds." Clothing, shelter and food are urgently needed for these destitute ones. It must not be forgotten that all are not Moslems. But in a work of humanity, creeds and beliefs should count for little. The Samaritan did not stop to question the poor bleeding wayfarer before binding up his wounds, nor did the Saviour of the world withhold his human pity and his rich divine mercy from the Syro-phenician woman. Human sufferings makes brothers and sisters of all mankind. Let every one, therefore, who would

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A NEW SERIAL STORY.

IN the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will appear the opening chapters of a new and fascinating serial, entitled:

"A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN."

written expressly for this journal by Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallary, a well-known and brilliant American authoress and a daughter of the "Sunny South." Mrs. Mallary, who has already won an enviable fame in the literary world, has produced a story that must prove a delightful surprise to the lovers of Christian literature everywhere and to all who are interested in the gradual development of spiritual character, in the face of worldly allurements and temptations.

We commend "A New-Fashioned Woman" to our readers and their friends as one of the grandest and most helpful and attractive stories that has ever appeared in these pages, and which will furnish forth besides a rare literary feast that we wish all to enjoy. Those who are introduced to "A New-Fashioned Woman" at the outset will like her amazingly, and will need no persuasion of ours to continue the acquaintance to the end.

CHILLS.

THE doctors, thank God, are on the track of the microbes which cause the most of the disorders that for thousands of years have assailed the human race. It took six thousand years to find that the physical disorders were caused by parasites. This discovery having been made, the next step will be to invent a medical artillery with which to bombard these destructive infinitesimals. God help the doctors in their magnificent work; more like that of our blessed Lord than that of any other profession. Instead of belittling or harshly criticising their attempts at cure, let us cheer them on. For the leaves are now somewhere growing, or the bark is somewhere standing, or the powders are somewhere now being compounded which will emancipate the human race from invalidism. Because such a catholicon has not yet been found, despair not. The world rolled around at least five thousand years before the Countess of Chincon, the wife of a ruler, had the chills and fever in Peru, and by chewing some of the bark of a tree warmed the chill and cured the fever and exasperated her illness and so discovered quinine, that beneficent drug that has blessed all nations, making many parts of the earth inhabitable that otherwise would have been without population. And here's a medicine that prolonged human life and disappointed cemeteries, and wrought such wonders of pharmacopœia that the British rule in India is said to have been practically founded on cinchona bark.

If more than five millenniums were exhausted with search for quinine, be not sure that the world has a long search for antidotes and specifics yet to be found. Some of these young or old doctors will after a while rush out from their laboratories or dispensaries or hospitals shouting, "Eureka! I have found it!" Found what? The complete cure for all styles of human malady? If this is not true, then the Bible is not true, for it promises over and over and over again that all wrongs shall be righted and all maladies cured, and that as the world started with a garden so it will close with a garden. I do not believe that the world is to be a failure, or that the human race is going to succumb. Human life must be prolonged. The cradle and the grave must be set further apart. Some of our descendants in their 150th year will yet read without spectacles. Dentistry has improved the world's mastication, and the old fashioned turnkey that did its horrible work in our boyhood has been put away amid the torture instruments of the Spanish inquisition, and the prospect is that the average of human life, instead of being as now thirty-seven years, will be fifty, and after awhile seventy and then one hundred.

UNCLE SAM'S HOMESTEAD.

WE have as yet cultivated only a small patch of Uncle Sam's homestead. Our rivers, capable of turning wheels and spindles, have only been half harnessed. We have hooked up only the traces, and fastened one buckle. The wire will have on it a bridle and two traces, and stout breeching strap, and enterprise such as we have never seen will mount the driver's box, and crack the whip for a progress that will astound all nations while we rejoice at the prospect of a great immigration of industrious Europeans to this country. I wish we could send out of this country as large an emigration of eternal croakers who act as though all this country wants is a wet blanket. Commerce and mechanism never lift their heads in this country five minutes, but those evil prophets try to smite them down. I would like to trade off every man who does not like our American institutions, for an Englishman, or Scotchman, or Irishman who does. If you do not like the country, get out of it. But let all foreigners who want to see great waterfalls, come and look at our Niagara; or mighty rivers, take a week's voyage on our Mississippi; or boundless farms, ride for three days across Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin prairies. Welcome all nations that want to sit down at our breakfast table. We are all ready for company. The table reaches across the continent, and the Rocky Mountains are one leg and the Alleghany Mountains another leg of the table; the bread of the whitest St. Louis flour, the milk from Orange County dairy, the forks made of Nevada silver, the furnace heaped high with Pennsylvania coal, the buckwheat cakes from New Jersey—the only place where they know how to make them—and let the best bell from Troy foundry ring the people into the table.

Her free latching never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

THE PARDONING POWER.

THE pardoning power is sometimes abused and it is oftener neglected. Governors who do not exercise this power are unfit for their position. The framers of our laws, foreseeing that the machinery for jury trial would like everything else human be imperfect, provided this mode of escape for those unjustly incarcerated. There have been so many cases in which it was demonstrated beyond a doubt that the innocent suffered and the guilty went free that the Governor who resolves upon abstinence from the exercise of the pardoning power becomes himself the criminal. Sometimes men become the victims of circumstances, and after a life of integrity do just one wrong thing. Punished they must be, but after a while there comes a time for leniency and release. Sometimes good men are found in suspicious circum-

stances, for which they are in nowise responsible, and are flung into prison, and after awhile the real author of the crime, under pang of conscience or on a sick or dying bed, makes confession. Sometimes after a crime is committed the community is so hot with excitement that the jury lose their balance and are incompetent for a just verdict, and they pronounce those guilty who are not guilty. Sometimes a judge of the court, gouty or dyspeptic, inflicts too long an imprisonment for an offender. Sometimes there are conspiracies against some unfortunate man which do not develop as conspiracies until after the trial. There is probably not a large penitentiary in the land which does not to-day hold in iron embrace those who deserve the full liberty of good citizenship. What a grand thing when a magistrate is willing to put his ear to the wicket of the dungeon and listen to the plaint and examine the testimony, and finding innocence in bonds, does the work of the angel of God that opened the door of apostolic imprisonment and set Peter free. A Governor of Kentucky, entering upon his office at Frankfort, the State capital, found a great mass of convicts huddled together in ill-ventilated dungeons. Four persons in a room where there ought to have been only one. Old villains and young boys in the same bunk. No opportunity for ablation. Filthy and rotting alive. Those who were as a result of the terrible place in the last stages of consumption he sent home to die. Those who had been unjustly committed he set free. Light poured into the earthly pandemonium, and while the Governor did all that the law would allow him to do in the reformation of those who ought to go, his accomplished and Christian wife carried the Gospel of Christ through all the prison corridors and gathered the convicts Sabbath by Sabbath into the chapel, where she put them under the influence of prayer and song and religious exhortation. He who pardons the most is most like God, who abundantly pardons.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. H. Mullins. Is Dr. Talmage justified in travelling on the Sabbath Day, when he speaks so strongly on its holy observance?

He does not travel on the Sabbath, except in a case of necessity or on a mission of mercy.

R. M. S., Philadelphia. Can I still procure one of those Oxford Teachers' Bibles and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, as I saw in the MAIL-BAG a few weeks ago, by sending two dollars?

Yes; you are still in time. The Bible will be sent immediately on receipt of your subscription.

"A Reader" writes as follows:

Many thanks for the piece from Margaret Sangster in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 4th, on "Folly of Overwork." It has been my sentiment for so long about the altering of one's dress when it is neat and wearable just to suit the latest fashion. As the writer states, "Why not be independent enough to adopt our own styles, to a certain extent?" Hold to that which is most becoming to the individual.

Friend of Korea. Will you please publish Minister Ye Sung Soo's address in Washington?

His address was Korean Legation, Washington, D. C., but he has gone to Korea. As stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, our investigations have disclosed the fact that the rumors circulated by the Legation of a famine in Korea were unfounded, and consequently no money or other contributions are needed.

J. Culherson, Ashland, O. I desire to make a collection of food and articles of need, to be sent to you for furnishing Korea? Would articles of clothing be of any use? Would it be better to have the flour bolted, or send it as graham flour?

See our answer to "Friend of Korea," in this column. U. S. Minister Sill has advised us that there is no famine there. Your energies might be applied profitably in aiding the thousands made destitute by the Constantinople earthquake.

Rev. F. H. Mullineaux, Bay View, Md. 1. What is the nature of the Parisian Sabbath? 2. In what countries is the Sabbath most desecrated? 3. Are there any known people or races in the world without any religion at all? 4. Is there any instance in history of the suffering mental anguish similar to that of Jesus, when his sweat drops were as blood? 5. Are there instances of friendship, like that of David and Jonathan, to be found in history? 6. Is there any proof that St. Paul was ever married? 7. Is the Coliseum of ancient Rome entirely destroyed? 8. In how many different languages and dialects is the Bible now printed?

A day of open licence: wineries, theatres, race-courses, opera, cafes, concert halls and dives in full operation. The pleasure day of the week; a day of amusement, carousal and

indulgence. 2. Among so-called Christian countries, France is the worst offender. 3. The belief in unseen or spiritual agencies is universal, but there have been several races who seemed to have no idea of what we know as religion or of the existence of a Supreme Being. These people were to be found among the Brazilian Indians, the Gran Chaco Indians, and in Central and South Africa, the Caroline Islands, Papua and elsewhere. 4. Yes; several cases are cited by old medical writers, (see McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia on the subject); 5. Probably few so potent in some respects, although we may cite the friendships of Schiller and Goethe, of Socrates and Plato, of Plato and Anniceris (who ransomed the philosopher and would take no repayment) Damon and Pythias, Luther and Melancthon, or the more picturesque friendships of Mohammed and Abon-Bekr Roland and Oliver, and Epaminondas and Pelopidas. 6. None; see answer to New Subscriber, Howard, Ill., in Mail-Bag of last week. 7. Only the ruined shell of the edifice remains. 8. The American Bible Society now prints the Gospels in whole or in separate parts in nearly 150 different languages and dialects. We have not the statistics at hand concerning the number printed by British Societies.

Mrs. Lucy Fauble, Emington, Ill., writes:

Where can I get a little girl from eight to ten years, to adopt? We have no children of our own, and should like to adopt one. We can give her a comfortable home.

R. M. L., Woodstock, N. B. Is there a school of design or art for women in New York? I saw a notice in a paper nearly two years ago that such a school was to be opened?

Write to the Academy of Design, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York, for all information on the subject.

E. K. B., Kansas. I want to tell you that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been the direct means of bringing two families to God. I had no peace of mind from the time I read in it of Christ's second coming, till I accepted Jesus about one month later. I thought of nothing else for weeks, only how I might gain this everlasting life and reign with Christ forever. I am surprised that so few believers know so little about His coming. I don't wonder so many fall away; having accepted Jesus, they let that end the matter, and in a few years fall away, never having the blessed hope of His coming.

Ed. Martin, Valley Falls, Kan. Do you think it right for a Christian man to play croquet on Sunday?

We hardly think you can be in earnest in asking the question. Sunday should be devoted to spiritual duties, and Christians should refrain from all worldly avocations and amusements on that day.

L. Roebert, Austin, Tex. I am greatly interested in the notes on foreign missionary work published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in the Japanese idols pictured in your recent issue. What are the dimensions of the great Buddha at Kamakura?

The Dai Butsu at Kamakura, said to have been built 1,200 years ago, by Mikado Shoum, is sixty-four feet high, the face being sixteen feet long, eyes three feet, nine inches long, middle finger five feet long, ears eight and one-half feet long. These are the figures furnished by an American who has recently traveled in Japan, and we believe them to be fairly accurate.

J. R. Clark, Egremont Plain, Mass. I see in THE MAIL-BAG, "Subscriber" says a friend recollects hearing the following lines sixty or more years ago:

"Look stern on your way,
See your end, mark it well!"

I have an old book entitled, "Selected Hymns," published about 1816, containing the words. They differ a little from those lines, but were familiar and sung often when I was a boy. I am now seventy-four.

Subscriber will receive the verses forwarded by Mr. Clark, on sending his address to this office.

D. A. Stewart, Nairn, Ont. Write to Biglow and Main, Publishers, Ninth Street, New York.—W. H. Brown, Chester, Pa. The badge proposition is now under consideration.—Mrs. S. Mooney, Basine, Kan. We don't believe it was ever finished.—Old copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be sent to Clinton Wheeler, Care Mr. J. H. Patterson, Trenton, New Jersey, for prison distribution.—Mrs. H. M. Wilson. We don't know where they can be obtained here. The notice referred to was from England, we believe.—W. A. Leonard, Tarrytown, N. Y., wishes to find the poem beginning "A few more rolling suns at most," and C. W. G., Providence, R. I., the verses beginning: "I cannot think but God must know." Some of our readers may be able to furnish them.—Mr. W. J. Kennedy, Stuyvesant, Ont. We cannot reproduce it just now, but may, later.—F. Robertson, Teeswater. Write to the "Musical Messenger," Cincinnati, O.—A. G. C., Baltimore. Either in 1867 or 1868, we think.—Subscriber, Pawtucket, R. I. Johnston's or Zill's.—R. S. Marks, Columbia, S. C. We cannot undertake the matter at present.—D. D. Woodward, Bangorville, O. Yes, your friend, by sending \$2 to this office, can still secure a copy of "From Manger to Throne," and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year.—L. H. N., S. H. Harper, C. C. Cadwell, Washington, Ia., R. C. Bishop, Bluff Point, N. Y., T. O. Stevenson, Hamilton, Kan., and Reader, Rockford, Ill. Your inquiry will be submitted to Dr. Talmage on his return.—John Mellor, New Bedford, Mass. Thanks: we will recommend the recommendation should an opportunity arise to use it.—Mrs. Mattie Jackson, Annet, Miss. Write to the "Jewish Messenger," New York City.—M. Chapman, Bradley Beach, N. J. Write to the "Electric World," New York City.—Lula M. Rumsey, Troy, N. Y., and others. The address of Rev. M. Copley is Louisville, Ky.—Old Subscriber, Manchester, Ia. Mr. Moody can be addressed at Bible Institute, La Salle avenue, Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. M. Jameson, Frankford, Pa. We know of no such office.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CHINA'S NAVY BUSY.

CHINA is being forced against her will to prepare for warfare at sea. Her enemy who has a better navy, heavier guns, and better trained crews relying on her superior strength at sea is threatening China's ports. These are, for the greater part practically defenceless, the antiquated forts which are supposed to protect them being incapable of resisting the Japanese guns. A recent dispatch from Hong Kong shows that in preparing to meet the Japanese fleet China has betrayed her consciousness of the chief element of her weakness. She is trying to attract Europeans into her navy and has offered a bounty of \$100 and a promise of \$3000 in the event of death to any European who has served in a foreign fleet. A large number of Englishmen who have been employed in the customs at Hong Kong have resigned their positions to enter the Chinese navy, and many of them were formerly gunners or torpedo experts in the British navy. That such men are badly needed by China is evident from the descriptions of the naval arrangements being sent here by newspaper correspondents. As a specimen of the antiquated methods prevailing in the naval department, the illustration on this page of the coaling of a Chinese war-ship is significant. Labor is cheap in China, but this method of getting fuel on board must be costly, as well as slow. This and other antiquated methods will doubtless be soon changed if Europeans in any considerable number enter the navy. The Chinese cling to their old customs, and are averse to change, as the missionaries know by experience; but, with the perversity of human nature in all lands, they may be expected to adopt innovations that tend to the destruction of life, even while they reject the message that will save the soul. (Matt. 16: 2, 3.)

Naturalization Refused.

An Irishman's application for naturalization papers was rejected in a Court in Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago, on evidence that he produced. He produced his first papers, which were in due form, and made the required declaration. The Commissioner told him that the full papers would be granted if he would bring a citizen who could testify that he had remained in the United States during the interval between that time and the date of the first papers. The man went away, and a day or two afterwards renewed his application. He had been unable to find a witness as required by the Commissioner. He said, however, that he could furnish documentary evidence as to three years of the period. The evidence, when put in, was found to consist of a certificate, signed by the warden of Sing Sing prison, that the man had served a three year's sentence in that prison, for burglary committed about six months before his sentence was pronounced. The Commissioner looked at the man in surprise. "Do you expect," he asked, "to get papers on such evidence as this?" The man replied that he understood that all the Commissioner required was proof of his being in the country the time required and the docu-

ment proved the fact. "Yes," was the reply; "it proves that and more. It proves your unfitness to become a citizen," and the application was accordingly rejected. The man was quite surprised that residence was not sufficient and could not understand character entering into the question. Similar surprise will be felt at the last by some who will seek entrance into Christ's kingdom on the ground of church membership. They will learn that although they have eaten and drunk in his presence, and he has taught in their streets he will not receive them if they have been "workers of iniquity." (Luke 12: 26.)

A Napoleonic Veteran.

A venerable man and woman who were found last week wandering in Chambers

spite of his services and sufferings, he is destitute in his old age and the communities he approaches get rid of him as speedily as they can. All this he might bear cheerfully if he had the Christian's hope of eternal reward. The despot for whom he fought and bled could not reward him, but he who suffers in the cause of Christ is sure of abundant recompense. (Mark 10: 30.)

Severe Marital Discipline.

A sentence, which has caused some surprise in the community, was pronounced a few days ago by a Connecticut justice, on a husband who was convicted of ill-treating his wife. The wife testified that her husband had tied her ankles together and had lowered her, head downward into a well. Her head had been submerged for a few moments and then raised to enable her to get breath. She was held an inch or two above the water and ducked again and again until she was almost suffocated. After torturing her in this way for some time, the husband drew her up to the surface and released her. He did not deny her statement, but pleaded that he was justified in inflicting the punishment. He said, she neglected her home and her four children

several districts in Minnesota, Colorado and Nebraska. The Botanical division of the Department calls the attention of the farmers of those States to the fact that it is almost impossible to get rid of the pest even by burning, but adds that it may be eradicated by cutting it down before it seeds. It is harmless at that time, but if the seed makes its appearance it will be too late to do anything this season, as the seed may be disseminated for miles and next year the work of extirpating it will be much greater and more difficult. A similar warning is given in the Bible as to sin. If it is not eradicated in the heart, it will bear seed in the life and will do mischief to the sinner and to others that can never be undone. (James 1: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Last Year in Response to a Request made by the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, many of our readers were kind enough to furnish him with the names of twenty-five church members or adult Sunday School workers, in return for which they received a beautiful section of Olive Wood, cut from the Mount of Olives and polished in Jerusalem by workmen from Bethlehem. We have all these names now on file in our office, but would like to increase the list. We, therefore, make the same liberal offer namely, a section of genuine Olive Wood for every twenty-five new names, not repetition—but names which have not been already sent in, and hope that as many of our subscribers as can supply such names will avail themselves of this generous proposal. The Olive Wood is sent either by mail or express, all charges prepaid. Do not enclose communication of any other character in the application. Address your letter Premium Department, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has received a cable message from its missionaries in Korea saying that all are well, and there is good order, and the presence of the United States marines insures safety.

The Central Union Mission, of Washington, D. C., is using temporarily a Gospel wagon obtained from Baltimore instead of the one unfortunately destroyed by fire at Knox's stables. There was a small insurance on the wagon, and with this and some new subscriptions for the purpose, a new and better wagon will be built ready for next season.

Rev. James Allan Wylie, the missionary at Liayang, north of Newchwang, who, as recently announced by cable, died of injuries received from Chinese soldiers on their march to Korea, was born in Hamilton in 1853; he was licensed by that presbytery in 1886, and sailed for Manchuria in January, 1888.

A brilliant Oxford student who went to Africa and died after a year's work, said before starting to a friend who urged him not to risk his life: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, for a foundation. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones, lying in an African grave, I am content."

A Remarkable Revival in the Immanuel Baptist Church of Denver, Colo., has followed the preaching of Rev. C. H. Stull, an eloquent evangelist not yet twenty years old. He is described as having a thorough knowledge of the Bible and as a preacher of strong originality. He is now preaching at Victor whence he will go through the Cripple Creek District.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions informs us that in our article on the Rev. Satori Kato's Mission in this journal on Aug. 29th, we gave the Presbyterian Mission in Japan credit for a larger work than that mission has. The statistics given are those of the Church of Christ in Japan which includes beside the Presbyterian Mission, the Reformed Church, the Cumberland Presbyterian Mission, the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and other societies. The Board also desires it to be understood that it encourages independent evangelistic effort on the part of native Japanese, but that it declined to endorse Mr. Kato's work for personal reasons, which were all the more cogent because Mr. Kato had not the confidence of his native brethren.

A Six Days' Convention for the Study of Holiness will be held Sept. 25-30, at St. Bartholomew's Mission, 42d St., near Third avenue, New York. Among the subjects included in the programme are: "Bible Holiness"; "The Second Blessing"; "The Work of the Holy Spirit"; and "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost." Many eminent clergymen are expected to take part in the proceedings. Among them are: Rev. Stephen Merritt; Rev. A. B. Simpson; Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D.; Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, D.D.; Rev. I. Simmons, D.D.; Rev. Joseph Smith, D.D.; and Rev. Benjamin Adams, D.D. Special terms can be arranged for the accommodation of persons from a distance, if application is made at once to Col. H. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Mission, 433 Lexington Ave., N. Y.



THE WAR IN KOREA—COALING A CHINESE WARSHIP.

street, New York, in a destitute condition were handed over to the Superintendent of Charities and Corrections. The man told a romantic story. He said he was a native of Switzerland and was in his hundredth year. As corroborative evidence of the fact, he showed a badge for marksmanship which he had won and which bore the date of 1816. Before he was twenty years old, he had served a campaign in the army of the first Napoleon. He remained with the army until after the downfall of Napoleon, when he returned to Switzerland and resumed farming. Fifty years ago he came to America with his wife and obtained work on a farm. He afterward got a living as an expert gardener. Still later he and his wife plaited baskets and peddled them about the country. His wife died some fifteen years ago and the old man married again, the woman being as poor as himself. The couple finally became too old to work and the people of the town where they were, gave them some food and railroad tickets to a town in New Jersey. That town sent them to Paterson, N. J., where some one gave them their fare to New York. The old man's body was covered with wounds received in battle. A scar crossed his face where he had been struck by a sabre; both his arms had been perforated with bullets and he had a gunshot wound in his shoulder and a bayonet wound in the leg. Yet in

and spent her time in frivolous pleasure with idle, worthless young men. She had paid no attention to his warnings, so he had found it necessary to punish her. It was expected that the husband would receive a severe sentence for his offence, but the Justice said that, taking into account the provocation the man had received, he thought the justice of the case would be met by inflicting a fine of five dollars. It is generally regarded as a grossly inadequate sentence for such an offense, but the judge appears to have thought that the woman's conduct called for discipline. Unhappily, such discipline would be more likely to exasperate her than to reclaim her. If it were to lead her to abandon the courses which must end in her temporal and eternal ruin, then she would have cause to be grateful to her husband for administering it. The doom of the wicked, as described in the Bible, is so dreadful that whatever interposes to save a thoughtless person from it is a blessing, even though it involves pain or humiliation. (Matt. 5: 30.)

A Warning to Farmers.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a notice to farmers concerning the appearance of the Russian thistle. It was found last year in Indiana and Idaho. This year it has shown itself there again and in

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

A JUST MAN.

A Sermon delivered in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., by Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, Ga. Text: Proverbs 9: 9. "A just man."



No man is absolutely just in himself. The best man in the world is defective somewhere. At some point he defects from the straight line of rectitude. No one has ever excelled the apostle Paul in purity and nobility of character, but even Paul was full of weaknesses. He says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Profoundly conscious of his natural depravity he exclaimed, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" While no man is absolutely just in himself, he may become legally just by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Here we have God's merciful plan of redemption. Christ is "the end of the Law for righteousness to every one that believeth." "There is therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." A man whom divine law does not condemn is just in the sight of God. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Christian believer is just, not in the sense that he has been in all things obedient to divine law, but because Christ has taken his place and obeyed the law for him. The believer shall be saved, not for what he is in himself, nor for what he has done that was good, but for what Christ is and for what Christ has done for him.

Honest Effort.

A man may be comparatively just in himself—he may in some degree become personally righteous. In everything that constitutes virtue he may be so far in advance of the generality of men as to warrant us in calling him a just man. Every true believer in the Son of God bears some resemblance to him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. The inevitable fruit of his union with Christ is a life of honest effort to be like Christ. To say that a true Christian is destitute of the qualities which make up the character of the just man is to deny that union with Christ is helpful to human life and conduct. Every sincere believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is a just man—not absolutely just, —but comparatively so.

A just man is one who understands, approves, admires, loves, and conscientiously endeavors to obey the ethical principles laid down in the Bible for the regulation of human conduct. The character of the just man is a combination of many elements, every one of which is indispensable. The absence of any one of them renders character weak and unsightly. I will go further and say that the character of the just man is a combination of many elements in right proportions. A man may have enough of one quality, and too little of another. That makes a defective, distorted and repulsive character. Or he may have one essential element complete, and be totally deficient in another that is equally essential. Just here many a man makes his

Fatal Mistake.

A man's intellectual perceptions of morality may be almost perfect, while in practice he may be very immoral. The castist is not necessarily a just man. He may be a very bad man. While his discriminations between right and wrong may be correct; while he may be able to define any duty and any deflection from rectitude with the utmost precision, his own life and character may be almost destitute of virtue. Look at Lord Bacon. How sublimely he taught, but how miserably he practiced. Who could surpass him in a definition of honesty, and who could excel him in violating a deep and sacred conviction in the presence of the mean-

est temptation? Verily he was the wisest, the greatest, and the meanest of mankind.

A man may be sentimentally just, but practically very unjust. Hold up before him an example of unswerving integrity in the commercial world: tell him of a merchant who failed in business, and who, rather than have his creditors suffer, gave up his home, and furniture, and jewels, and then lived on half rations until he had paid the last farthing, and no words can express the depth and intensity of his admiration for such an exhibition of honor. And yet, perhaps, that man, so appreciative of honesty in others, is

Notoriously Negligent

of his own financial obligations. There are some of us who if we had less faith in these sentimental moralists, would have now more comfort for our families and more money for the Lord's cause. One of the most exceptional and prodigious liars that I ever encountered, would become almost frantic with admiration when confronted by a man who was brave enough to swear to his own hurt, and to speak the truth in the face of any peril to his own property and person. Who had a loftier conception of moral purity and integrity than Daniel Webster? Who among the great orators of the world, living or dead, has surpassed the eloquence of some of his tributes to men prominent for their moral worth? But every one familiar with the life of Webster knows that it was stained by some of the meanest and most disgusting vices. A man may be profoundly learned, and grandly eloquent, but if he be the slave of some earth-born passion there is not much of true manhood in him.

We find in every community what may be called the spasmodic moralist—the man who deems himself just because he occasionally surprises the public by some unusually honorable and useful act. Five years ago, perhaps, he startled the community by a fierce denunciation of some obscene theatrical exhibition. With righteous indignation he depicted the harvest of debauchery that must follow the toleration of such iniquities. To-day, in response to some fervid and pathetic appeal, he gives a thousand dollars for the support of a public charity. This looks well, but the five years intervening between these two commendable acts, were filled with words and deeds indicative of a character selfish, grovelling, and mean almost to the last degree. Sad indeed it is when a man's good acts are dictated by a momentary impulse, and his bad ones proceed from a fixed and steady-working principle.

Spasmodic Benevolence.

Once, in closing a sermon on Thanksgiving, I spoke of the destitution of a poor family I had visited a few days before. As I was going down the church steps after the service, an old gambler approached me, upon whose face the darkest histories were written, put a five dollar bank bill in my hand, and requested me to use it in relieving the wants of the family to which I had made allusion in my sermon. I doubt not that the impulse which prompted him to make that contribution was philanthropic. I doubt not that his heart was touched with real pity for the poor. How should I judge the character of that man? By that one isolated act, the product of a momentary impulse? Or by the whole career of dishonesty and knavery which preceded it? A few years after the occasion referred to I met that man on a railway train. I sat down beside him and depicted to his mind's eye the dark doom that awaited him if he should fail to repent of his wickedness. He trembled, he wept, he admitted the truth and force of all I said, but he was joined to his idol, and died as he lived, a miserable and despised gambler. Shall we say that a man is just because at intervals in a life of great

corruption we see a virtuous deed? No; it is not what a man does once a year, but what he does every day that reveals his real character. Let no man delude himself with the thought that he is truth-loving and God-fearing, because he gives a few hundred dollars every year to the support of the Gospel. Over against that one act of benevolence, there may be a thousand acts which indicate that he loves money, and pleasure, and self, more than the truth of God.

Do you claim to be a just man? Why should I believe you to be just? Because you pay your pew-rent and come to the Lord's house on Sunday? That does not prove it. Let me see that in the six days between the Sundays you live a life of loyalty to God's law, and that God's cause is nearer and dearer to your heart than business, or politics, or friends, or pleasure, and then I will stand here by the authority of high heaven and pronounce you righteous and meet for the kingdom of glory.

Conscientious But Unjust.

A man must not deem himself just merely because he is conscientious. Some of the most extremely conscientious men I have ever met were notoriously unjust. A man is not an artist because he has hands. He is not a linguist because he has a tongue. He is not a philosopher because he has a mind, neither is he just because he has a conscience. The artist has educated hands, the linguist has an educated tongue, the philosopher an educated mind, and the just man has an educated conscience. An ignorant conscience may lead a man to do many foolish and unwarranted things. It may incite him to deeds unjust, cruel and inhuman. It may prompt him to lead a riot, burn a house, wreck a railroad train, or to plunge his dagger into the breast of an innocent person. It was such a conscience that inspired Prendergast to assassinate Carter Harrison, Guiteau to take the life of President Garfield. An ignorant conscience may tell you to join some underground, dark-lanterned, oath-bound combination of men, whose purpose is to persecute every man who differs from them in religious belief. An educated conscience will tell you that it is unjust and ungodly to proscribe any man for his religious opinions and practices, and that any form of religious intolerance is un-Christian, unbrotherly, unpatriotic, un-American, unmanly and disgraceful. An ignorant conscience makes the religious crank—the man who is adjustable to no circumstances, and whose religious zeal expends itself in contending for such distinctions as exist between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. There is no end to the chapter of mistakes which men make in judging others.

There is a man who cultivates a certain class of virtues, and on that account imagines himself just, and exceptionally just, though he wilfully

Neglects other Virtues.

equally if not more important. With an air of supreme self-complacency he is going up and down the earth saying, "I pay my debts. I owe no man anything." He imagines that debt-paying is queen of all the virtues, and that having that, he can afford to be destitute of every virtue. Yes, he pays his debts, but that is not conclusive proof of his honesty. He may pay his debts, not because it is right in the sight of God, but because the preservation of his commercial credit depends upon it. If he could go on and do business successfully without paying his debts, he might not be so eager and prompt to pay them. I know many an old curmudgeon drawing in and hiding away, as if God's universe were nothing but a raking-ground, who, while he is notably punctilious in meeting his financial obligations, would swindle the poorest hoddie-carrier or needle-woman in America.

But you may pay your debts as a matter of principle—you may pay them because it is right and honorable, and still be unworthy of the grand and glorious title of just men. The just is a character infinitely transcending such narrow limits. It is a character which combines virtues of all classes—a character in whose presence every divine ordinance and every human interest and right is sacred and inviolate. The just man is not afraid to have the transactions of his life exposed to the light of day. He does not shrink from an honest investigation of his conduct and character. If employers were always the just men they claim to be, they would never oppose the submission of the controversy between them and their employees to the arbitrament of impartial and fair-minded men.

It is when they know their conduct to be unjust and oppressive that they oppose arbitration. If the Labor Unions and their leaders were the lovers of the Golden Rule of the Gospel that they profess to be, they would not inflict such terrible injuries as they sometimes do upon millions of innocent people for the sake of punishing the man who has wronged them.

The Just Politician.

I need not go beyond the limits of this ancient commonwealth to find bad politicians—some of them your representatives in legislative councils, and others candidates for your suffrages—who while they pride themselves on being just, and are treated with the respect which none but the just deserve, live as though the moral law of God were a mere convenience to be honored or dishonored, obeyed or disobeyed, as their selfishness may dictate. Such men are worthy only of your reprobation. The moral law is as high and holy as the Adorable Being who gave it, and it is nothing less than infamy to despise it as some of your office-seekers are wont to do.

If one of these aspiring politicians should be convicted of a private lie, perhaps it would be fatal to his political prospects; but if he invents a campaign lie—a roaring, thundering, rousing lie, which misleads the people and helps his party, it only adds lustre to his name and strength to his cause. You can scarcely look into the columns of certain political newspapers without finding some partisan editorial which contains statements that the writer knows to be false, and knows, moreover, that most of his readers believe them to be false; but because they are written for campaign purposes, and in the interest of his party, he is treated as if there were no wrong, no dishonor, no disgrace, no damnation in lying about such matters.

A just man is he who chooses all the virtues, combines them in right proportions, and preserves them in harmonious action. He is honest—honest every where and in every thing. He is conscientious, and just as conscientious in his business and in his politics, as he is at the prayer-meeting and at the communion-table. He is benevolent, and not in one direction only, but in every direction. He gives what he solemnly believes God requires him to give, and would give it just as cheerfully in secret as in public. He has the courage to seek and to know the truth, and to proclaim it from the house-tops. He

Recognizes his Obligations

to God, and observes them at home and abroad. If Sunday finds him in gay and Godless Paris, he is the same devout and consistent Christian there that he was a few Sundays ago in Richmond. He has a living and abiding principle of loyalty to God within him, which keeps him from anything wrong and ignoble, whether it be open or secret, great or small. Such men are pillars of truth, temples of the living God, and the light of the world. May God multiply their seed until they possess the earth.

The glory of the just man is from within. It is a radiation. Put him where you will and he will shine, because the Lord God has filled him with the light of life. They cast Paul into prison, but the light that was in him as he slept in the Mamertine dungeon, was just as visible as that which flashed from him when he stood upon Mars Hill and reasoned with the philosophers of Greece. The Roman tyrant supposed that he had quenched the light of the Apostle John when he banished him to a desolate rock in the midst of the ocean; but the grand old servant of God had not long been there when the isles of the Aegean Sea, and all the coasts around, kindled with sunset visions too gorgeous to be described. The ecclesiastical despots of England thrust John Bunyan into Bedford Jail, hoping thereby to get rid of the influence of his piety and genius; but he had not long been there before the murky horizon of Britain began to flame with fiery symbols, delectable mountains, celestial mansions, and white pilgrims grouped on golden hills.

A just man is a God-made king, and you cannot dethrone him. The newspapers cannot write him down, the mob cannot silence his voice, and the hired instruments of moral assassination cannot destroy the power of his name. God be praised that a few such men still linger on the earth. These are the mountains of our moral scenery. Through them we have hope of a purer civilization and a happier world.

CHINA'S IDOLS FALLING.

Rev. Dr. Wooley Tells How Hundreds of Young Men and Women Have Been Brought to Christ.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT

ALL will rejoice to know of the awakening which is sweeping over this part of China. We are having a continuous revival within and without the church. Many who have abandoned their idols and united with the church and were merely nominal Christians with a knowledge only of the cardinal truths of the Bible, are now learning by experience what repentance, faith and salvation mean, and are bringing forth the fruits of righteousness in Christ-like lives. Our native ministers have received a fresh baptism of power, and the Holy Spirit gives unction to the preached Word, and hundreds of heathen are inquiring the way of life.

Last winter I called my native preachers and helpers together for a week of Bible study, prayer and consecration. From the first it was evident they had come longing to be filled with all the fullness of God. Some of them had received a baptism at the last conference and now sought new strength for the year's work. We were all conscious of a great need, and "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, waiting for the promise of the Father;" and our prayers were not in vain, for the Spirit came upon us with mighty power. How those stolid Chinese rejoiced and shed tears of joy in the new-found experience! And the fire there kindled has been burning ever since throughout the whole district.

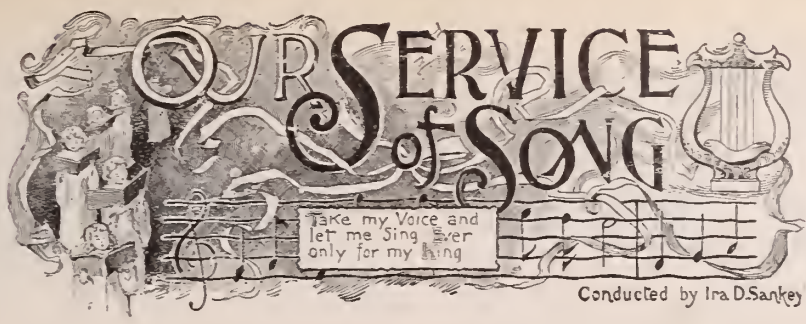
Soon afterwards I began a revival in our principal church, where several hundred students worship. In these meetings also the Holy Spirit was present, and over a hundred were saved, most of whom are young men and women expecting to devote their lives to church work among their own people.

In fact, everybody seems to have caught the spirit of victory. The preachers and helpers went forth from those meetings with burning zeal, and already the success attending their labors far exceeds our highest expectations. God is teaching us many lessons, and now more plainly that it is not by might nor by power, but by his Spirit; and that our faith heretofore has failed to appropriate his great and precious promises for the salvation of the heathen world. Every station has been blessed with a gracious revival; many new fields have been opened, and for a long time hardly a week has passed without an invitation to begin preaching and establish a Christian school in some town or village. During the last six months fourteen such stations have been opened with most encouraging prospects. In order to meet these providential openings, fourteen students from the Theological Seminary have been appointed pastor-teachers, and every Sunday several more are sent to hold services in other new fields.

Guoh-tah, a village of nearly ten thousand, was the first place opened this year. The common people received us gladly, but the literati opposed, and for a time, by threats to property owners, prevented us from renting. However, at last we succeeded, and ere long both school-room and chapel proved too small. Every night the chapel is filled with attentive, eager listeners, and fifty-four bright boys are studying Christian books in our school. Already several families have given up their idols and openly professed faith in Christ. Only a few days since, a silver-smith in this town, very different from Demetrius with whom Paul contended in Ephesus, brought me two large baskets full of his household gods, knowing I wanted to send them to friends in America. Some people have a great many gods; in case one is angry, and gives unfavorable answers to their prayers, they can consult another.

That there is a wide-spread and constantly increasing distrust of idolatry, gives hope for the speedy triumph of Christianity. Many people are on the verge of turning from idols of wood and stone to the True and Living God. Recently I was talking to a man about the folly of trusting in gods which could not even protect themselves, and he acknowledged he often thought the same, but he had heard we only wanted them to believe in our religion in order to get their eyes and brains for medicine and their blood for opium, and he was afraid of us and the doctrine.

Teng Kan is another large village with a population of eight thousand. For over



Never say Good-Bye.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O blessed home where those who meet Shall nev-er say good-bye;

2. Be - yond this vale of toil and care, We'll nev-er say good-bye;

3. When safe a-mong the ransomed throng, We'll nev-er say good-bye;

4. On yon - der fair and peace - ful shore - We'll nev-er say good-bye;

Where kindred souls each oth - er greet, And nev - er say good - bye.

We part in tears on earth, but there - We'll nev - er say good - bye.

Where life is one e - ter - nal song, We'll nev - er say good - bye.

But dwell with Christ for-ev - er - more, And nev - er say good - bye.

Chorus.

We'll nev - er say good - bye,.... We'll nev - er say good - bye;....

good-bye, good-bye;

In that fair land be - yond the sky, We'll nev - er say good - bye.

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From CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS, by permission of the Publishers.

thirty years the people have rejected the truth and refused us admission to the town. Last year a young man was brought to Christ, and soon all his relatives were interested in the doctrine. They invited us to send them a preacher, which we did, and now over a hundred people are seeking Christ. About forty have forsaken their idols and joined the church. We have one large boys' school and two girls' schools. Some of the leading literary men have been converted, and they confidently expect hundreds of people to be saved in the very near future. The whole town is astir on the subject of the new religion. I never visit the place without preaching to an audience of from two to five hundred, who will stand in the open air for hours to hear the good news. Recently after the native preacher and I had preached till we were hoarse, proposing to dismiss informally, the people requested us to sing and pray as we did at the beginning, so they could learn how we worship. These are only samples of fourteen places opened this year and a promise of what may be expected in hundreds of villages if we are ready to "go up and possess the land."

In Foochow City there are nearly a million souls and in the two counties adjoining are two millions more. In all this region we have only six chapels, with seating capacity for less than two thousand. Most of the people are very poor, especially those among whom the Gospel is gaining its richest trophies. I fear if I should describe their condition some will be inclined to doubt my veracity. Indeed, one who has never lived in the Orient hardly knows the meaning of the word poverty. Artisans, farmers and all laboring classes earn from eighteen to thirty dollars a year. After feeding and clothing themselves and families out of this, they have very little left, and yet many of them give liberally for the support of the Gospel. But it is almost impossible for such people to erect suitable houses of worship; and to rent is out of the question, for there are no rooms large enough to accommodate the congregations. The members will subscribe, work and give what money they can, but they must have some help. In most places, with fifty dollars aid, they could build a church with seating capacity for seventy-five, and with one hundred dollars, seating capacity for one hundred and fifty, and so on up. We ought to build a dozen or more chapels in the next twelve months, but cannot without assistance.

—J. H. WOOLEY.

Foochow, China, July 10, 1894.

ISRAEL AND THE NATIONS.

BY REV. H. M. PARSONS, D.D.*

THE messianic kingdom was and is the special object of Jewish hope. It was the kingdom which Christ presented to the Jews in his first proclamation: "Repent, for the kingdom of the heavens is at hand." By that phrase, "Kingdom of the heavens," was and is meant, the rule in manifested form on the earth of the principles and government which obtain in the heavenly places, and in all parts of the universe inhabited by holy beings.

Its intention is to release the earth from the usurped sway of Satan, and restore the rightful allegiance of all nations to Jehovah as the coming King. Its purpose is the material blessing of the earth, and prosperity and glory of the nations and Israel dwelling upon the globe in mortal bodies. This distinction of the calling of Israel and of the church, is marked in every Scripture promise made to them respectively.

The church's hope is the return of the Lord to bring them into his glory, and to their mansions prepared in the heavens. Its bond is the mystical union in Christ the head of the body, which is not applied to any other members of the kingdom of God.

The great necessity for observing this plain distinction in the dispensations of the Bible, is manifest from the utter confusion now existing among intelligent Christians. In the interpretation of the phrase, the "Kingdom of the heavens,"

The church is regarded by many faithful and devoted believers, as commissioned to bring the nations into subjection to the righteous rule of Messiah; and therefore that the Jews are to be counted as individuals, and become part of the church, but that they will have no national restoration.

A close attention to the words of Scripture must dispel this illusion from honest minds. Israel was appointed to bring the nations to God, and therefore is the "everlasting nation." The church is in the parenthesis of time, in which, under the sway of the Gentiles, Israel, the "peculiar treasure," is hid in the earth. The mission of the church is to the individual sinner of all nations, to form one nation, who as co-rulers with Messiah, shall in glorified bodies like his, judge angels and the world. The mission of Israel is as a nation to the nations, to bring them en masse to Christ. Our hope is heavenly; the Jew's hope is earthly; the church is Christ's heavenly bride, Israel the earthly bride.

First, in accordance with this plan, let us observe this contrast of Israel as to its position in the earth. This is plainly evident in the promise to Abraham: In his call to separation, the Lord said (Gen. 12: 3): "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." In consultation as the friend of God, before the destruction of Sodom (Gen. 18: 8), the Lord said: "And all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him." Again to Abraham at the sacrifice of Isaac, because of his obedience (Gen. 22: 18): "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." To Isaac as the heir to the same promise (Gen. 26: 4), and because of his father Abraham, "and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." In this fourfold promise, repeated at intervals, that were crises in the patriarchal history, the emphasis is upon Israel's relation to the nations on the earth. The dealings of Jehovah with that nation in all their dispensational life, reveal the same purpose and place. Obedience and loyalty to God as their King, were followed in every instance by temporal prosperity and advancement. Denial and rebellion in every case by the reverse—disaster and subjection.

The position and place of the church in the New Testament is in marked contrast. Her hope an heavenly one. Her abode in the heavens. Her glory in the union to Christ to reign with him over the earth. Israel's glory is to reign over the nations under Christ, and his bride the church. The messianic kingdom on the earth is therefore the object of promise, and the subject of prophecy. The nations with Israel at their head, will be under the righteous and just government of Messiah.

He is the king's son of the seventy-second Psalm, under whom the earth shall enjoy millennial glory. "Men shall be blessed in him," "All nations shall call him blessed."

To be Continued.

* From an address at the recent Niagara Conference, published in *The Truth*, a monthly magazine edited by Dr. James H. Brooks, and published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price 25 cents.



CONSECRATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning Sept. 30.
Romans 12: 1-21.

FEW people live entirely to themselves. In nearly every life there is some inspiration, some motive compelling force outside. A man may seem hard and cold in his business or profession, may seem to have little sympathy or gentleness in his nature, and to be given up to the attainment of power or wealth; yet when we know him more intimately we find that he is toiling not for himself but for his wife, or child, or sister, or some loved one who is dependent on him. The man is not the cold, selfish being we thought him, but is sacrificing himself for some one dearer to him than himself. Every one has seen such lives and the majority have felt such influences. The passage assigned for the Topic recognizes the possibility of lives being so affected and would subject them to one all-pervading power. The Apostle asks his readers to present their bodies as a living sacrifice to God and says it is a reasonable service. His previous line of argument brings him to this practical conclusion. God having redeemed men from the punishment and power of sin is entitled to the sacrifice. It is as if a man afflicted with a loathsome disease lay in prison under sentence of death and some benefactor healed him of his malady and secured him a pardon. The life thus rescued and purified would be a ransomed life on which there would be a moral claim. Ungrateful indeed would he be who refused to admit his obligation to such a benefactor. This fact established, the apostle proceeds to describe what such a saved life would be. It is consecrated, that is made sacred, and must be spent as a faithful steward would administer a trust. "Ye are not your own," he tells another church. It follows that what has been given to God, yet is still under our control must be used with a constant consciousness of its true ownership. Whatever gift the consecrated man has must be used conscientiously in that one service. The daily life is to be characterized by humility, mercy, liberality, love, sympathy, magnanimity, honesty and forbearance. And lastly, living among evil, the evil must not overcome, but be overcome by good. That briefly is the way the consecrated man must live. It is not an easy life. The obligations are far more penetrating than any law. They require a new heart and a new spirit. The natural man cannot live such a life. But the apostle is writing to a people who are supposed to have new hearts and he would have them give expression in their lives to the nature they have received. The act of consecration, therefore, is no trivial matter. It is a bondage, but a bondage more glorious and elevating than the widest liberty. It is to live God's life, because it belongs to him and he who lives it becomes God-like, the highest dignity possible to human nature.

PERSONAL RECORD CARDS.

From Detroit, Mich., comes a suggestion which deserves the consideration of all young people's societies, which have not yet some similar system in operation. In a letter to the "Baptist Union," an officer of the Baptist Young People's Union of the Eighteenth Street Church of that city, gives strong testimony to the value of the "Personal Record Card." The card simply contains a statement of the number of times, during a month or quarter, that a member has been present and has participated in the exercises of the meetings of the Union. It has a blank for the number of meetings held, another blank for the number of times

the member was present, and a third for the number of times he took part. Below this record, the pledge is printed so that, as in the deadly parallel column, the person receiving the card can see at a glance to what extent he has been faithful to the pledge. The writer says that it has been found well to intrust to one committee the duty of keeping a record, and that committee fills out the blank cards and sends them to the individual members. No report is made to the Union or to the chairman, but the report is sent to the member concerned and his own conscience does the rest. The results of the system have been found most beneficial and as there is no patent on such devices, the idea is at the service of any society, union, or league in which it may be useful.

THREE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Every wearer of the little silver cross among our readers will be glad to see the three portraits which, by the courtesy of the



THREE EMINENT KING'S DAUGHTERS.

MRS. STUCKENBERG.

MISS M. BAKER.

MISS MABEL CADY.

Secretaries of the Order, appear on this page. They are the portraits of ladies whose devotion to the Order, and whose energy in promoting its usefulness in their respective spheres, have won for them the respect and admiration of all who know of their work.

Mrs. J. H. W. Stuckenberg is the President of a Circle connected with the American Church in Berlin. She is the wife of the pastor of the church, and organized the Circle in her own home six years ago. Visitors to the German capital know her well, and many have had reason to bless the hour that first brought them into relation with her. One who has had the honor and pleasure of working with her for some time as the Secretary of the Circle, says: "Her charming manner, keen appreciation of the good, the true, and the beautiful, quick insight into human nature, ready sympathy, helpful advice and strong personality, give her a wonderful power with all ages. She knows the besetting temptations, and how they are to be met, and she also knows the way to a young girl's heart. She has been a continual blessing here, and an inspiration to many American girls." Perhaps nowhere so much as in a great European city does a Christian girl, far away from her home, need the loving sympathy and wise counsel of a good woman. She might never be brought into contact with one in the peculiar relations where such help can be given were it not for some such organization as this of the King's Daughters. Mrs. Stuckenberg realized the fact and she formed the Circle and had a notice of its existence and time and place of meeting placed in her husband's church so that American girls visiting the city might be able to avail themselves of its privileges. From Berlin to Hiawatha, Kan., is a far

cry, but the Order of King's Daughters finds its principles as capable of application in one place as in the other and the need for work in His Name as urgent. The Heart-ease Circle, as Miss Susan M. Baker describes its work, must be a real blessing to the Kansas town. "We have given away," she says, "a great deal of clothing, provisions to poor families at Easter and at Thanksgiving, paid small coal bills, taxes, interest on mortgages; sent \$10 to the Home for the Friendless at Leavenworth; two boxes of magazines to the Indian School at Lawrence, Kan.; a box of clothing to a member of the Circle who is at work in Alabama, and a box of cooking caps and aprons to a friend who has an Indian School in New Mexico." The means to do this work came from dues, from entertainments, and from contributions of sympathetic friends. In emergencies, the Circle has solicited orders for work, and the members have cut and stitched while one of the number has read to the others; so the afternoons have been passed with pleasure to all and with profit to the treasury on which there are so many claims.

Miss Mabel Cady, the third member of the group, is the President of the "In His Name" Circle, of Moline, Ill. This has been a busy year for the Circle, for the wheels in the "City of Mills" have been stationary and the families who look to them for food and clothing have been in sore straits. The Circle of twenty-five members has relieved much of the consequent misery. All the churches of the city are represented in the membership, for Christians of every name can find common

Arthur, the leader of the Circle at Edmont, will be on hand to extend hospitality and speak words of encouragement. It reminds one of apostolic days; of Paul, in his journeyings being "brought on his way by the brethren." II Cor. 1: 16.

Miss Thomson is not the first of our members who has devoted herself to mission work in the Northwest, as Miss Mellish, of Chatham, was sent to Mr. Burman's Indian school two years ago by the Quebec W. A. She formed a Circle among the Indian girls there, and says it proved a great benefit to them. Miss Josie Raymond went to a school in Saskatchewan. Three others went to Church of England missions.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A committee appointed by the Endeavor Union of Massillon, O., to protest against Sunday base-ball games secured from the authorities a promise that the law should be enforced.

The St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association is about to hold a series of evangelistic meetings. Mr. Charles Inglis the English Evangelist has been engaged to conduct them for the first two weeks.

Endeavor Thanksgiving week, instituted in Victoria and New South Wales, has been very successful, inspiring and enthusiastic meetings being held, and generous contributions given to aid in extending and carrying on the Endeavor cause.

The advance of Endeavor in Australasia continues. Rev. W. L. Close, writes: "We crossed the thousand line in the number of societies some time ago. The last returns gave 1,118 societies, with 34,870 members. This in six years. Victoria still heads the list with 460 societies, and 15,000 members; South Australia has 270 societies, and 7,000 members; New South Wales 197 societies, and 6,000 members."

The Pennsylvania railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association at Philadelphia, keeps its building open all night for the accommodation of crews running into the city late. There are beds for fifteen men. The library contains 2,000 volumes. The membership of the Association is now 1,200.

The Baptist Young People's Union of Tulare, Cal., conducts and maintains a Gospel Mission Sunday School, and has organized a rescue work among fallen women. It also has a hotel committee to see that visitors to the city are invited to the churches and the Union's public meetings.

A new departure has been taken by the Wesleyan Guild Chapter of the Epworth League at Ann Arbor, Mich. A field secretary has been engaged at a good salary to work among the students of the University of Michigan in the interest of the League and Methodism generally.

A Christian Endeavor society with forty members, and representing six different denominations, has been formed in the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. Meetings will be held every Sunday, when the regiment is in camp at other times the meeting will be held every quarter, and the members will work in the regular societies to which they already belong.

The English Wesleyan Conference adopted the following resolutions: That a committee be appointed to consider the desirability of instituting a distinct branch of work among our young people, which while devising its own scope of operation should utilize all the best points secured by the Epworth League, the Junior Epworth League, Boys' Brigades, Bands of Hope, Christian Endeavor Societies and Mutual Improvement Societies.

The Christian Endeavor Union of Cleveland, O., has initiated a movement for the moral improvement of the city. Besides operating for the enforcement of the Sunday laws, it has taken up the Temperance work. A united effort has been organized which includes Protestant and Roman Catholic Societies, Endeavor Societies, Good Templars, Women's Christian Temperance Unions and kindred organizations for practical work in the Temperance cause.

ground in charitable deeds. The ingenuity of the ladies has been taxed to keep a balance in the treasury for emergencies, but with busy needles, with entertainments, with social teas at which the barrier that excludes the sterner sex was removed for a pecuniary consideration, with bazaars and by a host of other expedients the needs have been met and the Circle has continued its beneficent work. All honor to such women! They are true followers of Him, who went about doing good, and when they enter the presence of the King they will hear the words of welcome with which he greets those who have relieved want and suffering "In His Name."

MISSIONARY CIRCLES.

How the work of the King's Daughters and the principles which prompt their Christ-like activity develops in them desires for still more heroic service may be seen in the report which the Canadian Secretary of the order sends to the "Silver Cross." She says: The King's Daughters here and there are offering for work in the Foreign and Northwest mission fields.

Dr. Retta Gifford, from Owen Sound, Ont., was sent by the Methodist Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to Chentoo Tze, China, and is the medical superintendent of the hospital there. Miss Jennie Ford is training in the hospital here (London, Ont.), and expects to join Dr. Gifford in the autumn. Both are the King's Daughters. Just lately, Miss Thomson, leader of the Christ Church Circle (London), has gone to Bishop Young's Diocese, Athabasca, as a missionary. In traveling in this distant mission field, she will be met by different members of the Order, who will cheer and wish her God-speed. Mrs. Gibbs, of Port



Arab Brides and Grooms.

Ancient Marriage Customs still Observed—
—A Picturesque Wedding Procession.

FROM patriarchal days down to the present time, there has been very little change or modification in Oriental wedding customs. Today, in many parts of Palestine, the ceremonies and observances connected with the betrothal, the marriage, and the subsequent feast are almost identical with those that prevailed in the time of our Lord's earthly sojourn. Almost since Abraham's day, the mode of selecting a bride, the betrothing and the settlement of the "marriage-price," have remained practically unchanged throughout Syria. In choosing a suitable wife for a son, the duty of making a selection devolves upon the father of the young man, and the proposals are made by him, a violation of this paternal prerogative being very rare indeed; but where there is a difference in rank, the negotiations may proceed from the father of the maiden. Her adult brothers, too, are consulted, and the entire arrangement is usually completed, even up to the point of betrothing and the fixing of the "marriage-price" before the girl is aware that anything affecting her future welfare has taken place. This "marriage-price"—in former times at least—was in no sense a settlement of money or goods upon the bride herself, but a compensation to her parents for the loss of her future services, as well as for the care and trouble they underwent in her education. Where the young man was unable to furnish an adequate "marriage-price" it was not unusual for him to stipulate to pay it in personal service, as Jacob did in the espousal of the daughters of Laban.

Among the Arabs, marriage is not as sacredly regarded as among the Jews. It is not a sacrament but a simple ceremony or contract, without any legal intervention or guarantee. In Moslem countries, for a man who has reached the proper age to abstain from marriage is deemed a disgrace. Many of the girls marry at thirteen and there are few who remain single after sixteen. Before marriage, the maiden is jealously guarded and it is almost impossible for the youth to obtain even a stolen glance at her face, unless she belongs to the very lowest classes of society. All the arrangements are made by proxy, even to the formal betrothing, the payment of two-thirds of the dowry and the terms of the marriage contract, before the youthful bride is informed of the fate that has been chosen for her.

Our illustration on this page presents a scene that is familiar in Arab cities. The wedding ceremony is completed, the Koran has been duly recited by the groom and all the men present, the balance of the dowry paid and the marriage contract duly signed, and now the youthful pair are proceeding to the home of the bridegroom. Among the wealthier Moslem families, there are multiplied observances on the occasion of a wedding, and usually an entire week is passed in processions, music, singing, and feasting. There is a procession with a band of musicians when the bride goes to the bath, and the concert is continued at her home on

their return. Simultaneously the bridegroom is feasting and entertaining his friends at his own home. These joyous occasions, and especially the marriage feast, are frequently very elaborate and costly. Yet there are many marriages celebrated without pomp or display, in which the mere sentence: "I give myself up to thee," uttered by the bride, is sufficient to constitute a legal marriage. But even among the humblest, when a young girl is married, her female friends make some demonstration of joy, and if unable to bear the expense of a procession, with camels and musicians and a silken, gilded canopy for the bride, they take her, covered with a shawl (and some-

peculiarity of Arab music that each individual seems to be conducting a solo on his own account.

These ceremonies ended, the bride of a Moslem husband has thereafter little share in his public life. Marriage closes the most prominent chapter of her career.

Childish Sympathy.

Let the children feel that they are necessary to mamma and papa as helpers, companions and confidants. See how quickly the little ones will fly to help, if only mamma needs that help. The greatest inducement to be orderly and put things in their places is that it saves mamma's steps. If the mother's head aches, let her rest it against her little girl's shoulder, and see how quickly responsive is the love and sympathy of that wee heart. How, after that, she will tip-toe around and whisper in her play, lest she should make the pain worse. If you have a growing boy, take his arm when you walk with him, and make much of his strength. Unselfish love cannot be widely severed from obedience. And finally, you must be interested in all that interests your children. Never be too busy to listen to long tales of happenings at school. Try to be radiant over the good

ONE HAPPY DAY.

JUST to let the Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust him, that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall
Bright and blessed, calm and free.
Just to leave in his dear hand,
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.
—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CONSECRATE YOUR VOICES.

WE must consecrate not only our feet unto God, our voice also must be his, writes Rev. J. L. McLaughlin. The human voice is the most powerful mode of expressing the emotions of the soul. With it we pour balm into the wounded heart and with it fresh wounds are made. That voice which thrills us with its sweet melody may not be heard above our heads, while the uncultured voice whose tones grate harshly upon our ears, for aught we know may be singing anthems to our King. It has been suggested that up above the earth all the noise, such as the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the rattle of wagons and the rumble of street cars upon the streets, the ringing of bells and the shrill tones of the whistle, the hum of ponderous machinery, is converged and blended into one harmonious strain.

Why may not this be true? If God can make even the wrath of man to praise him, can he not make music out of all the discordant notes of earth? Then I imagine that above all this may be heard the singing of birds, the running of brooks, the harmony of musical instruments, of choristers and vocalists of the whole round world. This is sweet music; but at still greater altitude may be heard all the kind words spoken to sorrowing

hearts, the loving, tender, sympathetic heart-beats for suffering humanity, and the intercessory prayer as it goes to God in behalf of erring loved ones. This is rapturous music. And just by the pearly gates you may hear the heavenly music. It is that which causes joy in the presence of angels; it is the music of a human heart and life in harmony with God.

Look after your Girls' Books.

My gorge rises at the books I hear discussed in modern drawing-rooms, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison. I am told even school girls read these stories, written by women "with a purpose," happily sometimes too veiled to be perceived by their innocent readers. But who knows, if they are to explore all veins of thought, what our girls will not come to knowing or surmising? No, no; the girl of my imagination, like that of every honest and healthy-minded young person, is the old-fashioned Una sitting upon the lion's back, passing unsmirched through the world—the girl who loves and trusts, and accepts with womanly dignity the lot her Creator has set aside for her. As to some of the advisers of young femininity in these days—those who rant and shriek, and torment society without arriving at any result—time will yet settle with them according to their deserts for the mischief they are doing.



AN ARABIAN WEDDING PROCESSION.

times four or five girls mounted on the same camel), to her future home, the shrill joyful cries and the singing of the women affording a quaint substitute for the more imposing instrumental display. If the social standing of the parties permits, the bride is taken home on camel-back, under a handsome canopy, enveloped in white so as to be utterly unrecognizable, while her waiting-women follow, in somewhat similar fashion, on other camels immediately behind. She is always the central figure of the little procession. Sometimes she sits veiled and covered in a cart drawn by oxen, while the girls who have waited upon her, follow, draped in white muslin, riding on donkeys. The wedding music to a European or American ear sounds harsh and discordant; there is in it nothing of the sweetness of that grand "Wedding March," to which a very large proportion of the happy brides and grooms of civilization attune their early marriage steps. In advance of some of these processions are several men whose principal duty seems to be to make as much noise as possible, firing guns, beating gongs, shouting, stamping and gesticulating; behind these come the drums, semi-circular affairs with skins stretched over the cavity, and which, when struck, emit a noise not unlike the discharge of small fire-arms. Other musicians play on a variety of native instruments, and such is the

times coming. Half of a child's happiness consists in anticipation. A promised treat next week will keep up a pleasurable excitement that will color with rosy hues the ordinary humdrum life of every day.

The Children that are Gone!

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering and linger with us for a few months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven? It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at his call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in heaven.



The River Jordan.

Our Traveler Muses by the Sacred Stream
—Where Elijah Ascended—The Scene of
the Passage of the Israelites.

THE luncheon-tent is pitched upon the very spot from which, says tradition, Elijah ascended to heaven. Stretched luxuriously upon the rugs with which David has carpeted the turf, we, as is our custom, read the story of the event from the original record, and draw conclusions unbiased by popular tales and erudite commentators. The two prophets passed over Jordan between the waters divided hither and thither by the stroke of Elijah's mantle:

"And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

"Elisha took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank (or 'lip,' says the margin) of Jordan."

We are within fifty yards of the shelving brink, a distance scarcely worth the mention of a return to the river. It is more likely to our imaginations that the stupendous miracle—second only to the ascension of the King of Glory and the lifting of the celestial gates to let him in—took place much further away toward the interior, perhaps upon the bushy plain back there over which horses and mules have forced a way through thicket and briery tangle to reach the sacred stream.

All visitors agree in pronouncing the Jordan a disappointment at first sight. It is, to put it plainly, a mere creek, by actual measurement one hundred and ten feet wide, and seemingly not more than fifty. So delusive is the apparent width that we cannot credit the dragoman's respectful insistence upon his figures until the picture of the thither bank taken by the kodak shows by the blurred lines that the jungle of bulrushes and willows lining the water's edge is almost beyond range. Nor is there anything dignified in the environment. A fringe of ragged trees, tall flags and flowering reeds is broken in front of our noon encampment by an open space through which we view the Moabitish shore. On that side the ground rises somewhat abruptly and is more heavily wooded. Back of it are the mountains of Moab—mysterious barriers which we long hourly the more intensely to visit. In our immediate foreground, unconscious David, water-jug in hand, has stopped to offer friendly admonition to the younger dragoman of a party of tourists who occupy a conspicuous position in the field of the camera, and are lunching among the willows. In common with many of his guild, the young fellow is exalted above measure by the circumstance that he can speak both English and Arabic, and that the foreigners he has in charge are at his mercy in the matter of topography and bargains. He is sharply authoritative in rebuking a girl of fourteen and a boy of twelve not to cut canes in the bushes up the stream.

"Don't go ten steps away unless I give you permission!" is the tart order that catches Jamal's ear.

"I have told him that he had no right to use that tone in speaking to any of his travelers," David answers our interrogations as to the meaning of the scene. "He is young and fresh. In time he will learn

better. No! there is no real danger in wandering off a little way from the party. That is, not now. In the old time, robbers were hidden in the brushwood and canes."

Alcides, accompanied by Serkeese, disappears among the undergrowth lower down the bank, intent upon a literal seven dips in the Jordan. A less number would not rid skin and hair from the smart and stickiness left by the Dead Sea bath. The men of the party under the broken willow-tree, taking the children along, stray off to



ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

(From a photograph secured in Palestine by "The Christian Herald.")

cut walking-sticks as souvenirs of day and spot. I send one of the many rugs, furnished by the more experienced dragoman, to the one lady of the company under the escort of the "tresh" young Syrian, when I see her lie down upon the sloping turf, and double her arms under her head for a pillow. Then, among my cushions, I look up "Jordan" in the "Biblical Gazetteer," at the back of "the best Baedeker for Palestine."

While reading of the passage of the twelve tribal representatives through the "dry ground" of the river-bed, each with a stone upon his shoulder, "which they took out of Jordan, and carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there,"—finally, at Joshua's command "pitching them in Gilgal,"—the rush of the muddy, crooked stream in the stillness of high noon takes on solemnity to the ear of my spirit. I close the book upon my finger and look from the shadow of the tent-hood upon the historic current, as one awakened out of sleep. Hereabouts, beyond the shadow of doubt, the host of Israel crossed into the Promised Land. Midway in the stream—perhaps

upon the very spot on which I am gazing, the Ark, upborne by the white-robed priests, held back the flow from the far-off source at the foot of Hermon "until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

Slowly, and as if I had never heard or seen it before—I re-read the wonderful tale:

"And as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest), the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the Salt Sea, failed and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho."

Muddy, tortuous and neither broad nor long, the Jordan has yet a certain dignity of its own, or so it seems to me, as I watch the swift, steady flow toward the Salt Sea that is to swallow it up and render no account of the flood poured into it. At this point it is nine or ten feet deep, and, as Alcides reports upon his return, icy cold. He had meant to land upon the Moab side

fathers into the Canaan of prophecy and prayer. We may have in sight the place from which Joshua issued the command:

"Sanctify yourselves; for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

The morrow that was never to dawn for the sleeper

On Nebo's lonely mountain,
On gray Beth-peor's height.

Again, and from the depths of our hearts—"Poor Moses!"

Not far from where we are sitting, John the Baptist preached, and "there went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins."

Above our very heads the "heavens were opened and the Divine Man "saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him." The exact spot cannot be designated with any degree of certainty, although since the fifth century after Christ, and we know not how much earlier, crowds of pilgrim resort yearly to the region round about Jordan to be baptized and to bathe in waters they esteem as holy. We have left no other place in Palestine with more reluctance than we acknowledge as,

having seen our bottles of Jordan and of Dead Sea water bestowed in the bottom of the palanquin, and a bundle of walking sticks and feather grasses gathered by David from the edge of the stream, strapped upon Serkeese's luggage, we turn our backs—probably forever—upon the scene that looks so tame but is fraught with so much of supreme and tender interest.

Our little caravan is headed straight for a clump of trees marking the site of Gilgal—Joshua's Gilgal. The oasis of the Jordan dwindles into briars and thorns and such coarse herbage as can thrive in the salty soil, before we reach the few mounds—or rather hillocks—supposed to mark the site of the place where the rite of circumcision was renewed in the temporary lull of hostilities caused by the awe cast upon the people of the land by the news of the miraculous crossing of the Jordan. Where, too, the children of Israel were encamped when they "kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho."

"And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more, but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year."

There were two millions of the chosen people by now. The land to which they had emigrated had need to be all a-flow with milk and honey and stored beyond our power of conception, as we traverse the waste places, with "butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat, and the pure blood of the grape."

We skirt modern Jericho upon our campward way. It is a dismal collection of mud huts, covered with turf and with reeds packed over the earth. A ruin of brick walls, unroofed and crumbling away, is pointed out as the house of Zaccheus. Beyond is a modern hotel, insignificant in size, and mean in architecture. In following the winding, muddy lanes, we have glimpses over a wall, of a garden belonging to a monastic order wherein grow lemon, orange and citron trees; the feathery foliage of the acacia tree brushes our cheeks in the narrowest turnings, and we secure handfuls of the little golden tufts to be used as perfume in handkerchief and glove cases.

It has been a long and an eventful day, and like the flash of lights from the windows of home, falls upon our vision the gleam of color from the peak of a white tent, when the muddy maze has been threaded. A breeze from the hills leading up to the Jerusalem which is almost four thousand feet higher than the plain of the salt sea and plain of Jericho, lifts into distinctness the crescent-and-star of the Turkish star over the dining-tent, and the Stars and Stripes under whose deai tolds we are to sleep to-night. MARION HARLAND.

Dr. Talmage in New Zealand.
The Numbers and Social Condition of
the Women of the Colony—A Country
to attract Artists and Scientists.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1894.)
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, July 31, '94.

EXCELLENT and superb as are the women of New Zealand, more good women are needed here. In most places where I have lived or traveled women are in blessed majority, and it seems that the Lord likes them better than men, because he has made more of them. There is in most places a surplus of good womanhood, and they therefore do not get full appreciation. But New Zealand is an exception. In this colony there are 50,000 less women than men. This will by circumstances be adjusted. There ought certainly to be as many women as men in every land, for every man is entitled to a good wife and every woman is entitled to a good husband. The difficulty is that war and rum kill so many men that the man intended for the woman's life-time partnership is apt to lie in the soldier's grave trench or in the drunkard's ditch. In the Paradisiacal and perfect state the womanhood equalled the manhood, for there was one of each kind. The women in New Zealand have already done well, for while in the United States and Europe the women are discussing in parlors and on the platforms how they shall get their rights at the ballot-box, that castle has already been stormed and taken by the women here. After awhile the brave sisterhoods in the United States and Great Britain will band together, and from the crowded parlors where so many languish in inanition and inoccupation, they will make a crusade to these parts of the earth, where their presence would be hailed and their opportunities augmented. The theory that men must go into new countries alone and establish themselves in mines, in mechanism or merchandise, and then send for their families to join them, is an overdone theory. The wives and daughters and sisters had better come along with their husbands, fathers, and brothers. Instead of there being a surplus of men in the Colonies there ought to be a surplus of women, out of which to get the supply of maiden aunts—those guardian angels of the community who are at home in the whole circle of kindred, the confidant of the young and the comfort of the old, and the benediction of all.

Not only is there room in New Zealand for more good womanhood, but there is room for more artists and naturalists.

Here are Mountains

nine thousand, ten thousand, eleven thousand, twelve thousand feet high, waiting for some one to take their photographs; and while most of the mountains of the earth stand stolid and statuesque and without varieties of posture, some of these change their shape and altitude under volcanic suggestion, as the man in the photographic gallery, at the artist's suggestion, changes from side-face to full-face, or from frown to smile, and one day a mountain turns clear round, or from standing posture sits down with heavy plunge; or a crevice opens between the cheeks of the hill—a wide-open mouth full of laughter or threat. The changes in the mountains ranges are enough to set a geologist wild with interest, or send him running up and down these altitudes with crowbar to dig or hammer to strike, or tape-line to measure. On a night in June, 1886, the mountains of Tarawera and Rotomahana, New Zealand, had a grand frolic. For many years tourists visited the "Terraces," as they were called—ancient forms of volcanic eruption. On the night of June 9th, 1886, the moon was passing into the second quarter when, ten minutes after two o'clock, the earth shook and the mountains erupted. Standing ten, twelve, fourteen miles off, the people felt the shock and saw the ascent of the steam column and the red hot rocks and the volcanic ash and scoria; and the smoke looking like a vast pine-tree, according to the statements of the poetic, but like an umbrella or mushroom according to the description of the rustic. Those who lived near the base of the hills did not survive to tell the tale of the catastrophe. The lake hissed as with ten thousand serpents when the hot bombs of the mountain dropped into it. The malodors of burning iron oxides and magnesia and chlorine and alumina and sulphur filled all the regions approximate with suffocation, strangulation, and asphyxia. Sixty miles felt the upheaval; and from Auckland, more than 130 miles away, a ship put

out for the rescue of a vessel supposed to be burning at sea—the mistaken fire being that of this burning mountain. In the house of Mr. Hazard, a devout Christian man, as the ashes and trees and stone began to drop heavily on the roof, a Christian daughter, believing that they must die, sat down at a cabinet organ to play a piece of sacred music, and the whole of the family joined in the hymn. And all save one of

The Family Perished.

At the hotel, a Mr. Bainbridge who was on a journey round the world, called the inmates of the hotel together for prayer, and he told them they had only a few more minutes to live; and as he was passing out from the hotel the verandah fell upon him and crushed him to death.

That night nine miles of the mountain changed. "The Terraces," which had been the pride of the Colonies, sank out of existence. No one but the Infinite and the Almighty could afford the obliteration of such resources of beauty and glory. The casting down of such altars and the annihilation of such temples would have been an iconoclasm that would have affronted the universe but for the fact that the Lord who made Tarawera and Rotomahana has a right to do what he will with his own; and the Terraces, already beginning to reform, may be richer colored and loftier and more resplendent than their predecessors. The loss to New Zealand of

These White and Pink Terraces

is what would be the loss of the Giant's Causeway to Ireland, or the loss of the Pyramids to Egypt, or the loss of Niagara Falls to America. The exact physical causes of this upsetting and down tearing and mountain splitting I leave to geologists to guess about. Translating their scientific accounts into easier language, it seems that the mountains were stiff in their joints from long standing and went into play. For a great while they had enjoyed no fireworks, and that night they illumined New Zealand with rockets and wheels of fire. The hills went into games of leapfrog and ball playing, and flying kites, and boxing, and general romp. They were exhilarated with a mixture of gases: sulphuric, phosphoric, and carbonic, and forgot all the proprieties that mountains usually observe. But it was not a comedy. It was a tragedy of the mountains, and all the King Lear's, and the Macbeths, and the Hamlets, and the Meg Merrilies of derangement and horror were that night on the stage, of which the belching fires were the footlights, and flames hundreds of feet high were the gorgeous upholstery. Tornadoes of ashes. Furnaces, seven times heated, in which walked the Deity. Grand March of God sounded by the avalanches.

Ornithologists ought also to come to New Zealand. What I never knew before, the native birds are dying out before the foreign birds that have been introduced, and the native flowers are dying out before the foreign flowers. Although now

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New Zealand is so abundant in all styles of quadruped, it had not, when discovered, a single quadruped, except the rat, and a foreign rat having been introduced, the aboriginal rat has nearly disappeared. The English grass brought here has killed the native grass. The birds of America, Europe and Asia, imported here, have killed the birds of New Zealand. All the earth has been ransacked and all the botanical and ichthyological and ornithological and zoological worlds have been called upon to make up the present and the future of New Zealand.

Yea, come to this "Wonderland," all who want to see enterprise and advancement. Daily newspapers with scholarly men in editorial chairs, and reporters capable of pumping interviews from the most reticent and cautious and make a Sphinx speak. Two thousand miles of railroad. Over sixteen hundred schools with compulsory education, building up intelligence for the present and affording no opportunity for ignorance in the next century. Baths, thermal and chemical, miles long, and capable of putting an end to rheumatisms and sciaticas and invalidisms that have defied the mineral hydropathics of the Continents. Lake Taupo, so deep that no plummet has ever touched bottom, and occupying the hollow of an extinct volcano, as a bright child might fall to sleep in the bed previously occupied by a grim giant. Yea, come to New Zealand, the naturalists, the artists, and the students of men and things, and come quickly, for nothing remains here as it originally was, except the mountains! and even the mountains, as on the night of June 9th, 1886, when the walls of "The Terraces" fell down at the blowing of the trumpets of terror, proved themselves no longer to be the "everlasting hills."

To be With Talmage

A Beautiful Baby

Was our boy, plump and healthy, but sores broke out on his neck and his eyes were affected so that he could not see for a number of weeks. For two years he suffered terribly, and seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised we concluded to try a bottle. After the first bottle was gone he began to feel better. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time but it soon began to subside and in a few

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures

months his neck became entirely clear from the sore, and we also noticed that his eyes were much better. We have used nearly twelve bottles of this medicine and the child is now six years old and is the healthiest one in the family. MRS. LEY, 432 East 15th Street, New York City.

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Helping the Gospel Fund.

Friends in Many States Sending Their Gifts for Extending the Bible Institute's Work of Evangelization.

OFFERINGS still continue to pour in from many quarters for the Moody Gospel Fund, affording evidence that the interest in this great work is nowise abating. Some of the contributors send letters along with their gifts expressing the heartiest sympathy with the movement. Several letters have also been received inquiring as to the terms on which students are received, and all such correspondents we have referred to Rev. Dr. Torrey, at Bible Institute, Chicago, who will furnish the necessary information.

To those whose hearts are in the Master's work and who are laboring daily for the spread of his kingdom on earth, the impetus the work is receiving through the widespread response to Mr. Moody's appeal is most grateful and encouraging. Every contributor to the Gospel Fund has given an added stimulus to the efforts that are being made for the evangelization of the churchless millions in our great cities. But, with hundreds of consecrated young men and women standing ready to devote their entire lives and energies to Christian work and only needing such training as the Bible Institute can supply to make them practical and efficient laborers, there should surely be no hesitation on the part of God's people in extending to them the support they need, both moral and financial. Mr. Moody has explained in his letter to our readers, how valuable and timely has been the aid already rendered in this great emergency and how great the opportunity is that now presents itself for enlisting the hosts of Christian America in a grand and united movement for the spiritual awakening and ingathering of the masses who are at present wholly outside of the influence of the organized churches. To seek out these dwellers in the lanes, alleys and purlieus of the populous centres; to visit them and talk with them in their own homes, and amid the surroundings of vice, poverty and destitution that have helped to make them indifferent to religion; to show them, by kindly word and act, that they are not forgotten by those who call themselves followers of Him who loved to search out the lowly while here on earth—such is the task of the Christian workers who are trained in the Bible Institute. But where a hundred are prepared for this vast field, a thousand are needed.

It is the widest, yet the most accessible of all mission fields, for it deals with our own "home heathen," of whom it may be truthfully said that "they know not God;" who never darken the doors of a church or mission chapel; whose lives are lost in a dulling struggle for existence, and whose apathy concerning the things of eternity is an appalling fact in a Christian land. This is the soul-awakening crusade to which the great evangelist has summoned the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we trust that all who have the welfare of these neglected brothers and sisters at heart will hearken to the invitation. To help in such a glorious work, to the extent of one's ability as the Lord hath prospered us, is one of the highest privileges the sincere soul can ask. And it is only by such spontaneous and united help that the object is to be accomplished. No matter how small the offering, it will aid, for the work needs the "little things" as well as the larger. Especially does it need the earnest supplications of the Lord's people everywhere that Mr. Moody's hands may be upheld and that his labors at the Institute, and the efforts of those associated with him, may be blessed to the awakening of many souls.

Several letters have been received, accompanied by gifts of quilts, jewelry, shawls and laces, but these articles have been returned to the senders, as they are in every case valued mementos which we do not feel justified in permitting the owners to sacrifice, and which we have no means of disposing of to advantage.

Contributions for the week have been as follows:

In His Name, Lyndeville, Wt.	5 00
Miss N. B. Rothermel	1 00
Julia A. Owens	1 00
Mrs. C. S. Bass	1 00
Sister W. Bailey & N. Ricks, Va.	1 00
A friend, Waterbury, Vt.	1 00
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C. J. Morris, Blue	1 00
Sister for Christ and his Kingdom, Phila., Pa.	1 00
Friend, Naperville, Ind.	4 00

Anna, Baptist Home, N. Y. City.	25
Mrs. L. G. Carman	5 00
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E. S. Hannum	2 00
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Old Subr., Manchester, Iowa	1 00
M. S. M., Pomona, Cal.	2 00
Miss Etta A. Sullivan	1 00
Mrs. M. J. Bewick	50 00
A. A. Anderson	20 00

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN CHINA.

In 1842, after over thirty years' missionary work in China, there were only six converts. Now, says the "Review of Missions," the six communicants of 1842 are about 45,000, the native workers are approaching their second thousand, and out of more than 500 native churches, about 100 are self-supporting. About 17,000 pupils are attending mission schools, and thousands every year are laying aside their prejudices and superstitious fears so far as to receive healing of body at the hands of missionary physicians. It has been very properly said that "if Christian missions (in China) advanced in the next thirty-five years in the same ratio as in the past thirty-five years, there will be at the end of that time 26,000,000 communicants and a Christian community of 100,000,000 people, one-fourth of the Chinese nation." And who can say nay? The same Divine Commander will lead the forces in the future as in the past.

THE McALL MISSION.

The McAll Mission in France is now Sustaining thirty-six preaching halls in and around the city of Paris, and nearly one hundred in the provinces. There have been some remarkable conversions during the past year, and the work has been one of the most successful of the century.

TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2. FEEDING THE BABY.

Much is written at the present day about the care and feeding of infants by people whose only capability for dealing with the subject is a fertile brain, and whose only aim is to appear in print; every mother knows how unsatisfactory and fallacious such advice is when she attempts to follow it. How to feed the baby is the greatest problem met with in the happy state of motherhood, and upon its solution depends the health, the happiness and the life of the child. If the mother is able to nurse her child, the question of feeding is practically settled; if she is not, she should be guided by those who have had successful experience in feeding babies and not allow herself to experiment with different foods. There are scores of artificial foods offered for sale, but the best is none too good for the baby. Eminent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject of infant feeding, and scientists who have analyzed infant foods, unite in pronouncing Mellin's Food to be the only perfect substitute for mother's milk. It is palatable, nourishing and strengthening; the weakest stomach will retain and digest it, and the puniest child will thrive upon it beyond the mother's fondest expectations.

For convalescents, consumptives, dyspeptics and the aged, Mellin's Food is also of incalculable value. It is a food, not a medicine, and the system receives the nourishment it demands for its daily needs. For those severely ill Mellin's Food will sustain the failing strength and promote a speedy recovery when convalescence has been established.

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Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk.
SEND for our book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed free to any address.
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Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

FOURTEENTH INTERVIEW.

By our Special Commissioner

With Mrs. WEEKS, (Mother of Mrs. MILLS,) Holborn Place, Jubilee Street, Plymouth.

The case of Miss H. F. Weeks (now Mrs. Mills) was first published in the Appendix to Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption (page 18), and the subjoined account of it, and a conversation I had recently with her mother, Mrs. Weeks, will serve as a striking illustration of that permanence of cure which usually follows perseverance with the treatment which Mr. Congreve advocates.

Twelve years ago, on the first day of 1882, the patient (having then been ill ten months, and although at different times attended by no less than five medical men, having obtained no benefit) applied to Mr. Congreve.

The statement of the case was as follows: "The expectation consisted of greenish matter with blood; there were great pains in the left side; the breathing was very short; all the secretions were sadly wrong; the heart was subject to severe palpitations; the legs and feet swelled; the body was wasted; the strength had declined; added to which there was great prostration of the nervous system."

"The beginning of her illness was a cold caused through getting wet," said Mrs. Weeks. "It did not seem to matter what advice she had, or what we gave her, nothing seemed to do her good. One doctor told me one lung was gone the other was going. I had a medical man in the house for three months, but she got worse instead of better."

"How came you to apply to Mr. Congreve?" I asked.

"It was her uncle, Mr. Kelley, of 14 Chapel street, Devonport, who sent to Mr. Congreve without saying anything to us about it. I had no hope of her getting better."

"And what was the result, Mrs. Weeks?"

"Well, for the first month there was not much change, but after that Mr. Congreve sent her a special prescription, to be taken in addition to his other medicine. Her appetite improved, and she made rapid progress toward recovery. As the weather got better she was able to go out a little, increasing the length of the walk each day, and so she gradually got well again."

"What I after the doctors here had told you one lung was gone and the other going, and after ten months of an illness such as you have described, she really quite recovered?"

"She did, and she has since been examined by a doctor, who reported that her lungs were healed. The neighbors, who are all acquainted with the circumstances (for we are well known in this part of Plymouth), say she is a wonder. I never heard of so bad a case as hers."

"And will it be correct to say that, after twelve years, she is still keeping well?"

"Quite correct. She is married, and has a fine little girl"—and here true grandmotherly pride made itself very evident—"the finest baby in the neighborhood. She does all her household work. I only wish you could see her. She will be here some time this morning."

The exigencies of the train service, however, would not permit of my remaining longer in Plymouth; but before I bade her good-day, Mrs. Weeks told me of another case—the daughter of the proprietor of a steam laundry near, "who was ill just like my daughter"—also cured by Mr. Congreve's treatment.

Mr. Kelley, whose address is given above, and upon whom I called also corroborated the account here given, and added that his own son, who was at one time very ill with chest affection, recovered under Mr. Congreve's care, and now, strong, healthy, and well, is employed in a large house of business in the City of London.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had, post free, for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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and name of Warren stamped on end of fastener. All others are imitations and cannot help cutting the stocking. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.

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Many New Schools Planted.

Our Sunday School Missionary in the Midst of a Busy Season—Sixteen Years Without a Vacation—The Result of Three Months' Spiritual Work.



WELCOME letter, full of spiritual encouragement and teeming with glorious results, has been received from Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School missionary in the Southwest. Our readers, through whose generous co-operation this valiant worker is kept in the field, will peruse it with interest:

KIRKSVILLE, MO., August, 1894. After twenty-five days' absence, I have been home for a few days. I start out again tomorrow or next day. Long tours been the rule with me this season, and now that the heat of summer has driven many people to the shade and repose, I am preparing for hard work, mostly among strangers.

This is the sixteenth year of my missionary service without a vacation. I thank God for excellent health. The Lord has been with me by day and by night, and in many places where I met difficulties and discouragements, there are flourishing Sunday Schools. These figures show the progress of the work:

	Teachers.	Scholars.
New Schools organized in April,	7	19
" " " " May,	9	39
" " " " June,	6	18
Total New Schools for 3 months,	22	76
Dead S.S.'s. Revived, Reorganized,	1	3
Schools Addressed, visited, or otherwise aided, April,	23	79
" " " " May,	3	16
" " " " June,	5	25
Letters Addressed to Schools previously reported, April,	43	192
Total Schools labored with in three months, April,	2	13
" " " " May,	45	215
" " " " June,	2	145
Total Schools labored with in three months, April,	45	215
" " " " May,	2	13
" " " " June,	45	215

The above shows twenty-three schools giving their life to my recent labors; for, besides the twenty-two new schools, the dead were revived required as much labor, and it was as necessary as if it had been a new one. Several years had passed since I first organized it. In the same three months I have delivered fifty-one addresses and sermons, visits to families, 491 miles traveled, 544. On the 6th of April I left home in my buggy, and it has not been at home since. From that day till the 28th of May—fifty-two days—I was only at home once and then only a few hours, and at the end of the fifty-two days. When I reached home at five P. M., I found a telegram waiting me to come to Howard County the next day by A. M., to preach at the funeral of a beloved member of a family of steadfast friends of our work. By taking the midnight train and travelling all night (in order to make the connections), I got there about seven A. M. From that trip I got home at five P. M., May 30—31st I had to write on my reports, invoices, etc., also June 1st, and on the morning of June 2d, I left for the Grand River County, where I had left my horse and buggy. I was gone twenty-five days, and since my arrival here, have been rushed with making out reports and accumulated office work. From this you will see how little I have been at home, and how fully my time has been occupied while here.

I want you to join me in thanking God for the visible results. I expect to see much more even than that, in the day of the Lord. Personal interviews on the highway, in the fields, in the homes of the people: Gospel books and tracts distributed, etc., these by God's grace will bear their precious fruit in that day.

I thought I would tell you how I was get-

Do You Have Asthma? If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola nut, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola nutting Co., 164 Broadway, New York, have chivalry in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

If you are not feeling well do not experiment with an unknown and untried blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard. Hood's has been tried and has stood the test thousands of times.

ting along, and give you some idea of God's goodness to me and my family and how he has graciously blessed the work, and to ask your earnest prayers. I have been in the rain in my drives for over an hour, I suppose, sometimes. At another time a high wind drove a very hard rain in my face so that my horse had difficulty in facing it, and the wind blew the rain under my buggy-top till it wet me from my shirt-collar to the toes of my shoes. My watch, which I have carried about fifteen years (plain but a good time-keeper), was so wet in my vest pocket that it rusted and became useless.

I am now enabled to take longer trips and organize more new schools. But whether this work is more important than the revisiting of schools last year, I leave for eternity to reveal. As to support, amidst my trials of patience and faith in these close times, I pray God to provide for this work, if it is his will I should continue in it, as it has undoubtedly seemed to be. The next prayer meeting you are in, if it is suitable, I request you to ask pray that the Lord may sustain us physically, spiritually, and in every way. Your Brother in Christ, GEO. W. SHARP.

"Christian Herald" Missionary, American Sunday School Union.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the purpose indicated by the senders:

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, Alvin, Tex., \$5; Mrs. W. E. White, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; J. P., Hampshire Co., \$1; Mrs. Charlotte Cobb, Melrose, \$1; M. F. Powell, Washington, D. C., \$1; Lindsley and Kenneth Hall, \$1; Adelaide M. Travers, 18; Friend, Stafford Springs, Conn., \$1; Friend, Providence, R. I., \$2.

For the Bethany Lodging House for Homeless Women: J. Y. B., Tarrytown, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. Madge Nesbitt, \$2; Mrs. Emma Sincler, \$1.

MISSIONARY GIFTS IN 1893.

The "Missionary Review of the World" estimates the total missionary gifts of Christendom for 1893 at \$14,713,627, besides \$1,500,000 raised from the mission field itself. The total missionary force it estimates at 58,148, the greater part of these of course being unordained native helpers. There are in the world 16,602 mission stations, 1,081,708 communicants in foreign lands, and 2,744,955 native Christians.

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LAUNCH out on the promise, my brother, Launch out on the promise of God; 'Tis deeper than ocean or heaven, It is free, it is gracious and broad.

Launch out on the promise, my brother, When you shall be tempted and tried; There is help in the time of temptation, For this Jesus suffered and died.

Launch out on the promise, my brother, When sorrows like sea-billows roll; "As one whom his mother doth comfort!" So Jesus will comfort thy soul!

Launch out on the promise, my brother, When weary and worn and distressed; "I never will leave nor forsake thee, I give you my peace and my rest."

CHORUS.

Launch out on the promise, Launch out on the promise, The promise of God standeth sure, When sun, moon and stars shall have faded His word shall forever endure. [away, Vineland, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK

Don't ask your dealer what chimney to get for your burner or lamp. The "Index to Chimneys" tells. It is equally useful to you and to him.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 39.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

INDIANS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

Forty-Five Years' Work of the Moravian Mission in Central America—Faithful Labors on the Mosquito Reserve—A Pentecostal Shower of Blessing.

THE Moravian Church sent its first missionary workers to the Mosquito Indian Reserve, in Central America in 1849. In 1848, two missionaries were sent from the West Indies, to report upon the feasibility of beginning a mission work in Mosquitia. One of these was the late Bishop Amadeus A. Reinke, of New York city, then a young man who had just entered the service of the church as a Jamaica missionary. The Moravian missionaries were the first messengers of the Gospel to these people. No one had cared for their souls up to the time when they came to Bluefields in response to the urgent invitation of the native government. An English catechist was found reading prayers, occasionally, for the handful of whites who lived among the six hundred inhabitants of the town, at that day. But there was no thought of evangelizing the natives.

Since the discovery of this portion of the Central American coast by Columbus, in 1502, the Gospel message had not been brought to these people during the almost three hundred and fifty intervening years. Hence the Moravian Brethren's Church felt a special call to this field of missionary labor. Bluefields is now a town of from 2,500 to 3,000 inhabitants. Within the last seven or eight years its trade with the United States has greatly increased. Every month thirteen steamers leave its wharves, each laden with 10,000 to 12,000 bunches of bananas. Other exports are coconuts, rubber and gold. Upon land willingly granted to the missionaries more than fifty years ago by the Indian authorities, they have erected a large church and school house, and a mission house.

Besides the public services on the Lord's Day, and the daily morning and evening prayer-services, an excellent week-day school is maintained by the Mission, in which normal school graduates do efficient teachers' work. There are two large Sunday Schools in Bluefields, one carried on in connection with the church, the other in a chapel in another quarter of the town. The work of the missionaries, which was begun at Bluefields as a centre, in 1849, has gradually extended over the Reserve. The only means of communication with the other portions of the Reserve is by water, along the shore, in and out of the lagoons which indent the coast-line. In 1865 there were five mission stations besides the one at Bluefields.

From time to time friends in Germany, England and the United States have fur-

In 1881, the Holy Spirit was poured out in Pentecostal measure upon this field of missionary operations among the Indians of the Mosquito Reserve. After more than thirty years of faithful and toilsome labor, the missionaries experienced a wonderful revival amongst these people. From the depths of the forest, the native men and

missionaries could scarcely believe what their eyes saw and their ears heard, when the crowds of deeply convicted Indians came to the stations, hungering and thirsting for Gospel truth and comfort. Protracted services were held for months. The churches were overcrowded. The prayers of the convicted seekers were speedily followed by



THE MORAVIAN MISSION STATION AT BLUEFIELDS.

(The Chapel is shown to the left and the Missionaries' houses to the right of the photograph.)

nished missionary schooners ("The Messenger of Peace," the "Herald," and a

women came crying for help in the time of their great spiritual need. The burden of

the thanksgivings of such as had found peace in Jesus in the assurance of the forgiveness of their

sins. "I could never have believed, unless I had seen it with my own eyes, that such miracles of grace could be wrought in our poor day, as we witnessed amongst these Indians," wrote one of the missionaries. The awful sense of their depravity and sin; the abounding joy of their triumph through grace in Jesus; it was not of man. It was the mighty power of God the Holy Spirit, sealing the faithful witnessing of missionaries during the years since the establishment of the mission. From 1881 to 1887 the number of baptized converts increased threefold.

The work of grace has extended beyond the limits of the Reserve, which covers an area of from 15,000 to 20,000 square miles. The Indians who live in Nicaraguan territory have begged for missionary pastors, and within the last



MEMBERS OF THE MOSQUITO CONFERENCE, MORAVIAN MISSION.

Rev. Dingwall,
" Smith,

Kuehnig,
Blair,

Arbeiter,
Berckenhagen,

Gebhardt,
Romig,

Lenox,
Erdemann,

Calditz,
Sieborger,

Lewis,
Zuck.

Kern.

second "Messenger of Peace") for the conduct and extension of the mission.

sin was pressing upon them so that they could scarcely endure the agony. The mis-

serve, which covers an area of from 15,000 to 20,000 square miles. The Indians who live in Nicaraguan territory have begged for missionary pastors, and within the last

(Continued on page 611.)

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

THE TAX-COLLECTOR'S CONVERSION.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Luke 19: 9, "This day is salvation come to this house."



THE Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man, upright in an insignificant position, has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "Ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure—if by no other way, perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation, there were streaks of good about him, as there is about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a very small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see him. Here he comes—the Lord of Glory—on foot, dust-covered and road-weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man, and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground; so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on, and trying to gain his attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree, and says, "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The King of heaven and earth sits down; and as he looks around on the place and the family, he pronounces the benediction of the text: "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so, many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about his divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate, and criticize, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You cannot go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem. Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world, when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts? How many spend their time in criticism and religious speculation! They take the Rose of Sharon, or the Lily of the Valley, pull out the anther,

scatter the corolla, and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all

chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down! come down!"

I notice that this tax-gatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says, "If I have taken any thing by false accusation, I restore fourfold." That is, if I have taxed any man for ten thousand dollars when he had only five thousand dollars' worth of property, and put in my own pocket the tax for the last five thousand, I will restore to him fourfold. If I took from him ten dollars, I will give him forty dollars. If I took from him forty dollars, I will give him one hundred and sixty dollars.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts, and, for the sake of defrauding your creditors, you put your property in your wife's name. You might cry until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would not get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife; but if, in time

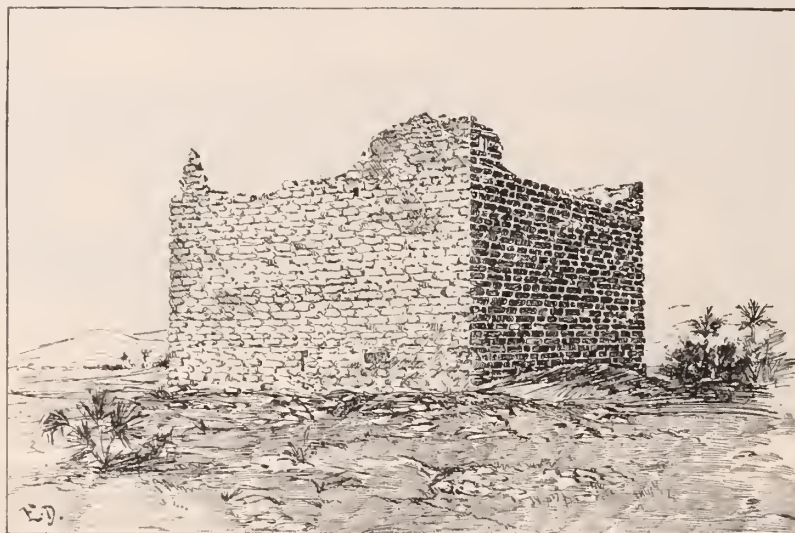
his theft. If the theft be certainly found in his hand alive, whether it be ox, or ass, or sheep, he shall restore double. If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall put in his beast, and shall feed in another man's field, of the best of his own field and of the best of his own vineyard shall he make restitution."

You say, "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consecrate it to God." Zaccheus was wise when he disgorged his unrighteous gains, and it was his first step in the right direction.

The way being clear, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man: his wife a different woman; the children are different. Oh! it makes a great change in any house when Christ comes into it. How many beautiful homes are represented among you! There are pictures on the wall; there is music in the drawing-room; and luxuries in the wardrobe; and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep, there is one word with which I could wake you, and thrill you through and through, and that word is "home!" There are also houses of suffering represented, in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe, nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot, or a bunk in a corner; yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Though the world may scoff at us, and pursue us, and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor of home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about, bearing burdens that well-nigh crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy-chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home. The English soldiers, sitting on the walls around Sebastopol, one night heard a company of musicians playing "Home Sweet Home," and it is said that the whole army broke out in sobs and wailing, so great was their homesickness. God pity the poor, miserable wretch who has no home!

Now suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel his presence. Religion almost always begins there. It is easier for women to become Christians than for us men. They do not fight so against God. If woman tempted man originally away from holiness, now she tempts him back. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow, everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks her why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage-altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange-blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children, and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good-night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—a something that shall hold on to the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age; for there is something in a good, loving Christian mother's kiss that fifty years cannot wipe off the cheek.

Now the husband is distressed and annoyed, and almost vexed. If she would only speak to him, he would "blow her up." He does not like to say anything about it, but he knows that she has a hope that he has not, and a peace that he has not; he knows that, dying as he now is, he cannot go to the same place. He cannot stand it any longer. Some Sunday night, as they sit in church, side by side, the floods of his soul



THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF ZACCHEUS.

(From a Photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity. William Pennington was one of the wisest men of this country—a governor of his own state, and afterward Speaker of the House of Representatives. Yet, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in, and sat down among some children who were applying for church-membership, and he said to his pastor, "Talk to me just as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain. Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the Theological Seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing, he turned upon me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hands on the spines of the cactus instead of feasting our eye on its tropical bloom. A great company of people now sit swinging themselves on the sycamore tree of their pride, and I cry to you, "Zaccheus, come down!" Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You cannot ride into the gate of heaven with coach and four, postilion ahead, and lackey behind. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." God has

of perplexity, and for the sake of defrauding your creditors, you make such assignment, you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given, commences foreclosure—the sheriff mounts the auction-block, and the property is struck down at half price, and the mortgagee buys it in. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price, and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution, there is no mercy for him. Suppose you sell goods by a sample, and then afterward send to your customer an inferior quality of goods. You have committed a fraud, and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a handkerchief for silk, telling him it is all silk, and it is part cotton. No mercy for you until you have made restitution. Suppose you sell a man a horse, saying he is sound, and he afterward turns out to be spavined and balky. No mercy for you until you have made restitution.

Exodus 22: "If a man shall steal an ox or a sheep, and kill it or sell it, he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep. If a thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no blood be shed for him. If the sun be risen upon him, there shall be blood shed for him, for he should make full restitution; if he have nothing, then he shall be sold for

forth. He wants to pray, but does not know how. He hides his face, lest his worldly friends see him; but the Spirit arouses him, melts him, overcomes him. And they go home—husband and wife—in silence, until they get to their room when he cries out, "Oh, pray for me." And they kneel down. They cannot speak. The words will not come. But they do not want any words. He looks at them and answers sob, and groan, and sighing tenderness. That night they do not sleep any for talking of all the things wasted, and of that Saviour who had not to call. Before morning they lay out their plans for a new life. Morn comes. Father and mother descend from the bedroom. The children do not know the matter. They never saw faith in a Bible in his hand before. He says, "Come, children, I want you all to join while we read and pray." The children look at each other, and are almost surprised to laugh; but they see their parents in deep earnest. It is a short chapter that the father reads. He is a good father at other times, but now he does not say much. He sees so much to linger in. His voice trembles. Everything is strangely new to him. They kneel—father, the father and mother do; but the children come down one by one. They do not know that they must. It is some time before they all get down. The sentences are broken. The phrases are a little ungrammatical. The prayer begins abruptly and ends abruptly; but, as far as I can understand what they mean, it is about this: "O Saviour! help us! We do not know how to pray. Teach us. We cannot live longer in the way we have been living. Help us to-day for heaven. Help us to keep these children along with us. Forgive us all the past. Strengthen us for all the future. And when the journey is over, show us where Jesus is, and where the little ones that we lost. Amen!" It ended abruptly; but the angels came out and cleaned so far over to listen, they would have fallen off the battlement but for a pair of their wings, and cried, "Hark! Behold! he prays!"

That night there is a rap at the bedroom door. "Who is there?" cries the father. "The oldest child." "What is the matter. Are you sick?" "No; I want to be alone." Only a little while, and all the children are brought into the kingdom of God. And there is great joy in the house. The telegraph goes click, click. What is the news flying over the wire? "Come home. Father is dying!" The children all gather. Some come in the train. Some, too late for the train, take carriage across the country. They stand by the dying bed of the father. The father son upholds the mother, and says, "Don't cry, mother; I will take care of you." The parting blessing is given. No admonition; for he has, through his life, been saying to his children all he had to say to them. It is a plain "Good-bye" and the remark, "I know you will all go on to your mother," and all is over.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How bless'd the righteous when he dies.

The whole family saved forever! If the father come, they are all in the ark—father, mother, sons, daughters. Together on earth, together in heaven. What makes it so? The grace of Jesus. Zaccheus one day took Jesus with him. That is all. Salvation came to that house.

What sound is it I hear to-night? It is the knocking at the door of your house. Hold! a stranger at the door: he gently knocks—has knocked before.

You looked out of your window and saw me going up your front steps, you did not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, his locks wet with the dews of night? This day is salvation come to your house. The great want of your house is a new carpet, or costlier pictures, or finer furniture—it is Jesus!

Up to forty years men work for themselves; after that, for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them. Nothing but dollars! Alas! what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once; they will soon have to pick out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once; they will soon have to fight their own battles. Oh! let it not be told on judgment day that you let your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you, and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! if father and mother miss heaven, the children will. Oh! let Jesus come into your house. Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Build your altar to-night. Take the family Bible lying on the parlor-table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that great, ponderous Book of the Judgment, where is recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zaccheus, come down! come down! Jesus is passing by.

SPEAK UP FOR CHRIST.

A successful evangelist tells, in the "Ram's Horn," what great results followed from a simple stand for Christ when he was a commercial traveler. He had made a good sale, and the merchant said, "It is your treat." He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street, and he was expected to go across and "set up the drinks" for the whole establishment.

"What is the use?" he said to himself. "This is one of the expedients of the trade. I need not drink anything, I can order the cigars, or a supper or —." "Yes," something said to him, "you can just sell out right here and make a wreck of it all."

"Boys," he said in the new inspiration sent to him from above, "if I should do that I would do the meanest thing in all the world, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask, I'd do the meanest thing in all the world both for you and me."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk. "Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it." And the merchant afterward took the commercial traveler aside to say, "I promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live." It pays to be outspoken for Christ. Try it.

A PEASANT'S BELIEF.

An honest peasant surprised an infidel one day who was jeering at him for believing in the Bible, by the reply:

"We country people like to have two strings to our bow."

"What do you mean?" inquired the infidel.

"Only this," rejoined the poor man, "that believing in the Bible and acting up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be a better man for living up to it, and so it will be for my good in this life. That is one string to my bow. And, if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life. That is another string, and a pretty strong one it is. But, sir, if you do not believe in the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have but one string to your bow. And, oh, sir, if its tremendous threatenings prove true—oh, think what will become of you!"

Indians Brought to Christ.

(Continued from first page.)

two years the Nicaraguan government has permitted to the Moravian missionaries to extend operations into Nicaraguan territory, at a new station, Dakura, in a north-westerly direction from the Reserve. At this time there are eleven stations, besides Bluefields, each with its separate missionary pastor and teacher and native helpers. The entire force of ordained missionaries and their wives, foreign and native, now number eighteen. Day schools have been established at most of the stations, and trained teachers have been appointed. The baptized converts number about 1,200. The missionaries have the direct pastoral oversight of about 5,000 adults and children. The entire native population is upward of 10,000.

Good work, and hard work, has been done by the missionaries in the grammatical reconstruction of the Mosquito Indian tongue, and in the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular. The Rev. Henry Ziack has prepared a dictionary of the Mosquito Indian language. The Rev. Peter Blair, and the Rev. Wm. Sieborger have completed the translation of the Four Gospels. Mr. Blair is completing the translation of the remainder of the New Testament. The men whom the Moravian Church have sent out to this important field, have been, invariably, men of the highest Christian character, and they have constantly enjoyed the implicit confidence of the people among whom they labor in the Gospel, to the fullest extent. Those resident at Bluefields as Warden and Superintendent of the entire mission, have often been entrusted by the natives with the most important public official responsibilities, and in every such case, they have given their unstinted service, of a more secular character, without any personal remuneration. The wives of the missionaries have been called upon to endure peculiar privations in this long-neglected region. They have borne themselves with a Christian fortitude that takes rank with the best and holiest service in all mission history.

Latterly, it has been our privilege to welcome some of these brethren and sisters to New York City, on their way to the mission, full of hope and the joyous spirit of service. Again we have opened our hearts and our hands in tender welcome to those who, after having borne the heat and burden of many days, have come for a season of well-earned rest and much-needed recuperation. The veteran, the Rev. Augustus Martin, who was welcomed to New York, a few years ago, was forced to retire from active service in Mosquitia, after thirty years of uninterrupted service in that tropical country. When Mr. Martin left Bluefields, where he had filled the offices of superintendent and warden of the entire mission, and had performed the functions of treasurer of the Mosquito Nation, all the people, natives and foreigners, felt that they were losing a father and a friend.

His successor, the gifted and scholarly clergyman, Rev. Augustus Erdmann, died within a year after his appointment to the superintendency, a victim to his too great devotion to the duties of his station. He and his devoted wife died within twenty-four hours of each other, and their bodies were laid side by side in the "God's Acre" at Bluefields, amid the lamentations of the people who felt deeply the great loss that Mosquitia's interests had sustained. The present superintendent, Rev. William Sieborger, is a veteran Mosquito missionary who together with his colleague in the office of warden, the Rev. H. Berckenhagen, is well calculated to represent the true spirit in which Moravian missionaries, the world over, carry on the gospel work. In the picture, the ordained clergymen, foreign and native, of the missionary Conference of the Reserve, are represented, together with Bishop Benjamin Romig, a native of the state of Ohio, who came to reside at the sessions of the Conference, on a visitation as the official representative of the Home Board of Missions at Herrnhut, in Saxony. This was in 1891.

The Moravian Church regards the mission in Central America as a very successful and promising part of its missionary operations. If undisturbed in its unselfish gospel work in Nicaragua this missionary church looks forward to yet greater triumphs of the Gospel and a still larger measure of success in carrying the message of salvation to those who sit in the darkness of superstition and heathenism. The missionaries

who are in the field are constantly calling for re-inforcements. They have that hopeful and joyous spirit of work which always is more than half the battle. The frequently repeated vacancies by death, in the last few years have been promptly filled by men and women who have gone forth to the perils and the privileges of missionary service and sacrifice in Mosquitia. At no time in its history of about fifty years, have the people among whom and for whom this mission was established, been more eagerly loyal in its support. Never before have the neighboring tribes sent more urgent invitations to the missionaries to come over and help them, and to break to these hungry souls the bread of life.

In the establishment of new stations, almost in every instance, the people themselves have borne almost the entire burden of the expense of building the churches. A portion of the expense of maintaining the missionary families is borne by the modest profits of the trading with the natives which is carried on to some extent under the supervision of the Mission. Standing as this Moravian Mission does, at this time, face to face with peculiar perils, all true disciples of him who gave the great commission to evangelize all the world, will unite in prayer to Jesus for his special care of these brethren and sisters, their work and the people of their spiritual charge.

The Spanish control of this strip of Central American territory came to an end in the latter part of the seventeenth century. About 1678, England set up her claim for a British protectorate over the Mosquito Reserve. This authority, reasserted in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty within a little more than a generation ago, has been the mainstay of the independent sovereignty of the hereditary Indian chief who has governed the Reserve.

The Reserve covers a large part of the coast along the Caribbean Sea. The proposed building of the inter-oceanic canal, across the Nicaraguan territory, gives an international importance to all that affects that land. It seems but natural that Nicaragua should desire to secure the control of the eastern coast line, from which the autonomy of the Reserve cuts her off. The control of this important strip of Nicaraguan territory must naturally and inevitably fall into the hands of Nicaragua.

The influence of our Moravian missionaries has been similar to that exerted upon all heathen tribes to whom Gospel civilization has been brought. They have constituted the moral support and strength of the government, ever since the establishment of the mission in 1849. They have secured to the people a measurably faithful administration of just laws.

It remains to be seen whether the readjustment of the civil relations of Mosquitia's people by the Nicaraguans will be effected without seriously impairing the prosperous continuance of the work of these devoted men and women who have given their best, in Jesus' name, for the moral and spiritual uplift of the Mosquito Indians.

REV. W. M. H. RICE.

GOSPEL LIGHT FROM THE BLIND.

A poor blind woman in Paris put twenty-seven francs into the plate at a missionary meeting.

"You cannot afford so much," said one.

"Yes, sir, I can," she answered.

On being pressed, she said:

"I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil for your lamps when it is too dark to work, nights?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So I found I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light into the dark heathen lands."

MISSIONS IN KOREA.

In Korea the Presbyterian Board occupies Seoul, Fusan and Gensan, on the east coast, and Pyeng-Yang in the interior. Of these Fusan and Gensan are the only places liable to injury from the Japanese fleets. The Methodist Board has little established work outside of Seoul, and has withdrawn its missionaries from the interior stations to that city.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Church of England, has some missionaries at Seoul and Chemulpo. In Seoul the missionaries are practically safe, being under the care of the United States legation and the protection of the United States soldiers from the ship of war at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul.



JESUS PREACHING AT NAZARETH.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 7. Luke 4: 16-30.
Golden Text, Heb. 12: 25. By Mrs. Baxter.

TEMPTATION conquered leaves us stronger than before. Jesus returned from his sore conflict with the enemy in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. The Spirit of God had come upon him like a dove when he was baptized; "full of the Holy Spirit." (Luke 4: 1, R.V.) He had been led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted, and now, the temptation over, he was as Man in the power of the Spirit, ready for his ministry. "A fame concerning him went out through all the region round about, and he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all." Divine power is popular until it crosses the human will and attacks human pride. The Galileans, in glorifying Jesus, glorified a man; they did not know Jesus as the Son of God. It was only from the very time that Simon Peter recognized and acknowledged him as "the Christ the Son of the living God" that Jesus could teach the lesson of the Cross and his coming sufferings. But Jesus had an intuitive

Shrinking from Popularity.

The Spirit of God never glorifies man, but Christ, in this dispensation of the Spirit: "He shall glorify me." So Christ did not seek his own glory. Thus we see that, instead of remaining in the places where he was glorified of all, he came to the place where he had been brought up, and where he was least likely to have honor from men. In this, as in all else, he was guided by his Father. So he came to Nazareth for the first time since he had left his carpenter vocation to seek baptism from John the Baptist, who had born testimony to him when the opened heaven declared him to be the Son of God. "He entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and stood up to read." Jesus was not a Levite, he was of the tribe of Judah, and the synagogue was in no way a substitute for the Temple worship, but only a place of gathering together for instruction in the Scriptures and for prayer. But the fact that Jesus was an acknowledged Reader and Teacher in the synagogue leads us to conclude that his great familiarity with the Scriptures was recognized at Nazareth, and that by common consent; he was looked up to as a Teacher although none perhaps, except Joseph and Mary, had any idea that he was indeed the Messiah.

"And then was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah." He was familiar with it as with every other Scripture of the Old Testament. "And when he had opened the book (which was a huge double roll of parchment), he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." It was part of the prophecy of Isa: 61: 1-6, but he, the Living Word, stopped short just where the fulfillment has stopped short to admit of this Gentile dispensation which shall end with "the day of vengeance of our God," the time of "tribulation." The Jews were familiar with this prophecy, but few among them could understand that it should be broken off in the middle; the way of the Cross was revealed only to the few who

Studied the Whole Scriptures.

The Lord Jesus read the prophecy as far as it referred to himself, at that time, and having done so, he closed the book and sat down. He had given his message: there was nothing left but to apply it. But it did

its work; "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." A profound impression was made. And yet nothing had been done but to read these verses of Scripture in the power of the Holy Ghost. What an illustration of his own declaration: "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself." The sermons preached by Peter, by Stephen and Paul, etc., are almost entirely Scripture. No human philosophy is added, no figure of speech, no flowery language adorns the testimony of these men of God: they did not preach what are now called sermons; they preached "the Word." Those who came together did not come to hear a preacher, but to hear the Word of God.

And the application? It was as short as the Bible reading; "He began to say unto them; This day is this fulfilled in your ears." This was all: he read that which described a ministry, on which he had entered, to fulfil that very Word of God. They had heard from the surrounding country the fame of him, but he had been brought up among them, they had known him as an ordinary mechanic. First they "bore him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." The Word of God was beginning to exercise its power, when a change came over them and they had no longer ears to hear. They looked at the Instrument and could not believe that the familiar face of the carpenter, whom they had passed daily in the street, and knew so well, could really be the face of the long expected Messiah, who was spoken of in this prophecy. "Is not this Joseph's son?" just as later on the Jews of Capernaum said, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph whose father and mother we know? how then is it that he saith; I came down from heaven?" (John 6: 42.) They did not do as the Bereans did, who "searched the scriptures daily, to see if these things were so." The men of Nazareth who had always looked on Jesus as Joseph's son, and whose ideas of the Messiah were of a reigning, triumphant Potentate, repudiated the idea of the claims of Jesus. "And he said unto them, ye will surely say unto me this proverb; Physician heal thyself, whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country; Verily, I say unto you: No prophet is accepted in his own country." And then he added

A Solemn Warning:

"I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land, but unto none of them was Elias sent save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the days of Elisha the prophet, and none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian." Among all his people in Israel over whom his heart yearned, and whom he longed to deliver and to bless, there was not one widow found to trust in him, and he must needs go outside of his chosen people to find one widow in that generation who would serve his purpose in vindicating his claim to be the God of the widow. He was, from the land of Egypt, the Physician of his people; "I am the Lord that healeth thee," but he must needs find a heathen Syrian who should be a witness to his grace and power, for not one could be found of the many lepers in Israel who would put his trust in God; and the honor of God, demanded that there should be, at least, one witness to his will and power to heal, in the days of Elisha: Should it be so now? Must he needs turn his back on Nazareth, the place of his early youth, where he had studied the Scriptures carefully, where he had lived a holy life in an ordinary occupation, and where there were so many associations which were dear to him; was it just here, where at a great cost to

himself, he had, in obedience to his Father, read in the synagogue the prophecy which in his life and ministry he was now fulfilling—that he should first meet with opposition and persecution! Yes; it was even so—the Cross was entering into his ministry. He was "to die daily" all through his life. If he had gone on preaching and healing as a prophet, without disturbing the prejudices of the people, or bringing them to book, all would have been the quietness of death. Jesus had explained his ministry elsewhere. He was ready to do at Nazareth what he had done elsewhere, but they must accept him as he fulfilled the Scriptures, and must own that their own conceptions about the Messiah were wrong; they must know a suffering, a despised Messiah, and this they would not have. "All they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up to thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



AN ANCIENT BOOK.

THE last lesson on the life of Christ left him at Sychar, after his talk with the woman of Samaria. Thence he appears to have gone to Cana, where on a former visit he turned water into wine. On this occasion, he healed the son of a nobleman. From Luke we learn he then went to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. On the Sabbath, he attends the service in the Synagogue. As a boy he had doubtless been there often, but now he goes with all the éclat of the miracles he had worked during the past year. The rulers appear to have recognized the distinction he had won and to have invited him to conduct the service. It was the custom thus to honor a distinguished visitor, and we may infer that Jesus was invited, as he was little likely to have put himself forward without the invitation. The people seem to have hoped that he would do some miracle there as he had done at Cana. The attendant handed him the prophecy of Isaiah. It was inscribed on a roll of parchment (as shown in the initial letter). He turned to the part which in our version is the beginning of the sixty-first chapter. He stopped reading in the middle of the passage, handed the book back to the attendant and sat down, as was customary, to preach. His first words showed why he had not finished the passage. "This day," he said, "is the Scripture fulfilled." It was the acceptable year of the Lord. The next words relating to the day of vengeance were not then fulfilled but were still future. At this point the indignation of the hearers seems to have been stirred. They apparently asked, "Does this man whom we have seen working at his trade, whose family we know, claim that Isaiah was writing of him?" Others, who were disposed to accept him, were disappointed by his next words, which intimated that he did not intend to work a miracle there, and justified that course by the examples of Elijah and Elisha who did their wonders among strangers. The two classes joined in their indignation, and the service broke up in tumult. They hurried him to the place of execution; but at the last they appear to have recovered their better judgment and allowed him to go away. He left the town and never again, as far as we know, did he return.

As his custom was he went to the synagogue. The Lord set an example in this that is not always followed. Every one should have the custom of going to God's house on his day. A minister complaining of the small attendance at a week-evening service, said that one member did not come because it looked like rain, but the following evening, although it was actually raining, the member was at a place farther away listening to a lecture. A second member did not come because he was tired, so he stayed and worked on a sleigh for his boy. A third was a woman and she stayed because it was slippery and she was afraid of falling, but

the next morning, although it was still pery she went down town, having wrapped a piece of woolen rag around her shoe to keep her from slipping. Of many a person it might be said not, "As his custom he went to the Lord's house," but "as custom was he made excuse."

He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel. A missionary in India answered with a able a Mohammedan objector who rupted him in preaching. The Mohammedan wanted the missionary to explain doctrine of the Trinity and came again again to the services to put his question after the missionary had given an private to a statement of his belief on the ject. Finally the missionary submitted dispute to his audience. "Suppos said, "a fatal disease is devastating kingdom. The king has a specific wh a sure cure and he calls a number of sicians, gives them the specific and them go out with it and heal the There is one physician who effects cures and the king sends for him an quires how it is. The physician an that a learned man wanted inform about the king's person and private lit he has been satisfying him. But the says, "Meanwhile my subjects are dy sent you out to administer the specit to gratify the curiosity of learned. And the physician is punished and des to be. Now," said the missionary, King has sent me out to preach the C that dying men might be saved and not going to neglect that to argue abo Trinity." The audience applauded the missionary proceeded to preach the G

Deliverance to the captives. Christ ically giving deliverance to the ca even to this day. Watch that slave creeping along the African river on its to the sea. It is laden with the fruits raids of many a village and it is goi the slave market to turn its human into money. Why does it move so s ily? Why is so vigilant a watch kep ship flying the English flag comes in See how the dhow is manoeuvred to her. See how sail is crowded and t ficers of the dhow try to get her into channel where the large ship cannot t Why are they so afraid? There is i with England. But see when the d overhauled what occurs. Every m is struck off and every man and wor set at liberty. Even the children are for. Why is it that England man ships to suppress this trade and s captives free? Because Christ's pri and teachings have become recogni the English people as their creed. T it because they profess to be follow him, who was anointed to give deliv to the captives.

Sight to the Blind. Dr. Kincaid, the nent missionary, says that one e while seated in his boat on the Irraw Burmah he read the Bible to a crowd on the river bank. Some of the peopl to the nearest town and carried the n the arrival of a foreign teacher. Pres tall young man came from the tow wading out to Dr. Kincaid's boat, him if he had a copy of the Gos John. He was supplied, and the you begged him to come to his house, grandtather wanted to see him. D said complied, and to his surprise, that the old man, although totally had been teaching the whole villa Gospel as far as he knew it. It see Dr. Judson had given him a copy Gospel, but in a great fire which b curred, he had lost it and also had l sight. The old man welcomed the n ary and said, "The eyes of my be dark, but my eyes are full of light."

To set at liberty them that are Sinful habit holds a victim prison bruises him. He suffers but is often to shake off his bonds, earnestly strives to do so. Then he should Christ delights to set at liberty the are bruised. A poor Chinaman ha the slave of opium smoking for th years. Those familiar with this cur that the opium appetite becomes a seated disease, and few, who are o tangled in this snare of Satan, ever Opium smokers who profess faith in are looked upon with great distr they are almost sure to relapse in former evil ways. But this man w cued from opium smoking; he was and he stayed cured. One day so asked him how it was that he had off the terrible habit. He answered: my two knees."

An Appeal to Christian America

TURKISH RELIEF COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK ADVOCATES THE PITIFUL CASE OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS.

Christian Europe Sets the Example of Helpfulness—Many Distinguished Americans Unite in Urging America to Aid the Movement—A Great Opportunity for Generous Deeds and for the Advancement of the Gospel.

IN His Name," comes a loud cry for succor across the Atlantic once again. It is a call that cannot pass unheeded, for it is uttered by those whom the Gospel of Jesus teaches us to regard as brothers. In

issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, facts concerning the prevailing distress in Constantinople were briefly stated. That it was not overdramatic for details, since the actual condition of affairs among the earthquake sufferers is far more than first represented.

A very large proportion of the sufferers have been rendered destitute by the war. They are tradesmen and shopkeepers, and there are hundreds of cloth merchants, bakers, fruit dealers, bazaar keepers, grocers, traders and people of similar occupations. They are Moslems, Armenians, Greeks; the two last-named nationalities being represented in almost every business known in the city. There are large numbers of these unfortunates in open camps, many points outside of the city. One of the largest camps of the refugees is at the west of the city, where there is an extensive garden which was formerly a private pleasure-ground for the Sultan. But so general and widespread has the distress, that the humane ruler, appreciating the urgent necessity of supplying succor for the unhappy and despairing ones—who seemed to be panic-stricken by their double misfortunes in the loss of relatives and property—ordered the place to be transformed into a camp for special use. This the Sultan did immediately after the full extent of the earthquake visitation became apparent. To his treasurer, he issued an order to draw from his personal income a sum sufficient to supply bread to all the poor who congregated in the Yildiz gardens and other places, and at the same time directed that a sufficient number of tents be erected for them, also at his personal expense.

The Sultan's Kindness.—And many other orders of the Sultan, issued with the same kind and charitable object, were carried into effect by a Commission which was entrusted with the supervision of all relief measures, and of the commission being Sadrazam, "first Pasha." His duties are very similar to those of Count Andre Bobrinskoy, who was the head of the Grand Duke's Committee in Russia during the great famine two years ago, when the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent the steamer "Lithuania" with a cargo of food to the starving people. With Sadrazam, who is a kind, benevolent-looking man, past middle age, a number of other Pashas and officials are associated, the whole forming an Imperial Commission. Their duties are very light, owing to the very large number of men requiring aid. No distinction whatever is made by the Commission on account of the nationality or creed of the sufferers, for it is the express order of the Sultan now, as at other times, that Turk, Armenian, Moslem, Jew, or Christian, be treated on a basis of absolute equality by the relieving officers. The relief wagons, on their rounds, make no distinction, but all are supplied alike. Medicine and other supplies were often sent by order from the palace, to the needy, within an hour after their condition being ascertained.

There are many evidences of a kindly nature and a heart that, in the time of affliction regards all men as brothers, are not only those who have had opportunities of serving the character of the Turkish Relief Committee, but also the Turkish Relief Committee. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should remember the Sultan's liberality in granting lands and facilities for the erection of Christian churches in Constantinople—a thing unprecedented among

Moslem rulers. He has always been a liberal giver to charity. Repeatedly, after large fires that involved ruinous losses to numbers of families, orders from the palace have brought tents, food and money, and afforded encouragement to the helpless ones to make a new start in life.

Fears of Pestilence.

But the terrible calamity in Constantinople presents a harder problem than any the government has encountered in the present generation, since it deals with many thousands, who must be helped for the next few months or until some permanent provision can be made for them. It is a situation which, but for the aid that is being extended from other quarters, would un-

dermined, had also agreed to serve on the Committee in an honorary capacity.

At the meeting of the Committee, the needs of the sufferers in Constantinople were discussed and arrangements were perfected for the prompt transmission of all funds subscribed in this country for their relief. The Fund has already received the warmest assurances of sympathy and approval from many quarters. It is especially desirable that the charitably-disposed should render aid as speedily as possible, since we are assured that the present condition of the unsheltered and destitute families is one that calls for energetic action.

The Earthquakes' Work.

Later details received by members of the Committee from Constantinople furnish a sad picture of the present condition of affairs in that city. The "Kareek" (Path), and other daily newspapers continue to print long lists of buildings wrecked, and speak of the number of killed, injured and homeless as even larger than was first estimated. In the "Divan Yole," "Tavook Bazaar," "Osmanyeh Bazaar," "Charsko

us, is one of the highest privileges a Christian can enjoy. The cause we have presented is one that deals with the best interests of Christianity, in a land where our devoted Christian missionaries have been making a gallant struggle. By responding to the appeal of the Turkish Relief Committee, you will thus not only afford direct aid to the earthquake sufferers, and strengthen the bonds of amity between the two countries, but you will be opening up new opportunities for missionary influence and usefulness, and advancing the standard of the Gospel in a distant land.

Aiding the Western Sufferers.

Our Missionary's Tour of the Burned District in Minnesota—Sad Memorial Services—Abundant Relief Measures.

DURING the past week, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School missionary who was detailed to visit the fire-devastated district in Minnesota, and co-operate in the work of relief, has been over the territory swept bare by the recent conflagration. In a letter relating his experiences, Mr. Sharp says that he found the fire refugees generously cared for. They were mostly housed in temporary quarters in Pine City. Duluth had cared for about 1,300 refugees, other cities had done an equally noble Christian work and the State authorities had been busy in relieving their wants. He writes from Pine City:

"As our train from St. Paul to this place proceeded north, the smoke from fires in the country increased till we reached Rush City where the train received orders to stop on account of alarms of fire. The smoke became quiet dense, and the heavens lurid overhead, like a display of aurora-borealis, but evidently from fires in the woods west and north of us. Looking north, up the railroad track we could see only a short distance off, the smoke making it darker below than above.

"Ten miles south of Pine City we found the people in a panic. At Rush City, passengers and citizens were absorbed in discussing the prospects of a conflagration. Passengers got out of the cars, mingled with the citizens around the platform of the depot, viewed the situation, discussed what should be done if hemmed in by fire, at intervals brushing off of their clothing the white ashes which the wind scattered over us, not copiously, but pretty constantly. I praise God for the peace I enjoyed in the assurance that I was in his hands. The feeling of uneasiness with the people increased when a strong, high wind set in from the north, the direction from which danger was most apprehended. But at length appearances became less threatening, the train received orders to move, and we reached Pine City about six P. M.

"Memorial Services for the dead of the fire-stricken region were held at the Opera House, the following account of which is from the St. Paul Pioneer Press:

"The memorial services were under the immediate supervision of Joseph T. Mannix of Minneapolis. Opening prayer by Rev. George W. Sharp, of Kirksville, Mo., representing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York; reading Scriptures by Rev. Louis Knutson; solo by Mrs. Dr. Barnum; remarks by Rev. Mr. Knutson, the Hinckley pastor who passed through the fire; commemorative poem by J. Lin Talman of St. Paul, read by S. G. L. Roberts; "To Scenes of Peace Retire," by Albert Berg of Center City, Minn., who is possessed of a remarkable voice; remarks by Rev. Father E. A. Jock of Rush City."

Mr. Sharp adds to his letter: "From present indications, my judgment is that the greatest need will come a little later on, when the cold weather arrives, which will be soon in this climate." The refugees are kept away from Hinckley, so that the workmen there may not be hindered in constructing temporary homes or shelters. The local relief committees have done nobly, and the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" has conducted an excellent relief work on its own account.

An appeal has been issued by sufferers in the burned district for help to bury the dead animals, whose carcasses are beginning to decay, and which threaten to breed pestilence. Governor Nelson has expressed the opinion that this is a very important matter, as the water-courses and the atmosphere of the whole region might be poisoned by such infection. He promised to devise some remedy and thought it would be a charity if some effort to bury the animals were made by those intending to help in general relief. It was suggested that a number of needy unemployed sufferers might be hired to do this work—thus giving them practical relief, and at the same time averting possible pestilence.

THE RELIEF COMMITTEE'S APPEAL.

"Owing to the recent earthquakes, the destitution in a large portion of Constantinople, and many suburban towns and villages, is something appalling. Thousands of families, whose homes and places of business have been demolished, with all their contents, are camping in open lots, and clothing, shelter and food are urgently needed. The calamity is so great that it has over-taxed the abilities of the Imperial Ottoman and Municipal Governments, which now find themselves compelled to look to other countries for help.

"This deplorable state of destitution has recently been confirmed by the following cablegram from the United States Minister to the Porte:

"CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 14.
"Constantinople is in urgent need of relief. All European governments have contributed. The Sultan gave generously during the Johnstown disaster, and Christian America should reciprocate."

Signed

"TERRELL."

"Humanity and Christianity alike suggest that our own land should at once respond to this pathetic appeal. Such a response would not only be a graceful and grateful acknowledgment of the Sultan's action during the Johnstown disaster several years ago, when he led the entire list of European contributors with a princely donation, but it would be of inestimable value in influencing the attitude of Turkey in the future toward strangers within her gates, especially Christians. England has already contributed \$40,000, France \$70,000, the Emperor of Austria \$1,250, and the German Emperor 5,000 marks, to aid the sufferers. Among the latter are many thousands of Christians, and these have thus far been fed by the Sultan's and the Imperial Prince's bounty as freely as the Moslem sufferers. All money contributed in this country will be forwarded to the American Minister at Constantinople, and by him transferred to the Imperial Commission appointed for the purpose of relieving the wants of the multitude of earthquake sufferers. An American Turkish Relief Fund has been organized in New York, and at a recent meeting, elected THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, as Treasurer of the Fund, to whom all who desire to aid in this movement should forward their contributions, which will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of that paper, and forwarded to Minister Terrell as arranged.

"The Committee trusts that the well-known generosity of the American people which has prompted them in the past to relieve human suffering wherever found, will lead them to respond heartily to this appeal in behalf of the unfortunate people of Constantinople. Address contributions and communications to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Dr. LOUIS KLOPSCH, President, General Committee.

GEORGE H. SANDISON, Vice-President, General Committee.

Hon. A. S. HEWITT, N. Y.

Hon. WHITEHEAD REID, N. Y.

Hon. THOS. GILROY, Mayor of New York.

Hon. KNUTE NELSON, Governor of Minnesota.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, Treasurer.

Dr. NEVDON M. BOYAJIAN, Secretary, General Committee.

Honorary
Vice-
Presidents.

doubtedly result in most painful consequences. There might be a menace to all Europe in the event of an outbreak of cholera or an epidemic of any description among the wretched crowds now huddled together in the tents and with just enough food to keep life together. The Porte has done its best to feed and shelter them; it now remains for the Christian world on both continents to show its practical sympathy by coming to the rescue of these afflicted ones.

The Relief Committee's Appeal.

The members of the Turkish Relief Committee met in the Bible House last week and issued the appeal to the American people which we print on this page.

At that meeting, letters were received from a number of distinguished Americans expressing the warmest sympathy in the movement. Among these were communications from Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Hon. Whitelaw Reid and Governor Knute Nelson of Minnesota, accepting the office of Honorary Vice-President and promising to aid the movement by every means in their power in the interest of Christianity and humanity. Mayor Gilroy of New York, Comptroller Theodore W. Myers and other gentlemen prominent in public affairs in the metropolis, it was announced at the meet-

Kapoo," "Daftar Dar," "Adonai Kapoo," "Korsko," and "Jibalee," the names of different quarters of the Turkish metropolis the wrecks are numerous, and include the houses of Emirs and Pashas as well as of tradesmen. In the "Daftar Dar," where three houses fell together, eleven persons were killed and seventeen injured. Much of the ruins yet remain to be uncovered, so the loss of life is not yet accurately known.

The following contributions to the Turkish Relief Fund have been received to date:

Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.	\$100.00
P. B. Bromfield, Hempstead, L. I.	25.00
Ismail Assim Bey, Turkish Vice-Consul, N. Y.	25.00
Robt. Levy, New York	100.00
Mr. G. Gulbenkian	100.00
Mr. Calliadis Bey	100.00
Mr. Kelekian	25.00
Mr. Nergarian	50.00
Mr. Telfian	25.00
Mr. C. G. G. G.	25.00
L. P. Shuman, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
T. W. Gray, New York	25.00
Friend, Brooklyn	2.50
B. J. F., Brooklyn	2.50
Rev. G. W. M., New York	2.00
C. Jamaica, L. I.	2.00
D. M. Buckwalter	2.00
King's Daughters, Greenville, S. C.	1.00

All contributions to the Fund will be fully acknowledged in these columns.

Charity is a sacrament, and right giving, in the name of the Giver of all good gifts and for his sake who gave himself for



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

WHAT a rough time this old earth is having! The recent earthquake in Constantinople is only one of a series of volcanic agitations. Geologists tell us our planet has been in convulsions ever and anon since it was born, and it does seem to me as though it had been in chills and fever without end—now so cold it chattered with the white teeth of glacier, and now hot until the hemispheres seemed afire. "Firm as the everlasting hills" should be rejected as a figure of speech, for the hills are neither firm nor everlasting. Two or three years ago our climate was all disturbed and frenzied by what were called electric showers in the sun. Every little while a comet shoots through our night with enough force to obliterate us with one sweep of its tail. Caracas down, Lisbon buried, Java cracked open, Charleston terrorized, San Francisco again and again frantic, and now a large part of Constantinople in ruins and thousands homeless and calling for our sympathy and help.

It is evident that God has no special controversy with any city or any land, for all lands have felt the tread of the earthquake. My impression is that there will be no long continued cessation of these subterranean attacks; but a greater frequency of them until the planetary demolition. It is a shaky, rheumatic, epileptic old world and it will die in one of these stupendous fits. It is a poor place to make permanent investment. Some think it will be fixed up for the final residence of the righteous. No; there is so much ice to be melted and so much fire to be extinguished and so many wild winds to be tamed. It is hardly worth while to reconstruct it. Let us have a brand new world. God did not make the moon over again after it became an extinct volcano. The telescope tells us it was left in ruins and will probably stay in ruins, and I think this world will yet be a forsaken wreck, to which we will from brighter spheres make excursions as now we go down to the beach at Southampton or Amagansett to see an old hulk that has been rotting there for twenty years. There is caged in the center of this world an old lion of destruction and he will not rest quiet much of the time and he plunges against the bars of his cage. A few years ago he put one paw against the Western Hemisphere and that made everything rattle from Florida to New York, and now he puts his paw against the Eastern Hemisphere and Turkey and Greece rock from side to side. No one can chain the raging infernal monster or bid him lie down except the one who made the lions crouch before Daniel in the Babylonish cavern.

Volcanoes are to this world what boils are to a diseased human body—the escape of bad humors that must come out—and

though they are hard to bear—both the boils and volcanoes—it is a choice in both cases between eruption and death. Perhaps God will give to the human race a power not yet exercised. By discharge of artillery it has been found that showers of rain can be brought down, and it almost always rains on the evening of the Fourth of July, after gunpowdery explosion, and always rains on the evening after a battle, so the ingenious men may after awhile contrive some system of cannonading that will break up the great droughts that afflict the earth. So I am not sure that huge-handed machinery may not be invented that shall yet give relief to this world's paroxysm of earthquake, diving down until the disturbed elements can be let free. A few extemporized outlets would end forever these subterranean turmoils and take this nervous and feverish earth into placidity and health.

But before its destruction the world is to be gardenized. The last thunder will not roll over a desert, but over a Los Angeles, a Chatsworth, a Paradise regained. We may not be able to manage the inside of this world, but religion will manage the outside. If the lion will not lie down under the mountain, the lamb will lie down on the top of it. In Eden, Adam had the beasts around him in amity, and the birds taught him to sing, and the lambs taught him to play, and the fish taught him to swim, and the lion and lioness at peace with all covered his feet with their tawny mane. So it shall be again. All forces, brutal, atmospheric, aquatic, volcanic shall be in complete accord with the redeemed human race, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

PERSECUTION.

A CUP may be so sweet that it is insipid or nauseating. Our cup of life is not all sweets. It is a compound cup and with the saccharine there mingle the acids and the bitters. All the good and useful shall have the promise of persecutions fulfilled. Cutting out the tongue, putting out the eye, or pulling apart the limbs is a past fashion, but still there are weapons of persecution. Sometimes it is a newspaper attack, sometimes it is an anonymous letter, sometimes private caricature and misrepresentation. Tell me of any man eminently useful that has not been eminently cursed. Crossing the sea, I used to hang over the side of the ocean steamer and watch the stroke of the wave against the ship's cutwater. I noticed when it was foggy and we were making only seven or eight knots an hour, there was but little stir in the water, but when it was fair weather and we went at the rate of 400 miles a day, the ocean tossed in front of the prow and boiled on either side. So just in proportion as a Christian makes headway in Christian enterprise, in that ratio will there be commotion and excited resistance in the water. If nothing can be said against you, if you have never been assaulted, if everybody seems pleased with you, you are making little or no progress; you are waterlogged. Instead of mastering the waves, the waves master you. All of you who will do your duty must take a share of that treatment.

Be not over-sensitive. If you see two persons talking in a corner, and occasionally looking toward you, you are annoyed and think they are talking against you. Let not your mind sit brooding over one small egg of provocation till it has hatched out into a great obscene culture of unhappiness. Persecution may be a blessing by testing our earnestness. A man may think himself in earnest, when it is a mere hobby he is riding, and when the hobby balks he gets off and goes home. Let a man start out and find those who promised to help, proving tricky and his motives maligned, he will give it up unless he be in earnest. It is easy to be a soldier in time of peace. We had many brave captains and colonels and majors before the war began, but at Big Bethel, when the war opened, how the fellows did run! If men are not in earnest in

Christian conflict, they make a big show for a while, but, attacked and pursued, they show the white flag and surrender. Persecution, if sanctified, makes one humble. Success has a tendency to brag, and so God lets it be jeered at. The man says: "I endowed that college. I started that school. I built that church. Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" And God turns Nebuchadnezzar out to eat grass like an ox. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Another advantage of persecution is it lets us know how much of the bad is left in us. What a mild Christian he was when everybody praised him! Now he runs against the sharp edge of sarcasm and opposition and he is in full fight. He feels more like swearing than praying. He runs about in great excitement talking over all the mean things he knows about those who oppose him. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, scorn for scorn, personality for personality; and the demons of malice, revenge and hate, with racket of explosion, keep Fourth of July in his heart. After awhile he wakes up and finds he is all wrong, and he cools down and has a long list of hard speeches and unjust deeds to repent of and learns as never before his weakness before God. Persecution brings us into sympathy with Christ.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. Raymond, Trenton, N. J. The Sultan of Turkey, whose predecessors were regarded as the greatest foes of Christianity, has, by his recent acts of charity, put many so-called Christians to shame. Without any suggestions save the kindly promptings of his own heart, he sent a noble gift of money to the Johnstown sufferers, and now I see he has done likewise in the case of the fire sufferers in the West—and this, although he has a much greater calamity than our own to contend with at home. If there be any truth in the old Roman proverb, "He gives twice who gives quickly," then the Sultan has given four times! This seems to me to be good Christian logic. Now let us see all who believe we should vie with each other in well-doing roll up a splendid fund, worthy the name of Christian America, for the Constantinople earthquake sufferers.

We believe there are many who will echo Mr. Raymond's sentiments approvingly. The present is an age of international goodwill and kindly deeds; but even apart from the Sultan's generous acts, as mentioned by our correspondent, there remains the Christian duty of relieving human suffering, especially when it is so painful and widespread as in Constantinople. Ex-Mayor Hewitt's letter and the appeal of the Turkish Relief Fund Committee in another column explain the situation, and the urgent need of help.

J. B. Nimmo, Philadelphia, Pa. What are the seven Bibles of the world?

The Mohammedan Koran, the Buddhist Tripitakes, the Chinese "Five Kings," the Hindu Vedas, Persian Zendavesta, Scandinavian Eddas, and Christian Bible. The oldest writings are the Mosaic books of the Bible, the youngest is the Koran.

Here is a delightful letter from some little friends in Kentucky:

DEAR SIR:—We are three little children aged ten, seven and five years old. We have saved a few nickels which we are going to send to you and ask you to use them to help the children of New York enjoy themselves at "Mont Lawn." We think you are very good to be so kind to the little children. Your friends,
PHILLIPS, JULIA and JOE HUNDLEY.

Constant Reader, Lamont, Pa. 1. When and where was the first Dictionary printed? 2. What is the Moabite stone? 3. Where is Mainz, where the first complete Bible was made?

1. Dictionaries are really very old. The Chinese have possessed standard dictionaries—huge, comprehensive affairs—for many centuries. Athenæus, the Greek author, refers to over thirty dictionaries, one of which was in existence during or shortly after the reign of Alexander the Great. Probably the first printed dictionary was the "Catholicon" or "Summa" of Johannes de Janua, which appeared in 1460 and ran twenty editions in a quarter of a century. The first English dictionary was published in 1623. 2. The Moabite stone, discovered in 1868 at Dhiban in Moab, contains in Phoenician characters the wars of Mesha, King of Moab with Israel. It contains many confirmations of events mentioned in Scripture. 3. In Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany.

C. W. D., Marshall, O. 1. If a person subscribe a certain sum to build a church and then he has to leave the neighborhood before he pays, and finds he cannot pay all of his subscription without difficulty, what is required of him? 2. Is a person as responsible for a subscription as any other debt he contracts?

1. His position would be unfortunate, but he would be still bound in good faith to pay his subscription, unless, on explaining the matter to the proper parties, they decided to release him wholly or partly from his pledge, as they would probably do. His proper course would be to go to them frankly and explain the entire

situation. 2. Morally, yes; it is a debt in the highest sense, being an obligation of honor which should take precedence of all other obligations. In a case, such as you mention, the entire project rests on the absolute good of those who pledge their word, voluntarily contribute their share. The legal responsibility would depend largely on the form of pledge. A written pledge, even if executed by pencil, would hold the signer, and possibly also would a verbal pledge, made in presence of witnesses.

J. J. Sloan, Brooklyn, Ia. Is it right for Christians to own theatres and to go to theatrical performances; to play cards and go to dances?

We have received many letters of the tenor as the foregoing and to all have we the same uniform answer: While these occupations may not necessarily be sinful in themselves, the emotions they excite and the character they induce are liable to be character very injuriously. They are, even in their least objectionable aspect, frivolous indulgences. That they are detrimental to spiritual growth ought to be a conclusive reason why Christians should avoid them.

Mrs. M. C. F. A., North Hancock, Me. I have been thinking of Mrs. Jamal, her very excellent school and the twenty-five dollars a month. I am although small in itself, other enterprises weight. Still, this school may be our one tale must not be hid in a napkin. The privilege, great, the channel to do good too straight, unmarked, not to enter it. To twenty-five of us "duty that lies nearest." Enclosed please twelve dollars,—which is one dollar a month year. If twenty-four contributors of twelve or forty-eight of six dollars each, will join me, run Mrs. Jamal's school for one year. Del dangerous because life is uncertain, and M. A.'s field of usefulness may be in some other direction it the requisite funds are not furnished. Marion Harland makes the appeal to the we her country, assuring us that the cause is worthy one. As I look at it, it is a loving tale which those of us who can should accept, who cannot spare money can offer up a prayer the months roll around, that the High and Ruler of the universe will so order the marriage tract that the vows be not performed until it is a marriageable age. The poor child-widow the prayers of all thinking, careful mothers know the blessings of the little helpless ones that are given when experience of years is a

Reader, Somerville, N. J. How are the graduates of the Bible Institute of Chicago supported?

The nominal charge is \$200 a year, but many are "assisted students," who are at a reduced rate in return for services rendered which the Institute would otherwise have to pay for. The object of Mr. Moody's appeal for funds is to enable the Institute to extend its work and take in more of the number of consecrated young men and women who stand ready waiting to devote the to the Lord, but who need to be trained in this special field, but are unable to pay.

J. W. Paterson, N. J. How can a young man study to become a Christian worker with only a few hours' leisure in the evening?

In various ways: by taking an active part in work of that character by the organization of Christian work connected within your own church; by associating yourself with some other Christian work in your own city; by believing there are several, and by using to profit by every opportunity, within your range of acquaintance, to do good to others. You will write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, we are sure he will be glad to furnish you with some valuable hints as to the methods followed in Christian workers at the Institute there will be of great service in informing you you can best utilize your available leisure for real Christian work.

Subscriber, Gainesville, Mo. 1. It is Catholic. 2. About four years ago. 3. In districts, but not everywhere. 4. They are million members.—John Whyte, Paterson. Send them by express.—P. McEl, Boston. Write to Rev. D. M. Heydrick, care City, Brooklyn, who can inform you.—Mrs. J. W. York, Pa., and others. Rev. Mr. Copley's a Louisiana, Ky.—Jessie. We do not know.—Fennimore, Freehold, N. J. The Review of New York City, will furnish all the information in search of.—John H. Smith, Gart. We have sent your letter to the Bible Institute, Milwaukee, Wis. 1. Under the responsibilities of the sexes are practical and the theory that the woman should escape severity on account of her sex has never been successfully maintained. 2. The multiplication and the consequent confusion created in minds, is unfortunately an evil it seems to be to abolish. Yet there may be some good since almost all are searching for truth and A. M. Starkweather, Chautauqua, N. Y. have more than we can find room to put Maria M. Taylor, West Hurley, N. Y. W. Silver Cross, New York City.—W. H. Grinnell, Ia. Your "Better Way" is so helpful and we wish you success.—A. C. O. Write to Scribners, publishers, New York.—Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson, Crestline, Ky. M. E. M., Springfield, O., and others. You will be submitted to Dr. Talmage on his America.—H. S. C., Chicago. What I heard is mere gossip and untrue. Neither persons named belong to such lodges. Benson, Santa Maria, Cal. Write to Smith, Little, Washington, D. C.—Ruth Pa. Fr. Vt. We have no copy of it.—M. V. Boggs, N. J. We have already answered you.—Mrs. Franklin Johnson, Luray, Va. have many similar demands at present, that we are regrettably compelled to decline responsibilities just now.—Gertrude Burton Crawford Co., Ohio, asks some reader to copy of the poem, "The Burial of Moses." Folmer, Robinson, Pa. Yes.—Subscriber, month. 1. We never heard of it. 2. Write Ian, Astor Library, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

CN international exhibition is attracting visitors from all parts of Europe and crowds of American tourists to the quaint old town of Antwerp, in Belgium. Although it seems an exhibition in miniature to people who saw the World's Fair at Chicago, there is much in it to please the eye and interest the intelligent spectator. America has its own building, a picture of which appears on this page. Machinery, electrical apparatus and ingenious instruments of various kinds are its chief contents and these are examined with wonder by the Belgian workmen. Other nations are well represented. England sent the model of an earl's mansion of the time of Queen Elizabeth, which is a perfect reproduction of the furniture and all the appliances in use at the beginning of the seventeenth century. France surprises visitors by making her chief exhibit a trophy of light-colored beer-barrels. It is claimed that the French brewers have succeeded in making better beer than the Germans, both for home consumption and exportation, and the fact gratifies the national pride. Every Frenchman is glad if his country is ahead of her enemy in anything, though success in brewing is not a matter for a patriot to rejoice over. One of the Belgian exhibits which attracts general attention is an exact reproduction of a Congo village. It is, however, with the old town of Antwerp that one who visits it for the first time is most pleased. It is an exhibition in itself with its crooked streets, jutting cornices, and weather-stained buildings. A fine old town, with many historical associations, it speaks of a time long gone by, for Antwerp can boast of an existence as a town for eleven hundred years. Wonderful changes has the old town seen in that time, changes in government, in manner of life and social conditions. It is only in the spiritual world that permanence is assured, for the Lord's "throne endures from generation to generation." (Lam. 5:19.)

Fighting Fire at Sea.

The steamship "Capac" arrived at New York on Sept. 14 from Chili after a perilous voyage. When the vessel was off the Falkland Islands, smoke was seen issuing from one of the bunkers, which contained six hundred tons of coal. A hose was at once turned into the bunker, and after pouring in water for four hours the smoke stopped, and it was supposed the fire was extinguished. The voyage was resumed, but, two days later, the fire was raging again with still greater intensity. The crew worked night and day, but could not get the flames under control. A serious complication was the fact that the greater part of the cargo consisted of nitrate of soda packed in bags, and the Captain knew that if once the flames ate through the bulkhead and ignited the nitrate, all hope of saving the ship would be lost. The life-boats were provisioned and swung from the davits and all preparations were made for leaving the ship. The course was changed and the ship headed for the nearest land, which was Rio Janeiro. All hopes now hung on reaching that port before the nitrate caught fire. The crew, almost exhausted with their long fight with the flames, redoubled their efforts, and at last the ship entered the harbor. Then firemen from the city removed a quantity of coal from the bunker, the fire was reached and effectually extinguished, and the voyage to New York was finished in safety. The trouble and the danger came from the fire not being thoroughly extinguished when it was first discovered. An analogous mistake has often involved men in spiritual peril. Wicked propensities are not always extinct when they are subdued, and if vigilance is relaxed they sometimes break out with renewed energy and threaten temporal and eternal ruin. (1 Cor. 9:27.)

Return of the Peary Expedition.

A telegram from St. John's, Newfoundland, announces the arrival there on Sept. 15 of the "Falcon," with a majority of

Lieut. Peary's Arctic expedition on board. The leader of the expedition was not with the party as he had decided to remain behind at Falcon Harbor, North Greenland, to continue his explorations. He has as assistants Hugh J. Lee and Matthew Henson, his colored servant who volunteered to remain with him. Lieut. Peary was not able to cross Greenland last spring as he hoped to have done. He intended to go from Falcon Harbor on the north-west coast to Independence Bay on the north-east coast and set out on his journey on March 6. The long summer day had commenced then,



and the Lieutenant started over the ice with seven men, ninety dogs and twelve sledges. Independence Bay was 650 miles off in a straight line, but the party succeeded in travelling only 125 miles. The weather was very severe, the thermometer often registering sixty degrees below zero. Strong headwinds

were also encountered which delayed the party and increased their sufferings. Two explorers were severely frost-bitten at the end of the eighth day and were compelled to return. Six days later the storm increased and the wind was laden with drifting snow. The explorers were forced to go into camp where they remained three days. They were then on the summit of the ice cap five thousand feet above the sea. The march was resumed on March 24 but two of the party were unable to go on, and returned to Falcon Harbor. The remainder of the party struggled on until April 10. It was then decided to return. One of the explorers was badly frost-bitten and the others were suffering from snow-blindness. Many of the dogs were dead and it would have been suicidal to have continued the march. The return journey was made in ten days. While waiting at Falcon Harbor for the ar-

rival of the relief party, Lieut. Peary surveyed Melville Bay and made an excursion to Ross's Iron Mountains near Cape York, where he made photographs of the famous meteorites. He intends making another effort to reach Independence Bay next spring, using the Esquimaux as a supporting party. Peary has evidently the true spirit of the explorer. It is by such courage, indifference to hardship and danger and such indomitable persistence on the part of its devotees, that science has won its triumphs. In the Arctic, as in Africa, our knowledge of unknown regions has been purchased for us at the cost of suffering and often of life itself. So it is with every realm that is added to the kingdom of Christ, but science has no crown to offer for self-sacrifice like that which Christ will give to those who suffer and fall in his service. (1. Cor. 9:25.)

Seven Days in a Box Car.

A brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad rescued a man from a distressing situation on September 5. He heard a strange knocking on the side of a box car which stood on a siding near the Philadelphia station and opened the car to find the cause. As he opened the door the gaunt, emaciated form of a man rolled out. He was so weak that he could not stand, and could scarcely speak. The brakeman gave him some milk and the man revived sufficiently to tell his story. He said that he entered the car at St. Louis, where he had been working. He wanted to get to his home at Winchester, Va., having lost his situation at St. Louis. He had no funds, so he crawled into the car which was loaded with barrel-staves and was locked in. The car stood on the tracks for two days before it start-



THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.—THE TOWN HALL AND THE AMERICAN BUILDING

ed on its journey he knew not whither, but, he hoped, to some point nearer his home. Two days later the car stopped, but the man knew not where. He had been four days without food and water and was in a fainting condition. He pounded on the sides of the car, but no one came to his relief. His hunger and thirst were so pressing that he gnawed the tops of his boots in his craving. Three days more passed, during which the car was sometimes moving and sometimes standing still. The man was too weak to hammer loudly and he was not heard until at Philadelphia the brakeman happened to be standing near the car, when its inmate pounded, and released him. He was sent to the hospital where his condition was pronounced critical. His sufferings were like those endured by men whom ministers and Christian workers often find, who, ardently desiring to reach their heav-

enly home, have taken the wrong means of getting there. Left to himself, a man is apt to try self-reformation, fasting and penance or any way rather than the only sure one of trusting in Christ. (Rom. 4:5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Last Year in Response to a Request made by the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, many of our readers were kind enough to furnish him with the names of twenty-five church members or adult Sunday School workers, in return for which they received a beautiful section of Olive Wood, cut from the Mount of Olives and polished in Jerusalem by workmen from Bethlehem. We have all these names now on file in our office, but would like to increase the list. We, therefore, make the same liberal offer, namely, a section of genuine Olive Wood for every twenty-five new names (in return for which names which have already been sent in, and hope that many of our subscribers can supply such names will avail themselves of this generous proposal. The Olive Wood is sent either by mail or express, all charges prepaid. Do not enclose communications of any other character in the application. Write on one side of the paper only and be careful to state clearly the names of town and State. Address your letter Premium Department, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

A Medical Mission Station has been opened at Bunner, on the borders of Afghanistan, a country which has been as firmly closed to missions as Tibet.

In London there is an Association of "Gospel Cyclists." They spend the Saturday half-holiday in excursions to towns near the city where they hold open-air Gospel meetings.

Mr. Alfred S. Dyer, the famous missionary in India, accompanied by Arthur W. Frautich and two Hindoo Christians, are on their way to England to conduct a campaign against the opium traffic.

The Recent Fire in Yokohama. Japan, which destroyed the books and papers of the American Bible Society, did not, we are glad to learn, spoil the electro plates, as they were stored in another building. The disaster is not so serious as was supposed.

The Chicago Bible Society Employs a Number of young women to go into the homes of the city to read the Bible and to supply copies of it at cost price to those who do not possess the Book, or in cases of extreme poverty to give a copy. Last year there was an average of fourteen of these workers employed. They made 31,000 visits, and distributed over 24,000 copies of the Scriptures in Chicago.

Mr. George Muller has issued his Fifty-fifth annual report of his Orphanages. From this it appears that the "orphan" account closed with a balance in hand of nearly \$25,000, and the school and missionary account, with a balance of over \$5,000. During the past year 1,950 orphans have been cared for, and the directors announce that they will be glad to receive applications on behalf of destitute orphans to fill existing vacancies.

A Sunday School Worker in Michigan says: A Bible which cost only thirty cents given in a Catholic family eight weeks ago, was read daily, and both man and wife are converted. They have found the "pearl of great price," all through the gift of a thirty-cent Bible.

Gospel Work Among the Italians of Kensington, Conn., has been very successful. Eleven of them were received into church membership on one day recently on confession of faith, after examination.

The Latest Report of the Moravian Mission Board gives the total expenditure for Foreign Missions for the year at over \$350,000. They have 21 mission provinces, 122 principal stations, 21 outposts, 392 missionary laborers, and 91,844 under their care. Each 65 of their membership at home support a missionary.

A Correspondent of "The Interior," writes: The Presbyterians had at least two churches destroyed in the recent terrible Western fire, one at Hinckley and the other at Sandstone. The Hinckley pastor, the Rev. Peter Knudsen, escaped with his life and very heroically directed scores of people to the only place of safety, the pond in the unused gravel pit at the edge of the town. Mr. Knudsen lost all of his goods.

Among the candidates before the Civil Service Board in Wisconsin for examination was Julia Wheelock, a full-blooded Indian, who is to be a teacher in the Indian Schools. She is the first Indian ever examined by the Board. Of 1,300 Menominee Indians in this State, 520 can read and write English. \$2,600 was expended by them last year for church purposes and books.

An Excellent System of Mission Work among the children of the poor is being pursued in Chicago. Three halls have been opened in different parts of the city where the children are taught music free. One meeting for boys and one for girls are held after school-hours in each hall once a week. The children come gladly and are taught Gospel hymns Mr. Wm. J. Tomlins is superintendent.

A Jewish girl who has been missing from Helsingborg for some time, and for whom official search has been made, has been found in London. She had joined the Salvation Army.

The American Baptist Publication Society is about to erect a building in Philadelphia in connection with its offices where in future it will do its own printing, etc. The cost of the building and plant will be \$135,000.

A Society exists among Rituahsts which makes monthly intercessions for "the souls of clergymen who die in the faith." The biographer of the late Mr. J. H. Hopkins mentions regretfully that Dr. Hopkins lost the benefit of the Society's prayers by voting for the election of Dr. Phillips Brooks to the Bishopric of Massachusetts.

The Northwestern District of the American Sunday School Union, under the charge of Rev. E. G. Ensign, has been availing itself of a Gospel Railroad Car for the extension of its work. The party on the car included beside Mr. Ensign, Evangelist E. F. Goff, Mr. E. B. Stevenson, and one or two good singers from the Moody Institute. Successful meetings were held at Galesburg, Ill., Muscatine, Ia., Sioux Falls, S. D., and other places.



Sunday in Camp.

A Morning Reading with Jericho and Joshua's Battle-Field in Sight—The Sultan's Spring.



THE phrase "Sabbath stillness" borrows new meaning from the experience of a Lord's day passed in a wilderness camp. The very mules comprehend that nothing is expected of them, and do not offer to rise from breakfast until luncheon-time. The big leader of the palankeen team lies in the shadow of the burden he is expected to bear six days in the week, in lordly forgetfulness of yesterday and carelessness of to-morrow—a sedate preacher to the caretaking bipeds who watch him from the tent-door.

Our morning-reading has to do with Joshua and with Jericho. The city of palm-trees and of roses rivaling those of Damascus in prodigality of bloom, was still a place of note on our Lord's day, and the great mound to the left of our camp probably hides the ruins of one of the fortified towers, from which perhaps, as we like to think, the inhabitants "straitly shut up because of the children of Israel," watched during six suspenseful days the daily circuit made by priests in sacerdotal robes, bearing the ark, and followed by "all the men-of-war." Fancy dwells in the perusal, upon the awful silence that prevailed among a host so vast that it must have girdled the place, unless measurements made in modern times err as to the extent of ancient Jericho.

"Ye shall not shout nor make any noise with your voice," thus ran the leader's order—"neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout."

"And it came to pass on the seventh day that they arose about the dawning of the day," I read aloud.

There was need of an early start and brisk work, for between that gray day-break and the going down of the sun behind the hills lifting their bald heads against the cloudless heavens to-day, the town was compassed seven times. It would be well on toward evening when "it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet and shouted with a great shout that the wall fell down flat"—or, as the margin has it, "under it." That is, at the mighty roar which must have reverberated from distant Nebo and shaken the waters of the salt sea.

In the sanguinary history of conquest which succeeds the tale of this marvelous siege, we come once and again upon the war-cry—"As Joshua has done to Jericho and her king."

Alcides calls a halt by-and-by. In his opinion the Jews were never a war-like people unless urged to the front, and then required divine interposition in every exigency.

"Who of us does not?" I interpolate here.

"True—but listen! The surprise of Ai was planned by the Lord; when Joshua made a forced night-march from Gilgal, we are expressly told that 'the Lord discomfited' the five kings from Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish and Eglon, so that they fell before Israel, and 'He cast down great hail-stones from the heaven' upon them in the retreat, so that 'they were more than died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.'"

"What an amphitheatre of wonders, what a segregation of battle-fields this region has been," the young critic breaks off to observe. "It makes one dizzy to think of it. And how kings quarrelled for the possession of this miserable stretch of waste land. Eglon of Moab possessed the city of palm-trees, and David's sons and ambassadors took refuge here until their beards were grown, and three hundred and forty-five former inhabitants of Jericho were returned to the

beloved oasis after the Captivity; Antony thought it good enough to give to Cleopatra; Herod the Great coveted and bought it from her, fortified and built in it his favorite palace—where he died, by the way. There was a big hippodrome here in which he ordered all the leading citizens of Jerusalem and vicinity to be imprisoned, when he knew his end was near, and left a dying injunction that they should be massacred as soon as the breath was out of his body—a Shylockian device to procure a general mourning for the dead king—And look at it now!"

The forenoon wears on peacefully. The writing-table is brought out to the tent-door and,—always in sight of Nebo—letters are written to the dear ones at home—all done as in a dream-world, so steeped are thought and fancy with the tragic story of that dead past.

We are still dreaming as we visit what modern travelers and natives know as the Sultan's Spring, a living fountain bubbling from the side of a mound of which I have spoken as covering a fortification of the Jericho destroyed by Joshua. Excavations have brought to view broken marbles and pottery, the remains of temples and dwellings belonging to a long-buried era. The whole hill is a conglomerate of dumping grounds for different ages, kings and

tarrying in their midst, after the translation of Elijah, while the sons of the prophets sought vainly for his vanished friend. For, "Peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."

"The situation of the city is pleasant," the Jericho people represented, "but the water is naught and the ground barren." And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there and said, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters. There shall not be from thence any more death of barren land." So the waters were healed unto this day.

"This is Elisha's Fountain,—if wise men are to be believed," comments the guide.

The healed waters are crystal-clear, and, led off in various directions from the outlet, make green and flourishing the small gardens of herbs in the neighborhood. The sides are covered with succulent plants. All growing things within reach of it press eagerly toward the life-giving stream.

"It is a pity that Elisha set the she-bears upon the children so soon after a deed the good of which has come down to us," regrets the reader, and I cannot gainsay the stricture.

foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

David is of like opinion for once with



A TEMPORARY HALT BY TOURISTS IN PALESTINE.

Pharisee and Sadducee, for he hastens the preparation for departure. The cords and stakes of the dining-tent are loosened while we are at breakfast. When we issue from the shaking tenement, palankeen and horses are ready. The sunlight has not touched the lower valleys when we take the road to Jerusalem. The defiles gloom blackly between the black heights, the profound stillness is even more oppressive than when we traversed the same road last week. Above the sullen mists that hide the depths, play broken rainbows; the bald brows of the distant hills are wreathed with fogs, turbans of white and gray, changing to the prismatic colors as the sun darts through a rift in the gathering clouds. The mules pick their way among rolling stones, and along shelving paths where the palankeen tilts crazily; David and the sheik ride mutely ahead, heads lifted often toward the darkened sky; Alcides alights to unstrap a roll from Serkeese's luggage. It contains mackintosh, rubber boots and helmet, and is swung now from Massoud's saddle. At the dragoman's suggestion I get out my own waterproof and fasten the palankeen windows.

Our preparations are made none too soon. As we turn the pass beyond the Khan of the Good Samaritan, the storm strikes us, sharp and sudden. We have hardly time to see it rushing toward us in slant, white sheets, from a dozen different directions, when the road is filled with a falling volume of water, like a cloud cataract, under which horses stagger and the mules stop for a blind moment. There is a steady, bitter rain in our faces all the rest of the way. Enveloped in waterproof furs and rugs, I sit well back in my corner and but for the spray drenching cap and veil, am unharméd. Serkeese pulls his abieh over his head, and bends almost double; Alcides and David ride erect, the rain pouring in sheets from their glistening mackintoshes, the eyes all that is visible of their faces under the visored helmets; the sheik is as impassive as a mummy. The foremost muleteer, at the first dash of the flood, has snatched off his heelless red slippers and tucked them into the foot of the palankeen. In three minutes there is not a dry thread on him; in five, every wet thread is a tiny aqueduct, every fold of his garment a pool. The rain is at its bitterest worst when he breaks into song—the nasal drone that passes with the Syrian peasant as music—and keeps it up at scant intervals for at least five miles.

I seem to have listened forever to the dissonant chant by the time we halt for luncheon at the ruined Khan opposite the Apostles' Fountain. At one end an arch of Roman masonry protects the pallet and rugs laid upon a ledge on which the proprietor sleeps at night. The roof is of reeds overlaid with turf, and the rain drips through crevices upon the earthen floor. Six of eight men huddle about a fire of thorns built in the middle of the room. They fall back at our approach, and after David has laid out luncheon upon a rude table at the back of the room, nobody glances in our direction. It is a taciturn group. The cold and wet have taken all the spirit out of



"HER DESK AT THE TENT DOOR."

From a photograph secured in Palestine by "The Christian Herald."

conquerors having acted as scavengers. A bit of reddish stone picked up at random on the hill-side, proves upon inspection to be a fragment of "rosso antico" marble, susceptible of exquisite polish, and is laid away to do duty as a paper-weight when Jericho and the unreal outlying lands shall have taken their place among the other by-gones of this witching winter.

The Sultan's Spring has another name in David's mouth.

"If the Captain will look at Second Kings, second chapter, from the nineteenth to the twenty-second verses—" he intimates as we stand above the shallow pool and remark upon the solidity of the masonry securing and bounding it.

It is the well-known incident of the appeal of the men of Jericho to the prophet

In flat contradiction of a serene sunset, the eastern sky is a passion of flame-color as I draw aside the flap of my tent-door on Monday morning. Against it lie the mountains of Moab, misty-purple as an August plum; waves of softest pink quiver up to the zenith; the yellow sand-hills catch the reflection and change into orange-red. In all the camp no one is astir except John and the head muleteer; horses and mules have not aroused themselves from their Sabbath rest. The world enclosed by the eastern and western ranges of hills is still and cool, and transfigured by the magic bath of glorious color. Hastily throwing on a dressing-gown, I steal to Alcides's door and summon him to enjoy the sight with me.

Presently we repeat in unison—"It will be

them, and there was never much. They part their ranks again to let a Nubian woman pass to the fire, with a baby in her arms. The blackest, forlornest baby I have ever beheld, the creature sits upon the stool drawn up into the very area of flame and smoke, and shivers piteously in a violent ague, never uttering a whimper but staring solemnly at the fire.

"It will die, I think," says the mother, stolidly, to David who replies, "Indeed, I think so," with more show of concern than is manifested by her.

At the parting of the ways between Bethphage and Bethany the sheik rides close to my palanquin, thrusts in a brown hand and utters the only English words I am to hear from his lips: "Good-bye!"

"His village is near," explains David.

I have been in a deep reverie for a long hour. Thoughts of the homeless Man who walked this weary road, footsore and heart-sore, have well-nigh supplied the place of sight. As we pass Bethany, dimly visible through the curtain of rain, the solitary Figure is yet more vividly present to my imagination.

In the exultation of spirit begotten by these musings, it is a shock when the palanquin swerves abruptly to the side of the road to get out of the way of a carriage and three horses driven abreast in Syrian fashion, and coming down the hill at full speed. Before I can ask a question, the vehicle stops in mid-career, the horses falling back upon their haunches, and out springs Domian, the ex-partner of David Jamal, his dark, handsome face full of kindly solicitude, an umbrella in one hand, a bottle of restorative medicine, already uncorked, in the other. In a semi-trice we are bestowed among dry rugs in the interior of the coach, hot-water bottles at our feet, and the three horses are galloping back to town.

"Mr. Gelat and I thought you should be met, Madam," says the dragoman, and we discover, all at once, that we are drenched and chilled to the bone, and must have been utterly wretched in another half-hour.

"I shall have a fire kindled in my room!" articulate between chattering teeth, in lighting at the door of the Grand Hotel.

Domian says nothing, but hurries me along the corridors and across a great hall to my familiar quarters, throws open the door, and with the current of genial warmth there streams out upon us the red glow of firelight and the fragrance of "tired woman's sweet restorer," a cup of hot tea.

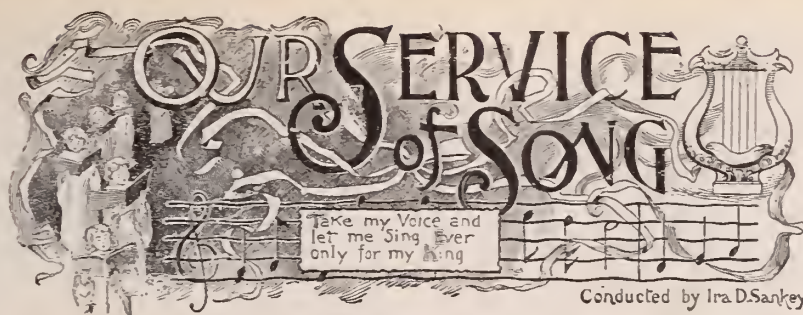
MARION HARLAND.

Mission Work Among Hebrews

What has been Accomplished by the Forsyth St. Mission—Rev. H. P. Faust's labors among the Hebrew Strikers.

AN excellent spiritual work is in progress among the Hebrews who live in the densely-populated east-side of New York. It is conducted by the Hebrew-Christian Mission, founded by Rev. Herman P. Faust, and was referred to recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The work has made a great impression upon the Hebrews in the quarter surrounding the mission, which is in Forsyth St. Mr. Faust had large meetings almost daily and there have been a number of conversions. Since the beginning of the year the average attendance at these meetings has been from 50 to 400. All are very attentive to the reaching of the gospel. They no longer argue or interrupt as before, but are patient and thoughtful. For discussion Mr. Faust has set apart Thursday of every week, from seven to nine P.M. A Bible Class meets on the mission the same evening.

Twelve Hebrews have been converted this year at the mission. Some of the converts are young people and some are married, with three and four children. They are mostly painters or tailors. One is an ex-abb, who with wife and one child, is out to be baptized. There are several young men who are waiting an opportunity to enter the proposed Industrial Home and there begin study for training. Three students who are now supported in Mr. Faust's own home will enter the Theological Seminary this month to study for the Christian ministry. He has supplied them with books, clothing, etc., at an outlay of about \$200 a year each. Very little progress has been made in the Industrial Home project thus far on account of lack of means. With such a Home established, twenty-five or thirty young men might be easily accommodated, educated and trained in some



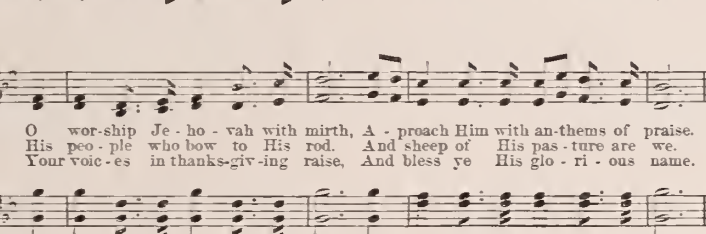
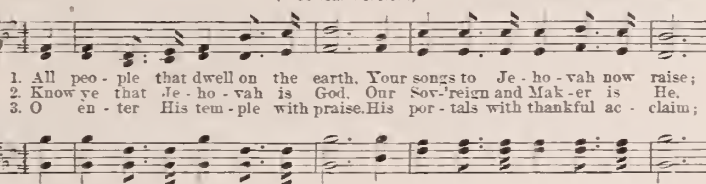
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Good is Jehovah the Lord.

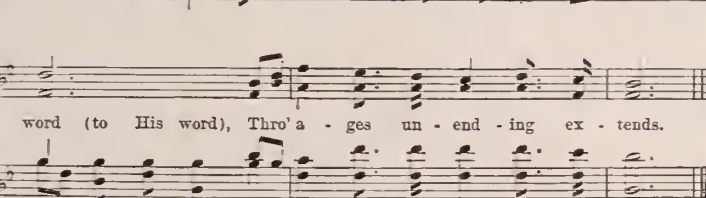
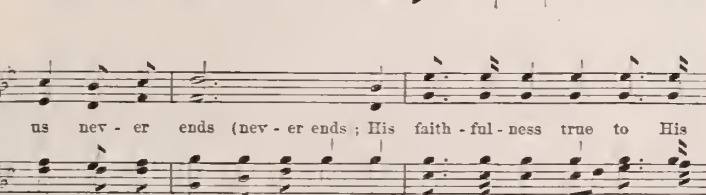
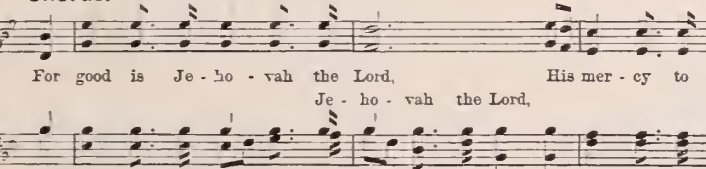
Psalm 100.

(Metrical Version.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



Chorus.



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respectable calling at small cost. There is not at the present time a Hebrew-Christian Industrial Home and Training School in the United States and the need of such an institution becomes daily more urgent, as a necessary adjunct to the success of mission work among the Jews.

There has been a great of suffering among the eastside Hebrews in New York caused by the strikes. Some of the cases that appeal to Mr. Faust are very distressing, and he relieves the most urgent, as his means permit. On a recent Saturday he held a special meeting, after the regular preaching, to assure the striking Hebrews that Christian people have great sympathy with them. He is very grateful to those who have helped up to the present time, and asks prayer and future sympathy with the work.

A BISHOP'S PLAIN ADVICE.

An apt reply is often more effective in presenting the truth than a long discourse, however able. The story is told that on a certain occasion, when a company of persons were discussing in a crowded room sacred subjects and certain prominent men, one suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to meet that Bishop of Litchfield: I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner: "now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was somewhat startled and

taken aback, but presently recovered himself and said:

"Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the bishop: "you have only to turn to the right and go straight ahead."

SHINING FOR JESUS.

ARE you shining for Jesus, dear one, Shining just everywhere? Not only in easy places,

Not only just here or there? Shining in happy gatherings

Where all are loved and known? Shining where all are strangers,

Shining when quiet alone? Shining at home and making

True sunshine all around? Shining abroad and faithful,

Perhaps among faithless found?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one, Not for yourself at all?

Not because dear ones watching

Would grieve if your lamp should fall? Shining because you are walking

In the sun's unclouded rays, And you cannot help reflecting

The light on which you gaze? Shining because it shineth

So warm and bright above

That you must let out the gladness,

And you must show forth his love?

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ISRAEL AND THE NATIONS.

The Oppressed People to become a Blessing to the Whole World.

(Continued from Page 601.)

BY REV. H. M. PARSONS, D.D.

WHEN Israel enters upon the mission to the nations, his original calling, the first function will be judicial. As in the treatment of foes when led by Moses and Joshua, so the nations that oppose themselves are to be overcome.

And this will be retributive, as in the case of the Amalekites and the Moabites. In some measure this may have commenced. The march of the exiled people during the last years, has been attended with marvelous progress, and the prophecy of Isaiah 33: 1, seems to have a measure of fulfilment, even before the complete restoration of the nation. "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! When thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee." This is said to the nations which have oppressed the Jews. Psalm 149 teaches that God will use Israel to punish the nations for their treatment of Israel in the millennial day. The prophet Micah in 5: 8-15 refers to this period of deliverance.

There evidently is to be an emergence from their dispersion among the nations, that will call attention to the revealed promises and purposes of God for Israel, and thus convince the world that Jehovah is God. Such testimony is also recorded for the recovery of Israel. And we may see the evidence daily increasing, as we follow the providential movements among the Jews, fulfilling Ezekiel 37: 13-14 and 36: 23-24.

Second, God will use Israel to convert the nations. The Lord says by the prophet Zechariah 8: 23, "In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you."

With special reference to this missionary function of the Jewish nation, we have in Isaiah 61: 6, this distinctively mediatorial office described. "But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord: men shall call you the ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves." Certainly there has been no fulfilment of this prediction in Jewish history.

May it not be that, as in the oppression of Egypt they were driven out to seek the land of promise, so under modern persecutions and oppressions, Israel may not only be restored to their own land, by the urgency and greed of the Gentiles, but even now in their planted colonies in every part of the world, may we not foresee the missionary stations from which the gospel message being proclaimed—and received—processions of representative pilgrims shall annually represent the nations in Jerusalem.

That this recovery of the nations through Israel is the great burden of many prophecies, cannot be denied. In the programme of events sketched at the first Christian council in Jerusalem, the order is most definitely stated! 1st, the out-gathering of the church. 2d, the in-gathering of Israel. 3d, the residue of the Gentiles. God has taken an election from Israel, and will have a completed remnant—and so "all Israel shall be saved." So too of the Gentiles, God has taken the first fruits—the church—at the coming of the Lord—afterward the nations—through the ministry of Israel.

Third, God will bless the world by Israel. This is largely predicted of the millennial period, and so minutely predicted, that language ceases to convey any meaning if these plain promises of the glory of the messianic kingdom are not to be literally fulfilled. In this blessing, Israel is to be the central or metropolitan nation of the earth. This future glory is the theme of all the prophets. By Isaiah 27: 6 the Lord says, "Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the world with fruit." And in 60: 5-12, "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Similar fulness of blessing is promised by the prophet Hosea 2: 21-23.

"In that day"—from the context, the day of Israel's restoration, the Lord declares he will "hear the heavens."

To be Continued.



CHURCH-GOING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 7th.
Hebrews 10 : 25.

WHY do people go to church at all? Even earnest Christian men would probably give different answers if they were asked why they go to church. A well known writer calls attention to the fact that the seer of Patmos in giving us his idea of a heavenly life, holds up to the world a picture of a city without a church. "I saw," he says, "the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven and I saw no temple therein." To the Jew, to whom the Temple was the place of God's presence, the place where men ought to worship, this peculiarity of the city would be very significant. If we heard that there was a city in our own land in which there was no church, we should immediately conclude that it was a godless city; yet this city, coming directly from God's hand, was without a place of worship. Christ gave the clue to the solution of this mystery in his talk with the woman of Samaria. He said: "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." We have discarded the idea of localizing God, of conceiving of him as dwelling in this or that place and have gained the loftier, nobler idea of his being everywhere. We may meet him and commune with him on the mountain, in the forest, on the placid lake, on the storm-tossed ocean, in the busy city, in the business office, or in the chamber of sickness. To the truly devout soul every place is holy ground. But there is a danger in thus seeing God everywhere and in everything, of losing sight of his personality, of thinking of him as a spirit pervading the universe rather than as the Being who created the universe. That this danger is very real, is evident by the neglect of the church service which is increasing on every hand. Yet this neglect is detrimental to spiritual life. Even if we were to admit, as some contend, that the church is not the place for worship, and that the only acceptable worship is that of which Christ said, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut the door," there would still be many reasons for church-attendance. There is that of edification, the gaining of new views of divine truth. There is much, too, to be gained from association. When we meet with God's people, and unite with them in singing his praises, hearing his word and celebrating Christ's redeeming love we gain stimulus and enthusiasm which cannot come from solitary meditation. The atmosphere of such association like mountain air invigorates the soul. Besides this, and this is after all the most cogent reason for church-going, there is the explicit promise of Christ that where even two or three are gathered in his name he will be present with them. To be in his presence is to receive life.

THE M. E. C. PROGRAMME.

Christian Endeavor Societies are familiar with the idea of the Missionary Extension Course. The speakers who are now arranging for their Eastern tour have given the following dates in the "Golden Rule:" Meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 7. Rallies in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 14. In Albany, N. Y., Oct. 21. In Springfield, Mass., Oct. 28. In Boston, Mass., where one hundred simultaneous meetings are to be held Nov. 14. All these dates are Sundays; in the intervening week-days, towns lying between the two Sunday appointments may secure one of the speakers for a meeting by paying a small sum for expenses and applying to the headquarters of the Missionary Extension Course, 607 Association Building, Chicago. These great campaigns, with their simultaneous Missionary Extension

rallies in the large cities, will occur once a year. It is the intention to follow them, in every case desired, with the regular meetings of the Christian Endeavor Missionary Extension course.

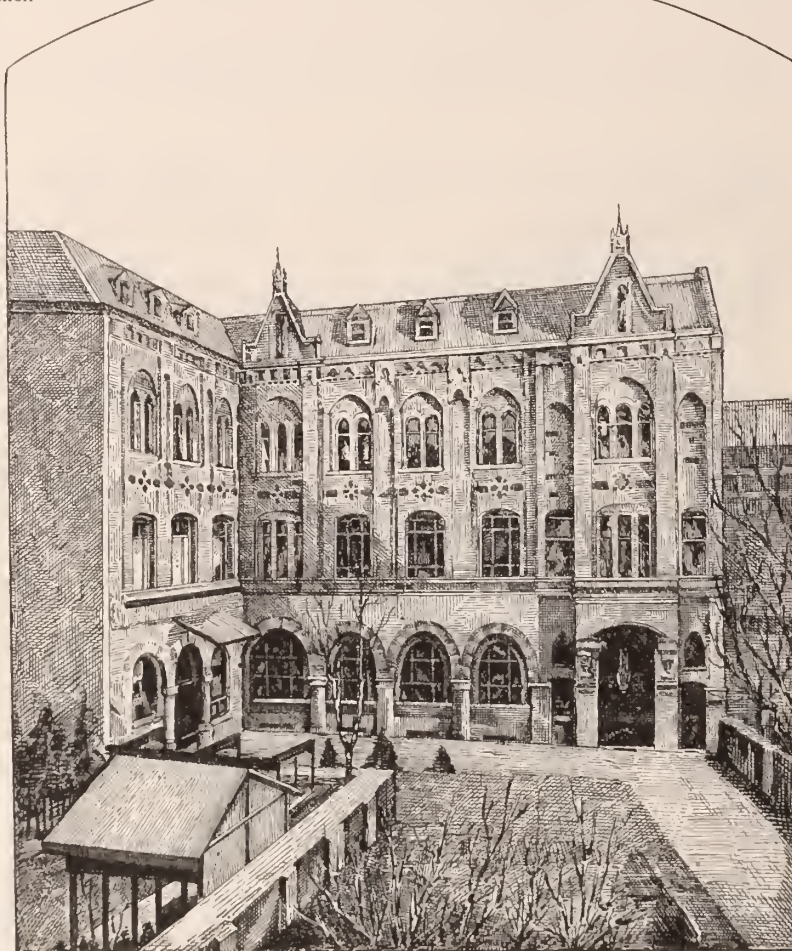
THE BERLIN ASSOCIATION.

The Young Men's Christian Association in the great city of Berlin, is in some degree a development of the Young Men's Association, which was organized as far back as 1768. A Swiss minister in that year organized an Association at Basel, and his example was followed by pastors at Stuttgart, Elberfeld and other German towns. In 1834, an Association was formed at Bremen, for the purpose of giving young men

ed with the good that might be done in Berlin by an Association of the American pattern. Mainly through his efforts a suitable home, a picture of which appears on this page, was acquired and the Association was regularly organized. The Emperor was interested in the movement and gave liberally to the fund for the building while the Empress became President of the Ladies' Auxiliary and was present at the dedication.

The Association has now a membership of over two thousand, many of whom keep up their membership even while residing in distant parts of the Empire. Beside the regular meetings, the Association has a number of Sunday Schools under its charge and conducts various forms of Evangelistic work. It has also a class for training young men as nurses in the army hospitals. The workers are a most earnest devoted body of men, many of whom have gone out from the Association to become pastors and foreign missionaries.

The building is well arranged and well-equipped. On the second floor is the restaurant, the parlors, lecture room, library and large hall, the latter seating a thousand people. On the third floor are class and committee rooms. One room, which is used by the committee of management, by the Women's Auxiliary and for the American gospel meetings is named after Mr. Frederick von Schluembach. The General Secretary



HOME OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF BERLIN.

"devotional, social and intellectual opportunities." It soon had a membership of three hundred and became the model for Associations in other cities, and in 1850, the Berlin Yuenglings Verein was established. By the close of 1882, there were four hundred Associations in Germany, with an aggregate membership of about 16,000. They were not, however, such Young Men's Christian Associations as we know here and in England. They were composed almost exclusively of young working men, who were united under their pastors, more after the pattern of a Christian Endeavor Society, than a Young Men's Christian Association.

A change came with the arrival in Berlin of Mr. Frederick Von Schluembach who had been working in the Associations of this country. He had been an innkeeper, but for several years had been a most successful evangelist among the German-speaking young men of America. In 1881 he was in Germany for rest and recuperation and while there became impress-

ed with the good that might be done in Berlin by an Association of the American pattern. Mainly through his efforts a suitable home, a picture of which appears on this page, was acquired and the Association was regularly organized. The Emperor was interested in the movement and gave liberally to the fund for the building while the Empress became President of the Ladies' Auxiliary and was present at the dedication.

A SYMPOSIUM SOCIAL.

Among the papers read at the Toronto Convention of the Baptist Young People was one on "the Symposium and Social," by Rev. F. P. Leach of Red Oak, Ia., which has been republished by the "Baptist Union." It is the story of a meeting which has crystallized into its present form after several experiments. As it has met a long-felt want which must have been experienced in other churches, it is worthy of general consideration. Mr. Leach says that it has been found better to hold this meeting at the homes of the members, rather than in the church, when that can be done. The meetings have been opened with prayer and the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, there is a roll-call by the Secretary, when each member responds to his or her progress in the required readings. The readings of the month are then reviewed by

several members appointed for that purpose. Music and literary features are to complete the formal part of the programme. Any business connected with the work of the society may properly be presented at this meeting. At the conclusion of the Symposium proper is a social hour. Here the committee has an opportunity to do its work. It is the aim during this part of the evening to introduce some innocent game or form of amusement which shall unify the company, and not to separate the members into groups according to the law of natural selection. In this way the fellow feeling is developed, and peril of clannishness avoided. One of the encouraging features in connection with this monthly gathering of the young people is that it joins the social and study hour in such a pleasing way as to solve one great difficulty that has hindered the best success in this important department of work. Hitherto our socials had been too purely social. There was needed just what the study hour is able to bring, an earnest spirit of devotion to the truth as a sort of antidote to the lighter spirit of mirth and thoughtlessness. The symposium and social is here to stay, because this need of the church has been met in a most satisfactory way.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

It is now decided that the great International Convention of Epworth League shall be held next year at Chattanooga Tenn.

A committee has already been organized in Boston, Mass., to secure for that city the International Christian Endeavor Convention of 1898.

A large Convention of the Clarion Baptist Young People's Union was held recently at North Buffalo, Pa. The meetings continued over two days and there were many addresses from eminent pastors and members of the Union.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association of Adelaide, South Australia, have a weekly Prayer Union and the meetings are much enjoyed by a who are present, and very blessed times are spent. On the third Monday in every month is a missionary meeting. The Girls' Institute also goes on well.

The Grand Rally of the Baptist Young People's Unions of Rhode Island was held this year at Newport. A large steam chartered for the occasion carried the Providence delegates to the rendezvous. Mr. Willard Baker President of the Rhode Island Union presided, and the Rev. Isaac Newton Phelps made the address of the day.

The Washington Grove Camp Meeting near Washington, D. C., assigned the first day of the exercises to the Epworth League. Fully five hundred Leaguers were present. One of the interesting features of the day was a speech by a prominent member of the Washington Christian Endeavor Union heartily and cordially congratulating the League.

An Epworth City Union has been organized at Springfield, Mass. The Union consists of five Leagues and one Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. The full management of the Union is vested in the board of control, which consists of the officers of the Union, the president, secretary, and one member elected from each Chapter.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Topeka, Kans., is rejoicing in the accession of six hundred new members who pay the annual fee of ten dollars. This is the result of a systematic canvass of the city by the General Secretary Mr. George E. Leeri and a committee of members. The Association will now take possession of new quarters which it has rented.

New rooms have recently been acquired for the Anglo-Hebrew Young Men's Christian Association at Jerusalem, situated within the city walls. The opening was the occasion of a very pleasant gathering. Among those present were Revs. A. H. Kel J. Jamal, A. H. Hanower and W. Heat cote; also a number of young men of various nationalities. The future prospects of the Association are encouraging.



Closing our Children's Home.

Its Summer Work Ended and all its Little Guests Departed—The Return of "Number 1,000"—A Group of Grateful Girls.

AFTER nearly four delightful months of summer housekeeping at Mont-Lawn, during which 1125 poor city boys and girls have been fed, clothed, entertained and instructed within its hospitable halls, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home has closed for the season. There is a hush over the great

ay, a thousand times over, has it repaid all the trouble and care and expense involved; for the influences that surrounded our children at Mont-Lawn will remain with very many of them during the coming years, to sweeten their young lives and make them kinder and more loving and helpful to other children. To many it was a wide-open glimpse of an earthly Paradise, never to be forgotten; a long rift of sunshine, and laughter, and fun, and frolic and kind surprises.

Among those who returned to their homes from Mont-Lawn during the last week was Lillie S—, "Little Number 1,000." But it was not the same Lillie who went there ten days before, if eyes were to be trusted. Instead of the little bare-foot and bare-headed wail, with the torn dress and the generally woe-begone appearance, there stood on the deck of the steamer "Chrystenah" among the other children, a bright-eyed, merry little girl in a neatly-made frock and with a hat and shoes that fitted well and looked comfortable. Lillie had gained wonderfully in both health and spirits during her stay at Mont-Lawn, and now that she was going home again to Mulberry Street, her heart was full of gratitude to her entertainers. She was wondering what her father and mother would think when they saw the change that had taken place in their little

Here Katie Vint, the small spokeswoman of the party, took off the lid and tilting the box, out jingled a lot of pennies and bright nickels, the grateful heart-offerings of half a hundred dear little children. What a sacrifice it must have been to yield up their pennies, and yet how deep, and true and sweet the gratitude that prompted the act? "Now, little lady, won't you give us the names of this small delegation of yours?" she was asked.

"The names? Oh yes," and she smiled prettily. "This is my sister, Alice Vint; she's four, and this is Pauline Yost, she's 'bout eleven, and Maggie Yost, her sister, she's seven; ain't you Maggie? an' I'm Katie Vint," and she curtsied with the air of a little duchess, "an' I'm eight years old."

"Well, Katie, you are remarkably clever for your years, and I congratulate you on the bright way in which you have fulfilled your duty for the other children of the Mission."

The little folks were cordially thanked for their gift, and were assured that it would not be forgotten, and they then withdrew.

Owing to the continued mild weather, the Home at Mont-Lawn was kept open later than was first intended, involving considerable additional expense over the amount appropriated for its summer work. It is believed the excess will reach fully a thousand dollars. No provision was made to meet this additional expenditure; but the needs of the tenement children were such that it was decided to continue the work, in the hope that among our readers who had been interested in the Home from the beginning and had watched its gradual development, there might be found some who would care to bear a share of the burden for the sake of the little ones who look on the past summer as the happiest of their lives.

"Chicken-Talk."

Some time ago, Prof. Garner asserted that monkeys talked. It has long been a

away. Keep your misery to yourself. Persons charged with the rearing and training of the young ought to think of this, and seek to fix them early in good habits.

ONE-SIDED PEOPLE.

NEVER try to reason a man or woman out of a belief he or she has never reasoned into," is, we think, one of Lord Bacon's aphorisms; and any one who has undertaken a task of this kind will readily concede the forcefulness of the expression. When the foundation of belief is mere prejudice, it is difficult to change the opinion; yet how many have no better ground than this for what they erroneously term an opinion. They believe, or think they believe, certain things; but for the life of them they can give neither your nor themselves any satisfactory reason for believing as they do; and it is plain the opinion they claim to possess is not the result of any careful weighing of the facts. Such people are always the most difficult to convince, and their stubbornness is the frequent cause of disturbance in the home or in social circles.



LILLIE, AS SHE WENT TO THE HOME.
(Photographed just before her departure.)

roomy house on the hillside. The trees sigh over the lonely lawn, where but lately the merry rompers played in innocent glee; the birds find no echo to their song, and the long, sunny dining-hall, where so many bright little heads were bent over the snowy table as the childish "grace before meat" was sung in unison, is silent and empty. Their "play-room," too, is deserted, and all the games and toys laid aside for the season—a sweet memory of happy hours; and the dormitories, each with its row upon row of shining white little beds, are lone and tenantless. All are gone, even the last wee tot who picked the few wild-flowers she could find and took them with her as a pretty souvenir of the dead summer. House-mother Faulhaber and her staff of missionaries, too, have departed, and the Home will be quiet and voiceless till the spring flowers bloom again.

It has been one of the pleasantest experiences of a busy life-time, not only to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but to all whom he associated with him in this beautiful and helpful work. Ten times,

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

FROM the distant crowded city,
Where 'midst sin and want they roam;
Rescued by your love and pity,
See them through the Children's Home.

Little ones so pale and weary,
Sick and suffering, worn and sad;
Denizens of alleys dreary,
There grow rosy, round, and glad.

Winsome blind ones, gentle cripples,
Nurtured by kind care, grow gay;
And where the blue river ripples,
On the Hudson's beach they play.

More than all, these souls immortal,
By the powers of love are led,
To the straight way's only portal,
To the Christ who for them bled.

For to them is taught the story, [song,
From God's Word, by prayer and
Of his wisdom, power, and glory,
Of his love, so pure and strong.

Can there be an aim more holy,
Or a work more glad and sweet,
Than by love's example lowly,
Thus to bring them to his feet?

girl in these few days. "Little Number 1,000" is only one of hundreds who have undergone a similar transformation, and who, with their parents and friends, must bear Mont-Lawn in kind remembrance during the long months of winter.

A very touching incident occurred during the closing week of the Home. One bright morning, four little girls from Catherine Street called at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the Bible House and sought audience with the editor. They were accompanied by Miss Delany, one of the good missionaries who has been instrumental in bringing different parties of deserving poor children to the Home. It was intended to be quite a visit of state, and the four little tots entered the sanctum with due ceremony; but they could not keep up the solemn expression, for in a moment, their faces were running over with smiles. One of the brightest of the quartet stepped to the front and said:

"Mr. Editor, we's come from the children of the Catherine Mission and we's been makin' up somethin' to give to the Children's Home, where you was so kind to us when we was up there."

And she paused, as if hesitating what to do next. Here the other three little girls, after some mysterious whispering and nudging, and more smiling, pushed the wee speaker once more to the front.

"This is what we's been saving up for the Home," she said, "and there was forty or fifty of us girls did it all by ourselves, and it is all for the Home, for it was good to us and we had a real nice time there."

And she set on the edge of the desk a small, circular seed-box of cardboard, at which the few adults present gazed in surprise. Miss Delany stepped forward.

"The gift is in the box. Why don't you open it?" she said.

conviction that birds and other animals had some simple method of communication. Prof. Hamerick, of Baltimore, now writes that domestic fowls, too, have a language to which even our children may listen with interest. He says: That they are conversing with one another is proved by the fact that a rooster or hen, when alone, is absolutely silent, excepting on rare occasions, when it sings a low lullaby, as it were, to itself, much as humans hum when alone, or as a cat will purr when contented. Just as soon, however, as the solitary hen or rooster meets another, you will hear an animated conversation. If I sound the note of alarm a hen makes when a hawk is near or some other danger menaces, she will immediately fly to cover. The Professor believes chickens tell each other current news. One day he introduced a new hen into his yard who, the very first time she spied the dog, set up a great cackling and flew around the yard in a state of evident terror. An old hen observed her for a few minutes, meanwhile making some sounds that were intended to reassure the scared fowl, but which had no effect, for the new arrival cackled worse and louder than ever. Finally the old hen approached close to the stranger, clucking in a low tone. What she said must have been something of a reassuring character, for the new hen at once ceased her clatter.

Don't Indulge Ugly "Moods."

A man subject to moods, and who makes himself miserable by indulging them, has no right to make other people unhappy. It is no excuse for an ill word or an ugly act to say: "I was in one of my moods at the time." If moods will come, and you are unable to drive them off, shut yourself up in a close room until the paroxysm passes



LILLIE, AS SHE CAME BACK FROM THE HOME.
(Photographed after her return.)

The best plan is to avoid all needless discussion with one-sided people.

Home Blessings in Disguise.

The happiest, sweetest, tenderest homes are not those where there has been no sorrow, but those which have been overshadowed with grief, and where Christ's comfort was accepted. The very memory of the sorrow is a gentle benediction that broods ever over the household, like the silence that comes after prayer. There is a blessing sent from God in every burden of sorrow. There are hints of the blessings of burdens. Our dull task-work accepted will train us into strong and noble characters. Our temptations and hardships, met victoriously, knit thews and sinews of strength in our soul. Our pain and sorrow, endured with sweet trust and submission, leave us purified and enriched with more of Christ in us. In every burden that God lays upon us there is a blessing for us, if only we will take it in the right spirit.



A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN.

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER I.

Nature had spent her strength to make a perfect woman.

A SEPTEMBER sun was sinking lazily down the west and not a breeze cooled the sultry air. The earth lay still, with quivering breath, panting from the noon-tide heat. Above, poised in mid-air, clouds of gorgeous tints floated in seas of flame and gold, while farther down were fleecy drifts, the snowy draperies of a royal couch awaiting the King of Day.

A girl of striking beauty stood with her hand resting on the half-opened iron gate which enclosed a costly residence. She wore a dress of filmy white, tilted in here and there with lace, while at her neck drooped a spray of half-blown, creamy rosebuds fastened by a diamond bar.

The residence was on a high eminence, near the terminus of a fashionable street; indeed, it protruded so far out, that by direct act of the "City Fathers," the street bent in its course. No one could tell why this irregular mode of building and of procedure by the City Council was allowed, but so it was, and so it had been from time immemorial. The site pleased Col. St. Clair, he paid a fabulous price for it, put up a fabulous house upon it, and lived in it in fabulous style.

Annie St. Clair, like her father, was a lover of nature, and this evening the glowing west had drawn her out of doors to this spot of unobstructed view. Below, thronging the fashionable thoroughfare, were equipages of endless number and variety, while promenaders sought the cool shade of the long line of live oaks which bordered the street on either side, but her eyes were fixed upward on the protean cloudlets and flame covered skies.

"Cobalt, Raw Sienna, a touch of carmine here and vermilion there—then those long golden threads, almost lost in the clear blue, and that little Vesuvius of fire yonder.—Oh, for my canvas and my brush!"

Unconsciously her fingers moved, as though the great oak tree in front were her mahl-stick, and the broad expanse of sky her canvas.

The sun had been hidden for a moment by a cloud, but now, athwart the dark oak boughs it marked a golden pathway, then up it blazed against the windows of the mansion, then down it fell, bathing the marble statues and the girl in a flood of light.

Somewhere from out the shadows a voice called: "Miss Annie, your mother says you must come right in; you'll just ruin your pretty complexion."

"Complexion, indeed!" was murmured softly. "What care I for a fair face, when this fair face of nature lies before me!"

"Miss Annie, your mother says—"

"Yes Betsey, I hear."

But there was no movement to return—a moment of silence, and again:

"Miss Annie, your—"

"Betsey, tell mamma I'll be in directly."

Then her eye looked below at the busy life, then around, at the clear sweep of the horizon, against which rested wave upon wave of mountains, the delicate tracery of whose distant foliage could be plainly discerned upon the liquid blue of the background,—then she looked upward at the sunset sky, too glorious for words to describe, and her artist's eye grew tender even humid, and she felt like falling prostrate and worshipping nature, her divinity. Lost in admiration, she was startled by a voice:

"Good evening, Miss Annie, have you no eyes for a friend?"

"Oh, Dr. Gordon, good evening," she exclaimed, "Do excuse me, I was lost in thought."

"You must have been not to have heard me rattle up. I was going to propose for you to come back to earth from your long aerial ride. Why, you were literally lost in the sunset, indeed, you seemed a part of it, for its radiance was all over you, on your hair, your face, and shining in your eyes."

"Dr. Gordon, did you never open your

arms, so, and long to take nature right to your heart, and press a rapturous kiss right upon her fair forehead?"

Her arms remained folded in a graceful pose, and her rapt expression was a study. The young physician replied:

"I admire nature, certainly,—yes."

His eyes were smiling and fixed upon her face, but hers were upon the sky. There was a moment of silence, and then Dr. Gordon said again:

"You are a Pantheist, Miss Annie. Nature is your God."

"No, I am no Pantheist. I admire the work without tracing it back to its Original."

Our New Serial and its Author.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of the opening chapters of our new serial, "A New-Fashioned Woman," it will interest our large circle of readers to know something of the author of this delightful story. Mrs. Mallary is the daughter of the late Rev. J. L. Dagg, D.D., once the President of Mercer University, Ga., and known as the distinguished author of "Dagg's Moral Science," "Evidences of Christianity," "Manual of Theology," etc. Her mother, (Dr. Dagg's second wife), was Mrs. Noah K. Davis of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Mallary is, therefore, half-sister of Professor N. K. Davis of the University of Virginia. She thus comes of intellectual sides. She Philadelphia was pastor of Church in that band having ber of years leges for females had much to do tion of the young

She has been and successful The American tion Society has six of her works ace Wilde." Her last book, published by the Besides her more she has been a utor for many ous publica- ductions always inality and of a and helpful Mrs. Mallary est and indefati- worker, and in actual prac- ples she lays antly and attractively with her pen. It is her desire and prayer that her work may do good. Her object in writing "A New-Fashioned Woman" for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was to show the necessity of the religion of Christ for all, but especially for the young. She has taken what she considers the loveliest type of fashion- able life, shown something of what this woman was in society, then how much more lovely she became when "new-fashioned" by grace, and through her sat- isfying joy in her Saviour and usefulness in his cause. It is a story of surpassing interest, true to nature and to the sphere of life and action it represents, and we confidently predict for it a very wide popularity.



MRS. JEANIE M. MALLARY.

Author of our new serial, "A New-Fashioned Woman."

it never contains one drop the less for me." "I need not ask who is your favorite poet, Miss Annie; it must be Wordsworth. I recall his words:—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy."

"I certainly agree with him, Dr. Gordon. I unite with him in his admiration of nature, but I envy him his gift of poetic words."

"Miss Annie, I would have been over-joyed to have been one of your party as you reached the lovely vale of Chamouny, lying in the midst of Alpine wonders, as you sailed up Lake Lehman, then up the Arve, through its stupendous gorges—Ah! I would like to have been near when hoary-headed Mont Blanc first loomed in view. How did you feel, Miss Annie; what did you say?"

"Say? I said not a word. I gazed, I was overpowered, I buried my face in my hands and wept. My heart was too full for words, I did not want to hear a human voice, and when I could see through my dim eyes, it was in unbroken silence, with joy unutterable."

"I think it would have affected me very differently. I imagine I should have been

he said, 'Yes, it will be a very fine view, when those mountain sides, and nearer hills are improved, their fronts cut down and elegant residences built upon them.' I felt half wounded. For my part, I would not take anything for that rude cabin over yonder with that line of white clothes fluttering in the breeze."

"Beauty belongs to you women."

"And the love of beauty to whom? Politeness, I suppose, would require me to say, to you men, but I don't know."

"Miss Annie, I have slandered myself; please give me more credit for taste than I have given myself. I am not so blind to the lovely earth as I have made out. I only wanted to draw out a rhapsody. I am no artist, not a bit of it, so do not view nature with your eyes, but I love it and adore its great Creator. To confess the truth, though, there is more beauty to me in the old skeleton hanging up in my office, than in all this—he's a Frenchman, too, was killed at—"

"Horrible! Dr. Gordon, horrible!"

"Ha! ha! ha! I knew you would think so, but it is the truth, there is to me far more beauty in it, than in all these pink and white clouds. The radio ulna and carpal joints, the temur, tibia and paletta, indeed every bone and joint in that grinning old fellow, are far more beautiful, more wonderful to me, and I go further than you do, for you say, you give no thought to the original. I do; I love him, I adore his omnipotence. Now, I am not going to ask permission to bring my pet for your eyes to admire, but I am going to make another request. May I call, and will you allow me the pleasure of examining the sketches, which, I understand you made in your European travels?"

"Certainly, Dr. Gordon, I shall be glad to show them to you, though they are very imperfect. By the way, I am expecting my cousin from Virginia by this evening's train. Roy has gone with the carriage now to meet her. I shall be glad for you to call upon her also."

"Thank you, Miss Annie, I shall be happy to avail myself of your kindness. Since my partner has returned, I shall have more time to devote to my friends. Your cousin, you say, from Virginia?"

"Yes, sir; my alliterative cousin, Valeria Vernon of Virginia. I have never met her. She is the daughter of papa's only sister, the eldest of a large family of children. Her father died last year,—Yonder is the carriage now. See! Roy is waving his handkerchief to let me know that she has come."

The young doctor bowed, put spurs to his horse and left, just as the carriage dashed around the corner.

CHAPTER II.

A beautiful home, but God is not there.

"Here she is, Annie," exclaimed Roy, putting his hand outside the carriage door and turning the heavily-plated knob. With a spring he was out, and, turning, he held his hand toward his companion. A small black-gloved hand was placed in his, and in another moment a little figure in black stood facing the one in white in the gateway.

No introduction was necessary, for before a word could be spoken, two arms were around the stranger and two kisses pressed upon her lips.

"I am so glad you have come," said Annie.

"And I am so glad to come," was replied.

"Love at sight," said Roy.

"Or, rather," replied Annie, "love before sight."

"Any way, just so it's love," said Roy, as he turned to the baggage wagon, that just then came dashing up with its one trunk.

"There is mamma waiting on the veranda; let's go in, Roy will look after the baggage."

So through the iron gateway they went, up the serpentine walk, hedged on either side by low boxwood, and in front of this, rows of white flowers, looking like lines of drifted snow. Then they passed the beautiful fountain, but they did not linger now to listen to its music. Val wanted to stop; but the vision of her aunt on the grand entrance above, hurried her on, up the steps, and into the outstretched arms.

"Welcome to our home and hearts, my child," and Val thought Aunt Rosa's pale face the sweetest she had ever beheld.

"Heigh, ho!" cried a merry voice behind, and up rushed Uncle Royal, hot and bustling, with a genial smile and a loud—

"Well! Well! If you haven't got here, and I not in to meet you. Well! Well! I never heard the whistle one time, and I've been listening for it these two hours."

Howd'ye little girl, howd'ye, —one kiss, two, three—you're for the world like your mother, only not half so good-looking. Ha! Ha! Ha! Take her up to her room, Annie, she looks tired to death."

"Oh, no, Uncle Royal, I'm scarcely tired at all."

"Come by yourself, did you, and how did you leave your mother and the little ones?—Pshaw, we'll have plenty of time to talk after awhile. Take her upstairs, Annie; let her go to bed if she wants to and not come down to supper. Do you hear, child, don't come downstairs any more to-night if you don't feel like it."

So, throwing a little protest down to Uncle Royal as she went upstairs, Val followed Annie to her room, and when she entered it, to the inexperienced eyes of the little untravelling girl, it seemed a perfect Paradise. A bright Brussels carpet of autumn leaves turning one over the other, an elegant set of walnut furniture, with mirror long enough to take her in at one sweep, bed of dainty white, curtains of fleecy lace and lambrequins to match, shades of pearl with vine of leaves in unison with the floor, easy chairs, large and small, lounge of crimson plush, a wardrobe with French plate doors, then here a door opening into an elegant bath-room,—what more could human creature want?

After refreshing herself by a cool bath, she took from her trunk a dress of black grenadine, shook out its folds, hung it in the wardrobe for present use, then out she drew her escritoire, a present from her mother on her last birthday. This she placed on the table, then donning a white wrapper, she drew up a chair, seized her pen, and thus it flew over the white paper:

"Dear, dear mother:

"If you could only have been with me during the last hour! How glad and thankful your anxious heart would have been to have seen my sweet welcome, and to have heard the loving words of Roy first, then Annie, then Aunt Rosa, then dear, big-hearted Uncle Royal. Even the servants speak as though they were glad I had come, and they actually anticipated my wants. One has just come in to replenish my ice pitcher, and, seeing that I was writing, has lighted all the jets of my chandelier, a most extravagant thing to do it seems to me, and very unnecessary for one who has all her life been accustomed to a little flaming, flaring, flickering, kerosene lamp. They are lighted, though, and I am writing in their blazing light, for I assure you, I didn't remind her that one would answer, but just let her do as suited her best.—Oh, Annie is angelic! As I drove up and she stood, so fair, so peerless, in a pure white dress, rich and soft, her lustrous hair coiled around her head, and the golden rays of the setting sun shedding a heavenly glory over and around her, I could not help thinking of a Madonna from some grand old master. Roy is exceedingly handsome, Annie bewitchingly beautiful, auntie, goodness and sweetness personified; and dear, noisy uncle, the best and dearest of all, because he is nearest to my darling mother. Do excuse my many adjectives, for I cannot help piling them up.

"My room reminds me of the Arabian nights, and seems the magic creation of some magic power. The yard, with its dream-like, winding walks and long hedges of delicate, white flowers, the splashing, laughing fountain, the music of its trickling drops reaches me now, the gorgeous beds of coleus, looking like one great big bloom, the roses, firs, spruces, cypresses, and, oh, so many more; all this I saw, as I walked up the pathway, for my eyes were everywhere. The entrance to the high front veranda is by one of two flights of half-winding steps which end upon a platform, and from this you step upon a porch which is high and completely surrounding the house. A semi-circular bed fills the space between the base of these two flights of steps, and what do you think? But you could never guess. There are two japonica trees, only think of it, trees, one is a double white, the other double rose color, and they are in full bloom! I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Our one little japonica in a jar, and perhaps one blossom might gladden our hearts as a reward for a year's nursing, while here were trees out of doors, and loaded with lovely flowers! Then the edge of this semi-circular bed, was—guess what? But then you never could. Actually a hedge of our pet geranium, Mountain of Snow, and it was just too beautiful to get a peep of these varied beauties from my window now, and this only makes me long

for more. You know my eyes will take in flowers, no matter what else is by, and all this they snatched while Annie's tongue was expressing her welcome, and mine was rattling off thanks, at a rapid rate.

"But I almost forgot to tell you that I am here safe and sound. Everything was pleasant throughout my entire journey, except the one thought that I had left mother and the little ones behind. Were you all here, I should be too happy; as it is, I find it hard work to contain myself. Everybody is good, sweet, and kind, and I am happy, happy, happy."

"I must stop now, with a kiss to every one, and a loving good-night to you, my precious mother."

"Please be quick and write to
"Your devoted little girl, VAL."

(To be Continued.)

THE MOODY GOSPEL FUND.

During the week many letters have been received expressing a warm interest in the progress of the Fund for the Bible Institute. The following are the contributions since our last issue:

John Williams.....	7 00
Frances Beattie.....	1 00
Daisy Albert.....	1 00
M. E. T. Manchester, N. H.....	5 00
Friend, Norristown, Pa.....	1 00
Old Sub'r, Ga.....	25 00
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L. G. D. Dane, Wis.....	1 00
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Friend, Red Lion, Del.....	10 00
In memory of a loved one, Waterloo, N. Y.....	10 00
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L. Carson.....	1 00
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J. T. Allen.....	2 00
Friend, In His Name, Iowa.....	1 16

COULDN'T GIVE UP PRAYING.

Many years ago there was an insurrection in one of the West Indian Islands. Among other things, the rioters resolved to break up the religious meetings of the slaves in the neighborhood. These meetings were generally conducted by an old slave called Uncle Ben. The rioters went to the negroes' meeting house at the time of service for the purpose of breaking it up, and not finding Ben there, they seized the leader of

the service and put him to death, and with his head upon a pole marched to Ben's dwelling. When he appeared, the leader pointed to the bleeding head on the pole, and asked, "Do you know that head, Ben?"

"Yes, massa," said Ben. "I know him."

"Well, that's what he has got for his praying: and if you don't stop praying we'll just do the same with your head."

Ben looked the leader of the mob full in the face, and said, "Massa, do you mean dat?"

"To be sure I do," said the man; "and if you wish to keep your head upon your shoulders, you'll give up praying at once."

All were waiting anxiously, when the negro turned to his fellow slaves and said, "Bredren, let us pray!"

And then he kneeled down in the presence of these fierce, lawless men and poured out his soul in prayer. He prayed that God would pardon their sin, and show them the evil of their ways, and change their hearts by grace. When he ceased, he rose up and went into his cabin. God's power was on the hearts of these rioters, so that they went away without offering to touch him.

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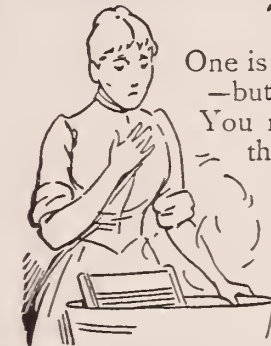
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You rub soap into the clothes—then you rub them up and down on a washboard till you get the dirt worn off. This is hard work—and while you're wearing off the dirt, you're wearing out your clothes, too. The other way is Pearlina's.



You put the clothes into Pearlina and water—then you wait. Pearlina gets the dirt all out. A little rinsing makes them perfectly clean.

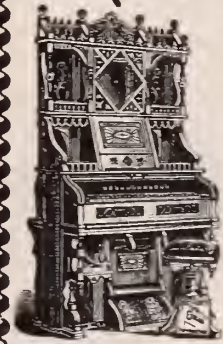
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SYDNEY, Aug. 7, 1894.

PITCHED, shaken, twisted, flung, sickened, bruised, dismayed, alarmed, are some of the words which describe our feelings whilst crossing from New Zealand to Australia. We heard that the passage was like crossing the channel at Calais from France to England but that instead of the hour and a half it would be four days and a half. It was worse than we expected and worse than usual. We had nearly six days of it. The only alleviation of the voyage was the Captain, who was jolly at the time to be jolly, serious at the time to be serious and deeply religious at all times. Converted in a Presbyterian Church in New Zealand, he has become a flaming Evangel, preaching on board his steamer once or twice every Sabbath.

Our rough sea experience prepared us for full appreciation of one of the brightest panoramas of the land and sky that ever unrolled before mortal vision. Captain Neville said to us, "We will soon be in sight of the Australian coast, and when we approach the harbor of Sydney come up on my bridge, and I will point out to you the objects of interest." "Thank you," was our reply, to the unusual invitation, for sea captains do not ordinarily like to have company on the steamer's bridge. In a few moments we climbed to the side of the Captain. Great walls of rock built by the Eternal God reached along the coast, and stopped only wide enough apart to allow ships to enter and to keep the boisterous ocean out.

"Yonder," said the Captain, "is the retreat in the rocks which in the twilight deceived the Captain of the 'Duncan Dunbar' to mistake it for the harbor and to aim for it, crashing into destruction. All on board perished save one man, who was picked up after he had floated down on to the shelving."

Safely we rode in between the Two Great Brown Pillars of Hawkesbury sandstone, and then began the revelation of a harbor such as nowhere else in the wide world is to be found. The whole scene is an "Odyssey," a "Divina Commedia," an Old Testament and a New Testament of grandeur and loveliness. You cannot for a moment relax your energy of watching without missing something which you cannot see again. The white palaces of the merchant princes of Sydney shine through the foliage of the trees. Dipping to the Bay are gardens abloom in winter, and lawns with an emerald like unto the fourth layer of the wall of heaven. Tropical plants and tropical flowers stand side by side with the growths of more rigorous climates. Vineyards and orange groves, pomegranates and guavas, and pineapples growing in a revelry of luxuriance. Yonder are the Houses of Parliament. Yonder are the old prisons. There is the Governor's residence." Here sweeping up close to our steamer are launches with excursionists. Yonder are sailing boats, so small they suggest a fluttering seagull.

While the area of the harbor is said to be nine square miles, the water line of it, if followed up and down all its inlets, would be twelve hundred miles. The rippling waters kiss the beach, and the beach embraces the Bay. At the next turn of our steamer's wheel more garniture of island and arbor and inlet and promontory. Oh! how the marine loveliness played "hide-and-seek" amidst the islands! Five grim batteries pointing their Armstrong guns at us, but only in play. "Yonder," says the Captain, "is a French steamer, yonder an American and yonder an Englishman." Sydney Harbor is so broad and honest that

No Pilot was Needed to come on board. Room here for all the navies of the earth to ride in and secrete themselves so that they could not be found

without much search. Room for the "Great Easterns" of the past and the "Campanias" of the present to wheel without peril. Room to welcome all the centuries and generations and ages which are yet to drop anchor in its clear depths. He only be-littles and be-dwarfs and be-meads Sydney Harbor who compares it to the Bay of Naples or the entrance to Rio Janeiro.

The day we entered it clouds of all hues were looking down into its mirror, beauties of all styles were walking its opaline pavement; grandeurs of all charlots were rolling across its crystalline highway. On the Captain's bridge we stood until near enough to the wharf to see the deputation of clergymen and prominent citizens who waiting to come aboard to greet us, and when they thronged the cabin of the steamer, and addressed us in welcoming words we were compelled by our own feelings to reply, "Brethren and friends! after sailing against headwinds and over very rough seas, it is most delightful to get into this beautiful harbor of Sydney, and into the still more beautiful harbor of Christian fellowship."

But I was up before daybreak next morning looking at the harbor. The window of my room in the Australia Hotel takes in the enchantment and I watched the coming of the Day into the harbor. The whole sky first took on a pallor, not sickly, but healthful, as though there were white wings from the other side shining through. Then there came coruscations, and deep indigos, and irradiations, and sadnesses of color, and

Unrolling Scrolls Prophetic of more light, and sombre and holy gleams and rhapsodies of advancing day; and then, banners of victory over the darkness. Then in this wall of heaven the gates began to swing open. It was no sudden swinging back of the panels of fire. There was no grinding of the gates on the amethystine hinges; there was no clang of bolts hurled back from the imperial portals, but a slow and gradual and overpowering movement that made me feel there was more to come, and I wondered if I could endure the expanding vision. As I looked into the gate I saw, what I described to my son afterward as a sceptre, a sceptre of great length and brilliance. Such a sceptre as no earthly emperor ever had in his throne room. The handle of the sceptre had all the colors of the prism. The edges of it were translucent, the point of it was tipped with a waving light all the time changing. Yet what a sceptre! What king would dare to handle it! What monarch would dare to lift it! But while I wondered, the question was answered. The King of Day, the ris-

ing sun took hold of it, and the sceptre which I had seen a few seconds before lying on the shelf of heaven, was first hoisted as though to command the hidden glories of the skies to come down and then it was pointed to the harbor as the place of their destination, and on that sapphire of the waves, both the sceptre that I had seen, and the crown of the king who took it, were put down; and from green island to green island, and from beach to beach, and all up and down the promontories, and from sky to water and from water to sky it was morning in Sydney harbor.

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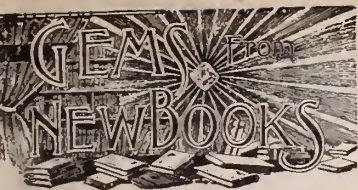
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"RIKKI," THE MONGOOSE.*

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he pleased, with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry as he rattled through the long grass, was: Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchik!

One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and chucking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very dragged indeed, and a small boy was saying: "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother; "let's take him and dry him. Perhaps he is n't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb, and said he was not dead but half choked; so they wrapped him in cotton-wool, and warmed him, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is, "Run and find out!" and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton-wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all under the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his mother. "That's his way of making friends."

"Ouch! He's tickling under my chin," said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

"Good gracious," said Teddy's mother, "that's a wild creature! I suppose it's so tame because we've been kind to it."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband.

Nag, the cobra, coiled himself down, coil upon coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water-jar, in Teddy's mother's room, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, toward the jar. Nag was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back, wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. "If I don't break his back at the first jump," said Rikki, "he'll still fight; and if he fights—O Rikki!" He looked at the thickness of the neck beneath the hood, but that was too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make Nag savage.

"It must be the head," he said at last; "I'll head above the hood; and, when I am on the other side, I must not let go."

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water-jar, under the eave of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki-tikki forced his back against the bulge of the earthenware to hold down the head. This gave him just one second's purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was jerked to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up and down, and round in great circles; but his eyes

were red, and he held on as the body cart-whipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap-dish and the flesh-brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held, he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honor of his family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went off like a thunderclap just behind him; a hot wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shot-gun into Nag just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quite sure he was dead; but the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said: "It's the mongoose again, Alice; the little chap has saved our lives." Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of Nag, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night shaking himself tenderly to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces, as he had imagined.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Not for Profit; by Fannie E. Newberry. Pp 287. Published by A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

Our Bible: How it Has Come to Us; by Rev. R. T. Talbot, Canon of Durham Cathedral. Pp. 128; cloth; price 50 cents. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Talks to Children About Jesus; the story of the Redeemer's life on earth in simple phrases for the little ones. Pp. 320; cloth covers; illustrated; price \$1. R. H. Woodward & Co., Baltimore, publishers.

The Pullman Strike; by Rev. Wm. H. Carwardine, Pastor First M. E. Church, Pullman, Ill. Pp. 135. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

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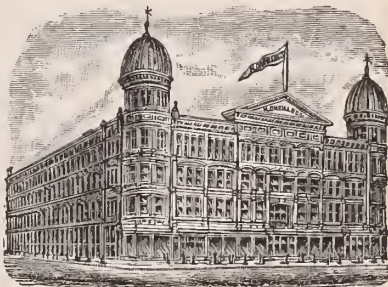
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 40.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S CRY HEARD.

America Responding to the Appeal for Aid for the Earthquake Sufferers—The Relief Fund Progressing—A Movement in which the Whole Christian World is Uniting to Relieve the Stricken Population of the Ottoman City.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S cry of distress, wrung from her in a season of deep sorrow, has awakened widespread and genuine sympathy. Generous responses are already beginning to flow in upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as the result of the publication of the appeal by the Turkish Relief Fund, in these columns. Touched by the abject misery of the many thousands of earthquake sufferers, who, having lost all their earthly possessions, are now camped in tents and subsisting on charity, the kind-hearted Christian people of our own land, whose hands are ever open to succor the stricken and distressed, are preparing to supplement the charitable efforts

of good citizens, and the "Tribune," "Journal of Commerce," "Times," "Sun," and "Journal" have voluntarily undertaken to receive contributions at their respective offices for the benefit of the sufferers. Drexel, Morgan & Co., the well-known bankers, have generously subscribed \$1,000 to the Fund.

It is within the power of every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to help in this great work of charity in which, at the present moment, a large part of the Christian world is engaged. Where thousands of families, both Christian and Moslem, have been suddenly overwhelmed by a calamity that has brought death and destitution into homes once happy and prosperous, their

ledged and duly forwarded to United States Minister Terrell at Constantinople, who will act in conjunction with the Imperial Relief Commission in charge of the general relief work.

In Constantinople, the Armenians, Greeks and Jews have each church communities of their own. Recently the government, in securing information regarding the damage to property caused by the earthquakes, made inquiry of the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs and the Jewish rabbi as to the respective losses their different church communities had sustained. The Greek Patriarch estimated the loss inflicted upon his church community at 75,000 Turkish pounds, the Armenians placed theirs at 50,000 Turkish pounds and the Hebrews at 35,000 Turkish pounds—a total equal to about \$640,000. Christians and all nationalities except Moslems, have their own schools to support. In some cases these church communities own buildings from which revenue is derived for the maintenance of the churches. So exten-

sidents generally to assist, is producing good results. At the same time, the amount thus far secured from all sources is totally inadequate to relieve the general distress, which the approach of cold weather must soon render doubly severe. A very large number of dwellings have been inspected and condemned as dangerous for habitation and only fit to be pulled down. How the many thousands of homeless will pass the next three months is a problem that must now be faced. Their hardships, under all the circumstances, are such as would melt the stoniest heart to pity. Utterly unable to help themselves, their church communities practically bankrupt, and their wives and little ones growing weak and emaciated from insufficient food and overcrowded quarters in sheds and tents, they seem doomed to a miserable fate indeed, unless the Christian sympathy of other lands comes in time to their rescue.

In Koum Kapoo, the principal Armenian quarter, there is probably greater suffer-



CONSTANTINOPLE'S CALAMITY—GENERAL VIEW OF THE EARTHQUAKE-STRICKEN CITY.
In the Foreground is Stamboul, scene of greatest damage, with Pera and Galata across the "Golden Horn."

condition is one that appeals to every heart and which even the poorest may help in some degree to alleviate. We invite the kind co-operation of all our friends in every State of the Union, in this work of Christian sympathy, reminding them that even the smallest aid may be the means of succoring some poor, homeless household in its hour of sorest need. Every contribution, be it a dime or a dollar, will be acknow-

sive has been the devastation by the earthquakes that these communities are seriously crippled and the government has decided to aid them in the present emergency. The home Relief Fund, started under official auspices, is being very generally subscribed to by Moslems and Christians alike. No compulsion is employed to secure subscriptions; but the moral effect of the action of the authorities in inviting Ottoman subjects and

ing than in any other part of Constantinople. Contributions of bread, meat, beans, olives, cheese, rice, sheep and money have been received and applied to the relief of the sufferers. In other thickly populated sections of the city, the situation is little better. The fact that different nationalities and creeds are represented among the unfortunates seems to have awakened very general sympathy, and evoked many proffers of assistance. Under an order from the Greek government the ministry will send 50,000

(Continued on page 629.)

ready made in England, France and Germany. Many encouraging letters have been received by the Relief Committee in New York, containing assurances of the heartfelt sympathy with the movement and pledging contributions to the Relief Fund. Philanthropists, statesmen, high officials and leading merchants and business men have given it their cordial endorsement and approval and consented to serve on its committees. In New York City, the entire press has urged it as a most praiseworthy movement, deserving the support of all



THE QUICK FEET.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Matt. 14: 16: "When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod."

IT is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading there to are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread with all the luxuries that royal purveyors can gather. The guests, white-robed and anointed and pertumed, come in and sit at the table. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Repartee is indulged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light. Pour out more wine. Music! Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dance. Bring in Salome, the beautiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer. The lords are enchanted. Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations. These men never saw such "poetry of motion." Their soul whirls in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and everything but the tascinations of Salome. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirls on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. After a while he sits in enchanted silence looking at the flashing, leaping, bounding beauty, and as the dance closes and the tinkling cymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shook the palace begin to abate, the enchanted monarch swears to the princely performer: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the Gospel by the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother, Salome takes advantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate."

Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords. The executioners are returning from their awful errand. Open the door. They enter, and they present the platter to Salome. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony. This woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awful burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting-maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room after an entertainment, Salome carries the dis severed head of John the Baptist, while all the banqueters shout with laughter, and think it a good joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister of the Gospel.

Well, there is no harm in a birthday festival. All the kings from Pharaoh's time had celebrated such occasions, and why not Herod? No harm in kindling the lights. No harm in spreading the banquet. No harm in arousing music. But from the riot and wassail that closed the scene of that day every pure nature revolts. I am not at this time to discuss the old question, Is dancing right or wrong? but I am to discuss the question, Does dancing take too much place and occupy too much time in modern society? and in my remarks I hope to carry with me the earnest conviction of all thoughtful persons, and I believe I will.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how, or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours, and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old-fashioned square dance and of many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temperal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life, dissipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedaemonians. But whoever started it, all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green-corn

dances, their war dances. In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the Church anathematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

But we are not to discuss the customs of the olden times, but customs now. We are not to take the evidence of the ancient fathers, but our own conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, is to be the standard. Oh, bring no harsh criticism upon the young. I would not drive out from their soul the hilarities of life. I do not believe that the inhabitants of ancient Wales, when they stepped to the sound of the rustic harp, went down to ruin. I believe God intended the young people to laugh and romp and play. I do not believe God would have put exuberance in the soul and exuberance in the body if he had not intended they should in some wise exercise it and demonstrate it. If a mother join hands with her children and cross the floor to the sound of music, I see no harm. If a group of friends cross and recross the room to the sound of piano well played, I see no harm. If a company, all of whom are known to host and hostess as reputable, cross and recross the room to the sound of musical instrument, I see no harm. I tried for a long while to see harm in it. I could not see any harm in it. I never shall see any harm in that. Our men need to be kept young, young for many years longer than they are kept young. Never since my boyhood days have I had more sympathy with the innocent hilarities of life than I have now. What though we have felt heavy burdens! What though we have had to endure hard knocks! Is that any reason why we should stand in the way of those who, unstung of life's mistortunes, are full of exhilaration and glee? God bless the young! They will have to wait many a long year before they hear me say anything that would depress their ardor or clip their wings or make them believe that life is hard and cold and repulsive. It is not. I tell them, judging from my own experience, that they will be treated a great deal better than they deserve. We have no right to grudge the innocent hilarities to the young.

As we go on in years let us remember that we had our gleeful times; let us be able to say, "We had our good times, let others have their good times." Let us willingly resign our place to those who are coming after us. I will cheerfully give them everything—my house, my books, my position in society, my heritage. After twenty, forty, fifty years we have been drinking out of the cup of this life, do not let us begrudge the passing of it that others may take a drink. But while all this is so, we can have no sympathy with sinful indulgences, and I am going to speak in regard to some of them, though I should tread on the long train of some popular vanities.

What are the dissipations of social life today, and what are the dissipations of the ball-room? In some cities and in some places reaching all the year round, in other places only in the summer time and at the watering-places. There are dissipations of social life that are cutting a very wide swath with the sickle of death, and hundreds and thousands are going down under these influences, and my subject in application is as wide as Christendom. The whirlpool of social dissipation is drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea—thousands and tens of thousands of the bodies and souls annually consumed in the conflagration of ribbons.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride, it is the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust and it is the curse of every town on both sides of the sea. Social dissipation. It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side, and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne today. When a man does wrong he knows he does

wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne which Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman I appeal.

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in the suppers and the midnight revels and then go home in the cold unwrapped of limbs, will after a while be found to have been written down in God's eternal records as suicides, as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol, or a knife, or strychnine.

How many people have stepped from the ball-room into the graveyard! Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scene of social life, diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume and the froth of Death's lips bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some of the cities there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known families after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their back upon a quiet culture and all the amenities of home leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated, worse than annihilated—for there are some things worse than annihilation.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of social life are despoiling the usefulness of vast multitude of people. What do the people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony, when they have for consideration the more important question about the si of a glove or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of the do you find in the haunts of sin distributed tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Sybaris was a great city, and it or sent out three hundred horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught 1 horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front seem to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his count and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy: "You give me the masters of the army and I will destroy their troops when those horsemen come from Sybaris. So they gave the old minstrel the manna ment, and he taught all the other minstrel a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all other minstrels played a certain tune, at the most critical moment in the battle when the horsemen wanted to rush to conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their forefeet, and in disgust and rout the enemy fled. Ah! my friend, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless associations have defeated people in the hardest fighting. Frivolity has lost the battle for a thousand talk.

You know as well as I do that the dissipations of social life are destroying thousands and tens of thousands of people, and it is time that the pulpits lift their voice against them, for I now prophesy the eternal fortune of all those who enter the river. When did the white, glistening boards of a dissipated ball-room ever become the road to heaven? When was a torch for eternity ever lighted at the chandelier of a dissipated scene? From a table spread after an excited and desecrated scene who went home to pray?

In my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and

OUR MISSIONARY AT HINCKLEY.

Rev. G. W. Sharp Tells the Story of His Relief Tour in the Fire-Swept Valley—Pastor Knudsen's Heroism—A Region of Desolation that May Bloom Again.



AFTER their recent terrible visitation of fire and death, hope is again beginning to dawn among the desolated towns and villages in the lumber region of Minnesota. Everything has been done for the survivors that sympathy could devise. Kinds hand have buried their dear dead ones, friendly aid has relieved the wants of the living, and the ruined homes are being replaced as rapidly as possible by comfortable dwellings. The State of Minnesota and the prosperous cities of St. Paul and Duluth have generously provided against the immediate possibility of further suffering, and the outside public has borne its share of the burden of relief promptly and cheerfully.

Rev. G. W. Sharp, the Sunday School Missionary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who was commissioned by this journal to make a tour of the fire-swept district, and supplied with funds to aid in the relief work, has accomplished his duty, and, after making report, has returned to his post at Kirksville, Mo. His closing letter, which we give below, will be read with deep interest:

"ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 14, 1894.

"DEAR MR. KLOPSCH:—On Monday, 11th inst., I went from Pine City (Minn.)

feet. Only about half who sought refuge in it were saved; the others perished. About a quarter of a mile north of Grindstone Creek, a little west of the Eastern railway, was an open space where many sought safety. It was a fatal mistake. Ninety-six were found dead there.

"As the hurricane of fire came sweeping through the woods south of town, the terror-stricken people flew north. Thus, on the Eastern Minnesota track a south-bound train having crossed the bridge over Grindstone, found a surging crowd in the south-eastern part of town, and stopped and took on board men, women and children till the last moment of safety, while the fire was flaming right and left, and the bridge behind was on fire. Best was the engineer, and having nearly 500 passengers and refugees on board, he reversed his engine, recrossed the burning bridge, which soon after fell in, and carried his precious train back to Duluth. Thus also the south-bound passenger train on the St. Paul & Duluth road met a swarm of refugees about a mile before it reached the town.

Just in front of where engineer Best's train stood, south of the Grindstone bridge, a street running from west to east and into the country, crossed the railroad track. Near this crossing stood Pastor Knudsen

tion in sandy ground just east of the Eastern Minnesota track. The sand was used to enlarge the bed of the track and for ballast. The pit is about 300 yards long, north and south, of irregular width, but the mean distance across it is about 100 yards; depth about ten feet at the south end, becoming more shallow gradually till it comes to a level at the north end on the street crossing the Eastern Minnesota R. R., as I have described. The pit is less than half a mile east of the centre of the town, and besides its own depth, the railroad track west of it is a sheltering embankment. There is shallow water over the deeper part of it. It is now easy to see that the whole population might have taken refuge in the pit and been saved, as those were who did go into it. A cow escaped death in it, and after the fire was milked that night, and the milk fed to the hungry children, being carried to some in a scorched watermelon rind.

"When I was walking along the road to the cemetery, which is about a mile east of town, I saw some paper caught in a scorched bush on the right hand of the road. At my request a boy stepped out and brought it to me. It proved to be part of a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (I enclose it in my letter.) Though charred and burned around the edges, the fragment is still very legible. It contains the concluding part of an article from Dr. Talmage, addressed to Christians, which says:

The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great Storm-walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave-struck Patmos shall have Apocalyptic visions, and you shall hear the cry of elders, and the sweep of wings, and the trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God forever.

"I shall not attempt to describe the scene when grass, grubs, stumps, debris, brush and trees were devoured in intense heat by a fire which was borne on a rushing, mighty wind till the leaping flames enveloped houses and household goods, destroying animal and vegetable life in their roaring fury and flying speed. Graphic accounts of the conflagration have been published far and wide. They may remind one of the infinitely greater day—the day of God, 'Wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.'

"About four hundred and sixty bodies of the dead have been found and buried of those who lost their lives in and about

Hinckley, Pokegama and other neighboring points. The number of missing is still greater. The homeless and unemployed sufferers who survive number about thirteen hundred. Their present need is supplied so far as to relieve them from present suffering. But this will have to be continued. Efforts and means for their relief are being systematically applied by the State Relief Committee and others. The liberality of the people of the State and abroad is most noble. A Queen referring to her adverse fortune at Calais, said: 'When I am dead, you will find Calais written on my heart.' Hinckley and neighboring places that were in the forest fires are written on the heart of Minnesota, and not on her's only. But there is much yet to be done to provide homes for the people in a climate where the mercury gets too cold to be reliable in the thermometer.

"Understanding your instructions to refer to cases of present need, I acted accordingly, of which work I will give you a detailed account later. I am also assured, from a most trustworthy source on the ground, that information of such cases as may need your assistance shall be reported when they arise. I conclude with a statement from the brother in the Lord who was my adviser. Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE W. SHARP.

Christian Herald Missionary of the Am. S. S. Union."

The statement referred to by Mr. Sharp is as follows:

"HINCKLEY, MINN., Sept. 11, 1894. This is to certify that Rev. George W. Sharp has been forward and faithful in his efforts to administer financial relief, and words of consolation to our stricken community, as the representative of a relief fund for forest fire sufferers, furnished by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. Louis Klopsch. Signed P. KNUDSEN, Pastor of Hinckley Presbyterian Church.



THE SAND-PIT AT HINCKLEY, WHERE MANY WERE SAVED.

(From a photograph forwarded by "The Christian Herald" Missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp.)

to Hinckley, and in company with Rev. Mr. Knudsen, pastor of the Presbyterian Church—the only English-speaking church there—went over the ground where the town once was. At night we came back to Pine City for lodging, and on Tuesday returned to Hinckley.

"In those two days I had ample opportunity to study the wants of the people by the aid of Mr. Knudsen, whom I regard as the most competent counselor surviving, he having known the people before their calamity, having been with them in their dreadful ordeal, and since then, having been untiring in his attention to their wants. Moreover, on account of his cool and discriminating judgment while the town was burning, his reputation for truth and veracity, and his modesty and unaffected sincerity, I am sure I have reliable authority for the substantial accuracy of the following narrative concerning that awful day of forest fire, Sept. 1.

"Grindstone River flows from west to east, north of the town about a quarter of a mile, the ground sloping gently from the north part of Hinckley to the river, then rising gently north of the river, stretches out into the country. Two railroad bridges spanned this river; the St. Paul & Duluth being northwest, and the Eastern Minnesota being northeast of the town. Nearly midway between the two was a wagon bridge over the river, and many of the fugitives who tried to escape by fleeing north over this bridge, perished by the way. Grindstone River, so-called, is only a creek, at present about thirty or thirty-five feet wide, varying in apparent depth from one foot to three

and called aloud to the frantic crowd who were flying to Grindstone Creek, warning them not to go there. One of them who survived said afterwards:

"We heard you calling but twenty devils could not have stopped me."

"Of all those whose heroic deeds in that awful baptism of fire deserve perpetual memory no names are more worthy to stand on 'Fame's immortal camping-ground,' than those of Pastor Knudsen and his devoted wife. When the price of every moment was above gold they stood together.

"We are only two," said he, 'let us help these women with children on the train—then to the gravel pit.'

"Soon the train, crowded and packed, moved swiftly away to the north, and they were left. As no more could be done for others, they now started for the north end of the gravel pit, which was about 100 feet south of them. Twice she fell, overcome with smoke and heat. The last time she said in despair:

"Let us lie down and die here."

"Just then she caught sight of a loaded wagon in the mouth of the pit.

"She bounded like a cat (I use his own words), and got under the wagon."

"There they were sheltered till the wagon took fire and they went further into the pit and were saved. The owner of that wagon, his wife, a daughter and three sons perished in the flames. A surviving daughter of his was one of those I assisted out of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. This gravel pit is not a cave, nor anything like one. It is simply an excava-

conviction would for a little while begin to say, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, she was dying. I entered the room, asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt down and pray. I rose again, and desiring to get me expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said: "Have you any hope?" and then for the first time her lips moved in a whisper as she said: "No hope!" Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last. I wish from my heart that I could marshal all the young people in this land to an appreciation of the fact that you have an earnest work in life, and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in your work. At the time of a religious awakening a Christian young woman spoke to a man in regard to his soul's salvation. He floated out into the world. After while she became worldly in her Christian profession. The man said one day, "Well, I am as safe as she is. I was a Christian, she said she was a Christian. She talked to me about my soul; if she is safe I am safe." Then a sudden accident took him off without an opportunity to utter one word of prayer. Do you not realize, have you not noticed, young men and old—have you not noticed that the dissipations of social life are blasting and destroying a vast multitude? With any life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of angels and queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a masquerade, taking off the mask of death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of innumerable merry-making. But after awhile the hour of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the fragrance of the flowers is the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of a lady, a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide courtesies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Gloominess. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out. Oh, how many of you have floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned. For I remember that there were two vessels on the sea, and in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But at a while the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the captain went up, "Hard a-larboard!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation and you are drifting on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for ye will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"



THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

S.S. Lesson for Oct. 14. Luke 6: 11. Golden Text Mark 1: 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER his rejection and persecution at Nazareth, Jesus came to Capernaum and taught there in the synagogue on the Sabbath day; and they were astonished at his doctrine, or teachings, "for his word was with authority." The Word of God is living and powerful, it has authority; it commanded all created things into being; and now when it comes from God through whomsoever he may use to speak, it has authority still. Oh, how much unholy waste of time there is in human discourses, which are composed of the thoughts of men, and have no authority to convince of sin, to edify, exhort or comfort. Those who truly prophesy must, like Ezekiel, speak God's words, not their own. "Speak with my words unto them." "Hear the word of my mouth, and thou shalt say unto them: Thus saith the Lord."

The Lord Jesus knew how to receive the Word from his Father. From all eternity he was the Word. "In the beginning was the Word, the Word was with God, and the Word was God." But "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," and the human nature of Christ had, in a sense, to become the Word. To express to the full in his human life, the revelation of God, he "learned obedience," was "made perfect through sufferings, that, as Man, his Word might be with authority, because it was God. It is just in measure as we become perfectly yielded up to, and one with God, that our word, too, will have authority. In the early days of his ministry, it was

The Power of His Word

which specially struck those who heard Jesus. In addition to this, there were deeds of power. The casting out of the unclean spirit from the possessed man in the synagogue at Capernaum, caused astonishment, so that the people said among themselves: "What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits and they come out." In one day, Jesus becomes popular, and a great work of healing and of casting out of devils took place, until far into the night. But this work of healing was only a part of his ministry: "when it was day he went into a desert place." There the Son of God was at home; there he could commune uninterruptedly with his Father. There the works which he did in public were all prepared. It is the same with his true followers; they cannot rush from one spiritual work to another without taking time to be alone with God. They must receive in their hearts, as Ezekiel did, what they must afterwards speak to others. They must "eat the roll" (Ezek. 3: 1-3; Rev. 10: 8-11), and make their message their own, before they can speak with authority to others. But the precious time alone with his Father was broken in upon by the eager multitudes, and Jesus was not annoyed: He had an absolute trust in his Father's perfect wisdom, and took everything from his hand. The people would have starved Jesus and hindered his leaving them. But he had got his orders: I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also.

For Therefore, am I Sent.

He was commissioned, and true to his commission, had no moment of difficulty as to his course, and he preached in the synagogues of Galilee. But it would seem that the synagogues were soon too small: "the people pressed upon him to hear the Word of God." There were those who did not only come to him with temporal needs of healing, etc., but who thirsted to hear from him the words of life, which we so unblest the teaching the heard every Sabbath day in the synagogue, composed of

dry doctrines which had not become a power in the life of those who preached them, or traditions, which obscured and spoiled the holy simplicity and power of the inspired Word of God.

The people pressed upon him to hear the word of God; and it had been necessary to adjourn from the synagogue to some place in the open air, and the shore of the lake of Gennesaret was the chosen spot. The place, the convenience, or inconvenience, was nothing to the Son of God. The lakeside was his auditorium, and he took as rostrum that which came most readily to hand. Two ships were standing by the lake, but the owners were washing their nets. One of them was no stranger to Jesus: it was the very Simon Peter, whom his brother Andrew had led to him. Why he was now fishing and not following Jesus we know not; the Master does not rebuke him, but at once takes possession of his ship, and begs him to thrust out a little from the land.

Peter was weary from a sleepless night, but he makes this no excuse, and immediately obeys. True disciples never consider how much it may cost them, when the Lord gives them a command: they

Obeys Immediately.

"And Jesus taught the people out of the ship;" and Peter helped by lending his boat. How long this time of teaching lasted we know not: on one occasion the Lord speaks of the multitude being with him three days." (Matt. 15: 32.) Did Jesus know how weary Simon was? Does Jesus know what bodily and spiritual fatigue is? Yes, he knows; he does not, he cannot forget. When he had left speaking, his first thought was for Peter; the Word first, the disciple's need next. He said to Simon: "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering, said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net." "We have toiled all the night." The disciples must know their own nothingness; it is the first step to any new blessing. All our own efforts are fruitless. Yes, dear child of God; your Lord has said, "Without me (R.V., apart from me) ye can do nothing." (John 15: 5.) We cannot know Jesus, and continue to accomplish anything by our own toiling. And yet the Christian Church everywhere is putting the "toiling," the doing, the active service, in the place of that true worship in spirit and in truth, which waits upon the Lord, which knows not our own gifts, our own energy, our own places, our own institutions, but our God. True worship yields everything to God; it never seeks to be God's benefactor, but waits to know his will before doing it, and then, when known, does it, irrespective of what it may cost, whether or not it may be understood or appreciated by others, or what may be the consequence. Peter added to his confession of failure,

"Nevertheless at Thy Word

I will let down the net." This is the true secret of success. When Elijah stood, in the supreme moment of his ministry on Mount Carmel, God's champion in the presence of King and prophets, and people, he prayed that the people might know he had done these things at God's word. (1 Kings 28: 36.) God is responsible for all which is done at his word. Peter, fallible man that he was, so often making mistakes, had yet real confidence in the Lord Jesus, whom he had found as the Messiah: "At thy word I will," was real faith. Peter obeyed, with the help of Andrew, and to his amazement "they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net broke." Peter was obliged to call his partners in business, James and John, the sons of

Zebedee, that they should come and help them; they came, and the work of filling the ships began, but, as they went on, the ships proved unequal to the unusual cargo, and began to sink. It was no accident, and Peter knew it. He did not attempt to explain it, but he fell down and worshipped: he saw God in what had occurred, and "fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Peter learned his nothingness in two ways; first by his unsuccess, and then by the wondrous grace of the Lord, and the success which he had in obeying and trusting him. And he learned how safe his own interests were with Jesus, just as soon as he made Christ's interest his. It is always safe to study God's interests first, and to trust him implicitly, so long as we are in the way of obedience.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



FISHING ON LAKE GALILEE.

built by the good centurion, of which Jairus was the chief ruler. Simon, Andrew, James and John lived in the town or in the immediate neighborhood and Jesus was sure of a hospitable welcome. It was, besides a town better fitted than secluded Nazareth for the purpose he had in view. It was on the direct line by which travellers went from Jerusalem to Damascus and also on the route between Egypt and Syria. The sea also gave him ready access by the boats of his friends to other parts of Galilee. Jesus made Capernaum his central point for that year's ministry. He preached and healed there and made excursions to the towns in a circuit around it. The Sabbath service was interrupted by a lunatic afflicted by the peculiar form of derangement, known to the people of that day as "possession by the devil." Jesus delivered him, and on his return to Peter's house healed Peter's mother-in-law of a fever. In the evening other sick people were brought to him and those, too, he cured. It is easy to realize how welcome Jesus must have been to the Capernaum people and how they would need to be reminded that they must not monopolize him, as he must preach in other cities. Returning after one of these excursions, he is seen by the people, who immediately flock around him wanting him to preach to them. He steps on board Peter's boat and thence talks to the audience collected on the shore. The discourse is not recorded, but it would probably be the kind of sermon he gave on the Mount and in other places. How glad we should be now of a report of it, but it is lost to the world. At its conclusion, he gives a practical lesson to the four men whom he now proposes to draw closer to himself. They believed on him, counted themselves his friends and were his occasional associates. Now he would have them quit secular employment and be with him continually. They might be concerned about their support, and before calling on them to leave their business, he shows them that he has unbounded power. Although they have been toiling vainly all night, they make a rich haul when he gives the word. Peter was astonished, and perceiving that he was in the presence of a superior Being, he realized his own unworthiness. The others were of the same mind and forsaking all, they

followed him. It may incidentally be useful to know that the little inland sea is twelve and a quarter miles long and at its greatest width six and three-quarters miles. The Jordan enters it at the north and flows out again at its southern side. It is noted for the many kinds of fish in it.

Nevertheless at thy word. A building was being torn down, and a laborer, who was noted among the workmen for his lack of intelligence, was set to pull at a rope attached to the top of a wall. "Do you think," a passer-by asked, "that you are going to pull that thick wall down in that way?" The man continued his tugs as he replied, "It don't seem so to me, but I guess my boss knows what he is about." After an hour's pulling the man felt a slight victory response to his tug and at last the wall swayed and fell. It had been undermined and the man who gave the order knew it, although the man who pulled at the rope did not. He obeyed, as Peter obeyed Christ's command to let down the net. Perhaps more faith were exercised in Christ's commands now, we should be as much astonished at the result as Peter was.

Partners who were in the other ship. A people would be won for Christ if there were less rivalry and jealousy between churches. Too often people who are in one ship are not regarded as partners, though they are working for the same Master and for the same cause. Melancthon used to tell a fable in illustration of the fact. He said that in a certain forest the wolves became alarmed by the report of the number of dogs that were brought to hunt them. They sent one of their number to visit the kennels and report. The spies came back and bade their comrades be of good cheer for there was no cause for alarm. There were as numerous as was reported but they were of various breeds, and though every dog professed to hate the wolf, he hated other dogs of a different breed to his own worse than he hated the wolf. They were never likely to hunt together, as if a whole army of dogs were led out they would fall upon each other, and the wolves need not fight, for one breed of dogs would fight with another breed and the whole army would be exterminated. "Were quite safe," said the spy-wolves, "so long as the dogs are at enmity with each other."

Thou shalt catch men. A common method of fishing on Lake Galilee was for boats to go together far out from shore. One boat went a few yards farther than the other and would then light a blazing torch at the stern and hold it over the water. The fish attracted by the light would come in shoals. A net would then be thrown from the rear boat and a rope attached to the net would be flung to the forward boat. The two boats would then be rowed to shore dragging the net full of fishes between them. He who would catch men not death but for life eternal must exhibit Christ as the light of the world.

They forsook all. Dr. Judson, the eminent missionary to Burmah, once examined Karen woman who was a candidate for baptism. She gave intelligent answers to his questions, but Judson was not satisfied. There seemed something lacking. His eye caught the glitter of a necklace a kind much esteemed by the Karens. "You give up your ornaments for Christ," the missionary asked. "Tears filled the woman's eyes. The struggle would evidence a severe one, Judson appealed to her consciousness of pride and vanity and woman broke down. She took her necklace off and looked at it admiringly. It was the most precious treasure in her possession. She thought about it for some time and laid it down on the missionary's table with the declaration, "I love Christ more than that."

Followed him. A clergyman with his brother and several friends were climbing the highest peak in the chain of Mount Rosa. The clergyman says: "When we were at the top, we entered a dense fog. Presently our guides faced right about and grounded their axes on the frozen snow-covered slope. My brother seeing the men still beyond and not knowing it was merely the cornice overhanging a precipice several thousand feet stepped forward. I shall never forget the guides' cry of warning. He stood a moment on the very edge and then, the snow yielding beneath him, he began to fall through. One of the guides at great risk rushed to him and seizing his coat dragged him out to a safe place. Christ has thus to rescue some who profess to be his followers, but who rush ahead, not content to follow only where he leads."

Constantinople's Cry Heard.

(Continued from first page.)

marks for the homeless and destitute. A Christian tobacco manufacturing concern has given 100 Turkish pounds (equal to about 400 piastres). Broussa has contributed 17,000 piastres. Halep has sent 9,860 gold piastres and Smyrna has twice sent 1,000 Turkish pounds. European Turkey's gifts will aggregate about 200,000 piastres. Syria has organized relief committees and in Beyrout a local committee is making commendable progress. Concerts given in Paris for the earthquake sufferers were a great success and a considerable sum was raised. From sources, up to the present time, about 225,102 piastres have been contributed and forwarded to the Relief Committee—equal to about 32,000 Turkish pounds in the neighborhood of \$140,000. A majority of the individual contributions are small amounts. A bishop makes a donation of 2 Turkish pounds, a merchant sends 50 pounds of charcoal, a lady gives 5 baskets of grapes for the sick, and many persons have sent quantities of olives, while others have given to the Relief Committee hundreds of loaves of bread or their equivalent in money. These incidents, and many others of like character, show how genuine the sympathy that has been excited by the condition of the crowds of destitute, who are still camped out under canvas. One of our illustrations in this issue shows a group of families encamped in the "Derwishes' Gardens," a well known and picturesque quarter of Pera. These camps are now multiplied, since the wholesale condemnation of dwellings which, although left standing after the convulsions, are now pronounced unsafe. Scientific observers, who have been collecting all the accessible data regarding the earthquakes, now state that the shocks were felt over a very wide range and inflicted damage along the entire Grecian border, the Turkish islands, south to the Taurus Mountains, and west to the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, the centre of disturbance apparently lying in the Sea of Marmora. The latest violence by land was in Stamboul, where nearly all the houses were deserted, the horror-stricken inmates immediately after the first shocks. Whole streets are impassable owing to the ruins, and many stores, offices, bureaux and dwellings that were once levelled, still remain closed and are so changed that they must be demolished. The military and financial bureaux of the Ottoman Government in Stamboul were badly damaged.

But the panic was not confined to Stamboul. Over ninety per cent of the 1,400,000 inhabitants of Constantinople spent those terrible nights in the open air, most of them for the first night at least—with only bed-sheets to protect them. There was great excitement at the Imperial residence, and the members of the Sultan's household were among the multitudes who camped out in the Miliz Park, till the universal terror had somewhat subsided.

For beauty of situation and picturesque appearance there are few cities in the world that can compare with Constantinople, a general view of which is presented on the opposite page. Standing upon the threshold of two continents, it has unequalled commercial advantages, and its harbor is one of the finest in existence. In the immediate foreground is Stamboul the oldest part of the capital, and where the earthquakes did the greatest damage. It is a rounded promontory, whose extremity is known as "Saglio Point." Many of the buildings shown in the photograph are now a mere mass of debris. To the left is the arm of the sea known as The Golden Horn which separates the city into two great sections—the Turkish (Stamboul), and the European (Pera and Galata.) Two bridges span the Golden Horn and unite Galata to Stamboul. This splendid city has a history that is full of disaster and many times has been ravaged by conflagration and rent by earthquake, but never before has it experienced a visitation that has caused so much suffering and sorrow as now prevail there. Its prostrate condition with a large portion of its area in ruins and multitudes of Moslems, Armenians, Greeks and Jews supplicants for food, shelter and clothing, is one that appeals powerfully and justly to the humanity of all peoples and creeds. The broad and self denying charity which the avowr enjoined upon all his followers should lead Christians to extend freely and joyfully the helping hand to these afflicted ones in their time of deep tribulation.

The receipts of the Turkish Relief Fund to date have been as follows:—

Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.	\$100 00
P. B. Bromfield, Hempstead, L. I.	25 00
Ismael Assini Bey, Turkish Vice-Consul, N. Y.	25 00
Robt. Levy, New York	100 00
Mr. G. Gulbenkian	100 00
Mr. Caliadis Bey	100 00
Mr. Kelekian	25 00
Mr. Nergarian	50 00
Mr. Telifian	25 00
Mr. Costikian	25 00
L. P. Shuman, Chicago, Ill.	25 00
T. W. Gratz, New York	2 00
Friend, Brooklyn	2 50
B. J. F., Brooklyn	2 50
Rev. G. W. M., New York	2 00
C. Jamaica, L. I.	2 00
D. M. Buckwalter	2 00
King's Daughters, Greenville, S. C.	1 00
Drexel Morgan & Co., New York	\$1,000 00
D. M. Buckwalter	2 00
King's Daughters, Greenville, S. C.	2 00
W. S. B. Hanover, N. J.	1 00
H. K. Bayonne, N. J.	1 00
Friend, Waynesboro, N. J.	2 50
Mrs. M. Boyd	1 00
In His Name, Warren, Pa.	1 50
Friend, West Groton, Mass.	1 00
Mrs. A. Crane	5 00
Mrs. H. K. Morrison	2 50
Reader, Schoharie Co., N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. James Little	8 00
An occasional reader, Springfield, O.	1 00
For Christ's sake, Franklin	2 00
J. D. Lyn	10 00
Miss E. Barclay	1 50
Mrs. O. L. Osborne	1 00
Thos. S. Collins	25 00
Subscriber, Addison Point, Me.	1 00
Mrs. H. L. Lakeland	1 00
Friend, Rockland, Mass.	1 00
Mrs. L. A. Bruce	2 00
I. T. Betts	1 00
S. E. P., New Haven, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. Ellen Bailey, Darien, Ga.	5 00



EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS ENCAMPED IN THE "DERVISHES' GARDENS," PERA.

Mrs. Stephen L. Smith	1 00
Subscriber, Warehouse Point, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. E. Lee	5 00
Cash	2 00
I. E. G. Mich.	50 00
D. Henkel	1 00
L. Nute	1 00
Wilson Stokes	5 00
Mrs. Jos. Simons	2 00
Boy and mother, Reading, Mass.	1 00
Archie M. Creveling	1 00
Collected by Mrs. M. Elder	3 20
King's Daughters, Southbridge, Mass.	10 00
H. Mengershausen	1 00
Subr., Morrison, Ill.	2 00
Charlotte Ward	1 00
Samuel Thatcher	1 00
W. C. Phillips	50 00
Poor Man, Baltimore, Md.	1 00
Mrs. E. C. Stuart	2 50
T. W. Brown	20 00

MY PASSOVER.

A PILGRIM with my staff in hand,
I eat my passover to night;
With girded loins, full-shod I stand,
To wait the coming night.

I know not—and 'tis not my care—
If I shall spend the coming years
Where Elim's palm trees cool the air,
Or Marah pours her tears.

But this I know, the sprinkled blood
Hath set my soul at liberty,
A Red Sea rolls its cleansing flood
Between my sins and me.

And he, who knoweth all my way,
Creates the darkness and the light,
His cloudy pillar shades my day,
His glory cheers my night.

Full soon my pilgrimage will cease—
Its transient joys, its binding tears—
And I shall find eternal peace
Beyond the "rolling years."

WOMAN IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

IN our own land, woman is the grace of the tea-table. In China and Japan, she is not only the genius who presides over the preparation of the tea in the home, but she has a great deal to do with the process of "fixing" which the green leaf undergoes before it is ready for marketing. A missionary writing from Kobe, Japan, says:

"We visited a large tea-firing establishment, where hundreds of operatives are employed—mostly women. There the tea is dried and prepared for the foreign market. There were long rows of large ovens, under each of which was a charcoal fire.

"A woman stood at each, and with her hand stirred the tea until sufficiently toasted. Those laborers, I understand, get from eight to ten 'sen' (cents) a day, which, in their depreciated currency is worth four or five cents in American money. Ten cents a day is considered very good wages. I noticed that many of the women in that tea house had black teeth. It is a Japanese custom, dating back eight hundred years or more, that married women must blacken the teeth with some kind of ink, and shave the eyebrows when they become mothers.

"The reason for the practice given is that wives thus become unattractive to other persons. If so, it is a success; for they are almost hideous. Maiden ladies, also, when the prospect of marriage seems hopeless, blacken their teeth and die to the world.

The present Em-press dis-cards the custom and it is rapidly passing away. But I have already seen hundreds, if not thousands, thus hideously discolored."

THE MONEY CAME BACK.

Bishop Tucker, the successor of the murdered Bishop Hannington in Uganda, says that when the consignment of Bibles and books arrived there the rush for them was so great that the store of the missionaries got full of money—that is to say, of shells, which are the ordinary currency in the Uganda country.

"Why, we had half the currency of the country in our stores; and so our sale of books decreased for no other reason than that the people could not get shells with which to buy them. Just at that time Sir Gerald Portal came into the country, and knowing that he would need shells with which to pay his carriers, etc. I sent over to him and said, 'I will sell you the shells I have here at the rate of three hundred per rupee.' He agreed to my proposal; so, with a great deal of labor, porters carried them over from the missionary stores to the government house. In due course they were paid out to the employees of the government expedition, who in their turn paid them over to the natives for the bananas and beef and mutton they wanted, and so the shells got into circulation again, and the natives brought them back to us to purchase books. I do not know what this is called in financial circles but it was an interesting phenomenon to me. The shells going out from us, buying labor, then buying bananas, and finally buying books again."

EVANGELISM IN CHICAGO.

Evangelist Dexter Aided by a Corps of Workers from the Moody Institute are holding services in the New England Hotel on Seventy-third St., Chicago every evening. They are a continuation of the services held on a vacant lot in the neighborhood during the summer.

Bible Institute Triumphs.

How the Students Testify to the Value of its Training—Some Glowing Letters—The Moody Fund Still Growing.

NOT a day passes in the Moody Bible Institute, in Chicago, that does not bring from former students letters full of Christian love and gratitude for the invaluable training they received there. In every department of Gospel effort, in the pulpit, on the platform, in street and lane, by land and sea, and among men and women of all nationalities, these young workers for Christ, in their various fields at home or abroad, find that the time spent at the Institute has been the most profitable of their lives in a spiritual sense. It taught them direct and practical methods in every case and fitted them admirably for the special work in which they afterwards engaged.

We are permitted to give brief extracts from a few of these enthusiastic letters from ex-students:

W. G. W., South Carolina, writes: I want to thank you personally Mr. Torrey for the power of your example—your life—as well as for the good derived from your teaching in the Lecture Room. I never have had such an insight into the joy of working for Christ as I have since I left the Institute.

B. A., Michigan. Am very thankful I was directed to the Bible Institute for there I learned certain lines of truth that have opened up the whole Bible to me in a wonderful way.

W. D., Edinburgh, writes: For the last four weeks it has been my privilege to have four meetings nearly every day. Much blessing has resulted, souls are saved, believers are receiving the Holy Spirit and are getting faith to serve. Your lectures on "How to Bring men to Christ," have been given in one of our halls here. Over fifty have attended every night and God has blessed us. On Sunday mornings at eight A. M., the same number turn out for the Bible meetings.

Another, now laboring in Great Britain, writes: Yesterday clear light came to me as to the future. The Foreign Mission Commissioners of the Church of Scotland have accepted me for the Punjab, India, and if the Lord wills, I shall proceed thither about October. In my time of preparation, I will not be idle. Demand came for meetings constantly. For the last two Sundays I have had five services, and blessing in them all, and next Sunday this is to be repeated. I wish you would ask special prayer for me in the Institute that every detail of fitness may be given me for my new work. There are some 3,000 converts to be shepherded in.

The women, at the last term of the Bible Institute represented fifteen denominations, and came directly from thirty-one States. The men represented thirty-five States, besides a number of foreign countries; and they had been engaged in more than one hundred different occupations before entering the Institute. Many are now engaged as pastors, evangelists, local preachers, exhorters, missionaries, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and Christian workers on different lines. It is for the extension of this great work of Christian training for the evangelistic field that Mr. Moody has made appeal through the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for funds for the Institute. The contributions last week were as follows:

A. R. Spotswood	25 00
Friend, Cherry Hill, N. J.	1 00
Hospital invalid, Dayton, O.	1 00
H. D. Gordon	1 00
Mrs. John Catlin	2 00
In His Name, Huntington, L. I.	5 00
Friend, Scotland, Mass.	5 00
Mrs. W. W. Gilbreath	2 00
Friend, South Fremont, Mass.	1 00
Oregon Invalid	1 50
J. E. Teague	50 00
Three Kings Daughters, Mont Alto, Pa.	3 00
Friend, Norfolk, Va.	5 00
Thank Offering, Westminster, Cal.	5 00
Mrs. F. M. Merriman	1 00
E. Johnson	2 00
Mrs. Laura E. Vandervoort	1 00
Mother and I, Northampton, Mass.	2 00
W. B. H., Lakeland, Fla.	50 00
Mrs. Lucina Hubbard	1 00
C. L. S., W. Northfield, Mass.	1 00
G. H. E., Sautucket, R. I.	5 00
Mrs. Mattie S. Clawson	2 00
J. H. Demaree	10 00
Jas. Fahnestock	2 00
A. H. H., Rock Rapids, Ia.	25 00
G. C. M., Owen Sound, Can.	5 00
E. Bailey	1 00
Wm. J. Hinkson	1 00
F. W. Howard	50 00
Clarence J. Dorr	2 00

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.



D.L. Moody



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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EDITOR.

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SAILORS AND RELIGION.

NEVER hear the howling of the autumnal or wintry blast without remembering those who are on the deep or amid the storms of temptation in foreign ports. Help the bethels on the land which swing open their doors inviting the mariners to free reading rooms to cultivate their minds and to chapels of worship to save their souls. Do you know that I think converted sailors are yet to be the most successful missionaries in all the world? During the great revival which swept Christendom in 1857 there were ships which arrived at New York harbor and it was found that the captain and all the crew had been saved between Glasgow and New York or between San Francisco and the Narrows. The day will come when those scenes will be multiplied until every forecastle will hear the voice of prayer and the New Testament given by mothers to their adventurous sons shall be wept over in every seaport of the round world. The Bible says that "the ships of Tarshish will yet sail into the kingdom." What does that mean but the salvation of all sailorhood? Get the sailors right and soon all the world will be right. When a sailor is converted he is converted all over, from the parting of the hair on the crown of his head to the tip end of his long toe. He does not sing the old hymn:

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?

The sailor knows it. He knows it in every nerve of his body and every faculty of his mind and every energy of his soul. He is the best stuff in all the world to make a missionary out of. We went ashore at Smyrna, Asia Minor, and that night in the sailors' bethel heard converted men of the sea give testimony as to the power of the Gospel on shipboard, whether in the Mediterranean or Adriatic or Atlantic or Pacific seas. May the blessing of God come down upon these men so potent for good or evil. America owes them a debt she has never paid. They bring to us the luxuries of all the earth. Not a bountiful table in all the land but is advantaged by their wrestle with the midnight tempest. To their care we entrust the precious lives of our people. Again and again they have saved the nation. You hear chiefly of what the armies did on the land but have not sufficiently appreciated what the navy did on lake and river and land and sea. Where would American independence have been and where our nation in later exigencies had it not been for Commodore Decatur on the flagship "Delaware," and Commodore Hull on the "Constitution," and Admiral Dupont on the "Wabash," and Admiral Glassborough on the "Minnesota," and

Admiral Dahlgren on the "Philadelphia," and Admiral Bailey on the "San Jacinto," and Admiral Porter on the "Black Hawk," and Admiral Foote on the "Boston," and Admiral Farragut on the "Hartford," and Admiral Walker on the gun-boat "Lafayette," whether he stood on deck in the thunder of battle or led in prayer and gave out the Christian hymns in worship. Ask the intelligent soldiers on the land how much they were helped by the sailors at Belmont, at Fort Donelson, at Island No. 10, at Vicksburg, at Mobile. Yet when on the solemn and imposing memorial day, when by long procession and mountains of flowers, we appropriately honor the soldiers of America, how little, if anything, is said of those who, with the uncertainties of the deep beneath them, had all the tempests of battle above and around them. I wish you could have seen General Sherman's intensity and enthusiasm when in his home at St. Louis he showed me the capture of Vicksburg, and then told of the endurance of the men on the gunboats. As he walked up and down the floor he showed me how it was, in a very tragedy of utterance. He said: "Do you see those three men in that boat? One of them is myself. You see that I not only had opportunity of knowing what was done on the land, but what was done by the brave men on the water. Oh, the scene was awful. It was a perfect hell." Men and women of America, let us pay back the debt we owe the sailors, whether for that which they did in war, or are doing in time of peace. May the Christian influence put forth for their temporal comfort and everlasting salvation be multiplied a thousand fold, and the time be hastened when "the fullness of the sea" shall be given to God, and may it be said of those who are imperilled on the waters in the autumnal gales as it was said in Paul's time of the rescued 276 voyagers on the corn ship, "It came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

CHEERFUL CHRISTIANS.

WOULD God that a revival of charity might come to the hearts of all men of large means, and that some of the millions they are piling up to spoil their children with might be given to the cause of God and suffering humanity, and that these men, instead of priding themselves on the amount laid up in bonds and stocks and real estate, might gratefully tell how much God had permitted them to give for the relief of the world's suffering and ignorance. But whether we have faculty to work on a large scale, or are limited in resources, let us all do what we can, remembering that our time for work is being abbreviated, and that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall come to divine and heavenly celebration. And let us all work in good cheer. Instead of listening for the nighthawk and the whippoorwill on the edge of the darkening woods, let us watch for the rising of the morning lark.

Much of the Christian work is done amid gloomy forebodings. Temperance men overwhelmed with statistics of drunkenness. Advocates of political integrity disheartened with the story of official corruption. Ministers of the Gospel stunned and crippled with the world's impenitency. Mohammedanism with its host of 340,000,000, Brahminism with its army of 175,000,000, Buddhism with its army of 340,000,000, sometimes make the Christian man disposed to give up the contest and say, "there is no use." Indeed, throw out of the calculation our superhuman allies, and all reformatory and missionary and ecclesiastical attempts would be a long continued absurdity, but the reserve corps has not yet come up. We are only planting the batteries, and when the Lord once opens fire all along the line, you will see such a complete rout as the Midianites experienced when they mistook the crash of Gideon's pitcher for the smashup of everything. Wait until God buckles on his sword. Wait until God takes his hand from his bosom. Wait until the white horses are harnessed to the

king's chariot. Joshua's troops retreated just before they triumphantly took the City of Ai. Let the enemy of righteousness beware when the army of God falls back. It is preparing for universal rally. Those who do not believe this had better quit Christian work and go home. We have had enough lugubrious Christians. They load once, shoot, fling away their rifle and run. It is the cheerful workers who keep on. If you have any doubt about the complete victory of our side you are a nuisance and had better go away and hide. But come on, all ye who believe in the utter rout of sin and the universal dominion of Jesus. Not only bring along with you enough ammunition with which to fight, but enough trumpets and drums and rockets to celebrate the victory. Stand out of our way with your sporificals and give us a few drops of double distilled exhilaration. We pitch our tent toward the sun-rising. We may fail, but God never fails. Onward and upward. All bondage to be broken. All ignorance to be illumined. All the fortresses of sin to be captured.

His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber. Please inform me through THE MAIL-BAG, whether the twenty-five members I am to send in order to secure the olive wood must be of one church or of other churches and denominations?

The twenty-five names need not necessarily be members of one church, or of any one denomination. They should, however, be members of Protestant churches. To all readers who forward twenty-five such names, a slab of genuine olive wood will be sent, postpaid.

J. D. Pierce, Hot Springs, Ark. Did Samuel's warning to Saul that he and his sons would be with him on the morrow, 1 Sam. 28: 19, imply that good and bad men, when they die, go to the same place?

No; simply that they would be dead as Samuel was. The whole story is full of difficulty. Many expositors believe that the woman was practising a trick and others think that some evil spirit personated Samuel. The narrative shows that Saul did not see Samuel but identified him by the woman's description. She would, however, have been little likely to invent the conversation which took place.

J. S. Montalvo, Cal. What is to be understood by the reference in Revelation 18 to Babylon, seeing that the city of that name is now only a heap of ruins?

Rev. George Pember believes that when the ten kingdoms of the ancient Roman Empire became confederated in the last years of this dispensation, a federal city will be needed, and then Babylon will be rebuilt and will be destroyed as described in the chapter you refer to. Other expositors, however, identify Babylon with papal Rome. The Romish ritual contains many striking resemblances to the heathen rites of ancient Babylon, which is a fact cited in confirmation of the theory. Similar denunciations to those in Rev. 18, will be found in Isa. 13, 21, 34 and other places, where they apply to the literal Babylon of the Captivity.

Subscriber, Shelburne, Minn. Is it true that if a person is born of God he need not take further care, as he can never be lost?

A person who has been born of God needs to be very careful and vigilant lest he fall into sin. The epistles abound with exhortations to watchfulness. You may be sure that if the child of God can never be lost, he will have to go through a process of reclamation if he backslides, which will be very painful. Peter is a case in point. The account of his restoration in the Gospel according to Mark, the composition of which Peter is supposed to have supervised, contains a pathetic remark not contained in the other Gospels. It is that "when he thought thereon he wept," showing how much and how long he mourned.

H. F. B. Martin. I am told that conversion and regeneration are not the same: what is the difference?

Conversion, when the term is used theologically, is the turning away from sin to God. It is the reversal of a man's course of life. After his conversion his desires and aims and principles of life cease to be toward enjoyment or self-gratification or worldly ambition and tend toward God and holiness. Regeneration is the new birth wrought by the Spirit of God upon the man. Thus conversion supposes some activity on the man's part while in regeneration he is passive. As the Spirit operates on the spirit of man "making it willing in the day of his power," the difference between the two terms is not of moment.

Student, North Clarendon, Vt. 1. Are the fundamental principles of evolution opposed to a true interpretation of the Bible? 2. Do Huxley and other evolutionists believe in God as the Creator? 3. Is there any Scriptural ground for belief in the existence of Pre-Adamites?

1. They are opposed to the commonly received interpretation. There are, however, many Christians of high character, some of them very useful ministers who have accepted

the evolutionary doctrine, but they generally regard the narrative of the Garden of Eden as a poem or parable which is not to be understood literally. 2. Huxley calls himself an agnostic that is one who does not know whether there is a God or not. He and his school believe that there was some power at the back of all development and that the universe is in self-existent. But they do not define the power and some of them aver that it is unknowable. 3. The only passage that occurs to us being in any way capable of being used as basis for a belief in the existence of Pre-Adamites is Gen. 6: 2, and that may be understood in a different way.

Joe J. Edes, Mill's Springs, N. C. Kindly advise what are the best books, of a humorous and entertaining character, that can be selected by one who needs to be cheered and amused? I have been suffering from prostration of nerves a mind and need something that will afford pleasure and wholesome entertainment.

There are many books that might be enjoyably read by one in our correspondent's condition. Dickens' Works and Burton's American Wit and Humor, will afford no little entertainment. So will R. J. Burdette and "M. Twain." Spurgeon's "John Ploughman Talk," which mingles genuine wit with spiritual truths, might be found more to J. J.'s liking. Any of the books we have named will drive off a fit of the blues.

S. J. L., New York. Is it possible, and if possible, is it the duty of a Christian to forget and forgive a grievous wrong that has been done him? The Scriptures tell us if we forgive men their trespasses neither will our heavenly Father forgive us; and again that God forgives our sins and remembers them no more against us forever.

To forgive is a Christian duty; to forget may be something quite beyond the power of the individual, since it involves the effacement from the memory of some particular incident. We may strive to forget, and even we cannot succeed in obliterating the recollection, the fact that we have already forgiven will tinge that recollection with sadness, rather than with anger. This is remembering offence no more against the offender, but rather as a plea for his fuller forgiveness by himself.

B. T. P., Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the meaning of John 7: 39, which states that the Holy Spirit not then given? In several other passages are, as in Luke 4: 1, intimations of the Spirit's work.

There is no doubt of the Holy Spirit having been in the world operating in various ways prior to that time. In the Old Testament a nation is made of him. (See Num. 11: 25, 26; 34: 16; 48: 16, etc.) John's remark is explanatory of that which Christ made but which has been misunderstood. He was speaking of the Pentecostal descent of the Spirit, (Acts 2: 1-4) which gave special miraculous powers for work that lay before the Apostles. Also, probably, of that indwelling of the Spirit which had been occasional, but was now to be the privilege of every believer who sought the way prescribed.

Subscriber, Fisherville, Va. Is it possible to live a perfect life as Adam did before he fell?

We know so little about Adam's life that it is difficult to answer the question categorically. The circumstances of our lives are so different from those described as existing in the Garden of Eden, that they do not admit of comparison. Our inherited proclivities make it more difficult for us than for Adam to live a perfect life. Theoretically it is, of course, possible to live without sinning, but a matter of experience we know that no man attains that ideal. Some come nearer than others, being of a more spiritual nature or by being kept more rigidly from temptation in having the help of the Holy Spirit in a larger degree than others. Absolute sinlessness is the Bible ideal to which we are repeatedly exhorted to aim.

Friend, Newark, O. Some time ago, I read in Ohio paper a statement, made under the name of Karl Melite, that Eugene Pauset, a Catholic official of the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, in his charge the Crown of Christ and a piece of the Cross. Are these claims reliable?

No; they are on a par with many other equally sacrilegious claims put forth by Catholics at different times and which the Church of Rome has allowed to pass uncontradicted, thereby lending its sanction. The special mention you make is an unqualified imposition of the fact that "Karl Melite" whom you name as the writer of the letter is suspicious. "Carmelite" adds strength to this conviction. It has been estimated that there are at least alleged fragments of the Cross in existence in various Catholic churches to make a score more crosses if all were put together. All claims, wherever made, should be stamped once as spurious.

F. L. A. She is a member of the Church of England, but frequently attends services of other denominations and sometimes preaches at them.—Taylor, Farmville, Va. 1. There is no truth in the story. 2. That the spirits then in prison had life on earth an opportunity of hearing the Christ had been preached to them by the Holy Spirit through Noah.—J. P. McKim, Thornton, Wyo. To Hubert P. Main, care Biglow & Main, New York City.—Anna Lennox, Tacoma, Wash. You can order it through any bookseller in the city.—J. D. Holte, York, Pa. We never heard of it.—Florence M. Chapin, Cadillac, Mich. There is no scriptural warrant for such a supposition. Subscriber, Harrisonburg, Va. The inquiry is what vague. Author's name should be given.

THE

BIBLE AND THE

NEWSPAPER

THE CHINESE DISASTERS.

JAPAN'S military and naval superiority to China in every respect except in numbers, has been proved by the events of the past few weeks in Corea. Her troops are better drilled and equipped, her artillery is heavier and better handled and, what is of greater moment than all, her generals and admirals are better strategists. On land and on sea Japan has won all the laurels of the campaign so far, and China has suffered heavy losses in ships and men. The battle of September 16th at Ping Yan, which is in the north of Corea, not far from the Chinese frontier, was very much like the battle of Sedan, which was the decisive struggle of the Franco-German war. The Japanese attacked the Chinese in front, on both flanks, and in the rear, and having routed them, took possession of the only passes by which the fugitives could escape, and compelled over twenty thousand to surrender themselves prisoners. The naval victory was apparently almost as decisive, although in that case the Japanese reports are disputed. It was fought on September 17th at the mouth of the Yalu River, between eleven Japanese and fourteen Chinese ships, besides torpedo and gunboats. Three of the finest ships in the Chinese navy were sunk, and three others were burned, and five of those which made their escape were severely injured. The Emperor of China has given vent to his indignation over the disasters by degrading Li Hung, Chang the ablest statesman he has, whose plans for the reorganization of the Chinese army would, had they not been thwarted by the Emperor's connivance, have prevented the collapse which has occurred. The Emperor appears now to fear that the Japanese will invade China, and has given orders to strengthen the defenses on the way to Pekin. On this page is a picture of Tientsin, the chief port of the capital, which would be the probable approach. It is a large trading city, and since 1860, when it was seized by the French on their way to Pekin, has been an open port for foreign ships. We also give a picture of the Chinese "God of War," whom the priests are now endeavoring to propitiate. That at this late day this enormous nation is worshipping such a frightful image is an evidence of spiritual darkness of an appalling character. Serious as are the disasters they have suffered, the Chinese would have reason to regard them as blessings if by them they were led to abjure such idols and worship him whose name is the Prince of Peace. (Isa. 9: 6.)

A Chameleon Spider.

Among the treasures an American entomologist has brought home from Africa is a specimen of the chameleon spider, which he exhibits with a great deal of pride. In describing his capture of it, he said that he mistook it for a rare flower of which he was in search. He was walking along a road that skirted a forest in Western Africa when his attention was caught by what appeared to be an exceedingly delicate white flower with a blue centre. "Stopping to examine," he says, "I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's

web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower. The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried, my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white." It changed color several times afterwards having apparently the power of assuming any of the colors of the rainbow. Its many changes of color and its flower-like web doubtless put the insects it preyed upon off their guard and lured them to their death. It is so that the enemy of souls secures victims. They are attracted into his snares by the prospect of profit, or pleasure, or the gratification of the senses. (Prov. 1:17.)

A Secret Blacklist.

One of the railroad employees discharged for activity in the recent strike contends that he has discovered evidence of a secret method of communicating information from one manager to another. When he was discharged he applied to the manager

been given to a man who had been active in the strike and the man believes that the highest praise that could be written on such paper would not avail him with a railroad manager; while an ordinary certificate written on paper, which had the whole crane in its water-mark, will secure for the bearer favorable consideration. If this theory is true, the managers judge of an applicant's character by the texture of the paper he presents rather than by what is written on it. We are warned that it will be so in the day of final account. A man's eternal state will be decided not by his baptism, by priestly absolution or church membership but by his nature. Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision but a new creature (Galatians 6:15.)

A Mourner Becomes a Bride.

A singular episode occurred at Sharon, Pa., on Sept. 13. There was a funeral there on that day which was followed by the marriage of two of the mourners. It appears that a lady who went from Buffalo to attend the funeral of her friend was surprised on entering the carriage which was to convey her to the cemetery to see in it a young man to whom she had formerly been engaged, but whom she had not met in three years. During their ride to the cemetery they talked over the trouble that had led to the rupture of their engagement, and both came to regard it as a matter too trivial to have had such a result. On their way back after the ceremony they had as their companion the clergyman who had been officiating at the funeral. He was made acquainted with the situation and consented to marry them at once. The clergyman then conducted the marriage ceremony in the carriage, and the two mourners returned from the funeral a bride and bridegroom. Joy and sorrow often come near together in our lives, but it is seldom that they come into so close and an-

face bore marks of mental anguish. At his request two physicians examined him and they confirmed the opinion the man had formed of his own case. He soon became violent and, before reaching the Asylum, he was a raving maniac. It is strange that a man so near madness as he



THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR.

was should yet have had the sense and self-control to act so wisely. He showed more discretion than some do who are in no danger of insanity. Many confess with sorrow, as Paul did, "The evil that I would not, that I do," who never go for restraint to him who is able to keep them from the evil. (Rom. 7: 25.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Bishop, the Great Traveller and Wri-

er, has accomplished the first part of her Corean journey without illness or disaster. When last heard of, she was purposing to go to Moulken, the Manchurian capital, to wait the development of events in Corea. The land, she finds, is most fertile.

Miss Annie Taylor has not yet obtained permission to enter Tibet. She has settled at Darjeeling pending the further consideration of her appeal. Two Swiss ladies are also on the Tibetan border doing medical missionary work among Tibetans, who cross the frontier to be treated.

Revs. Connolly and Struble, the Pacific Coast evangelists commenced a series of meetings at Owosso, Mich., on Sept. 20. They expect to labor during the winter in several cities of the Middle Western States and possibly the way may be opened for them to come to New York and the New England States, if union or denominational work is arranged.

The Board of Home Missions of the

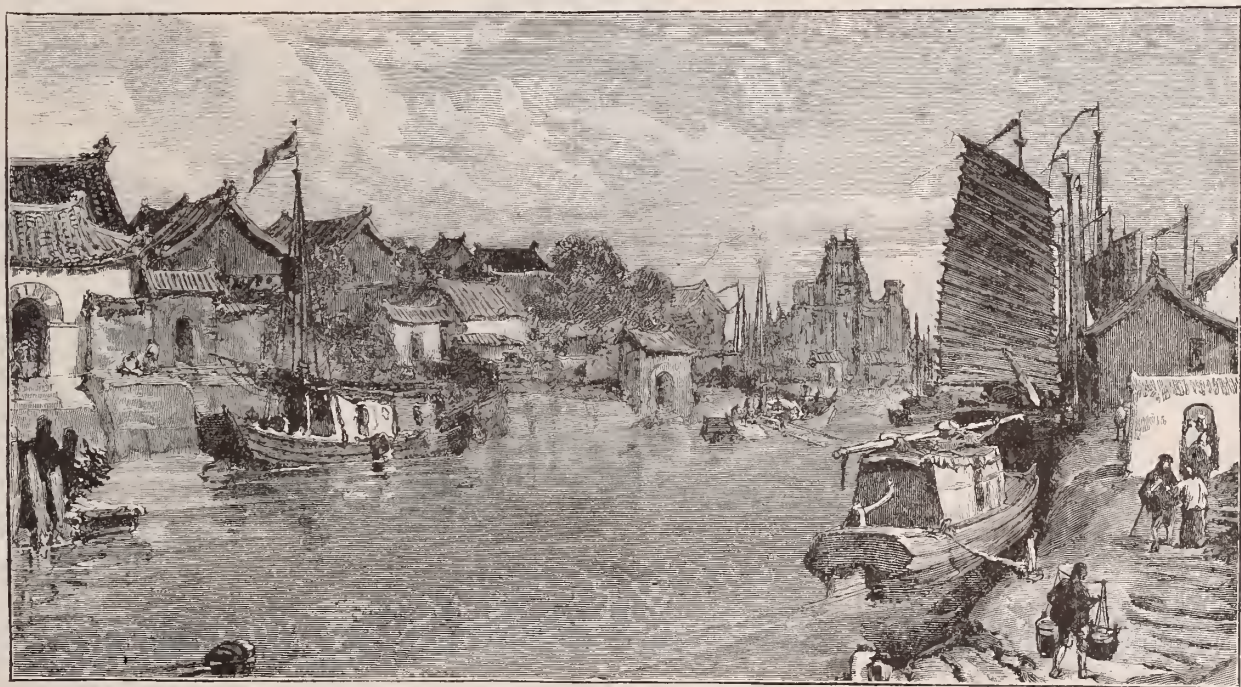
Presbyterian Church reports receipts from April 1st to August 31st of \$242,150, against \$159,998 for the corresponding period of last year. The gain is divided as follows: Women's Executive \$22,259, legacies \$59,996, miscellaneous, \$4,173. In the church collections there has been a loss of \$4,276, leaving a net gain of \$82,152.

Rev. C. H. Yatman Commenced on Oct. 2, a series of Revival Services in Brooklyn which promise large results. They are held every afternoon and evening in the Central Presbyterian Church on the corner of Tompkins and Willoughby Avenues.

A Suggestion to Pastors is Made by the Open-air Workers' Association. It is to hold a short praise service on the steps of the church a short time before the Sunday evening service. Wherever it has been tried a crowd has collected to hear the singers, many of whom have accepted an invitation to attend the service in the church.

The Baptist Union of South Africa will shortly enter on possession of three farms of three thousand acres in Mashonaland and Matabeleland to be worked for missionary purposes. A church and mission house is to be built on each farm. The concession of land has been made by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony.

A Difference of Attitude Between the Supreme Court and the Municipal authority is imminent in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Mayor recently refused to issue a permit for a Sun day parade of German Societies. An appeal is now to be presented to him to prohibit, on the same ground, base ball games within the city limits on Sunday. Judge Gaynor of the Supreme Court recently upheld the legality of the Sunday base ball games.



THE COREAN WAR—TIEN-TSIN THE SEAPORT OF THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

of the road on which he had worked for several years, for "a clearance paper" which he knew he would have to show to the manager of any road before an application for employment would be entertained. He expected a meagre statement of satisfactory service and was surprised when he read on the form the managers use for the purpose a complimentary notice of his character and work. But he could not obtain a position and the clearance wherever it was shown appeared, in spite of the praise it contained, to operate against him. Several other men had a similar experience, while others succeeded in getting work although their papers were no more favorable. He became suspicious and examined his own and other clearance papers more closely. He found that all the papers had a water mark which was visible only when held up to the light. The chief figure in the water mark was a crane. In some instances the crane was complete but in others the cutting of the paper had beheaded the crane. In all the cases in which the crane was without its head the paper had

omalous association as is implied by a wedding in a funeral coach. It has, however, often happened that the infinitely greater joy of union with Christ has been begun in a time of bereavement. (John 11: 45.)

In Fear of Insanity.

An extraordinary application was made a few days ago to the Overseers of Albany, N. Y. A prosperous business man, in the prime of life, went to them and asked to be committed to the asylum for lunatics. He said that he was in his right mind then but was convinced that he was on the verge of becoming insane and was desirous of being put under restraint. He described his symptoms intelligently and explained why he was apprehensive. Strange voices, he said, called to him and he was tempted to kill his wife and children and commit suicide. He feared that he would not be able to resist the impulse and he wanted to be put out of the way of doing harm to those he loved. The Overseers looked at the man in amazement. He was tall and vigorous and apparently in good health, but his



"Thine Ancient People the Jews."

Our Traveler visits the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem and converses on the Lord's coming and the hope of Israel's return to Palestine.



UNDER this name I heard them prayed for every day throughout my infancy and girlhood. The phraseology in which the patriarch of the household remembered them at the family altar varied little in all those years:—

"We pray thee to have mercy upon thine ancient people the Jews and bring them into thine everlasting Kingdom, together with the fullness of the Gentiles. May they look upon him whom they have pierced and acknowledge him as King of kings and Lord of lords."

I am saying it over to myself on this murky afternoon, as, despite the corrugated soles of my overshoes, I slip and slide upon the greasy mud of the Jewish quarter of the City of David. The smells are of the foulest I have encountered, and we stir them into aggressiveness in our passage through the damp, breezeless air. It is Friday, and marketing is lively, in preparation for the national Sabbath. Every huckster has put forward his choicest wares; women, conspicuous by their uncovered faces, have baskets on their arms and haggle shrewdly over "green stuff," groceries and meat. Once we are shoved against a wall by a crowd of both sexes gathered about an auctioneer who is selling tainted fish at a plastre (four cents) a pound. The ground is wet and steep; the stones are treacherous, the throng motley and unsavory, with an indescribable air of sordidness evident through the squalor of the region.

My companion is Rev. Joseph Jamal, a cousin of our educated dragoman, and assistant-rector of the English Church in Jerusalem. Under his guidance I have seen the various benevolent institutions established in Jerusalem by the Church Missionary Society, which is an honor to English Christians and philanthropists. The Ophthalmic Infirmary, where tens of thousands of sufferers from the fearfully prevalent diseases of the eye are treated annually; the Dispensary, well stocked and admirably managed, the Industrial School, where carpentry, printing, book-binding, etc., are taught; the Hospital, fifty-five years old, which will be, ere long, transferred to the fine new building, now in construction outside of the walls—one and all are fraught with deep interest to her who has seen enough of the Jewish population of Palestine to appreciate the needs and the discouragements of the work undertaken by the splendid organization named above. Mr. Jamal's twenty years of service in the Church Missionary Society have fully qualified him as an intelligent and trustworthy authority upon the subject which, during the past few days, has especially engrossed my time and thoughts.

Threading the maze of filthy streets, we arrive presently at an archway so low that my tall guide stoops low, and I have to bow my head in passing it and entering a sort of tunnel, wetter and fouler than the open street we have left, and sloping downward. Another turn and a plunge of several steps, and Mr. Jamal knocks at a low, dingy door in the blank wall. It is opened by means of a cord running along the dark passage, and we see nobly until we are met at the head of a flight of unclean stone steps by a "kervasse" in dirty uniform, with a red fez upon his head. He takes us into an apartment of fair size, the upper half raised by two steps, above the lower, and lined on

three sides by a cushioned divan, on which we are seated. This is the drawing-room of the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem. The floor is covered with matting; a few rugs are scattered here and there, and two small stands are set back against the wall. Besides these there is no furniture. The "kervasse," having taken our cards to his master, returns in four or five minutes, ushering in two old men. One, tall, and with traces of former dignity and comeliness, walks in advance of his companion, who is his inferior in appearance and in office. Both wear dark blue cloth gowns, lined and edged with coarse fur, and bands of like material trim the caps, which are round and flat on top. A moment later, a third man, similarly attired, enters, unannounced, and sits down upon the divan with the others, we facing them from the other side of the room.

After a few and ceremonious preliminary remarks, we come to the chief object of my call. I ask the master of the house through my interpreter if he attaches any significance to the influx, in late years, of the Jews from other lands into Palestine. Also, if he can give me an approximate idea of the number who have thus immigrated within ten years.

"If you would know how many have come in the past sixty years, I would answer that there were but one thousand Jews in Jerusalem and the vicinity in 1833. There are thirty thousand now."

"How do you account for the steady increase of immigration? Are all drawn by the same motive?"

"The Jews come to Palestine because they love it as the land of their fathers and their own country. Some have come expecting the Messiah. They are foolish. When he comes, he will rule the whole earth, not merely this little corner of the globe."

"You expect, then, his personal advent. What will preface it?"

"The Great Fight of Armageddon must come first. Gog and Magog will appear and be overthrown. There will be a terribly bloody conflict of all nations in the Valley of Decision."

"Where there is not room to deploy four regiments!" I heard Dr. Merrill say indignantly, last night, but I forbear to quote the sensible objection to the chosen battlefield. "Where is the promise of his coming? Do you see signs of the approaching gathering of nations?" I ask instead.

"Who can say? The political horizon is dark and may mean much. Since the prophets passed away there is no man who can read the signs of the times."

"Where will the Messiah first appear?"

"He will descend from heaven upon Mt. Safed, the highest point of Galilee. So say the holy writings."

(I recall that Safed is pointed out as the "city set upon a hill" to which our Lord, ever ready to illustrate his teachings by natural and present objects, may have referred in the Sermon on the Mount.)

"But," I say aloud, "We are told by Zechariah that when 'the Lord shall go forth and fight against those nations as when he fought in the day of battle, his feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the east.'"

"True. The Messiah will proceed from Safed to Olivet."

"I read further that the Mount of Olives shall 'cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley, and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south.' Will this prophecy, in your opinion, and in the opinion of other learned men, be literally fulfilled?"

My host inclines his head in grave assent. The colleague who sits next to him says, decidedly,—

"Certainly! no one ever questioned it."



A JEWISH RABBI OF JERUSALEM.

From a Photograph secured specially for "The Christian Herald."

"Where—may I ask—do you read the prophecy concerning Safed?"

"In the Talmud," with the air of a disputant ending a controversy.

But I am intensely interested, and my interpreter being altogether in touch with my mood and desire, conveys my meaning so faithfully that I cannot refrain from further researches.

"Tell him," I say to Mr. Jamal, "that some of the most learned Rabbis in America no longer expect a personal Messiah. They believe that the prophecies relative to his coming point to the perfectibility of human nature: to an advanced state of morality, and subjugation of whatever is base and vicious in man's nature and conduct; to the cessation of war and crime, the elimination from body and mind of all that engenders sorrow, pain, and death itself."

For the first time the old man gives signs of excitement as this speech is translated to him. He crosses one leg over the other nervously; his black eyes gleam under the white brows; his raised hand and voice shake with agitation.

"No devout Jew believes such a mon-

strous thing. The men who assert it are infidels—materialists. The Messiah will be a real person—great, holy, powerful, perfect, and he shall reign in the Mount Zion forever and ever."

"I return to the former question:—

"When will he come? Are there indications that the time may be near?"

My venerable interlocutor retires unequivocally into his shell of dignified and official reserve.

"Who can say? That is in God's hands—not in mine."

It is obvious that further catechizing would be unwelcome, and having partaken of the usual refectory of sweetmeats and coffee, we exchange conventional compliments and part amicably.

Our next visit is to a poorer Rabbi, living in a more lowly abode, but as genial as the former was politely frosty. He belongs to a sect whose business is the study of the law, and the shabby room is surrounded with book-shelves. So far from eluding such queries as I have put to his superior in office and worldly gear, he talks enthusiastically of his belief that the Kingdom of the Messiah is near at hand. He holds the same views with the Chief Rabbi as to the great Battle of Armageddon.

"Gog and Magog are, I am inclined to think, Russia. All nations will be engaged in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The right will conquer, the God of Israel fighting for it. A Congress of nations will be held and decide to restore Palestine to the Jews, who will thenceforward possess it and cause the waste places to break forth into singing, the desert to blossom as the rose."

"But there is not room in Palestine—or in all Syria, for that matter, for one-half of the Jews now alive upon the earth."

He smiles benignantly, and with the calmness of his convictions:—

"You forget that they have never yet had all the Promised Land—from the river of Egypt—the Nile—unto the great river, the river Euphrates." The promise is "ordered in all things and sure." The whole world will then be at peace; nations shall learn war no more. All will worship one only and true God, the God of Israel."

I put out my hand impulsively, and we shake hands cordially upon this.

"You are a Protestant!" I declare.

"We serve the same Lord!" he answers.

After more sweets and more coffee, served by the Rabbi's wife—a motherly body—we are conducted by him into an amazingly small synagogue, one thousand years old, entirely underground, having been built when Jews were forced to worship in secret.

It is lighted from above by means of two grated windows, like "man-holes" let into the pavement. There is light enough to enable us to examine a curious old manuscript copy of the law, over six hundred years old, brought from Bagdad, and, at my request, the Rabbi reads the lesson of the day from it, in a quavering intone, such as we have heard at the Wailing-Place.

"It is a poor place," he says, running his eye around the dank den, "and must always have been very dark."

"Daniel prayed in a darker," I remind him.

"His eyes twinkle, good-humoredly: 'And Jonah in still less desirable quarters!' is the unexpected rejoinder."

MARION HARLAND.

A MISSIONARY SHIP LOST.

News has been received of the loss of the "Robert W. Logan," the missionary ship of the American Board, among the Pacific islands, nothing having been heard of her since August of last year. The Japanese government has instructed the commanders of Japanese vessels to search for the missing ship while on their voyages. The "Logan" is the fifth of the vessels built by the children of the United States for the use of the missionaries in the Micronesian Islands, the successor of the four famous ships called the "Morning Star," one of which is still afloat.

The "Logan" was built in San Francisco in 1890, and is a schooner of about fifty tons burden. Her headquarters were at Ruk, in the Caroline group, and her special mission was to ply between those islands and the Mortlocks, bearing missionaries and supplies. She was named after Rev. Robert W. Logan, a faithful missionary who lived for years in the Micronesian Islands and laboriously translated the Bible into the Ruk language.

Dr. Talmage in Australia.

The Lovely Lakes and Rich Botany of the Southern Continent—Idle Acreage—Lesson of the Post Office Bells.

IN a letter from Sydney, Australia, dated August 7, 1894, Rev. Dr. Talmage gives this eloquent description of the natural beauties and attractions of the great Southern Continent:

Have you ever realized that there is only one Being in the universe who can scoop out and mould and buttress and build a harbor? At Napier, New Zealand, where we sailed in and staved only long enough for an hour and a half's address, hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in building a breakwater and so at Gisborne, and at different points on the Australian coast, harbors have been constructed by human hands, but the storms looked at these defiant ramparts and in a night tumbled the costly works into the Pacific. Harbor building is the reserved right of the heavens. Gates of palaces and gates of fortresses may be turned out from earthly foundries, or pounded together by hammers of human mechanism, but an ocean gate like that near which I am now seated needs omnipotence and omniscience and infinity to plan and construct it. No one but the Eternal knows where such a gate is needed. He sees the history of a continent before it is populated and he only can decide where its front door ought to be poised and swung. Beside that the gate must correspond with the size and greatness of the main building. The door of the Madeline Church would be absurd at the front of a Quaker Meeting House. Bronze and gold would make an inappropriate entrance to a rookery. Such an entrance to Australia as Sydney harbor would be something for all time and eternity to jeer at, if the country thus entered were not something immeasurable for wealth, resource, and grand opportunity. Had I known nothing of the history of Australia what I saw between the door-posts of this harbor and the wharf of our disembarkation would have convinced me of the present and coming pre-eminence of this fifth continent of the world. With such an ocean gate, I am not surprised that Australia is fourteen times as large as France and thirty-three times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It has been estimated as capable of supporting one hundred millions of people. All wealth of mining and agriculture and commerce and art and scenery are here. Caves larger than the mammoth cave of Kentucky,

Lakes like Como, Lucerne, and Geneva. A botany so rich in flowers that Captain Cook called one of the entrances "Botany Bay." Whole Pennsylvanias of coal mines, discovered by a shipwrecked sailor in 1797, but now defying the crowbars of the earth to take one half of their treasures, and having enough material to warm a continent and keep aglow the steamship furnaces of an ocean. Enough deep pasture in the vales and on the hills to clothe with their wool whole nations. So much of these Colonies is in the tropics that they will have a capacity, when fully developed, to yield enough sugar to sweeten the beverages of the earth, and use enough tea to soothe the nerves and emulate the conversation of the social couples of all zones, and produce enough cotton to clothe the hemispheres. Enough iron to be brought up from the cellar of these colonies to rail-track the planet. Copper and silver and gold, waiting for resurrection. Sapphires and rubies, topaz and chrysoberyls ready to flash and burn on the som of the world's beauty. Cope's Creek yielded in one year 25,000 diamonds.

Do you say that vast regions are not arid but a desert? Yes, but boring underneath the sand and rock discovered water which is only waiting to be called up to irrigate the surface. What irrigation has been done for Egypt and China, and is doing for the American desert, will be done for the idle acreage of Australia.

While dictating this letter to a stenographer in Sydney, and looking off upon its harbor, I hear the chimes of the bells from the tower of the Post Office. It is the only Post Office that I have ever known to be faced by such a charm of harmonies. How appropriate! for the Post Office of every city rings out more music or tolls more sadness than any other building. There are the piles of letters with joyful tidings and hilarious surprises and marriage announcements; and every Post Office ought to have a chime of Wedding Bells. But

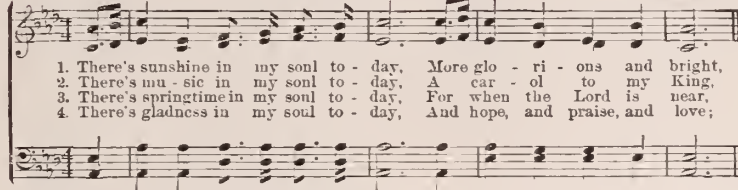


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

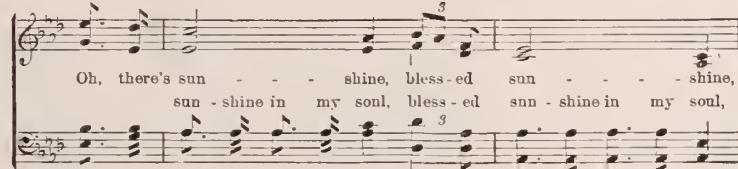


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright,
2. There's music in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love;

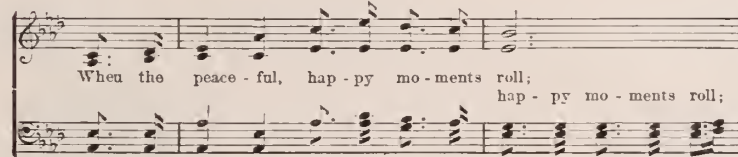


Thou glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.

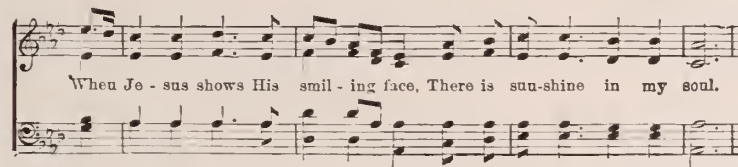
Refrain.



Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
sun - shine in my soul, bless - ed sun - shine in my soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

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From CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS, by permission of the Publishers.

every Post Office has piles of letters with stories of sadness and bereavement and loss and death and burial, and therefore such a building ought to have bells to sound the knell and bells to toll the grief. Ring on ye bells of Sydney Post Office and sound over yonder harbor your merriment or sadness. Four times every hour that tower showers its chimes; at each quarter hour the air is stirred with its melodies, but at the close of each full hour the effect is very peculiar. Tinkle and clash, and jingle and roll go

The Sweet Metallic Voices,

as much as to say "Be cheery while the moments go by. Move as briskly as you can and let the passing moments keep step with the sounding joy!" But while you are listening suddenly there comes in the mighty stroke of the Post Office clock in deepest and most reverberating tone, letting you know that one more hour of time is forever past, and it sounds solemn and tremendous as though at every stroke it said of the hour just departed "Gone! Gone! Gone!" The deep bass of that last sound overpowering the merry sopranos that preceded it. So the gladnesses and solemnities commingle. But, perhaps, I may have misinterpreted the utterances of that heavy and mighty clock in the Post Office Tower.

It seemed like the death knell of the hour and seemed to say, "Gone! Gone!" but now that I think it over, that bell might have been in a different mood from what I thought, for bells have moods, and they weep and they laugh and they dance and they groan. It may be that the resounding and overpowering stroke in that tower might have been one of invitation, and that because this harbor is the ocean gate of an almost infinitude of opportunity, and the mines are waiting for more crow-bars, and the pasturage is waiting for more flocks, and the hillsides are waiting for more cities, and the picturesque is waiting for more artists, and the fields are waiting for more ploughs, and the printing-presses are waiting for more authors, and the flora is waiting for more botanists, and the skies are waiting for more astronomers, and the churches are waiting for more worshippers, and these lands are waiting for more occupants, and this harbor is waiting for more merchantmen, that the bell of the Post Office Tower is really sending forth a welcoming word to the people of all lands and the voyagers of all seas, saying, "Come! Come! Come!"

T. De Witt Talmage

ISRAEL AND THE NATIONS.

The Oppressed People to become a Blessing to the Whole World.

(Continued from Page 617.)

BY REV. H. M. PARSONS, D.D.*

THE general thought of the Christian church is, that Israel as a nation has been cast off forever. The many promises annexed to the denunciations of doom for disobedience, have either been spiritualized and applied to the church, or fitted to the resurrected individuals of the Jewish race. With many this question is valued but little, because of more important and pressing themes, which solicit immediate attention. The burdens of oppression which rest upon the whole race, are engrossing the thought and action of benevolent minds, and of the church of God, in the desire to adopt measures, and invent methods of relief, which shall remedy if not dispel the curse of sin.

With others, the preaching of salvation to the lost is regarded as the only way in which mankind can be delivered, and therefore they look for the conversion of the world under the present Gospel method. As against these interpretations of Scripture we turn first to see what God has said of this nation. The Old Testament is taken up with the relation of Israel to the earth. "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel," Deut. 32:8; and in the covenants of God with the patriarchs, the land, the portions of the earth they were to have and possess forever, is distinctly marked off by definite boundaries. This was without conditions.

Jehovah made another covenant with Israel, conditioned on obedience, relating to their position, character and office upon the earth. It is written in Ex. 19:5, "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then shall ye be a peculiar treasure unto me, above all people: for all the earth is mine."

The relation of Israel to the earth is declared in both Testaments, when we are exhorted in the Old Testament to "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," connecting with it the promise, "They shall prosper that love thee," and in the New Testament the proclamation of the Gospel, "To the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." The continuance of the Jew upon the earth through this dispensation is thus distinctly shown in every part of the divine revelation.

And so from the position of Israel in the earth as stated in Ezekiel thirty-sixth chapter, the resurrection revealed in vision to the prophet in thirty-seventh chapter appropriately refers to the restoration of the scattered people, as one nation to their own land defined to them in the ancient and as yet unfulfilled covenant of God. The present awakening of large numbers of the Jewish nation to examine the claims of Christ and accept him as their Messiah, and the reviving spirit of persecution and ostracism of the ancient people seen in so many lands, together with the manifest increase of numbers and influence and power, under all these obstacles, are signs not to be disregarded by those who believe the words of our Lord, when he said, in the parable of the fig tree in Mark 12:28, 29, "When ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh, even at the doors."

The New Testament, while distinctly declaring the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the exile of the nation, does not affirm that this doom is perpetual. The terrific arraignment and denunciation of the leaders of the nation, with the pathetic lament over the city at our Lord's last appearance in the temple, is followed by a declaration at the close, which is certainly prophetic (Matt. 23:39): "Ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." This Psalm here quoted refers to the future glory of Israel in the earth, and is so interpreted by our Lord in Matt. 22:42. The last words in the temple certainly imply that sometime Israel will say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and when that time does come, they will behold their absent and rejected Lord. In the Psalm from which the text is quoted, Israel is represented as using the language of "blessing" after their rejection of the Messiah.

*From an address at the recent Niagara Conference, published in *The Truth*, a monthly magazine edited by Dr. James H. Brookes, and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.



HELP IN DAILY TASKS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 14.
Col. 3: 12-17.

NO greater mistake can be made as to Christianity than to regard it as a system of doctrines, or a collection of articles to be held and believed. Christianity furnishes all that, but if that were all, it would sink to mere philosophy. The essence of it is its life and that life is in Christ. The real Christian is he who has come to Christ and received life. We cannot explain the fact and all attempts at explanation fall short of the fact, but experience proves that life does come from Christ to the individual soul. Strength, energy, patience, forbearance, love, joy, peace flow from our Lord into our souls and make character. The Christian is conscious as he looks back on some ordeal through which he has passed, that he has acted unnaturally in it. He knows that left to himself, he would have behaved very differently. There was an influence, a force within him controlling him and holding him in the right direction and he knows whence he derived it. The presence of Christ with a man is no mere theory; it is an actual fact, as anyone who has felt it can testify, and that presence exercises a potent influence. We know from our ordinary relations how companionship does affect our conduct and even our thoughts. The presence of a child, or a refined woman will affect the conversation and conduct of a whole company of roystering, foul-mouthed men. In the presence of his mother, a young man, how ever depraved his talk may be with his male companions, will set a watch on his tongue. For the time it makes him decent if it does not make him purer. When love is added to such an influence there comes a joy and delight that penetrates deeper. The influence of proximity is not to be gainsaid. All have felt it and have been affected by it. Not long ago a young woman was noticed riding in a surface car in New York for several consecutive days. She always occupied the most forward seat next to the door and she went the whole trip. To a passenger who asked the conductor about her, a romantic explanation was given. He said that she was the wife of the driver. They were just married, and instead of going on a wedding tour, the wife had proposed that she should ride on the car every day. It was a curious kind of wedding tour, but both husband and wife seemed satisfied. It was sufficient for them that they were near each other. So it is that the Christian can be happy in his occupation, if he feels that his Lord is near. Christ gives life and gives it abundantly. He sympathizes, cheers, invigorates and encourages all with whom he comes in contact and so helps his people in their daily tasks.

INDIANS IN THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

An interesting meeting was held recently at Perry, Oklahoma, to organize a district Epworth League. In the report of the proceedings furnished to the "Central Christian Advocate," this incident is mentioned: "Brave Chief, of the Pawnees, made two speeches in his own language which were

interpreted by an educated young Indian woman. He said among other things: 'One reason I come here is to seek for more love and works of God. I wish to know more about the way and path heavenward, and to feel that if God should set the day of judgment I would be ready to go and be saved.' He afterwards asked for some word to take home to his people, and Mr. Delaplain through an interpreter made a short and appropriate speech which seemed to please the red man. Carrion, the Indian preacher among the Pawnees, also spoke, and gave a touching account of his work and religious experience."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN CHINA.

The first National Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of China was held recently at Shanghai, and proved a very earnest and enthusiastic assembly. The Convention was somewhat in the nature of an experiment

was the pledge. Many delegates were desirous of including in it pledges against opium, wine and foot-binding, but the decision of the convention was against making the pledge a matter of specific detail. The broad principles laid down would, it was felt, apply to those momentous subjects without explicitly specifying them. Another decision which shows incidentally the difficulties attending Christian Endeavor work in China was that there should be no badge worn. The Chinese officials and the people generally are so suspicious of the secret societies and so apprehensive of rebellion, that the badge might be misconstrued and might evoke prejudice against the Society. The Convention will probably be a triennial gathering in future as, wherever the place of gathering might be, the expense of attending it would be a severe obstacle to the native Christians, many of whom are very poor. There will be Provincial Conventions, which will not be attended by that difficulty and these will serve to keep the Christian Endeavor spirit in activity. A vice-President has been appointed for each Province and there are three corresponding Secretaries attached to the United Society who will receive their reports. The native delegates to the Convention showed remarkable intelligence and were very sagacious in their suggestions as to the best method of adapting the American idea to the peculiar conditions of Chinese society.

B. Y. P. U. SYSTEMATIC STUDY.

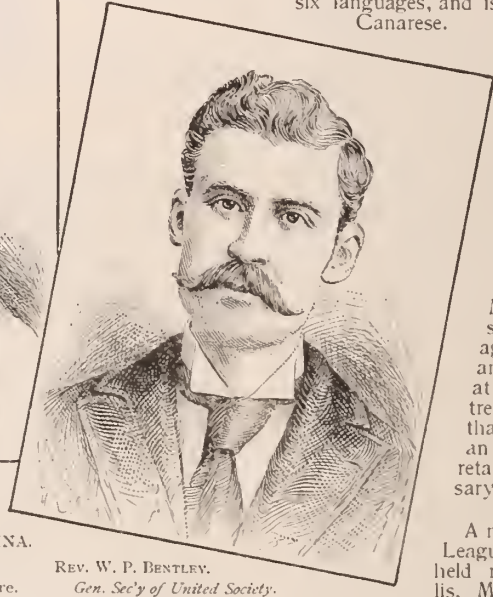
Many letters have been addressed to this department as to the meaning of the C. C. C. of the B. Y. P. U. A brief



REV. JOHN STEVENS,
Pres. of the United Society.



MR. LING,
The Chinese Christian Endeavorer.



REV. W. P. BENTLEY,
Gen. Sec'y of United Society.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN CHINA.

Officers of the United Society
Embracing the entire Chinese Empire.

as the extent of the country and lack of means of transportation made it doubtful whether delegates could come. The same reasons rendered the organization of a United Society a subject of question. Dr. Clark, however, during his visit to China, described so forcibly the benefits of a national organization, that Miss Laura A. White of Chin Kiang and a few other prominent Christian Endeavorers made an effort and finally succeeded in organizing a United Society. This was about a year ago, and the National Convention just held is an outcome of the organization. On this page we give, by the courtesy of the "Golden Rule," portraits of Rev. John Stevens, the President, and Rev. W. P. Bentley, the General Secretary of the United Society and also a portrait of Mr. Ling, who is believed to be the first native to sign the Christian Endeavor pledge in China.

Mr. Ling signed the pledge at Foochow nine years ago. Since that time thirty-eight societies have been organized in various places in China, with an aggregate membership of 1060. The number seems small to an American, but it must be remembered that the native Christians in all China number less than fifty thousand. About one hundred delegates attended the Convention and all bore decided testimony to the value of the Christian Endeavor movement. Among the subjects discussed was that of a suitable Chinese equivalent for the word "Endeavor" and after mature deliberation a word was chosen and recommended to the local societies, some of which are working under other names. Another subject

explanation of the system represented by the letters may satisfy the majority of inquirers, and a full detailed description may be had by any who want it from the headquarters of the Union, 122 Wabash avenue, Chicago. The Christian Culture Courses are the organizations represented by the cabalistic letters. They are three in number, each having its initial designation. The B. R. C. is the Bible Readers' Course, which proposes by the reading of one chapter a day on a classified basis to take the student through the entire Bible in four years. The C. M. C. is the Conquest Missionary Course. This also covers four years in a study of the Origin, Methods, Fields and Leaders of foreign missions. The S. L. C. is the Sacred Literature Course, which is practically a study of the History of Christianity. These three courses of study constitute the system familiarly spoken of as the C. C. C. There is no question about the advantages of such a systematic study over desultory reading, and the managers of the B. Y. P. U. are to be congratulated on the variety and interest of their arrangement of the courses.

AT THE CIRCLES MEETING.

It is not always easy to make a meeting of the King's Daughters interesting and useful. Here is a suggestion to that end, which is sent to the "Silver Cross," by Grace Duffield Goodwin: "Ask three girls each to write a ten minute paper, illustrating the work of our Order in various charitable fields. Let one take 'The King's

Daughter in Hospitals.' This will include an account of the beds supported by different Circles in a number of the large hospitals, and perhaps items of interest concerning their inmates. To obtain your information, write or go personally to the hospitals for knowledge of the inmates. A second member might take the subject of 'The King's Daughter in the Day Nurseries,' and she will tell you, after some further search, all about the Silver Cross Day Nursery, in upper New York, and about the one established in Charleston, S. C., by the King's Daughters' Union. Give a third, 'The King's Daughter in the Tenements,' and let the New York Tenement House Chapter supply the material, or obtain your information from the same committee in any of our large cities where this work is being done. Sewing may go on in the Circle while the papers are being read."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Christian Endeavor Society in Iowa circulating among its members an anti gossip pledge.

Useful work and cheering progress in Christian Endeavor Societies are reported from Jaffna, Ceylon.

A considerable number of the Epworth Leagues are changing the time for the election of officers from January to the close of May. The reason given is that it is bad to make changes in the official staff in the middle of a season of work.

In India the constitution of the Christian Endeavor Society has been translated into six languages, and is being rendered into Canarese.

The week of universal prayer for young men will be observed by Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world from November 11 to 18.

The work of the Bombay City Young Men's Christian Association, comprising agencies for European and native young men at some four or five centres, has so developed that the appointment of an efficient general secretary has become necessary.

An inspiring Epworth League Convention was held recently at Minneapolis, Minn. Delegates from fourteen Leagues of the S

lina District were in session for three days. The proceedings terminated appropriately with a communion service followed by a Love-feast and Consecration meeting.

The Convention of the King's Daughters of the Dominion of Canada will be held at Montreal October 17-19. All particulars may be obtained by addressing Mrs. Elizabeth M. Tilley, 554 King St. London, Ont.

The Endeavorers of the Navy-yard Christian Endeavor Society of Brooklyn, N. Y. have been asked by Chaplain Boerum, the "San Francisco," now lying in the yard to assist him at the Sunday morning services on his vessel. So now this meeting as well as the one at Cob Dock, is well attended by sailors.

Mr. John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society reported that at the Cleveland Convention the number of Societies enrolled was 33,730, with total membership of 2,023,860. "We now have 34,691 societies in our world-wide lowship, with a membership of 2,681,460."

In working on the lines of a resolute for direct evangelistic work, the Epworth Leagues of the Olney (Ill.) District divided the field into three subdistricts, in each of which six young people, one for leader, were appointed to go among the chapters of the district whenever and wherever called working for souls.



Our Planetary Neighbors.

The Starry Heavens and How Best to View Them—Astronomy a Field with Especial Attractions for the Young.

One can study the stars in the heaven above us and remain an unbeliever," was the observation of one of the most famous astronomers of the present day. There is no field of scientific investigation in which the student is more deeply and irresistibly impressed with the splendor and magnitude of the works of the Almighty, or by the omnipresent fact that order and law, perfect beyond human comprehension, govern everything that relates to this great universe of which our own world forms a part. This conclusion the ancients reached as the result of their observations. It was doubtless one that was impressed upon the minds of the pyramid-builders, who represented all that was known of astronomy in the age in which they lived. Contemplation of the heavens and the myriads of planetary bodies that roll therein leads the mind to the Maker and Designer of the firmament. It was the distinguished Professor Agassiz who declared to his students that looking into the secrets of nature impelled him to turn to nature's God. Such, doubtless, was the spiritual fascination astronomy possessed for many of the ancient prophets and the sages, who, like Enoch, according to Arab traditions, dwelt in the highest places of earth and sought to trace the Almighty among the stars.

Astronomy and observatories existed long ages before telescopes were invented. Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, India, and China all possessed a knowledge of the heavens long before the Christian era, and they in turn are supposed to have learned the art from the Phenicians. Various passages in the Bible (notably Job 9: 9 and 38: 31, Psalm 1: 9, Amos 5: 8, Isaiah 14: 12, and Rev. 2: 28), prove that the names and positions of the leading constellations were then accurately known, and even those erratic visitors, the comets, seem to be referred to in Jude 13, as "wandering stars."

In our day we have made notable advances in appliances for studying the stars. With what crude instruments the ancients wrought out their calculations, history does not inform us. From the times of Copernicus and Galileo to those of Kepler, Herschel, Newton and Laplace, progress was slow not only in astronomy, but in all the sciences. The Landgrave of Hesse, who built the first modern observatory at Cassel in 1561, and that of Tycho Brahe at Haen in 1576, did much to interest the scientific world. Other observatories followed, but it was not until the last half of the nineteenth century that any really marvelous progress was made in unlocking the heavens. We have partly uncovered the secret of the pyramids, and by the aid of such magnificent instruments as the Rosse telescope, that in the great Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, the costly appliances in the Observatory of Saint Jacques, Paris, the Mont Blanc Observatory, which was the outcome of the life-long ambition of the famous Jules Pierre Janssen, the fine Rochester Observatory, and the powerful Yerkes Telescope, which was exhibited at the recent World's Fair in Chicago, our scientists are now enabled to determine the character and movements of stellar bodies

at almost incalculable distances in the surrounding heavens. Janssen has disclosed the wonders of the sun's atmosphere. Procter has delighted us with the marvels of "other worlds than ours." Flammarion and Schiaparelli have unrolled before us a new world panorama in Mars, with verdurous soil, mountains, lakes, canals and seas, so like much of the surface of our own earth, although with a lighter atmosphere, that science hardly hesitates to pronounce it populated.

In most families of young people, the possession of a telescope is a source of infinite enjoyment. With a moderately good instrument, not necessarily expensive, a chart of the heavens and a clear night, such as we are frequently sure to have in this beautiful October weather, many pleasant and profitable hours may be spent in studying the wondrous multitudes of spheres above and around us.

"Slamming the Door."

A boy and girl overheard a quarrel between their parents. "Which one of them

ference was hardly worth mentioning. On the other hand, there are men so happily constituted that they can distill sweetness from gall and wormwood. All their lives they contrive to retain something of that confiding temper of infancy which opens its mouth and shuts the eyes, confident that something sweet, some untold good, will reward the effort. In every misfortune they detect blessings in disguise. Enjoying the sweet of life as it comes up, they can find also a heart to laugh at the bitter, and descry a silver lining in the darkest cloud.

Praise Sometimes Helpful.

A cheerful husband makes a pleasant home. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings, and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting, little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child, a little child?
Then how can I enter in?
I am scarred and hardened, and soul-defiled,
With traces of sorrow and sin.
Can I turn backward the tide of years
And wake my dead youth at my will?
"Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,
Creep into my arms and be still."
I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold
Are sheltered and kept in thy heart;
But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold
Has bidden all brightness depart.
The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,
Lie withered or shrouded in dust.
"Thou'rt emptied at length of thy treacherous strength;
Creep into my arms now—and trust."
Is it true? can I share with the little ones there
A child's happy rest on thy breast?
"Aye, the tenderest care will answer thy prayer,
My love is for thee as the rest.
It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears—
Thy murmurs shall sicken to Psalms,
Thy sorrows shall seem but a feverish dream,
In the rest—in the rest in my arms."
—M. L. DICKINSON.

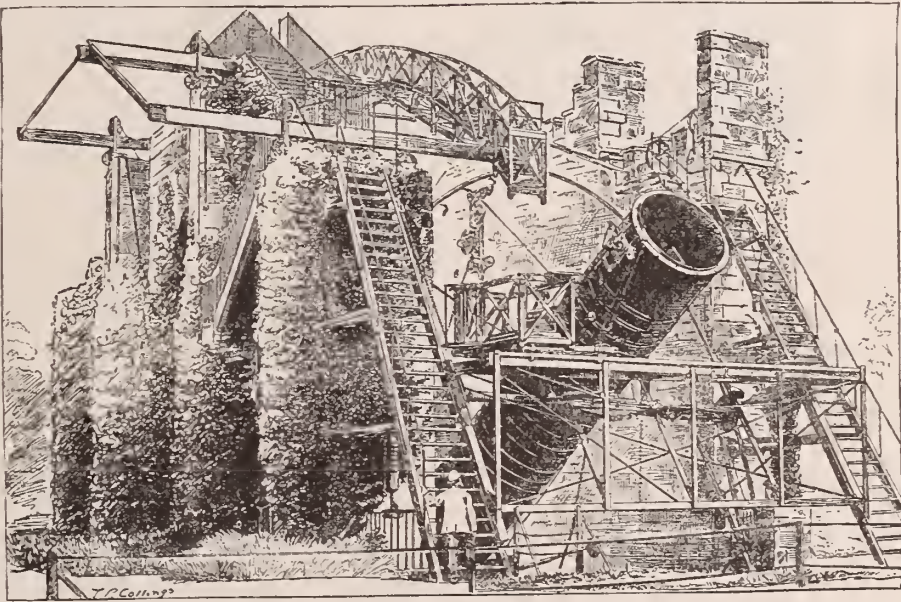
KOREAN HOMES.

KOREAN women of the upper classes live a life of seclusion: they do nothing at all; they are totally uneducated, and they are allowed to see no one but their husbands, parents, and a very few female friends. A woman belonging to the upper classes never appears before strangers, and she never goes in the street exposed to view. The daughters of the soil are more to be envied, for they at least enjoy more liberty, although they are nothing better than human machines. When you live among the Koreans, and know the terrible bondage under which the women labor, one breathes a sigh on their wretched behalf. Beside her household duties, and the bearing of children, the Korean wife combines the duties of gardener and field-laborer, and she must always be mindful that she has to wait personally upon her husband. Her whole condition, socially, morally and intellectually, is deplorable and in a very large part of her native country she is without the Gospel, so that she may be literally said to live and die as a "beast of burden," in helpless and hopeless ignorance of anything beyond her present wretched existence.

In an interesting letter from Seoul to the "Heaven Children's Friend," Rev. M. F. Scranton has this story to say of the young folks of Korea:

"The boys do not have any hats until they become men. When do you suppose that is? The day comes just as soon as the father and mother please to have it so. I have often seen little men of ten, twelve and fourteen years of age, and boys of twenty-five and even forty. Early in the morning of the day when the boy is to become a man, the top of the head is shaven, then all the remaining hair is combed up over the bald spot and closely tied and twisted into a knot which stands up about four inches. After this is done a band called a mankeun is put about the forehead and hair to keep it in place. Then the new hat (for which the boy has been waiting all his life) is brought forward with great ceremony; also a coat with loose sleeves which hang down below the knees, after which the new man goes out to call on his friends and relatives. He makes profound bows to them all, then goes home to a feast. From this day forward he has a different name as well as a new hat and top-knot; he is also spoken to in different terms from those used to him in the old days, when he was a boy.

"When a Korean little girl reaches the age of nine or ten, her parents tell her she is now too old to be seen on the streets any more. She can't even stand at the front door and look out, but is banished to the apartments of the women, which are in the back part of the house. There is no pretty flower garden to look out upon, no dolls to play with, and not much of anything which is bright or beautiful ever enters the rooms where our Korean girl must spend her life."



LORD ROSSE'S GREAT REFLECTING TELESCOPE.

is getting the worst of it?" asked the latter. "I don't know yet," answered the boy thoughtfully, "I am just waiting to hear which one of them will slam the door going out." The little lad had found a better and more universal test of human frailty than he knew. The man who gets the worst of it usually slams the door. To "get mad" is not only a sign of weakness, it is a sign of defeat as well. The successful person can afford to keep his temper and wait for time to vindicate his cause. Some people slam the door although it helps their cause not one whit, but indicates that they have had recourse to a defeated man's last resort.

A Happy Temper.

All experience shows that if the soul is happily disposed, all things wear a roseate hue, and misery almost wants a name. But if the soul is not so disposed, all pleasures are to it like delicate wines in a mouth tinged with gall. Some of the most eminent and successful men, both of ancient and modern times, who have been loaded with honors, have professed to enjoy but a few days in all their lives of unalloyed happiness. An Arabian caliph, who wrote his own life, could reckon up but fourteen days of felicity. Gibbon, the prince of modern historians, who tells the story after him, boasts that he had surpassed, in this respect, the commander of the faithful; but the dif-

ference was hardly worth mentioning. On the other hand, there are men so happily constituted that they can distill sweetness from gall and wormwood. All their lives they contrive to retain something of that confiding temper of infancy which opens its mouth and shuts the eyes, confident that something sweet, some untold good, will reward the effort. In every misfortune they detect blessings in disguise. Enjoying the sweet of life as it comes up, they can find also a heart to laugh at the bitter, and descry a silver lining in the darkest cloud.

A Home Amusement and its Results.

In many households there are members who for months, and even years, have been collecting postage stamps. What to do with the stamps has been a frequent subject of inquiry, and many letters have been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the subject. In the Chicago "Advance," Phoebe Bird throws some light on the matter. She writes: "Mr. B. S. Ross, 509 Wieland street, Chicago, has four million stamps, most of them in large boxes all nailed up ready for shipment abroad. They are all tied up in bunches of a hundred. He says they are exported very largely to Germany, China, South Africa, and in smaller quantities to almost every country upon the face of the globe. In Germany and China especially, there is a great 'fad' just now for papering the walls of rooms and decorating furniture with stamps. In Germany, after pasting them on, the surface is varnished over; in China it is covered with lacquer. It takes about 100,000 to paper a room of moderate size. The 'million of postage stamps' is not a myth, for I have seen four millions of them with my own eyes."



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER III.

A Momentous Question.

THE first evening over and the night's refreshing repose, Val and Annie walked out in the grounds on a tour of inspection. Everything was even more beautiful than Val had conceived. Gold and taste were the presiding genii of these grounds. In the morning dew everything shone with redoubled splendor, and ever and anon, from behind some fine-leaved cypress, there would gleam out a marble Hamadryad, or an Oread from some wild mountain gorge, to surprise one with its intense whiteness. Between the steps in front of the camellia trees there stood the marble figure of a little boy, bearing upon his head a marble basket, and over its sides drooped ferns and peperomia. What a flashing out of marble amid the green! The fountain was the centre of attraction in these grounds. There were grouped Oceanids holding spacious urns, and towering above them was Lethys bearing an immense conch shell, through which the water poured upwards, and then fell back over her children beneath. What a splashing there was of arching water, what a brimming over of countless goblets, what a tinkling, what a ceaseless dripping in the marble basin, where gold and silver fish glinted in the sunlight, as it came shimmering through the trees above! Then on the basin's rim, how shyly the water-lilies threw open their petals, ever pure and sweet in their continuous bath!

"Oh, Annie!" exclaimed Val, sinking on an iron rustic seat, "this is all so dream-like. I can scarcely convince myself that I am really awake."

"You will delight papa if you admire his grounds. I don't know whether it is his wife, his two promising children, or his grounds which occupy the largest space in his heart. If you want to ensconce yourself in mamma's good graces, just ask her the name of her pet flowers. It is wonderful to me how she keeps all the long, hard names in her already-filled head. Some sound Spanish, some German, and some Portuguese. Now, a rose is a rose to me, beautiful in its blushing repose, but it's a rose and nothing more; what do I care whether it is *Deronensis* or *La France*? A *Fish Geranium* is that to me and nothing more, gaudy, very pretty and showy in a bouquet, but odorless, only a clean kind of smell, fishy, but not altogether disagreeable—this is it to me, but mamma revels in *Etoile Polain*, *La Fanche Gaiete*, *Marechal McMahon*, and a thousand more. I know what that is," pointing with the stick she had been twirling in her hand, to a tree close by, "it is a *Deoda Cypress*, and I think it a beauty. But I forget, I did not bring you out here to admire alone; I brought you to hold a consultation, as I believe physicians would call it. Now, you know, this is never done unless the case is very serious, when life and death balance equally, and when the diagnosis of one man is not satisfactory—but don't look so startled, nobody is sick about here. Ha! ha! ha! We are not to consult about who is to live and who is to die, and when, but here is our subject for discussion—

"Grand Ball, or Lawn Party!"

"Now these are the facts. I wanted to give you, my cousin Val, a public welcome; in other words, a grand justification of a party, the very grandest of the season, and wanted, through it, for you to make your debut into the world (I've made mine long ago), and also to introduce you into the society of our city. I want a ball, but Roy differs. He says, 'Give cousin Val a lawn party.' He thinks out here in our beautiful yard, under the beautiful light of a beautiful moon, it will be the most beautiful thing in the world. Papa says, 'Anything, just so you all have a good time,' and mamma says, 'that since you are not yet out of mourning, that perhaps we had better leave the matter entirely to you.' Now, you've heard the arguments of all sides, what say

you? What is the decision of the jury? Speak, and let the judge pronounce sentence."

"Annie, my dear cousin, you are all too good."

"Stop, Val, that is begging the question, or rather it is what logicians would call 'reductio ad absurdum.' It is one thing or the other, now the question is simply, which?"

"Well, then, if it is pinned down to that, I say lawn party, every time."

"Remember, Val, trouble and expense are not in the scales at all. Our parties are turned over to that adept, *Depuis*, and trouble we have none, except to look our best. As to expense, that is nothing at all. Let your decision be unbiased. Remember that all juries are sworn to act impartially."

"You will have to vote me out then, for in this case I decide most partially, decide on a lawn party, and think it will be perfectly delightful. Why, I never was at a lawn party in my life. A party, and in these grounds, out under the bright little stars! It will be grand."

"Then let it be a lawn party, but I think you have made a mistake, still, 'neversomeness' (as our driver says), you shall have it. Next come invitations; we must go in directly and arrange them—but what are you smiling about?"

"Nothing much, only some thoughts that came flashing through my brain."

"Give me the benefit, please. They must have been bright thoughts, to have caused so bright a smile."

"I was not conscious of smiling, but since I did, I will give you the pleasure of laughing a little at my expense. Before I came here, I could not help thinking of the role I should play, the role of 'Country Cousin,' you know. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Annie joined in the laugh and said: "Let's have it, Val.—Now, curtain rises. Scene first."

Val said slowly: "A young girl gets a letter from a rich uncle, asking her to visit his family—girl in ecstasy, dances for joy, tells the birds, the flowers and babbling brooks, who never baffle this though—talks to the stars, begs them to give her their light to guide her safely to this fairy land—slumbers softly and smiles in golden dreams. Curtain falls."

Annie calls out—"Curtain rises—Scene second."

Val proceeds—"Reaches her uncle, is received most kindly—is in a state of most unmitigated bliss—is introduced into society, blunders, reposes simplicity on all occasions—never travelled, never saw the Alps, either near or remote, except in pictures, and poor ones at that—makes awkward mistakes and absurd speeches—servants laugh—relatives are mortified—cousin hangs her head in very shame.—Curtain falls."

Again Annie: "Curtain rises.—Scene third."

Val goes on: "Tableau. Travelled, city young lady, who has seen the Alps, and poor country cousin who has seen nothing, side by side.—The one beautiful, educated, accomplished, fashionable; the other, plain in features, unsophisticated in manners, a stranger to society and its laws, knows her A B C's and little else, dresses without taste, judgment or money.—Goes home a sadder but a wiser girl. Curtain falls.—Moral to this tragedy—Aspire to no sphere higher than your own."

"Nonsense, Val, did such silly thoughts as those ever, in truth, flit through your brain?"

"Indeed, they did, and many more of like character. Why this is a common plot in books."

"Oh, you novel reader, caught, hey?"

"I've read a few, enough to recognize the above photographs. In the one, I see your prettiness, in the other, poor little me."

"Yes, but Val, your finale is all wrong. It generally winds up with sweet simplicity far out-rivaling fashionable, æsthetic beauty, giving pleasant surprises and startling one

with brilliant speeches and repartees of rare wit. She is wonderfully proficient in every department of knowledge, having learned from the great book of nature and infallible intuition, and possesses native loveliness which far surpasses beauty's studied art, and more grace in motion, than was ever learned in the ball room or under French dancing master; so that Augustus Fitzgerald, the darling of beauty's heart, is captivated, entranced, and lies a willing captive at simplicity's feet, while poor beauty weeps, pines, dies and fills an early grave!—Moral to this tragedy—Stand out of the way of all country cousins for they are dangerous creatures."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, Annie, between us we have fixed up a comedy. Let's wipe both out and begin over again. I promise to sheathe my dagger, and you, my city cousin, will find that this country cousin at least, is a most inoffensive somebody."

"There's mamma calling; so let's go in, announce our decision, and consult about the invitations."

CHAPTER IV.

One Picture She Cannot Copy.

From earliest childhood, Annie St. Clair had kept a journal. It was in truth her autobiography. What better history can one have, than that which records thoughts and feelings the innermost, and impressions unfettered by fear of public criticism? Such was hers, full of the sparkle of the dew of youth, full of fresh thoughts, bright fancy and imaginings and ambitious aspirations. Its pages were the mile-stones marking the journey of her life, onward in mental progress, upward. Ah, who could tell! Throughout her eastern travels her journal had been her confidential companion, a mute friend, to whom one could pour out heart troubles, but one who never betrayed.

"Let me read your journal, Annie," asked her mother one day in Florence, after Annie had bent over it for more than an hour.

"Mamma, please don't ask it. I unfold on these pages the innermost leaf of my heart, and I cannot let mortal eye read what is written here, not even yours, dear mamma."

So it was looked upon as a sacred treasure which belonged to her alone. Two weeks after Val's arrival Annie took out her journal and thus wrote:

"It seems that papa's only sister, Julia, married rather against the wishes of her parents and of papa, her only brother. Another sister, Kate, had married, gone West, and died, being buried with her little babe. The man of Aunt Julia's heart was a worthy, though poor man. He was an ordinary teacher, receiving a small and very fluctuating income. These two points, his poverty and his profession, were considered sufficient grounds for opposition, for Grandpa St. Clair's family were very aristocratic. In addition to these objections, he was a Christian plain and puritanical, indeed papa says fanatical. Aunt Julia had always been sweet and yielding, but to everyone's surprise she said, 'if there is no principle involved, my intention is to marry the poor Christian teacher.' All of the spirit, fire and firmness of the St. Clairs were aroused in her veins and, while she expressed herself calmly, without apparent emotion, yet they knew that she was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. Papa said, if she had shown anger, chagrin or despair, they might have moved her, as it was, she smiled, spoke gently and her very coolness was the bulwark of her strength. They were married, Henry Vernon and Julia St. Clair—married at home, and had a simple wedding. There was no attempt at display, for Aunt Julia said:

"I do not wish a farce enacted. There is no joy in your hearts in seeing me marry Henry Vernon, therefore, I do not wish any demonstrations of joy or congratulations. Do not let your actions belie your hearts, let all accord."

"And they did. The wedding was uncomfortably plain, and no bridal presents were given."

"Uncle Henry was too happy to get his wife, he cared for nothing else; he was marrying her for herself. Grandpa could not hold out long, and soon sent Uncle Henry a check for \$5,000, but it was promptly returned with the laconic note:

"SIR:—While I thank you for your generous gift, I must beg leave to decline accepting it, since I feel that in giving me your daughter, you have already made me a millionaire."

"Uncle Henry was sincere in this refusal,

spirited and honorable as it was, and nothing that he could have done would have so raised him in the estimation of the St. Clair family."

"Spunky!" exclaimed Grandpa as he read the few lines over and over again. Then he went on:

"I like the ring; it's true metal sure! Independent, too! But I'll outgeneral him. Can't set a St. Clair back so easy! Refuses to let me help my little girl! No, sir, you shall not insult the old father in any such a way."

"So Grandpa threw that check in the fire, sat down and wrote another for \$10,000, and sent it this time to Aunt Julia, saying in a little accompanying note:

"DEAR JULIA:—Henry refuses a small gift from my hand, for I suppose he will never forgive me. Will you, too, spurn my offer? Accept the enclosed, my dear child, as a little peace-offering, and with it the fondest love of your devoted

FATHER."

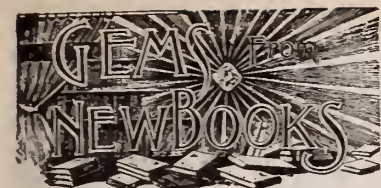
"Aunt Julia could not do otherwise than accept the gift. At Grandpa's death, a few years after, ten thousand more were added to this sum. Papa, by a speculation, made a large fortune from his inheritance, but Uncle Henry lost a part of his by a bad investment, for papa says he was not a good business-man. The remainder of Aunt Julia's portion was put away. It lay, like the talent, hid away in a napkin, folded up very carefully no doubt, the napkin spotlessly white, and it lay in a cosy, quiet spot, and there it lay and lay, and only lay. Ours was busy, his was doing nothing. That is the worst that anyone could ever whisper against Uncle Henry. He died a year ago and left five children. Upon our return from our last European trip papa wrote to Aunt Julia for Valeria, her eldest child, to come and visit us. So much for preface. I was afraid, dear Journal that I might lose this link from my memory, and also the notes of Uncle Henry and Grandpa which papa put into my hands, as well as the above facts, so I wrote all down here, and feel now that they are safe for time, and safe from human ken.—So much for history, now for loose reins."

"Val is here. I love her intensely. She occupies the warmest corner of my heart, and there I believe she will stay throughout life. Somehow this child took right hold of me. Her brown eyes peeped very inquiringly at me as she looked through the carriage door. I read their language. As plain as day they asked, 'Ah, will you love me?' so I took her in my arms, pressed two kisses on her lips and then replied, 'Indeed I will.' Poor fatherless child! I call her child, yet she is seventeen, just one year younger than I, but I am far older than she is. There may be but one year's difference in our ages, by the way we reckon time, but I am years and years older than she is in experience and knowledge of the world."

"Val is a beauty, and the most unconscious beauty I ever saw. The more unconscious she is, the more beautiful she appears, and so on ad infinitum. I can't define her beauty, or classify it. It strikes you at the first glance, and you never lose the impression."

"Val is new and fresh and different from the masses. She has never seen anything so lovely as even these grounds and house, and only to think, how plain they looked to me, after I had visited the palaces of Europe! I enjoy her wonder, and the many surprises which her eyelids cannot curtain. Her education is necessarily plain, I suppose, that is, she knows nothing of French, Italian or German, and she does not paint. Uncle Henry has taught her himself, so she is thorough as far as she has been. She speaks fully as well in ordinary conversation as I do, indeed, she has rather uncommon colloquial powers. She plays and sings mostly old-fashioned music, and Roy enjoys it, says she has remarkable talent and taste in execution. She is perfectly unselfish and has no particle of vanity. I think these two negative quantities make one very positively good. I do admire these traits in her. Now I can copy a picture, can take a palette and brush and produce the fac-simile of a masterpiece, and when placed side by side, the inexperienced could scarcely tell, which was the original and which was my copy. Now I have drawn a mental photograph, why cannot I copy it? Why cannot I measure myself by Val and make my heart and life like hers? Why can't I? Ah! I fear it would be the hardest task I ever undertook, the very hardest picture I ever tried to copy. 'Au revoir.'"

(To be Continued.)



STRIKES OR ARBITRATION.*

THESE differences cannot be regarded as irreconcilable, if the parties in interest are disposed to be governed by the dictates of reason and correct business principles. In some cases the interests of workmen are directed by arbitrary and exacting trades unions. Of late we have seen that anarchists in some parts of the country have been inciting striking laborers to acts of violence. Under such circumstances it cannot be expected that the employers will be coerced into compliance with the demands of the strikers; and the latter lose much of the general sympathy they would have had if they had taken a more judicious course. There ought to be no war between labor and capital, and each should respect the rights and interests of the other. It may be said that the latter commonly has the advantage of the former, for the futility of labor trying to dictate terms to capital has often been demonstrated.

It is beginning to be recognized, even by some of the trades unions, that strikes do not afford a satisfactory method of settling disputes between laborers and their employers. The Knights of Labor in Pennsylvania have recently taken this ground. The necessity of some better remedy for industrial antagonisms than is afforded by the policy of continuing the struggle until one side or the other is compelled to yield to terms, must be manifest to every impartial observer. All serious differences between the employers and the employed should be settled by arbitration. This has proved quite an effectual remedy for the prevention of strikes in the manufacturing districts of England and France. A judicious system of arbitration is being given a trial in Pennsylvania, and if it is successful in its results it will probably be adopted in other States. Arbitration is, without doubt, the true

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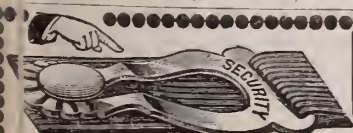
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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Present Day Preaching, being a volume of sermons by Rev. Thos. G. Selby, Hugh McMillan, Hugh Price Hughes, Jas. Stalker, Mark Guy Pearse, John Hall, A. M. Fairbairn and other distinguished clergymen. 96 pp.; cloth binding; price 75 cents. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, publisher.

Wit and Wisdom of Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon, with an introduction by Rev. William Wright, D.D. Pp. 180; price 30c. Published by the R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md.

Why do you not Believe? By Rev. Andrew Murray. Pp. 139; price 75c. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 182 Fifth avenue, New York.

Biggle Horse Book: a concise and practical Treatise on the Horse. Adapted to the needs of farmers and others. By Judge Jacob Biggle. Pp. 128; price 30c. Published by Wilmer Atkinson Co., Phila., Pa.

Moody in Chicago or the World's Fair Gospel Campaign. By Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Pp. 255. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 117 Fifth ave., New York.

The Johannine Theology: a Study of the Doctrinal Contents of the Gospel and Epistles of the Apostle John, by George B. Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., Professor in New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in Yale University. Pp. 387; price \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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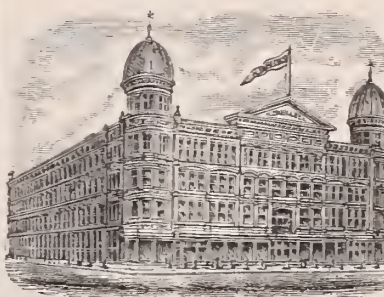
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2x2½ "	\$3.75,	\$4.75 "
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MONEY RECEIVED.

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From M. E. T., Manchester, N. H., \$5 for Mrs. Bella Cooke's work; from W. D. Ward, 50c. for Rev. James W. O'Connor's Church; from Mary T. Gasline, 25c. for the Mary Washington Fund; from John Williams, \$5 for the Salvation Army.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Christian Friend, London, Ont., \$1; Edward I. Wade, \$1; M. E. T., Manchester, N. H., \$5. Previously acknowledged, \$389.00. Total, \$396.00

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: S. M. M., Englewood, Ill., \$1; E. E. S., South Hadley, Mass., \$2; A. C. Morse, \$1; Children of Catherine St. Mission, \$2; W. D. Ward, 50c.; Anon., Savona, N. Y., \$5; Mrs. M. I. Bussy, \$1; Mrs. L. J. L. Dwight, Ill., \$1.

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: Sarah M. Moore, \$2; L. M. L. Switt, \$1; I. H. N., Newark, N. J., \$5. Jennie Skinner, \$1; R. J. Long, \$5; Mary Austin, \$12; Julia A. Shette, \$1; —, North Hampton, N. H., \$2.

For the Mission to Jesus in New York conducted by Dr. H. P. Faust: Mrs. A. Abrahamson, \$1; Virginia Bean, \$1; W. D. Ward, 50c.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: M. S. M., Pomona, Cal., \$2; M. E. T., Manchester, N. H., \$5.

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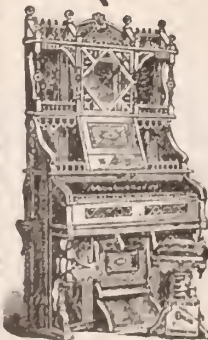
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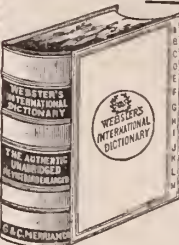


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OUR MISSIONARIES SAFE IN KOREA.

REV. DR. S. SPENCER writing from Nagoya, Japan, gives the following interesting extract from a letter by Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, a missionary in Korea:

"The Japanese during the past two weeks have been making history for themselves and for Korea, to say nothing of the big hole they have knocked out of the Chinese navy, and the gash cut into her army. We had quite an anxious time here the other day—the King a prisoner, the army surrendered and disbanded, China humbled, and once mighty Koreans crawling into very small holes. The exodus was pitiable and pathetic—one steady stream going out of the gates of the city. A bundle on the head, a child on the back and one or two trotting along at the side of the mother, the father with a heavy load a few steps in the rear. Markets and stores all closed. Chinese gone and going. Japan terminated. Japan thus far has done her work well. Her troops have won praises—golden opinions—from all sides for their valor in battle and excellent behavior in camp."

The Christian missionaries have been safe all through the hostilities, up to the present time. Trusting implicitly in the Divine care, they have been protected and while war and death have raged everywhere around them.

EXCAVATIONS IN GREECE.

A body of workmen, under the direction of Dr. Charles Waldstein of the American School of Archaeology at Athens, have lately been excavating the Argive Heraeum, or temple of Hera (Juno), midway between Argos and Mycenae. The old sanctuary on this site was burned B. C. 423, but a new and more splendid structure was erected in its immediate vicinity. This second temple lasted until the Middle Ages. Both sites have been laid bare. Not only has complete information of the architecture of these shrines been reached, but works of art have been brought to light almost equal in importance to the discoveries of Schliemann. Still more interesting, and possibly more important, are the results of the explorations of the ruins of Niffer, near ancient Babylon, which has been going on since 1887,

under the direction of Dr. Peters and Prof. Hilprich, of the University of Pennsylvania. The temple of Bel, the first shrine to the god ever systematically excavated, has been dug out to its foundations. Evidence has been gained from inscriptions that this city was one thousand years older than scientists had believed, and that the antiquity of the human race must be carried back to a period four thousand years before Christ. Our Minister at Constantinople, Mr. Terrill, writing to the State department on this subject, says: "In the number of tablets, brick, inscribed vases, and in the value of cuneiform texts found, American enterprise equals, if it does not excel, the exploration of Layard at Nineveh and Rassam's excavations at Aba-Habba. The religion, government, habits of life, and, to a great extent, customs of men who lived four thousand years before Christ are revealed by the inscriptions which are now being translated here and arranged by Prof. Hilprich."

LONGING.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.

"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—he does not speak:
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now Lord, I leave at thy loved feet—
This thing which looks so near, so sweet,
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have done wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

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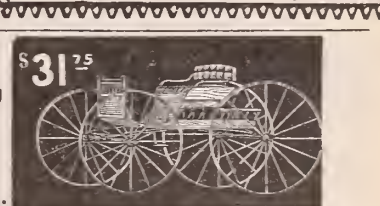
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WHERE SUN AND MOON STOOD STILL.

Ancient Gibeon, the Scene of Joshua's Miraculous Victory over the Canaanitish Kings
—A Great City, Rich in Scriptural Memories, Now a Ruin.



On a sunny slope in the fertile highlands of Palestine which once were the portion of the tribe of Benjamin, is a notable cluster of buildings, a few of comparatively recent date, but the majority of them in a

condition of ruinous dilapidation. Few travelers pass that way, and the ancient isolation of the spot is undisturbed by traffic or by contact with the outside world. These ruins mark the site of one of the most powerful and important cities of ancient Canaan—the city of Gibeon. It was one of the four cities of the Hivites, a warlike nation who inhabited Palestine before the Israelitish conquest. Its people, fearing to meet the victorious Hebrew host, made a league with Joshua and thus escaped the fate of Jericho and Ai. It is described in the sacred story as a great, walled city, like a seat of royalty, and garrisoned by a force of practiced warriors. In later years, under Israelitish rule, it was allotted to the Levites and within its walls the tabernacle was set up during the reigns of David and Solomon. When Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, Gibeon for a time became the seat of government. In Jeremiah's days, prophets dwelt

there, and at the close of the Captivity, its people returned with Zerubbabel. Under Nehemiah, they shared the toil and the honor of repairing the wall of Jerusalem. But the event by which Gibeon is brought prominently before the readers of Scripture was the memorable battle fought by Joshua's armies, when the Israelites routed their Canaanitish foes. This, doubtless, was one of the most important battles in the world's history. Gibeon had already yielded its submission to the armies of God's chosen people, and all the mountain passes and approaches leading to the Jordan Valley were in Joshua's hands. The

Joshua to help it and the great captain, by a forced march, suddenly appeared with his army at the foot of the heights of Gibeon, where the confederate armies were encamped. Taken by surprise, the Canaanitish allies could not withstand the mighty onset of the Israelitish host and they fled toward the passes that led through the hills on the west, pursued by the troops of Joshua. The pursuit led both armies along the road that leads to Beth-horon—a long, rocky, winding mountain highway. From this eminence, the Israelitish commander could see the entire field of conflict, the fleeing legions of foemen and his own fast-following squadrons, streaming across the valley of Ajalon to the westward. As the Canaanites fled they were suddenly caught in a fearful tempest of thunder, lightning and hail, and Josephus records that "they were more which died of the hail-stones

still further outstretched against Israel's enemies. In the ancient book of Jasher, where many of the legends and traditions of Israel are preserved, the story of this battle is told in dramatic language. Joshua is pictured standing on the heights watching the disorganized host. It was about noon, and the sun stood high above the hills of Gibeon behind him, while the waning moon showed faintly over the valley to the west. There was a chance that the enemy might even yet escape in the hours of daylight that remained before darkness should overspread the battle-field. Then the inspired Israelitish captain, spoke before all the people;

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon,
And thou moon in the valley of Ajalon:
And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed
Until the people had avenged themselves
Upon their enemies.

And the sacred chronicle, after relating

how this prayer was miraculously granted, and the terror-smitten Canaanites routed with great slaughter, adds:

"There was no day like that day before it or after, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel." This divinely-directed victory at Gibeon over an immensely superior force, led to the final subjugation of the whole of Southern Palestine.

El-Jib, the name ancient Gibeon now bears (which is shown in the photograph on this page), lies about seven miles northwest of Jerusalem. Its houses stand irregularly and unevenly, sometimes one apparently above another. Near it is the "pool of Gibeon"



EL-JIB OR ANCIENT GIBEON, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

(From a Photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

kings of Palestine formed a confederacy to overcome the invading host, and began by besieging Gibeon. That city summoned

than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."

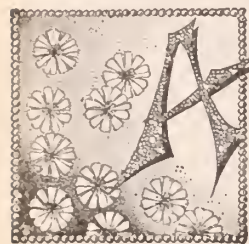
But the hand of the Almighty was to be

where the armies of Abner and Joab had an encounter, and where Asahel died. Although a highway passes the place, El-Jib is but little visited, and save for its historical and Biblical associations, has few attractions for the tourist or the investigator.



HADASSAH.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Esther 2: 7: "And he brought up Hadassah."



BEAUTIFUL child was born in the capital of Persia. She was an orphan and a captive, her parents having been stolen from their Israelitish home and carried to Shu-

shan, and had died, leaving their daughter poor and in a strange land. But an Israelite who had been carried into the same captivity was attracted by the case of the orphan. He educated her in his holy religion, and under the root of that good man this adopted child began to develop a sweetness and excellency of character it ever equalled, certainly never surpassed. Beautiful Hadassah! Could that adopted father ever spare her from his household? Her artlessness; her girlish sports; her innocence; her orphanage, had wound themselves thoroughly around his heart, just as around each parent's heart among us there are tendrils climbing, and fastening and blossoming, and growing stronger. I expect he was like others who have loved ones at home,—wondering sometimes if sickness will come, and death, and bereavement. Alas! Worse than anything that the father expects happens to his adopted child. Ahasuerus, a princely scoundrel, demands that Hadassah, the fairest one in all the kingdom, become his wife. Worse than death was marriage to such a monster of iniquity! How great the change when this young woman left the home where God was worshipped and religion honored, to enter a palace devoted to pride, idolatry and sensuality! "As a lamb to the slaughter!"

Ahasuerus knew not that his wife was a Jewess. At the instigation of the infamous prime minister the king decreed that all the Jews in the land should be slain. Hadassah pleads the cause of her people, breaking through the rules of the court, and presenting herself in the very face of death, crying: "If I perish, I perish." Oh, it was a sad time among that enslaved people! They had all heard the decree concerning their death. Sorrow, gaunt and ghastly, sat in thousands of households, and mothers wildly pressed their infants to their breasts as the days of massacre hastened on, praying that the same sword-stroke which slew the mother might also slay the child, rosebud and bud perishing in the same blast.

But Hadassah is busy at court. The hard heart of the king is touched by her story, and although he could not reverse his decree for the slaying of the Jews, he sent forth an order that they should arm themselves for defense. On horseback; on mules; on dromedaries, messengers sped through the land bearing the king's dispatches, and a shout of joy went up from that enslaved people at the faint hope of success. I doubt not many a rusty blade was taken down and sharpened. Unbearded youths grew stout as giants at the thought of defending mothers and sisters. Desperation strung up cowards into heroes, and fragile women grasping their weapons swung them about the cradles impatient for the time to strike the blow in behalf of household and country.

The day of execution dawned. Government officials, armed and drilled, cowed before the battle shout of the oppressed people. The cry of defeat rang back to the palaces, but above the mountains of dead, above 75,000 crushed and mangled corpses sounded the triumph of the delivered Jews, and their enthusiasm was as when the Highlanders came to the relief of Lucknow, and the English army which stood in the very jaws of death, at the sudden hope of assistance and rescue, lifted the shout above belching cannon and the death-groan of hosts, crying, "We are saved! We are saved!"

My subject affords me opportunity of illustrating what Christian character may be under the greatest disadvantages. There is no Christian now exactly what he wants to be. Your standard is much higher than anything you have attained unto. If there be any man so puffed up as to be thoroughly satisfied with the amount of excellency he has already attained, I have nothing to say to such a one. But to those who are dissatisfied with past attainments, who are toiling under disadvantages which are keeping them from being what they ought to be, I have a message from God. You each of you labor under difficulties. There is something in your temperament; in your worldly circumstances; in your calling, that acts powerfully against you. Admitting all this, I introduce to you Hadassah of the text, a noble Christian, notwithstanding the most gigantic difficulties. She whom you might have expected to be one of the worst of women, is one of the best.

In the first place, our subject is an illustration of what Christian character may be under orphanage. This Bible line tells a long story about Hadassah. "She had neither father nor mother." A nobleman had become her guardian, but there is no one who can take the place of a parent. Who so able at night to hear a child's prayer; or at twilight to chide youthful wanderings; or to soothe youthful sorrows? An individual will go through life bearing the marks of orphanage. It will require more strength, more persistence, more grace, to make such an one the right kind of a Christian. He who at 40 years loses a parent must reel under the blow. Even down to old age men are accustomed to rely upon the counsel, or be powerfully influenced by the advice of parents, if they are still alive. But how much greater the bereavement when it comes in early life, before the character is self-reliant, and when naturally the heart is unsophisticated and easily tempted.

And yet behold what a nobility of disposition Hadassah exhibited! Though father and mother were gone, grace had triumphed over all disadvantages. Her willingness to self-sacrifice; her control over the king; her humility; her faithful worship of God, show her to have been one of the best of the world's Christians.

There are those who did not enjoy remarkable early privileges. Perhaps, like the beautiful captive of the text, you were an orphan. You had huge sorrows in your little heart. You sometimes wept in the night when you knew not what was the matter. You felt sad sometimes even on the playground. Your father or mother did not stand in the door to welcome you when

you came home from a long journey. You still feel the effect of early disadvantages, and you have sometimes offered them as a reason for your not being as thoroughly religious as you would like to be. But these excuses are not sufficient. God's grace will triumph if you seek it. He knows what obstacles you have fought against, and the more trial the more help. After all, there are no orphans in the world, for the great God is the Father of us all.

Again, our subject is an illustration of what religion may be under the pressure of poverty. The captivity and crushed condition of this orphan girl, and of the kind man who adopted her, suggest a condition of poverty. Yet, from the very first acquaintance we had with Hadassah we find her the same happy and contented Christian. It was only by compulsion she was afterwards taken into a sphere of honor and affluence. In the humble home of Mordecai, her adopted father, she was a light that illumined every privation. In some period in almost every man's life there comes a season of straitened circumstances when the severest calculation and most scraping economy are necessary in order to subsistence and respectability. At the commencement of business, at the entrance upon a profession, when friends are few and the world is afraid of you because there is a possibility of failure, many of the noblest hearts have struggled against poverty, and are now struggling. To such I bear a message of good cheer. You say it is a hard thing for you to be a Christian. This constant anxiety, this unresting calculation, wear out the buoyancy of your spirit, and although you have told perhaps no one about it, cannot I tell that this is the very trouble which keeps you from being what you ought to be? You have no time to think about laying up treasures in heaven when it is a matter of great doubt whether you will be enabled to pay your next quarter's rent. You cannot think of striving after a robe of righteousness until you can get means enough to buy an overcoat to keep out the cold. You want the Bread of Life, but you think you must get along without that until you can buy another barrel of flour for your wife and children. Sometimes you sit down discouraged and almost wish you were dead. Christians in satin slippers, with their feet on damask ottoman, may scout at such a class of temptations, but those who themselves have been in the struggle and grip of hard misfortune can appreciate the power of these evils to disuade the soul away from religious duties. We admit the strength of the temptation, but then we point to Hadassah, her poverty equalled by her piety. Courage down there in the battle! Hurl away your disappointment! Men of half your heart have, through Christ, been more than conquerors. In the name of God, come out of that! The religion of Christ is just what you want out there among the empty flour barrels and beside the cold hearths. You have never told anyone of what a hard time you have had, but God knows it as well as you know it. Your easy times will come after awhile. Do not let your spirits break down mid-life. What if your coat is thin? Run fast enough to keep warm. What if you have no luxuries on your table? High expectations will make your blood tingle better than the best Madeira. If you cannot afford to smoke, you can afford to whistle. But merely animal spirits are not sufficient; the power of the Gospel—that is what you want to wrench despair out of the soul and put you forward into the front of the hosts, encased in impenetrable armor. It does not require extravagant wardrobe, and palatial residence, and dashing equipage to make a man rich. The heart right the estate is right. A new heart is worth the world's wealth in one roll of bank bills; worth all sceptres of earthly power bound in one sheaf; worth all crowns expressed in one coronet. Many a man without a farthing in his pocket has been rich enough to buy the world out and have stock left for larger investment. It is not often that men of good habits come to positive beggary, but among those who live

in comfortable houses all about you, among honest mechanics, and professional men who never say a word about it, there are exhibitions of heroism and endurance such as you may never have imagined. These men who ask no aid; who demand no sympathy; who with strong arm and skillful brain push their own way through, are Hannibals scaling the Alps; are Hercules slaying the lion; are Moses in God's name driving back the seas. Hadassah with her needle has done braver things than Cæsar with a sword.

Again, our subject illustrates what religion may be when in a strange land, or far from home. Hadassah was a stranger in Shushan. Perhaps brought up in the quiet of rural scenes, she was now surrounded by the dazzle of a city. Heads as strong as hers had been turned by the transit from country to city. More than that, she was in a strange land. Yet in that loneliness she kept the Christian's integrity, and was as consistent among the allurements of Shushan as among the kindred of her father's house.

Perhaps, I address some who are now far away from the home of their fathers. You came across the seas. The sepulchres of your dead are far away. Whatever may be the comfort and adornment of your present home, you cannot forget the place of your birth, though it may have been lowly and unhonored. You often dream of your youthful days, and in the silent twilight run off to the distant land and seem to see your forsaken home, just as it was when your people were all alive. Though you may have hundreds of friends around you, you often feel that you are strangers in a strange land. God saw the bitter partings when your families were scattered. He watched you in the ship's cabin floundering the stormy seas. He knew the bewilderment of your disembarkation on a strange shore, and your wanderings up and down this land have been under an eye that never sleeps, and felt by a heart that always pities. Stranger far from home, you have a companion in the beautiful Hadassah, a good in Shushan as in her native Jerusalem. Indeed, very many of you are distant from the place of your nativity. Some of you may be pilgrims from the warm South, or from harder climes than ours, from latitudes of deeper snows and sharper frosts. You have come down in these regions for purposes of thrift and gain. You have brought your tents and pitched them here and you seldom now go back again except to visit the old village with wide streets and plenty of trees, on some holiday. This is no the climate in which many of you were born. These mothers are not the neighbors who came to the old homestead to greet you into life. These churches are no those under the shadow of which your grandfather was buried. These are not the ministers of Christ who out of the baptismal font sprinkled your baby brow. Far away the kirk! Far away the homestead! Far away the town! Have you former habits which would not have seemed right in the places and times of which we speak? Have you built an altar in your present abode? Is the religion of olden time one planted in your heart come up in glorious harvest? Is your present home an eulog upon that from which you were transplanted? Then are ye worthy companions of Hadassah, the stranger as holy in Shushan as in Jerusalem.

Again, our subject illustrates what religion may be under the temptation of personal attractiveness. The inspired record says of the heroine of my text, "She was fair and beautiful." Her very name signified, "A myrtle." Yet the admiration, and praise, and flattery of the world did no blight her humility. The simplicity of her manners and behavior equalled her extraordinary attractions. It is the same divine goodness which puts the tinge on the rose's cheek, and the whiteness into the lily, and the gleam on the wave, and that puts color in the cheek, and sparkle in the eye, and majesty in the forehead, and symmetry in to the form, and gracefulness into the gait. But many through the very charm of their

personal appearance have been destroyed. There are many flowers that bow down so modestly you cannot see the color in their cheek until you lift up their head, putting your hand under their round chin. Indeed, any kind of personal attractions, whether they be those of the body, the mind, or the heart, may become temptations to pride, and foolish assumption. While the most of us will not have the same kind of temptation which Hadassah must have felt from her attractiveness of personal appearance, there may be some to whom it will be an advantage to hold up the character of the beautiful captive who sacrificed not her humility and earnestness of disposition to the world's admiration and flattery.

Again, our subject exhibits what religion may be under bad domestic influences. Hadassah was snatched from the godly home into which she had been adopted, and introduced into the abominable associations or which wicked Ahasuerus was the centre. What a whirl of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and licentiousness! No altar, no prayer, no Sabbath, no God! If this captive girl can be a Christian there, then it is possible to be a Christian anywhere.

There are a great many of the best people of the world who are obliged to contend with the most adverse domestic influences, children who have grown up into the love of God under the crown of parents, and under the discouragement of bad example. Some sister of the family having professed the faith of Jesus is the subject of unbounded satire inflicted by brothers and sisters. Yea, Hadassah was not the only Christian who had a queer husband. It is no easy matter to maintain correct Christian principles when there is a companion disposed to scoff at them, and to ascribe every imperfection of character to hypocrisy. What a hard thing for one member of the family to rightly keep the Sabbath when others are disposed to make it a day of revelry; or to indicate propriety of speech to the minds of children

when there are others to offset the instructions by loose and profane utterances; or to be regularly in attendance upon church when there is more household work demanded for the Lord's Day than is demanded for any secular day. Do I speak of any laboring under these blighting disadvantages? My subject is full of encouragement. Vast responsibilities rest upon you. Be faithful, though you stand as alone as did Lot in Sodom, or Jeremiah in Jerusalem, or Jonah in Nineveh, or Hadassah in the court of Ahasuerus. There are trees which grow the best when their roots clutch among the jagged rocks, and to verily have but poor soil in which to develop, but Grace is a thorough husbandman and can raise a crop anywhere. Glassware moulded over the fire, and in the same way you are to be fitted as a vessel of glory. The Christian victory will be fought just in proportion as the battle is hot. Never despair being a thorough Christian any household which is not worse than the court of Ahasuerus.

Finally, our subject illustrates what reason may be in high worldly position. The one we see in the Bible of Hadassah is that she has become the Queen of Persia. Presently now to see the departure of her humility, and self-sacrifice, and religious principle. As she goes up you may expect Grace to go down. It is easier to be humble in the obscure house of her adopted father than on a

throne of dominion. But you misjudge this noble woman. What she was before, she is now—the myrtle. Applauded for her beauty and her crown, she forgets not the cause of her suffering people, and with all simplicity of heart, still remains a worshipper of the God of heaven.

Noble example followed only by a very few. I address some who, through the goodness of God, have risen to positions of influence in the community where you live. In law, in merchandise, in medicine, in mechanics, and in other useful occupations and professions you hold an influence for good, or for evil. Let us see whether, like Hadassah, you can stand elevation. Have you as much simplicity of character as once you evidenced? Do you feel as much dependence upon God; as much your own weakness; as much your accountability for talents entrusted? Or are you proud, and over-demanding, and ungrateful, and unsympathetic, and worldly, and sensual, and devilish? Then you have been spoiled by



A NOOK IN THE GRAND BAZAAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.

(The entire Bazaar, with all its merchandise, was utterly wrecked by the recent earthquakes.)

your success, and you shall not sit on this throne with the heroine of my text. In the day when Hadassah shall come to the grander coronation, in the presence of Christ and the bannered hosts of the redeemed, you will be poor indeed.

While last autumn all through the forests there were luxuriant trees with moderate out-branch, and moderate height, pretending but little, there were foliage shafts that shot far up, looking down with contempt on the whole forest, clapping their hands in the breeze and shouting, "Aha! Do you not wish you were as high up as we are?" But last week a blast let loose from the north, came rushing along and grappling the boasting oaks, hurled them to the ground, and, as they went down, an old tree that had been singing psalms with the thunder one hundred summers, cried out, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." And humble hickory, and pine and chestnut that had never said their prayers before, bowed their heads as much as to say, "Amen!"

My friends, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to humble." Take from my subject encouragement. Attempt the service of God, whatever your disadvantages, and whatever our lot, let us seek that grace which outshone all the splendors of the palaces of Shushan.

STAMBOUL'S DESOLATE HOMES.

Thousands of Earthquake Sufferers still Camping Out—The Royal Relief Commission at Work—Appreciation of American Sympathy.

LETTERS received in New York from Constantinople state that the many assurances of practical sympathy received from different European countries, but more especially from the United States, have produced a feeling of deep gratification among all classes in the stricken city. The general condition of affairs among the sufferers whose homes were totally destroyed by the earthquakes is but little changed. They are still camped out in large numbers in the Pera district and elsewhere, and the regular distribution of food is maintained under the direction of the Imperial Relief Commission. This Commission—which is under the immediate patronage of the Sultan—is presided over by His Excellency, Redvan Pasha, the head of the Municipality of Constantinople. Associated with this official,

otherwise concerning the extent of the devastation, and which have been published from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In the illustration on this page is shown a section of the Grand Bazaar in Constantinople, a famous resort for purchasers from all lands and which was one of the leading attractions of the Turkish capital. It is now a mere shapeless ruin.

Not a single dwelling in Stamboul seems to have wholly escaped the earthquake. The lot of those thousands who have been suddenly reduced from respectable industry to destitution would have been one hardly to be borne had not the kindness of the Porte, no less than the sympathy of Christian Europe and America come to their aid. As it is, they stand in need of both food and clothing.

It should not be forgotten that the Turkish Relief Fund presents an opportunity for still further breaking down the old barrier of antagonism that has existed for generations between Moslem and Christian. All Europe has already recognized this and has been quick to respond to the call for aid. Our own land, which has been so nobly responsive in the past, will not be heedless of the appeal of the Fund Committee for Constantinople's homeless thousands, including Greek, Jew, Armenian and Moslem. It is a movement in which all may help, and that must be fruitful of blessing to every sharer in the work. All contributions to the Fund will be acknowledged in these columns. The sums contributed during the week were as follows:

Mrs. L. M. L. Swift	2 00
Old Anne, Baptist Home	25
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Frary	50
Mrs. Jas. Weir	5 00
In His Name, Allegheny Cy	3 00
Marian Steele	1 00
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Della Sheets, Berne, Ind.	1 00
L. C. Tobias, Ashland, Wis.	5 00
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Clarity, Morrisville, N. Y.	1 00
Mr. Colbenkian, New York	100 00
Reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	5 00
Mary L. Parsons, through N. Y. "Tribune"	10 00
A King's Daughter, Sackets Harbor	2 00
A King's Daughter, Tamaqua, Pa.	50
Friend in His Name, Hughsonville	2 00
Mrs. S. A. H., Veterans' Home, Wis.	1 00
Emily Martin, Sartatia, Miss.	25
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Albert A. Jagnow, Douglaston, N. Y.	5 00
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D. C. W., Brighton, Co. O.	1 00
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Dikran G. Kelekian, 303 Fifth ave., New York	25 00
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Friend, Mareilles, Ill.	1 00

there are eleven other members in the Commission: two from the State Council, two from the Treasury Department, one from the Judiciary, one from the Municipality, one from the Ottoman Bank, and one each from the Greek, Armenian, Jewish and Catholic communities. Already a large amount of relief moneys has been paid over by the Commission to these religious communities, all of which suffered very heavily by the earthquakes. The support of the daily system of food supplies for the homeless population in tents, constitutes a serious draft upon the relief funds, which must soon become exhausted.

Throughout Stamboul, the older portion of the capital, the suffering is still very general, and is most keenly felt among tradesmen and shopkeepers, who, having lost business and homes together, now find themselves dependent upon public charity until the restoration of the ruined part of the city by rebuilding affords them an opportunity of resuming their avocations.

Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, who has just returned from a tour in the east, speaking of the Constantinople calamity, says: "The earthquake in Constantinople was much more destructive than would appear from the reports in the American papers. During the awful shocks 164 mosques were wholly or partially destroyed, and 1,500 stores in the bazaar were buried in the ruins." This confirms the statements that have reached this country in letters and



A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 21. Mark 1: 21-34. Golden Text, Mark 1: 22. By Mrs. Baxter.

JESUS had constituted at least four of his disciples "fishers of men," that he might associate them with him in his work of seeking and saving that which was lost. Now we follow him into one Sabbath in the days of his ministry,—a sample of many others—when accompanied by them, he carried out the will of his Father in heaven. "He entered the synagogue and taught." This was his custom, but custom with him was never suffered to make his work mechanical. He was ever the Image and the Instrument, the Word and the Messenger of his Father. The Son of God was always, and at all times, the Messenger sent of God. For every new day and every new hour, for every separate occurrence, however ordinary, he was his Father's representative: "Neither came I of myself, but he sent me." (John 8: 42.) "And they were astonished at his teaching, for he taught them

As Having Authority,

and not as the scribes." (R.V.) God's Word shall not return unto him void; it shall accomplish that which he pleases, and prosper in the thing whereunto he sent it. It is the same power which created and maintains this mighty universe: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made." He upholdeth "all things by the word of his power." The people in the synagogue were conscious that this was no word of mere learning, spoken in the routine of their ordinary worship; it appealed to them, it searched them, they could not get away from it; God was speaking to them and they knew it. Whenever a man of God speaks as a true messenger, the effect will be the same; men will be brought face to face with God, whether they will or no. Things which they have long heard of by the ear will become personal realities to them; they will know that God sent the man who spoke to them, and they may forget everything else they ever heard sooner than that message from the living God.

But wherever the true work of God exists, there the enemy comes in to spoil and hinder. Satan arranged that just when consciences are being aroused, and the Word of God was going home to hearts,—just at the critical moment when, perhaps, great decisions were pending, there should be

A Distraction.

"Straightway there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit." (R.V.) How many an evangelist might have thought, "How unfortunate that this unhappy man should come just now, just when such a deep impression has been made." Jesus lived a life of unbroken faith in the wisdom and love of his Father. To him nothing happened by chance; it was no accident that this man had come into the midst of the assembled congregation just then. What his Father permitted, Jesus permitted also; it could not be wrong; He could trust his Father with the souls to whom he had sent him. The man began to be noisy: could Jesus trust still and was his Father really undertaking? It went further, the poor demoniac interrupted him saying: "What have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art the holy One of God." Jesus had trusted to his Father, and his Father had made the very demons to witness to him. And meanwhile the obedient Son of God waited on his Father for further counsel. Then directed from on high, he rebuked him saying, "Hold thy peace and come out of him, and the unclean spirit tearing him and crying with a loud voice, came out of him."

"When he had thrown him in the midst he came out of him." The apparent distraction trusted to his Father, became a means by which his Word was illustrated and enforced, and the authority with which he spoke was sealed by the deed of power. Oh, how safe it is to trust God! Nothing can happen without his permission, and he makes "all things work together for good to them that love him." (Rom. 8: 29.)

If the impression produced by his preaching had been great, it was tenfold greater now that the man, delivered from the demon, was sitting harmless in their midst, and the people had witnessed his deliverance. They were all amazed, inasmuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What is this? A new teaching? With authority he commandeth even the unclean spirits, and they obey him" (ver. 27, R.V.) They could not keep it to themselves; one told another, until that very day, "the report of him went out straightway into all the region of Galilee round about" (R.V.) It was the beginning of the day but much had been done. It was not only the teaching of the people and the deliverance of the poor man which had been accomplished, but Jesus had also manifested to his disciples, and to the people, how as man he could trust his Father with circumstances; and he was educating his disciples while pursuing his ministry.

The Lord Jesus never sought after popularity but always shunned it. "Straightway when they were come out of the synagogue they came into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John." Away from the eyes of the multitude out of sight. Such was generally the instinct of Jesus, and every true witness for God instinctively gets away from man, after having borne a message from God. He cannot discharge himself of his message or throw it off for the time, as a tired man of business can turn entirely from the things which have occupied him during the day, to seek distraction and refreshment in his family life, or in home pursuits when the day's work is over. A witness for God is never off duty, he is a living sacrifice; all he is as well as all he says and does, touches his vocation. Sleeping or waking, on a journey or at home, in the congregation or in a few moments of conversation with a stranger, in the shop or in the street, at table at home or abroad, he never ceases to be

A Witness for His Master.

Our beloved Lord never ceased for one moment of his life to be his Father's witness, and he is the true example of all who would bear witness of him. Entering Simon Peter's house, perhaps to take refuge from the multitude, he was there for his Father. "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever; and straightway they tell him of her." Luke says (4: 38, 39) and being a physician he would probably give the most graphic and correct account; Simon's wife's mother was holden with a great fever; and they besought him for her. And he stood over her and rebuked the fever; and it left her; and immediately she rose up and administered unto them. "I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 16: 26) was one of the names of Jehovah to his people Israel. Jesus came in his Father's name and was known already as the healer, the Great Physician. Where he is given full sway sin, sickness and self disappear from before him. The sick woman was no sooner healed than she ministered to Christ and to his disciples. There are many who seek healing and would fain be healed by the Lord for their own convenience and comfort, or to attain their own ends and purposes. Jesus made no compact with this woman, that if he healed her she should minister to him, but he saw in her the true spirit which did not seek its own, which would yield the restored life a living sacrifice to him. "Let my people go," from sin and condemnation, from sick-

ness and infirmity, "that they may serve me." The object of our God in all his dealings with his people is to separate them from themselves and their own selfish life. "He died for all that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again." "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." We are saved that we may minister to him; we are healed that we may minister to him. There is

No Such Thing Contemplated

in Scripture as that any should be saved for the sake of the joy and comfort which salvation may bring to them, or healed for no higher end than their own personal comfort. And yet the greater number of believers are more anxious about their own joy and personal satisfaction than about ministering to Jesus, and the thought of what will rejoice his heart is a very occasional one with them.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



NATIVES OF CAPERNAUM.

structure, its walls ten feet thick and its roof supported with rows of fine columns. If Tel Hum is really Capernaum these ruins would be the remains of the synagogue built by the Roman Centurion. (Luke 7: 5.) At that time the synagogue was apparently a comparatively modern innovation. No mention is made of such an institution prior to the Captivity, from which we infer that up to that time there was no public worship apart from the Temple. It probably originated in the need of the exiles in Babylon for some place in which they could read their Scriptures and pray. After their return the benefit of such meeting-places would not be forgotten and they would be established as supplementary to the periodical visits to Jerusalem and the Temple. The word synagogue means congregation, and the synagogue service, unlike that of the Temple, was congregational worship. Selections were read from the Law, the Psalms and the Prophets; prayer was offered and an address given. On this occasion Jesus made the address, and the people were impressed by his manner of teaching. It was not the style of the scribes who occupied themselves with minute and trivial questions of the law and ritual, such as whether a blind man who used his staff in groping his way on the Sabbath, was or was not breaking the law against carrying a burden on the holy day. If Jesus used such words as he did on another occasion (Matt. 5: 21-48): "Ye have heard that it hath been said, . . . But I say unto you," it was not surprising that his hearers said he spoke as one that had authority. During or after the service, he gave proof that he had such authority by a remarkable cure. The dreaded malady, known to the Jews of that time as "possession of the devil," manifested itself in one of the men present. It apparently resembled what we know as epilepsy, but was a distinct variety of the disease peculiar to the time. Possibly it was the result of an attempt on the part of the enemy of souls to embarrass Jesus in his work. The subject of the influence lost control of his faculties and acted and

spoke as if he were an incarnation of evil. In our own day we recognize in a minor degree such influences when we speak of certain crimes as inhuman or diabolical. Jesus emancipated the man by a word and sternly rejected the testimony to his divinity offered by the man's lips. He would have no support or help from such a source. Later he cured Peter's mother-in-law of fever and in the evening the sick people came in a crowd to him, making the place as a great writer has said, like a camp hospital and Jesus cured them of their diseases. So ended the day and Jesus retired; but probably suffering from nervous exhaustion, was unable to sleep, for he went of long before dawn to seek recuperation in prayer.

Taught them as one that had authority. One of the early missionaries to Tahiti, hearing that dishonesty was regarded in the island as a venial fault, and that there was even god of thieves who was worshipped and was supposed to protect the robbers from detection, preached a vigorous sermon (the sin of stealing). The next morning opening his doors he found his enclosure full of natives, and in the middle of the company a high heap of property of all kind. "It is all stolen stuff," said the leader of the party. "We thought when we were pagans that there was no harm in stealing, we could do it without being caught. But when we heard you say yesterday that Jehovah had commanded that we should not steal, we could not rest, and we have brought it all to you that you may give back to the owners."

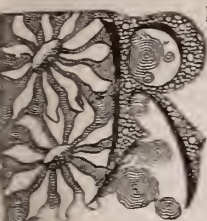
A man with an unclean spirit. The word are used in the sense of a spirit defiling and degrading the man. He could not bear the presence of Christ and called out, "Let alone." But the purity of the Holy One involved the exposure and expulsion of the evil. Among a party who visited a sulphur spring in the south, was a lady who was much admired for the beauty of her complexion which she insisted was entirely natural. While the party stood around the spring a great change came over the lady's face. Her friends noticed that it was discolored in large patches. Marks as bruises appeared on her cheeks and forehead as if she had received heavy blows. She was wholly unconscious of the change, but her friends were alarmed at it, when she saw her face in a mirror she, too, was troubled and consented to a physician being summoned. All thought she was stricken with some terrible disease. But the physician allayed their fears. He said the lady had used a cosmetic on her face the ingredients of which had been chemically affected by the sulphur in the spring. He added that he was surprised that any one who used such ointments did not know enough to keep away from sulphur in that form. It was a terrible revealer in such matters.

I know thee who thou art: the Holy One of God. An American lady living in Japan came acquainted with an intelligent young student. She offered to teach him English and he gladly accepted. The first book given him for translation was the Gospel of John. The young man plodded away tent on learning the language, but as he became familiar with it his manner changed. He grew intensely interested in the subject. One day, after going over his translation he said, "This Jesus, I have heard of him as a great Teacher, as a great Man; but I have been reading and I see he could not have been a man; he was God."

They obey him. Many people think that they are so much under the power of the evil habit that they can never be emancipated. But neither liquor, nor opium, nor swearing, nor any other evil, is so strong but it will yield when the victim sincerely and honestly seeks deliverance of Christ. La Fontaine once preached before a regiment on the duty of controlling the temper. The Major was a man of ungovernable temper, and when he met the preacher the next day, he frankly spoke of the fact, and said that it could never be cured. La Fontaine argued with him, but to no purpose. The Major was in despair. He said he had tried so many times and failed that he would not try again. "It will yield," said La Fontaine, "to a stronger power. Do you yield into a passion it you are provoked with the king is present?" The Major admitted that he did not. "Then," said the preacher, "a passion that will yield to your loyalty and reverence for your king, will yield the power of the King of kings. It is a common that knows its master."

STRANGE JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

Yet Amid all there is the Desire for Immortality—Death and Burial Customs of the Ainu—Gospel Progress in the Mikado's Empire.



certain portions of the Japanese Empire. He writes:

"When an Ainu dies, the body, be it that of a man, woman, or child, is dressed in its best clothes, all of which are first cut or torn a little and laid out by the fireside. Should the dead person be a man, his bow and arrow and quiver, his pipe and tobacco-box, a long and short knife, a sword, a cup and tray, and mustache-lifters, and also a bundle of clothes, are placed by his side. All of the clothes are more or less cut or torn, even should they be new garments. Also every one of the other things is broken, ripped or bent. All are buried with the body. Should the corpse be that of a woman, some needles and thread, some native Japanese clothes of various colors and kinds, a set of weaving implements, spoons, ladles, a cup and her trinkets, such as beads and earrings, are placed by her side, also a bundle of clothes, all cut and torn. Children also have a cup, a spoon, some clothes and trinkets placed by them. But the great point to be borne in mind is that all these things are buried with the corpse, and are always first cut or otherwise injured. As soon as death takes place, friends are notified of the fact and a feast is made. This is not indeed a feast for pleasure, but for mourning, weeping, howling and bidding farewell to the departing person, for

The Spirit of the Dead
must not be looked upon as departed until the body has been placed in the grave. Some of the food, which consists of boiled cakes made of millet, is broken and reverently placed upon the corner of the hearth to be buried with the corpse, and drops of wine are sprinkled in a circle around the head with a mustache-licker, while prayer is being devoutly offered up to the spirit of the departed and to the god. All the people who have come together for the feast also break up their cakes and bury part under the ashes by the fire while eating the remainder. These remnants seem to be the share set apart for the goddess of fire. After the feast is over, all these fragments (the essence having now it is thought been devoured by the goddess) are gathered up with the ashes, and thrown away. It would not do to leave them upon the hearth, as they would be constantly turned up whenever the fire was stirred, and in that way remind friends of death. This feast goes by the name of the "bad thing and drinking," and "the broken thing." This feast having been partaken of, and prayers duly said, the body, together with the things to be buried with it, is taken to the grave. A cooking pot is carried with the other things, which after having been broken, is put upon the grave by the post which answers as a tombstone. Fresh water is also carried in a wooden basin, with which, after the ceremony all those who have taken direct part in the ritual wash their hands. This basin is then broken, by having the bottom knocked out, and placed over the tombstone. When the child is buried the same customs prevail, the only difference being that the pole used in carrying the body to the grave is, as a rule, of the elder tree. The bodies of adults, however, are carried with any other wood that happens to be handy, but by no means the elder be used.

There are customs connected with death and burial of which I might speak, but as I have now mentioned bear directly upon the Ainu ideas concerning religion and either the spirit or life of the person goes

after it leaves the body. I suppose the question will be asked: Why do the Ainu break and chip and bend the implements, and cut and tear the clothes which they bury with dead? or, why indeed should these things be buried with them at all? Then again it will be asked why all this ceremony of breaking up millet cakes and knocking the bottoms out of pots and basins? These questions have been asked and variously answered. They have puzzled me for years and I have, I must confess, but just discovered their true meaning. It is said by some persons that the people bury these things with their owners because the work is now over and there will be no more use for them and as a proof of this they mention the fact of their first being broken. I will dismiss this by informing you, that it is not so, according to Ainu ideas. This reason is really an imported one, and is not native at all. If you ask the Ainu, the general answer will be, "to keep the Japanese from stealing them!" But this is certainly not true. A third and truer and more general idea is that the things are buried with the corpse because the spirit is supposed to require them in the next world. This, as in the case with other races, is the

done to the body by gods, demons, or men. It is the body only which dies and decays, the spirit never. As, therefore, the living spirits of men will require all this furniture in the next world, the various articles are each in their separate persons or bodies damaged, and their spirits are thus caused to go with their owners to serve them there. Their bodies are damaged, i.e., they are killed. Hence as the human body will, when in the home beyond the grave, need clothing to wear, a quantity is first killed by being cut and then buried; as it will require food, the millet cakes are first killed by being broken, and then sent off on their journey. Coats, I should have said, are cut from the neck down the back, for the backbone is supposed to be the seat of life. These things are pretty curious, mysterious, and very deep, but they serve as very good eye-openers by which we may learn to understand this truly peculiar people. Now death is a thing which cannot take place in a hurry; that is to say, nothing is thoroughly dead till every part of the body in which it lived is decomposed into its elements. Hence, when a body is buried, life or spirit still exists in the grave in some degree, till all has been decomposed. We can therefore understand how it is the people believe that

Ghosts Exist Near Graves.

and are afraid to go near them. When the body is in the grave the spirit is there also,

not pay for the accommodation rendered me, for in the morning she made it her business

To Tell Me a Dream She Had

in the night. She dreamt, she said, that I had lost my purse and should not be able to pay for my lodging! Of course I paid at once. It was a witty hint.

The district I visited during the tour just ended was that of Piratori, and a very full and pleasant time I had. I was preaching every night to large audiences, and during the day and early evening teaching catechumens and children. Piratori consists of an upper and lower part, separated by about five minutes' walk. All the women in the upper part of the village have, with the exception of one person, been baptized. Most of them were baptized last year, and the solitary non-Christian woman has now asked for baptism. This year all the mothers brought their little children to me to christen. I think there were about twenty of them, so that I had a very hard time at suggesting names, which I must say is one of the most difficult tasks I am called upon to perform. I also baptized some adults from the lower part of the village. There have been now 165 persons baptized in these two villages, so mightily has the Lord worked in and through us.

We have just commenced building a church at Piratori, and the poor people are delighted. It will be the first actual church the Ainu race has ever had, and it is being built in the old Ainu capital. This is a grand triumph of the Gospel of Christ, and an evidence of the Saviour's mighty power and love. The Christians and a few well-disposed heathens each gave a day's hard toil in clearing the land for the church and glebe, and all is now ready for the carpenters, who are actually on the spot. It is wonderful what an impetus this kind of thing gives to the work. The capital, Piratori, will serve as a splendid centre from which to work. Indeed, it has already become the centre of a very interesting mission. The church even now calls itself the true

Mother of the Ainu Churches.

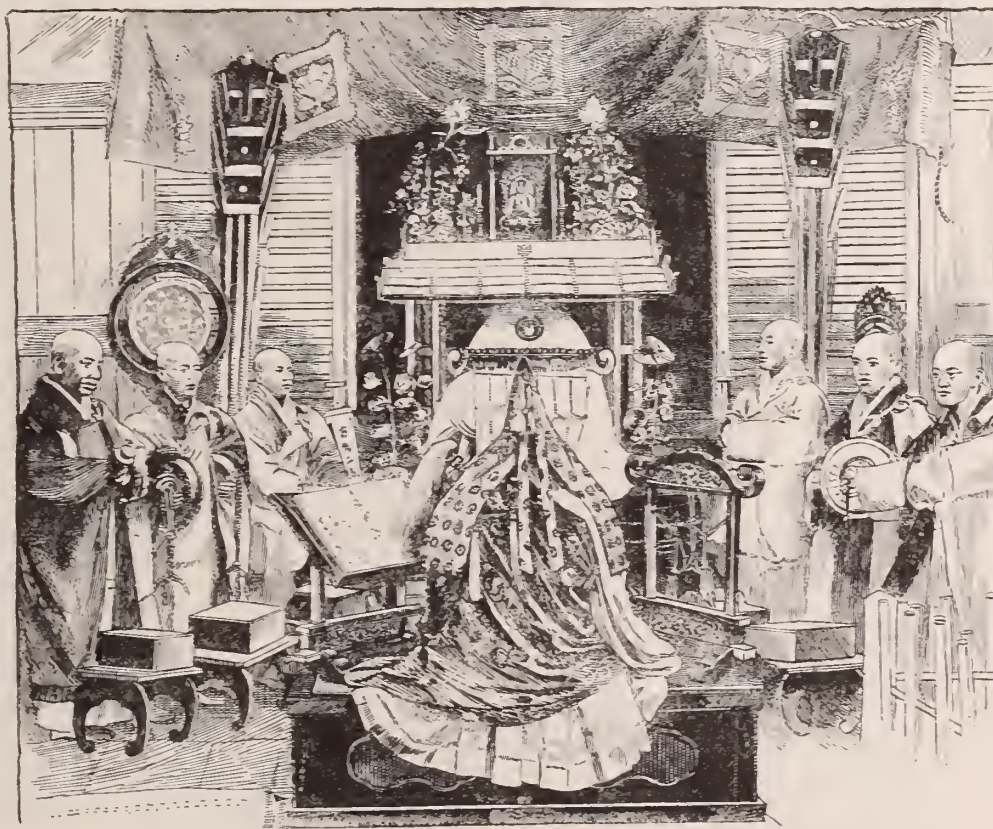
This is good, and gives all the members an interest in what is going on around. It is nice to think that the people look upon the church as their very own.

In one village, which is easily reached from Piratori, and where Mr. Otani, the catechist, has been working, there are now thirty-nine inquirers. I received these as catechumens at the beginning of this month. Mr. Otani has been working here and at Piratori for two years, and another Japanese and Petros, my Ainu assistant, have been helping him for two months. In another village, just about two miles from Piratori, I had the pleasure of baptizing twenty-five persons. There are also many more preparing for that rite. In this village there lives a poor Christian man who has disease of the spine and whose legs are completely paralyzed. He lies by his fireside all the time. He spent nearly the whole of last year here at Sapor in our Ainu hospital rest. While here he became a Christian and was

Taught to Read and Sing.

On visiting him I was surprised to find that he gathers the children together every day, teaches them the catechism and some hymns. He now asks for reading books, so as to be able to teach them to read! All this is done quite voluntarily and without a word having been said either by him or us. Surely this is the Holy Spirit prompting. Besides all this, there are many more catechumens in other villages who were received as such last year. But these I cannot yet baptize, because we have been too short-handed to give them sufficient instruction. Poor people, I wish we could be more with them!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietors, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labor for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.



PECULIAR CEREMONIES AT A BUDDHIST FUNERAL IN JAPAN.

From a photograph secured by a native missionary for "The Christian Herald."

true reason. Extinction and absorption of the spirit forms no part of the Ainu idea of death. Each one will have, it is supposed, a distinct, definite, personal life in a body beyond the grave. And there he will require his hunting and working and cooking utensils. He will have his hut, his wife and dogs, in fact everything as it is here.

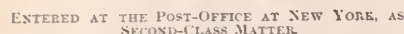
The Ainu idea of life is that it is spirit, whether hidden, latent and secret, or manifested and openly energetic. Every possible thing you can imagine as existing has its separate, individual spirit, and always will have. If we lose it in this, it will be found in the next world. It can never be lost or extinguished. Thus, swords, bows, arrows, cups, mustache-lifters, pots, basins, pans, knives, spoons, needles, blankets, beads, earrings, cotton, thread, string, boots, coats, mats—every individual thing is supposed to have its separate and distinct spirit and personality, which can never be lost, whatever happens.

It will Live in Another World.

A spoon will be a spoon there, a sword a sword, a hat a hat, and a pair of shoes will still remain a pair of shoes. You will now probably begin to see the real reason for breaking these things when the owner dies. Death itself is caused by some harm being

in part at least, gradually freeing itself from its earthly tabernacle and must be carefully left alone. No one must intrude on its domain, for it requires room and perfect freedom. In this idea, therefore, must be sought the reason why the Ainu bury in separate places far away in the forests and not in cemeteries. These then, and many others like them, are the superstitions the Gospel of Christ is overcoming among the poor Ainu. May his heavenly kingdom here increase mightily.

I have just returned from an itinerating tour in one of my fields of labor, and before I start on another, which I have arranged to do this week, I must tell you of a very sharp and witty thing I experienced on the morning of my return to Sapor. I spent the previous night at a village in which I had never slept before, though I had passed through it frequently. These people did not quite know the requirements and ways of a foreigner, for there were no plates or basins, or anything of the kind to be had in the hut. I was, therefore, obliged to eat my supper out of a frying-pan I always carry with me, for a Bible and a frying-pan are my inseparable and most useful companions when itinerating. Five boards were set upon a stand as my bed. The mistress of the hut was evidently afraid that I would



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IF a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood, running smoothly from generation to generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good and honest and pure and upright and noble. He could hardly help it. But, suppose he is born in a hereditary line where the influences have been bad, and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down in an over-mastering gravitation, unless some supernatural aid can be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves, not your excommunication, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down upon your knees and thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that juggernaut. But, supposing now that in this age, where there are so many good people, that I select the very best man, I don't mean the man who would style himself the best, for, probably, he is a hypocrite, but I mean the man who is really the best. I will take you out from your elevated surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in and talk and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house one moral treatise. After awhile you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After awhile you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At 15 years of age you are sent out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than for the dog that has died in a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day,

rallying your courage, you resist some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother was up for drunkenness at the Tombs court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch." Suppose that had been the history of your advent and the history of your earlier surroundings. Would you have been what you are? I tell you, no. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with others.

IT is a healthful ambition to have in official position men moral, intelligent and competent. The question is a question of equipment. The interests involved are too vast to be entrusted to those incompetent. A man may be competent for one position and not for another. So that mere intelligence is not sufficient. Adaptation to the work to be done becomes a supreme thought at such an hour. There can be no difficulty in finding out the presence or the absence of such qualification, for all the lights are turned on the exposed head of everyone who runs for any office in this country. It is easy to find out what are truths and what are falsehoods regarding any man in nomination. This country has from time to time showed its contempt for brains and good morals by pushing aside the wisest and best men and making sheriffs and aldermen and mayors and governors and presidents out of material astounding both for stupidity and infirm morals. The best argument that I know of to prove the worth of our institutions is that incompetency and corruption have not been able to wreck them. It must be a stout craft that can sail through such cyclones. This country can stand more maladministration than any country under the sun. Notwithstanding all the thefts for scores of years by common councilmen and legislatures and congresses we have more resources than can be foundered. While we deplore the briberies and the swindles and Credit Mobiliers and the river and harbor bills that have put their leeches on the neck and heart and hands and feet of this country, we are grateful that there is enough good blood yet circulating in the body politic to keep this a strong nation. Had there been less vitality in our institutions, and had our fathers exercised less wisdom in their establishment, those institutions would long before this have gone under. Bless the Lord for his securing mercy!

J. M. O., New York City. A friend of mine has two children—nice, bright little boys of five and six years—whom he would like to place in some good Christian family in the country, either in New York State, New Jersey or Connecticut. He will pay a small amount weekly for each to assist in their support and education.

There are many childless homes to which these little ones would come like a beam of blessed sunshine. Any of our readers who would like to undertake this work, can learn all particulars on addressing Mr. O., care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Subscriber, Brookville, Pa., writes:

In reply to Mrs. Lucy Fawbles' inquiry as to where she could get a little girl to adopt, I would refer her to the Christian Home for Orphans, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Rev. J. G. Lemen is the Pastor.

Mrs. J. M. Swift, Northville, Mich. What is the Chinese idea of death and a future life?

Their religious systems show no trace of a belief in personal immortality. After death, as they hold, the material parts of man belong to the earth, and the higher and lower spiritual parts are absorbed by different spirits.

1 C. Whitehead, Hackensack. Where can I find the hymn, one of the verses of which reads thus:

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Sees, from thy hand,
No worthy action done."

St. Bernard Staniford, a mediæval French author, is the writer, and the lines are part of a dissertation in verse on "The Art of Reading."

R. S., New York City. Was the poet John Milton a Roman Catholic and did he ever hold any position under Oliver Cromwell?

He was a Protestant, as was his father, who had been disinherited by Milton's grandfather.

for leaving the Catholic Church and adopting the Protestant faith. Young Milton was originally intended for the church, and he had a Puritan tutor, Thomas Young, but circumstances prevented the realization of his parents' wishes in that respect. Milton was appointed Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State, six weeks after the execution of Charles I., and held the office till a short time previous to the Restoration.

W. G. Young, Philadelphia, Pa. What does Paul mean in Romans 3 : 7, by his remark about a lie causing the truth of God to abound?

He was not stating his own opinion, but was summarizing the arguments of opponents and scoffers, in order to refute them. The previous verses of the chapter are of the same kind. He had the Jews specially in mind in his argument, and he is showing them that a man who brings such reasoning as that in the third, fifth, seventh and eighth verses is inconsistent and illogical.

L. P. Matthew, Crete, Neb. 1. In Numbers 14: 6 Joshua is said to be the son of Nun. But who was Nun? Have we any information in regard to him? 2. Was Joshua married or had he an family? 3. Was Timnath-Serah, the inheritance selected, and which was assigned him, a very desirable one, a hill-top in Mount Ephraim, or did it illustrate the perfect unselfishness of his nature?

1. Nun is supposed to have been an Israelite of the tribe of Ephraim, but no account of his life is given. 2. Nothing is stated on this point although it is a reasonable presumption that he was married, since the people assigned him an inheritance. 3. It was probably a very desirable location, and as such was chosen to him by the Israelites as a reward for his brilliant and faithful public services.

A. A., New York. 1. Is it right for a bookkeeper or stenographer to use the firm's supplies for their private correspondence? 2. If science prove that man was in existence thousands of years before the Bible account, which are we to go by?

1. No; it is one of those petty dishonesties that many people are too apt to indulge in, which are inexcusable and destructive of moral character. 2. Science thus far has not established any theory that conflicts with or disproves the Bible. On the contrary, the Bible finds most unexpected corroboration in many ways from the researches of science, especially among the monuments and remains of ancient peoples. Stand by the Bible.

Subscriber, Dollar Bay, Mich. Can one's conscience be taken as an infallible guide to right living?

Not in its natural state, because it may be misled. A man may do wrong, as Paul did, when he persecuted the church, with a conscientious belief that he is doing right. The conscience needs to be informed and enlightened. The converted man often discovers the habits and practices which his conscience approved before his conversion, it condemns afterwards when it has been quickened and educated by the Holy Spirit. Light and knowledge are necessary in order that the conscience may do its duty efficiently.

Mrs. Sarah E. Hoagland, Jacksonville, Ill. We have already answered a similar question in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Philip Roger Milton, W. Va. We have no means of answer.—W. C. Pawley, Dover, N. J. Write to Mr. Bangs, Secretary, Seamen's Mission, Washington, St. N. Y.—J. S. Kell, Tehuacana, Tex. There is no Scriptural authority for it. Dives is simply Latin word which translated means "rich."—S. Scriver, Albany, N. Y. Leo XIII. was elected to the Papal throne in 1878.—D. Kirkman, Stock, Cal. Write to the San Francisco Chronicle, state the facts fully and temperately and they will doubtless give it due attention.—Mrs. O. H. Gordin, Merna, Neb. We are overcrowded with similar appeals and regret that we can do nothing at present.—A. B. Ferguson, Chuckactaw, Va. Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.—Rev. A. H. Carman, Stoughton, Wis. Write to Saml. Gompers, President American Federation of Labor, N. Y., who can give all information wanted.—Francis Blendon, Baton Rouge, La. The Sessions' train long since returned from Africa to their former home at Perryville, and we believe are still there.—A. H. Peina. The discussion concerning the hymn in question was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1893. We cannot renew it now.—James C. Davis, Iron Mountain, Mich. Write to the American Bible Society, New York City.—D. R. D., Grand Rapids, Mich. 1. The population of the world is believed to be about 1,400,000,000. 2. Less than three-fourths of the whole.—A. C. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa. In his book entitled, "The Mask Torn Off," published by J. Fairbanks & Co., Chicago, 1. Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses nearly all the subjects mentioned in your letter.—J. W. Allen, Shelo, Neb. It is evidently a secular piece, and we have no trace of it.—W. H. B., Philadelphia. The character of your work would seem to make it a necessity, but it should be so circumscribed as not to interfere with the performance of the religious duties of the day.—Garlin Schiller, Starke, Fla. 1. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is printed in English only, although many of its articles are translated into other languages, particularly Dr. Talmage's sermons, which appear in many languages in different parts of the world. 2. No; only in English.—Will J. G. Berger, Pa. Send his address to E. C. Clason, 653 Broadway street, Minneapolis.—A. M., Flint, Mich. We have no means of fixing the date. 2. Add to your subscription for foreign postage, making \$5 in all.—H. M. D., Ashbury Park, N. Y. Write to Academy of Design, New York City.—Lena Miller, Princeton, Va., and "Country Reader," Boston, Va. Write to Rev. A. C. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.—Geo. A. Piker, Quincy, Ill. Philip Phillips is still active in Christian work.—I. McNamee, Ellipsis, Miss. No.—T. E. Winter, Pittsfield, Va. You can possibly procure it from the "Tribune," New York City.—Katharine Kiewit, Nokesville, Va. I will inform you to write to the "Medical Record," New York City.—Mrs. P. A. Hollingsworth, West Liberty, Ia. Send any contributions of clothing for the sufferers to Rev. P. Knudsen, Pine City, Minn.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

MADAGASCAR'S FOE.

FRANCE is busily preparing for another little war of aggression of a similar character to her recent exploit in Siam. This time the field is Madagascar, the large island, larger than France itself, lying off the southeast coast of Africa. A commissioner has been sent to the island to present the French demands on the Malagasy government. The nature of these demands is not known, but the warlike preparations that are being made indicate that the French government does not expect that they will be granted, and probably does not desire that they should. This is not the first time that there has been trouble with the French in Madagascar. In 1882 the French government attempted to set up a protectorate over the island. It held a strip of land on the Northwest coast which it used as a trading and coaling station, and with this as a basis of operations intrigued against the Malagasy government. Since the beginning of this century, the Hovas who occupy Ankova, the chief province of the island, have exercised supreme sovereignty over the Sakalavas and Betsimisarakas, the other two tribes which with the Hovas, constitute the Malagasy nation. The French made their bargains with the Sakalavas and obtained concessions from them which they had no right to grant. When the Hova Queen refused to ratify them the French bombarded Majunga and seized Tamatave, the chief town on the east of the island. There has now apparently been a revival of the claims and M. Flourens, the ex-Foreign Minister of France, airily explains that it has become necessary to crush the Hovas. Unhappily, Madagascar being without powerful protectors, is at the mercy of the French. She owes all her civilization to the missionaries, most of whom are of English nationality, and she naturally hoped to have English protection, but in arranging the partition of Africa the European powers left Madagascar within the French "sphere of influence," so that England is powerless in the matter. It is feared that if the French succeed in annexing the island, Christian interests will suffer. There are at present thirty-eight English missionaries in Madagascar, about six thousand native preachers, and about 285,000 professing Christians. They have a claim in their sore strait on the sympathy of all Christendom and on the prayers of individual Christians that God, who has in the past delivered his people from their enemies, will now interpose on their behalf; and, although they are in imminent danger from a relentless foe, it may yet be seen that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. (Ps. 118: 8.)

Marriage by Imitation.

A curious incident which occurred in Philadelphia recently is reported by the "Times" of that city. A wedding was being solemnized in a well-known church, the contracting parties being a lady and gentleman who move in the fashionable circles of society, while in the corner of the church stood a youthful couple, a mulatto boy and girl. The pair watched the ceremony intently, and copied each movement made by the bride and bridegroom whom the priest were making man and wife. As they knelt down, so did the other couple kneel, and when the bridegroom placed the ring on the bride's finger the young mulatto did likewise, only his ring was of cheaper metal and his bride was less fair. At length, when the procession emerged from the church, the humble double followed, looking as if they were quite as much married as the more fortunate couple. It was learned that such was, indeed, their belief. They had no money wherewith to pay the priest or the fees, so they thought a marriage at second hand would be just as effective and cost nothing. Their friends, doubtless, would peedily undeceive them. It would be easier to do so than to undeceive those who imagine that they have become real Christians by being baptized, joining a church, and doing other things that real Christians do.

It is still necessary, as it was in Paul's time, to insist that nothing avails but a new creation. (Gal. 6: 15.)

Heir by Purchase.

Search is being made through the country for a man who is entitled to the largest share of an estate in Michigan, the owner of which was murdered a few weeks ago. The man would probably have presented himself before this, but for a transaction which took place in 1850. He was then

small a sum. Foolish as he was, he is not so foolish as those who might have an eternal inheritance, but choose instead a brief life of sinful indulgence. (Luke 16: 25.)

To Test Subterranean Air.

A device for the detection of the deadly gas in mines is described in a scientific journal. It is called the Formenophone and consists of two ordinary organ pipes. It has been found that the sound of an organ pipe is affected by the quality of the air with which it is fed. If two pipes of the same pitch are sounded simultaneously by means of blowers, fed by pure air, a simple sound is heard, but if there be forced through one of these pipes pure air, while the other is thrown into vibration by means of a mixture of air and gas, the sound of the latter pipe is correspondingly modified, and consequently, when the two pipes are sounded simultaneously, a certain number of interference beats will be heard, depending upon the quality

of their distribution among any of his nephews who might be born after his decease. He makes, however, reserve of a line and a few hooks which he requests may be buried with him. "In order," he says, "that there is any fishing in the other world I will be provided with tackle to enjoy the sport, which has afforded me much delight in the present mode of existence." The will concludes: "In reference to my own burial, I direct that there be no religious rites or ceremonies, but that these be conducted by my loving friends in such a way as they deem proper, and I further direct that the normality of interring a Bible with the body be dispensed with in my case." It is astonishing that an intelligent man, as the deceased was, should have thought that it signified what was put in his coffin. The Bible would have been as useless there as the fish-hooks will be. But if he had studied the Bible he would have learned how he might be happy in the other world where spiritual enjoyment is provided for spiritual beings. (Rev. 7: 16, 17.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD makes an announcement on the editorial page this week of a series of exceedingly attractive offers, which deserves the special attention of our readers.

Information has Reached this Office from Massachusetts and Connecticut that contributors are being personally solicited ostensibly for objects of charity in the name of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. No one has been authorized by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to make such appeals and charitably disposed persons should not encourage them.

The London Missionary Society will next year celebrate its centenary. An effort will be made to appropriately honor the event by sending out one hundred new missionaries.

The Chinese Translation of the Old Testament in the Canton vernacular is completed and nearly ready for publication. The work has been done by Dr. Henry and revised by Mr. Noyes.

Rev. Henry Loomis writes home from Japan that all objection has now been removed to the possession and use of the Bible in the higher normal schools of that country.

The Empress of China, who is about to celebrate her sixtieth birthday, will receive among her presents a superbly bound copy of the New Testament in Chinese which is being prepared at the Presbyterian Mission Press in Shanghai.

Rev. R. G. Pearson has been holding successful meetings at Toccoa, Ga. The pastors of the town report a marvelous outpouring of the Spirit. Many have been converted and professing Christians have been stirred up as never before.

The Governor of Kieff in Southern Russia has forbidden the Colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society to work in any of the four provinces under his jurisdiction. He assigns as a reason for his arbitrary act that the work of the colporteurs is practically a Stundist propaganda.

Translators are at work on the Production of the Old Testament in the Korean language. The translation is being done by a committee, of which Dr. Underwood is chairman. The Korean New Testament, prepared by Rev. J. Ross, of Moukdon, North China, is being extensively circulated.

The Sydney "Daily Telegraph," announcing a sermon by Dr. Talmage, in aid of the poor of Sydney states: "The gross amount of the collection at the Town Hall service will be handed over to the Mayor of Sydney for charitable purposes, and the cost of printing hymns and other necessary expenses will be defrayed by Dr. Talmage."

Mr. Norwood, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Venezuela, writes that the tide of public opinion there has turned in his favor. He now receives cordial treatment where formerly he was abused and threatened; and the press, which, at the instigation of the ecclesiastics formerly denounced him as a fraud and the vendor of corrupt books, now severely criticizes his opponents.

Evangelist John H. Elliott has been holding Successful Meetings at Paris, Ill. The "Beacon" of that city reports that audiences of over a thousand persons were gathered night after night and there were large numbers of converts. Mr. Elliott was accompanied by Mr. B. F. Butts of Kansas City, Mo., who conducted the musical part of the services. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, with whom Mr. Elliott formerly labored, cordially recommends him to the churches as an earnest and powerful evangelist. His permanent address is Clifton Springs, N. Y.

The Christian Workers' Association has decided not to hold an international convention this year. It will hold instead a number of district conventions in the Middle, Eastern, and Southern States. The first of these will be held at Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 23 to Nov. 1. The next will be at Syracuse, N. Y. Other conventions will be held afterwards in New England, the dates and places to be announced later. It is expected that in future the international conventions will be triennial, the first of which is to be held in New York or Chicago in 1896.

The New York Rescue Band has Opened a Mission for the reclamation of fallen girls at 17 Doyer Street, where services are held every evening from nine o'clock till midnight. Many remarkable cases of conversion are reported. Several of the converts have been placed in the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn and other Refuges in the neighborhood, where they can be taught trades by which they can support themselves. The Rescue Band hopes eventually to establish a home of its own in Harlem.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President, is holding its eleventh annual convocation in the Gersgen Tabernacle, New York. Many eminent clergymen and several returned missionaries are taking part and a large number of members of the Alliance from other cities are present. The meetings commence each day at nine o'clock and continue through the day. Next Sunday the meetings will be held in the American Theatre, the Tabernacle being too small to accommodate the audiences.



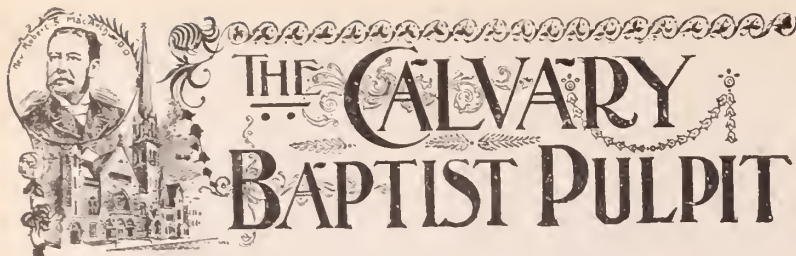
GATEWAY OF THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR IN ANTANANARIVO.

working as a waiter in a New York hotel and was in urgent need of money. He applied to a money-lender and proposed to borrow a large sum which he would repay at the death of his uncle. He said his uncle owned a large estate, worth \$150,000, near Detroit, and, as he was his nearest relative, he would inherit the greater part of it. The lender would not make an advance on those terms, but offered to buy the man's interest in his uncle's estate for two thousand dollars, to be paid in instalments running over five years. The offer was accepted, and for three years the instalments were duly paid, but since then no application has been made for them, and no one appears to know where the man is to be found. He was leading a wandering life, and his need of money was chronic. Such a man must feel deeply chagrined when he hears of his uncle's death, to think that he had sold the property that might have been his for so

of gas contained in the air with which the pipe is fed. The formenophone, the apparatus by means of which this operation is performed, consists simply of two blowers each with its appropriate pipe. One is enclosed in an air-tight box containing pure air, and the other is fed by the air that is to be tested. The difference between the note of the latter pipe and that of the pipe fed with pure air indicates the degree in which the air of the mine is impregnated with gas. The condition of the moral atmosphere may be similarly tested. Those who breathe it generally show by the tone of their conversation whether it is impure. (II Peter 3: 11.)

For Postmortem Fishing.

An extraordinary request is contained in the will of an enthusiastic angler who died recently at Memphis, Tenn. He owned a collection of rods and lines which he prized very highly and he provided in his will for



GOD'S ADOPTED CHILDREN.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Rev. R. S.

MacArthur, D.D. Text: I. John 3: 2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."



We have often described the apostle Peter as the apostle of hope; the apostle Paul as the apostle of logic; and the apostle John as the apostle of love. We must not, however, suppose that in so describing these apostles we exclude other commendable qualities which we know that they possessed. There was a vast amount of logic and love in Peter's hope; there was a great degree of hope and love in Paul's logic; and there was an equal amount of logic and hope in John's love.

Never did John forget the moments when he pillowed his head on the bosom of Jesus. He listened to the music of Christ's voice, tuned to tenderest love, and uttered in softest accents of divinest affection. And so toward the close of his life John constantly strikes the note of love and sings this song in almost every chapter that he wrote. Tradition tells us that when at Ephesus and so old and feeble that he could not go to the assemblies of the church without being carried by his disciples, and being unable to deliver long discourses he was accustomed to say, "Little children, love one another; and when some wondered why he so often repeated that exhortation, his answer was, "This is what the Lord commands you; and this, if you do it, is sufficient." There is in this exhortation an echo of the words of Jesus, and a corroboration of the teachings of Paul. As I read these closing epistles I find that there was but little of John left; almost all in his life was Jesus. John was

Passing into the Shadow;

Jesus was coming out into fuller and brighter light. John was joyously decreasing; Christ was gloriously increasing. Thus all through these chapters we hear the echo of Christ's words spoken years before.

We are not surprised, therefore, that he opens this chapter by saying, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us." It is an interesting fact that nowhere in the Bible is there any attempt made to give us a definition of God's love. If any man might know that love, that man would truly be the apostle John. He did know much of it; he had grasped the hand, looked into the eyes, listened to the voice, and felt the throbbing of the heart of Jesus Christ. But even he does not attempt to give us the measure of love; all that he can say is, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." And now passing from the precious thought of God's love, the apostle comes to the blessings which that love has secured for the children of God; and these blessings he beautifully enumerates in my text: "Beloved, now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

Allow me in developing these glorious truths to call attention, in the first place, to the present privileges of true believers, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." In looking at this category of blessings we discover that the first element in it is that we are called "Beloved" by an inspired apostle, and such an apostle as was John. A little time ago that thought came to me with special force. It surely is a great thing to be honored by honorable men; to be beloved by beloved men; but still it is a greater thing to be beloved by an inspired

and almost divine man, as was the noble John. "Beloved" is the title which he here gives to God's children. It is a great blessing to be worthy the confidence, esteem, and affection of good men. That man is to be envied whose character entitles him to the affection of high-minded men, and of pure-hearted women. That man is to be pitied and blamed, who, having enjoyed this high honor, forfeits it by unworthiness of character. I beseech you who are the children of God, that you never so speak, never so act, never so think, as to be, or even to seem to be, unworthy of your high title of sons and daughters of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ! Oh, be worthy of that lofty designation, that glorious appellation; be worthy of that glorious crown of gold which awaits you; wear right royally that triple crown which God has prepared for the victors in the good fight, the crown of life, the crown of righteousness, and the crown of glory.

The Divine Birth.

Another privilege of true believers in this connection, is that they are called "the sons of God." We have perhaps seldom risen to the height of meaning contained in this expression. In the passage which I read from the 8th of the Romans, as the second lesson this morning, reference is made to our adoption. Adoption is a great and precious truth; but it is not the whole truth concerning the relation of the children of God to their Father in heaven. Adoption indicates a new relationship with God; but regeneration teaches that a new creation by the Spirit of God has been experienced. Adoption implies regeneration, but regeneration necessarily includes adoption. You may adopt a child from the street and give that child your name; but adoption would not give that child your flesh and blood, your very nature; it would not make the child truly part of yourself. We know, however, that when God adopts he regenerates. It certainly is true that God is not satisfied with merely bringing us into his family by an act of adoption; he makes us like his family; he imparts his own nature. We are begotten of God; we are made literally partakers of the divine nature. That is a wonderful truth; so wonderful that we could scarcely believe it, were we not distinctly so taught by the inspiration of God in holy Scripture. We seldom rise to the full height of this gracious truth. We are actually made a part of God; we are actually begotten by God; he becomes more really our Father than our earthly father. God's nature is imparted to us, and we actually become by regeneration the sons and daughters of God. This is a wonderful statement. I wish I could take its full meaning into my own heart; I wish I could impart all of its significance to other minds and hearts. Oh, realize to-day how great, how transcendent is the glory which God has already conferred upon you. A Christian is

The Highest Style of Man;

a Christian is a man who is Christ-like in character; a man who is like Christ in aim and in love, and who one day will be wholly like him when he shall see Christ as he is. Every Christian has now much in possession, but he has still greater things in prospect; thought cannot conceive, much less could language express, all that God has in reserve for his redeemed children. Indeed, only those who are born again can truly address God as "Father;" only they "who are led by the Spirit of God, are the sons of God;" only they who have received the spirit of adoption can truly cry "Abba, Father." Only in a vague sense can unregenerate men say,

"Our Father, who art in heaven." They can call God a father only as a wandering, self-willed, disobedient child who has, like another prodigal, gone into a far country, can apply the endearing name to the father in the old home, when he has forgotten that father's counsels, despised his reproofs, and wellnigh broken his heart. O, wanderer, come home now! Come now into the possession of the great, the divine privilege of being a son, or a daughter of God.

We ought also to emphasize the precious thought that this inestimable privilege is ours here and now—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." We have erred in not taking into our hearts the blessed truth that this privilege is ours now. We have sometimes thought that to claim this promise now, would be presumptuous. We have thought that to speak doubtfully was a mark of humility. Not so; it is rather a mark of unbelief. True humility takes the place which God assigns: it receives the blessings which God bestows. It is unbelief and not humility which uses "peradventures," "perhapses" and "ifs." Does not a man know that

He Loves God

as certainly as that he loves his mother, his wife, or his child? Can he not test his love in practical ways in the one case as truly as in the other? Away with this false humility! Let us receive the honors our Father gives! Let us be children and not merely servants. Let us not linger in the porter's lodge, but go humbly and joyously into the king's palace! This morning, believer, though you be full of doubts and fears, you are a child of God; just now, though sorrows have come to your home and to your heart, you are a child of God, just now, though business perplexities multiply, you are a child of God; just now though conscious of weakness and sin; just now, though at times obliged to confess waywardness and doubt, you are a child of God. Let that sweet hope fill your heart now while I speak, and remain with you as a divine benediction.

I beg, you also, to notice, in the second place, the present limitations of true believers—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Of course, it does not yet appear, of course it could not yet appear. We are not capable of taking in all that God has in store for us. Human faculties cannot discern these spiritual realities here or hereafter. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." You are yet but a babe in the kingdom of God. You will one day, in that glorious world, know as you are known and see as you are seen. Here we do not know God as he is, but as we are. We do not know even this world; how then can we know the world that is to come? We are

Surrounded by Mystery

here and now, regarding the things of time and sense. The infinitely great is no more mysterious than the infinitely small. The telescope does not reveal worlds more marvelous than those which are revealed by the microscope. We are between oceans of mystery as we live on our narrow neck of land. During the past generation science has made marvelous discoveries; but every great discovery has simply revealed another sphere of mystery, lying ever beyond. We push the limit of the known further out into the unknown sea; and the sea rolls still beyond into limitless regions of the unknown.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." We do not know what it is for a spirit to live in a disembodied state; we have had no experience of such an existence. It doth not yet appear, fully what we shall be in the glorified state. It doth not yet appear what we shall be in the immediate presence of God; it cannot yet appear. We could not take it in; we could not endure the sight. I have listened to strains of music in the "Messiah" so sweet that I felt that I could not endure anything more except I had new faculties to enable me to bear the increased bliss. How then in my present state could I endure heaven? The harmony would exhaust every faculty. No mortal could bear such heavenly delights. Perhaps

The Sights of Heaven

would blind us; the glory would be too much for mortal sight; and the music would thrill us beyond endurance. I read a little time ago of a French vessel that was four years absent from France and was

just returning. As the ship came homeward and was near the shore of France the sailors were almost unfit for service because of their uncontrollable joy; as they came still nearer, they took out various presents which they had brought for mothers, for wives and for children, and displayed them on deck. They came nearer still, and suddenly they saw the shores of France, and up went the shout, "La belle France," "La belle France," beautiful France, beautiful France! Soon they saw their wives, mothers and children on the shore and they were so helpless, in their excited joy, that the Captain had to get others to help in the docking of the ship. I think if the curtain could lift to-day, and we could see the glory of the other land and our beloved ones on that shore, our friends, our children, our parents, we would be unfitted for duty. Thank God, it doth not yet appear what we shall be or what we shall see!

Notice, in the third place, the present knowledge which true believers possess—"We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Thank God, we know that Christ is to return; he is to be with us and we with him. He came once before in humiliation; he will come this time in glory. He came once as the despised and rejected of men; he will come this time receiving the plaudits of saints, the praises of angels, and the songs of seraphs. He will come as God has promised. Whatever truth God has sent down in a promise, we may send up in a prayer, so let the Church send up her petition to-day, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." We know, too, that we shall see him

When He Comes.

That is a thought of joy and preciousness. We have often wished that we might see him; that thought thrills our souls to-day. There are times and moments of exaltation when we have been on some Mount of Transfiguration; when we have almost seen him; times when we could almost touch the hem of his garment. At such times we, like Peter, wanted to linger long in the Master's presence. And we know too, that we shall be like him. His body underwent great changes between his resurrection and his ascension. He was able to enter rooms through closed doors, and the power he did not seem to possess, at least did not use, previous to his crucifixion and resurrection. Perhaps we shall have bodies like his. Painful and sick bodies shall be banished; crooked and deformed bodies will be all gone for ever. Beautiful bodies shall be ours, bodies without spot, without wrinkle, without defect; glorified bodies. This wonderful body shall be made over again like unto the glorious body of Jesus Christ. We shall perhaps also have wonderful intellectual endowments. A Luther long ago suggested, we look a God's providences now as they are presented to us with the type backward; and so we cannot read the meaning of his dealing with us. But yonder all mysteries shall be solved; yonder the writing will be plain. We shall look at it from another point of view. Oh, what blessed attainments we shall make! I tell you sometimes I become weary with the struggles of life, with its doubts, its perplexities, its unsolved and insoluble problems. And sometimes I wish I could plume my wings for the heavenward flight.

Then we shall Know

even as we are known. We shall make attainments in holiness; of that fact there is no doubt. Perhaps we shall be like Christ in holiness of character. The very thought is bliss. Thus we press forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Oh, the just now we might most sweetly take into our hearts the great and precious privilege of the children of God! Then we shall follow the exhortation of the apostle give in this connection, to purify ourselves, even as he is pure. Oh, child of God, will you live like a child of the earth? Child of glory, will you look at the attainments of this world, instead of looking to the glory yonder? Just now, I exhort you to look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith. Get a glimpse here and now of the King in his beauty. Behold, even now the land that is afar off, and your heart shall long for a fuller sight, the brighter glory and the nearer vision. Gaze now on Christ as your atoning Lord and Saviour and then you shall forever see him as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely.

FIRE SUFFERERS HELPED.

Sympathetic Friends send Contributions for their Relief.

SINCE our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received and applied to the purposes indicated by the senders:

For the Sufferers by the Western Fires: Alice L. Goodwin, \$2; G. A. R., Rutland, Vt., \$1; L. F., Beaver Dam, Wis., \$5; Mrs. E. R., \$5; James I. Calkins, \$1; Lydia C. Haw., \$5; M. Crews, \$8; Sub'r, Heislerville, \$1; Repentant Sinner, \$1; Reader, Pleasant, Pa., 25c.; W. S. B., Hanover, N. J., \$1; Mrs. J. E. H. and Willie, \$1; Deeds of Kindness, Trotwood, O., \$1; Theodore Lohf, \$1; M. M. B., Lock Haven, Pa., \$1; Albert A. Jagnow, \$10; Friend, Allowell, Me., \$5; Sub'r, Cincinnati, O., \$1; J. E. Teague, \$1; King's Daughter, Greenville, S. C., \$1; Mt. Vernon S. S.,atham, N. J., \$4.46; Mrs. J. B. S., Sharon, Conn., \$2; Mrs. L. Q. Atwood, \$1; Miss M. and Lydia A. Bennett, \$2; Constant Reader, Westboro, Mass., \$2; A. C., Mass., \$1; Mrs. M. Boyd, \$1; W. and Mrs. Mary E. Smith, \$1; Friend, Waynesboro, \$2.50; C. T. Nelson, \$1; Mrs. A. Cook, \$1; Mrs. Mary Gunderson, \$2; Le Grant, \$1.25; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Warner, \$1; Harley Warner, \$5; Mrs. R. Skett, \$3; Mrs. C. W. Schermerhorn, \$3; D. Lynde, \$10; For Christ's Sake, Franklin, \$5; Mrs. H. K. Morrison, \$2.50; Jesus' Name, Mount Hope, Soc., Three poor Girls, Newark, N. J., \$2; C. B., Leedsport, N. Y., \$1; A. R. C., Lanexa, Pa., \$1; Miss I. Barclay, \$1.50; Three King's Daughters, Mont Alto, Pa., \$10; O. C., Myoma, Pa., \$1; Mrs. C. M. Patton, \$1; Helen P. Mannen, \$1; L. M., Montello, Wis., \$3; Mary Ferguson, 50c.; Friends, Meckinock, N. D., \$5; W. J. Wallace, \$5; Mrs. Ellen Bailey, \$5; Richard V. St. Ledger, \$2; Mrs. A. E. Campbell, \$5; W. R. Warren, \$3; S. E. P., New Haven, Ct., \$1; Mrs. R. Clarke, \$2; Isabella Stirling, \$1; Wm. B. Alverson, \$1; M. M., Englewood, Ill., \$1; Reader, N. J., \$1; A. B. K., Menatchee, Wash., \$1; E. G., Mich., 50c.; Sub'r, Port Penn, Pa., \$1; Archie M. Creveling, \$1; D. N., \$1; Mrs. L. H. McKay, \$2; Mrs. H. L. Ireland, \$1; Lewis and Eunice, Spring Hill, Tenn., \$5; A boy and mother, Reading, Mass., \$1; Wilson Stokes, \$5; S. C.,inton, Can., \$2; Mrs. E. C. Stewart, \$5; W. C. Phillips, 50c.; E. E. L., Morven, N. J., \$2; Sam'l Thatcher, \$1; Few sympathizing laborers of Lomando Pasadena, Cal., \$8; Ruth, Riverside, Cal., \$1; Wm. H. Rich, \$1; One of the best of these, 50c.; M. E. S., Driftwood, \$1; Mrs. Wm. Goldsworthy, \$3; A King's Daughter, Southbridge, Mass., \$1; Aternity, Charity and Loyalty, American, Kan., \$1; W. C. T. U., Americus, Ga., \$1.75; Guilford Peebles, \$3; Mary Roy Peebles, \$1; Master Roy Peebles, 10c.; Sub'r, Morrison, Ill., \$1; Emily Martin, 25c.; Sincere Christian, Santa Barbara, Cal., \$1; Friend, Providence, R. I., \$2; Mrs. Sarah M. Boothby, \$2; W. G. Cain, \$1; G. and Mrs. L. L. Jester, \$2; S. H. W., Mount Holly, N. J., \$7; E. D. Brown, Finch, Mo., \$1.50; Middlebury, Vt., \$5; Frances Krouse and daughter, \$1; Friend, Lake Linden, Mich., \$2; Two Friends, Mentor, O., \$1; L. D. Parker, 50c.; O. N. Waugh, \$3; The Twins, Brooks, N. J., \$2; Miss Carrie Jones, \$1; Friend, Ton, N. H., \$1; Ben S. Vierling, \$1; B. Telfer, \$1; H. J. Combs, \$5; Geo. W. Miller, \$1; John Montgomery, \$1; A. Jody, 50c.; W. M. Green, 50c.; Sim Bell, \$5; Ed. Duval, 50c.; F. S. Bennett, 25c.; M. Horning, 25c.; John Horning, 25c.; E. A. Northrup, \$1; S. W. Nuttall, \$5; As. S. W. Nuttall, \$2; Mrs. M. J. Day, 50c.; Mrs. S. Romine, 50c.; Kate Duval, 25c.; S. Gray, 15c.; Alex. Stevens, \$2; Mrs. Duval, \$1; Ethel King, 50c.; Mrs. Ida Ward, 50c.; Mrs. J. Patville, \$1; Vn. Kass, \$3; Miss Cath. Boyle, \$1; A. Eckson, \$1; E. L., N. Y., \$1; M. Madison, 12c.; Amos Lowe, \$2; Mrs. P. C. Sily, \$1; Friend, Marseilles, Ill., \$1; Friend, Closter, N. Y., \$5; In His Name, Enkville, Mass., \$3; Friend, Wellington, N. J., \$1; W. M. Osborn, \$1; C. B. Peckham, 50c.; Miss B., Long Island City, \$2; Friend, Visalia, Cal., \$2.

Other Contributions.

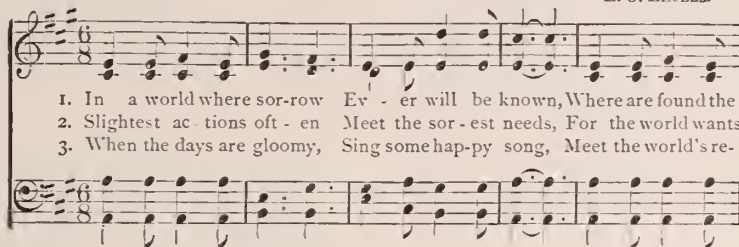
From an Oregon invalid, \$5 for Dr. Mary W. Niles' Home for Blind Girls in Cna, and \$2 for Millie Jefferson, the colored centenarian; from Paris, Ont., Can., \$5 for the Bethany Home for Friendless Wo-



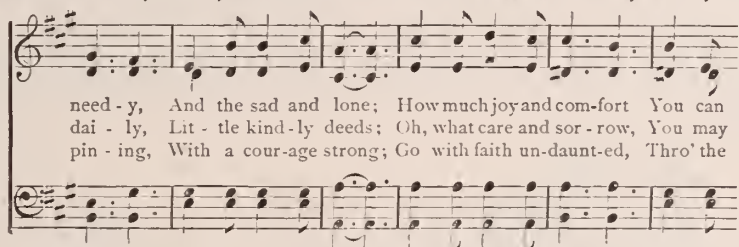
Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA W. SMITH.

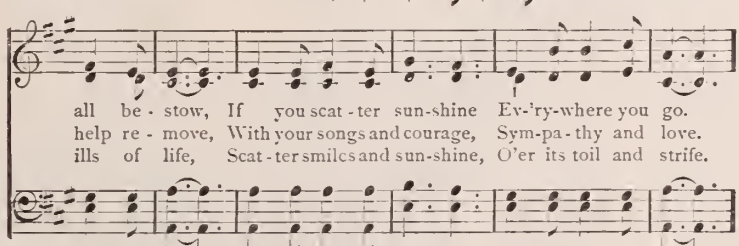
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re-

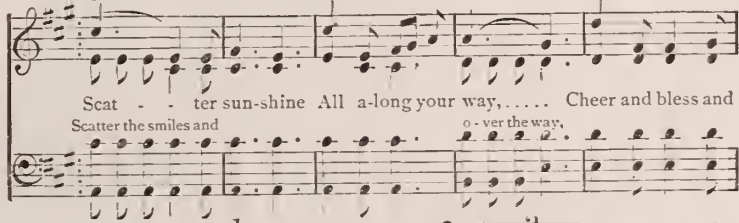


need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort You can
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row, You may
pin - ing, With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed, Thro' the

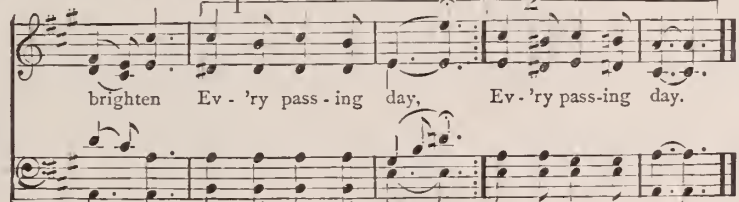


all be - stow, If you scat - ter sun - shine Ev - ry - where you go.
help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym - pa - thy and love.
ills of life, Scat - ter smiles and sun - shine, O'er its toil and strife.

Chorus.



Scat - ter sun - shine All a - long your way, ... Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and o - ver the way.



brighten Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

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men; from L. C. Echo, N. C., \$1 for the Door of Hope; from Subscriber, Worcester, Mass., \$3 for the Hebrew Christian Mission in New York.

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem: Florence Nightingale, \$5; Mrs. Curtis Blakely, \$1; —, Paris, Ont., Can., \$10; Mrs. Rosa M. Hunter, \$1; K. M. S., Easthampton, \$1; Friend, Norwich, Conn., \$5; Mrs. J. E. Addison, \$1; Mrs. Mattie Marsh, \$1.

For Any Good Cause: —, Paris, Ont., Can., \$5; Mary W. Palmer, \$1; A working woman, Louisville, Ky., \$1; In His Name, Providence, R. I., 75c.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y.: Ysoph, Bryantville, Mass., \$2; Mrs. Chas. Murrell, 50c.; E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., \$5; C. M. T., Hancock, N. Y., \$3; Mrs. W. T. Smith, \$1; Sub'r, Sabinal, Tex., \$2; Oregon Invalid, \$1.50; Mrs. J. B. S., Sharon, Conn., \$1; —, Paris, Ont., Can., \$10; James, F. A. Phillips, \$2; Mrs. Ellen Bailey, \$3; Catharine Shafer, \$1; S. A. H., Wis., \$5; Joseph E. Jones, \$1; Mrs. A. E. Atherton, \$1; Mrs. Adeline Cornwell,

\$1; Ruth, Riverside, Cal., 50c.; One of the least of these, 50c.; Nelson E. Barrett, \$5; A. R. G. Edwards, \$1; Mrs. J. B. and little Bessie, \$1.

For THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Missionary in the Southwest: Mrs. W. T. Smith, \$1; Sub'r, Heislerville, \$1; Alice E. Johnson, \$1; Clarence J. Dorr, \$2; Mrs. H. L. Easterbrook, \$1.50; G. W. G., Brewster, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. O. Stanley, \$1; W. H. Toy, \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$396.00; total, \$406.40.

For the Bethesda Home for the Reclamation of Fallen Girls: Mrs. W. T. Smith, \$3; —, Paris, Ont., Can., \$5; Mrs. J. B. and little Bessie, \$1.

A GIFT OF A HOME.

The Rescue Mission at Cincinnati has received a gift of a four story brick house in a good location. Twenty fallen girls have already been reclaimed through the ministrations of the home. Three of them were baptized a few days ago. Special meetings for Jews are held in the home every Saturday and are well attended.

THE TRIBAL SEALING.

Character, not Nationality, the Principle of Selection in the Sealing Under the Symbol of the Twelve Tribes.

BY NATHANIEL STARKEY.

ANY difficulties arise in the literal interpretation of the sealing of an equal number from the twelve tribes. (Rev. 7: 4-8.) All these difficulties disappear if we may regard the names of the tribes mentioned as symbolical of character. Thus: "Judah signifies 'the praise of the Lord.'" These are they to whom he said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples," and of whom he said, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them."

In like manner, seeing that Reuben has for its meaning, one who sees the Son, we are not surprised to see 12,000 of such a tribe sealed, for everyone who "sees the Son and believes on him hath everlasting life." Then, again, seeing that Gad reminds us of a happy band, armed and prepared, it is just such a tribe as we should expect to see among the sealed ones. These are they who have "endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and although accounted as sheep for slaughter, have in all these things come off far more than conquerors through him that hath loved them.

In like manner, seeing that Asshur is one who walks on happily and prosperously, we should expect to see such find favor with the sealing angel, for already they have found favor with God, and in the light and life thereof are thus pursuing their course happily and prosperously.

Nor shall Naphtali be missed, seeing that he is one who in comparison bears the likeness, for they are all predestinated to become conformed to the image of the Son; and that he might bring the many sons to glory he became likened to them in suffering and death, that they might become likened to him in resurrection life and glory.

Manasseh, too, shall not be forgotten of his God, seeing that his name indicates one who forgets and is forgotten, for the men of his tribe have in love for their Lord forgotten their own people and their first father's house, that so the beauty of their devotedness might meet the desire and approval of their King. And thus they are soon forgotten and cast off by the world.

Then comes Simeon as one that hears and obeys and is heard himself. For hearing him they live, and living obey, and in the path of obedience are heard in all they ask. Like their great Example they have learned to hear and obey in the path of endurance, and so are able to say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

In Levi we find one who is held and associated. And truly they are held up, held in, and held on their way by association with "the Strength of Israel." These are the truly royal priesthood, holy nation, and peculiar people, who, without portion or inheritance on earth, have the Lord for their portion and inheritance.

In Issachar we find men of price, reward and recompense; given of the Father to the Son for a covenant seed, as the price, reward and recompense of his sufferings and death, and in them "He sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied."

Zebulun is a dwelling and habitation; and surely these are they who have become "a habitation for God through the Spirit." Their bodies are called the temple of the Holy Ghost, "lively stones built up a spiritual house," and concerning them, as sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, he saith, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

In the tribe of Joseph we find men of increase and addition in abundance, for the archers have made them their mark, and, sorely grieved and wounded, they have been "broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death." But through fire and through water they have been brought out into a wealthy place, and all the pruning and discipline has turned to account for fruit-bearing to the glory of the Great Husbandman.

Lastly, in Benjamin we see the son of the right hand, followers of him to whom the Father hath said, "Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool." These sons of the right hand are men of power, through whom God effects his purpose of witness among men. Therefore should we expect to find this tribe among the overcomers, and sealed as the servants of our God in their foreheads.



CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 21. Mark 1: 22; Isa. 9: 6.

In assigning as a topic for the week, the question, "Which of Christ's teachings seems to you most wonderful?" the Committee of the Society of Christian Endeavor puts a personal question. The answer, if the members care to answer such a question, must be personal, too. To a large degree it will be affected by personal environment and the circumstances of present spiritual condition. A crisis in life brought about by financial trouble, by social difficulties, by sickness, by bereavement or by any of the many experiences of life, may make some special teaching of special value at the time and so give a temporary prominence to some particular truth, which it does not have at other times and in other circumstances. It is a joy to know that in the rich treasury of Christ's words there is a word adapted to every need, however peculiar. It is a marvellous fact, and one that is a cogent proof that divinity really lived in his humanity, that the words of a Galilean peasant, remote in time, in experience and in environment from us should so completely apply to our own circumstances and to those of every generation. It has often been pointed out that inspiration and help have come from his teaching to kings, though Jesus was never in contact with a king, save as a prisoner; to statesmen, though he never took part in government; to soldiers, though he never wielded a weapon; and to men and women of every station and occupation, old and young. The fact proves the truth of the assertion of the evangelist, that he needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man. He knew his weaknesses and how to give strength; knew his proclivities and how to extirpate them; and knew his sorrows and how to comfort them. It was a loving heart full of tenderness, and we go to it now with the full assurance of a child who carries his trouble to his mother. He shrank not from loathsome disease, nor from hands tainted with sin, requiring only contrition and a desire for amendment. No being who ever lived so won universal love, even from those who disregard his injunctions. And it must be remembered that we have but the merest hint of his teaching. Again and again the Evangelists speak of his preaching, without giving a word of his discourses, yet what we have is sufficient to win the most complete reverence and affection. His recorded words may be roughly summarized under seven heads: The Sermon on the Mount; The Parables; The Charge to the Apostles; The Denunciation of Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites, etc.; His Vindictory Replies to Questioners; the wonderfully beautiful Valedictory Address to the Disciples; and the words of Comfort and Encouragement spoken after his resurrection. It is an inexhaustible store of precious spiritual jewels from which to choose.

THE GERMANTOWN W. C. A.

Encouragement in more than one form has come to the Woman's Christian Association of Germantown, Pa. The most prominent is the extinction of the mortgage on its building, which has been a heavy burden for some time past, absorbing in interest money which was sorely needed

for Christian and philanthropic work. A welcome bequest of five thousand dollars from the late Mrs. Ashmead has just been received, which covers the debt and leaves a balance available for improvements or extension of the work. The managers and members are very thankful for this relief, and are setting to their work with new hope. They are cheered, too, by the fact that in several remarkable ways God is answering their prayers. One instance is worth quoting as an illustration of the promise, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." There was urgent need of a new piano for use in the devotional and other meetings of the Association, the old instrument having advanced so far into decrepitude that the singing was hindered rather than helped by its wheezy notes. No funds were available for the purchase of a

work of the Young Men's Christian Association of that Institution. It is a large edifice measuring sixty-four by one hundred feet and cost thirty thousand dollars. Differing from other association work as the College Association must, owing to its changing constituency, there is no department more necessary or more valuable. The young men in our colleges will in a few years be the leaders of our political and social life, setting an example and exerting an influence which will be potent for good or ill. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that during the crucial period of college life any and every influence that tends to spiritual development may be about them. In Iowa University there are nearly a thousand students and it is gratifying to learn that five hundred of them are members of the Association. Only 225 are at present members of evangelical churches, but it may be hoped that their connection with the Association may lead to an increase of this number.

THE C. E. SOCIETY IN NEW GUINEA.

Missionaries in heathen lands have not been slow to avail themselves of the help of the young people's societies. "The Church at Home and Abroad" has received from New Guinea a glowing report of the organization by native evangelists of a Christian Endeavor Society in New Guinea. It says: "Here comes the report that Samoan native missionaries have established the first C. E. Society in New

feel, encouraged and blessed by what I see and heard, and I asked permission to enroll my name together with my wife's. We have both been more and more convinced of the great benefit of the pledge. We have been consciously drawn nearer and nearer to Jesus in blessed fellowship, by prayer and the reading of his Word. That is what I have wished to establish a society here New Guinea, and although there are no members (only eight now), Jesus is with the two or three who meet in his name." "Plans are already matured for establishing another society in another section New Guinea."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A Convention of the Baptist Young People's Unions of the Buffalo Association was recently held to organize an Association Union. The Young People's Societies of Buffalo are already organized into a Union which is doing valuable Christian work.

The Christian Endeavor Union of Cleveland, O., has arranged for a new form of work in its "Brotherhood Committee." This committee will work in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Representatives of each society will attend the Y. M. C. Sabbath afternoon services, become acquainted with the converts, and offer them a church home.

A Christian Endeavor Society was formed four years ago in the Wisconsin State Prison at Waupun. A record has been kept of its members, from which it appears that after their release three have done conspicuously good service. One is doing evangelistic work among the prisoners New York, a second is laboring for the salvation of men among the copper mines of northern Michigan and a third is leading the gold miners of Montana to embrace the truths taught by our Saviour.

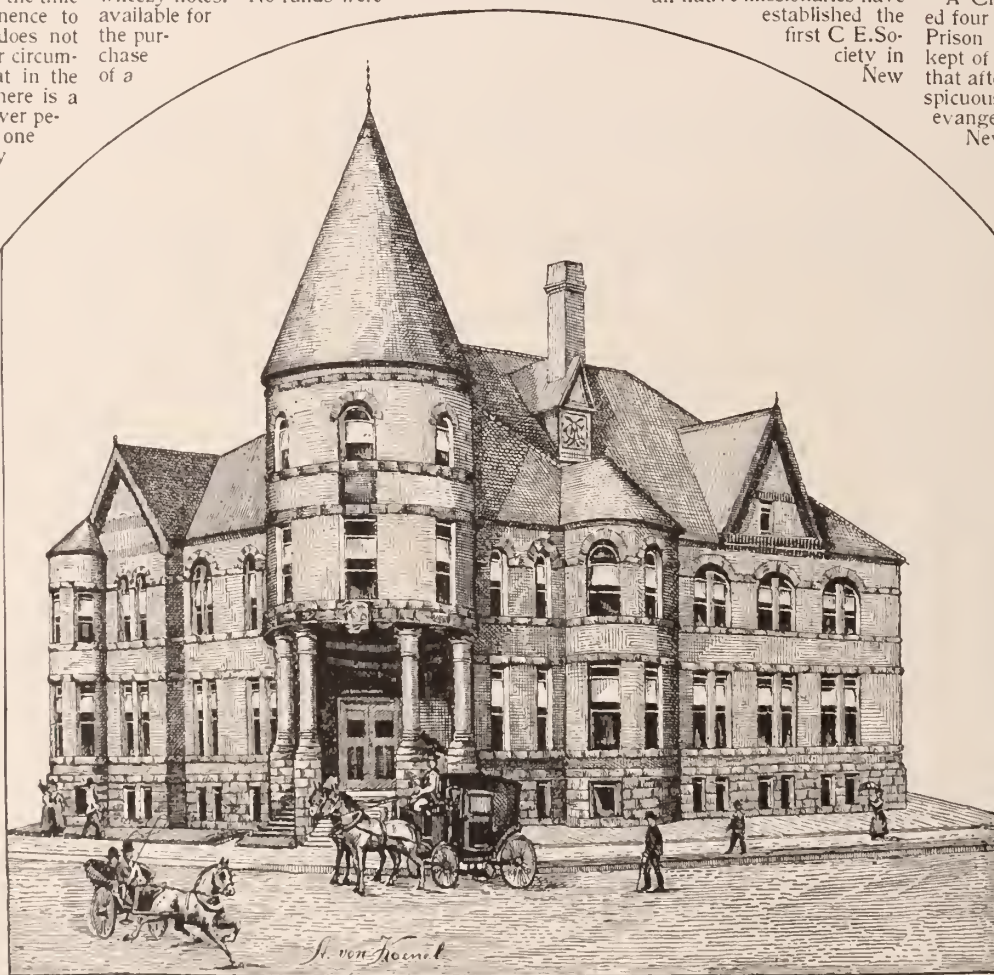
The New York State Christian Endeavor Convention now in session at Albany, N. Y. The event has been anticipated with great interest and elaborate preparations made for a successful meeting. Provision was made for the entertainment of the thousand delegates and friends.

The Christian Endeavor Movement is nowhere making such rapid strides as in the churches of Madagascar connected with the London Missionary Society. There are ninety-one societies, with a membership of 3,377 in the island.

The Theatre Royal Service held by the Adelaide, Australia Y. M. C. A., continue to attract splendid attendances each Sunday evening, the proportion of men present being very gratifying. For seven years these meetings have been held without intermission, and the spiritual good effected by means of them is incalculable. Song services have also proved very successful.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Union will be held at Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 18-21, a bright and deeply spiritual programme has been prepared and the members are expecting a time of great blessing. Arrangements have been made for the entertainment of visitors at the uniform rate of one dollar a day in private houses. Persons desiring to participate in the arrangement should send notice once to Laura B. Arnold, 607 Elbain, Galesburg, Ill.

Protests continue to be made against the "Good Citizenship" programme of the Christian Endeavor Society. It is urged that the Society will be demoralized by its interest in politics. Many of these protests come from secular papers which know how to make themselves. They strongly deprecate the new departure. Possibly their opposition is not altogether due to their concern for the welfare of the Christian Endeavor Society. In several instances it is certain that Christian Endeavorers vote according to the principles of the Society, they will vote against the candidates favored by the testing newspapers.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

a new one, but several members agreed to lay the matter before God in prayer. This was done, and, to their astonishment, they found that while they were at prayer a friend of the Association had called at the business office and quietly informed the secretary in charge that a firm of piano-forte manufacturers would be there on the following day to remove the old piano and leave a new one in its place. Another similar incident has occurred since. Eight beautiful lamps were given to the Association by the father of one of the members, who on calling at the rooms one evening to escort his daughter home, saw that the ladies were sitting in semi-darkness, and resolved to remedy that condition. This need, too, had been made the subject of prayer on the very night of his call, although he did not know it.

IOWA UNIVERSITY Y. M. C. A.

The handsome building, of which we give a picture on this page, is the property of the Iowa State University and is used for the

Guinea. How many Endeavorers will have to pick up their atlases and look this up? If they have been wide awake students of missions, they will understand at once that the converts of the Samoan Islands have been doing a noble missionary work in the distant and barbarous island of New Guinea under direction of the London Missionary Society. The announcement of the new society is received from the parent society at Malua, in Samoa, where there is a most successful educational institution for preparing native ministers, the latest report of which says that they have now on their book the names of a hundred students who are preparing for the ministry. The president of the New Guinea society (Pastor Timotea), sent the following lines to the Christian Endeavorers at Malua: "Brethren, your society is the parent of this little society just born. When I visited Samoa, two years ago, I first saw a meeting of a society of Christian Endeavor, and my heart felt then, and has since continued to



LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

A WAY in a manger.
No crib for a bed.
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.
The cattle are lowing,
The baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus!
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle
Till morning is nigh!

—MARTIN LUTHER.

Training Oriental Children.

Beautiful Mission Work in California
—Chinese and Japanese Boys and Girls
Learning the Story of Jesus.



ALTHOUGH there is, at the present moment, a very bitter and sanguinary war raging between those two great Asiatic nations, China and Japan, any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who

happened to drop in at the cosy and attractive Mission Hall, No. 1036 H Street, in the city of San Diego, would scarcely be able to credit the fact. Indeed, what he would see and hear there would rather lead him to the conclusion that the sons and daughters of the Flowery Kingdom were on the most friendly terms with those of the Mikado's empire, and had never been otherwise. And it is a very desirable state of things, as far as the Oriental part of San Diego's population is concerned at least, has been brought about through the efforts of a Christian American girl, Miss Katie Dewing. Last February, Miss Dewing organized an undenominational Mission reaching Chinese and Japanese men, women and children, and locating them in the lower English branches. But the principal object she had in view was the salvation of their souls. Her efforts among them, directly or indirectly, were put forth to this end. The Mission has a session of school five evenings in the week, from 7:30 to 10 P. M., besides prayer and testimony meetings on Wednesday at 2:30 P. M., and Saturday at 4 P. M. Sunday School is held Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 P. M., and preaching services in Chinese at 3:30 P. M. At these meetings a number of the Chinese and Japanese have manifested a desire to lead the Christian life. Some have made profession of religion and are now earnest workers.

On this page we give the portraits of three little Chinese children of one family belonging to the Mission. They are Tu Len, aged seven, Bin Kin, aged four, and Nellie, who is just about two years old. Very pretty and sweet-tempered children they are, too, and they give rare promise for Sunday School. There are many others like them who come to the Mission, to listen to the story of the Saviour who loved little children and took them in his arms.

This Mission reaches all it can of these Asiatic women and children at their own homes, for Miss Dewing, by her kindness and sympathy, has already won their confidence and love. God has wonderfully blessed her efforts among the women; they invite her to their feasts, visit at her home and in various ways show her favor; they confide to her their troubles and thus open

the way for her to point them to Him who bears their sorrows and their griefs.

The Mission ladies have been encouraged by the children who attend their Sunday School. They love to come there and are much attached to their teachers. That they may be "Jesus' little ones," is the desire and prayer of their hearts.

In June last, Miss Dewing secured the rooms over the Mission and opened a Home for the Christian Chinese and Japanese in connection with the school. The object is to provide a pleasant home for them, that they may be surrounded with refining and Christian influences and kept away from the corrupting taint of Chinatown. There are now eight Chinese boys living in the Home and others will come as soon as there is room. The mission has eighty adult

witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritable about it. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things, when they are reproved. It does just as well sometimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

**

Home Christians.

One sense of the value of the family needs to be revived and roused. The family, is the great institution of Paradise, the scene of purest love, the nursery of infancy, and the stimulus and shelter of all the virtues. Each man and woman has a duty to this end. A homeless civilization is sure to be a satanic one; the vices will be nipped by the untimely frost. It is only in the religious household we may hope to find children who, as manhood dawns, will respond to the sense of duty by following Christ in the serene and bloodless triumphs of his kingdom on earth. Back of the good man must needs be the good household. Here and there may be a saint and an apostle won from the dens of vice; but unless



THREE LITTLE CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Bin Kin.

Baby Nellie.

Tu Len.

Chinamen and Japanese on its roll, besides women and children. All take great interest in the studies and learn rapidly, though there is no salaried work done in this Mission and Home. All the Chinese and Japanese support themselves by their own industry. Miss Dewing, the superintendent, the Rev. C. B. Roberts, the pastor and his wife, and Rev. Tong Cohn, the Chinese preacher and helper, all devote their time gratuitously to the work.

Both Mission and Home are conducted as a work of faith, their conductors relying wholly on the undertaking receiving the voluntary support of those Christian people who are interested in the evangelization of the Oriental mothers and children who live among us, and who would otherwise be denied the inestimable privilege we seek so gladly for our own little ones—the privilege of knowing Christ and learning in youth to love and follow him.

**

Humor at Home.

Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with the sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a

den be reformed, a miracle only can insure the safety of the new convert. In the future, as in the past, the solid and reliable men and women, the leaders in business and society and the pillars in the Church of the Lord Jesus, will be found in quiet and holy homes.

**

They Love to be Trusted.

None are so proud and happy as young children when they first understand that their parents have confidence in their honor and in their faithful performance of such duties as are committed to their care. The feeling of responsibility awakened by this knowledge in little children brings to them their first sensation of self-respect. They soon learn that faithfulness is absolutely necessary to the satisfactory execution of any work they may be called to perform. Thus good seed is daily sown, which in after years will yield abundant harvest and repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil to receive it.

**

Youthful Manliness.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a youth to get the idea that his method of life is of no consequence, and that the

character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys: and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and beloved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

**

A ROYAL HOUSEWIFE.

REAL happiness is not found in wealth or high social position, but in the conscientious performance of duty and the loving helpfulness we extend to others. A recent letter from Germany gives us a pleasant picture of the life of the Empress, which illustrates this fact. The writer says among other things:

"Before his marriage, Emperor William used to say that a 'wife with a talent for making jam is preferable to one who has the wish to amend the constitution.' He must have found his ideal, for, in a speech recently delivered by him, he said: 'I cannot wish anything more pleasant for the men of my nation than that the women may, like the Empress, devote their attention chiefly to the three great C's: Church, children and cookery.' Empress Augustus Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and has been trained to superintend household affairs after the manner of the daughter of a German yeoman. Her parents taught her to be saving, diligent and modest—qualities which she now endeavors to instil into her own children.

No particular of the Imperial household escapes her attention; she takes especial pride in attending to the mending of the Emperor's linen, and darns his stockings, after the manner of old-fashioned housewives, who would consider it a crime to throw away a pair which could be mended. Much of her time is devoted to charity and especially do poor children find her a willing listener. In giving presents, she chooses some useful article. The simplicity of the life led by her household may be gathered from the fact that she rises, summer and winter, at 5 A. M. Breakfast is taken at 6, dinner at 1 P. M., tea at 5, and supper at 8. At half-past ten the whole Imperial family is generally asleep. She is held in loving reverence by her sons. The crown prince, aged twelve, upon hearing his teacher say that 'all mankind are sinners,' inquired if this applied to the high as well as to the humble. Being told that this was the case, he answered: 'Well, my father may be a sinner, but my mother isn't.'"

**

Visitors' Advice.

"No doubt there are times when a visitor may fittingly offer advice—sometimes, that is, and some visitors and some sorts of advice. But it should scarcely ever be done in the hearing of the children themselves. Suggestions that the mother would find really helpful if she were left to follow them out at her own judgment, only prove occasions of embarrassment if they are given unseasonably. Courtesy to the visitor often seems to involve discourtesy to the child. An innovation that might have been welcomed if it had been introduced with tact, arouses antagonism at the very outset. Or—more annoying still—an idea that does not commend itself to the mother is taken up by the children with an enthusiasm that embarrasses her.

**

A Test of School Children.

Under the auspices of the United States Bureau of Education, Dr. Arthur McDonald, an enthusiastic student of man, has made in Washington a "physical, moral and mental" test of twenty-five thousand school children. It was a difficult and delicate undertaking. At first in some of his experiments he found that the older boys and girls who had been examined, scared the younger ones so completely by the tales of horror they told, that the little ones could not be persuaded to submit to the very simple tests. Parents took their children from school lest some grievous harm would be done them. Later he began with the little ones and worked upward, and the older ones would not for shame refuse to do what the "infants" had done. The outcome of these tests will be eagerly looked for.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER V.

"Both the sleeping and the dreaming were delightful."

THE evening for the lawn party rolled quickly around. Everything was propitious. A half moon looked down upon a scene of unsurpassed beauty. There were no little patch-work beds in these grounds, but serpentine walks, large plats of grass bordered by gay flowers, strips of ribbon-beds dazzlingly bright, here a little rockery, artistic in its studied negligence, there Corinthian columns up which vines were creeping and connected by arches of green. Here was a knotted rustic seat, there a summer house for resting—as though one would ever grow weary amid such beauties!

As darkness came stealing on, from every column there flashing innumerable gas jets amid the dark green, and from every tree and bush there swung weird Japanese lanterns. It was not night out on the grounds; it seemed day, bright and beautiful.

Annie, handsomely, but suitably attired, stood at the entrance of the first parlor to receive the guests as Roy ushered them in from the dressing-room. Ease and elegance characterized her bearing as she stood waiting, and talking to lively friends close by. Val was not far off, dressed in white. A white rose gleamed in her burnished hair, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, her whole being seemed suffused with joy, while, between the introductions which followed every new arrival, she conversed with Dr. Gordon, who stood by her side.

The grounds were thronged already with pleasure-seekers, and seekers after cool breezes, and both they found out under the stars. Suddenly a brass band employed by Roy for the evening struck up "Maggie by My Side," and Val sprang to her feet just as Roy stepped up and said:

"Doctor, why are not you and Cousin Val out on the lawn?"

Then the Doctor's arm was proffered and gladly accepted for a promenade. As they stood upon the marble platform listening to the music, before descending into the yard, Val said:

"Dr. Gordon, this is my first experience at a lawn party."

"Well, how does the prospect from this standpoint please you, Miss Vernon?"

"I imagine I feel as Psyche must have felt when she was waited to her palace on invisible wings, when invisible minstrels delighted her ear with sweet music, and when odors from thousands of flowers regaled her, and when invisible waiters attended her."

"That will do. You are Psyche. In more than one respect you will answer."

"Oh, Dr. Gordon, I only meant—"

"No, you are by no means a bad Psyche. Psyche in Greek means, soul, and that you have in full measure, and Psyche was beautiful—what does your mirror tell you of your face, Miss Vernon?"

"Tell me, sir? Why, it speaks the plainest truth to me, the truth so plainly discernable that if my charms depend upon my face, then I must forever remain charmless."

"Shall I undecieve you? Would you like that?"

"I like truth, Dr. Gordon. Candor, even though it involves criticism, proves friendship, and an interest for and in me, for which I am ever grateful."

"Shall I criticize? Ah, well, then, Miss Vernon, your eyes are too bright for fashionable life, that life that keeps late hours. In short, Miss Vernon, you are too healthy and happy, transparent and sincere for fashionable life. Now, I have criticized and been candid, for these are my true sentiments. What think you now of the speaker and his speech?"

"I must confess, sir, that I admire the speaker's candor more than I like his speech. Are health and happiness incompatible with fashionable life, Dr. Gordon?"

"Even so."

"You surprise me, sir. If there is no hap-

piness in this gay scene, where shall I look the world over?"

"Not in fashionable life. The butterflies of society are the most fettered, and, I believe, the most miserable creatures that life knows. Bound to obey the mandates of their imperious, capricious queen, they seek happiness here, there, everywhere, in unrest and in unsuccessful search, yet death comes, pale beauty has to go—a fashionable funeral, and that's the end."

"If this be true, and if you fully realize it, Doctor, why do you mingle in such society yourself?"

"I am not, by any means, a fashionable man, Miss Vernon; my profession is my queen; I acknowledge no sovereignty but hers. Devotion to my duties confines me closely. At the request of Miss Annie, whom I certainly esteem very highly, I came to-night to meet her cousin. I suppose I was invited to make the party one of enjoyment to her, and it strikes me that I have taken a strange method by which to accomplish this end. Please excuse me, but as a physician, I do prize a natural figure, and a face expressive in every feature of that greatest of earthly boons, health. Seeing that you possessed these, I could not bear to think of your losing them in a vortex of pleasure, by sumptuous suppers, wine-drinking, theatre-going, card-playing, and late hours."

"I thank you for the caution, Dr. Gordon, though I assure you I am in no immediate danger. My stay here will be short, and my home and surroundings are very different from these."

The conversation was interrupted by Roy coming up and exclaiming:

"Well, if I haven't hunted these grounds over and over for you, and here you are, haven't yet reached the lawn. Doctor, the company awaits Cousin Val, for supper has been announced. Will you please lead the charge?"

Then they joined the long procession which by a circuitous pathway led to the rear of the mansion. What a fairy-like scene met their eyes! Adjectives were exhausted in exclamations of admiration and delight! Then before them in the distance was a lovely, brilliantly lighted table, and it was loaded down with every delicacy—stands of fruit, clusters of red, white and purple grapes pendant everywhere, flowers of endless variety. Everything was beautiful, everything was delicious, and they stood and ate, chatted and laughed, while the band made the sweetest music. Then they scattered, some to dance on the smooth grass, some to play games, some to promenade, and some to continue conversation begun before.

So the hours took wings and flew. Mirth and frivolity reigned supreme, and not till the city clock struck "three" did Val bid the family "good-night," and turn to her room. Then she slept and dreamed, waked and dreamed again, and both the sleeping and the dreaming were delightful.

CHAPTER VI.

"Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!"

At different hours next morning the family of Col. St. Clair breakfasted. He, himself, had retired early the night previous, since he had to take the early morning train to look after some business. Roy and his mother had taken their meal together, and at ten o'clock Annie and Val made their appearance, looking rather jaded and worn after the night's dissipation. Mrs. St. Clair had gone back to her lounge complaining of a headache. As the sun was too warm for an out-door chat, the girls concluded to go up to Annie's room, and have a good talk. As they threw themselves in easy chairs close together, Annie said:

"Let's compare notes, Val, and see if the same stereotyped love speeches were made to you as well as to me."

"Oh, Annie, none were made to me, so I can't compare my notes with yours, having none to compare."

"Well, did you have a good time?"
"Better than good, just glorious."
"Well, my dear, did you see anybody you liked better than yourself?"
"Oh, yes indeed, a great many."
"Who, for instance?"
"Why, you and Roy, the Misses Melville, Bonar, Du Vant and a host of others. I liked the gentlemen too."
"I don't care to hear about the gentlemen, but about one gentleman. How did you like Dr. Gordon?"
"Famously! He is a very intelligent, entertaining man, but somehow it strikes me—"

"Well, I am waiting to hear what struck you."

"Only this, that Dr. Gordon takes a physician's view of life and people, health out-balancing everything seemingly."

"And yet, strange to say, he deals not with health, but with sickness, though, I suppose, to cure the sick is to restore to health."

"Perhaps seeing so many pale faces and so much suffering makes him admire health, activity and cheerful spirits."

"Oh, he admired, did he?"

"No, I did not mean to say admire, but appreciate."

"Come, Val, out with it, Dr. Gordon expressed his admiration, that's the word, for your bright face, did he not? Honor bright now."

"Y-e-s, no, since I come to think of it, he said nothing that I could construe into any such thing. He did say that he admired health, and advised me never to become a fashionable young lady, as their roses were generally artificial, and as long as I owned those of nature, to keep them. He is no flatterer, Annie."

"Our roses bought of a modiste, hey! They may be and yet they may not. He has sullen views of life, don't you think he has, Val?"

"Of life in the abstract, or of fashionable life only?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't feel equal to abstractions to-day (yawning.) Dr. Gordon is a very plain man, has good common-sense and a fine practice. Val, I've picked him out for you."

"For me? My dear cousin, you are certainly kind and most disinterested. Methinks you had better begin with your own wayward heart, and bid it love and secure this young doctor for yourself."

"He is too humdrum for me. I couldn't stand a man forever plunged headlong into his profession. The idea of my marrying a doctor, of having him come from the sick and dying! I should always think he smelled like asafetida. I don't want the hand that is constantly closing glassy eyes to come caressing me. Ugh! It makes me shiver, just the thought! I don't want Dr. Gordon. He don't suit me at all, but I thought maybe you could overlook the various odors, and take him."

"None of these things would would make one particle of difference to me. I would be only too glad for my husband, if I had one, to be a man as useful as I believe Dr. Gordon is."

"Useful? You are so prosaic, so flatly practical. I never did anybody any good in my life, and don't expect, as long as life lasts."

"And when it ends?"

"When it ends!—Well, I suppose it must end at some time or other.—Oh, my programme is all mapped out. I'll give it to you. Here it is.—Live happily, enjoy life to its fullest extent, drink every cup of pleasure, marry a man in my own circle, have the very grandest wedding of the season, let Worth furnish the trousseau complete, never have a child to be crying after and tormenting me to death, travel with my husband, quarrel a little, make up a heap, give grand dinners and parties, keep out of the clutches of old age just as long as possible, defer gray hairs and wrinkles for ages to come, but of course if I have no cares, tears will not dim my eyes nor troubles turrow my cheeks, spend summers tilting about at Saratoga and other fashionable watering-places, the winters among our orange groves in Florida, inhaling balmy air and the odors of thousands of flowers, and then when the end must come,—death's a terrible inconvenience,—but if it must come,—well, I'll lie down in my elegant Parisian bed, draw up my fine linen sheets, send for Dr. Gordon, breathe out my life in dignity, lie in state under the rarest flowers in every conceivable device, have a fashionable funeral, a long procession, a still longer obituary notice which would make me open my

dead eyes in wonder and admiration of my self could I see it, then have a magnificent granite (that's the fashion) monument, that would satisfy even my fastidious taste could I only step out and look at it, and—that's the end. Pshaw! I don't like to think of the end; I'm just at the beginning. The end is a long way off, and in the meantime looks very much smaller and more insignificant than this present. Don't sigh so at the way I am rattling on. I'm in a state of hilarity to-day for I had two offers of marriage last night, and what turn a young girl's head so much as conquests I am satisfied with my night's work."

"Night's work! I don't understand you Annie."

"Oh, well I mean it figuratively. Pshaw! What do I care for offers! I have had a ready more than I can count on the fingers of my two hands, and so I shall keep on, suppose, till I am twenty, and then I shall settle down into an old married woman. The truth is, one of these fellows I have been toying with for some time, surrenders and cast himself at my feet. A girl can manage these things you know,—lead a man until he declares himself, and then be so surprised. It's funny how surprised we are. It takes right good acting to keep from being caught sometimes. The first one I dismissed at once, and as I started to express very sweetly, the hope that he would still be my friend, he burst out with, 'don't see friend, I despise the word,' and springing to his feet, he must have left the ground for I saw him no more. The other—he wait awhile. It is so nice to keep one suspense, when the suspense does not affect one's own happiness."

Val looked at her cousin with wide open eyes. Annie caught the expression of her face, and with a merry laugh, said:

"Why, you little innocent thing, you look horror struck. Will your fair hand take up the gage for these Knights errant I verily believe they would and fight me valiantly."

"Annie, my dear cousin, I thought you had a big, noble heart, and that you would never stoop to conquer."

"You made a grand mistake then. I'll long to society, and to-day I am in a fashionable humor, though I am not always this mood and tense—potential mood, you know and present tense, no past, no future."

"May I hurt your feelings?"

"With the greatest pleasure," laughed again merrily. "Go ahead, catechize a condemn to your heart's content, Miss Vernon of Virginia."

"Annie, I thought the offer of a marriage and hand in marriage was the highest possible compliment he could pay a woman."

"Worthless gifts, generally, and not serving of more than a passing, 'not an thank you.' There are, however, I confess, some noble specimens of manhood in our circle, but these are too sharp to caught with chaff. You can't put salt every bird's tail, you know. Now this offer was from one whom I merely invited for politeness' sake, and I think he was ing to cut his notch almost too high when aspired to the hand of Col. Royal St. Clair only daughter."

"Annie, you have several times used term 'our circle.' Have you a distinct idea in which you move, and if so, whom it include and how far does it extend?"

"Oh, well, in a city one is compelled to hold oneself aloof from common people, those not fashionable, not in your set, those who are compelled to work for a support and who have neither the money nor leisure for recreation, those who are—Oh! doesn't matter about defining them further; now what about Dr. Gordon, Val? I invited him purposely for you, why did you captivate him?"

"I am ignorant of the art of captivating, Annie, but were I thoroughly versed, Dr. Gordon is the very last person I should practice upon."

"And why, pray?"

"Because he is a high-toned man, earnest Christian, and one whose love woman in any circle might feel honored and proud to possess. I respect him much to trifle with him, did I understand the art. He is far above me in worldly experience, looks down upon me as a child who needs to be protected and guided. Yes, he is far above me and above me, Annie."

"Pshaw! Who cares that for Dr. Gordon!" and Annie snapped her jeweled fingers contemptuously.

(To be Continued.)

A TRIBUTE TO MISSIONS.

REMARKABLE testimony to the value of missionary work in rendering a district safe from the depredations of lawless men is quoted in "The Missionary Herald." It says: "Within the Republic of Paraguay are the Indians of Chaco, among whom the agents of the South American Missionary Society have been laboring. The Public Land Surveyor of the Republic, on the 30th of December last, addressed a letter to the President of the Republic in which he refers to an expedition into the interior from which he had that day returned. He says: I am surprised at the security and tranquility with which we can now travel among them, thanks to the effective measures taken by the missionaries of the South American Missionary Society to Christianize those savages. The last time I traversed the same bound, five years ago, I took with me fifty specially selected men, all armed with Remington rifles and revolvers, and I never allowed anyone to go alone to seek water to explore our road. We always rode in company and armed, and never went far from our encampment. At night we set sentinels and slept with our weapons at hand. When measuring, if we saw smoke we fell back on our main body, and any signs of Indians made us advance with rebuffed caution. In the "toldo" (Indian village) of the chief, called Michi, near the Montelindo River, our horses disappeared, and while a portion of our party sought them, the remainder, who were in camp, were surprised by a company of naked Indians, painted and adorned with feathers, who certainly had no peaceable or friendly intentions. To-day this spirit of hostility is entirely disappeared. I made my preliminary survey with Indian assistance, and have carried a single firearm. At night we slept tranquilly at whatever spot our labor for the day had ceased, no watch being set, and several times in the vicinity of stranger Indians whom we met on the road. We sought the villages instead of avoiding them as formerly." This Public Land Surveyor concludes his letter to the President commending specially a "fair, delicate, and young English lady, who, in connection with others, has for some time been incessantly visiting these savages, giving them her medical and surgical skill, etc., instructing them in civilization, and teaching them from the sacred words of the Bible how to live: with the sole desire and hope of lifting them from the sorrow and degradation of heathenism into the happy and peaceful life of Christianity."

A SUBMERGED CITY.

The lost cities of Biblical history—Nineveh, Tanis, Lachish, and Babylon—which recent excavators have partially brought again to view, have a parallel in a submerged city of East Anglia, which, tradition asserts, lies at the sea's bottom off the town of Dunwich, on the English coast. Even the greater part of England had not

as yet emerged from barbarism, even as far back as the first century; Dunwich was the seat of an Episcopal See, its twenty-four bishops wielding their croziers over nearly the whole of East Anglia. The See is believed to have been founded under King Sigebert by St. Felix, who first brought the Gospel to those shores. There were at that remote time in Dunwich strong walls and brazen gates, well fortified, enclosing a king's court, a bishop's palace, a great number of parish churches, several monasteries, and a capacious harbor, which sent forth its merchantmen to all parts of the then known world: and in the time of Edward I. Dunwich provided eleven ships of war for the royal service.

But, in the reign of Henry III. the harbor silted up, and the glory of Dunwich departed. There was no catastrophe. The encroachments of the sea gradually undermined temples, palaces, and buildings. The See had long since been removed to Norwich, and one by one the churches disappeared. A fragment of St. Nicholas was standing till 1740, when it also crumbled away. There may be more striking memorials of the ravages of the sea in other parts of the world, but so complete a swallowing up of an opulent and royal city is unique in historical records.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

My little boy four-teen years old had a terrible scrofula bunch on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunch has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief. Mrs. INA HOOD, 324 Thorndike St., Lowell, Mass.

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A MISSIONARY HERO.*

IN the year 1880 the British forces in Afghanistan sustained a most severe and bloody defeat at the battle of Maiwand. The shattered remnant found refuge at Kandahar, and were there closely besieged, until the brilliant victory gained by Sir Frederick Roberts, after the great march from Kabul to Kandahar, once more set them free.

During the siege a sortie was ordered against a village from which a destructive fire was being poured in upon Kandahar. In the hospital within the walls, helping to receive the wounded as they arrived from the front, was a missionary. After a time he went to the Kabul gate for the same purpose. There they told him of certain wounded men lying untended in a shrine some two or three hundred yards outside. With a dooly and bearers he at once went off to their aid, though the fire was heavy. Arrived at the shrine originally pointed out, he found it empty: the wounded were not there, but at another shrine some thirty yards away. The danger increased at every step, and an officer advised the missionary not to proceed. He could not, however, be persuaded to return; and, whilst starting for the second shrine, he was struck by a bullet. He was taken into Kandahar in the dooly he had brought out for others, and on the same afternoon he died. The missionary who thus fell was George Maxwell Gordon, an honorary agent of the Church Missionary Society.

The "pilgrim missionary of the Punjab" belonged to the band of noble men who, possessing ample means, have dedicated all without reserve to the service of Christ in foreign lands. George Maxwell Gordon might have lived a life of ease at home; he was content to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He might have filled posts of honor under less exacting circumstances; he preferred the perils of a pioneer's work in India.

In 1866 Gordon offered himself to the Church Missionary Society. His wish was to serve without stipend or allowance, and the offer was accepted. Gordon went out to India in the December of that year, and joined the Madras itineracy. It was the kind of work which exactly suited his athletic frame and his eager temperament, the kind of work to which he always gave himself with delight until his life's end.

In 1871 we find him in Persia, just when the country was in the throes of famine. With characteristic zeal he could not use his money to procure ease. "The ride to Teheran," he wrote, "is four hundred miles, and by changing horses every fifteen or twenty miles, and riding day and night, I got to Teheran in five days." The sights by the way and wherever the missionaries went were heart-rending. It was little they could do in their labors "as well for the body as the soul," but Gordon soon found himself acting as "relieving officer, doctor, purveyor, poorhouse gardener and inspector, outfitter and undertaker to a community of eight hundred poor Armenians."

In time Gordon's plans took the form of a systematic itineracy in a district lying between the Indus and the Jhilm. Working in a methodical way, and inspiring native agents with something of his own enthusiasm, he prepared the whole of his district for the labors of a permanent mission.

On his itinerating tours he did not even care to use the native bedstead as a resting-place: "the ground is good enough," he would say, and upon a little straw or date-palm leaves he slept soundly. In the matter

*From *The Heroic in Missions. Pioneers in Six Fields*, by Rev. Augustus R. Burkland, M. A. Pp. 112. Ld. price 5 cents. Thomas Whitaker, New York, publisher.

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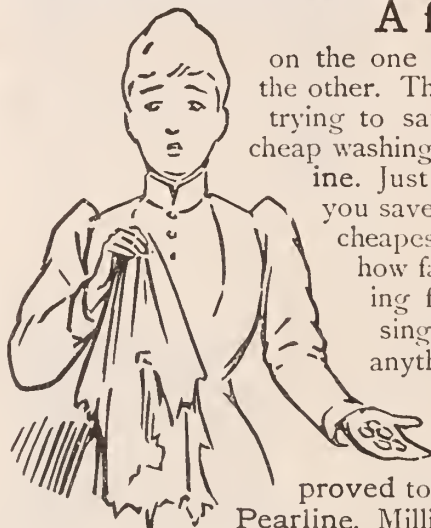
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of food he was equally independent; he drank water or milk and water, rarely ate meat, but was content with "chuppaties," fruits and vegetables. Yet the man who sought no comfort for himself was full of consideration for others. He was known to tramp all day long under the burning sun whilst a weak and sickly native rode his pony. In the cold of the trans-frontier winter he was met one day, miles from his station, without overcoat or vest; he had taken them off to clothe a sick native and child whom he had met by the way suffering from the cold.

There were yet other fields over which Gordon yearned. In 1878 war broke out with Afghanistan. To Gordon it seemed that this might be a means of carrying the Gospel into a land in which its proclamation was attended with peculiar difficulty and peril. He accordingly offered his services as honorary chaplain for the campaign, and was attached to General Biddulph's command. Gordon's discharge of his new duties were far from formal, as his diaries show. "A very hearty little prayer-meeting in my tent, attended by four officers and eight soldiers," and many like entries witness to the thoroughness of his chaplain life. He returned to his old work to find new helpers. Hurrying on in advance of the returning troops, he surprised his colleagues at Clarkabad. He arrived on foot, accompanied by his spaniel, and looking to the eve of the newcomers very much like an Old Testament prophet. In 1880 he went again to Kandahar, where he fell in the field under the circumstances already described.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Spurgeon.

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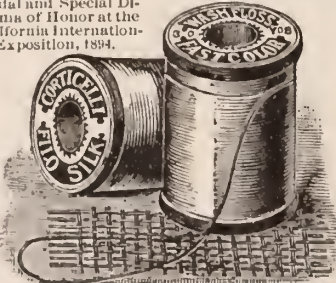
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DELAYED TOO LONG.

WO notable cases of delay in accepting Christ are related, the first by Dr. Singleton, a pious and eminently active Christian, who is well known both in England and Australia. He writes:

While in Australia, at various times I in the practice of my profession some cases. I was once called to attend a professed infidel for an alarming attack of sickness. I treated him promptly and successfully; but, in a few hours, seeing the case increase, I advised a consultation. Meanwhile, at the request of a relative of who told me of his and his two brothers-in-law, I spoke to him plainly, yet kindly, about his eternal welfare. He evinced a marked dislike to this, and refused to his brothers—also unbelievers—about it. They called in as a consultant a doctor who was known as a Deist. We agreed on the treatment; he, however, added the presence of the brothers, that the patient should be kept perfectly quiet, and could not be spoken to. I understood the plan, but not the propriety or need of it in any respect, and continued to speak to him now and then, while prayer was constantly offered for his conversion. The next morning he died while I was in the room. I had requested a minister of the Gospel to call, and he did so, but the sick man begged him to leave him for the present to call some other time. With a kindly warning and a declaration of God's love to the sinner in giving his Son to atone for his sins, and for those of the whole world, the minister withdrew. A few minutes afterwards, the patient raised himself in the bed, uttered a groan so loud and terrible that his poor wife hurried to the room; but his vital spark had fled. She got on her knees on the bed beside him, and in deep anguish cried out, 'He is gone! He is gone! Oh, William! I often told you you would be your end!' How different the death-beds of the righteous that I so often witnessed. Surely godliness is profitable for this life as well as for the next.

The other is related by Rev. Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn. An old man told him this experience: 'When I was about seventeen, I often deeply, but I determined to put off a decision until I was settled in life. After I married, I remembered that the time would come when I promised to attend to religion; but I had bought this farm and was anxious to avoid all expense, such as churching would involve, and so I put it off for years more. When the ten years came and I thought no more about it. I often thought to think now, but I cannot keep my mind on any subject one moment. It is too late now. I fear that my doom is sealed, but it is just that it should be so, for I have strove long with me, but I refused to do so. Now it is too late.' The poor man, as he had lived, one of the many millions who had extinguished the offered light and groped through a midnight of darkness into a hopeless eternity.'

FEARING AN IDOL'S WRATH.

A letter from Foochow, China, Mr. Water of the American Board describes the discreet act of a Chinese convert which excited the fears of the people and has caused an increase of prejudice. He says: 'One of the villages near us lived a young man and his mother, both believers. Some time early last autumn this young man was talking with three other young men and they asked him if he dared to leave an idol. He said, 'Yes,' and he further said he would handle it if they would let him about it. They promised, and he picked it up, it being a small one, turned it over, and, setting it back again, he rubbed some mud in its face, some of which went into its eyes. This was of course an unwise thing to do. Some time after the last of December a number of people died in that immediate neighborhood, and the people began to attribute it to the anger of this idol, for of course the promise kept silent about the young Christian's act had been broken. There was in the village one Taoist who explained the matter. He said that turning the image upside down had confused the idol, and spat out dirt in his eyes had blinded him, and that his blindness and confusion he had turned on to the cattle and wreaked his vengeance on them. The young man was compelled to pay a fine of ten odd dollars; and here the matter rested for a time.

Since then he has been compelled to sign a bond that he would be responsible for any misfortune that might befall the village; then he was released on the recognizance of the innkeeper and came to the inn, where I was staying, and I received him and his mother to the church.'

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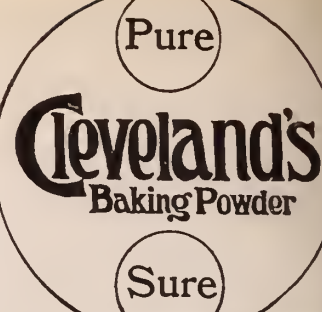
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1894. NUMBER 42.
EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Offices, Bible House, New York. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

THE CRADLE OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

Hempstead, L. I., Celebrating the 250th Anniversary of the Pioneer Presbyterian Church in America—An Eventful History that goes back to the "Mayflower" Days—Faith Bravely Upheld throughout the Vicissitudes of War and Peace.

DURING the present week, the beautiful old town of Hempstead, Long Island, is celebrating an event which possesses a significant interest, not for that part of New York State alone, but for all religious America. It is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding in 1644, of the first Presbyterian Church in America. Although long generations have passed away since that event took place, and the old church has experienced many vicissitudes of war and peace, the faith and worship of its founders have been loyally preserved in their descendants.

Rev. Frank Melville Kerr, the present pastor of this grand old pioneer church, has prepared a review of its history, which we are privileged to present in substance to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It carries us back almost to the "Mayflower" days and the times of the early Puritan settlers of America. The success of the Mayflower expedition soon brought many Puritans to the New England States, and many Presbyterians were among the arrivals. These latter found a warm welcome in Connecticut. Among those who left their churches in England and came to this country on account of opposition to Dissent was a Non-conformist minister of the Presbyterian type, by name Richard Denton. He was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1586 of a good and respectable family, and educated at Cambridge. For seven years after graduation he was the settled minister of Coley Chapel, Halifax, Yorkshire, England. But the promulgation of the "Book of Sports," (a publication sanctioned by royalty, and aimed at the Puritans, as it encouraged the public indulgence of secular amusements on the Sabbath), and many other acts on the part of the king were of such a character that the young divine could not accept this conscientiously; so in 1630 he gave up his work and, with many followers, set sail for America. In the year fully one thousand Puritans reached this new country. It was at the time that Gov. Winthrop arrived in Salem, and in all probability Richard Denton came over with him. He landed first at Watertown, Mass., but in 1635, on account of opposition, started a new settlement in Connecticut and gave it the name Weathersfield. Shortly after, he removed to Hempstead, Long Island, and many of his followers in the Old World came with him to this new territory, and in 1644, there established a church upon a permanent basis. This was the origin of the first Presbyterian Church in America, the memory of whose founding is now being celebrated by a three days' jubilee, in which hundreds of the lineal descendants of its original worshippers are participating. The name of "Christ's First Presbyterian Church," which has come down to us from the early period, is an evident indica-

tion that the founders knew that they were establishing the first Presbyterian Church in this country and gave it this distinctive appellation.

Richard Denton was pastor of the church until 1659 and received a salary of \$350, which was paid in such articles as were most useful and available. He retired from the pastorate in 1659, and left behind him four sons, two of whom, Nathaniel and Daniel, established the town of Jamaica, L. I., in 1656, and aided in the plantation of Elizabethtown, N. J., in 1664. Denton returned to England in 1659 and spent the remainder of his life in Essex, where he died in 1662.

The illustrious Cotton Mather was able to give a description of the founder of the Hempstead Church. He says:

"Among those clouds," meaning the ministers who early came to New England "was one pious and learned Mr Richard Denton, a Yorkshire man, who, having watered Halifax, in England, where, first at Weathersfield, and then at Stamford, his doctrine dropped as the rain, his speech distilled as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Though he were a lit-



ONE OF THE EARLIEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, NOW USED AS A PARSONAGE.
This was the fourth edifice erected by the Presbyterians of Hempstead, L. I.

not the least among the Seers of Israel; he saw a very considerable portion of those things which eye

considering the four-fold state of man, in his created purity, contracted deformity, restored beauty, and celestial glory, that judicious persons, who have seen it, very much lament the churches being so much deprived of it. At length he got into heaven beyond the clouds, and so beyond storms; waiting the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the clouds of heaven, when he will have his rewards among the saints."

Work upon the first meeting house commenced almost immediately after the arrival of the settlers on that part of Long Island; but it was not till 1648 that the structure was completed. The building was twenty-four feet square and had connected with it a fort, or stockade, for protection in case the Indians manifested any hostility. But after a time on account of an increasing congregation, they ceased holding church services in it and used it for town purposes entirely. In 1770 it was sold and removed to North Hempstead, and another meeting-house was built. There were no pews but simply benches which could be easily removed. The parsonage was erected in 1682, and served the purpose for over one hundred years.

After the departure of Richard Denton the church secured the services of Rev. Jonas Fordham. Its next minister was Rev. Jeremiah Hobart, who was called on the 6th of May, 1682. He was the grandfather of the celebrated David Brainard, the missionary to the Indians. These early pastors had to contend with disadvantages that would have been regarded by most men as insurmountable; yet, despite hardships and opposition, they clung to their posts and faithfully discharged their duties.

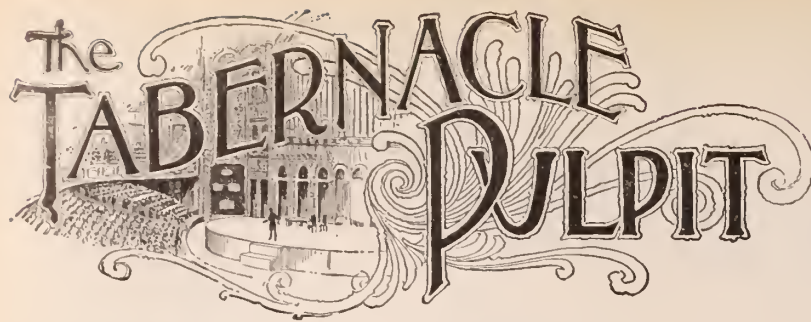
After Mr. Hobart's pastorate, there was a period of discouragement among the little Presbyterian flock at Hempstead. Their neighbors, the Episcopalians, had obtained possession of the church, parsonage and lands which they formerly occupied, so they contented themselves with meeting in different places for a time until 1762, when a new church was built. This was the third church the congregation had used and it stood, as nearly as can be ascertained, on the site of the present church. They enjoyed religious services among themselves and preaching by

(Continued on page 661.)



"THE MOTHER OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES," HEMPSTEAD, L. I.
In which the 250th Anniversary of American Presbyterianism is now being celebrated.

le man, yet he had a great soul; his well accomplished mind, in his lesser body, was an Iliad in a nut shell. I think he was blind of an eye, yet he was bath not seen. He was far from cloudy in his conceptions and principles of divinity, whereof he wrote a system entitled 'Soliquia Sacra,' so accurately



THE OARSMEN DEFEATED.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Jonah 1: 13, 14: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: wherefore they cried unto the Lord."



NAVIGATION in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of

great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in; but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord: and when a man is running away from the Lord, he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh, to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the prow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee-deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling-wood, whistling as though nothing had happened: but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened. That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" had become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand: that piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship "Greece," that went into the storm two hundred miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous-hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh! how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they laid back into the oars. But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river; and as the vessel hoists, the oars slip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast, and sweeps the oarsmen from their places, and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Texas, the writer saying

that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought; why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear, and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women, who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell you a fable;" and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore, were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have been broken down on their paddles, and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or child, or near friend, who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation. A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly, and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness; and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient, and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room, and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no! I do not advise that; but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port. I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah! it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line, and the other part of the household on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart, and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized, and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are

making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night, "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue; but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text, and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers, and said, "O, God! take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ;" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wandered off, perhaps, to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow; about the quick whitening of the hair; about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the glorious promise: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else, now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant-keeping God! and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving day, perhaps next Christmas day—the prodigal may be home; and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table, I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again, and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion! that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon; but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again, and are seated at the banquet.

Though parents may in covenant be,
And have their heaven in view;
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, his pardon, and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would

have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they pulled until they lay back dead from the exhaustion. Some died in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping-knives of savages, and some in the plague-struck room of the lazaret, and still the chains are not broken, and the despotisms are not demolished, and the world is unsaved. What then? Down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities; and if this work is ever done at all, God must do it, and he will do it, in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his soul into safety. When the Eternal Spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself out of safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which you founder, but seemingly no harbor to which to sail. Sin must be thrown on board, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute, they bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distorted, and yet they have not made one inch of progress toward heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff, and go down at the foot of Niagara, and then dash it up toward the churning thunderbolts of waters, and expect to work your way through the lightning of the foam into Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the land of pardon, and placidity of the God. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and long-boat, yawl, piner, and gondola go down unless the Lord lives; but if you will cry to Christ and hold of divine mercy, you are as safe as eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

I wish I could put before my unpaired readers, their own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of heaven. No foot was mighty enough to break the shackle of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The waves are against you. Ten thousand corrupting influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor as a plank, mid-Atlantic. Not so helpless a traveler girded by twenty miles of rope on fire. Prove it, you say. I will prove it. John 6: 44: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, will him."

But while I have shown your helplessness, I want to put by the side of it the power and willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1686 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven by pieces of an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and with the crew they wandered up the beach, and started on the long journey to find relief. At a while, the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew, "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on until the journey was so long, that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and weariness, and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wretched

CONSTANTINOPLE'S URGENT NEED.

An Official Statement of the Condition of the Earthquake Sufferers - A Great Fire
Adds to the Number of Destitute - Progress of the Relief Work.



By the latest mails from Constantinople comes intelligence which shows far more convincingly than any mere description, however graphic, the present pitiful condition of the thousands of homeless victims of the recent earthquakes. It is in the form of a communication from the members of the English Chamber of Commerce in Constantinople to the Lord Mayor of London, and is substantially as follows:

"As we are concluding the distribution of the Relief Fund at our disposition, we deem it our duty to inform your Lordship that we have received in all £2,260 stg. Of this, \$1,750 is the amount sent by you; the rest we have collected here. With such a small sum, it was impossible to undertake the work of repairing the houses that were damaged by the earthquake in our section, which includes Stamboul, San Stefano, and the islands, as the damaged dwellings number several thousands. Therefore, we have de-

"We are convinced, by experience, that the misery and distress will increase when cold weather comes, because many of the people have no home and no shelter and, besides, no work. The Grand Bazar, the chief centre of trade in this country, which was greatly damaged, has been closed from the date of the earthquakes until now. There remains in our hands now less than £200 sterling and the people are in urgent need of help, but we cannot satisfy their necessities, even though we had ten times the amount now at our disposal. With the consent of the English Ambassador, we have increased the number of our Committee to six."

As if the burdens of the afflicted city were not enough, new calamities have fallen upon Constantinople since the earthquakes laid a large portion of its area in ruins. In the quarter known as Hasskeoi, on the Pera side of the Golden Horn, and principally inhabited by Armenians, a destructive conflagration occurred on the night of Sept. 12. It broke out in the Yeshil Direk or "Street of the Green Column" in the Chiksalin District, in the house of an Armenian, and before its progress could be stayed, over 150 houses - including many shops as well as dwellings - were

by whose orders a multitude of useful gifts were distributed, together with a more generous food supply.

Many hundreds of workmen are busy repairing and rebuilding. Gangs of laborers are clearing away the piles of broken masonry in the Grand Bazaar.

All contributions from friends in America should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which has been appointed treasurer of the Fund for the American Relief Committee. As the need is still very great, it is especially desirable that those who may feel disposed to help in this work of world-wide benevolence should forward their offerings at the earliest moment possible. It is a movement in which all Christendom is actively interested, as it affords a precious opportunity of exercising the true spirit of Christian helpfulness toward a great community in distress. Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns. The Fund is now over \$2,000.

The contributions to the Fund during the week have been as follows:

Jos. H. Pedro	2 00
Fannie E. Furlington	1 00
John Clark	1 00
J. Sulphin	1 00
F. C. Buckman	2 00
Mrs. George H. Claflie	2 00
John D. Smith	1 00
H. C. B. Harrisburg, Pa.	1 00
A Reader of C. H.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Tapson	5 00
Mrs. Rosenquist	2 00
E. S. Parkersburg, W. Va.	50
Reader, Ohio	1 00
Friend, N. Y. C.	3 00
T. R. Thayer	3 00
G. H. B. Allison, Mich.	1 00
S. H. B. Camden, N. J.	1 00
A Child of the King, Lales, Kan.	10
J. E. Illick	1 00
Eliza A. Meeker	2 00
A. E. Shearer	1 00
A. Thompson	10
In His Name, Highland Mills, N. Y.	2 50
Mrs. John Servoss	2 00
Subscriber, Lawsonham, Pa.	1 00
Reader, Lawsonham, Pa.	50
Randall, Iowa	50
X. V. Z. Easton, Pa.	1 00
J. H. Lukins	1 00
In His Name, Shindau	1 00
A Christian Endeavor, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart	2 00
"Herald" Reader, Dover, N. J.	1 00
J. Slocum	10
Friend I. Allany, N. Y.	1 00
Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler	4 00
A. E. B. Clifton Springs, N. Y.	1 00
John A. Warner	1 00
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P. Bills	10
Mr. A. R. Bigler	1 00
H. Harris	2 00
Reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Whitesey, O.	1 00
D. J. Keen	5 00
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C. Van Pelt, Paris, Ont. Can.	5 00
L. S. C. Philadelphia, Pa.	2 00
Rev. M. C. Pendexter	1 00
C. A. G. Hazleton, Pa.	5 00
Hannah Short	1 00
In His Name, Volant, Pa.	2 00
Mrs. Thos. Morton	3 00
S. F. B. Mystic, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. Julia Nerdge	1 00
M. S. F. Rock Creek, O.	1 00
N. D. Emily	10
W. A. Bates	1 00
In His Name, Mary	2 00
A. C. Johnson	2 50
S. Smith	1 00
Sub'r. Canova, S. D.	1 00
J. V. B. Tarrytown, N. Y.	1 00
Friend, Providence, R. I.	3 00
Hannah Slocum	10
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H. B. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Unknown, Monroe, La.	5 00
O. J. Oliver	11 00
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Mrs. J. T. H. Baltimore, Md.	2 00
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M. A. Slocum	10
Mrs. F. M. Downs	2 00
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Friend, Hutchinson, Minn.	1 00
Lottie and Hannah McGreer	1 00
E. N. White Plains, N. Y.	5 00
A. H. W. Shelby, Mich.	1 00
E. A. Thompson	1 00
Mrs. Martha Swift	75
Mother and daughter (twins) Kad, Ala.	1 00
A. Navasota, Tex.	1 00
J. Burton	2 00
A. Sharp	10
Mrs. E. Porter	1 00
T. A. Digalov	2 00
G. F. Rider	3 00
Mrs. H. Miller	1 00
S. Ida Snow	1 00
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Margaret Silgore	1 00
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M. S. P. Pral	2 00
R. P. Wales	1 00
Rev. O. G. Tingle	1 00
Friend, Gaithersburg, Md.	2 50
Miss Abbie Loveland	2 50
Andrew Meeks	5 00
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J. Robins	10
C. Throckmorton	10
D. Covert	25
E. Slocum	25
J. Jolene	10
N. Vandike	25
A. Gratin	10



A STREET OF CONSTANTINOPLE, SINCE DEMOLISHED BY EARTHQUAKE.

ergy, and took up his own boy, and put on his shoulder, and carried him on after mile, mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, just at the time came to him, also perished, living long enough to tell the story - sad story, indeed! But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of shipwrecked and dying condition, and us on the shoulder of his strength, and the omnipotence of his Gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life, and at the opening gates of heaven! It is mighty to save. Though your sin be as black, and inexcusable, and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will claim pardon - quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the run out with the anchor until all the vessels of earth are exhausted, that we may reach the depth. Let the archangel fly in the midst of eternal ages in trying to sweep up this theme. Oh the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. It is to my God, that where man's ears are out, God's arm begins! Why will ye try your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why do you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready? There is plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has nothing of his love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth waters. On account of the peculiar case of the subject, I have drawn my pen illustrations, you see, chiefly, from the water. I remember that a vessel went down in the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. The vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had elapsed, a company of adventurers went from England, and after a long voyage reached the place where the vessel was supposed to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the boat went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and treasures rolled out - what was found proved to be in American money, worth a million five hundred thousand dollars, and the foundation of a great business here. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of the adventurers. Oh, ye who have been struggling toward the shore, and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you tonight that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never fail, and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down and seek them? Who will dive for the pearls of great price? Who will be prepared to die, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul, as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A MARTYR'S DEATH.

For five years past, Mrs. Mary J. Platt has been a teacher in the Pichango Indian Reservation at a village near Temecula, Cal., and has faithfully performed her duties educating the children and endeavoring to instill Gospel truths in their youthful minds. She has made many sacrifices for the sake of her pupils, and has at different times been in grave peril. Lately a body was found in the ruins of her cabin, and there were evidences that she had been murdered. Mrs. Platt has been kind to the savages on the reservation and it was not believed that they would have offered violence; but that they had added another name to the long list of those who have literally given their lives for the cause of Indian evangelization, seems now beyond a doubt.

cided to help only sufferers who were unable to earn a livelihood, viz: old people, the infirm, widows and orphans. We concluded that it would be proper to allow in the proportion of five Turkish pounds to each family, although we seldom give so much to a single family, regulating the relief according to the number in each household.

"We have thus far helped in all 876 families. Of these, seven are English or Maltese, 287 Mohammedan, 156 Armenian, 276 Greek, and 136 Jews. We have also paid for 24,300 okkas (an okka is a loaf of bread weighing about three pounds), which the local sub-committee are now engaged in distributing.

"The distribution of money we have made either personally, or by means of reliable agents, who have offered their services free for this work. Thus, the distribution of the Fund has been conducted without expense.

completely destroyed. Ever since the earthquake there has been serious trouble with the water supply in various quarters of the city, and this condition of affairs made the work of the firemen of Hasskeoi largely ineffective. Several hundred families have been rendered homeless by the fire, and their numbers are now added to the thousands of others who are recipients of relief, being unable to find work, food or shelter, for the present at least. Cholera's advent in the city within the last two weeks, has filled its cup of misery and rendered Constantinople the most wretched of cities.

One bright spot amid the general gloom and despondency was the recent anniversary of the Sultan's coronation, when the Turkish people usually celebrate, with lavish display and enthusiasm, the accession to the throne. On that day, the poor of the capital - never so numerous as now - were gladdened by the munificence of the Sultan



A PARALYTIC HEALED.

S.S. Lesson for Oct. 28. Mark, 2: 1-12. Golden Text, Mark, 2: 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE have seen that Jesus after his glorious Sabbath at Capernaum had risen very early. "a great while before day," to escape from man and get alone with his Father. It was an intense necessity to him. Yet he was to be interrupted. The disciples found him out and broke into his solitude with the words: "All are seeking thee." (R.V.) But instead of pursuing the advantage gained at Capernaum, he said, "Let us go elsewhere into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for to this end I came forth." And what was to become of his precious solitude? In this also he was ready to yield to his Father. Even communion with God may become selfish, and a matter of self-will; if the interruptions permitted by God are not as welcome to us as the communion itself; providing, however, they do not occur by any want of watchfulness on our part to keep the early hours of the day for the Lord.

In the course of his teaching and preaching in the synagogues of Galilee, it happened that a leper came to him beseeching and "kneeling down to him and saying unto him, If thou wilt thou canst make me clean." Had Jesus refused any sick one who came to him that this poor leper should raise the question of his willingness? Never. No refusal of Christ's to heal in any single instance is on record. Why then should the poor leper doubt? He thought perhaps that his case was an exception. Excommunicated from the worship of God, forbidden intercourse with his fellow men, the poor leper was indeed an outcast. "The leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall say unclean, unclean. All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean; he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be." (Lev. 13: 45, 46.) How could one under such a curse expect that the great Teacher and Healer should deal with him as with other sick ones? Looking at himself the leper had good reason for his doubt. Looking at Jesus, and at the word of God he was indeed in the wrong. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." Again the healing of Naaman and Miriam were known and read in the synagogues; and the leper might have known that God's mercy extended even to the outcast leper. But in any case he doubted not the power, but only the will of the Prophet of Nazareth. Thou canst, but wilt thou? And Jesus? Was he so grieved at the leper's doubt as to be unwilling to heal him? Far be such a thought about our beloved Lord. The very doubt of the poor leper made him to be the more really in need of Jesus. Being moved with compassion he stretched forth his hand "and touched him and saith unto him, I will be thou clean." No explanation, no entering into the details of his case; the answer included all. And immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed. There is more of pride than we know whenever we make our case an exception. What is the difference between two condemned criminals? At the Cross we find ourselves all on one level, the lowest? The same "I will" proceeding from his own will, which led him to the Cross for us, insures our salvation and our cleansing. The same word of power, "Be thou clean," is our only guarantee for cleansing. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." (John 15: 3.)

Jesus commanded the cleansed leper to say nothing to any man, but to go direct to the priest, and offer for his cleansing "those

things which Moses commanded" (Lev. 15), so wonderfully figurative of the cleansing by the blood of Christ and the anointing by the Holy Ghost. But he, taking things into his own hands, "went out and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more enter into the city, but was without in desert places; and they came to him from every quarter." Here again we have a lesson of how much there was in the ministry of Jesus to try and to test him. It would seem as if the healing of the leper might so blessedly have worked to convince the priests that Jesus was indeed the Messiah. Yet we hear not one word of impatience or complaint. His plans upset, the Son of Man recognizes only his Father's hand in all and submits. The proving of his own spirit, under all these circumstances, was going to be of more consequence to a lost world, and an untaithful church than the immediate gaining of the priests to his cause. In his own falling into the ground, and dying to himself and his own will, like the corn of wheat, he was laying the foundation for much fruit in "a people for his name." His chosen Bride, whom he lived and died to purchase and to prepare for himself, that with her, with his saints, he might also bless the whole world. He must tread every step of the way which his chosen ones must tread hereafter; and therefore he accepted all from his Father.

Led once again to Capernaum after some days "It was noised about that he was in the house;" no possibility of his entering the city unnoticed. The house filled with eager listeners and needy ones, until there was no room for them even about the door, and he spake the Word unto them. How many of those eager hearers became really saved? We know not. The word fell into various soils, then as now; some received it and some rejected it; to some it was a savor of life unto life, and to some of death unto death. It was not often that our beloved Lord had an uninterrupted opportunity to teach. Speaking "as never man spake," words which were "spirit and life," on which hung the everlasting salvation of the souls present, and of tens of thousands who should live afterwards, yet the patient Lamb of God never fretted against, or even complained of an interruption. His confidence in his Father was so complete, so unlimited that he could instantly put the interrupted thread into his safe keeping, and be ready to deal with whatever he permitted to happen.

The interruption this time was an exceedingly distracting one. Four zealous men touched with compassion for their paralytic neighbor, had brought him on his eastern mattress to be healed by the great Prophet. Finding no way to enter with their burden, they had found means to get the poor sick man on the roof which covered a considerable number of the audience. Removing the tiling and so making an aperture large enough to accomplish their purpose, they let down the mattress with its burden immediately in front of Jesus, until the sick man lay in his helplessness at his very feet.

Jesus did not look at the distractions; that was a personal matter and he left all such considerations to his Father. But he saw in the men who caused the distraction a faith which rejoiced his heart, because it honored God. "When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." This was by no means the result which was expected by the four men who had borne their neighbor to Christ. They looked for physical healing for their protegee. Into the midst of some such teaching comes this helpless man. Unable to do anything, unable to pray, unable so much as to confess with his voice his past sins, he lies at the feet of him to whom John the Baptist bore witness: "Behold the Lamb of God which

taketh away the sins of the world," and with authority Jesus announces to him, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Son! This was the truest welcome. The distraction should in his Father's hand serve the purpose of his ministry and help, not hinder. It should afford a present example of his teaching.

For the first time in his ministry he exercised his right to forgive sins. There were those present who could not tolerate this. "There were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, Why doth this man speak? He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but one, even God?" (R.V.) How could Jesus meet them? Always in communion with his Father, he perceived in his Spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, and to their infinite surprise answered the secret workings of their hearts, thus again conquering things which seemed to be contrary to his ministry.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



CARRYING THE PARALYTIC TO JESUS.

THE story of Christ's life following Mark's narrative, which at this period is the one chronologically accurate, brings us in this lesson to Capernaum again. Jesus had been away from the town on a preaching tour through Galilee, a province somewhat smaller than the State of Delaware. It is uncertain how long he was away, but from various clues it would appear that he returned late in the fall of the year. He started on his tour on the day following the memorable Sabbath evening when all Capernaum was busy bringing sick people to him to be healed. Peter followed him to his solitary place of devotion early in the morning, with the message that the people were seeking him. Instead of going to them he set out on his tour. They would naturally be disappointed, but Jesus had a wise purpose in view. He did not wish to be regarded as a mere miracle worker, which was the view they were taking of him. Miracles were a subsidiary part of his mission. They were merely signs, or divine credentials. Christ worked a miracle with the same object that Moses had when he flung down his staff for it to become a serpent. It was to show that he came from God and had divine authority for his message. Jesus was sorry that signs were necessary to gain attention; it was still more humiliating to have the people so occupied with wonder at the sign as to ignore the lesson it was intended to teach. News of his return spread quickly through Capernaum and the people flocked around him. He preached to them, probably standing in the open quadrangle around which, as was customary in Palestine, the house was built. The crowd was so dense that when four men came, carrying a paralyzed man on a bed, they could not get through. The opportunity was not to be missed, as Jesus might go away again. So they carried the sufferer up the stairway on the outside of the house to the flat roof, in which they could easily make an opening and so let him down with ropes to where Jesus stood. In effecting the cure, Jesus reversed the order expected by the people, doubtless with the purpose of provoking a challenge and so emphasizing the lesson of miracles. He first forgave the man's sins and when the spectators questioned his right to do so, he showed that he had the right by miraculously curing the man. As he performed the miracle he stated the object of that and his other miracles: "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

It was noised that he was in the house. When Christ by his Spirit dwells in a house (in a man it is sure to be known. "Have you ever heard the Gospel?" asked a traveler of a Chinaman at Ning-po. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him offence he would curse you and shout out his abuse for days. He was an opium-smoker, a criminal and as dangerous as a wild beast. But when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, soon angry and he has left off opium." By the Gospel as I have seen it is good.)

Borne of four. How many men and might become Christians, if those of friends who are already Christians would take them to Christ as these four carried the sick man to him when he was on the roof. This may be done by telling the unclean boy or man how much Jesus has done for them, or it may be done by using prayer. The house surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, tells a touching story which he vouches for as absolutely true. It was his custom to take a walk every evening in the neighborhood of the hospital for an hour, while a colleague was on duty. One winter night, as he was entering the hospital after his walk, the piercing howls of a dog struck him. The dog had been run over by a cab. The surgeon was fond of dogs and stayed to see where this one was hurt. He like the appearance of it as it was not a common mongrel and he picked it up and carried it into the hospital. He found that a bone in one of its legs was broken and it was badly bruised, but otherwise sound. He treated the animal and in a few days it was sufficiently recovered to go home. Several weeks passed and the surgeon had almost forgotten the incident, when one evening out for his usual evening ramble, he jumped up at him as he opened the hospital gate. It made great demonstration of affection and he at once recognized his discharged canine patient. He patted him and would have gone on, but the dog would not and ran to and fro between him and the corner of the archway. The surgeon suspected that the dog wanted him to go and he went. There lay another dog with a broken leg. How the cured dog brought him to the hospital, could not be discovered, but he had evidently done so and in some way had made him understand that he could be cured there. The surgeon was deeply affected by the intelligence displayed and undertook the new case with interest. If every boy who has gained admission to school were to do as the dog did, many a soul might be saved.

When they could not come nigh . . . then they covered the roof. Spurgeon used to say that he derived encouragement in undertaking tasks that were unusually difficult, from the recollection of a road in the Tyne. It runs over a bare mountain side which is worse than perpendicular for it overlooks the lake. Looking at it one would say that it was impossible to make a road there. It has been done. When men are really earnest they are apt to find a way. A engineer employed a lot of men to hew a groove in the side of the mountain. Below it looks like the semi-circular impression left in a block of wood when a carpenter has run one of his curved chisels along it. But when you come to travel on it you find it is a good solid level road. The mountain arches over your head. Is a tunnel with one of its sides missing. A very ingenious man was that engineer. It is so nearly everywhere; when a man wants very much to go somewhere he does a way or makes one. When the men wanted to get their friend to Christ and did not take him by the door they let him come from the roof. The earnest man is saved there somehow. So if you do not get Christ it is because you are not earnest.

Thy sins are forgiven thee. A desperate brutal man whose crimes brought him to prison was in sullen, rebellious mood when the chaplain visited him. He would not at first, but when the chaplain told him it was Christ's forgiveness that he could offer, the prisoner became attentive. "You do not know all I have done," he said. "You did, you would not talk about forgiveness." The chaplain preached the Gospel, full of pardon, and the prisoner meditated on this after the chaplain left him. At the next meeting he was completely broken down. Later on, when he came to speak of Christ to others, he used to say with feeling, "He is a great forgiver. I ought to know and I tell you he is a great forgiver."

the Cradle of Presbyterianism

(Continued from first page.)

applies, until the Rev. Joshua Hart became settled pastor in 1772. But one calamity ever another visited the struggling congregation. The Revolutionary war began in 1766 and all dissenting churches were harshly treated. It is recorded that Mr. Hart was remarkably loyal to the American cause and preached boldly against the indifference to which characterized many in Hempstead. One time, while he was preaching, a British company approached and the captain at the band in front of the church to distract the hearers and drown the voice of the pastor. Mr. Hart asked the congregation to remain seated and hear the music. After singing for half an hour the musicians became tired and departed, allowing the pastor to finish his sermon.

The church was afterwards used by the officers as a place to keep their horses, and when they went away nothing but a shell was left. After the war was over, the congregation repaired the building and had a singing service at the reopening.

The edifice stood until March, 1803, when it was destroyed by fire. A meeting was called to discuss the project of erecting a new church. At this meeting only a handful were present, and Mr. Beadell, an elder, sorrowfully said that it was impossible to do anything towards a new church. "Oh," said one of the younger men, who afterwards became Elder Pine, "we can build a church." "Well," said the old gentleman, "I will do as much as any of you." As a result of the courage of these few men, a new building was soon erected, which was dedicated as a church until 1846, when the present structure was put up, and the old church moved to the corner of Fulton and Washington streets, and remodeled for use as a parsonage where it continues as such to the present time.

The Rev. Joshua Hart preached to the congregation at two different periods after the Revolutionary war.

In 1818, the Rev. Charles Foster came, and under his ministry the congregation trebled in numbers. He was pastor till 1837, and was followed by Mr. Woodbridge in 1838. Mr. Woodbridge resigned to go to California as a missionary. He was followed by Charles M. Shields, who was pastor during 1849 and 1850. At a later date he became a professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he has done excellent service in training young men for the Gospel ministry. Mr. Dunn, also a former pastor, who received instruction from Dr. Shields, speaks of him as "one of the most gifted philosophers and scholars of the land."

Dr. Shields came Rev. N. C. Locke, who was pastor from 1850 to 1860, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. J. A. Morgan. Rev. J. B. Finch came in 1867 and labored until 1875, when he resigned on account of ill health. He gave place to the Rev. Franklin Noble, who served successfully till 1880. Rev. F. E. Hopkins preached as a supply during 1881 and '82, and pastor in 1884, when he accepted a call to Bridgeport, Conn. The Rev. Charles E. Dunn came from Princeton Seminary, where he had just graduated, and remained as pastor until 1888. In 1890, the Rev. John A. Davis, entered on the ministerial duties, continuing till 1893. On April 25th, 1894, the Rev. Frank Melville Kerr, a graduate of Albany College, Meadville, Pa., class of 1888 and of Union Theological Seminary, New York, class of 1891, and pastor of the Presbyterian church of Chester, N. J., was installed as pastor, being the twenty-fifth minister who has served the congregation since 1644.

The membership of this venerable church is over 300, many coming long distances to attend its services. Its session is constituted as follows: J. Edward Davidson, Luke Fleet, Charles H. Ludlum, Percy B. Bromfield, William F. Conklin and Thomas F. Gilloert, elders, and the pastor. The Sunday School has an enrollment of 258, and when all the scholars attend, the chapel is large enough to comfortably accommodate the school. The superintendent is Mr. B. Bromfield, under whose faithful and experienced leadership it has made great advances. The present chapel was erected in 1855 and dedicated in 1856.

Few churches can point to such a splendid record of continuous and unbroken service. During the existence of this historic church, from its foundation up to the present time, the roll of its pastors, both regular and supply, has been as follows:

James B. Finch, 1867-1875, pastor; Franklin Noble, 1875-1880, pastor; F. E. Hopkins, 1881-1882, supply; F. E. Hopkins, 1882-1884, pastor; Charles E. Dunn, July 21, 1884-1888; John A. Davis, Jan. 1890-Sept. 1893; and Frank Melville Kerr, April 25, 1894.



REV. FRANK MELVILLE KERR.

Pastor, Hempstead Presbyterian Church.



MR. PERCY B. BROMFIELD.

Supt. of Sunday School, Hempstead Presby'n Church.

Richard Denton, 1644-'59; Jonas Fordham, 1659-1681; Jeremiah Hobart, 1682-1686; Joseph Lamb, 1717-1725; Benjamin Woosley, 1736-1756; Abraham Ketteltas, 1766-1765, stated supply; Hotchkiss, 1770-1771, supply; Joshua Hart, 1772-1776, supply; and again, 1787-1790, supply;

Dr. Nathaniel Prime, the famous historian, in his history of Long Island calls attention to this continuous service as being phenomenal, and especially during the troublous years of the last half of the eighteenth century.

The future of the oldest of

churches—have only served to knit faster the bonds of spiritual union and brotherhood in this flock, who, with the staunch determination of their Puritan ancestors, resolved to stand by their church at all hazards. Hardly another church in America can point to such a long and practically unbroken record of Christian service in the fraternal bonds of church fellowship.

This "Mother of Presbyterianism" gladly welcomes her children to her two hundred and fiftieth birthday. The Presbyterian churches of many of the neighboring Long Island villages, which were formerly within the bounds of the Hempstead parish, are rejoicing with the Mother who has brought to light and tenderly nourished, under difficulties, trials and persecutions, so many Gospel children and which, strong and glorious in old age, is still going on to future triumphs in the Christian cause.

Dr. Talmage Bound for Home.

He Sailed from Bombay, Oct. 6.—How Mammoth Australian Audiences Welcomed the Brooklyn Divine.

ON Saturday, Oct. 6, Rev. Dr. Talmage took steamer at Bombay to begin his homeward journey. When this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, its editor will either be ploughing across the Indian Ocean or else speeding along on a smoother course up the Suez Canal. His round-the-world tour has now been almost two-thirds completed. Proceeding from San Francisco by steamer to Hawaii, he next visited Samoa, Tasmania, New Zealand and Australia. Thence he sailed to Colombo, the capital of Ceylon and visited Kandy. From Ceylon he went to Calcutta and a cablegram informs us that while there he preached in Bishop Thoburn's church and also in the Duff

Missionary College, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Madras, Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lucknow and Bombay, were each visited in turn.

His receptions at every point have been cordial and enthusiastic—some even having the character of public demonstrations. Especially has this been the case in Australia, where he has long been well known and where his sermons are almost universally read. In Sydney the welcome accorded him was a remarkable one. He was invited to preach at the Town Hall at 3 P. M., and as early as 11:30 A. M., the place began to fill, being overcrowded by noon, while thousands gathered outside. One Australian newspaper, the Sydney "Herald," says: "A considerable number brought their lunch—or a light substitute for the midday meal—with them, and took it 'al fresco.' By 1 o'clock the crowd had assumed great proportions. Every available inch of floor and gallery space was occupied. At 2 o'clock the outer gates were closed, strict orders being given to the police that no person was to be admitted. At 2:15 the disappointed crowd outside might have been counted in its thousands. Many had come miles to hear the famous orator. Dr. Talmage briefly addressed the crowd outside from the balcony above the portico. He stood there to proclaim the Lord Christ as a healer of all human ills, a strengthener of all human weakness, and a comforter in all human sorrow. Earnestly he besought them to turn their hearts to the one on whom—and on whom only—reliance could be placed. He wished them prosperity in this life, and joy in the life to come." The great outside throng—such a gathering had never before been seen in Sydney—listened with breathless interest to the words of the American preacher, whose sermons they had long been familiar with through the Australian press.

In the Town Hall the service was most impressive, and one long to be remembered by Australians. Over 5,000 were present inside the building. The use of the hall and organ was given free by the Mayor, and Dr. Talmage himself bore all the other expenses. Before sailing for Ceylon, Dr. Talmage visited all the leading Australian cities, speaking to large audiences in Paramatta, Melbourne, Adelaide, and elsewhere. It is generally conceded that the vast assemblages that greeted him everywhere have never been equalled in Australia.



A GROUP OF EX-PASTORS OF THE HEMPSTEAD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

1. REV. CHAS. E. DUNN.
2. REV. JOHN A. DAVIS.
3. REV. F. E. HOPKINS.
4. REV. J. J. A. MORGAN.
5. REV. FRANKLIN NOBLE.
6. REV. JAS. B. FINCH.
7. REV. N. C. LOCKE.

Samuel Sturges, 1791-1793, supply; Davenport, 1794, supply; Joshua Hart, again, 1797-1803, supply; William P. Kuypers, 1805-1811, pastor; Josiah Andrews, 1812-1816, supply; Samuel Robertson, 1816-1818, supply; Charles Webster, March 16, 1818-1837, pastor; Sylvester Woodbridge, Feb. 1838-1849, pastor; Charles M. Shields, 1849-1850, pastor; N. C. Locke, 1850-1860, pastor; J. J. A. Morgan, 1860-1867, pastor;

American Presbyterian churches is bright with hope. Never were its affairs in better condition, its services so largely attended or so full of true spiritual enthusiasm as now. Its church societies are well-organized, and with competent leaders and devoted members, are doing excellent Christian work. Fire, war, the reverses of church litigation and the depression of dull times—causes that have led to the disruption of so many

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

MORAL VELOCITIES.

WE live so rapidly in these times that it is most important that we live aright! For the swiftest express cars are built especially strong and the train is under the care of engineer and conductor especially wise and careful. And if in our time we are moving so rapidly and amid such quick revolution of events, there are especial hazards and we need especial caution and especial guidance, only God can rightly conduct the train. It going only at the rate of twenty miles the hour an accommodation train jumps the track, the calamity is not half so dreadful as if going at six miles the hour. So in these times if the man goes wrong the smash up is far more terrific than if he were moving in times slow and deliberate. In olden times if a man became dissipated it took him ten or twenty years to get clear down, but now young men die of delirium tremens at twenty-one years. During the last week, in the courts, there was a drunkard at thirteen years of age! The moral velocities equal the temporal velocities. Our state prisons have in them young men who by thirty years of age foundered banks and wrecked insurance companies, and arrived at the awful terminus of the penitentiary at an age when under slower movement of opportunities they would yet have been clerks taking their first steps in banking or merchandise. God save the young man, for the perils are multiplied and terrific.

We are all in an express train speeding toward the finality of our earthly existence, and we come to higher realization of small fragments of time. When one year closes and another year begins we bethink ourselves of the value of the years, but what about our minutes and what about our seconds? Take care of the minutes and the years will take care of themselves. The most solemn thing on earth is a clock, and the next in suggestiveness is a watch. On a slow rail-train time lost may be made up, and, though half way to Chicago it be three hours behind, it may by the time it reaches the site of the late World's Fair have made up for delays and arrive on the minute promised in the schedule. But on an express train it is almost impossible to make up for lost time, because it is going at utmost speed constantly. And I have to tell you that on this express train of human life, time lost is lost forever.

PLAGUE AND MICROBE.

THREE great diseases have had an especial grudge against the human race. Their play-ground has been the graves and. Their banqueting hall has been the sepulchre. The Asiatic cholera has been known for centuries, but in 1817 it started from the banks of the Ganges to

swelter and cramp the nations all around the world. It swept off 30,000 people in Upper Hindostan and 150,000 in Bombay, prostrated Central Asia, and, following the line of the rivers, crossed into Russia and down into Central Europe, marching on year by year, its path one great field of skulls, until, in 1831, it appeared in England, and, taking ship to our own country, this monstrous sickness landed at Quebec, June 8, 1832, and June 21 of that year it arrived in New York and all the cities shivered with horror and Death had hardly barns large enough to contain his harvests. Medical science has done much to alleviate the power of this great pestilence, but still it is unslain and every summer stands looking east, west, north and south to see which nation is most unable to resist its ravages. Another giant terror of the world was the plague. It formerly visited England every thirty or forty years. In the fourteenth century it did its worst. The carbuncled and swollen victims died until one-third of the entire population of London perished.

To make a trinity of horrors, yellow fever came in. Within narrow geographical limits it has always done its work of devastation, but done it thoroughly. The Southern cities of the United States seem to have been marked for its special havoc. It is now many years since it struck New York and sent its population flying in panic. Not figuratively but literally grass grew in Broadway. One of my ancestors was a victim of the scourge. It is an awful mystery. The things explained in regard to it are few compared with the inexplicable. That it should affect the Southern cities of the United States and a portion of Africa and be an entire stranger to China and India, is a fact insoluble. The medical profession have for long years been in constant discussion about its contagiousness. Some of the vessels in the British West Indian Squadron have reeled with it, and others, under the very same influences, have floated free. It is found out to come from a microbe that floats in the air. But that discovery does not help to stop the ailment, for who knows how to catch and kill the microbe? May we not pray for some light upon the scientific investigations of the day? There grows a herb somewhere or sleeps a mineral or waits in some laboratory a chemical which will defeat this assailment of our national health. The God who made the human body and all the plants and minerals alone can make the saving revelation.

THE BLESSING OF WATER.

WE are so stupid that nothing but the misfortune of others or our own misfortune can waken us to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. We all need to learn the lesson now taught with such emphasis by the scant reservoirs that millions of people are this moment giving heed to. We poetize about it when we see the water dancing in the shower or flashing in the lake or imperaled in the hoar frost or enthroned in the rainbow, but how little ordinarily do we think of the necessity which it supplies. No one but the infinite God could mingle this elixir which we call water. In right proportion are its elements combined, or instead of life it would be death. So simple it seems that poured out in a cup or standing in a pitcher it excites no remark, but what a divine mingling of sodium, chloride of magnesium, chloride of calcium, sulphate of lime, carbonate of soda, sulphate of soda, and many constituent parts I have not time to name. The human hand and brain can manufacture liquids deleterious or liquids that may be refreshing for a while, but it takes a God to manufacture, to mingle this wine of the hills, which never intoxicates and has no baleful reactions and is so superior to all other beverages that whatever else we taste, with water we close the feast, banishing all other tastes from our mouths with a taste of this divinely mingled fluid. Its importance God indicated when, in the formation of the earth, he put into it two and three-fourths times more water than dry land. You thank God for bread: why not thank him

for water? The one is as great a necessity as the other. And here let me say there is no excuse for any American city being short of supply when there are great lakes of fresh water and great rivers of fresh water, north, south, east and west. Why does New York dip its cup into a puddle a few miles up when it might pour Lake George or Niagara Falls into its chalices? It is a small part of the money misappropriated in all the cities was devoted to the bringing down of more abundant waters, there would be in no city of America a threat of water famine. I rejoice that the Bible is all a sparkle with fountains, wells, rivers and oceans. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter. Solomon, refreshed with the story of heaven, exclaims: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Isaiah, speaking of the blessedness of Christians, says: "They shall spring as willows by the water courses." In the Canticles the church is often spoken of as "a well of living water" and "streams from Lebanon." The prophet, glowing with appreciation of the millennium, says: "streams shall break forth in the desert." And to make heaven the more alluring to those of us who have lived on the banks of rivers and are fond of landscapes ribboned and glorified with bright streams, St. John says: "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

P. C. Charey, New Salem, Ill. We are taught in God's Word to forgive others, as we have to be forgiven. But if there is no change in their conduct or character, and they do not ask forgiveness, are we to forgive them anyhow? Is so doing would we be holding them guiltless, while they are unrepentant?

Your Christian example of forgiveness may be the one thing needed to bring the offender to a true sense of his own condition and may lead to his penitence and reformation. We are to forgive and to labor with and pray for our erring friends, and strive, even against their obstinacy, to bring them into the light of Divine love and forgiveness.

M. T. Lewis, Cohoes, N. Y. 1. What did Peter mean by the restitution of all things (Acts 3: 19-21)? 2. What does Paul mean by Christ being the Saviour of all men (1 Tim. 4: 10)?

1. Many different interpretations have been given by commentators. The one that is most widely accepted is that it refers to the second coming of Christ and his millennial reign. This would render it a similar teaching to that in Rom. 8: 19-23 where Paul describes the restoration of the material world to its former glory. Isa. 11: 6-9 refers to the same time. 2. That all men may find salvation in him. He is the Light of the World but he is still more a light to his own people.

S. E. A., Albany, N. Y. Is there any difference between Christian Scientists and those who profess to cure disease by faith and prayer?

A very essential difference. Christian Scientists hold that there are two states—"the mortal mind" and "the spiritual mind." Those who are in the mortal mind, that is in the ordinary sinful worldly life, are liable to the common ailments of the flesh. But those who are in the spiritual mind are at one with the spirit of God in the universe and are impregnable to disease. Their mode of treatment is to bring the patient into this state of "spiritual mind" in which they will not feel pain. The other class are those who believe that Christ will heal the diseases of those who trust him with their bodies as they trust him with their souls, that is, exercise faith in him and ask him for healing.

Subscriber. 1. What is the best remedy for a young man who is habitually tempted with evil thoughts? 2. Is it wrong for a Christian to write letters on the Sabbath? 3. Can your Bible, previously advertised, be still purchased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for \$3?

1. Physical and mental activity. Find some congenial and improving study or pursuit for your leisure hours, that will employ both mind and body and enter into it heartily. When so engaged, you will have no time for wicked thoughts, which usually assail the idle. Pray for deliverance from them and earnest prayer, supplemented by a healthy and engrossing activity, will soon prove effective. 2. Yes, unless it be a case of urgent necessity. 3. Yes, by sending \$3 to this office you can still secure the Emerald Type Teachers' Bible, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year.

Reader, Cuero, Tex. If a person attends the convention of his political party and promises to vote for the party nominees, and one of the nominees is a drunkard or a gambler or otherwise not acceptable, has said person the right to bolt said nominee and vote for a candidate of another party, or should he vote for the nominees of his party, both good and bad?

No self-respecting citizen can support for public office a man of the character described.

A promise, actual or implied, to support a party nominee can be reasonably construed as coming with it the condition that the nominee must be men of such character and reputation as to deserve the suffrages of the voters. In doing this, it is both the privilege and the duty of the citizen to transfer his support to some other candidate who is fit to be trusted with the conduct of public affairs.

J. J. Culberson, Ashland, O. What sort of argument should we send to Constantinople? Can we free transportation on Erie lines to New York?

Where "everything" is needed, it is difficult to specify. The best way to help is to send your gift in money to the Turkish Fund which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is Treasurer. All contributions are forwarded to our mirror in Constantinople and by him handed to the Relief Commission, which deals with sufferers personally. The transportation of or clothing would probably cost more than the value of the articles.

Geo. Kendall, Murray, Iowa. 1. Will the heathen who have no knowledge of God be saved by the Gospel? 2. Was the wine which was made at the wedding at Cana an intoxicating beverage?

1. God has not revealed to us what treat the heathen will receive at his hands. The only passage directly bearing on the question appears to be the remark of Christ, that he knew not his Lord's will and committed to worthy of stripes shall be beaten with stripes (Luke 12: 48). Meanwhile it is our clear duty to send them the Gospel. 2. An Evangelist in recording the miracle made statement on the subject of its intoxicating non-intoxicating quality, no authoritative can be given to your question. We know the narrative only that it was palatable but may infer from the character of Christ it was not intoxicating.

Subscriber, Gladstone, Mass. Do you think a son who is not a Christian, yet does many unselfish and kindly acts, will receive a portion of it and reward for them in the next or will he stand the same as one who is purely selfish life?

He will not stand the same as one who is purely selfish life, because he will not expect those reproaches of conscience, which we expect to torture the selfish man. If, ever, he has heard the Gospel and rejected it, we do not see how he can expect recognition, or reward from God on account of his deeds. Christ said emphatically, "no cometh unto the Father but by me." If, therefore, a man rejects Christ and takes his on his own merits, he plainly intimates that he considers his way better than God's way makes Christ's life and death, so far as concerned, unnecessary. That is an absurd thing is not likely to overlook. If a man is bringing a suit in a court wilfully and temptuously ignores the rules of the court would not be heard, no matter what were merits of his case. So a man who rejects Christ puts himself out of court and cannot expect God to recognize or reward him.

W. S. Forsey, Finch, Ont. What power was conferred on Peter by Christ's commission he keys, etc., (Matt. 16: 18, 19)?

The keys and the power of binding and loosing referred to a common Jewish custom. When a man had passed his examinations for the high position of a doctor of the law, he received as his diploma, a key which was handed him with the words, "Receive authority to bind and to loose," that is to permit or forbid. He mastered the law, he could say whether an act was lawful or unlawful. Peter's declaration that Jesus was the Son of God was the event of his having reached a state of spiritual perception which Christ recognized in the current phrase of admission to the highest in his church. Afterward it was seen that the power conferred was real, when Ananias and Sapphira died at his word. The keys may have had reference to Peter's opening the way of Christ's kingdom to the multitude of the day of Pentecost and to the Gentiles by pointing to Cornelius. It is clear that the apostles did not recognize Peter as superior to themselves. It was James who passed sentence on the council (Acts 15: 13, 19) although was present; and Paul "withstood Peter face" (Gal. 2: 11).

W. H. Gilbert, Walton, N. Y. We never heard of it.—T. H. Burkhead, Postmaster, El Dorado, requests subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD back numbers or other religious literature for distribution in that neighborhood.—Weaver, Troywood, O. We cannot.—G. Fisher's Hill, Va. writes to ask where the quotation can be found which reads: "It is not all of life Nor all of death to die."—L. Copley, Louisville, writes: "I take this means of acknowledging of much valuable literature from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I have received all I need."—Stuart A. 1st Washington, D. C. Write to Mr. Stearns, Secy. of American Temperance Union, Read Street, New York.—Fannie M. Trego, Box 186, Tiro, O. To ask some reader of this paper to send him words of the hymn:

"How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair."
—Mrs. E. Turpen, Union City, Ind. She is almost constant pain. Her age is over seven.—Mary Burley, Ellerslie, Md. Write to Mr. Main, care Bigelow & Main, Music Publishers, Street, New York.—Mrs. C. A. Valley, Blaine, Minn. Write to Mr. Leonard, Tarrytown, that the hymn seeks opens with the lines:

Hail, Sovereign Love, that loosed the pla
To save rebellions, fallen man.
—Mrs. E. Howe, Grantiam, N. H., has sent the hymn which we have forwarded to Mr. Leonard.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE STRICKEN CZAR.

RUMORS of the serious illness of the Emperor of Russia which were current during the summer, took definite shape last week in the statement that he was afflicted with an incurable disease. The critical nature of his malady was concealed for some time, but when Prof. Leyden was summoned from Berlin to consult with Prof. Charin of Moscow, the public realized the life of the Emperor was in danger. The fact caused genuine and widespread regret. The conviction has been growing throughout Europe for years, that the autocratic ruler of the great Russian Empire was wise, discreet, peace-loving man. To his sense, more than to any other cause, Europe has been indebted for the past years of tranquility. He has succeeded not only in maintaining the ferocity of his own generals the arrogant bearing of his diplomat, but has exerted a pacific influence on the French Government, which was a more cultured business. At a time when France would listen to no other voice and when she was eager for a war by which she might gain her prestige, the Czar's influence was on the side of peace. Europe owes a debt of gratitude for using the enormous power in his hands for the general peace and it, therefore, hears of his approaching death with sorrow. Human sympathy, too, is stirred by the pathos of the reports that have been published. It appears that the chronic disease from which he has long been suffering was brought to a acute stage by paternal anxiety. His favorite son George was lying ill of consumption in the Caucasus and the Czar's stern would not let him sleep. He rose at one o'clock in the morning and went to the telegraph office to obtain tidings of the invalid's condition. He waited in the office an hour and a half for a reply from his son's physician and caught the news were cold. A few weeks later he traveled south to see his son, and one night his arrival he rose from his bed and went to Prince George's room and sat a long time watching the sleeping youth. On his way back to his own chamber, he had to go through a cold, draughty passage, and he renewed his cold and brought on an attack of rheumatism, which in his condition, was the worst ailment that could befall him. Since that time he has suffered much, and although his strong will and manly vigor have kept him from being confined to his bed, he has evidently been growing weaker day by day. The tone of the medical reports now indicates that the Russians have abandoned hope, although they think his life may be prolonged for a few months. He is forty-nine years old and has reigned thirteen years. Probably no man in the whole world has so much to do as he, yet in this extremity he stands on a level with the humblest of his subjects. He must die and his earthly rank and various position are of less moment to him than the record of his private life. He who are concentrating all their efforts on the attainment of worldly honor, can learn a lesson from the spectacle of this mighty potentate standing powerless on the verge of the grave. (Eccles. 8: 8.)

Contributions of Skin.

A press dispatch from Montclair, N. J., says that a case in the hands of two local physicians is eliciting strange expressions of racial sympathy. It is that of a boy who was severely burned on the Fourth of July by the explosion of a pocket-full of crackers. He has been under the doctors' care ever since and for a time it was doubtful whether he could be cured. Now, however, they pronounce him in a fair way of recovery, providing they can obtain a sufficient quantity of skin for grafting purposes. There is a space on his body of about four square inches which has to be grafted. The child's parents and several friends have contributed pieces of skin, but, as more than three thousand pieces are needed, the doctors are glad to receive offers from any one who is willing

to give portions of their skin for the boy's benefit. Several persons have volunteered and the doctors think that there will be no difficulty in obtaining all they require. The grafting is to be done twice a week and will continue for six months. There can be no question about the genuine personal sympathy of the contributors. Money is often given to various causes by persons who do not care very much about them, but when a man is willing to suffer that some one else may be cured, we know that his sympathy is of the genuine kind. It is to such a spirit of self-sacrifice that the world owes its opportunity of redemption. Christ loved it well enough to die for it. (John 3: 16.)

Fought his Own Image.

A man was admitted to Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Oct. 3, who was suffering from a wound caused by a drunken

who has the power to transform him into his own image, "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord." (II. Cor. 3: 18.)

An Indestructible Lamp.

An ingenious inventor claims to have devised a lamp wick which, being made entirely of clay, will give some twenty-five per cent. more light than the cotton article. It is, as described, made capillary by incorporating with the clay, while in a plastic state, filaments of unspun vegetable fibre, which are burned out in the process of baking, the object being to provide an indestructible wick which shall possess all the advantageous qualities of an ordinary cotton or fibre wick, and shall also last an indefinite length of time, without renewal or necessity of trimming or other care. When the clay is baked the vegetable fibre is burned out, leaving capillary tubes running longitudinally through the wick, through which the oil from the lamp will be raised to the flame by capillary attraction. Owing to the perfect combustion of the wick, the flame is perfectly white, devoid of odor, and smokeless. It would appear from this that the light of a lamp is purer and stronger when the wick is only a channel for the oil and does not contribute of its own substance to the light. It is so with the spiritual lamps that are set for the lighting of the

persons who had in various ways helped him or been kind to him. The young man had met with a good deal of kindness from one or another, but his mother was anxious to have the whole list, that none who had done her son a service might go unrewarded. Probably none of them ever expected to receive any return for their kindness, so that they are all as much surprised as the young heir. There is a similar but far greater surprise in store for some who have been kind to the Lord's poor. They will learn in the day of final account that he regards the service rendered to them as service done to himself. (Matt. 24: 37-40.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has Accepted an Invitation from the pastors of the Reformed, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of Hackensack, New Jersey to open a vigorous evangelistic work during the coming winter with a series of services.

Dr. J. W. Chapman has been Conducting special services at Terre Haute, Ind. A practical outcome of his work is likely to result in a united effort of all the churches against gambling and other forms of vice in the city.

At the Recent Ordination of Elders at the Pittsburg Conference of the M. F. Church, Bishop Foster was assisted by the pastors of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches, who cordially accepted the bishop's invitation to participate in the service.

Mr. Lyle, the Scotch Evangelist has been assisting the pastor of the South Chicago Presbyterian Church in a series of meetings. The church has been crowded and there have been many conversions. The interest has extended far beyond the district of the church.

Very Successful Festival Services have been conducted recently in Vermont by women evangelists, Royalton, Essex Junction, Troy and Marlboro have all benefited by these services. The preachers at these places were Misses Harmon, Nelson, M. D. Moffat and Etta Miller.

Major James H. Cole, the Evangelist, has just closed some very successful revival meetings in Clinton, Mo. It was a united effort on the part of the pastors and people of the Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South and Baptist churches.

The Famous Five Points Mission in New York is being rebuilt. At the ceremony of laying the foundation stone recently, a Bible was placed in the cavity which had been thirty-one years inside the foundation stone of the former building. The site is still the one formerly occupied by the Old Brewery.

Senor Calrera was, on Sept. 23, Consecrated first Protestant Bishop of Madrid. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Clogher and Down. For the past seven years efforts have been made to have this ceremony performed, but they been heretofore thwarted by the ritualists.

The Editor of a Prominent Japanese Daily journal said recently that judging by the number of converts to Christianity in Japan, Christian missionary effort there might be considered a failure; but he could personally testify that there is a higher standard of morality in Japan than ever existed before and he believed that the cause of the advance was the religion of Jesus.

The Seamen's Mission at Rotterdam, to the support of which some of our readers contributed last year, writes that during the year it has welcomed many American sailors and has been the means of usefulness to them. It would be glad if Christian people who take an interest in the welfare of the sailor would help them to support the mission by sending financial help occasionally to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be forwarded to them.

Canon Utterton of the Protestant Episcopal Church has just received the medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving a man from drowning. The Canon added to the service he rendered the man by giving him good advice. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks and ended by saying, "O sir, you have saved my life!" The Canon looked kindly but seriously at him and said, "Go and make good use of it."

The Death of Oliver Wendell Holmes Causes sorrow in thousands of homes in this and other lands. The genial writer was loved wherever his works were read. He had attained the age of eighty-five years and, as he said, he felt that he had had a full share of even an old man's allowance of life. But he was bright and cheerful to the last and at the recent celebration of his birthday dedicated a poem to the public which indicated that he had premonitions of the approach of the end.

The Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland, Ore., has announced from the pulpit that it has come to his knowledge that several houses in the city which are used for gambling and other immoral purposes are owned by members of Christian churches and that they know that their property is being so used. He added that the mills of his own church would be carefully scrutinized, and if the name of any person whose property was rented for such purposes was found there, he would be excluded from membership.

Rev. Asbury C. Clarke, Pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, died in that city recently, after a protracted illness. He was forty-two years of age, was graduated from Dickinson College and had conducted a successful pastorate in Philadelphia before coming to Brooklyn. Under his spiritual care, Grace Church greatly increased its membership and Christian activities. Mr. Clarke was a most eloquent and effective preacher, and during his two years' pastorate in Brooklyn, was instrumental in bringing many souls into the kingdom.

The Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, founded by the late Col. George R. Clarke, and carried on by his widow reports that during the past year the attendance has been from three to four hundred week day evenings and between five and six hundred Sundays. The mission is open all day Sunday and services continue throughout the day. It has a large Sunday School recruited from the slums, it supports a Gospel wagon for work in outlying districts, has a medical mission and dispensary and a regular system of jail visitation.



ALEXANDER III, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

delusion. He came to New York from Boston, Mass., and after his business had been transacted he went out to see the city. He visited several saloons and became both hilarious and pugnacious. As he was passing a large store uptown, he caught sight of a figure that seemed familiar to him. He nodded in a friendly manner and stopped. His faculties were too much disturbed by his potatoes for him to realize that the figure before him was nothing more than his own reflection in a large mirror. He conceived the idea that the man was too proud to come out and speak to him, and regarding his manner as an insult he shook his fist at him. The answering gesture in the mirror convinced him that he was being mocked and that was more than he could bear. Mustering all his strength he struck a blow which shattered the show-window and the broken glass cut his arm severely. An ambulance was called and he was taken to the hospital where his wound was treated. Perhaps, by this time he has come to the conclusion that he was not wrong in thinking he was striking at an enemy, for the drunkard has no worse enemy than himself. It would be a good thing if his experience led him to give himself to Christ,

world. The most useful lights are not those in which human gifts of genius and eloquence are conspicuous, but those that come from the oil of grace with which the Holy Spirit fills the heart. (II. Cor. 4: 7.)

An Unconscious Heir.

A New York daily journal publishes a dispatch from one of its country correspondents in which he describes a genuine romance. The hero is a waiter in a restaurant. He has lived all his life with a farmer and his wife who came from England about twenty years ago. He called them father and mother and always supposed that they stood in that relation to him. A few weeks ago, however, they informed him that he was their son only by adoption, and that his real mother was an English lady, who had notified them of her intention to reclaim him. Not long afterwards she arrived and had an interview with her son. She proved to be enormously rich and has taken her son away from the restaurant and sent him to college. She remained for some time in the neighborhood making liberal provision not only for the couple who had taken care of her son, but making suitable presents to



"Thine Ancient People the Jews."

Our Traveler spends a Day Among the Poor Arabian Jews of Jerusalem—Patiently Waiting for the Messiah.



OUR excursion to-day has brought us to a muddy common, outside the walls of Jerusalem. Right in the centre of it sprawls the most miserable village that can be imagined. Houses of unbaked clay

and stubble, of cobble-stones held unsteadily in place by dried mud; board shanties, roofed and sheathed with tin cans beaten out flat and nailed on, all one-roomed huts, built along miry alleys, hardly six feet wide—make up the "Box Colony," tenanted by immigrant Jews from all quarters of the globe. The ground is lent to them rent-free by a wealthy Hebrew resident of Jerusalem. Most of the rooms are windowless, and every door stands wide open, to admit the light of a short winter afternoon. A bundle of rags, or a heap of straw, does duty in each as a family bed; braziers of charcoal are kindled with thorn-bushes, a heap of which lies in a central shed. There are children! children! everywhere.

Four of us women have driven out from town as close to the settlement as a carriage can approach, then walked down the crazy slope. Not far from Dr. Sandresky's hospital is a neat dwelling inhabited by two American missionaries—ladies, by birth and breeding, who at their own charges have devoted time and labor and life to the work of ameliorating the physical ills and enlightening the souls of this Jewish settlement. I have begged the favor of their escort, assured that the sight of these ministers of mercy will admit and recommend me everywhere. Mrs. Jamal accompanies me as interpreter.

Our first call in the forbidding circuit is upon a family of Aymonites, or Arabian Jews, usually esteemed as the most devout of all the sects. Our missionary friends have spoken warmly of their faith in God and the revelation made in their Scriptures of him and his purposes toward their race. An elderly woman sits flat upon the mud floor, stitching at a nondescript garment of many-colored rags. Near her stands a striking figure, a man with an Arab face and head-gear. His eyes glow like live coals; his manner of greeting us has a gentle courtesy out of keeping with his patched abieh and bare feet. He holds a baby in his arms who clutches his beard for protection while staring at us. We have not talked a minute before the room begins to fill with interested auditors. Every woman has a child in her arms, and presses to the front; the few men skulk in the rear of the crowd, and peer in at the door; the children fill up the chinks in the living wall.

The picture is peculiar and impressive. Near the door Miss Dunn, of New York, small in stature, with delicate features, and dressed simply in black, takes in every feature of the scene through grave, pitying eyes; at my side Miss Robertson, a native Kentuckian, whose Southern intonations sound strangely and sweetly familiar to me in this far-distant land, salutes each newcomer with a smile or word, and when the conversation opens, harkens with eyes as with ear. Mrs. Jamal, handsome and vivacious, ready with both the languages in which the colloquy must be carried on, her white izzar fallen back from her head and the blue-flowered mendeel lifted from her face, is at my other hand. To the man, as a leader and a teacher among his people, my queries are addressed:

"Where was your home before you came to Jerusalem?"

"In Arabia."

"What brought you so far from it?"

"We came as pilgrims, as Abraham of old, to the Land of Promise. Jerusalem is the City of the Great King. Our fathers builded it. It is our city."

"How have you fared here?"

"Badly enough, as you see. We left a land where we were comfortable, and had enough to eat and to wear, to become something little better than beggars."

"Was that wise? Do you not regret it?"

"Not for a moment. We bear all hardships patiently, expecting a release from captivity. Weeping may endure for a night. Joy cometh in the morning."

"You expect the Messiah to come before long, perhaps?"

A gesture of amazement.

"Who does not? The Deliverer will come to Zion. We are here to wait for him."

"When will he come?"

He spreads out his palms in Oriental (and Hebraistic) fashion.

"Ah! who can tell? We Arabians have three proverbs—'Who can tell when the rain will fall? Who can foretell when a child will be born?'"

Who knoweth when Messiah will appear?"

Mrs. Jamal's face lights up archly; she takes a step forward and answers quickly:

"But there are in two of these cases signs which we may read correctly. When clouds gather, we say, 'The rain is coming.' When pain takes hold of a woman, she knows that her hour is near. Do you, who watch and expect, see no signs that the day of the Lord is at hand?"

"We believe that we do. I name but one. Houses are rising within and upon Jerusalem's measuring-line—from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and upon the hill Gareb and compassing about to Goath. Have you not read that 'the whole valley of dead bodies and of the ashes and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse-gate toward the east shall be holy unto the Lord'—that is, a part of the holy city? And beyond the Jaffa gate, behold houses upon houses, building! building! continually. It is written that there shall be one great, beautiful city stretching from Jerusalem even unto Jaffa."

His air is that of an inspired seer and he piles word upon word breathlessly. A low chorus of what sounds like "Amen!" arises

from the listening women. One kisses her baby convulsively and begins to sob. Tears are on other cheeks.

"Ask him," I request of Mrs. Jamal, "where he has read the prophecy about the line of the houses from Jerusalem to Jaffa."

"In our sacred books," is the reply. "Not in the Scriptures that the lady knows."

"Will Messiah be born as a child, or as a man?"

"He will come as a King, descending from heaven, and clothed with majesty,—and as we believe, very soon."

"Will your children probably see Him?"

A sudden look at the unconscious infant who still plays with the father's matted beard, a closer clasp of the little form, and he shows us a face from which the light of holy exaltation has faded into quiet resignation:

"Who can know that? God's ways and God's times are past finding out."

A woman breaks in excitedly here. Mrs. Jamal turns to listen kindly and answers gently.

"She says that it must be! that God will not let them cry, 'How long? how long?' forever. And that they are weary, weary, weary, with waiting."

"Will the Temple be restored in all its beauty and glory and given to the Jews?" is my last question.

"Surely, yes, for thus it is written, and God keeps his word."

In one of the huts a woman is dying of



AMONG THE ARABIAN JEWS, JERUSALEM.

From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

consumption, a huddle of rags all that shields her worn body from the damp earth. The missionaries have brought her clean clothing and nourishing broth. In another is a baby but three days old, for whom they have flannels and slips and petticoats. With them they leave a leaflet containing a hymn translated into Hebrew.

A man with long curls and beard cut in accordance with the prohibition—"Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," clothed in a black velvet gaberdine or gown, a tall cap edged with a strip of mangy fur upon his head, and a most disreputable bundle in his hand—stops to stare at us, as we quit the wretched home of mother and child. He is to American eyes, a villainous looking tramp, but Miss Robertson touches me apprehensively:

"He is one of their priests, and will, I am sure, question the poor woman sharply as to what I said to her; he will certainly take the leaflet away from her should he see it."

Glancing over our shoulders, we see him enter the hovel, no doubt with the intention she has indicated.

The good done in this unpromising place by these devoted women is incalculable by any system of human statistics. Walk meekly and unobtrusively in the footsteps of the Master, in sight of the hill up which he died, they have but one rule action, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," when the day is to succor the oppressed, feed the hungry and minister to the sick. Their part is their vineyard,—their world,—is the scene before us; their recompense will be given in the day when the Lord of those servants shall come and reckon with them.

There lies open before me as I write printed report signed by Dr. Merrill, consul at Jerusalem, of the present condition of the Jews in Palestine, from which am permitted to glean certain facts, regretting, in condensing the story, that I have not room to copy it in full.

According to this able archæologist and historian, in 1882-3 there was a sudden influx of foreign Jews into this country so large that, as many readers may recall, the attention of the Christian world was attracted to what might be the fulfillment of prophecies pointing to the literal return of the scattered tribes to the former home of the race. Dr. Merrill accounts for the movement by the railroad "boom," resulting in the construction of the line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Many came to look over the ground and to confirm or dissipate the belief that money could be made by the chase and sale of real estate. Much land was exchanged hands during this period of excitement. Of the multitude of Israelites who then visited the Holy Land, a fair proportion remained. Dr. Merrill estimates the number here now at from forty-two to forty-five thousand, about twelve thousand more than the reckoning of the Chief Rabbi, given in my last paper.

In July 1891, the Turkish Government forbade the immigration of Russian Jews to Palestine, and land went down one-third in price. The late consul adds that the immigrants are almost entirely of the lower and poorer classes. Well-to-do Jews prefer to live in rich towns, seeking centres of trade. As a race, they are notoriously non-agricultural. Of four hundred and thirty families belonging to the thirteen colonies of Jews established at a comparatively recent date in the Holy Land, two hundred and forty-five are beneficiaries of the Russian Government, and practically semi-paupers. The Russian child has built model lodging-houses overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Pool and Village of Siloam, and, by giving them house-rent and paying wages and rates and synagogue-tithes, allows a person a fixed sum per month for maintenance. The like provisions are made with regard to the farm-houses erected upon tracts of arable land in various parts of Palestine, where it is alleged, (although on this I have no data from Dr. Merrill to work upon) that the colonists hire the neighboring fellahen to do the work at extremely low prices, and do not themselves put the soil to the plough.

"In a word"—thus the ex-consul sums up the case—"Palestine is not ready for Jews, and the Jews are not ready for Palestine."

MARION HARLAND

WHEN I AM GLORIFIED.

IN hope of heaven I find relief;
Although my heart is bound with grief;
A balm for every wound is sent,
With Christ my Shepherd I'm content.
The pathway for my trembling feet
May never bloom with roses sweet,
Whatever, then, shall be my fate,
I'll calmly trust the Lord and wait.

I'll hold the hand that leadeth me
O'er life's eventful, troubled sea;
And pray for strength to live aright
Though curtains dark obscure the light.
His wisdom and his goodness prove
A foretaste of his matchless love.

In verdant pasture I may rest
When Eden dons her nightly vest,
For then shall bloom immortal groves
When Error's lost in blessed truth.
From sin's deep stain I shall be free
Dear Lord, at last to rest with thee.

Those portals blest shall open wide
When with the Lord I'm glorified,
Then blessed Lord, O lead me on
To that bright world that blissful home,
And let me dwell in mansions fair
With all the pure from every care,
When death and pain shall no more be,
To live and reign with Christ at home.

— ALICE M. A. HART

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, of course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in Ruby type, Divinity circuit binding overrapping at the ends, with red under gold edges. This eminently serviceable and very pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

Next in order comes that most beautiful of Bibles known as the International Emerald Teacher's Bible, London Clear Type Edition, leather bound and leather lined, with silk book mark and silk head bands and silk sewed. There were times when a Bible like this would cost \$8. To-day it cannot be bought everywhere even at \$5; but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers it, together with a year's subscription, at \$3. This book will last a lifetime. When ordering, mention Premium Offer: B-Three.

We also continue to offer Dr. Talmage's most marvelous book "From Manger to Throne," which has proved of infinite value to tens of thousands of people, presenting it does a new view of the life of our Saviour, magnificently illustrated, with many pictures based on photos brought from Palestine by Dr. Talmage, while journeying in the Holy Land with a view to gathering material for this, his latest and greatest work. As last year, so this year, we offer "From Manger to Throne" with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD \$2. Mention Premium Offer: B-Four.

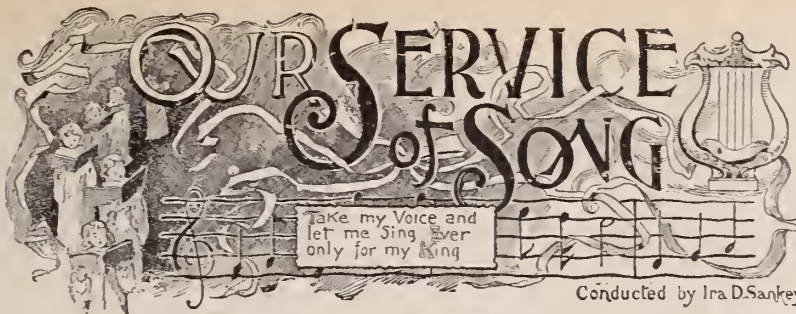
Next to a Teachers' Bible, the "Gospel Hymns" sung by Moody and Sankey in their great evangelistic services throughout America and England, are dearest to many Christian's heart. Never before has it been possible to secure these 739 Hymns, constituting the books usually known as Gospel Hymns 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 all in one volume, but the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, after a conference with the publishers of Gospel Hymns, has succeeded in obtaining a large edition of these marvellously soul-stirring hymns in combined form, without a duplicate and without an omission, printed from large type and set to music, and beautifully bound in maroon cloth, with red edges and gilt. A handsome hymnal has never been put on the market, and these "Six volumes of Sacred Song, complete in One," are offered to our subscribers with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$2. If, when you get the volume, you are not entirely pleased, send it back, and we will refund our money. Messrs. Moody and Sankey commending the volume say:

"The hymns in this book have been greatly blessed to many in our meetings as well as outside of them. May they in this combined form continue to bring the blessing of Him to whose honor and glory they have been sung in this and other lands."

This very desirable Premium contains over 700 pages, each page measuring 5 1/2 by 8 inches. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-Two.

Finally, we offer Dr. Talmage's great book, "The Pathway of Life," a large edition of which has been specially prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. Talmage kindly consenting to waive all claims to royalty. This great book containing 544 pages, having for a frontispiece a picture of Dr. Talmage recently taken in Australia, embellished by 200 beautiful engravings, in exceedingly handsome binding of cloth and gilt, and sent out into the world to make it better and more useful and more serviceable, is offered in connection with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for \$2. The book weighs three pounds and measures, when open, from tip to tip 9x15 inches. In shape and size it is a companion book to "From Manger to Throne," but otherwise entirely distinct. This book has been read with interest by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, ex-President Hayes, ex-President Harrison, Major Gen. O. O. Howard, Secretary J. G. Carlisle, Bishop Vincent, Joseph Cook, Governor Fitzhugh, Bishop Hurst, Miss Frances Willard, General Sherman, Senator John Sherman, J. G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Greenwood, Neal Dow, and many other men and women noted throughout the English-speaking world, all of whom unite warmly and cordially endorsing it. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-One.

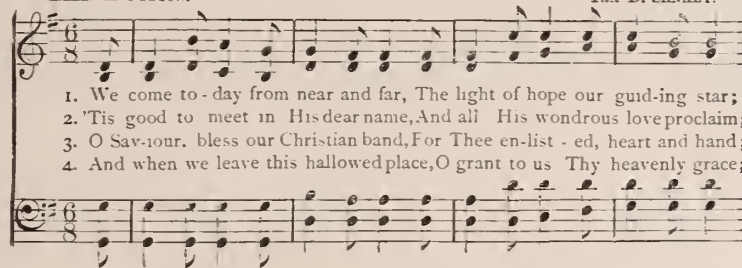
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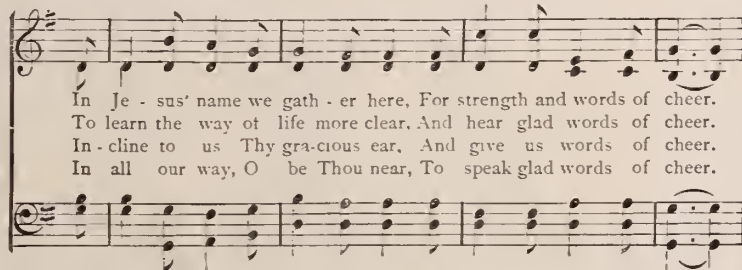
Words of Cheer.

ALLEN A. JUDSON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

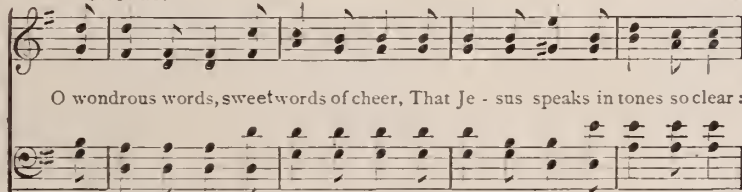


1. We come to-day from near and far, The light of hope our guiding star;
2. 'Tis good to meet in His dear name, And all His wondrous love proclaim;
3. O Saviour, bless our Christian band, For Thee en-list-ed, heart and hand;
4. And when we leave this hallowed place, O grant to us Thy heavenly grace;

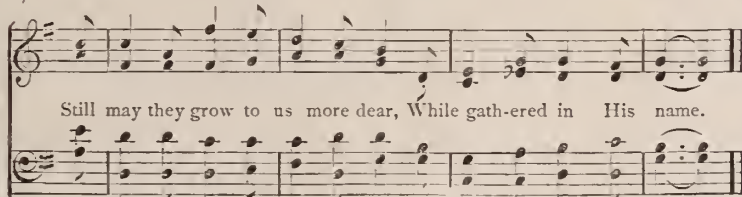


In Je - sus' name we gath - er here, For strength and words of cheer.
To learn the way of life more clear, And hear glad words of cheer.
In - cline to us Thy gra-cious ear, And give us words of cheer.
In all our way, O be Thou near, To speak glad words of cheer.

Chorus.



O wondrous words, sweet words of cheer, That Je - sus speaks in tones so clear:



Still may they grow to us more dear, While gath-ered in His name.

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PRAYER SPEEDILY ANSWERED.

As an illustration of the power of earnest, believing prayer, the following incident is related by a Protestant missionary in South America: A poor native woman, who had been employed in the missionary's family, and had learned the way of life and the value of true prayer (so different from the senseless repetition of words before images of saints), was in great distress and want. The family were so poor that the father and mother were almost hopeless. One day Josepha came to the missionary lady who had been her help in times past and said: "Everything is going hard with us. We know not what to do. Will you not appoint an hour of prayer for us, and let us ask God's help together?" This was gladly done and at the set time Josepha and her husband came to the missionary's house. The hour of prayer was kept with great earnestness, and the two poor people went away comforted.

The next day Josepha came hurrying into the room where her kind friend sat with her children. The dark face was all aglow, and the dark eyes shining. "God has heard! God has heard!" she exclaimed. "Some one came from the other end of town and brought seven dollars' worth of thatching, and my step-son came in on the boat and brought sugar and plantains and chocolate and gave fifteen cents towards

the dinner, a thing he never did before." This was rightly connected with the prayer offered—and was it not an answer?

COMING TO JESUS.

Written for The Christian Herald.

JESUS, I come! The portals open
That lead to thine abode.
Through life's dark scenes, no more I'll
But walk the heavenly road: [grope.
Thy light and love illumine the way:
It seems like one eternal day.

Here treasures rich and rare I find,
And pleasures ever new.
And all the joys of earth combined,
Compared with these are few:
Who would not leave the haunts of sin,
For bliss like this to triumph in?

Jesus, I come! unveil thy face,
Its radiance now impart:
I long each lineament to trace,
And 'grave it on my heart:
There, may the impress ever be,
I come! I come and dwell with thee.

Vain world, adieu, my wandering steps
I gladly now retrace.
And from my heart's most secret depths,
All thy desires efface:
Jesus! thou wilt my portion be,
I come! I come and dwell with thee.

Amherst, Mass.

HENRIETTA BOLDEN.

THE TRIBAL SEALING.

Character, not Nationality, the Principle of Selection in the Sealing Under the Symbol of the Twelve Tribes.

BY NATHANIEL STARKEY.

(Continued from Page 649.)

IT is evident that the tribes mentioned in Rev. 7: 4-8 are, as we have seen, representative of classes or groups of distinct characters which are sealed for their preservation because they are characterized by certain qualities.

But we miss the tribe of Dan, and right glad we are at length to miss it, significant as it is of judgment, or one that judges. For these "judges of evil thoughts" have been sad troublemakers in Israel for ages, not fearing to trouble their brother and set at naught their brother: they have judged everything and everyone but themselves. All who have not pronounced the shibboleth, or seen not eye to eye with them, have been adjudged as heretics, not to be tolerated, but tabooed to the extent of their ability. And so in the place of Dan the judge, we get Manasseh, one who forgets, one who, though cast off by his brethren, forgets and forgives their injuries: and we account it a good exchange. And in our New Jerusalem home, when failure will be no more, Dan, either as a serpent in the way or a lion's whelp, would be as much out of work as out of place.

Thus, surely, we have names of the tribes enumerated as sealed ones the excellent of the earth, upon whom the seal of Divine complacency rests as upon those who shall be sheltered in the coming storm, and eventually caught away to meet their coming Lord.

These are they who dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty; so that a thousand shall fall at their side and ten thousand at their right hand, but it shall not come nigh them; only with their eyes shall they behold and see the reward of the wicked. For, like their prototype in Egypt, the children of Israel were sheltered under the blood, while the Angel of Death smote their enemies so these shall be sheltered under this sealing of the angel a while after the storm of judgment has commenced, and as men of faith they shall shine as stars in the world's midnight.

And what are these various names but so many features of the one name, expressive of the one nature, in which all so endowed shall presently be swallowed up and lost; the one Jehovah-tsidkenu, which name the Bridegroom and the Bride are mutually to share, "For this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. 23: 6), and, "This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. 33: 16), which is seen to be the work of the Holy Spirit during the present age, in visiting the Gentiles, "to take out of them a people for his name" (Acts 15: 14). Having taken out of the natural branch a goodly remnant in the past age, he is now taking out of the branch, wild by nature but grafted into the good olive-tree, a further remnant, and thus is "making ready a people prepared for the Lord." And when she shall be seen coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, both branches shall be seen combined in the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb inscribed on her foundations, and these names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel inscribed on her gates.

Now that it is the true Israel of God, and not the seed of Jacob after the flesh, which are here intended, should be manifest to the spiritual discernment as well as to the most superficial observer of prophecy. Beyond preserving their nationality for the purpose of his grace in the coming age, God has had no dealings in grace with the Jew, nor will he have during this age, wherein they have rejected his Son from becoming their King. If our reading of prophecy be correct, two tribes alone return to Palestine and rebuild their city.

Before closing we venture to suggest to our readers that the 144,000 of Rev. 7: 4 and the same number of Rev. 14: 1 are not identical, although the latter may include the former, as the greater includes the lesser. In each case the number is symbolical of a class that can be numbered, and are numbered, and therefore a number distinct from "the multitude which no man could number" (Rev. 7: 9); but the former, on earth, the bride militant, and therefore incomplete; the latter, in heaven, the bride triumphant, and therefore complete.



CHRIST'S HEALING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Oct. 28. Matt. 8: 5-17.

HEALING at Christ's hands suggests more instructive thoughts than appear on the surface. The instances recorded vary in certain fundamental principles. He turned none away who came to him and he never failed to cure the sufferer, but the circumstances differed. In some instances, as in the case of the leper and blind Bartimeus, there was a declaration of faith on the part of the sufferer and an appeal for help. In others, as in the case of the centurion and the father of the demoniac, there was no appeal from the afflicted person nor evidence of any faith in him, but there was faith in his friends who appealed to Christ on his behalf. Again there were cases like the cripple by the pool of Bethesda and the paralyzed man let down from the roof in which no oral appeal for help was made, but Christ healed out of pure compassion. So it appears that the healing power of Christ was exercised altogether apart from the disposition of those on whom it was exercised. Two elements appear to have entered into the miracles of healing. One was the simple compassionate love of the Master and the other the value of the cure as an evidence to the spectators of Christ's supernatural power. After his departure, the Apostles exerted that power as a trust left in their hands for the benefit of their work, and the same elements were in operation; for it was in the name of Christ that every cure was performed. The healing gift was still in the hands of Christ and it is there yet. The fact is encouraging both to those who need his help and have faith in him, and to those who ask it for others who need it but have no faith. The miracles as such appear to have been held by Christ in light esteem. He bade his disciples to seek higher gifts than that of the power to heal. The miracles were simply means to an end. And that end is with us to-day. Christ wanted men to trust him and believe in him, and his miracles were the coarser inducements that all could appreciate. He wished them to think of him as the fountain of spiritual life, and he knew that they might be led to do so by seeing him as the fountain of physical life. It is this which we put to the test now. A man possessed by the demon of drunkenness, or sensuality, or any of the passions which degrade or debase humanity is invited to trust in Christ. What he did on earth with the body he can do with the soul. Spiritual life flows from him now as physical life flowed from his body. "I am so weak; I know I shall fall," says the victim; but Christ imparts life and he becomes strong. Temptations assail, but omnipotent force and vigor oppose them and they are vanquished. It is not a creed that we accept when we become Christians, but a vital connection with Christ and from him receive power. The form of the malady is nothing and the helplessness of the sufferer is nothing; the power is in Christ. The miracle of transformed nature and character is far greater than the miracle of restored health, and this miracle is being worked around us every day.

AN EPWORTH LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT IN INDIA.

The first Epworth League in Bengal to receive its charter has been celebrating the event by a public entertainment. "The In-

dian Witness" gives the following report of the proceedings: "The meeting was held in the Bengali Methodist Episcopal Church in Dharamtala, Calcutta, and it was such a successful affair that the members are inspired with new zeal and enthusiasm. The evening's entertainment was under the direction of Miss Blair, chairman of the literary department, and much of the acknowledged success of the evening is due to her efforts in training the singers for their part of the entertainment. There were songs by young men and one song by Bengali women which was of special merit



BULGARIAN KING'S DAUGHTERS—THE ROYAL HELPERS OF SAMOKOV.

A song in the Oriya language with violin accompaniment added variety to the entertainment. Mr. Kripa Nath Biswas gave an address on the Epworth League, and Mr. Lieden interested all present with a historical summary of Methodism. This bare outline of the proceedings quite fails to show the very enjoyable character of the meeting. Its good results will no doubt appear in better attendance upon the devotional and literary meetings of the League and promise well for its increased usefulness and prosperity. In the Epworth League, however, as everywhere else, there is no excellence without labor. The most successful portions of this entertainment were those on which the most labor had been bestowed. The League will prosper everywhere exactly in proportion to the amount of patient labor which faithful men and women put upon it."

The brethren were preparing when the mail left for a District Conference of the Bombay Leagues to be held Sept. 20-21.

BULGARIAN KING'S DAUGHTERS.

On this page we give a picture of a group of King's Daughters, taken from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the Secretary of the Order. The ladies who make up the group belong to the Circle of Royal Helpers which meets at Samokov in Bulgaria. The principles of the Order are of universal application, and Bulgaria is no exception to the rule. Those who desire to serve Christ by helping the people in his name never lack opportunities, wherever they may be. These Bulgarian ladies have among their charges an aged blind woman, a woman who has been a cripple for more than eleven years, and a family of orphan children whose father died early this year, after a protracted sickness, in which the Royal Helpers ministered to him with Christian kindness. They have given an unusual proof of self-denial in agreeing among themselves to make no presents to each other on birth-days, Christmas-days or New Year's. The cost of the presents they

Miss D. Stoeva. "We ask you," writes Miss Kasurova, with a pathos which must appeal to every King's Daughter in America, "as we have but lately begun this work, to remember us in your prayers that we may rejoice the King with our small service."

AMONG THE ORDERS

An Epworth League Union to hold a meetings every four months has been organized in Connecticut consisting of the Leagues of Windsor, Warehouse Point, West Suffield, Thompsonville, and Hazardville.

An Epworth League of the First Church of Los Angeles, Cal., has been giving gold and silver badges as prizes for the best and second best essays on, "How to interest boys in the Epworth League." The offer has aroused considerable interest.

The journal of Newcastle (N. S. W.) Association, the "Lighthouse," has changed its form and now comes out as the "Young Men's Echo." It tells of excellent work done by the Association, which hopes in a very short time to be occupying a building of its own.

Some of the Montreal Christian Endeavor Societies are engaged in temperance work after a very vigorous fashion. They are securing pledges against the patronage of licensed grocers, and in favor of the patronage of those who do not sell liquors.

The Swedish Baptist Young People's Unions of Minnesota have organized a State Union. Rev. O. L. Bodien, Minneapolis, is President. Rev. M. Larson, Duluth, Vice-President; Rev. L. J. Cloud, Secretary and Miss Lottie Anderson, Scandia, Treasurer. It is expected that the Swedish Union of Epworth League will also be organized in Minnesota.

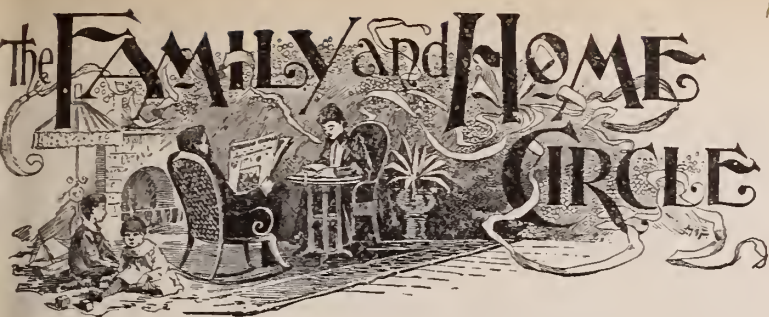
The Anglo-American Y. M. C. A. 160 Rue Montmartre, Paris, ask young men coming to the French capital to apply, personally or by letter, to the secretary for information required. To those intending residence in Paris, the advantages of the Association, religiously and socially are invaluable.

The Christian Endeavor movement is making considerable progress in Ireland. On September 25, Donegal Street Church, Belfast, was filled with young Endeavorers, who met to hear an address on Christian life and work from Rev. Henry Montgomery. The chair was occupied by Rev. James Riley. The meeting was most profitable and enthusiastic.

A movement in connection with the Baptist Young People's Union has been inaugurated in Chicago for a general campaign on behalf of missionary extension. Its object is to hold a series of mass meetings throughout the country to arouse and quicken the interest of churches in foreign missions, and is hoped that in every city and town where there is a B. Y. P. U. a large meeting will be held under its auspices. A committee has been formed to promote the effort.

The total cost of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association building the record of such enterprises. It is \$328,000. The lot cost \$105,000; the building \$203,000 and the gymnasium outfit and interior furnishing \$20,000.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada recently in session, London, Ont., rejected by a large majority the proposal to adopt for Young People Societies the official name of Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. It decided by a majority of three to four to make the official name The Epworth League. The reason urged against this course was that the face of united Catholicism in Quebec and other large cities, it was desirable for union of Protestants of all denominations. There are now 250 young people's societies in the Canadian Methodist Churches.



AT EVENING.

Is it sunset in the west?
Life is often at its best
The evening should be bright,
And God long delay the night,
And keep you here for love's caressing,
Safe and happy, blest and blessing,
Hope will grow, and faith will strengthen,
And the shadows, though they lengthen,
Will be pleasant, cool, rest-giving!
And the joy of gentle living
Shall be greater as the days
Are hallowed into songs of praise.

But when night comes on apace,
And the light fades from the face;
When strange sounds are in the air,
And the soul, compelled to prayer,
To the body bids farewell,
Think not 'tis a funeral knell;
'Tis the song of birds at morn,
The stir of Day that soon is born—
Then lift up your head on high,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

-MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Maoris at Home.

Curiosities of the Aborigines of New Zealand—Strange Customs and hideous Disfigurements—Tattooing and Scarring—Maori Wives and Widows.

HERE is probably no people in the world among whom the savage art of tattooing has been brought to greater perfection than the Maoris of New Zealand. Rev. Dr. Talmage, who recently spent some time in that country while on his round-the-world tour, gave us in his letters a most interesting picture of the aboriginal remnant, which is now fast dying out. Tawhiao, the last of the Maori kings, passed away recently at the ripe age of seventy. He was a picturesque old savage, artistically tattooed and with a history almost as checked as the painted lines and furrows upon his face. Like the chief whose portrait is given on this page, Tawhiao's countenance was seamed and scarred by sharp shells, which had dug out innumerable lines that were anything else than "lines of beauty." It is such a display of the tattooer's skill as is considered worthy of a great chief. Even in these days, when the younger generation of Maoris is adopting the customs of civilization and becoming educated and Christianized, tattooing is held in esteem in many parts of New Zealand. Formerly a youth was not regarded as fit to enter the ranks as a warrior or to claim manhood's privileges unless he had been tattooed; and it was customary for the young men to seclude themselves in the bush and there undergo the torture and assume the dignity of the facial decorations which their ancestors were so proud.

Another peculiar custom is illustrated in the larger photograph upon this page, which has been forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Dr. Talmage. It represents two Maori women, both widows, getting each other after the strange fashion observed among these people, viz: by rubbing their foreheads together. This grotesque ceremonial is performed with the utmost seriousness by these antipodean dames, who make no more of it than Americans make of the familiar handshake and "how do you do?" The dress is one that is seen everywhere among these people in New Zealand. Following another ancient custom—a relic of savagery, when woman was regarded as a chattel or slave—the hands of these matrons branded their husbands upon the arms of their wives. Sadly, such customs are now dying out, as superstition and barbarism are superseded by educated intelligence and Christian kindness. Woman's condition in New Zealand to-day is completely revolutionized since the time—less than twenty years

ago, probably—when these two poor native wives were branded like cattle. The contrast is a remarkable one, and more so from the fact that New Zealand has been the first country in the world to accord woman full recognition in public affairs and to grant her the franchise privilege to which those of Maori descent are eligible equally with the wives and daughters of white settlers. After long centuries of degradation, the brighter day has come for the Maori women. With pleasant homes, kind treatment and bright Christian hope, they have reached an atmosphere of which their embruted and enslaved predecessors could never have dreamed.

A Mother's Victory.

There are difficulties in many a family which others little dream of, and one of the hardest things is divided counsel, where husband and wife are not one, and yet the one who has the deep spiritual life (and especially if she be the mother) will, I believe, win in the end. I read some time ago of a deeply devoted Christian mother whose husband had become sceptical, and

head, and brother in the other with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle besides."

A Brahmin's Views of American Wives.

A native Brahmin of India, Purushotam Rao Telang, writes: "The Hindu woman, having been tied to the lot of the man early, thinks only of him. His happiness in her happiness. She loves her husband devotedly. In the Western nations, I observe that the man works from morning to late in the night to earn money. He has no rest. Who enjoys the benefits of his money? His wife. While he is struggling to get the almighty dollar, his wife is enjoying the luxury and the leisure it buys. If she cannot get the newest fashions of ornaments or clothing, she is often unhappy, and consequently, if the husband cannot buy them, he, too, is made unhappy. The young girl is brought up by her mother to think that she is equal to the man and in some respects superior to him. She spends much time at her toilet: she wears in her bonnet flowers, feathers, dead birds, sea-weeds, moss, horns, thorns, big

give to all who ask him, even his own blood, we need not fear that a press of business or contact with a sinful world will stain our hearts or lives." This pure plant, which is endowed with the power to shake off all soot and dirt and anything that would soil its freshness and beauty, is a fit type of the soul that has the spiritual panoply of Christian purity and righteousness, which will enable it to resist the temptations of the world and the contamination of sin.

At Life's Close.

An aged Christian thus writes of the "last rounds of life,"—the sweet pleasure of contemplating the rest beyond: "It is graceful for an old man to take a rest; and it is decidedly ungraceful for him to hold on to place or money till his bony, old fingers are loosened from their grip by force or by death. The world has almost slipped away from us and we reciprocate by desiring to slip away from it



A TATTOOED MAORI CHIEFTAIN.

From a photograph forwarded by Dr. Talmage.

and to go to that better world. This world and we are getting ready to turn our backs upon each other, not in disgust or contempt, but because that is the order of nature with which both the world and we are in harmony. We are satisfied. We have had our full share of its joys and sorrows. Its joys have lost their zest, but its griefs and cares have not lost their sting. Nature prepares us for the changes that await us. The desire of old age to retire from the world is only the oncoming of sleep. It is natural and it is pleasant. We will wake up fresh and bright in the heavenly morning."

OVER-SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

HERE is a class of people with whom it is painful to come in contact. Very nice, they may be, and good in all respects; but the fact that they are gifted with an undue amount of sensitiveness makes life often a burden to themselves and to others. In many cases this intense sensitiveness has its origin in childhood when children are made much of, until they grow to be wonderfully conscious of themselves. If parents, when they see the dawnings of this trait, which grows to be such a painful one after awhile, would do all they could to check and discourage it; if those who have a temperament which inclines them to sensitiveness would call to their aid all the common-sense they possess and reason out the causes for offense which meet them so much oftener than they meet others and consider how much of it has its origin in imagination, both they and the world would be gainers. The busy world has no time to stop to listen to small complaints, and complainers are apt to be left in the back-ground, and sometimes to be so pushed aside as to really have some grounds for discontent. The wisest plan is to try as far as possible to forget self. The slights which are usually so trying may be ignored, for it is not a matter of so much importance how one is treated as is the effect it has upon the character. That effect is lasting, the other is but transient.

October's Party.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Ashes, Oaks and Maples,
And those of every name;
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.
The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.
Then in the rustic hollows
At "hide and seek" they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed;
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."



MAORI WOMEN SALUTING BY RUBBING FOREHEADS TOGETHER.

From a photograph forwarded by Dr. Talmage from New Zealand.

the mother endured untold agony as the father made sport before the children of what was to her most sacred and dear. Not one word passed her lips, however, as she would not lower him in their estimation. When they were in bed she took her New Testament and read the life of the Saviour to them, making no comment on what they had heard from their father, and the truth was the effectual antidote. Three of her boys she lived to hear preach Christ, and all her children followed her into the Church. She had religious life in her family.

Mother's Note.

Here is a not unfamiliar picture which many readers will recognize. "Did your mother write this excuse?" asked the teacher. "Yes'm," answers the boy. "Humph! It looks very like one of your own scrawls." "Mamma wrote it; but, please ma'am, she had sister in one arm crying with a bumped

needles, and in her dress, pins, hooks, ties, iron and brass bars, clips, stitches, and what not; and on her bosom I have seen her wear a living lizard fastened with a thin chain. Her waist is laced tight by a corset, which makes her pant for breath. In her pride she has forgotten woman's part."

Keep Your Heart Pure.

Botanists have discovered a beautiful flower in the coal districts of Pennsylvania, where everything is very dingy, but the flower is unsullied. Its petals are as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field. If you take up a handful of coal-dust, and throw it over the flower, it runs off and leaves the flower as stainless as before. It has an enamel which prevents the dust from clinging to it, and seems to have been created for just such a place. A gentleman writing of this flower, says: "I have often thought of this white flower. If we are covered by the enamel which Jesus will



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

Summary of the Story.

The previous chapters of the story describe the arrival at the magnificent home of Colonel Royal St. Clair of his niece Valeria Vernon, the daughter of his widowed sister. There had been a little unpleasantness about the marriage of this sister. She had insisted, much against the wishes of her family, on accepting the suit of Henry Vernon, who was of good birth and character—an earnest Christian indeed, but whose income was small and fluctuating. She had received a considerable sum of money from her father, but part of it had been lost in an imprudent investment, so that when her husband died, leaving her with a family of five children, it was necessary to practise rigid economy. Her brother, Col. St. Clair, had increased his patrimony by fortunate speculation and was immensely rich. When, therefore, his niece Valeria, in her seventeenth year, came to visit him, the difference between her uncle's sumptuous mansion and her mother's humble home in Virginia was very perceptible to the girl. Quite as marked was the contrast between Valeria and her cousin Annie, the daughter of Col. St. Clair, who is about the same age as Valeria, but who, having lived in fashionable society and traveled in Europe, is much more experienced in the ways of the world. Annie, with her brother Roy, give their cousin a cordial welcome and arrange a lawn party to introduce her to their friends. There Valeria meets Dr. Gordon, who tells her that fashionable life is empty and unsatisfactory from beginning to end, and warns her against injuring her constitution and starving her soul by becoming a woman of fashion. Valeria learns from her cousin that she has rejected offers of marriage from several young men and listens to the programme of her future, as she has mapped it out. It is to be full of pleasure and enjoyment and Annie ridicules the objection which Valeria raises that it seems to be a useless life.

CHAPTER VII.

"Society," an empty thing.



SCARCELY had the girls arisen from their afternoon nap, when a servant entered, bearing upon a silver waiter two dainty cards and upon them the names—
"Miss Arabella Stewart, Miss Willie Manning."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Annie with a frown, "I wish they had staid at home. Here they have come in time to stop our drive and it is such a lovely afternoon too, and it is so seldom we have such an opportunity as this."

She smoothed down the frown, and as she and Val entered the parlor, she exclaimed rapturously:

"Oh, Belle, Willie, I am too happy to see you both. How sweet in you to call so soon!"

"We feared, Annie," said Miss Belle, "that you and Miss Vernon might be going out to take a drive, as the carriage is standing at the gate."

"That makes no difference in the world. A drive is an every day occurrence, while, you see, your visits like those of other angels, are few and far between."

Then they drew chairs up closer and began quite an animated conversation.

"How perfectly splendid it was last night," said Miss Belle, and Miss Willie lisped in echo:

"Perfectly thplendid!"

"Now it was too utterly good in you, Annie," continued No. 1, "to give us so much pleasure and in your lovely cousin in being the occasion of it. Mr. Roy knows how to get things up in tip top fashion, you see."

Then No. 2 lisped on the other side:

"How did you enjoy last evening, Mith Vernon?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Val, "I was never at a Lawn Party before."

"Were you never? I think they are perfectly thplendid! It with tho thweet in A nie, and everything with arranged tho ththely. I had two ethorth to the table, and I think it ith tho nthie to have two ethorth, perfectly thplendid!"

Val could only reply, simple-hearted child that she was:

"One is about as many as I can manage. I don't think I should ever want two."

"Oh, I manage thplendidly. They in-

thpire me. The more the letter I think. I gueth you haven't been out in ththiethy tho long ath I have, ith perfectly thplendid! I thaw you talking to Dr. Gordon, how were you pleathed with him?"

"He struck me as a man of intelligence, one very independent in his opinions and practices, a man decidedly practical, who thinks for himself, attends quietly but thoroughly to his own business, and is a perfect, Christian gentleman."

"Ah!"

And lisping beauty placed her eyeglass to her eye and gave Val a close scrutiny. A sentence from the other side caught her ear, and she dropped her eyeglass, and turned her head to listen. It was No. 1 speaking and the words were:

"I felt completely sold. Why, she was horribly dressed, gets that Mrs. Saunders to make her dresses, because she is cheap, and then passes herself off as my friend. The idea! It just disgusts me! I thought she was somebody, but I tell you now, she's a mere nobody. I'll vow she'll never speak to me again or she'll soon know what's good for her ladyship. I'll look more icily at her from this time on, world without end."

"Tho will I," lisped No. 2.

"Girls," said Annie with an amused smile, "you will horrify my Virginia cousin. I think so many insights into society are not good for her. You all know that I never wear an American ball dress, for it does seem to me that I can tell the very sweep and hang of a Parisian-made dress, as well as artistic eyes can discern a veritable Turner; but common sense is common sense, and now, is it kind in us to denounce our friends, because they are independent enough to wear what they please? Now, I may not admire the dress, but I do admire the independence, for if there is one trait in a noble character that I admire more than another, it is this. It takes a brave girl in our circle to wear a home-made dress. Men care nothing for such things; indeed, they admire most that woman who refuses to spend fabulous prices on articles of dress, which will change with the season. Here is my little cousin, pretty as a rosebud, who looks very sweet in her simple toilet, and, without any doubt, she awakens more admiration than we do, who are such devotees of fashion."

"Annie, my dear cousin," said Val, "I thank you for the compliment you have paid me, and, since you speak of my wardrobe, you must let me add that not only are all my dresses American made, but every one was fashioned by these very hands."

She opened her little pink palms, very innocent and unoffending, but very tender and sweet, then she closed them, crossed her arms, and awaited the shock of battle. Three pair of eyes looked at her, one with a smile, the other two with looks bordering closely upon scorn, but without noticing the remarks, No. 1 said:

"Annie St. Clair, you surprise me! You are a changed girl. How long have you been converted to Utilitarianism? I'm astounded!"

"Tho am I," lisped No. 2.

"No, I am not changed, girls. I am the same I ever was. I always hope to be a leader in the fashionable world, and I follow our capricious mistress with blind idolatry. I love dress, and money is nothing when I want to buy. Papa lavishes it upon me and flatters me; mamma smiles proudly upon her extravagant child, and Roy don't care a cent; and so I keep on, and so I expect to keep on. I was born with taste; I inherit it from somewhere I don't know where; but, to confess the truth, my eyes see more true beauty in simplicity than in all our turbellows and fashionable colors. To me there is as much expression in dress as there is in one's face, and there is certainly great artistic beauty in those dresses when complexion, form and figure are considered, and when harmony of color is studied. This requires taste and judgment rather than money. When the world

changes, and it is the fashion for 'beauty' to be 'unadorned,' then I'll follow, but not till then. That is the plattform upon which I stand."

"Well," exclaimed No. 1, throwing up her eyes and hands, "I am certainly relieved. I was beginning to fear you were a fit subject for the lunatic asylum."

"Tho wath I," was the lisping echo.

Since the afternoon was far spent, and the young ladies had "several more calls to make," they took their leave, first with a cool "good evening, shall be happy to see you," to Val and a gushing kiss to Annie, with entreaties to "come soon," and then they swept out of the parlor and were gone.

At the next house a consultation was held over the Virginia girl who made her own dresses, and it was universally resolved that she was poor and coarse, and they would have voted her out of society at once had she not been at the St. Clairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

A long dream, and the awakening.

Ever since Val's arrival, letters had constantly passed between herself and her mother. Now that winter had fully set in, balls and theatres were frequent, but Val hid herself behind her mourning and this was considered sufficient excuse for not attending. She insisted that Annie should not remain at home on her account, so she went to all. Val enjoyed herself at home, sometimes with Roy, who often pleaded some excuse and remained, or, not unfrequently, some gentleman called by whom her non-attendance was understood.

A letter to her mother will explain the whole situation of affairs.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have now been here a little over ten weeks, yet they have been so full of pleasure they seem hardly days, and yet they appear years when I think of you, my dear mother, and my darlings at home. Everybody is still as kind and attentive as they possibly can be, nothing has been said or done to make me feel my poverty, or, that I have always been accustomed to simple life. Everything is beautiful, the grounds fairy-like, and the house a blaze of brilliancy. Uncle shows his love by lavishing presents upon me, has just ordered a lovely grey silk for me since I shall soon put on half mourning. Aunt Rosa, always delicate, remains most of the time on her lounge reading some yellow backed literature, but she always greets me with a smile and kind word. Annie, dear Annie, is so particular lest some one may wound my feelings. She knows that I am different from herself and companions, but she is attentive, kind and sweet. How can she help being a little mite selfish and wrapped up in her own pretty self, and the admiration universally accorded her by women as well as men! She has refused several apparently fine offers of marriage since I have been here, and it is a subject which she treats merrily, and really thinks it a matter of no regret. There is a favored one I can plainly see. She accepts his attentions evidently with great pleasure, and a beautiful color suffuses her cheek at the mention of his name, yet it is the one least frequently upon her lips. He drinks,—but who does not in this fashionable circle! They all look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, and they do more, they quaff it to the dregs. Annie's lover sometimes drinks to excess, for I myself have seen his eye flashing wildly, his step unsteady."

"One night, she looked surprisingly lovely at a select party here. Her arms were bare to her shoulders, for Uncle admires her most, when her arm, perfect in its fair, round beauty is fully displayed. I watched her as she reached her arm across the table, poured out a sparkling goblet and handed it to her lover with a sweet smile. He took it, smiled in return, bowed and drank. A fit of shuddering seized me, and it was sometime before I could control my shaken nerves. It seemed to me that I could divine her future, and read on to the sad, sad end. The next day I was so oppressed by this picture, and the seemingly prophetic vision which followed, that I sought an opportunity, and from my full heart, said:

"Dear Annie, do not be offended with me, but my dear cousin, do not marry Clarence Deveraux. He is handsome, polished, rich, is a gentleman with plenty of idle leisure at his command, has a fine education and his family fully equals yours, but Annie, dear Annie, he will not make you happy. He drinks, your husband will be a drunkard! I can't let you marry him, I must save you."

"She stopped me, turned and said slowly and steadily:

"Val, dear child, you cannot save me. I have promised to be the wife of Clarence Deveraux, and I am happy in the thought. I love him with an undivided heart, more than I ever dreamed I could ever love a human creature, and he loves me so well that my demanding heart is fully satisfied. I once thought to sell myself for gold and a lordly establishment. Perjured vows, you think. Pshaw! that is poetry, a little bit of sickly sentimentalism that I cannot tolerate. Nothing could ever induce me to marry beneath me, so I thought to marry for position in society, and I thought I would reward the man who took me, with the little heart I had to give, seared and yellow by that time perhaps. Now my cup of happiness is full. Val, you poor, little, innocent dove, frightened at even your own sweet cooing, don't cast a shadow of regret, at this my decision. Life looks very beautiful to me through the rosy veil of love. You cannot save me. I don't want to be saved. To be saved from marrying Clarence, would be to lose my happiness."

"But, Annie, dear Annie, he drinks!"

"Certainly he does. Ha! ha! ha! That's nothing. Now, I cannot endure those men who actually get drunk, and have to be carried home from gay saloons in express wagons in the still hours of night. There's Mrs. Prince, they say she goes down to Tintoret's and leads the Major home herself very frequently, while he can yet walk. This, of course, does not enter into my calculation. Oh, no, indeed. I am willing, perfectly willing, for Clarence to indulge in wine and champagne; they're fashionable. I drink them myself without scruple, and always expect to keep them on my side-board, or papa's, which is the same thing. No, no, as far as Clarence is concerned, I shall never object to his doing one thing that will give him pleasure. I love him too much for that."

"Do you feel sure he can say, 'thus far will I go and no further?'" You know, dear Annie, that there is but one step between the fashionable drinker and the drunkard."

"Oh, that he will never be."

"What security have you?"

"Her words were slow and measured as she replied:

"The security of his love. He loves me too much to drink in this style; he loves me too much to bring upon me the degradation of being a drunkard's wife the mortification of seeing him reel with an uncertain step. I'll trust him. I'll trust the love of Clarence Deveraux."

"I said no more,—what more could I say. Her decision is unalterable. She loves him blindly, and, poor girl, tears spring into my eyes as I look into her near future."

"And now, my dear mother, my dream is over. I am awake, fully awake. I must leave this place and this gay life and go back to my blessed, quiet, true home. How dear it seems, dearer than ever, dearer than I dreamed it could ever be! Lite here is aimless, a vain, endless search for happiness amidst satiety. If one could get down to the depths of every worldly heart, there would be found, I verily believe, an unresatisfied thirst, that the waters of earth can never quench. Surely, surely we were made for something better than to mere gaudy butterflies, flitting from flower to flower, sipping life's sweets! Oh, I am weary of it all! Life is real, life is earnest. I see it now as I never saw it before. Sometimes I think that you sent me here to learn this lesson, knowing my intense thirst for the pleasures of life. You know how used to sigh, when I read how Solomon planted him vineyards, made him orchard gathered the silver and gold, got men singers and women singers and the delights of the sons of men as musical instruments of all sorts, and how he looked, and beheld that all was vanity and vexation of spirit and then how I would murmur and say, 'I could only prove it for myself, could I these vanities, so called, in my own crucible and test them.' Dear mother, I have done it. I am fully satisfied. If this was the lesson you were willing for me to con here to learn, then rest assured, the lesson is learned, committed down in the very depths of my heart, and it will never, never be forgotten. Give me my home with the love of my mother and little ones, the come poverty, labor and fatigue, what care."

"I am coming. I shall use the first pretext to leave, for I have been away too long already. Good-by, for a short time. With fondest love,

VAL."

(To be Continued.)

You Have Stolen my Soul."

Angular Superstition of a Buddhist Priest in China—A Supernatural Picture.

An artist, who was recently traveling in China, relates a unique incident which illustrates the superstition so prevalent among all classes in that country: Crowds of people assembled as we arrived at the inn just before sunset, and, among others I spotted a fine head of an old Buddhist priest. After a long talk and a few strings of "cash," which passed from my pockets into his hands, I was able to induce him to sit for his picture, and I dashed off a sketch in oils before he had time to change his mind. Unfortunately, the large crowd that had gathered around, especially the women folks, seemed to scold him and talk angrily at him for his illness in sitting, owing to the strange notion that prevails in China and, in fact, early all over the East, that if an image is reproduced a soul has to be given to it, and that the person portrayed has to be the supplier of it at his own expense. The venerable old Buddhist priest who was nursing his "cash" on his lap while being immortalized on a wooden panel, and had a curious wrinkle in his eye, as if he knew better, rested bravely for some time and sat like a statue, but finally had to give in.

"You will die," cried an old woman at me; "I saw your soul coming out of you and go into the picture. I did really, I saw with my own eyes!"

"So did I," cried a hundred other voices a chorus. By the time the priest had got up, they had half convinced him that at least half his soul had really gone out of him; but he did the soul gone or not, he would go and take the cash for safe keeping to his home, and complain and ask for the restitution of his lost property afterwards. He was a sensible man. So was I, and knowing that was coming, the moment he had gone I went into the room and packed the sketch, then took another clean panel and cleared it with the scrapings of my palette. Twenty minutes had not elapsed when he was back again, of course without the "cash," holding his stomach and complaining of internal agonies.

"I am going to die," he cried the moment I saw me, "you have taken away half my soul! I wish it back, as I feel bad now about it."

"All right," said I, "I shall go in the room and destroy the image I did of you; will you then be satisfied?"

"Yes."

Here the other panel, smeared with palette scrapings, was produced and disfigured with a knife, and never in my life have I seen an expression of relief to equal that of the priest. He had not felt half his soul so much going out of him, but he certainly had it coming back again. He could swear it. He was now perfectly well again!

1,000 MILES OF GOLD.

Mr. J. F. Marks, a scientific engineer and surveyor, reports that the new Coolgardie gold fields in Australia are the richest ever known. If his reports should be verified, the fields will prove a second Ophir, even richer, if possible, than the famous mines in which King Solomon extracted his fabulous wealth. The new gold fields are 150 miles long and, in some parts, over 3 miles broad. Six men made the first gold find, the oldest of the group being over seventy, the youngest a stripling of twenty-one. In six weeks they got \$80,000 worth of gold out of a hole three feet deep, and with the most primitive appliances: at now that they have sunk a shaft and struck the reef at the fifty-foot level, as rich as was on the surface, a "perfect blaze of gold" they may be said to have \$1,000,000 worth of gold in sight. Men wheeled their golds in wheelbarrows through the 115 miles of bush that intervene between the gold find and the nearest railway terminus. See even packed all their belongings in barrels and rolled them. There are now 9,000 people at Coolgardie, who are mainly occupied in prospecting on their hands and knees in all directions.

FINDING HEAVEN.

The true way of godliness is to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. It is related that a minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members.

The brother stopped the preacher and said: "Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is in bed with fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she hasn't a bit of coal or a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour,' then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill."

A PRIEST'S TESTIMONY.

Christian work in Spain has been conducted for many years by Major Macinlay, who has had to encounter bitter opposition from the priests. Not all the priests, however, are of the same mind. The Major relates a story in evidence of the fact. He says: "A fisherman and his wife, who had heard and believed the Gospel, were returning from market in a large railroad carriage with a number of other fishermen, when a Roman Catholic priest entered and took his seat. The rough fishermen, thinking to set by the ears their godly companions and the priest, began asking the man and his wife all sorts of questions about sin and salvation. The wife, who was the better speaker, answered the inquiries by reading passages from her Bible. When the questions began to flag, thinking it a good opportunity, she preached the Gospel to the little company. Presently the priest rose to leave the train at an intermediate station. Before alighting he lifted his hat, and, turning to the astonished fisherman, said: 'What the senora has said is true.' Subsequent inquiries failed to bring the workers into touch with this priest; but he who led him to give this simple testimony is able and willing to lead him into all truth."

ONE WOMAN'S WORK IN CHINA.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, President of the Australian W. C. T. U., went to China as one of the "Round the World" missionaries. Speaking of her experience there, she writes: "A call came to me to go to the interior of China, and for my own protection I adopted the costume of the country, the garment of four thousand years. I felt like a chapter of ancient history as I stepped into the house-boat. Seven Chinese oarsmen, a cook, a native Christian and a Bible-woman made my escort. Thus I journeyed for many weeks, my only food being boiled rice, going into the villages, speaking to the women in their homes, and the men in the streets and rice-fields. The dire effects of opium were to be seen everywhere. Amid

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the babel of voices that come to us from Chiua, I bring the gentle voice of woman, lifted in solemn protest against this curse. They said to me that as opium had ruined so many of their fathers and husbands, it would be a mercy to send the British soldiers to kill the women and children, if they were left helpless and hopeless. The money earned by Chinese women at the ploughs, was spent by their husbands for opium.

THE MOODY GOSPEL FUND.

During the week many encouraging letters have been received from friends, containing contributions for the Fund for extending the work of the Bible Institute in Chicago. It is a movement that lies very close to the hearts of Christian people everywhere, and the love of souls inspires them to extend practical aid to Mr. Moody in his great task of training missionaries for Gospel work among the unevangelized masses.

The Moody Gospel Fund is now over \$1,000. Contributions during the past week were as follows:

King's Daughter, Tamaqua, Pa.....	50
Mrs. B. F. S.....	1 00
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Well-wisher, Can.....	5 00
M. Greenport, N. Y.....	2 00
W. P. G. & M. F. K., Los Angeles, Cal.....	2 00
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Mrs. B. Rice.....	1 00
John Connelly.....	50
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D. J. Keen.....	2 00
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Mrs. U. S. Peebles.....	1 00
A friend of young preachers, Baltimore, Md.....	5 00
Friend, Stillwater, N. J.....	5 25
W. A. Bates.....	5 25
Mrs. F. N. Downs.....	1 00
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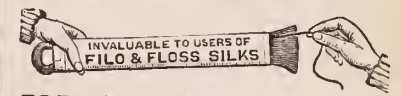
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A Great Convention.

Representatives of the Church of the Disciples to Meet at Richmond, Va.

CN interesting convention will hold its sessions in Richmond, Va., this week. It is the forty-fifth annual meeting of the representatives of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, who assemble every year to receive the reports of various societies connected with the church and to deliberate on the general condition and work of the denomination. They will have reason for congratulation and thankfulness, for the public records show that the church is making extraordinary progress. The report of the census bureau shows that it has increased in numbers at the rate of eighty-seven per cent; a rate of progress attained by no other church in the United States.

We are indebted to Rev. S. T. Willis, pastor of the Second Church of the Disciples in New York for a sketch of the work of the church at home and abroad which will be reviewed at the convention this week. From this it appears that the first two days of the convention will be occupied with the report of The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which is carrying on aggressive work in this and other lands, besides having established and maintained a flourishing Biblical Department in the University of Michigan. Mrs. O. A. Burgess, of Indiana, will preside over this body. The next two days will be devoted to the General Christian Missionary Society. Several matters of interest are expected to come before this body. Two years ago a committee on "Unification of Work" was appointed. One year ago it submitted a provisional constitution for the union of all the branches of Missionary work, which will be acted upon. It suggests that this Association be called "The American Christian Missionary Society," as legal successor to the General and Foreign Missionary Societies. It provides for four departments of work: 1. Foreign Missions; 2. Home Missions; 3. Church Extension; 4. Negro Education; with a separate board of nine members in each department. It is also expected that the standing committee on Christian Union will make interesting and, it is to be hoped, encouraging reports of their conferences with a like committee from the Southern Baptist Association. During the present year this board has appropriated funds toward the establishment of the Disciples' Divinity House in connection with the Chicago University, which has met with severe criticism from many of the leading educators of the church. If a settlement of this matter is effected at all, it is likely to be through much tribulation. The resolution, "that we favor constitutional and statutory prohibition in State and Nation, and pledge ourselves to do whatever we can, as citizens and Christians, to sweep this iniquitous liquor business from our land," adopted by the last session, will indicate the attitude of this great body toward the momentous issue before the American Christian public.

Christian Endeavor will be another important subject discussed. The Disciples rank fourth among the churches in the number of local Christian Endeavor Societies, and are enthusiastic supporters of this popular movement among the young people. Dr. J. Z. Tyler, of Cleveland, Ohio, is National Superintendent of this department. His duties are: 1. to gather statistics and encourage the Christian Endeavor movement in the churches; and 2. to aid the Missionary Secretaries in disseminating missionary intelligence and in gathering missionary funds. He is expected to make an excellent report.

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society will sit in convention on Oct. 24th and 25th. Dr. Chas. Louis Loose, president of the Foreign Board, who is also the venerable president of Kentucky University, will preside over the deliberations. President Loose is likely to be re-elected to the same position; this being the custom of the Foreign Society. This convention represents work

in six foreign countries, viz: India, which has twelve missionaries and four native helpers; Japan, with eight missionaries and twenty-three native helpers; China, with thirteen missionaries and six native helpers, Turkey, with three missionaries and eleven native helpers, Scandinavia, with two missionaries and eight evangelists, and England with five missionaries. The society is carrying on hospital work in several places and zenana work in India. Archibald McLean, Secretary of the Board will make his usual annual report, which always strikes a key note and generates abounding enthusiasm for the evangelization of the world. The Boards of Negro Education and Evangelization and Church Extension will also make reports through their secretaries.

The Disciples have an interesting history; the movement popularly known, in many parts of the country, as Current Restoration began to develop under the labors of Alexander Campbell and his coadjutors about 1810 in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. These zealous men were convinced that the main cause of the deplorable divisions in Christendom was the man-made creed of the churches, and that these divisions would be removed if men would take the Bible alone as the only authority in faith and practice binding upon Christians. They began to preach with the motto, "Where the Bible speaks, we speak; where the Bible is silent, we are silent." They taught that faith in the heart that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, was the primitive Christian creed, and that the model of Christian life is the life of our Lord. As they believed that baptism by immersion on profession of faith was Scriptural, they adopted that mode, and might have become a part of the Baptist church but for their rejection of creed and their readiness to participate at the Lord's table with Christians who had not been immersed. These peculiarities separated them, and in 1827 churches were organized under the name of the Disciples of Christ, which rapidly increased in number until now they have nearly a million communicants.



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The conquest of Matabeleland about which there was so much severe criticism is already proving helpful to missionary effort. A missionary who is at home on furlough says:

A young negro from Matabeleland—one of Lobengula's subjects—listened very attentively to the Gospel message. Presently he came to the night-school to learn English. Meanwhile he brought his weekly money to Mr. Morris to take charge of for him. This went on for many long months. At length the young scholar, now an intelligent and devoted Christian, claimed his savings, which amounted to \$250, and bade his faithful teacher farewell. He was going to Cape Colony to train for Gospel work at his own charge.

What an object lesson for young people of our own privileged country. A savage lad, valuing the Gospel so highly as for its sake to endure this self-denial in order to become a teacher of his own people!

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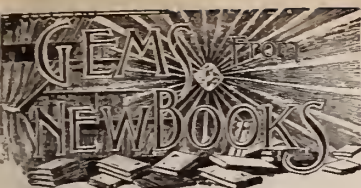
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AN EXPERIMENT IN NURSING.

YOU mustn't be so rough with him!" Jinny cried, swallowing hastily a large mouthful of dried beef, thereby nearly choking himself, as he went to the child's assistance. "You don't seem to know anything 'bout babies at all. They've got to be handled pretty careful, an' you must keep 'em right side up, else there'll be trouble."

While he was trying to talk at the same time that he gave evidence of being partially strangled, Jinny had succeeded in placing the little fellow in a proper position on the floor, and quelled his anger with a fresh supply of sweets, saying as he ate him a lump of molasses candy thick-coated with chocolate:—

"If I've got to feed him up this way all the time, it won't be long before I'll be broke, cause candy's awfully expensive."

"Why don't you try somethin' else? I've heard that a piece of beef, I've heard that as mighty good for babies."

"But 'sposen he swallows it, an' gets choked?"

"Tie one end of a string to the meat, an' the other to a stool. He couldn't get the whole thing down."

This seemed to be a very good suggestion, and Jinny acted upon it at once; but not without many protests from the child, who objected vehemently, in his peculiar way of eaking, against the substitution of the beef for the sweets.

"There now! You see I may not know w'to handle them kind of fellers; but I n keep 'em quiet!" Ben said triumphantly as the child amused himself by picking at the meat with both teeth and fingers. He had hardly uttered the words when my sprang up in alarm.

"He's swallowin' the string! Hold on to that stool!"

Ben seized the article of furniture, and my caught up the baby.

Since each moved in an opposite direction the meat was extracted from his mouth, and the little stranger set up a most vigorous howl which would have given serious offence to Master Jarvis, had he been there to hear it.

"If that's the way you know how to take care of babies you'd better let this one be, or he'll be killed!" Jinny said sharply, as he placed the child in one corner, much as if believing it necessary to move him a certain distance from the vicious Ben.

"If he knew how to talk decent, you'd threaten to thump th' head off him if he swallowed the string, an' then the plan w'd work all right; but so long's he don't do anything except jabber, I don't s'pose it would do any good to scold him. I've you given him any water to-day?"

"I'll bet that's what he's after!" Jinny said as the child struggled to rise to his feet. "I forgot all 'bout that! Hand me the string, will you?"

There was a pail with a wooden cover in the corner of the room, where Uncle Tom kept his supply of this necessary commodity, and thanks to the efforts of both boys, fully half a pint was poured down the little stranger's throat, despite his best attempts to prevent such an operation.

The half-consumed molasses-and-chocolate stick quieted him, however, and Jinny was at liberty to finish his supper.

pursued, and woke to the certainty that he heard a great trampling of the horses, then saw that there was a faint tinge of dawn in the east, and that the great star he had been watching was lower in the sky. Philetus had taught him to call that planet Jupiter. Would he begin all over again with Philetus?

There was a step near. He durst not move till he heard the low murmur. "Art thou there, and ready?"

"Most ready, O Leo!"

"All are sound asleep at last. Didst thou leave the gate open?"

"No—is it so?"

"Wide open, and the horses gone."

"It must have been left open when all went to try to get a share of the feast," said Attalus, for it was generally secured with a thong of leather or a nail. "I think Whitefoot and Longmane would come at my whistle; or could we not escape best on foot?"

"Hardly safe: the ground is not broken enough if the horses are caught by others. Try what thou canst do."

The lad whistled in a low, peculiar note, and the dark outlines of two of the horses which had not strayed far away could be seen trotting up. There were fond of Attalus and were easily secured, with a little coaxing, and he had their saddles and bridles hanging up in the shed.

"Hast thou arms?" asked Leo.

"I am never trusted with them, not even a boar spear."

"I will fetch some," said Leo.

Attalus held his two steeds, caressing their necks softly, and bidding them bear him well to home and joy, while Leo ran lightly toward the house, where he took up a buckler and a spear. With all his care the spear point rang against the axe, and Hunderik's sleepy voice called out, "Who goes there?"

"Leo, thy servant," was the answer. "I am going to call Attalus to turn out the young colts. Morning is coming and he is a heavy sleeper."

"Do as you will," returned the Frank, and went to sleep again.

Leo left the hut. He had already provided himself with a shield and a spear, and a bag of food which he had left with Attalus and the horses. The boy sprang into the saddle as he saw his friend coming in the twilight, Leo handed him the weapons, and off they started, as the sky reddened in the east, and they saw before them the wide brown heath. Attalus could hardly check a shout of ecstasy as he felt Whitefoot bound under him, and the free morning breeze blew cheerily in his face. Two years a captive, and now his face was set toward home!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Love made Perfect. By Rev. Andrew Murray. Pp. 73. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., 112 Fifth avenue, New York.

Eighteenth Year-Book of the New York State Reformatory, Elmira, N. Y. Transmitted to the State Legislature. Published by the New York State Reformatory Press, Elmira, N. Y.

In the Time of Jesus. Historical Pictures by Marston Seidel, D.D. Pp. 215; price 75c. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

A New Life in Education. by Fletcher Durell, Ph.D. Pp. 285; price 60c. Published by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.

How John and I Brought up the Child, by Elizabeth Grinnell. Pp. 233; price 80c. Published by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jesus the Messiah, by Alfred Edersheim, D.D., Ph.D. M.A. With illustrations by Hoffman. Pp. 625; price \$1.75. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third street, New York.

The Chafing-Dish Supper, by Christine Terhune Herrick. A capital little book for Housewives, full of new, bright and practical suggestions. Pp. 112; artistic cloth binding; price 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Growing Up, by Jennie M. Drinkwater. A charming story, especially suitable for the young. Pp. 415;



cloth covers. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Hebrew influence upon Civilization. by John T. Ashley, Brooklyn, N. Y. An interesting and scholarly resume of the history of Hebrew democratic civil government and its impress upon ancient, mediæval and modern times. Pp. 70; paper covers, price 25c. Published by the author at 446 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn.

Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. Scholar and Evangelist. by Arthur Montefiore, with illustrations from Heber's sketches and other drawings. Cloth covers; pp. 100; price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Sanitary Code of the Pentateuch; by Rev. C. G. K. Gillespie, A.K.C., A.C.P.; pp. 96; cloth covers, price, 5c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Good Shepherd, the Life of the Saviour of Children; pp. 96; illustrated; paper covers; price 30 cts. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Heresy of Cain; by George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., pp. 200; price \$1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

A MISSIONARY'S PARABLE.

A missionary in India answered with a parable a Mohammedan objector who interrupted him in preaching. The Mohammedan wanted the missionary to explain the doctrine of the Trinity, and came again and again to the services to put his question. Finally the missionary submitted the dispute to his audience. "Suppose," he said, "a fatal disease is devastating the kingdom. The king has a specific which is a sure cure, and he calls a number of physicians, gives them the specific and bids them go out with it and heal the sick. There is one physician who effects few cures, and the king sends for him and inquires how it is. The physician answers that a learned man wanted information about the king's person and private life, and he has been satisfying him. But the king says, 'Meanwhile my subjects are dying. I sent you out to administer the specific, not to gratify the curiosity of learned men.' And the physician is punished, and deserves to be. Now," said the missionary, "my King has sent me out to preach the Gospel, that dying men might be saved, and I am not going to neglect that to argue about the Trinity." The audience applauded, and the missionary proceeded to preach the Gospel.

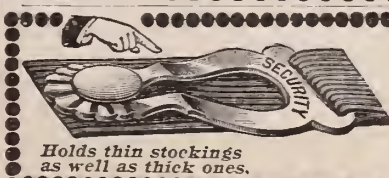


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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

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DR. TALMAGE BELTS THE GLOBE.

Editor of "The Christian Herald" at the Last Stages of His Round-the-World Journey—A Life-Long Wish Realized—Some of the Places Visited.

AFTER nearly five months of ceaseless travel by land and sea, across mountain and river, and by rail, steamer, horse, mule and camel, traversing a score or more different countries and becoming acquainted with their people and customs, Rev. Talmage has now turned his face homeward and will soon again set his feet on his native soil. This round-the-world journey had long been a cherished dream of his, and now that it has become a substantial reality, he has been brought face to face with many thousands who, though living on the other side of the globe, had already be-

perienced at Honolulu were repeated by these generous-hearted Pacific islanders. From Samoa to Tasmania is a long sea-run, but one golden morning in June brought Hobart Town in sight, with the headlands of that strange and weird country discovered by the old Dutch navigator, Tasman.

New Zealand was the next stopping-place on the journey. Here the traveler found, in the prosperous cities of Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin, right royal welcome from clergy, laity and public officials, and he was the special guest of Lord Bishop Cowie. He then crossed the stormy little strait between New Zealand and the island-

nally intended to make his tour one of sight-seeing and recreation, accumulating stores of health and knowledge for future use; but he found everywhere vast gatherings awaiting his arrival and arrangements made upon such a scale of publicity as rendered seclusion impossible. In church, town hall, lyceum, and opera-house, from platform, porch, balcony, and sidewalk, he preached the Gospel to these antipodean multitudes.

In several cities, notably in Melbourne and Sydney, the assemblages were so great as to be almost unmanageable. As an illustration, we may mention that being invited to preach in the Melbourne Town Hall on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 19, he found it physically impossible to reach the hall through the dense mass of people who had surrounded its approaches, the building itself being packed almost to suffocation.

then entered the building to find a similar state of affairs inside.

But his observations of Australia were not confined to the cities. He went out among the great sheep and cattle ranches, and among the farmers; he "roughed it" among the miners at Ballarat and Geelong. The photograph presented in this issue shows Dr. Talmage and a party of gold miners at Gympic, Queensland, where he paid a visit of inspection to the famous North Smithfield mine, the richest ore-producing diggings in that part of the world. The photograph shows Dr. Talmage in miner's dress, just as he has emerged from the mouth of the shaft. He holds a piece of quartz in his hand worth \$2,000. By his side is his son, and on his extreme right is the Rev. W. Chipman. On Dr. Talmage's left hand is Rev. J. G. Marten, the fifth in

the group being Mr. James Woodrow, a merchant, and the last on the extreme left Philip Fitzpatrick, part owner and manager of the mine. What Dr. Talmage saw there, and also what he observed in the silver, and copper mines, he will doubtless record hereafter in his own graphic and familiar style.

From Australia our traveler again embarked on a long ocean voyage—his next objective point being Ceylon. At Colombo and Kandy he visited the ancient temples, witnessed the ceremonies of the Buddhists and Hindus, and probably ascended Adam's Peak, just as he had climbed the famous peak overlooking Kil-eau's crater

in Hawaii, months before. On reaching India, Calcutta, Madras, the "sacred city" of Benares, Allahabad, Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, and Cawnpore, with their memories of mutiny and massacre, were each visited in turn, and concerning these cities, he will doubtless have much to tell that is of surpassing interest. On Saturday, October 6th, he embarked at Bombay for home.



DR. TALMAGE AND PARTY AT THE NORTH SMITHFIELD GOLD MINE, IN QUEENSLAND.
Dr. Talmage holds in his hand a block of Gold-bearing Quartz worth over \$2,000.

where he received a most cordial greeting from President Dole, the chief official of the new republic and also from the united churches and the people generally. He had a pleasant chat with the ex-Queen, Liliuokalani. After a brief stay in that beautiful island of fruits and flowers, he proceeded to Samoa and at Apia, the seaport capital, the scene of welcome and entertainment ex-

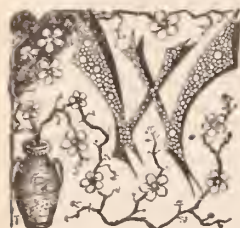
continent of Australia, disembarking at Sydney. He visited all the leading cities, including Brisbane, Ballarat, Adelaide, Melbourne, Bathurst and Newcastle, and at every point was welcomed with a magnificent hospitality and an inspiring enthusiasm. He had origi-

It was only after some clever maneuvering by the police that he made his way to the steps of the hall, where, all breathless from the terrible ordeal of being towed through a crowd that seemed like a solid wall of humanity, he delivered a brief address, and

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Jeremiah 8: 7, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."



WHEN God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat, he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet-dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white, and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle-doves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity; the old crane, with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen, and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after

thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Ceylon isle or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings, or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way: the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing, and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every-day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorde and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street, it would put an end to any panic! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world, let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their places mid-heaven, and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but, staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the Church of God—if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top, or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime! Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The Southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never

waited for Northern flocks as God waited for you, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away—the frost of sorrow. Where do you go now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I do want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house now? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that which received no response because they were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling; I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! alone! alone! This world, when in your girlhood and boyhood was so shine, is cold now, and oh! weary do you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind and frost and the blackening clouds would you away into the heart of an all-conquering God. Oh, I have noticed again: again what a botch this world makes of when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble. It says, "Don't cry!" How can we be crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother gone, and companions are gone, and child is gone, and everything seems gone. It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, I only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!" But there is comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, world! But come, Jesus! and tell us when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection; that all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or the stork or the crane starts its migration, it calls all those of its kind come too. The tree-tops are full of clucking and whistle and carol and the long roll. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh that you might as wise in this migration to heaven, that you might gather all your families, your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast-table this morning will sit with you in heaven? I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Ay, ay, have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy household into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not a moment until you find the right place for stopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the deemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come,
Oh, ye benighted souls
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

CHINA'S POWER BROKEN.

War with Japan, having Destroyed her Ancient Supremacy, may yet be the means of her Spiritual Awakening.



A CITY GATE OF PEKIN.

CHINA, the great Asiatic power of modern times, and one of the oldest nations on the globe, is once more the seat of war, the conflict begun a few weeks ago by Japan in Korea having now extended to the borders of the Chinese Empire. With its vast population of over 300,000,000, its great internal commerce and resources, and its traditional antagonism to modern ideas and modern progress, China has succeeded hitherto in keeping its own territory practically intact and also in retaining its suzerain influence over certain smaller countries contiguous to its boundaries. But the present war with Japan, a much smaller but more progressive nation, has shown the huge, unwieldy Mongol empire to be almost defenceless against modern weapons and systems of warfare. Defeated successively by land and sea, her poorly trained and badly equipped army and navy have been scattered in confusion, and the powerful fleets of Japan are now threatening Peking, the port nearest to the Chinese capital. There is a general expectation that unless the European Powers intervene in the interest of peace, Peking will soon be invested by a Japanese army and the Miado's representatives will be able to dictate terms of peace within the shadow of the Imperial Palace of the Emperor of China.

There are numerous important possibilities in the outcome of the present war. England, France, Russia and Germany are watching the course of events with a view to extending their territorial possessions, should Japan ultimately triumph. It is possible, too, that the Manchukuo dynasty, which has long ruled China, may be expelled and that a new and progressive empire may arise from its ruins.

Since the engagement at Pyeng-Yang and the great naval battle between the fleets off the mouth of the Yalu river, both of which resulted disastrously to the Chinese, no formidable encounter has occurred, though there have been skirmishes at Yalu and elsewhere. The Japanese now actually control the Yellow Sea and also the Gulf of Pe-Chili, which is to Peking what the Bosphorus is to Constantinople. This was foreshadowed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the outbreak of hostilities, the Japanese army and navy, though greatly inferior in numbers, have demonstrated the superiority of European training and methods. Li-Hung-Chang, the greatest of Chinese generals, has been disgraced for incompetency and Admiral Ting, the commander of its navies is now seeking to avoid any further conflict with the powerful warships of Japan. All the energies of China are now bent on fortifying the defences of Peking in expectation of an attack. Amazed at the impotency of his generals and stung to action by the reverses of his armies, the Emperor has energetically undertaken to personally direct the management of the campaign. It is stated that on a recent occasion he paid a visit incognito to Tientsin, the purpose of inspecting its defences and ascertaining the feeling of its people.

Emperor Kuang Hsu, whose portrait, together with that of the Empress, is published in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, succeeded Emperor Tung Chih in the imperial throne nineteen years ago. He is the ninth monarch of the Tsing ("great pure") or Manchukuo dynasty, a line of foreigners who, aided by native rebels, succeeded in overthrowing the powerful Ming dynasty, which held imperial power in China from 1368 to 1644. Kuang Hsu is now in his twenty-fifth year, and his minority reign was far from being a peaceful one. He is said to favor negotiations with Japan with a view to ending the war, but in the present belligerent temper of the Japanese, this may not be accomplished without European intervention. Present probabilities indicate that nothing less than

the payment of a large war indemnity, the cession of Formosa, and the acknowledgment of Korean independence will satisfy the victorious nation.

Foreigners in China, and particularly Christian missionaries, have been placed in positions of peculiar peril during the war. Anti-foreign sentiment has been fanned into a flame by the native priesthood and the literati of the country and at many points in the interior, the missionaries and their wives and children have been compelled to leave their stations and seek safety at the seaport towns, where foreign gunboats are stationed. United States Minister Denby at Peking, has advised all foreigners to leave the city in expectation of a Japanese attack. Nearly all the foreign powers have strengthened their fleets in Chinese waters for the purpose of affording protection to their subjects, as the native government confesses its inability to extend the necessary protection. Among the missionary societies, the China Inland Mission, has by far the largest number of workers in the field, having some 611 missionaries in all, with 366 native helpers, 4,234 communicants and 134 organized churches throughout the different provinces of the Empire. During 1893, 61 new workers entered China to labor for this great mission. The American Board, London Missionary Society, English and American, Baptist and Presbyterian Societies, Wesleyan Methodists, Church of Scotland, Scandinavians, Friends, and other denominations are all well represented in the field by bands of earnest workers, their united spheres of operations extending from Mongolia on the north to the borders of Annam and Burmah on the south, and from Yunan

death. At Wuhu, Rev. Mr. Argent, another brave Christian, was murdered, a customs official named Green being also a victim of the same infuriated populace who were urged to the crime by the inflammatory proclamations of the literati against foreigners. More recently, two lady mis-



She Won a Martyr's Crown.

Brave Mrs. Platt Killed at her Post among the California Indians.

In our issue last week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD made mention of the pain-



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF CHINA.

sionaries who were assisting a sick native on the roadside, were attacked and one sustained mortal injuries. These are only a few of the long list of consecrated men and women who have won the martyr's crown in China. To recount the indignities that have been heaped upon Christian missionaries, the sacrifices they have made, the dangers they have bravely faced and the fate they have unflinchingly met in the performance of their sacred mission in that land of gross superstition and cruelty, would fill many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They have literally watered the field

ful death of Mrs. Mary Platt, a devoted Christian teacher, among the Indians of Southern California. Mrs. Platt, who for five years has been teacher of the government Indian School at Petchanga, Cal., is believed to have been cruelly murdered. Mr. Wm. H. Weiland, a missionary of Banning, Cal., has forwarded to this journal interesting details of the career of Mrs. Platt. He writes:

"Readers of Indian history will call to mind how the Indians were driven by the white man from the rich lands in the Temecula Valley into the barren, worthless brush-land among the foot-hills. A band of those outcast Indians gradually formed a village called Petchanga, some five miles from Temecula. But their opportunity for making a proper living was gone, their ambition was gone, and Petchanga fell into the hands of the lowest class of whites—the whiskey element of Temecula. Five years ago Mrs. Mary Platt, a widow lady from San Diego, Cal., and about forty years of age, was sent to reopen the government school for Indians at Petchanga. No school had been held there for some time. Shortly before Mrs. Platt's arrival, when on a missionary journey, I came to Petchanga, and was directed to the vacant school room as the only suitable place in which to sleep. There was scarcely an entire pane of glass in the whole building. The locks on the doors were broken, and entire panels were missing out of the doors. "Returning that same way some days later, I found Mrs. Platt at work, teaching, in that wretched school-room. Upon her arrival the Indians told her plainly that they did not care for school, and that she might as well go home again. But nothing could turn Mrs. Platt from her path of duty. The school then started was carried on successfully by her until she fell at her post of duty.

"Being an earnest Christian, she also labored for the spiritual well-being of the Indians, who are nominal members of the Catholic Church, but totally neglected, and in gross ignorance and superstition. Seeing that the Indians suffered greatly from debauchery and prostitution at the hands of unprincipled white men, she set about breaking up the wicked practices then in vogue. Thus she placed herself in direct antagonism to the worst elements amongst whites and Indians. Upon one occasion the chief, the chief of the tribe, knowing of some plot against the teacher, quietly took his place on her front porch and kept guard while she slept. On July 4, 1891, her school house was burned to the ground, not through accident, but undoubtedly at the hands of an incendiary. The following autumn, Mrs. Platt was on hand, as determined as ever.

"During the night of Sept. 20th, 1894, Mrs. Platt was foully murdered at her post of duty, and the school-house burned to the ground to conceal the crime. Careful investigation has failed to reveal the criminal, though the details of the murder point rather to the brain of a fiendish white-man than that of the sluggish Indian. She fell a martyr to the cause of truth and right. Noble and lofty was the purpose of her life, unflinching in her courage, unquestioning her dependence upon Him who has promised: Rev. 2:10, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'



A CHINESE CART, IN PEKIN.

(By Permission, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)

to the seaboard. There are now probably 1,500 missionaries of all Protestant denominations in China, inclusive of a number of trained medical workers. The chief obstacles encountered in the preaching of the Gospel have been the native dislike of foreigners, the strenuous opposition of the cultured Chinese, the ancient superstition of the lower classes, Shintoism or ancestor-worship and the almost universally prevalent opium habit. Almost every rising has been preceded by the appearance of inflammatory placards, issued by the literati, attacking the missionaries and declaring that they were in that country for the purpose of injuring the native population. These placards charged that they were scheming to mutilate the people by taking out their eyes, to be used in the preparation of some secret medical nostrum. Our readers will remember the anti-European riots in China two years ago, when the mission stations at Ichang, Chinkiang, Wuhu and Hankow were in the gravest danger, that at Ichang being attacked by a fanatical populace. At Wuchang, two members of the Swedish Mission, Rev. O. F. Wikholm and Rev. A.D. Johansson were martyred by a frenzied mob, which stoned them to

with their blood, and by their pure teaching and noble example, new spiritual life has been given to China, and many thousands of her darkened millions have been brought into the light of the Gospel of Jesus. At the present time there is still a large portion of the population who have never heard the Gospel.

One of the most successful and devoted of American missionaries in China was the Rev. John Talmage, eldest brother of the editor of this journal, who labored for many years at Amoy. He compiled several Chinese dictionaries and grammars, which have ever since been invaluable to English and American missionaries there. His two daughters are now doing missionary work in that city, in connection with the Reformed Dutch Church.

What the outcome of the war will be as far as missions are concerned is a problem yet to be solved. The Lord is moving mysteriously with this ancient land of idols, and it would seem that its day of enlightenment is not far distant. With the barriers of seclusion beaten down and the empire opened to intercourse with the world, the opportunities for successful missionary labor will be multiplied a thousand-fold.



JESUS, LORD OF THE SABBATH.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 4. Mark 2:23-28; 3:1-5.
Golden Text Mark 2:28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

BEFORE man fell God instituted the Sabbath; it is something of Eden continued to fallen and redeemed man. "God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because that in it he rested from all his work which God had created and made." (Gen. 2:23.) In the first instance, "the Sabbath was made for man" (Mark 2:27), but it was, at the same time, a witness for God, a testimony to the perfection of his work and its glorious completeness. In the early days of unfallen man,

The Interests of God and Man

had not been separated; that which was for God was for man also; his delights were with the sons of men even in the days of creation. And that which was for man was for God also. It was no strain to the creatures whom God had formed in his image, after his likeness, to give up a seventh part of their time for him; it responded to the very need of the creature which was created thus, "for of him and unto him and through him are all things." But an evidence of the fall exists in the breast of every man, in the very fact that, by nature, he regards his interests and God's as being diametrically opposed. Thus it came to pass that when, after the awful judgment of the flood upon the world of the ungodly, men again fell into idolatry and grievous sin, and God chose Abraham and his seed to be witness for him, he must needs make the keeping of the Sabbath to be a law. In the first place it was a gift. "The Lord hath given you the Sabbath." "Moreover also I gave them my Sabbath, to be a sign between me and them that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." But, oh, how humbling it is to find that this very people to whom as a people in covenant with him the Sabbath had been given, just as to unfallen man at the first, must needs be exhorted to keep the Sabbath holy! "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." Among the early disciples of our Lord the first day of the week took the place of the Jewish Sabbath, the seventh day. But it was not a day for man's pleasure, for the speaking of his words and the doing of his ways; it was

"The Lord's Day."

He and no other is Lord also of the Sabbath day. The heathen have no Sabbath, and, in measure as a people professedly Christian depart from God, they cease to honor the Lord's day. Wherever superstition and rationalism abound, there is not only a disregard for the Sabbath day, but the enemy of God and man has so far perverted God's holy institution as to succeed in making the Lord's day that day of all the week in which self and self-interest is most sought after. In Roman Catholic and Rationalistic countries, Sunday is the day of the week on which balls, theatrical amusements, picnics, parties of pleasure, elections, reviews and political meetings are mostly held. Going in direct opposition to the Word of God, they do their own pleasure on his holy day; they do not "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable," but they call the Sabbath their day, their opportunity, and they dishonor him, doing their own ways, finding their own pleasure, and speaking their own words. They deny to Christ the Lordship of his

own day, and even where they abstain from their ordinary work, they think of nothing higher than recreation, after having sometimes attended and sometimes not, one short service of worship to God. All the week long they work for themselves, all the Sunday through they amuse or rest themselves. "All of self and none of Thee!" The truest rest that that man can have is rest from himself, just those very things which God speaks of in connection with the Sabbath: rest from doing our own ways, finding our own pleasures, speaking our own words.

It was one of the sins for which God most reproved his people Israel, that they polluted his Sabbaths, profaned his Sabbaths, hid their eyes from his Sabbaths. He had had his own purposes for his own glory in the institution of the Sabbath. The keeping of one day in every week to be holy unto the Lord would necessarily be known among all the heathen with whom his people should have to do in the way of commerce, etc.; it would be a silent but strong witness to them of the power of Jehovah over the habits and lives of his people; a witness that he was a living reality to them.

Oh, how many there are of God's children who do not know how to keep Sabbath, whose lives are one continued strain, and fret, and worry. In a missionary conference held lately at Arima, Japan, an old missionary said: "It is not the hard work which tires and hurts missionaries; it is the fret and worry which wears them out."

A missionary above all other people, needs to know how to keep Sabbath, how to believe God and trust in him about every detail, and at all times, to enter into rest, and to cease from his own works as God did from his. Moses knew how to endure "as seeing him who is invisible," and with his God he endured the manners of a stiff-necked people forty years in the wilderness, and under the strongest provocations from the people, he remained unprovoked so long as his eye was upon his God; he believed, he entered into rest, he ceased from his own works. When the people murmured, he did not try to do something himself or to say something in the way of reproof to the people; in the true Sabbath life of trusting God made room for God to work.

The Pharisees

in the time of our Lord, were very strict about Sabbath observance, but it was in the letter which killeth, not in the Spirit which giveth life. Like all else in their religion they did this work also to be seen of men, and to obtain glory from men, while the true spirit of the Sabbath was lacking in them. As Jesus was going through the corn-fields one Sabbath day, his disciples began to pluck and eat the ears of corn, the criticising Pharisees were at hand always on their jealous watch to catch Jesus tripping in some way, that they might have cause to accuse him. Thinking they had their long desired opportunity they say to Jesus: "Behold why do they on the Sabbath which is not lawful?" And Jesus who met them as he had met the great enemy, with the Word of God, reminded them how when their revered King David fled from Saul, he had obtained from Abiathar, the high priest, the hallowed shew bread "which is for the priests alone;" and he took occasion to say to them "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," so that "the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

But Jesus never said that man was Lord of the Sabbath; he has never said that travelling, business, buying and selling are lawful on his holy day. The Pharisees and formalists would make the sanctification of the Sabbath day a heavy burden in numberless external restrictions, while the true spirit of abstaining from their own ways,

from seeking of their own pleasures, from speaking of their own words, was altogether wanting. Oh, how like this is to human nature which will do what suits its convenience, and then take credit for it as though it were self-renunciation.

It was the Sabbath day, and Jesus entered into the synagogue: "And there was a man there, which had a withered hand." What should Jesus do? Just fresh from the rebuke of the Pharisees, would it be consistent with his character as the Lamb of God led to the slaughter, which openeth not her mouth, if he were just at this moment to heal the man's hand? On the other hand, as Lord of the Sabbath, should he not assert his Lordship and boldly exercise his right? What is right to do in perplexing circumstances as these? Jesus was not perplexed, he walked in the light of his Father's countenance and received continual direction; the springs of his life, day by day, were from above.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



"THAT WHICH IS NOT LAWFUL"

their tithe the value of a tenth of some herb worth the fraction of a cent. They were horrified at the thought of a blind man using his staff to grope his way to the synagogue on the Sabbath. It was a burden. He must not snuff a candle on the Sabbath or put fuel on the fire; that would be labor. So with these trivialities the Rabbis had made the Sabbath a burden. Jesus came to set men free of such nonsensical restrictions. He taught that God wanted the love and reverence and worship of the heart and not the mere outward observance of puerile rules and ordinances. The priests and scribes perceived that such teaching would inevitably lead to a conflict on the subject of Sabbath observance and they tried to force an issue on that point. When Jesus walked on the Sabbath the Pharisees were with him, doubtless to watch whether he walked more than the two thousand paces which were the limit of a Sabbath-day's journey and it was probably by their arrangement that the man with the withered hand was in the synagogue. The case was shrewdly selected. Their law allowed medical treatment on the Sabbath when life was in danger, but the man's withered hand did not endanger his life. So if Jesus healed him, as he would be sure to do, he could not shelter himself under that law. But Jesus swept away all their refinements and subtle distinctions as so much rubbish. He showed them that David, whom they revered, disregarded the law when there was a human need, and he was indignant at their inhuman brutality in attempting to make their technicality an obstacle to the healing of the cripple. The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath, he told them and we are indebted to him for the liberty that signifies. Real religion lies far deeper than external acts. Love to God and love to man in the heart is more in God's sight than a close literal observance of rites.

That which is not lawful. A missionary who has been laboring in Turkey says that Sunday observance in some districts entails a heavy loss. An Armenian convert was employed in a place where Sunday work was a fixed rule. The man pleaded with his employers but they were obdurate. Finally they said in a manner which indicated their idea that they were closing the

subject, that the man was unreasonable in expecting them to pay a week's wages for six days' work. The convert took up the idea and offered to surrender one-seventh of his weekly salary rather than do that which he regarded as a sin. The employer accepted his offer and the man kept his place. At first he was stigmatized as a fool but after some months he was pointed out as a hero who held principle above wealth.

The Sabbath was made for man. The editor of a prominent English newspaper took an active interest in the movement for the opening of museums and picture-galleries on Sundays. In speeches at public meetings and in articles in his newspaper he pleaded pathetically the cause of the workingmen who, he said, could not see the treasures of art because they were locked up on the only day that they had at liberty. When the movement was well forward, I prepared a petition to Parliament asking for the Sunday opening and sent it into the composing-room of his own journal to be signed. "Judge of my surprise," he said, "when the foreman came to me and said, 'Do you press for the signing of this petition? For unless you do, the men here rather not sign it!'" I answered, "What is the world do you mean? It is for their benefit we want the museums and picture-galleries open on Sunday!" The foreman assented. He said, "The men understand that, but they think that would not be the end of it. They believe that before long the world shops, offices and all other places would be open as well as the museums. So unless you insist, they will not sign." So the petition was never signed. The men evidently were aware that the desecration of the Lord's Day had ended in other cities in the working seven days for a week's pay.

Whether he would heal him on the Sabbath. A physician was vexed by the numerous calls that were made upon him on Sunday by people who might as well consult him on other days. Business men would go to him and send for him on that day to avoid loss of time on working days, so that Sunday became for him the busiest day of the week. Hoping to correct this, he issued notice that Sunday was his day for consultation, and he would make no charge for service on that day. He thought that his patients would then have too much respect to apply to him for free treatment and that the poor were not likely to seek unless they really needed him. But the plan did not answer. His Sunday work increased, so he decided to reverse the scheme. He issued another notice that his fee on Sunday would be double that of other days. This had the desired effect. So very plain a hint ought not to have been required. Everyone who values Sunday rest should be careful to avoid, as far as possible, doing anything that robs another of that rest.

Lord also of the Sabbath. Christ wishes it to be understood that in sweeping away the ridiculous trivialities which in his time made the Sabbath a vexation and a burden he did not abolish the observance. It was to be the Lord's Day still, but a day of delight not a day of deprivation and gloom. It is a notable fact that the decline of spirituality and godliness which leads to criminality nearly always begins in forgetting that it is the Lord's Day and in using it for personal pleasure or business. In the prison at Auburn, N. Y., a personal record of prisoners was kept for many years and there is record of 1232 convicts which tears on the question. Of these, 447, or more than one third belonged to various occupations which precluded the observance of the Lord's Day. The natural inference is that as they had to work on God's day they had come to forget him; conscience had been hardened and they broke other laws. Only 26 of the entire number of 1232 had been trained to the observance of Sunday. The State prison at Massachusetts has a similar record. Of one hundred men confined there, eighty-nine had lived in habitual violation of the Lord's Day.

The Sabbath was made for man. At regular meeting of the New Haven, Conn. Medical Association, composed of twenty-five physicians among whom were the professors of the Medical College, the subject of Sunday observance was considered in relation to health and longevity. After a comparison of the results of the observation of the physicians it was unanimously agreed that in their opinion "Men who labor only six days in the week will be more healthy and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labor seven days. Also that they are able to do more work and do it in a better manner."

MILES UPON MILES OF RUINS.

Rev. Dr. Schauffler's Vivid Description of the Constantinople Earthquake—The Worst European Calamity in Two Hundred Years.

EVERY passing week brings to light more of the horrors of the great Constantinople earthquakes. News just received from the Orient show that in the despatches and letters already published, half the story of disaster and suffering has not been told. Only now, in communications from American missionaries to their friends in this country, are the real facts coming to light, and these show the calamity to have been far more terrible and appalling than any that Europe has confronted in many years.

Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, who lately returned from a tour in the East and who has received letters from missionary friends in Turkey, made a statement to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the present condition of the earthquake sufferers which should go far toward winning for them the sympathy of the civilized world. "Not in two hundred years," said he, "has there been so much unavoidable poverty in Constantinople as now, and this is through any iniquity on the part of the government. From the Seven Towers to the Adrianople Gate, the devastation was terrific. One hundred and sixty-four mosques and many khans have been irreparably and totally ruined. Thousands of poor people are affected, because their business has been destroyed. Most of the houses are wooden structures and will stand a tremendous wreck, but the force of the earthquake is such that even large numbers of these wooden houses have been rendered uninhabitable and their former occupants are without places to live in.

"In the Great Bazaar, fifteen hundred shops were totally ruined. This Bazaar, which is the chief place of business in the city, is as long as Broadway; its buildings are of stone, and when the shock came, the one simply came down in heaps, killing a great many people, and ruining and burying the contents of the stores. Hardly a shop was spared. The people whose dwellings were destroyed are still living in tents. 'I have been in Constantinople when it was visited by earthquake shocks on former occasions,' continued Dr. Schauffler, 'but this was something totally different from anything experienced there in modern times. On the Bosphorus it seems to have hardly touched anything; one beautiful mosque alone is reported to have slid from top to bottom. I have felt many earthquakes, but never one that took a clean line through the most thickly populated part of the city, as this one did, knocking it into orders. It came up the Sea of Marmora and destroyed nearly everything. At once the Isle of the Newport of fashionable Turkish society—hardly a house escaped being hopelessly damaged.'

Dr. Schauffler considers that the condition of the sufferers is one that appeals to the charity of all Christian people, both in Europe and America, and that they are deserving of the utmost generosity. He has received letters from Rev. Dr. Washburn, president of the Roberts College in Constantinople, and Rev. H. O. Dwight, Secretary of the American Board in that city, which represent the condition of the people as being wretched in the extreme. Dr. Washburn writes that the suffering this winter will unquestionably be very great—greater than at any time known to the present generation, except after the Russo-Turkish war, when tens of thousands of refugees came to Constantinople from all parts of the Turkish dominions. Both Dr. Dwight and Dr. Washburn have been taking an active part in the relief work, and sums of money sent to their care by American donors, have been expended under their own personal supervision.

Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have already sent their offerings to this journal, to be forwarded to Minister Merrill, and we trust that thousands of others will follow their example, and extend a helping hand to these afflicted ones in this hour of sorest need. All Europe has been stirred, as never before, by the distress in Constantinople; for it is a condition of affairs unparalleled in any European city in modern times. No nation is insured against calamity or misfortune, and the same spirit that inspires us to seek help from above in our hour of trouble, should lead us to welcome the agents of Divine beneficence to

others. The price of a loaf of bread, given "In His Name," may thus become an evangel of peace and good-will between Christian and Moslem. It may momentarily relieve some poor Armenian, Greek or Jewish household. To whomsoever it may go, if it take with it the prayer of the giver, it cannot fail to be blessed.

The contributions to the fund during the past week were as follows:

Previously Acknowledged.....	\$2,136.30
C. S. M., Ankona, Fla.....	1 00
C. Holmes.....	5 00
Mrs. J. Murley.....	2 00
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EARTHQUAKE RUINS NEAR THE GALATA TOWER.

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G. W. N., Rossville, Tenn.....	5 00
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Mrs. S. C. S., Centre Lisle, N. Y.....	25

Total to Date..... \$2,293.05

Revivals Led by a Jewess.

Mrs. Baeyertz's Gospel Tour Round the World—Conversions in Three Continents

ONE of the most astonishing religious movements of our day is the success that has attended the meetings held by Mrs. Baeyertz in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Great Britain. Wherever she has gone the people have crowded to hear her, and the number of persons who have been led by her preaching to seek Christ has surprised and delighted the hearts of pastors and churches. Entering a town unheralded and unknown as she did at San Francisco, Toronto and other places, her quiet, simple talks to women lead to larger meetings; men's meetings are demanded and soon the whole neighborhood is moved and hundreds who go out of curiosity are anxiously inquiring their way to God. During her stay in America, after leaving California, Canada secured the whole of her time with the exception of a brief visit to Boston, Mass., but she has promised on her return to visit the large cities of the Middle and Southern States. In Ireland, England and Scotland the meetings have all been of the same character, and in Glasgow, where she now is, there have been the best results of all. Even ministers, who are opposed to women preaching under any circumstances, are reconsidering their attitude in view of the good Mrs. Baeyertz is evidently doing and are adopting the view of the Right Rev. Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, who said of Mrs. Baeyertz, "I could not, if I had the power, dissuade her from what cordially receives the Divine blessing."

Mrs. Baeyertz is the daughter of Jewish parents of the most orthodox school, and was reared in the strictest adherence to Jewish creed and practice. She was born in England, where her family occupied a prominent place in the Jewish community. She was just emerging from girlhood to womanhood when her health broke down, and it was decided that she should take a voyage to Australia, where a married sister was then living. There she plunged into social gaiety with all the ardor of a young and impulsive nature. Her associates were for the greater part either Jewish or irreligious people, yet the one man who won her heart belonged to neither class, but was an earnest Christian. Her meeting with him was what is usually called accidental; but to those who believe in God's providence, there is nothing of accident in such matters. There were difficulties on both sides to the marriage, but it finally took place, and Mrs. Baeyertz being solemnly cast off by her family and people, became formally a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Her husband prayed and labored for her conversion, but was not permitted to witness it. She loved him intensely, even passionately, but she cared little or nothing about religion. It was not

until the end of six years of happy life, when her husband was suddenly stricken down and died, that her thoughts turned to God. Even then, her chief desire was that in some way she might join her husband when the time came for her to die. With



MRS. BAEYERTZ.

that object, she sought spiritual counsel, and for the first time prayed with real sincerity. Her husband had never been able to induce her to read the New Testament, but now she read it eagerly, anxiously. She wanted to rejoin her husband, not to find Christ; but as she read the Gospel of John, her heart was filled with a new love. She found in Christ the beauty of character in its full glory, which had been but imperfectly reflected in that of her husband. The graces of disposition and conduct which she had so much admired in him, were those he had acquired in the imitation of Christ. She had been living in the light of a candle of the Lord; now she had come into the light of the Sun of Righteousness. She bowed her head in adoration and gave her heart to Christ.

Soon afterwards, during a visit at Geelong the busy seaport of Victoria, Mrs. Baeyertz went to the hospital to see a sick woman and there found many to whom she pointed the way to Christ. The happiness she derived from her visits to the hospital led her to visit the prisons and poor-house and she was welcomed everywhere. Later, on the invitation of Rev. H. B. Macartney she went to Melbourne to aid him in his work among the Jews, but they found that she was an apostate from Judaism and they would not listen to her. She found a sphere of work, however, among the factory girls of the city and a large number of them were converted through her talks. Several invitations came to her from ministers to speak in their churches but these she declined as her womanly modesty caused her to shrink from addressing mixed audiences. One minister, however, induced her to address his Sunday School and there for the first time she faced a crowded assemblage, for the church was full of people who had come to hear the young Jewess. A few weeks later at Ballarat she gave a series of Bible readings in a theatre which were the means of great good. Similar meetings were held at Adelaide and then she went to New Zealand where she labored with wonderful blessing for nine months. Thence she came to America and in San Francisco at a mission she held in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association fifty persons made profession of faith as the result of her work. Invitations from Canada called her there and at Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Montreal and other cities in the Dominion Mrs. Baeyertz spoke with great effect. At the end of a season's hard, but blessed labor, she sailed for Ireland. She was warmly welcomed at Queenstown, Cork, Belfast and Dublin, and held successful meetings in each city. Cordial invitations reached her from London and there her Bible-readings at the West End were blessed to the conversion of many prominent society ladies. In Scotland her labors have been equally successful and she is still winning souls there. Her methods are not sensational but there is intense earnestness and tenderness in her manner and words which win their way to the heart wherever she speaks. God is marvelously blessing her and making her a blessing.



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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HEAVENLY GARDENS.

IF our world after the storms of six thousand years have ravaged it and the fires of six thousand years have swept across it and the insects of six thousand years have assailed it and the frosts of six thousand years have nipped it and the droughts of six thousand years have blasted it, has yet this resplendence of blossom, what then, must that world be where neither storm nor frost nor drought nor any hostile force hath invaded? Why, it must be an everlasting land of blooms. Indeed, the Bible says so. The trees there bear twelve manner of fruit and every month of the year, so that while there is perpetual fruit there must also be perpetual blossom. That all colors will be there, and these colors in harmonious arrangement, we have suggested by the wall of heaven. That wall is a rainbow cut into precious stones. The blue of the beryl, the red of the jacinth, the yellow of the jasper, the green of the emerald, the gold of the chrysolite. Heaven is the coronation of all exquisite colors, a great orchard of beauty, an infinite garden of divine floriculture. I do not know but that there may be a material heaven as well as a spiritual heaven. As the orchids that once grew only in lordly estates on the other side of the sea have been transplanted in abundance on our shores, and the chrysanthemums of Japan are now growing in many lands, and the dahlias of Africa now breathe the air of all continents, so it may be that the richest flowers of earth will become the denizens of heaven. I shall not be at all chagrined if, waking up from the last sleep, I found in the better land hyacinths and camellias and violets and pansies. We are distinctly told that the celestial inhabitants wave palms of victory; then they must have palm trees. Christ calls himself the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley; then it would not be inappropriate to have in that land the rose and lily. That God loves beautiful growths in nature I am sure.

It is a matter of congratulation that flowers, whether on the arm of the tree branch or rising from the ground, are becoming more and more popular with our American people. In addition to the private gardens and orchards we have in America to-day nearly thirteen thousand acres devoted to the raising of flowers and over eighteen thousand persons engaged in this industry and \$28,201,806 are annually expended in floral purchase. There are 4,650 florists in this country. 40,056,253 rose bushes were sold in the United States in one year, and over 101,000,000 other plants. The nation is giving attention to this important and beautiful industry. I hail all the signs of the coming of that millennial time when

"the deserts shall bloom as the rose, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." I rejoice in the window gardening that has long adorned many of the towns and cities of England, and is gradually taking possession of some of the homes of our American cities. Where there is necessarily so much of stone and brick and asphaltum about our city residences, hang from the windows the flowers that shall come down to meet the vines that climb up the walls. Plant flowers wherever and whenever you can plant them. Put them by the pillow of the sick. Strew them on the graves of the dead. Sweet prophecies of the resurrection. And when we can no more open our eyes on the beautiful things of earth may we waken to the paradise of God.

PARKS AND HEALTH.

THIS world is dark enough for most people. Push back the somber curtains wherever you can. Electricity is as much the work of God as is the noon-day sun and was intended for practical use. That subtle fluid was not made merely through the thunder storm to burn barns and kill men, but to make the night as bright as the day. As to the question of economics, that is the most economical for a city which gives the most health and favors the best morals and cheers the most despondency. Scatter the gloom of the park after sunset, and make it not only a playground by day, but a playground by night. So you substantially double the acreage of your park, and instead of the 500 acres you have 1,000 acres, because you make the present acreage by twice that extent. Who can tell the financial and moral value of the 120 acres of Birkenhead Park to Liverpool, of the 207 acres of the Eden Park to Cincinnati, of the 1,000 acres of Golden Gate Park to San Francisco, of the 277 acres of Tower Grove Park to St. Louis, of the 600 acres of Druid Park to Baltimore, of the 2,900 acres of Fairmount Park to Philadelphia, of the 1,752 acres of Phenix Park to Dublin, of the 2,500 acres of the Bois de Boulogne to Paris, or of Hyde Park and Regents' Park and Greenwich Park and Kensington Gardens and Clapham Common to London? May all our American and European cities be crowned with these garlands of loveliness. They will help keep back epidemics. They will make after us a hardier race of men and women. They will exalt all your youth by the presence of God as he walks in these gardens in the cool of the day. They will give our weary populations a longing for heaven, which is a park on a grander scale—a Fontainebleau eternal. City officials who identify themselves with the establishment or improvement of such work will make for themselves an honored name. The public fountain which Lady Burdett Coutts erected in Victoria Park, at a cost of \$25,000 will bring every weary man who there slakes his thirst for the next hundred years under obligation. What we do for ourselves is forgotten. What we do for others will keep us in remembrance.

A BEAUTIFUL HABIT.

IT is a beautiful habit in human nature to speak well of the dead, omitting their faults and extolling their virtues. However vehemently and perhaps justly men are denounced for their principles or their behavior while they are in the battle of life, when they become exanimate anathema ceases. See how all the pens, all the types, all the tongues that were full of attack for a great man dead become lenient if not positively appreciative. I think this beautiful. As long as a man is alive he can answer back. But if when his lips are closed for the last silence you assail him the war is unequal. It is ignominious for one to attack the lifeless. It is the dead lion of the table kicked by an ass. Whatever a man's faults, when he has passed off cease your excoriation. Only swine will root up a graveyard. None of us believe in the transmigration of souls or that the spirit of man

passes into the brute creation; but if the doctrine were true the last bird that I would want to become is the carrion crow. When a man passes the confines of this life he passes beyond our ken. This world has nothing more to do with him. He is in a realm where only God can deal with him. I think we all admire this habit of speaking well of the departed or speaking nothing at all. Indeed, would it not be a good thing to build an annex to that habit and speak well of the living or speak nothing at all.

"But," some one asks, "ought we not expose wrong-doers?" That, no doubt, ought to be done; but let some one else do it. Carcasses ought to be removed from the fields, but let the summer flies and the buzzards attend to that post mortem industry. There are enough people in every land who will attend to that part of social life. Indeed, the doctrine of transmigration of souls which I just now wrote lightly of is not so much of an absurdity after all. There are people who display such obnoxious and devouring spirit while living that their souls might appropriately after death go into wasps and jackals and blood suckers and crocodiles of immense swallow, while other people, from their dispositions here, would more appropriately after death put on the plumage of the morning lark or become the gazelle or the roe on the mountains of Bether.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. S. V. Austin, Norwood, Wright Co., Mo., asks some readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to send her old primers and first, second and third readers for the poor children in her section and also second-hand clothing.

J. M. Bullis, Pittsburg, Pa. Is it harmful to drink water or milk with meals where meats and other solids are eaten?

In moderate quantities, it assists assimilation; in inordinate quantities it weakens the gastric juice and retards digestion.

A. M. W., Springfield, Mo. Is it right for a Christian to play at drawings, or take chances on stock or other articles that are brought before the public for disposal?

If by drawings you mean lottery, then we say unhesitatingly that lottery is gambling and gambling is a sin. All games of chance, whether conducted by grab-bag, revolving wheel or dice, are to be classed in the same category.

Orto Jeffrey, Hinsdale, N. Y. I am making an effort to get some boxes of clothing gathered for the sufferers in the far west, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, etc., where crops have been an utter failure. Can you name some headquarters or some person to whom such goods might be sent for distribution?

Send your contributions to Elder Wm. Hackett Litchfield, Neb., who is in the relief work there and will see that they are faithfully distributed.

R. P. G., St. Louis, Mo., and others. Please inform me through the MAIL-BAG if I can still procure a Teachers' Bible (Premium offer No. 2 in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dec. 6, 1891), and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, by sending three dollars?

Yes; we are again offering these beautiful International Teachers' Bibles at premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Two dollars secures a ruby type International Teachers' Bible or \$3 one in emerald type, together with the paper for one year.

Old Subscriber. If a man has broken all the commandments but believes in the Bible and is sorry for his sins, can he be saved?

He can be saved, because there is no limit to God's mercy. But believing in the Bible and being sorry is not sufficient to secure his salvation. He must go in prayer to God, beseeching him for Christ's sake to pardon him, implicitly believing in Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. No man, whatever his sin, who thus in full sincerity trusts to Christ, will be sent away unforgiven. Then, he must live as a pardoned man ought to live. He must entreat God to renew his heart, to give him the Holy Spirit that he may hate sin and resolutely turn from it. If he is sincere throughout, he will be so thankful for God's pardon, that he will fear to offend him again and will desire holiness as the highest attainable good.

Reader, Froelich, Ia. 1. What are the different modes of capital punishment in the following countries: England, France, Turkey, China and Japan? 2. Why was the Declaration of Independence of Hawaii read in Washington on the 4th of July? 3. Who chooses the postmasters of the State?

1. In the first named country, hanging; in the others, decapitation in various forms, by guillotine, axe or sword. 2. As a timely official recognition by our government of the birth of a new Republic, whose relations to our own were peculiarly cordial, which had sought to be annexed to us and which had framed its administrative machinery after our own model. 3. The

President has the absolute appointment without confirmation by Congress of all below certain salary; he also appoints those of the higher grades, subject to the confirmation of the Senate.

P. C. C. writes, replying to "Student," "The Mail-Bag" of Oct. 3.

There could have been no pre-Adamic race, shortly before the creation of man, the "early" without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep" (Gen. 1-2). I take it that what meant is Gen. 6:2: "That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose," is that men who feared God, married or took wives from among women who did not serve God, because they were attractive, and as a consequence, doubtless the children grew up corrupt and wicked.

If "E. K. B., Kansas," whose letter was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Sept. 1 will send his address in full to Mrs. N. R. Smith Arnonia, Kan., she will send him something read on the "coming of our King."

J. W. Rensen, Norwalk, Ct. There are many references to song in the Scriptures. Would you kindly indicate in the MAIL-BAG the most notable passages in which songs of deliverance, triumph, thanksgiving, sorrow or praise are mentioned.

The famous songs of the Old Testament, besides the Psalms and certain metrical passages in Job, are: Lamech's Song, Gen. 4:24; Noah's Song, Gen. 9:25-27; Moses' a Miriam's Song, Ex. 15:1-19, 21; War Song, etc., Num. 21:14, 15, 17, 18, 27-30; Moses' Prophetic Song, Deut. 32:1-43; Song Deborah and Barak, Judg. 5:2-21; Samson Riddle Song, Judg. 15:16; Hannah's Magnificat, I Sam. 2:1-10; David's Song of the Book II. Sam. 1:19-27; David's Song over Abner, Sam. 3:33, 34; David's Thanksgiving, Chron. 16:8-36; Hezekiah's Song, Isa. 38:120; Jonah's Prayer Song, Jonah 2:2-9; Habakkuk's Prayer Song, Hab. 3:2-19; and the original songs in the New Testament: Luke 46-55; Luke 1:68-80; Luke 2:14; Luke 29-33.

Mrs. M. Wright, South Nest, Westmoreland Co., I. Seeing Mrs. M. C. F. A.'s letter in reference Mrs. Jamal's school for native girls in Jerusalem I was glad that someone had taken an interest in it. I don't feel able to give \$12 a year but I give \$6, or 50c. per month. Cannot we form company and raise the necessary amount? Those who can't give \$1 per month give 50c. a if not 50c. give 25c. Let each send in name a amount they can give and when the amount raised, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can make known through THE MAIL-BAG. The money can be contributed in two payments each year. I think that this would suit the givers better than one payment. You can enter my name for 5 per month.

Our correspondent's plan is a most practical one and opens a way whereby a club or band of Christian people, acting together, could, at mere nominal expense, support a very useful evangelistic and educational work among the poor, untaught Syrian girls of Jerusalem.

J. K., Lanark, Ill. 1. Are persons who are converted at the mourners' bench more pious and aggressive than persons converted in other places? Did Dr. Talmage adopt the method of Trine immersion when he baptized the candidate in Jordan? 2. Is Trine immersion recognized by the church universal as the proper mode of baptism?

1. There are no statistics to show and we not see how there could be. We should, that the place and manner of a conversion have less to do with a man's subsequent conduct and service than his natural disposition and his willingness or unwillingness to sub himself to the influences of the Holy Spirit. No. 3. No; in the large majority of church baptism by sprinkling is the recognized mode. In some of these churches, however, if a candidate desires to be baptized by immersion, a minister is at liberty to use that mode. I Talmage had a baptism in his Tabernacle and baptized by immersion when the candidate wished to be so baptized.

Mrs. Wm. Fidler, Manotick. The hymn you mention is found in the Plymouth Collection, No. 228, published in 1837, and also in several other collections.—J. F. Englewood, N. J. You can see one by sending \$2 for a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—John G. Fertsch, Springfield, Mo. Not in this country.—S. D. H. Lewis, Pa. Yes, you can secure the International Teacher's Bible as a premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year at \$2.—Otto W. Stern, Winchester, The cause was explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Aug. 8, in the leading article. Since then, the work has developed into a campaign of conquest by Japan.—E. A. Blakeslee, Caledonia, N. Y. Write to collector J. P. Frigate, Gazette, Cincinnati, O.—E. Turner, Norwalk, Ct. You will find it fully described in the Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 2.—Mr. Rice, Stillman Valley, Ind. We cannot furnish information asked for.—W. D. C. Marshall, and Mrs. A. F. Young, Marshall, Tex. You cannot them through Scribner's Sons, publishers, N. City.—Annie H. Mullis, Linton, Ia. You can procure an American Geography or a Gazette through your local bookseller.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A VILLAGE IN TIBET.

It is a singular fact that the two travelers who of late years have succeeded in penetrating Tibet should be women. No country in the world is so hermetically sealed to the exploration of Western people as this strange land. The prejudices of the Tibetan government, encouraged by China, have rendered any attempt to explore the country an enterprise of great risk, almost certain to end in death. On Nov. 8, 1893, the story was told in this journal of the effort of Miss R. Taylor, an English missionary to carry the Gospel into Tibet. She passed through the southern part of the country in Darjeeling in Northern India to Ta-tien Fu in China. But she was in constant peril of death from the treachery of people who tried to poison her, and of the brigands who attacked her party on the mountain passes. On her return, she collected a party of missionaries to go to Tibet, but on attempting to conduct them into the country she was stopped. She is now on the frontier unable to proceed farther. She is striving to win to Christ such Tibetan travelers who cross the frontier into India for trading purposes, and by making friends with them to prepare the way for missionary labor when the prohibition is removed. Less perils and altogether more pleasant has been the experience of another lady who has recently returned into Tibet. This traveler is Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, whose book describing her journey has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York. Her route was prudently confined to the district of Tibet contiguous to British India, which is known as Lesser Tibet. To enter the country she had to climb mountains covered with snow, and go through passes 11,500 feet above the sea. In this region she found the people more friendly to travelers, as they have commercial relations with the people of India. They invited her into their houses and showed her their manner of life. She found them living in dense heathenism with strange superstitions. Ostensibly they are Buddhists, but their faith is a corrupted type of Buddhism, even of that they have little knowledge. At Leh, the capital of Lesser Tibet, Mrs. Bishop found two Moravian missionaries who had been living there twenty-five years, laboring patiently, but unsuccessfully to Christianize the people. At Khyang, more Moravian missionaries were met, some of whom had been there forty years without visiting his native land. He had made a few converts, but they were ostracized and persecuted by their fellow-countrymen. Both places are outside the vast region of Chinese Tibet, or Tibet proper, which is closed against the missionaries. There, hundreds of men and women are dying every day in ignorance of God and the way of Salvation. (Prov. 29: 18.)

A Perennial Orange-Tree.

An orange-tree which possesses the rare merit of bearing all the year round is described by "The Daily Times," of Tampa, Fla. It states that the tree is now to be seen in Tampa and that it is still bearing fruit. Last August the attention of a well-known authority on orange culture was called to it and after an examination, he pronounced it a variety of a tree which grows wild in the Apopka hammock and is not bitter like the common wild orange of the hammocks. The tree, he says, is without a doubt a cross—the sour orange with the sweet—and it has the power of holding the fruit on the tree for months after it is fully ripe. The original tree now has both green and ripe oranges, and they are picked ripe, juicy, and delicious any day in the year. The fruit is more even in size and thinner

skinned than the old one, with less rag and but very few seeds. On the same tree, at the same time, are bloom and green and ripe fruit. As "The Times" says, a tree that bears fruit all the year round should be in every garden in Florida. Doubtless, it will be, if such a tree is really in existence. People generally will be a little sceptical on that point, as with less reason too many are as to the existence of that tree which the seer of Patmos saw growing in the New Jerusalem which yielded its fruit every month and its leaves were for the healing of the nations. (Rev. 22: 2.)

Reconciliation in Prison.

Brooklyn newspapers tell the story of a strange scene which was witnessed in the city prison a few days ago. During the evening a woman was arrested for being intoxicated and riotous in the streets. She was placed in a cell to await her appearance before the police-justice in the morning. About an hour later a man was brought in on a similar charge and placed

the association of evil with evil. Its opportunity came when the pure and holy Son of God joined himself to human nature. (Phil. 2: 7.)

Within a Minute of Death.

A narrow escape from death is reported from the Indian Territory. A man named Silas Lewis, one of the Wilburton prisoners, had been condemned to death. October 6th was set as the day of execution. Accordingly at noon on that day he was brought out of the prison at Tushka Homma to be shot. All arrangements were perfected. The prisoner, heavily manacled, with arms folded, had taken his seat on the death-box, and the guards stood ready, with rifles placed to their shoulders, to send the missiles of death into the prisoner's breast, when a courier rode up, his horse foaming, and at a distance of a hundred yards hailed the Captain of the guard and ordered him to stop proceedings. He conveyed an order from Judge Holson respiting Lewis for thirty days, according to instructions of the Interior Department. Had the rider been one minute later, his order would have been useless. The condition of his horse showed how anxious he had been to arrive on time. Perhaps some who saw him riding in such haste may have wondered at his hurrying so much. So people often wonder at the urgency of ministers in their preaching; but they, like the messenger, know that theirs is an errand of life or

ing the hill of Hissarlik which antiquaries believe to be the site of ancient Troy. Their principal task has been the laying bare of the entire fortified wall in the sixth layer of the ruins, and the removal of debris from the buildings discovered in the enceinte of the fortification. This object has been accomplished. In the portions brought to light the city walls are found to be in a remarkable state of preservation. Besides numerous doors, towers, and buildings in the inner citadel, a large number of store-rooms have been excavated in the sixth layer, and countless articles of pottery, have been found, while many graves belonging to the ancient Greek period have been laid bare. It is remarkable that these discoveries have been made at so late a day. They must be very gratifying to those ardent admirers of Homer's inimitable epic, who have been pained by the disposition of modern critics to treat the whole story as a myth. The fact may encourage Christians who are trembling for the safety of the Bible. Critical arguments, conclusive as they may appear are sometimes disproved by incontrovertible facts which have been hidden for centuries. (Habakkuk 2: 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Bible Depository at Shanghai, China, issued during the months of July and August the unusually large number of 133,525 volumes.

The Bishop of Lahore Reports that, of Eighteen native clergymen in his diocese, eight are converts of Mohammedanism.

Christians in India are Deploing the Death

of Mrs. Sathianadhan, who has been eminent as a Christian writer and author. Many of her works have been translated into German, Danish, Tamil, and Telugu. She was the daughter of the Rev. Hari Prunt Khisty, one of the first Brahmin converts of the American Missionary Society.

The Board of Home Missions of the United Presbyterian Church reports that the heavy deficiencies of the past few years have reduced the reserve funds very low, so that money due to the missionaries on July 1, could not be paid in many cases until September.

The Lord Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, speaking recently at the funeral of Rev. James Martin, a venerable minister of that city, said he owed everything in life to his dead friend, who took an interest in him when he came into the city a friendless lad and saved him from moral shipwreck.

The Neglected Women of India have now the prospect of skilled medical treatment. There are sixty-five hospitals and dispensaries now affiliated to the Countess of Dufferin's fund for supplying medical aid to them, ten of these having been built and kept up by native princes. Last year 13,058 patients were received, besides 661,574 out-patients being relieved. Over 200 female students of medicine were enrolled last year.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has been relieved by the receipt of a cable message from Seoul, signed by Dr. O. R. Anson, who is in charge of the medical work of that station, announcing

that the mission has again assumed control of the Royal Korean Hospital. The Board thinks that the dispatch indicates that affairs have quieted down at least in Seoul, and that the missionaries are no longer in danger.

A Resolution has been Passed by the Teachers' Association of Grace Lutheran Church, New York, and by the teachers and officials of the East Eighth Street Mission expressing "sincere appreciation and heartfelt thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the entertainment of so many poor children at its Children's Home at Nyack, during the summer."

The Shelter for Persecuted Hebrew Converts at Avenue D, New York, which was mentioned in this journal on September 10th, in our article on Mr. Warszawiak's work among the Jews in New York, is closed. It was continued for three years, but when Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank, who managed it, went to Jerusalem last June to labor among the Jews there, the home was given up.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt has Received an offer of a property suitable for the proposed medical Missionary College, in a charming situation, with twenty acres of land. The original cost of building and land was nearly \$200,000 but it is offered for the college at \$150,000 with the privilege of one-half or more of the purchase money remaining on mortgage. Dr. Dowkontt did not consider the offer as his fund toward the purchase of a site amounted to little more than \$5,000. Put a friend of the movement has now offered a contribution of \$25,000 if Dr. Dowkontt can raise the other \$45,000 necessary to secure the property.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions at its annual meeting at Madison, Wis., determined not to withdraw any of its missionaries from the field. That plan had been suggested by some members who were alarmed at the deficit of \$16,000 which the financial report showed. It was also decided not to sell the securities of the Otis fund which are worth \$80,000. The Board is perfectly solvent as the value of its securities and real estate is far in excess of its debt. Committees were appointed to serve in Chicago, Boston and New York to endeavor to increase the contributions of churches and individuals and it is hoped that sufficient money will be raised during the coming year not only to defray the current expenses but to reduce the debt. In some States one-half of the Congregational Churches contribute nothing to the Board.



A VILLAGE IN KULU, SOUTHWESTERN TIBET, VISITED BY MRS. BISHOP.

in an adjoining cell. Both prisoners were excited and noisy, and their alternate hilarity and depression were voiced in loud tones all night. Toward morning, as they became sober, they quieted down, but the woman, realizing the disgrace of her position, begged to be released. Some tones of her voice seemed familiar to the man in the adjoining cell, and he called out to her an inquiry of who she was. He did not know the name when she gave it to him, but her first name gave him the clue to her identity. He was convinced that he had known her in her girlhood, and her answer to his next question proved that he was right. They had been engaged to be married, but more than twenty years ago they had quarrelled, and had not met again. Now, although separated by the wall of the cells, they became reconciled and agreed to be married when they should be released. The police-justice was informed the next morning of what had occurred and when they were arraigned before him, he forgave them and the two prisoners went away together to have the ceremony performed. To ordinary minds it would have seemed that the circumstances under which they met would have excited on both sides a repugnance to marriage; but on the contrary they seem to have removed the objection that existed before. Common vices, like common misfortunes, often draw people near to each other. But there is little hope of moral good in such unions. Probability lies in still lower degradation. The world would have had no chance of redemption from

death and with them it is eternal life that is hanging in the balance. (II. Cor. 5: 20.)

A Millionaire's Monument.

A monument to cost half a million dollars is to be erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The will of a well-known business man who died recently while on a visit to Europe was presented for probate last week in Philadelphia. It provides that the entire estate of the testator valued at over a million dollars shall be put in trust for the benefit of his widow. At her death several legacies are to be paid from the principal and the remainder, which will be half a million, shall be expended in the erection of a monument to the testator. It is to include a bronze statue of himself and there are to be smaller statues of certain officers who served with him in Pennsylvania regiments in the war. Elaborate instructions are left as to the character, material, and size of the monument which is to be executed by the best sculptors and erected in Fairmount Park. The man must have set a high value on posthumous fame to devote so much money to securing it for himself. As a rule, it is not acquired by such means. The surest way to escape oblivion is that recommended by the Psalmist who says, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." (Ps. 112: 6.)

In Ancient Troy.

A German newspaper publishes a report of the work done during the past twelve months by the explorers who are excavat-

SERMONS WORTH READING

Helpful Discourses for the People.

The Inward Guidance and the Outward Going.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: John 16: 13. "Howbeit when he the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all truth."



HE guidance here promised is evidently a very comprehensive one—a guidance "into all truth." Not only present truth and prophetic truth, but also practical truth, since all things which the

spirit receives from the Father he is to make known unto us. From two cognate passages let us consider the inward and the outward direction of the Spirit.

I. *The Inward Guidance.* "He shall guide you into all truth." (John 16: 13). It is a beautiful saying from one of our poets, who, speaking of our birth, says: "Every soul leaves port under sealed orders: We cannot know whither we are going or what we are to do till the time comes for breaking the seal." But I can tell you something more beautiful than this. Every regenerated soul sets out on its voyage with an invisible Captain on board, who knows the nature of our sealed orders from the outset, and who will shape our entire voyage accordingly, if we will only let him. Only here comes the difficulty. We insist on taking command ourselves and directing our course according to our own wisdom. Hence the coast is lined with memorials of such as have "erred from the truth and made shipwreck of the faith."

Guiding or Guided?

—Here is the question. Whether we shall make our own plans and choose our own way and then ask the Holy Spirit to prosper us therein or whether we shall yield ourselves entirely to the Spirit to shape and guide our life according to the divine pattern. Yet God does not force us into his way; or constrain us into his truth by violent compulsion. What is the one indispensable condition of safely navigating a ship? It is that the needle of the compass shall be perfectly free to yield to the magnetic current. If the iron of the vessel should perchance present such attraction as to sway the needle somewhat from its true surrender to the pole, immediate danger would thereby accrue—danger of missing the channel and of running upon rocks.

It is exactly so with the Christian; only as his will is entirely surrendered to God's will can he be sure of realizing the true plan and purpose of his life.

"If any man is willing to do his will," says Jesus, "he shall know of the doctrine." Here you see is a shading of the meaning that is very instructive. Our common version says, "If any man will do his will." But that is a very great requirement. "How can I be sure," says one, "that I am doing God's will?" Yea more, how can I be sure that I even understand that will, to say nothing of doing it? "Nay, my child," says the gracious and tender Saviour, "I do not ask as much as that." The needle is not asked to steer the ship, but only to lie passive to the influence of the pole. And you are not asked to execute God's will but only to yield to it—not "if any man will to do his will," but "if any man is willing to do his will."

A Common Mistake.

Alas! that we have made the mistake of thinking not only that we must do God's will but that we must change God's will! We have arranged our plans and laid out our work and when all has been ready we have gone to work to induce God to give success to our undertaking. Well may the apostle ask the astonished question: "Do I now persuade men or God?" Is it the divine will that needs to be brought around, or the human? Does the weather vane change the wind, or does the wind change

the weather vane? Nay, there is no time in our history, there is no crisis in our experience when God's will needs to be altered by a hair's breadth. Prayer is not designed to bend God to us, but to bend us to God. God's will is eternally and unchangeably right. Nay more; in all our work and service for him he has willed the true and best way before we have undertaken that service. "Fall in with God's plan concerning you." This is the right advice. Keep in such communion with him that you shall constantly be

In the Current of His Will,

whether you know it or not. Yet how easily we deceive ourselves at this point. I yield myself to God's will as I yield to my horse and let him draw me over the road I am traveling. But I hold the reins all the while in my hands, to guide him whither I choose. Ah! that is what we do constantly—put bits in the mouth of God's will, hold the bridle in our hands, and let God have his way with us through our having our own way.

A self-willed willingness! "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," saith Peter. But when the Lord turned into the narrow way that led to the cross, Peter gave a jerk at the bridle, saying, "Far be it from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee," and thus it came out that Peter, instead of following the Lord, was presuming to drive his Lord. What wonder that Jesus burst out in passionate rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The Lord will not take his orders from us. He who is Master of Assemblies won that distinction by being himself the servant. I see him now, a "Lamb in the midst of the throne," and I read, "The Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead them," and I remember he is the same of whom it is written. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." Submit, my brother, if you would be sovereign. Yield your will if you would have your will. The conflict, the discord, the strife of the world can never be healed till all bow to the One, and every "I will" falls on its knees and yields up its sceptre to "Thy will be done." Put the emphasis moreover on the word do. If any man is willing to do his will. It is one thing to be willing to do; it is another thing to be

Willing to Will.

Many a Christian is willing to will God's will who has balked and turned back when it came to the doing of God's work. Let our willing and our working be yoked together, and let neither hold back when the one pulls. Hear how our Lord conjoins these two: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." What a graphic picture of divided service! Working for Christ, yet wishing for the world; the hand stretched forth in toil, but the heart all the while tugging at those hands to make them let go at the very first convenient opportunity. Working God's will, but not willing God's will. Concerning such, our Saviour's deliberate verdict is: "Not fit for the kingdom of God." So vital does the Saviour deem the inner consecration that he does not want unwilling servants in his kingdom. If one has the arms of a Samson for strength, and yet has the eyes of Lot's wife for looking back, he is rejected from the service of Jesus Christ.

Therefore I lay redoubled emphasis on consecration. I want hearts yielded to God, then will there be hands stretched forth to God. The heart is the man himself. If that heart be consecrated, it has eyes that will see the way of duty, even when no man has observed it. The second birth gives a second sight; the Spirit's indwelling gives a spiritual outlook that is rational and according to the acceptable will of God. I am so constantly impressed with this, that

I am tempted to give up urging Christians to do this duty and that; to give here and give there. The ordering of the Christian life seems so much more direct and certain through the heart than through the hands. The Christian who is spiritual will be practical, and practical, too, according to God's plan and pattern, so he will not labor as one that beateth the air. So I urge upon you, not so much sanctification as the Spirit; not it, but Him; not the seeking of divine guidance, but the acceptance of the divine Guide. I press it pointedly to your hearts. "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" Oh! take aboard this invisible Pilot; give the rudder of your will into his hands. Let him open the sealed orders of Providence, by which you are to sail. Holy Spirit within us, hast thou been, as it were, asleep in the ship because of our drowsiness of unbelief? Awake, and take command; we resign to thee the captaincy of our lives, and gladly yield to thee. Guide us whithersoever thou wilt, for thou always guidest according to the will of God.

The Outward Going.

II. *The outward going:* "For as many as are led by the Spirit, they are the sons of God." (Rom. 8: 14.) The word sons should be specially noted. It marks the character of maturity and attainment in the Christian life. There are two words translated "sons" in the New Testament, the one meaning children, and the other sons. "As many as received him," says John, "to them gave he power to become the children of God." That is, simple faith in Jesus brings us in the family of God; and being begotten of God, we are the children of God. But, says the Apostle Paul, using the same word, "a child differeth nothing from a servant, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." The child belongs to the family and has a seat at the table with the parents, and that is a high honor, for he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than the man of this world. But, alas, how many Christians remain all their lives in the condition of sanctified babyhood, talking evermore in the dialect of infancy. Just as little children prattle about their birthday, and are always telling how old they are, you find many Christians who rarely open their mouth without dating back to their conversion, as though that were the end and all of their Christian lives—to be converted and saved, instead of going on unto perfection.

Signs of Maturity.

"But," says the apostle, "you are not simply children, but full-grown sons; and because you are sons, God hath sent forth his Spirit into your hearts crying, Abba Father." Little children have to be looked after by their nurses, lest they go astray. They have often to be forced to make them walk in the right way; yea, sometimes they are so stubborn and refractory that they have to be carried against their will, they meantime kicking and resisting at every step. Not so with the full-grown, obedient son. He moves according to an intelligent inward prompting in the way that he shall go. It is this idea which the apostle here brings out, "as many as are led by the Spirit, they are the sons of God." They do not need petty regulations and constant family discipline to make them obedient. They have the Spirit of God within them which gently and constantly inclines them to walk obediently. "I will guide thee with mine eye," says the Lord. Be ye not as the horse or the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come nigh unto thee. The Lord's eye is

The Christian's Polar Star,

to which his eye should turn as the needle. Shame on us that so many of us have to be jerked with the bit of adversity and jostled with the bridle of chastisement to make us go in God's way. Even wayward Peter rises up to condemn us at this point, for we read that when the Lord turned and looked on Peter, he went out and wept bitterly. Blessed be Simon Bar-Jonah, that, though he was a denier and a blasphemer for a moment, he was not like us, a horse or a mule all his life-time.

My brethren have you this mark of divine sonship, that you are daily led of the Spirit, so that your outward going is evermore the result of an inward guidance? Let me apply two or three practical tests. It is a most solemn and urgent duty of Christians to bear witness for Christ among the

unsaved. But the Spirit must convict before you can convert. The impressions the Holy Ghost are double—upon preachers and upon hearers. The Spirit laid one hand on the eunuch as he sat reading Isaiah his chariot; and he laid another upon the Evangelist Philip and said, "Go near a join thyself to this chariot." The Spirit called Paul to go unto Macedonia, and Philippi the chief city thereof, he opened the heart of Lydia to attend unto the word which he spoke. This is the divine method—to bring the preacher and the preparer together. How much time it saves us? How much waste of effort it saves us? It can only be directed to our spiritual door and close in with him at once. Here many as are led by the Spirit they are sons of God.

They Get their Orders Daily

from Heaven; they work under the great superintendent of the church, who knows how to fit all the parts of his divine enterprise into each other. It is a high attainment—the very highest. And yet I have known Christians who have had just distinct orders from Heaven concerning their work as though an audible voice had come to them from the skies. "Go to Lancaster," was the inward voice which came to an intimate friend of mine as he awoke at night. So importunate was the call, so irresistible was the impression, that he rose very early in the morning and took the first train for that city. There he met in the street an old acquaintance under the terrible power of the devil, and bent on killing a man with whom he was angry. But a friend led this man to Christ after a severe struggle with the adversary, and saw him bow in prayer and confess the Saviour before the day closed. It was a marked and unusual interposition of the Holy Ghost, but it ought to be a constant one in the experience of Christians. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," says Jesus, speaking of the Holy Ghost. Yes, but the wind ways blows toward a vacuum. Let your heart be

Empty of Self-Confidence,

and of self-will, and the Spirit can come in and bear you whither God would have you to go. My hearers, if the Lord's business is made your principal business, I assure you that you will repeatedly have divine guidance in your Christian life. It may be direct or indirect; it may be sensible or sensible, but you will have it. Christ does not call us to be his servants and then utterly neglect to give us any orders as to work. Ah! the trouble is that we have looked to him for our directions. Like wayward children we have chosen to work our own plans instead of asking him to show us his plans. Let us resolve to take the position of sons, who are also servants. Many gentlemen Christians are there in church and too few servant Christians. I make polite calls on God in the morning and pay him our compliments and then tire. We do not take our orders from him. "Lord what wilt thou have me do?" ring the visitors' bell at the door of Heaven but not the servants' bell. We make a little call on the Lord in the morning, let our card in the shape of a few set phrases of worship and adoration, glad when formality is over, then we hasten about our business, but

Do not Stop to Take our Orders

from him. Let us be ashamed that this has been so true in our case. Let us be able say morning by morning: "Behold, as the eyes of servants are unto the hand of their masters; and as the eyes of a maiden are unto the hands of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the God our God." A servant attitude is the best prayer for the Spirit's guidance. If only with weak knees and tired hands we pray: "Lead me, O God!" we shall be little likely to be hindered in guidance in going there is the utmost certainty; of guidance in staying there neither need nor likelihood.

So essential is the inward impulse to outward service that God actually accepts the will for the deed. Hear his words, first there be a willing mind it is according to what a man hath, and not according to that which he hath not. God delights in spiritual spontaneity! I have pushed out from the open hand the impulse of the Holy Ghost is more to him than the dollar wrung from the reluctant grip by the dunning of the beggars. I am so much impressed with the importance which God attaches to the voluntariness that I am often tempted to

olve never to beg a cent for God again, but rather to spend my energy in getting Christians spiritualized, assured that they will certainly become liberalized.

Only the Spirit shows the greatness of the salvation which we have received through Christ: and the greatness of our consequent obligation. As says the Psalmist: "When the Lord turned again our captivity, we were like them that dream. Then as our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. Then said we, 'The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.' Oh brethren, if we know how great things the Lord hath done for us, what should we not be ready to do for him and this we can only know by the illumination of the Spirit.

We have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. This knowledge is power; that knowledge begets loving and fruitful actions.

"Oh, Holy Ghost, arise within us; give the heavenly impulse by which to work out our earthly calling!" this is my prayer to you, O, believers. For you that are not under my exhortation is, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, of course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in type, Divinity circuit binding overlapping at the ends, with red under gold edges. This eminently serviceable and very pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

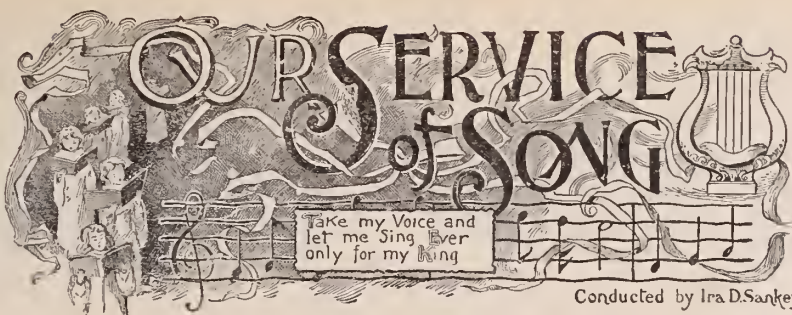
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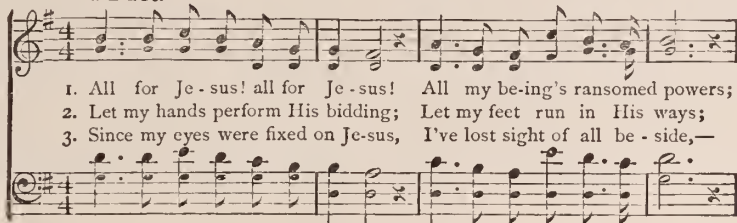


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

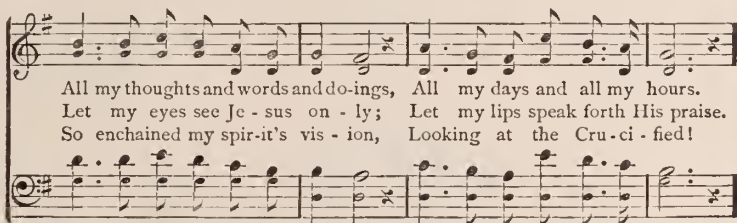
All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.
* Duet.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

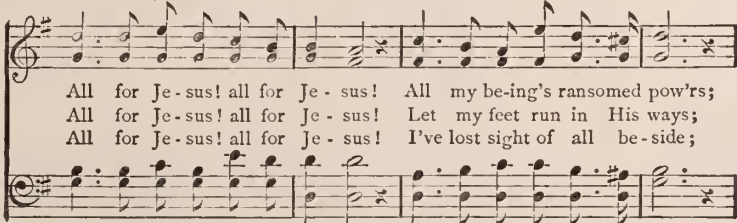


1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed powers;
2. Let my hands perform His bidding; Let my feet run in His ways;
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be - side,—

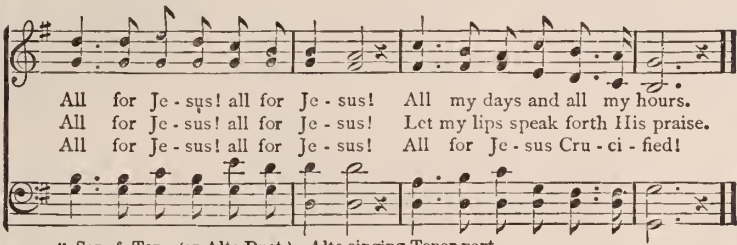


All my thoughts and words and do-ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchained my spir-it's vis - ion, Looking at the Cru-ci - fied!

Quartet, or Chorus.



All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed pow'rs;
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my feet run in His ways;
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! I've lost sight of all be - side;



All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All for Je - sus Cru - ci - fied!

* Sop. & Ten., (or Alto Duet.) Alto singing Tenor part.

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book, "The Pathway of Life," a large edition of which has been specially prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. Talmage kindly consenting to waive all claims to royalty. This great book containing 544 pages, having for a frontispiece a picture of Dr. Talmage recently taken in Australia, embellished by 200 beautiful engravings, in exceedingly handsome binding of cloth and gold, and sent out into the world to make it better and more useful and more serviceable, is offered in connection with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for \$2. The book weighs three pounds and measures, when open, from tip to tip 9x15 inches. In shape and size it is a companion book to "From Manger to Throne," but otherwise entirely distinct. This book has been read with interest by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, ex-President Hayes, ex-President Harrison, Major Gen. O. O. Howard, Secretary J. G. Carlisle, Bishop Vincent, Joseph Cook, Governor Fitzhugh Lee, Bishop Hurst, Miss Frances Willard, General Sherman, Senator John Sherman, John G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Grace Greenwood, Neal Dow, and many other men and women noted throughout the English-speaking world, all of whom unite in warmly and cordially endorsing it. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-One.

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HEART-BALM.

TELL me about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the West,
My poor heart is weary, awestruck,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judaea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs he freely forgave;
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is awestruck, awestruck,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation befall,

The infinite Master has suffered,

And knoweth and pitieth all.

So tell me the sweet old story,

That falls on each wound like a balm,

And my heart that was bruised and broken

Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

TIMES IN PARALLEL.

Points of Resemblance Between this Age
and the Antediluvians.

BY REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M. A.

OUR Lord tells us, if we desire to know what the state of the world will be at his return we have a picture of it in the age just before the flood (Luke 17: 26)—"As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark and the flood came, and destroyed them all."

Now the prominent feature in the picture drawn by the Lord of the antediluvian world is its intense worldliness. The absence of the connecting "and" marks the complete absorption of men in secular aims and pleasures, eating, drinking, marrying, as if this were their all, with no desire beyond. No interval was allowed for repose or meditation upon the concerns of eternity: it was one ceaseless round of bustle, business, and pleasure. "They know not the things which belonged unto their peace (Matthew 24: 39; like Jerusalem before its awful judgment—Luke 19: 42) until the flood came and took them all away."

Along with this practical unbelief there was not wanting what often accompanies it—open putting away of God from them, and professed disavowal of the debt of gratitude due to him: "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time (prematurely), whose foundation was overflown with a flood; which said unto God, Depart from us: and what can the Almighty do for them? Yet he filled their houses with good things" (Job 22: 15-18). This, and the corresponding picture of the heathen—"When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful" (Romans 1: 21), has its exact counterpart in St. Paul's description of the men of the last days, "unthankful unholy" (II. Timothy 3: 2); relapsing into heathenism—a marked characteristic of our own age.

The sacred writer (Genesis 6: 4) adds another feature, "There were giants (nephilim, rather 'men of violence': literally, 'fellers') in those days;" and again (verse 13), "The earth was filled with violence through men." This feature, too, is to be reproduced in the "lawlessness" (English version) of the last days about to culminate in the revolution of "the lawless one."

Are not these characteristics beginning to mark our age? Selfish absorption in the pursuit of gain; ambition and pleasure; no pause, no rest allowed, so that the worldlings make themselves mere drudges; and the prevalent diseases are those of the nerve-system and the heart, entailing frequent sudden deaths: intense worldliness; impatience of Divine law; independence of God; the tyranny of the multitude; recklessness of the rights, properties, and lives of one's fellowmen?

All this, moreover, goes on side by side with worldly and intellectual culture; advancement in material civilization and science, whilst there is deterioration in moral purity. So it was in the days before the flood. Cain's descendants were distinguished for inventions, accomplishments, and the arts of civilization. Tubalcain, the "instructor of every artificer" ("hammering every kind of sharp-edged tool") invented weapons of brass and iron; Jubal, musical instruments (Genesis 4: 21), the harp and the pipe. Our age is music-mad; our churches are changed into sacred opera houses, our charity bazaars into vanity fairs and music saloons. The harp may beguile a Saul amidst his demon-possession for a time, but it will not prevent the evil spirit's return. Nebuchadnezzar's concert was the accompaniment of idolatry and persecution. So it will be again (Rev. 13: 4-18). The cries of the innocent sacrificed to Moloch used to be drowned with the sounds of music. How many stifle the voice of conscience and thoughts of seriousness with melodies which reach only the ear, and mistake pleasurable emotions awakened by church music for the religion of the heart. In Cain's race was found a "father of tent-dwellers," and a "father of musicians," but not a father of the faithful; one to instruct in brass and iron, but not in the good knowledge of the Lord. So our present "last days" are peculiarly noted for the innumerable applications of iron railways, iron houses, iron ships, and especially terrible iron instruments of warfare.

(To be Continued.)



THE LORD'S DAY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 4. Mark. 2: 23-28.

WHEN we realize what the Lord's Day was given for, there will not be much difficulty in deciding how it should be observed. It is a singular and significant fact that people who call the Lord's Day the Sabbath and strive to make it a day of gloom, base their conduct on Old Testament legislation; yet the fourth Commandment prescribes no religious ordinances for the day. It simply enjoins a suspension of toil and leaves men to do what they please with their leisure. It was to be kept holy, not to be profaned by any worldly toil, but nothing was said about devoting it to worship. The later prophets had more to say about it, but the Commandment simply enjoined physical rest. The Lord's day does not commemorate God's resting from the work of creation and it is not intended to be used simply for rest. It commemorates the rising of Christ from the dead and it should be used for gaining and imparting that newness of life, of which his rising was a symbol. It is a privilege to leave for one day in seven the harassing, benumbing, worldly work and worldly care and devote the attention to spiritual things, to gaining further knowledge of Christ and his Gospel and thereby strengthening the soul in right principles. It is an opportunity also for service. In celebrating the resurrection of Christ, the triumphant culmination of his earthly career, the first thought is one of joy and the next one of grateful service. Love to Christ and love to men impels every true Christian to impart his treasure, which has transformed him into a new man, to some one near him who has it not. There is no law about this. Christ does not lay his followers under laws in this matter. He trusts to their love. He healed the sick on the Sabbath, restored the cripples, cast out devils. If the Christian follows his example, he will attend public worship, he will at least visit the sick, will try to restore those whom sinful habit and sinful association has crippled and will labor to deliver those whom Satan is holding and using in his service. "Is it right," people ask, "to write letters on Sunday?" "Is it right to do this or that on Sunday?" Let the conscience decide. If the heart is right, if there is the burning desire to work for Christ, to bring others into his kingdom that there ought to be, none of these questions will arise. The day will be all too short for the work and for the attainment of the knowledge and strength which are needed for daily conduct. The Christian has liberty as to his observance of the day, but he is under the compulsion of his higher nature which will prevent his misusing it.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR REPORT.

The quarterly report of Secretary J. Willis Baer of the Christian Endeavor Society, presented at the regular meeting of the Board of Trustees on Oct. 8, contains welcome news of the progress of President F. E. Clark, who, writing from Lucerne, announces himself "improving rapidly in health." The next annual convention is now definitely fixed for July 10-14 in Boston, Mass. The change from San Francisco was made with regret; but in the face

of the attitude of the railroads, it would have been folly to adhere to the original programme. Mr. Baer announced remarkable progress in the number of societies. The total at the Cleveland Convention stood at 33,679; it is now 35,079, or an increase of 1,400 in three months.

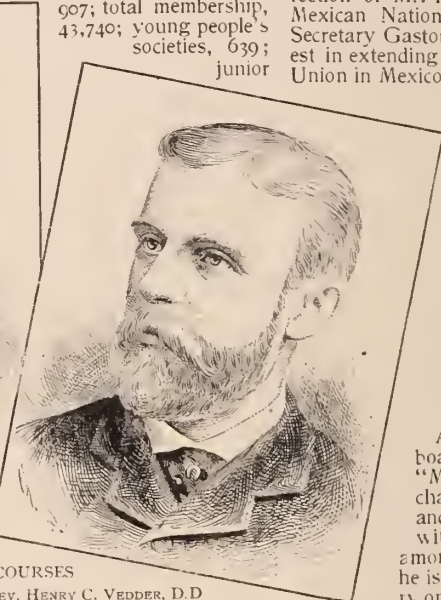
As to the Good Citizenship movement, which has been the subject of much discussion, Mr. Baer says: "Christian Endeavorers everywhere have set themselves deliberately and earnestly to help forward the movement of Christian citizenship. On the whole, their efforts meet with the approval and commendation of pastors and churches and lovers of good government everywhere. Here and there, however, this movement has been criticised, and severely. Here and there individuals have sent out



PROF. IRA M. PRICE, PH.D.



MRS. SOPHIE B. TITTERINGTON.
Leader of the C. M. C. Course.



REV. HENRY C. VEDDER, D.D.

LEADERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CULTURE COURSES

OF THE B. Y. P. UNION.

displayed. We must be able to distinguish between politics and partisanship, and, as Dr. Clark has said repeatedly, "Christian Endeavor must not be made the catspaw of the politicians of any party. He does a grievous injury to the cause who attempts to make of this movement a partisan propaganda. No United Society, no State union, no paper, no individual, has a right to say to what party any individual is to belong. To be a Christian Endeavorer does not mean that one is to be a Republican or a Democrat; but it does mean that he will be a good citizen, and that he will exert every ounce of influence which he possesses for the right."



THE C. C. C. LEADERS.

Our friends of the Young People's Baptist Union will be glad to have the three portraits which appear on this page. They are those of the leaders and guides of their studies for the year. The Christian Culture Courses are pre-eminently the distinctive feature of the Union, which makes it permanently useful as an educational force. Prof. Ira M. Price, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, has the conduct of the Bible Readers' Course. This year the readings are in the prophecies and Prof. Price makes a suggestive selection from devotional literature appropriate to the subject. By reading one chapter a day, the whole Bible is covered in four years. Mrs. Sophie Bronson Titterington who has written much on Missions, has charge of the Conquest Missionary Course. No one knows better than she the scope of the subject and she knows exactly who has the special information bearing on particular fields. This year the topic is "Leaders and

Triumphs" and about both Mrs. Titterington has an inexhaustible fund of knowledge. Dr. Henry C. Vedder, editor of the "Examiner," has undertaken the conduct of the Sacred Literature Course. The subjects this year are covered by the general title of "Struggles for Distinctive Principles," and include, beside the early historical struggles and struggles, the Baptist leaders on the European continent; the Leaders in England such as Bunyan, Carey and Spurgeon; and the heroes of the New World, Judson, Jeter, Fuller, Cone and their brethren. The Union is to be congratulated on having for its leader in this interesting course a scholar so able and accomplished as Dr. Vedder.



NEW JERSEY C. E. CONVENTION.

Seldom has the State of New Jersey had so enthusiastic a religious meeting as that of the State Christian Endeavor Convention which assembled at New Brunswick, Oct. 11 and 12. Fully fifteen hundred accredited delegates attended and at the evening sessions the audiences were estimated at three thousand. The convention was welcomed by Mayor Van Cleef for the city, President Austin Scott for Rutgers College and Seminary, the Rev. P. T. Pockman for the churches, and H. B. Zimmerman for the local union. Response was made by the Rev. Dr. J. C. French of Newark.

Miss Caroline Brookfield of Belvidere, Secretary of the State Society, reported: Number of societies, 907; total membership, 43,740; young people's societies, 639; junior

The Denominational rallies were marked features of the Convention, the churches in which they were held being well filled. No sign more significant than this could have been given of the deep seated union which Christian Endeavor has revealed between the denominations.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

There are now 16,023 chapters of the Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church, an increase of 418 in the month ending Sept. 20th. Of the total number of chapters 2,800 are junior leagues.



The President and Secretary of the Epworth League in India and Malaysia, have sent a circular letter to all the Leagues in those countries, urging them to plan for grand missionary day celebration and collection for that cause.



The fourth annual State Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of Kansas, was held at Wintfield, Wednesday Oct. 17, in connection with the regular Baptist State Convention. Over three hundred delegates were present.



The Young Men's Christian Association in the City of Mexico is devoting its efforts to stimulating the use and study of the Bible in the republic. A regular Sunday afternoon Bible meeting is held under the direction of Mr. R. B. Keys, auditor of the Mexican National Railroad, and General Secretary Gaston is taking an active interest in extending the work of the Scriptural Union in Mexico.



The open-air meetings of the Y. M. C. in the Grunewald, a great park near Berlin (started in 1889), have been held during the summer every Sunday. Attendance has been large until the recent rainy weather set in. Generally a good number of people remained to listen to the short Gospel address and the blessing was notable.



A Christian Endeavorer aboard the U. S. Steamer "Monongahela," writes: "Chaplain is an earnest worker and I have made arrangements with him to start a Bible class among the crew at night; he is very glad to help me to work on the good work for the Missionary Society."

as I am alone at present, but I will try, the good fight myself among the men; I know God will be with us to bless and save.



In the eighteen months during which Christian Endeavor Union at Oakland, Cal., has been carrying on work for men they have secured from sailors 166; 166 of the active members' pledge; of the men have attended meetings on board with Endeavorers, and the audiences meetings on shipboard have numbered 6. Sailors have been received in the home, the workers and two officers have been brought into church membership.



An interesting letter has been received telling how Christian Endeavor is penetrating into the heart of the Dark Continent. Dr. W. H. Leslie, a medical missionary at Banza Mantelke, is starting a promising society in the church, which is the scene of the labors of Henry Richards of the Congo hero.



Rev. Daniel Wilshire, writing from the Bahamas, says that Mrs. Wilshire has organized a Baptist Young People's Union in connection with the Nassau church. It began with only six members. "She persevered, and last year had to divide the work into junior and senior classes. God prospered it, and to-day seventy in the junior and forty in the Senior classes are enrolled. Last January it was thought well to extend it to the Adelaide and Gamble churches, and in July she sailed with Mrs. Eleuthera to form a branch at Governor Harbor, seventy miles distant. I believe the B. Y. P. U. will prove very helpful to us in our work."



Syrian Maids and Matrons.

One of the Needs of the Women of the East—Mrs. Jamal's Work Among the Young Girls in Jerusalem.

HERE is an ancient Moslem tradition which states that Abd-el-Kader once prophesied that "all the mosques in Damascus would yet be turned into Christian Churches." While Christianity has

made remarkable progress in Syria during the last seventy-five years, the prediction is very far from being realized, and as long as Mohammedanism rules there, the dark spiritual ignorance will continue to prevail among the people. Especially is this true of the Syrian women of the poorer classes, whose neglected condition is now attracting the sympathetic attention of travelers from western lands while visiting Palestine. Moslem women are denied all participation in society; the women of the Bedouins have greater freedom but are almost equally ignorant; the Druse women and girls are more intelligent and many can read and write, and the women of the Christian sects in Syria are, as a rule, painfully neglected, ignorant and superstitious. Despite these drawbacks, the Syrians are a social people, neighborly, musical, free of indolence and feast-days, and they improve quickly by contact with people of higher intellectuality and greater refinement. They are essentially a home-loving race, with filial obedience and the traditional respect of a son for a father are marked traits in every Syrian household. But in a multitude of the poorer homes the mother is the universal toiler and burden-bearer and the girls are neglected drudges from their very childhood.

Marion Harland has given us, in her charming letters from Palestine, a pathetic insight into the domestic lives of these poor Syrian mothers and daughters. In the story of Lala, the Syrian girl of Jerusalem—whose father had never been known to utter an affectionate word, who was a household slave, untaught, unloved and unconsidered, and whose marriage meant only a change of condition without improvement—she has described a type of thousands of other girls who are now leading the same hopeless and purposeless life, their intellect unawakened and their spiritual natures totally undeveloped.

A number of our readers have written to us concerning the work that is now being conducted by Mrs. David Jamal, among the Syrian girls of the "Holy City," and expressing a warm interest in the progress of the Industrial Class. This estimable lady has for several years past been instructing classes of poor native girls in her own home, where, besides being taught plain sewing, knitting, crocheting, embroidery and housework, they are told the story of Jesus. Their teacher, a most sensible and educated woman, whose sole desire is to aid these poor girls to become helpful, self-reliant, capable housewives, has twice a week received from twelve to eighteen of them in her own rooms and devoted several hours to their training. This is a real mission, and a practical benevolence in the highest sense, since it is laying the founda-

tion of future happiness in many humble Syrian homes.

Marion Harland has ably pleaded the cause of this unassuming Christian work, and it is pleasant to know that Mrs. Jamal has so many hearty sympathizers, whose approval of her plan has taken the form of a practical movement for its support. American women with daughters of their own, will feel their hearts go out very warmly to Mrs. Jamal and her work. To lift these poor Syrian girls from their inherited lot of ignorance and neglect to the plane



A LITTLE SYRIAN MAID AND HER PET.

(From a Photograph by Marion Harland in Palestine.)

of intelligent and useful Christian womanhood were surely a task worth the trying.

A Costly Birthday.

Although birthdays are not so generally kept here as in Europe, there are few fathers and mothers in America who do not mark such events in the household by the presentation of some trinket as a token of love and affection. At the birthdays of monarchs and princes abroad, large sums are frequently expended in fireworks, festivities and public display. Probably the most remarkable example of this character in Europe is found in Russia, where the birthdays of the Emperor and Empress are celebrated by a series of fetes that cost a fortune. But even these are insignificant contrasted with the fabulous cost of an imperial birthday in China. Lately the Chinese government has been making preparations for observing the sixtieth birthday of Tsi-Tshi, the empress dowager, and an enormous sum, equal to \$25,000,000, is said to have been appropriated for this purpose.

Owing to the war, the royal lady wisely ordered that the proposed jubilee in her

honor be abandoned, and the money applied to strengthen the defences of the country; but the Chinese, strange as it may seem under the circumstances, would brook no such economy, and appear determined to spend the money on fetes, fire-works, illuminations, processions, festivals and kite-flying. Tsi-Tshi is a woman of sense and discretion, however, and it is just possible that she may yet find some means of preventing this absurd programme.

A Boy Fakir's Queer Pets.

Every visitor to Simla (India) knows the Jakko Hill—about 1500 feet high—in the immediate neighborhood, and the monkey-temple on the top of it, writes a recent traveler in India. There lives an ascetic, fanatical fakir who supports himself and the monkeys on the offerings of the faithful, and who is treated by those creatures with the most profound respect. There are two troops or regiments of monkeys, each with its king, who is appointed to that position by the fakir. The king, alone, has the right to eat in the temple; the other monkeys remain outside, and the fakir himself brings a dish of tid-bits for their Kotval, or general. When they have done, they file re-

spectfully before the fakir, who dismisses them with "Go, my children."

This fakir, who is bronzed by wind and weather, clothed only in a leopard-skin, and whose hair has not been cut or combed for twenty years, is a European. He is able to converse in perfect English, and his name is Charles William de Roussette. His father was a shop-keeper in Simla, and sent him as a boy to the best school there. But an ex-servant of the father had been very inti-

mate with the fakir of Jakko, and on the latter's death had succeeded to his position. The young Roussette used to visit him frequently, and on his death, succeeded him.

Sweet Home Memories.

Too often we leave the expression of our love for our own dear ones until they are gone. We do not realize how very dear and near to us they are until they leave our homes for the Father's house. After they have gone only the most beautiful traits of their characters are remembered. Indeed, it is only after their companionship with us is over, that we truly see and know what their lives really were. So many little things in their everyday lives we took no note of, which, when the hands have been folded and the voice silenced, come to our remembrance as proofs of their unselfish, never-failing love for us. The weak points in their characters, the faults, which we magnified and judged unjustly, are forgotten, and we feel that we would give all we possess could we undo the wrong we did them oftentimes by passing unjust judgment.

NOW.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joys you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of two or three in prayer?

RUNAWAY CHILDREN.

Do not scold the runaways; do not send bitter messages after them, writes the Rev. E. I. D. Pepper of Philadelphia. Try to get them back, if not too late, if they have not gone too far away. If you see them, "afar off," with faces homeward, meet them half-way, fall on their necks, kiss them, give them the best the old home and the old farm can afford. Do not go growling around, ye elder brethren, because mother is overjoyed that her prodigal has come home safe and sound, though badly used up. Many a wanderer would have tramped on through his tears and troubles, if he had thought that the cold shoulder and cold victuals and bitter reproaches and rough repulses would have met him on his return.

See here, boy! If you must leave your mother, if you cannot learn wisdom by what other runaway boys have suffered, if you will not come back to your mother, do not say anything, do not do anything that is likely to injure her reputation. You, not she, may, after all, be wrong—wrong in spirit, if not in speech and behavior. You need not say more than you can possibly help, even if you think you must go away and stay away from your old home.

Perhaps you can think of a few good things to say about your old forsaken mother? What is that you are muttering now? "Well, I must say mother did give us good bread and butter—and some good things besides; I must acknowledge that my boyish pranks were very patiently borne with; I must confess that, when I brought the mud in from the outside world on my boots, she quietly swept it out again; I must confess that she hid my faults in her own bosom; I must confess that she suffered my manners (sometimes boorish enough) for many a long year. Ah, yes! She was a good old mother after all! Even now I can imagine I still feel the pressure of her loving arms around my neck. The Lord bless her and take care of her, if I do not! The Lord stay with her and protect her, if I have forsaken her!"

Don't Grumble at your Work.

What a happy world it would be if all discontent were eliminated. Many young people complain about their work, that it is menial and beneath persons of their talents and training, whereas all honorable work is ennobling. Ambitions are best realized by the faithful performance of the present duty, however humble it may be. The doing of a lowly service may be the test which the employer uses for bringing out the strength of his employees. Ordinarily, an employer will see to it that "he that is faithful in that which is least" has the opportunity to become "faithful also in much." We commend to our young friends these encouraging words of Canon Farrar: "A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet—a life spent at the clerk's desk, a life spent in the narrow shop, a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown."

A Late Breakfast

is often caused by a late milk-man. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER IX.

A Marriage in High Life.

THE two daily newspapers of the city, always hungry for locals, culled the following one morning:
Morning Sun.

"Madam Rumor whispers that there will be a marriage in high life right in our midst before many days. Time will reveal the lovely bride and lucky groom."
Daily News.

"We learn, and with sincere regret too, that one of our most beautiful, accomplished and fashionable young ladies is soon to put on the yoke of bondage, this, the matrimonial. We say, we regret it, for we are a young man ourself, and in this instance cannot rejoice with those who rejoice, but can and do weep with those who weep."

Elegant cards of the newest design and most costly embossing and satin finish, were issued, and in ample time for the invited to secure new dresses for the occasion. The trousseau had been ordered from Paris, every article, even shoes and gloves. The amount paid for it would have caused eyes to open wide with wonder, only it was "Annie." Col. St. Clair said, so it was all right. To Deplus was consigned the arrangement of tables, and here too money was showered.

Twelve attendants were selected, and here also the plan was out of the ordinary line, for to each bridesmaid Annie gave a handsome present, and to each groomsmen Clarence made an elegant gift. Of course, Roy was first groomsmen, and since Clarence had no sister, it was decided that Val should act as first bridesmaid, but upon writing to Val they learned that it was impossible for her to be present.

Time took wings. Annie and Clarence were happy in each other's love. An extended tour was in contemplation and seemed to require much consultation. If Val thought the lawn party magical in its beauty what would she have thought, had she seen the grand preparation, for this, the most fashionable wedding the city had ever known! Brussels carpets were laid from the gate to the house, and this was a bower of loveliness, and, with the yard, was a blaze of light. One room was set apart for the bridal presents, and what a glittering room it was with gold and silver in startling array! Col. St. Clair's present to his child was a superb gold service, and to the groom a check for \$200,000. Clarence's gift of diamonds costing \$20,000, decked the fair bride. At one side, pushed far back, was a large, elegant Bible, and on the front page were the words:

"To Annie from Aunt Julia."
By its side was a tiny case, within, a gold thimble, and upon it the words: "From Val." Insignificant they looked here, but even amid the glitter, they whispered:

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.

Who cared for life then? Not the transcendently beautiful bride as she leaned upon the arm of her handsome husband, and received the congratulations of friends.

"Surely it is embroidered with diamonds," said one lady looking through her eyeglass at Annie's dress. It might, or it might not have been, but it looked to be traced all over with flashes of light, which were crushed in gleaming satin, then half hid between fluff, creamy lace. Oh, it was a wonder, a marvel! How did Worth get it up! Fashionable life had never seen its equal, it was a new creation, born in the brain of the man milliner of Paris! Many eyes looked, many admired, many envied, many coveted, and the remainder, because they couldn't afford one like it, thought simplicity far better.

Annie was supremely happy. The day had been threatening, but in good time, the clouds had winged themselves away, and a full round moon looked down. Annie's rosy dream was realized. Her husband was all her heart desired, the preparations far ex-

ceeded her hopes, and her dress was the very perfection of taste and beauty.

"She is the leader of the town," exclaimed one.

"Aye! aye!" replied Judge Erskine, "and of beauty and of wealth."

"La creme de la creme," chimed in another.

"Clarence is a lucky dog, by Jove! He has drawn a prize far above his deserts."

"Aye! aye!" said the old Judge again, "Fortune favors the brave, not always the worthy."

Suddenly there was a suppressed scream—a hurrying to and fro of feet—a rush, and—

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" was upon every lip.

CHAPTER X.

"A still small voice."

"Col. St. Clair has fainted," said the Judge in a loud whisper. "Hu—sh! Keep quiet! Bring Dr. Ripley—hurry!"

"Oh, Clarence! let me go to Papa."

"My darling," said Clarence folding his arm around her, regardless of orange-bud and costly lace. "The doctor is there, you could do nothing. They are bleeding your father and you couldn't stand the sight."

"Oh, how terrible! and upon our wedding night! How's papa?" she asked as a gentleman passed hurriedly, but he made no answer. In alarm, she sprang up, saying, "I am going. Oh, I must go to papa!" And she rushed through the breathless crowd, out into the cool air, out under the full round moon, out on the back veranda, and there upon the marble pavement, lay Col. St. Clair—dead!

"Papa! Oh, Papa!" And she threw herself down upon the lifeless body and swooned.

It was a long hour before the house was still, and what a mockery seemed the scene. Death had crept in unawares, an uninvited guest. Mrs. St. Clair was in hysterics and Roy, in deep distress, was soothing her. Annie white and still unconscious, with her veil torn into shreds, her elegant dress blood-stained and dishevelled, orange-buds and blossoms here and there hanging by quivering stems, diamonds sparkling upon neck and arms—still in her superb attire Annie lay upon her bed, her husband bending over her, trying to call her back to life by tender epithets and burning kisses.

It was a tragic ending for a gay beginning—a sad wedding, the very saddest that was ever seen in that fashionable city. A funeral, instead of bridal festivities—married, but what a gloomy opening for a happy honeymoon!

The body lay in state. Wreaths from everywhere were placed upon the casket, which seemed to glitter with all the silver of the gift-room. Down in the vault it was placed, by the side of little children gone before. There we leave it.

"Annie must go to Europe," said Clarence to Mrs. St. Clair, a few days after the funeral, while yet the long mirrors were draped in black. Turning to Roy, he said:

"You will, of course, Roy, do as you think best, but my advice is to take your mother to the sea-side and let her mind be diverted, then let the servants remove every suggestion of death from the house, air it well, re-arrange the furniture, and make everything appear new. For my own part, I shall start with Annie for Europe. Betsy is already packing her trunk."

To Annie, the blow of her father's death was heavy. She loved him tenderly, and at once seemed to realize her loss. He was gone never to return; this she accepted, and, in accepting it, she wept the bitterest tears and spent whole nights in hopeless sorrow. The future, dim and dark, was to her an unread book, and she had never cared to turn its pages, but now and then the question would force itself, "Will I ever see that loved face again?" Then, with a shudder, she would push the thought from her.

"Annie grieves so, and her heart flutters so constantly, it alarms me," said Clarence to her physician. "It has been a terrible blow and I don't see why the old man couldn't have chosen a more propitious time to die in; a bridal and a funeral don't go very well. I was not consulted about this part of the programme, or I should have fixed it more to my liking."

The words were heartless and the very tone indifferent. He cared but little for his father-in-law's death. — why should he? True, he had in life presented him with a check on the Exchange Bank of the city for \$200,000, but had he not by his death, given him a check for as much more? He loved, Annie, his beautiful, young wife, and never wearied of folding her in his arms and calling her by the tenderest names, and really by her grief, he was grieved. Of mothers-in-law he had a horror, had always vowed one should never rule his family, and, although he knew Mrs. St. Clair to be a woman of few words, quiet and unobtrusive, still he thought this a fitting occasion for asserting his authority and arraying himself in opposition to her wishes and judgment.

The house was soon deserted. Annie was in Europe trying to drown thought; her mother and Roy in their cottage at Long Branch, while servants were flying about enjoying the luxury of packing away Annie's bridal dresses, since mourning must take the place, and this, Clarence said, could be better purchased abroad.

* * * *

Six months had rolled away. Annie was in Venice longing for home, her mother and Roy in the lonely mansion, sad and alone. One day as they were skimming over the water in a gondola, Annie said:

"Clarence, I am weary of sight-seeing, even of beautiful Venice; let's go home."

"Just as you please, dear," Clarence replied. "I am ready to return whenever you are. Your health seems fully restored; it was for that we came, and, since my object has been accomplished, I am ready to return."

He looked very handsome as he smiled upon her, at least Annie thought so, and if the months of married life had been overshadowed, they had nevertheless been very happy.

"I am so glad poor papa did not die until after the ceremony was performed."

"How many times I have thought of that, Annie, and thanked the Fates who so ordered it. Custom would not have permitted us to have married for over a year. I am superstitious about a marriage in black."

"What a desolate creature I should have been without you all these weary months, Clarence! How I do wish papa could have lived! It was cruel to take him just at the beginning of our happiness!"

"How different our reception at home will be now to what it would have been."

"Yes, so different. It would have been a perfect round of receptions, first at our house, then at yours, Clarence, and then repeated at so many of our friends. Now, how different! Papa gone, a beautiful home still, but so desolate!"

For some moments there was silence, and then Clarence, in a cheerful voice, said:

"We must not spend time in grieving; we must be philosophers, take life as we find it, and become a little world to each other."

CHAPTER XI.

"Unto the Greek, foolishness."

November gales were scattering yellow leaves, and sweeping through leafless trees—the maple had unfurled her war-like banner, snowy petals were hugging each other in a tight embrace, and a taint hint of winter was in the air, when Clarence and Annie drove up to the St. Clair mansion. Roy met them at the gate, giving them a hearty welcome, endeavoring by his sunny manner to dispel the sombre clouds, which he knew were lowering on the horizon of Annie's heart. Her mother stood upon the veranda, pale yet smiling, and Annie rushed up and threw herself in tears upon her neck. As soon as she could speak, she said:

"Mamma, you do not look well; why did you not write me?"

"It is nothing serious, dear. We remained a little too long, I think, at the sea-side, for neither of us felt inclined to come back to the old life again. Do not feel troubled about me; I shall soon be well, now that you are here. You look very tired, Annie. Go up at once to your room. I told Betsy to brighten it up as well as she could with flowers."

Annie turned her face away, and with her

husband went upstairs. She could not bear the sight of the flowers—Oh, why cannot death stay its icy hand! Why take those most dear from our embrace! Why not let us live on in this beautiful world forever! Such were Annie's thoughts. Often did she spend herself in tears. She hated tears; she never could bear to weep, but now her tears were her only outlet, and grief such as hers must have some outlet.

Roy had exerted himself since his return to change the house and grounds so that they would not be so suggestive of his father. Even his father's hat and cane had been removed from the hat-rack, and the dog had been sent away. His office had been transformed into a library. Instead of his desk covered with loose papers, with his easy chair near, now the walls were hidden by glass doors, and beautifully illustrated volumes shone through. The carpet had given place to a new one, and other furniture filled the room. Annie's heart rebelled at this, for she felt that every effort had been made to wipe out the very memory of her dear father, to forget him; but gradually she acquiesced, and at length acknowledged it to be best.

The St. Clair family were not members of any church, and had never been in the habit of frequenting any place of worship, though sometimes upon pleasant Sundays the young people would order the carriage and drive to one or other of the various churches of the city. Upon Sunday nights, however, Annie always remained at home, as this was the most fashionable time to receive the calls of her young gentlemen friends. Roy and she had never been permitted to attend Sabbath School, from a strange fear that they might learn evil, as he associated in classes with common people; yet they were allowed to go to any party of a fashionable neighbor and fear felt. The result was, they had grown up with but little knowledge of the Bible and less of prayer. Death had never entered their family within their remembrance, yet Annie had a great horror of it, and a pugnance to cemeteries. Roy professed to be a sceptic, and, under the influence of opiate, he quieted himself.

Now that her father was dead, and family in deep mourning, Annie was allowed by fashion to drown her thoughts and feelings in theatres and operas, so she found some pleasure in attending church. Not that her sorrow heart found comfort from the words of the minister of God, on the contrary, the comfort she obtained was rather the solace of diversion, the change from a desolate home to a large assembly of respectable people handsomely dressed, and then, too, it seemed to her the most proper thing for one afflicted to attend upon the house of God. Her attitude, as became a fine lady when church was that of a listener, and upon occasion she seemed to have listened to at least a part of the sermon, for, while at the altar, she said:

"I think Dr. Shelton a dreadful preacher, and I feel now that I shall never go to church again."

"Why, Annie?" asked Roy.

"Because he seems to take delight in talking of 'hell,' brings out the word so hard, it really seems to do him good. I think he ought to be more considerate of people's feelings."

"But, perhaps," said her mother, "he thinks it his duty to preach what he considers the plain truth."

"Yes," added Roy, "if he believed such a myth as hell, he ought to preach about it."

"Then," replied Annie, "I should think he might choose more polished language, for it is not a pleasant word at all, and one that refined ears should become accustomed to. The very name is so suggestive to me that I shudder when I pronounce it."

Roy, who was always glad to me light of religious things, now said with a laugh: "Annie, I see how it is, you are one of the good people say, 'under conviction' and it is becoming a serious matter."

"Do hush your nonsense, Roy. 'Under conviction' indeed, when I have done nothing to be convicted for! Dr. Shelton is a very eloquent divine, has no equal in my opinion in our city, and I have enjoyed his magnificent flights of fancy, but I will not listen to him again, unless he selects some more pleasant comforting topics to preach upon."

So church going proved of little pleasure to Annie, and soon she neglected the house of God altogether.

(To be continued.)

Drawing Many to Christ.

pel Victories Won through Mr. Moody's Bible Institute Workers.

S the winter approaches, the busiest season of the Bible Institute in Chicago opens. Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, and his associates in the management of the Institute are now, more than before, deluged with letters of application from hundreds of godly young men and women who desire enter to the Institute and receive the necessary training for practical Christian work. It is to the Institute to take up such cases to extend its training work generally to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are now aiding Mr. Moody.

Uncalculable spiritual good has already been accomplished through the efforts of students who have been trained in the Bible Institute, and are now actively engaged in Christian work. Mr. James Smith, who entered the Institute in the fall of 1890, and after a course of study, engaged in general evangelistic work, is pastor of the Burr Mission, Chicago.

In September, Mr. Smith took charge of a tent which was pitched in the locality of his mission. Special efforts were made to reach the children, services being held for their benefit four afternoons each week. Mr. Smith was assisted in this work by his wife, who is a former student of the Bible Department of the Institute. Some interesting cases were dealt with. A hard case came one evening to the tent and the preacher gave his personal experience in the course of his sermon. He had been a drunkard before conversion, and was man was touched by the similarity of his own experience. He came the next night and heard the testimony of another convert. The following Sabbath evening he came to the tent early in order to speak to Mr. Smith. He had been a railroad engineer, but had lost his job through drink, and was sinking lower every day. "How done?" he asked. Mr. Smith told of

Poor Digestion

to Nervousness, fretfulness, peevishness, chronic Dyspepsia and great misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives strength to food. It makes pure blood and healthy action to all the organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness by edging the nerves upon pure blood. Only Hood's because

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I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for 12 years; and I tried all the doctors till I got tired. Then I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I must say it has done more good than all the other medicine. I have taken six bottles and I will not do without it. What I suffered all these past years, no one can tell, and now my health is good." MRS. ORSMAN, Milton, Cal.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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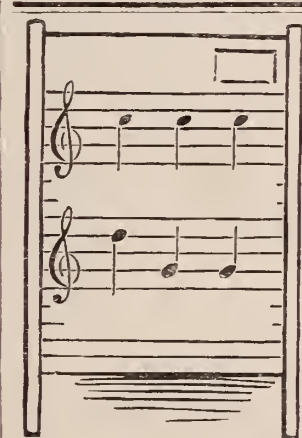
the finished work of Jesus Christ, and the enquirer said that was the kind of a Saviour he wanted. He has taken his stand for Christ.

The experience of this worker, trained at the Institute is but one among many hundreds of students of both sexes who are now laboring for Jesus in different parts of the world.

Contributions to the Moody Gospel Fund during the week have been as follows:

Already acknowledged.....	\$1,229.25
A poor friend, Bloomingburg, N. Y.....	10
C. E. S., North Jackson, O.....	79
Friend, Gaithersburg, Md.....	2 50
A Suber, Montrose, Pa.....	1 00
A sister in Christ, Jackson, Ala. ka.....	5 00
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In Christ's Name, Anderson, Oreg.....	5 00
For Father, Yorktown, Va.....	5 00
In the Name of Jesus.....	1 00
Friend.....	5 00
Mrs. B. A. White.....	1 00
A. R. Sheats.....	1 00
In His Name, Dane, Wis.....	1 00
Friend, Norfolk, Va.....	25 00
Aaron J. Allen.....	2 00
Mrs. M. F. Tomlinson.....	2 00
Mrs. Phebe E. Parks.....	1 00
Mrs. A. A. Reeves.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Van Wormer.....	5 00
Clarence D. Rose.....	5 00
Jas. B. Close.....	5 00
J. Sykes.....	2 00
A. C. Pfriemer.....	2 00
Friend, Lone Oak, Mo.....	50
J. Y. Bonnell.....	5 00
Phelps, N. Y.....	16 00

Total to date.....\$4,332.14



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It's all done away with, if you use Pearlline. There isn't any washboard; there isn't any rubbing on it; there's no wear and tear, and there's very little work. It's the only sensible way of washing—easy, economical, and, above all things, absolutely safe.

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was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion



will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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Return this Advt. with order and we will send by express prepaid, this beautiful bunting case, Gold Filled, full jeweled, Elgin style, stem wind and set watch which you can sell for \$25.00. If worth it pay express agent \$6.50 and keep it; otherwise have it returned. We only ask your promise to go to express office examine and buy if as represented. These Watches are equal to those sold by certain dealers from \$12.50 to \$25.00 and warranted for 20 years. Give your full name, express and P.O. address. State which watch wanted, ladies' or gents' size. If you want Watch sent by mail send cash \$6.50 with order. FREE for 60 days a Gold Plated Chain with each Watch. A binding guarantee with every Watch.

A Customer Writes: Dec. 2, 1893—Kirtland Bros. & Co. Send me another \$6.50 Watch, have sold nine, all give good satisfaction. W. DITCHER, Saranac, Mich.

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Can't see how you do it.

\$60 Kenwood Machine for - \$25.00
\$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50
Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00
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Coal for the Stove, Wood for the Open Fireplace, but Oxygen for the Fire of Health.

Plenty of it, too, to keep out the cold or to drive out a cold. Electropoise furnishes it in a marvelous manner.

There's nothing like fighting fire with fire when it comes to a conflagration of health against a conflagration of disease. The more vigorously we can get our vital functions to working, the more likely we are to drive out disease.

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Permit us to give you unimpeachable facts on this subject in the shape of a new book of golden deeds in reference to the work of Electropoise.

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JUST A HINT.

Speaking of the efficacy of the Electropoise in curing dyspepsia, Rev. Wm. H. Boole, D.D., says, under date of July 11, 1894: "One fact I wish to emphasize. I no longer carry medicines around with me, for I have no use for them either 'before meals' or 'after meals' or 'one at bedtime'; not even a doze of 'pepsin.'"

LEPER HOME IN JERUSALEM.

This Moravian institution continues its pathetic and deeply interesting ministry. The present year commenced with twenty-eight patients—an increase of four. Sixteen of these were men, and twelve women. Two of the inmates have been in the Home twenty years. Some of the inmates are zealous Mohammedans who are treated with the same kindness as the Christians.

In the new report, Mr. Schubert, the director, says of his afflicted family: "I get on with them pretty well. Sometimes a decided word is required, but I could also give many an instance of childlike affection and gratitude. They cannot do heavy work, but are willing for light tasks when I call upon them. Now and then they set to without being asked; lately at the beginning of the rainy season, they all helped to carry in wood. The blind and the fingerless filled the baskets, and the others carried them in."

During last year death removed six of the poor lepers. One of these, a woman, who had been an inmate for nearly three years, was called Fatme. She gave little trouble, and was always cheerful and contented. In her last illness she suffered a good deal, until a stroke deprived her of consciousness. A few weeks before she died she begged to be carried into the chapel to the Christmastide service, in order that she might repeat her portion of Scripture in presence of the assembled guests.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

THE LUNGS and their DISEASES,
Just Published, by Robert Hunter, M. D.
WEAK and DISEASED LUNGS.

A book explaining the nature of consumption, the manner in which it is contracted, the causes which produce it, how it can be prevented, and what must be done to cure it, with the latest discoveries and medical improvements in the treatment of Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. Also

THE GERM THEORY OF CONSUMPTION.

A Lecture by Robert Hunter, M. D. Embodying the opinions of leading physicians of this country and Europe on the alleged "Contagion" and "Communicability of Tuberculosis from the Sick to the Well."

The New York Health Department recommends that the matters discussed and explained in these little books be spread broadcast among the people for their information and guidance. Dr. Hunter will, therefore, send both his books free. Address 117 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

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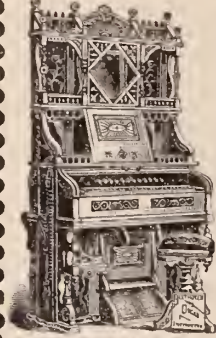
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A COSTLY BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

There is a new Buddhist temple in course of erection at Kyoto, begun thirteen years ago, and estimated to cost between five and six millions of dollars. This is being built by the Shin or "true" Buddhist sect. They are progressive, having appropriated and grafted some of the ethical teachings of Christianity upon their system. "This temple," writes Bishop Galloway, "and the theological school, if so it may be termed, are the only substantial evidences I have seen of a revived or sustained interest in old faiths. I was shown some immense black ropes—cables—and told that they are 100 feet long, and made of the hair of Japanese women, contributed for the purpose."

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Proca cure. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 West 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send this new treatment free for trial. State age and particulars of your disease.

A great battle is continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon to drive disease and restore health. Take it now before aaying vegetation affects your system.

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Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.



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If you value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza and all Chest affections.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, I have been able to extend my organization so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, &c., and should be kept in every home.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot on receipt of \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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Write for sale at the remarkably low price of \$7.43. You need not pay money in advance unless you prefer. The watch will be sent C. O. D. by express. You can examine it, and if satisfactory, pay the \$7.43 by express. The regular price is \$12.00. Cheaper watches than this are offered, of course, but this is the ONLY CALENDAR WATCH that not only be found in every way a reliable time piece for daily use, but its appearance commends itself to the most refined and genteel taste, and it would be regarded anywhere as a costly ornament. This Calendar Watches has been secured by us for disposal through our dealings with the firm that manufactures them, and this sale is an extraordinary one. Do not fail to order at once! Write for better ladies' or gents' size is desired. Address



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Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

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SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

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How are we able to do it?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly, we make this unheard of offer. SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS, after dinner coffee size, HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED, with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for \$9.00; we now offer the balance of this stock at ONLY 99 CENTS. Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, and express prepaid to any address. Send Postal Note or Currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.

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(See CHRISTIAN HERALD, page 688.)

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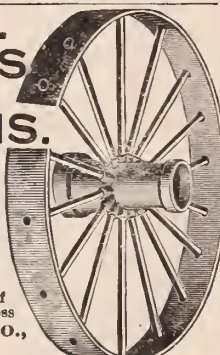
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

JUNE 17.

V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
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CHINA'S THREE RELIGIONS.

Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, and their Many Millions of Followers—A Land of Countless Temples and Unnumbered Idols—The Magnificent Heathen Shrines of Peking—The Palace and the "Forbidden City"—Progress of Christianity.

GREATEST of the world's missionary fields, China, with her 350,000,000 population and her ancient civilization, stands to-day as the foremost among idolatrous nations. These distinct religions, each containing a kernel of spiritual truth, buried amid a mass of superstitions, unite in deluding her people and keeping them in bondage to a system of priest-craft more complex and formidable than was ever before devised by the ingenuity of man. Her cities, mountains, valleys and groves abound in temples dedicated to the worship of a legion of mythical deities, representing every agency of nature and almost every conceivable power. From a date long anterior to the Christian era, the struggle with heathenism continued; yet even as early as the first century, A.D., as tradition tells, China began to reach out for spiritual truth.

had found in Palestine the true "light of the world," China and the greater part of Asia might to-day have been Christian.

The state religion of China, which is based on the doctrines of Confucianism, recognizes the emperor as high priest, divinely ordained. For many generations past it has become more and more degraded, till now it is but little above the religion of some barbarian tribes. Formerly, a Supreme Being, Schanti, was recognized, and the words Tien (heaven) and Ti (earth) had special reference to the controlling Deity; but now the tablets of these two are placed on an equality with the royal ancestral tablets of the various dynasties, and the gods of the land and of the crops. Divine revelation and immortal life find no recognition anywhere in Confucianism; the conduct of the present life only is contemplated. His doctrines and the moral maxims he inculcated are to-day followed by the cultured classes in China; each family sacrifices to the household deities in its own dwelling, and the emperor alone is permitted to sacrifice to heaven. Taoism, the second religion of the country, introduces the belief in a multitude of spirits as influencing the destiny of man, and has thousands of

idolatry. It has nearly a million priests, and many temples; one of the principal places of worship being the "Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas," which is situated near the emperor's summer palace, west of Peking (shown in the photograph on this page). Some of the temples are superb structures and others mere wayside chapels.

China's three great religions are wedded together and exist harmoniously. All three may be found in one temple. Thus, the Confucians, who are the literary class, worship in the Buddhist temples, using the Taoist ritual. According to popular reckoning, the priests of Buddhism and Taoism are the only real Buddhists and Taoists, and the people do not consider that they themselves belong to those faiths, though they worship regularly in the temples, and look upon the priests as their ministers and contribute to the support of those religions. The average Chinaman does not consider himself a member of any church, for he has not passed a literary examination, which is the rite of Buddhism and Confucianism, and he does not eat the rice of the priesthood, which is the only sacrifice a Buddhist and Taoist knows. The three religions have entered into practical partnership; they are like the three legs of a tripod, which support what is really one united



PRINCE KUNG, PREST OF THE TSUNGLI-YAMEN.

its deification of ancestors and its personification of nature. Next arose Taoism, with a multitude of heathenish beliefs. Buddhism came from India, with its shrines, images, candles and incense, its liveried monks and Sanscrit ritual, and the people found it adapted to their carnal minds and accepted it. Taoism adopted the state gods of the Confucians and the legends, and the prayers of the Buddhists, but retained its own innumerable galaxy of spirits and goblins. Confucianism is man-worship, Buddhism image-worship, Taoism spirit-worship, and the three sets of priests are often seen praying in the same temple. In the Buddhist temples are Taoist gods and in the Taoist temples Buddhist



THE "TEMPLE OF TEN THOUSAND BUDDHAS," PEKIN, CHINA.

It is Situated near the Emperor's Summer Palace, West of the Capital.

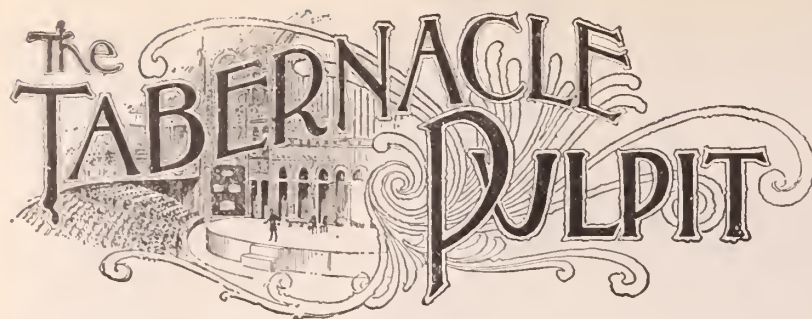
ages of hero-worship and demon-worship and the centuries that followed, acquired such strength that it became the dominant faith of the Chinese people. Had the empire, instead of halting in India, gone further westward until, reaching Syria, they

temples everywhere, and an elaborate priesthood. Buddhism, the third religion, had its devotees in China since the first century, A. D., but has now sunk into mere

structure—a strange, heterogeneous compound of polytheism, rationalism and gross superstition. For centuries, Confucianism stood alone, with its worship of Heaven,

images. There are some gods common to all, one being the God of War, whom the Confucians call "The Great Military Sage," the Buddhists "The God of Protection," and the Taoists "The Minister of Heaven."

(Continued on page 691.)



THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: Exodus 38:8: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it was of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling."



When I often hear about the Gospel in John, and the Gospel in Luke, and the Gospel in Matthew; but there is just as surely a Gospel of Moses, and a Gospel of Jeremiah, and a Gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness, they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent; very costly, very beautiful. The frame-work was made of forty-eight boards of acacia-wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple, and scarlet, and blue, and fine linen, and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft, and branch, and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold; and there were lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold, and tongs of gold, and rings of gold; so that scepticism has sometimes asked, Where did all that precious material come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones, it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality, and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text did double work: it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as every thing in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth, I shall take that laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text as all-suggestive of the Gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

I have to say that this is the only looking-glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features, and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features, and make you look worse than you are; but I want to tell you that this looking-glass of the Gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one glance at the burnished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this Gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned, and come

short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these, defects, imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living;" but the Gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at that mirror that made Paul cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;" and that made Martin Luther cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong, that blasphemy and evil-speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts, as well as of all bad actions. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right; instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster. "Now," says some one, "can this really be true? Have we all gone astray? Is there no good in us?" In Hampton Court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking-glasses; and it made no difference which way you looked, you saw yourself. And so it is in this gospel of Christ. If you once step within its full precincts, you will find your whole character reflected; every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If I understand the Word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your heritage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" None! "What was the use of that burnished surface to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, if it only showed the spots on the countenance and the need of washing, and there was nothing to wash with?" Glory be to God, I find that this laver of looking-glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its burnished side and saw his need of cleansing, than he washed and was clean—glorious type of the gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin, and then washes it all away!

I want you to notice that this laver in which the priest washed—the laver of look-

ing-glasses—was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured it into this laver. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ; it has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of one moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking, my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now—a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the Government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I should say I was well fifteen years ago—that does not say how I am now. The gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health; and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon! Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, worn-out shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Saviour's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Saviour's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me; I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking-glasses and have your soul made clean.

I notice also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the priests always washed both hands and feet. The water came down in spouts, so that, without leaving any filth in the basin, the priests washed both hands and feet. So the gospel of Jesus Christ must touch the very extremities of our moral nature. A man cannot fence off a small part of his soul, and say, "Now, this is to be a garden in which I will have all the fruits and flowers of Christian character, while outside it shall be the devil's commons." No, no; it will be all garden or none. I sometimes hear people say, "He is a very good man except in politics." Then he is not a good man. A religion that will not take a man through an autumn election will not be worth anything to him in June, July and August. They say he is a useful sort of a man, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny the statement. If he is a Christian anywhere, he will be in his business. It is very easy to be good in the prayer-meeting, with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter, when by one skillful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that the customer cannot see it. It is very easy to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and a Bible in your lap, but not so easy when you can go into a shop and falsely tell the merchant you can get those goods at a cheaper rate in another store, so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is, the religion of Christ is all-pervasive. If you rent a house, you expect full possession of it. You say, "Where are the keys of those rooms?" If I pay for this whole house, I want possession of those rooms." And the grace of God when it comes to a soul takes full possession of a man, or goes away and takes no possession. It will ransack every room in the heart, every room in the life, from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature.

I remark, further, that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text was a very large laver. I always thought, from the fact that so many washed there, and also from the fact that Solomon afterward, when he copied that laver in the Temple, built it on a very large scale, that it was large; and so suggestive of the gospel of Jesus Christ and salvation by him—vast in its provisions. The whole world may come and wash in this laver and be clean.

When our civil war had passed, the Government of the United States made proclamation of pardon to the common soldier in the Confederate army, but not to the chief soldiers. The gospel of Christ does not act in that way. It says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sinners faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly colored that you can hardly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sinners; but if they be glaring, like crimson, then they shall be as sinners. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity. I mean to say this to encourage that man, who he is, who feels he is so far gone from God that there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. When Paul was a murderer; he assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief did everything bad. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore dreadfully; but the great God met him, and Richard Baxter was saved. In Solomon's Temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm-branches, and oxen, and lions, and cherubim. The fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned not with palm-branches, but with the wood of the cross; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost; and around that great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the story of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked off upon his host and said, "I will not drink this, my men are all thirsty;" and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God, there is enough water for all the hosts of heaven for captains and host. "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely"—a laver broad as the earth, high as the heavens, and deep as hell.

But I notice also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the washing in it was imperative and not optional. When the priests came to the tabernacle (you will find this in the fortieth chapter of Exodus), God tells them that they must wash in that laver or die. The priest might have said, "Can't I wash elsewhere? I washed in the laver at home, and now you want me to wash here." But he says, "No matter whether or not you were washed before. Wash in this laver or die." "But," says the priest, "there is water as clean as this—why won't that do?" "Wash here," says God, "or die." It is with the Gospel of Christ—it is imperative. There is only this alternative: repent your sins and perish, or wash them away and live. But says some one, "Why did not God have made more ways to heaven than one?" I do not know but he has made half a dozen. I know he has made but one. You say, "Are there not trees as luxuriant as that on Calvary—more luxuriant, for that had neither thorns nor blossoms; it was stripped and killed!" Yes, yes, there have been taller trees than that and more luxuriant; but the path to heaven is under that one tree—instead of quarreling because there are more ways, let us be thankful to God that there is one—one name given unto men by which we can be saved—one laver in which the whole world may wash. So you see what a radiant Gospel this is I preach. I do not know how a man can stand stolidly and resist it, for it is such an exhilarating thing. It is not a mere whim or caprice; it is life or death; it is heaven or hell. You must be before your child, and you have a pen in your hand. You put your hands before your back and say, "Which hand will I take? In one hand there is a treasure, in the other there is not." The child chooses. But God our Father does it that way with us. He spreads out the

is, and says, "Now this shall be very
In that hand are pardon, and peace,
life, and the treasures of heaven; in
hand are punishment, and sorrow; and
Choose, choose for yourselves!"
that believeth and is baptized shall be
d, but he that believeth not shall be
ned."

my dear friends, I wish I could coax
to accept this Gospel. If you could
take one look in this laver of looking-
-es spoken of in the text, you would
now spiritual ablation. The love of
st—I dare not, toward the close of my
on, begin to tell about it. The love of
st! Do not talk to me about a moun-
it is higher than that. Do not talk
about a sea; it is deeper than that.
artist in his dreams saw such a splen-
eam of the transfiguration of Christ
he awoke and seized his pencil, and
"Let me paint this and die." Oh, I
speak the glories of Christ! I have be-
something of the beauty of that great
ice on Calvary, and I have sometimes
would be willing to give anything if
ght just sketch before you the wonders
at sacrifice. I would like to do it
I live, and I would like to do it when
"Let me paint this and die!" He
s along, weary and worn, his face
with tears, his brow crimson with
l, and he lies down on Calvary for
No, I mistake. Nothing was as com-
ple as that. A stone on Calvary
had made a soft pillow for the dy-
ead of Christ. Nothing so comfort-
es that. He does not lie down to die;
ands up to die; his spiked hands out-
as if to embrace a world. Oh, what
d end for these feet that had traveled
ver Judea on ministries of mercy!
t a hard end for those hands that had
l away tears and bound up broken
s! Very hard, oh dying Lamb of
and yet there are those who know
d who do not love thee. They say,
What is all that to me? What if he
weep, and groan, and die? I don't want
Lord Jesus Christ, they will not
thee down from the cross! The sol-
e will come, and they will tear thee
a from the cross, and put their arms
d thee and lower thee into the tomb;
they will not help. They see nothing
ve them. Oh dying Christ! turn on
thine eyes of affection now, and see
y will not change their minds!

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood
Oh, never till my latest breath
Will I forget that look!
He seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

d that is all for you! Oh, can you
ove him? Come around this laver,
ind young. It is so burnished you
see your sins; and so deep, you can
a them all away. Oh, mourner, here
a your bruised soul; and sick one,
er cool your hot temples in this laver.
ee! Do not cry any more, dear soul!
on for all thy sins, comfort for all thy
ions. The black cloud that hung
utering over Sinai has floated above
ary, and burst into the shower of a
ur's tears.

I was in Kensington Gardens a picture of
V. I roo a good while after the battle had
as, and the grass had grown all over
eeld. There was a dismounted cannon,
and a lamb had come up from the pasture
ay sleeping in the mouth of that can-
o. So the artist had represented it—a
o suggestive thing. Then I thought
of the war between God and the soul
anded; and instead of the announce-
e. "The wages of sin is death," there
ar the words, "My peace I give unto
e," and amidst the batteries of the law
had once quaked with the fiery hail of
de, I beheld the Lamb of God which
a h away the sin of the world.

I went to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

China's Three Religions.

(Continued from first page.)

Pekin, the capital, has been an imperial city for nine centuries. It has had a most varied history, having at different times been captured by the "Tartars," by Genghis Khan, and by the Manchus. In the centre of the capital are the imperial grounds, and "the Purple or Forbidden City," the special retreat of royalty. On three sides of the city are altars to the sun, moon and earth. The palace grounds are marvels of Oriental beauty and the buildings (some of which are shown in an illustration accompanying this article), are substantial structures, somewhat ornate in exterior design, yet not to be compared with many of the temples. Within the palace, are halls of magnificent proportions and barbaric splendor. Most notable among the religious edifices are the "Temple of Heaven," in the outer or Chinese city, already mentioned the "Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas," and the great Confucian temple called the "Kwotsze-keen," which contains the tablets of the great teacher, and his ten principal disciples. The "Temple of Heaven," is a large, pagoda-like edifice, with a vast base of white stone, above which rises a bell-shaped, circular building, which assumes a conical form toward the summit, the whole being capped by a great canopy, which makes it appear like a sugar-loaf surmounted by an umbrella. The temple contains tablets to the sun, moon, stars and the god of the year. Here the Emperor is wont to pay his devotions, and to pray for fair weather, success in war, or other good fortune. From the commanding height of this great temple,

gard as an almost sacred personage, has naturally aroused the liveliest interest at Pekin. Should the city be attacked by Japanese, under Gen. Yamagata (whose portrait is also given), it is not at all probable that it can oppose any formidable defense. Yamagata is a commander unequalled in military tactics by any of the Chinese generals of the present day, and with his well-equipped and trained troops, supported by the formidable fleet which would operate against Tiensin simultaneously with his advance on the capital, he could hardly be successfully opposed by any force the Chinese could place in the field. It is within the range of probabilities, however, that European intervention may prevent the war from being prosecuted to the point of investing Pekin, and that terms of peace may be concluded in time to avert the total humiliation of China, the downfall of the reigning dynasty and the disruption of her ancient empire.

Christianity has encountered a multitude of obstacles in China, and its progress has been necessarily slow. Arnobius asserts that there was a small Christian sect there in the third century. Protestant missions were unknown until 1807, when the London Missionary Society sent out Rev. Robert Morrison to Canton to translate the Scriptures into Chinese. Other missionaries followed, but not a single conversion was recorded until seven years had elapsed.

Now, almost every Christian denomina- tion has well-established mission stations

ter ones when taught about them. Yet our souls revolt against customs that give men the privilege of selling girls from hand



COUNT YAMAGATA.
Commander of Japan's Victorious Armies.

to hand as so-called wives in exchange for a few goats or pieces of cloth, and we feel like protecting the objects of this traffic as much as lies in our power."

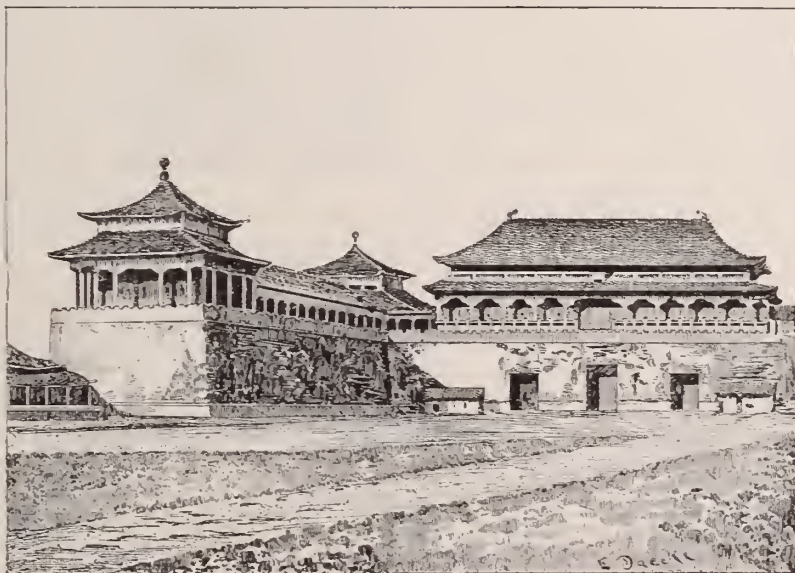
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EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE, PEKIN, CHINA.

one can overlook almost the entire city, which, with its countless temples, pagodas, shrines and palaces, and its teeming population, has only one Christian missionary chapel within its walls. Pekin is really a composite metropolis of three cities: Chinese, Tartar and Imperial. The Chinese city on the south is enclosed by separate walls and has a population of perhaps 300,000; the Tartar city on the north side has fully twice as many and its buildings are better and the Imperial quarter is detached from the Tartar quarter. Except when he goes out to pray in the temples, the young Emperor seldom ventures beyond the palace walls. His health is far from good, and he has neither the strength nor the inclination to take up public life vigorously. Much of his time—until the recent outbreak of hostilities with Japan, which seems to have infused some degree of energy into his life—has been spent within the palace enclosure, sailing on a small steam yacht upon the lake or watching the operation of a miniature railway.

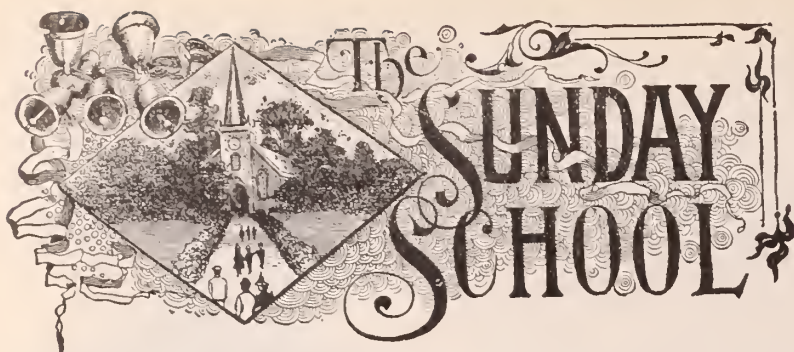
Heretofore, the burden of the cares of state has largely devolved upon Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, who is President of the Tsungli-Yamen or Council, and is chief of the Admiralty as well. Yung is said to be an advocate of peace; but the Emperor, with unwonted energy, has adopted a warlike policy, even threatening to direct military operations in person. Such an attitude on the part of their ruler, whom the Chinese have been accustomed to re-

and the native adherents of Christianity are numbered by the tens of thousands. A review of the present condition of the Protestant missions in China was published in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CHILD-WIFE REFUGEES.

Missionaries in Africa are often placed in a difficult and delicate position by the marriage customs of the country. Mr. Bunker, writing from Mount Selinda in East Central Africa to the "Missionary Herald," says: "We have had our first experience with girls running to us for protection from marriage customs by which they are bought and sold like so many goats. The first one that came was a girl about fourteen years old who has been married to a man about seventy, who made her the slave of himself and his old wife. It seems that she has run away many times before, but her father has sent her back to her husband. She is a bright girl and very anxious to learn. A friend of hers, even younger, ran away from a marriage which her friends contemplated between her and an old polygamist. She has now returned to her home and her husband has made up his mind that she would be a poor investment, for he has not consented to take her from her brother.

"It requires much wisdom to know what to do in these cases. We have not come to forcibly subvert the customs of the people, even though we do not approve of them, but to lead them to voluntarily choose bet-



THE TWELVE CHOSEN.

S.S. Lesson for Nov. 11. Mark 3:6-19. Golden Text John 15: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

BEFORE the Lord Jesus, who already "knew all men and needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in man," would venture to make a selection from among his disciples, "he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." The foundations of his church were to be laid, and built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; and if, when the tabernacle was to be made "an earthly sanctuary," the glory of which was to be done away, Moses must needs continue forty days and forty nights in close communion with his God, much more must Christ himself receive from his Father the pattern of his church of "living stones," which should be "built up a spiritual house."

Before we go farther, let us not forget that there is another elect, chosen company, yet not of the number of the twelve apostles. They are "saints, and

Faithful in Christ Jesus."

"chosen in him before the foundation of the world" that they might be holy and without blemish before him in love, "fore-ordained unto adoption as sons, pre-ordained to be "a heritage" of God "unto the praise of his glory, his own possession." Are not these they whom the Father has given to his Son? But are not all true believers of this number? Some may ask. Let us apply the test of God's Word. All these are "saints and faithful in Christ Jesus." All these have kept the word of Christ, "and whoso keepeth his word, in him verily hath the love of God been perfected." Christ is "glorified in them," and they are not of the world even as he is not of the world. We have but to ask ourselves in the light of the Word of God through his Spirit: Am I a saint who is faithful in Christ Jesus? Does God count me such? Have I kept the Word of God that his love has been perfected in me? Is Jesus glorified in me? Am I "not of the world" in the same measure and deep reality in which Christ was not of the world? Does the world; do the things which perish, eating and drinking, the care of my health, of my reputation, of my comfort, my position, my property on earth, fill no more place in my life than these things did in the life of Christ? If so, there is a proof according to Scripture that I am one of those chosen ones who is given by the Father to the Son. But who of us can conscientiously pass such an examination? Who can say more than Peter did: "Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee." But, in view of such solemn Scriptures, let us not lightly and flippantly apply to ourselves the epithet of "chosen," which involves a life of such real and intense nearness to our God.

The result of that solemn night of prayer on the mountain in Galilee, was that our Lord, "when it was day," when the morning dawned, and when he himself had the morning light of clear direction from above "called his disciples and he chose from them twelve, whom he also named apostles" (Luke 6: 12). In the Gospel of Mark: "He goeth up into the mountain, and calleth unto him whom he himself would; and they went and he appointed twelve,

That They Might be with Him,

and that he might send them forth to preach." To be with him is the first essential in an apostle, or in every Christian worker. Elijah needed no higher recommendation, no stronger proof of his vocation as a prophet than to be able to say: "The Lord God of Israel, before whom I stand." It was especially said of both the

patriarch Joseph, the future ruler of Egypt, and of David, the future king of Israel, that the Lord "was with them."

Oh, how different is man's choice of instruments for the work of God from God's choice! Man seeks for intellectual qualifications, force of character, human experience, learning, etc., etc., while God's first requisite is a mind undisturbed by earth and earthly things, which shall be at leisure from itself to pay attention to God and to learn of him. The life of the Son of God was regulated at all times from above, by close intercourse with his Father. He sought for his twelve chosen ones such as would follow him in this manner of life, a life which should have all its sources and resources in God.

His chosen ones must be "with him" at one with him in his leadership, confiding absolutely in his wisdom, on his side of every question, with him in his conflicts with the enemy of souls, with him in his dealings with his critics, the Pharisees, scribes and elders; with him in his unworldly, self-renouncing life, which ran counter to the spirit of the age, and the prejudices of those who praise them who do well unto themselves. Christ's chosen are they who, whatever may be their external qualifications, are content to be always and in all things on his side. No Christian minister, or missionary, no Christian worker, whatever ordination or authorization he may have received from man, is really chosen of God, except he has learned to recognize this first part of the call of Christ. The minister or worker who, sleeping or waking, working or resting, in the pulpit or in the family, is "with him," will never be found doing or saying anything that is un-Christ-like. We cannot be with him and be misled. And such a worker, so living, is prepared by the very fact of Christ's presence with him or her, for whatever service he may call to. Workers who, in their time of rest, lower the standard of their lives, and relax for the time the nearness of their walk with God, will find themselves in great difficulty how to return again to the place where they can be at the Lord's disposal for any and every service, possible or apparently impossible, pleasing or unpleasing. When "with him" the questions of choice or of possibility do not enter in; with him all is possible: to one who walks with him, all is welcome. "That they might be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach." In his presence, by his authority; this is the secret of a truly, powerful, fruitful ministry.

"And to have authority to cast out devils." Even to the seventy, the Lord said: "Behold, I have given you authority to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall in any wise hurt you" (Luke 10: 19). Satan is a conquered foe; conquered not by us, but by the Lord. As long as we are with him, we are with Satan's conqueror. His presence is our authority over all the power of the enemy. "Without Me, or apart from me, ye can do nothing." Immediately before his choice of the twelve, or immediately after, as we follow the chronology of the evangelists Mark or Luke, "a great multitude followed Jesus from Galilee, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and beyond Jordan, and about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, hearing what great things he did, came unto him." He had healed many inasmuch that as many as had plagues pressed upon him that they might touch him. And the unclean spirits, whensoever they beheld him, fell down before him and cried, saying: "Thou art the Son of God." And he charged them that they should not make him known (R. V.). Thus we see his own authority over the kingdom of the enemy had been abundantly manifest; now he would associate his chosen ones with him

in the same authority, but it must be always and essentially dependent on their being with him. On the eve of his crucifixion our Lord said to his disciples: "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." Oh, how solemn, how high is the election of our Lord! Chosen, not to assume a position of authority over others, not to be lords over God's heritage, but first and before all things, to bring forth fruit, to manifest in life and walk the fruits of the Spirit, the characteristics of Christ.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ON THE SHORE OF GALILEE.

ONE step, and the only important one Jesus ever made toward the organization of a church, he took at this time, which was about a year and a half after his public ministry commenced. He selected a company of intimate associates, who were to accompany him on his preaching tours and

give all their time to him. This was a common practice of the teachers of the day in Greece, and Rome as well as in Palestine. They were practically a class of pupils who should learn of their Master and disseminate his doctrines and perpetuate them after his death. The attitude of the authorities in Christ's case made this arrangement an urgent one. They were evidently determined on silencing him, and if they could do it in no other way, they would find some pretext for putting him to death. Christ, therefore chooses twelve men from among his followers and regularly appoints them as his apostolic family. As we have seen, there were already six, who acknowledged themselves his disciples and had been with him on some of his tours, but their attendance seems to have been irregular, and there were intervals in which they resumed their secular occupations. Now Christ wishes them to abandon their business and devote themselves exclusively to him. These were Peter and his brother Andrew; John and his brother James; Philip; and Nathanael who was also known as Bartholomew, that is the son of Tholomew. To these, Christ now adds six others: Another James whom Luke calls Cleopas, and his brother, who is sometimes called Jude, sometimes Lebbeus, and sometimes Thaddeus; Matthew, who is also called Levi; Thomas, who had the surname of Didymus; Simon whom Mark describes as a Canaanite, but who appears to have been better known as Zelotes, or the Zealot, from his connection with a party uncompromisingly opposed to Roman rule; and Judas Iscariot or the man of Kerioth, who appears to have been the only one of the company who hailed from Judea the southern country. All the others were apparently Galileans. John and James are believed to have been related to Christ, as it is thought their mother, Salome, was Mary's sister. Jude and the other James were also in the family, if, as is contended, their father was Joseph's brother. It is impossible to understand the principle which guided Christ in his selection of these men from the larger company of his followers. They were not learned, nor influential, nor, if we may judge from the questions they put to their Master, were they men of much intelligence, or deep spirituality. John and Peter were the only two who attained much prominence, so far as the

record shows. James, who is mentioned in the Acts, was not of the twelve. Paul, who did more for the propagation of Christianity than any of them, was included. The Philip mentioned in Acts was not Philip the Apostle. Clear that the instruments selected were the weakest and one of them Judas utterly bad. If Christianity had not divine it could not have made its way by their efforts.

Calleth whom he would. This call was a serious matter. It meant leaving the comforts of home, of a regular income and prospect of wealth to become a wanderer without any resources but such as Christ could give. Peter had a house and family. James and John had hired servants to work on them; Matthew held a lucrative position and was able to provide a great feast leave all and follow Christ seen change for the worse but they obeyed call. A famous Scotch minister in his good-by to his country parishioners was leaving them to go to Glasgow that he was sorry to go but he consented the invitation to the great city "from the Lord." One of his people "Maybe, may be but I'm thinking if hadn't been a larger salary there, the might ha' called a long time before ha' heard him."

To have power to heal. The work he done required special qualities and he chose the men best fitted for the work. He knew them and he was going to test them with large powers. There is an ancient Jewish tradition that when Moses was keeping the flocks of his father-in-law, a lamb wandered away. Moses longed to see it, saw it at a great distance and followed it. The lamb climbed the mountain, jumped over ditches, went along dangerous places, but ever the shepherd followed. It was a long and toilsome journey. Moses keeping the lamb in sight tried to follow it. At last the lamb stopped at a spring to slake its thirst. Moses let it drink and then seeing it hesitate about its course, he took it up on his shoulder and carried it back to the flock. Afterward when God called him to lead his people Moses was surprised that he should be chosen for the duty, God said that he could be trusted with the duty so safe as the shepherd who had brought back the lamb.

To be with him. Looking back now we can see that no greater privilege could have been offered to any human being than that of being with Christ; yet at that time people, doubtless, thought that these twelve men were making a sacrifice. When the great Philip Henry was a young man and before anyone had any idea how famous he would become, he became acquainted with Miss Matthews, who afterwards became his wife. Her family protested against his marriage when the minister made him an offer. They said that although he was an excellent preacher, a scholar and appeared a very worthy young man, he was quite a stranger. They did not even know where he came from. To which the girl answered: "I know whither he is going and I shall like to go with him."

Judas Iscariot who also betrayed him. In the early part of the reign of Peter the Great of Russia, the Czar had a friend named Lefort, whom he trusted implicitly and whom he found to be faithful and true in all his actions. When Lefort died the Czar's loneliness became unbearable. He grieved for his dead friend and seemed to have lost his right hand. Feeling the urgent necessity of some confidential man near him to supply Lefort's place, he thought him of Menshikoff, an officer who had served with him in the army when he was young. Menshikoff was sent for and installed in Lefort's place. He had ability, was genial, good-humored, skillful in diplomacy, but was without the integrity and fidelity which had made Lefort so valuable. Peter declared that he was ambitious and avaricious. Again and again his misdeeds compelled the Czar to distrust him, but as often the need of a friend the Czar to recall him and then Menshikoff had a new opportunity to betray his master. No kindness, nor confidence, nor reward did Peter spare in trying to lead Menshikoff to him. But he invariably betrayed his secrets. At last in despair he was dismissed and Peter said to Catherine the Czarina, that "Menshikoff was born in a cheat; and if he do not reform he will lose his head." He managed to keep his life, but he died in exile and disgrace.



Church of the Holy Sepulchre

Traveler Visits the Sacred Edifice—
Stories of Godfrey and the Crusades
The Traditional Tomb of Christ—
The Centre of the Earth.

THE De Credo blood is in fullest flow in the veins of the woman we know as Mrs. Sharpe, when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is spoken of. She actually wept yesterday in confiding to me the

she feels at hearing so many and good people express doubts the authenticity of the Church's

ions with respect to it. I said to-day to my doctor, regard should be paid to what Church has held for all these

ies. It is bewildering to listen's talk of the improbability of and the impossibility of that g happened there. What do I

about the discovery of a new all of the city which proves the Crucifixion could not have place where the saints of so

ages have believed that it did? think what a crash to the faith of lic and Greek Christians if the should come to doubt all the

things we are told of while in arling old Church. The free- ing of this so-called Christian e enough to curdle the blood in

is heart. For my part I agree dear old Bishop Cheeseman, ges how much better it is to o what is sanctioned by the

of centuries than to lend ear to try not yet fifty years old. As aæology, and explorations, and cations, and such modern inno-

ts, I have no patience with e. They are so many forms of ef, downright Sadduceeism, I lem!"

ill-matched pair have by now, to amuse us, and with inward gs of spirit we see the ap- o of the husband while we are

ang over the flat stone let into evement of the quadrangle just ut the entrance of the Church.

ymbol known as "the Jerusa- m cross," said to have been used t badge of the Crusaders at the e of Godfrey of Bouillon, is cut pto the gray slab; all that was

of the gallant warrior made t decree of his peers, King of rusalem, lies under it. We have o and special reasons for rever-

the memory of the Christian e reasons that have drawn us e place more strongly than ully legends, and we are dis- e to stiffen up at the prospective

on upon our musings. Tour surprise, the usually rampant ur touches his clerical broad brim in pful silence, and stands by us looking

upon stone and sunken cross until I oved to address him: "Hope that Mrs. Sharpe is well to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you," still with the nt gravity that is to us uncharacteristic. on is in there"—ducking his red head eys at the church,—and, after a pause,

ing in the 'Chapel of the Finding of e Cross."

It an awkward moment, no suitable nt occurring to either of the auditors. e times, presently, as gently as before: eed not say that all the monkish su-

ers on that brings large revenues to this e are indescribably abhorrent to me. ut viing expressed this, more than once, e excellent wife, and failing to bring e my way of thinking, I cannot pursue e object. I can ridicule old wives, fables

James and John. Perhaps I lose my temper when the fable is too grotesque. When the subject thus tortured has to do with the death and burial of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—uncovering his head in pronouncing the words—"I am dumb. Either the imposture is too blasphemous to be dealt with by human speech, or the faith of those who believe this to be the scene of the events I have referred to, is too holy to be spoken of lightly. When Mrs. Sharpe told me of her desire to pass an hour in devotion in the chapel below, I

in which believers have worshipped for almost fifteen hundred years, it merits reverent mention. We try to keep this in mind, and the lesson unexpectedly learned from the usually hypercritical divine just now, as we are arrested every few paces to note this or that holy place.

The stone upon which the Saviour's body lay when anointed for the tomb is near the spot where the Maries stood while men performed the last, sad office, and further away, right under the immense dome of the church, is the so-called Holy Sepulchre. The chapel covering it is tawdry with red marble, gilding and poor paintings. Ever-burning lamps swing from cornice and pillar. We slip off our rubber-shoes before we are permitted to enter, lest common soil be carried into the sacred place. In the ante-chamber to the sepulchre we are shown a rough stone said to be a piece of that rolled from the door of the tomb by the angels; the place where they stood at the disciples' visit is also pointed out. Stooping low, we pass into a small recess—it cannot be called a room—all ablaze with red, yellow and green lights. There must be between forty and fifty of these lamps with shades of different colors,

the Holy Sepulchre, after which the Patriarch awaiting in the chamber of the tomb and invisible to the crowd without, passed a lighted torch through the Fire-hole to a priest on the other side. His first care was to light a candle to be sent by a swift horseman to the Church in Bethlehem—and then the multitude pressed upon him, every one with a taper to be ignited at the sacred torch.

"And this is really done still!" we ejaculate.

"The dove does not appear, but the Holy Fire descends at the Greek Easter every year."

"And people still believe that the fire comes down from heaven?"

An English-speaking monk in passing, catches the words.

"And why not?" he interrogates, dryly, rather than fiercely. "All things are possible with God."

Discussion in the circumstances would be the height of indiscretion. Again, taking a hint from Dr. Sharpe's latest lesson, we pass on toward the stairs conducting to the subterranean Chapel of St. Helena. On the way, our notice is called to a dumpy column rising from the marble pavement. I say "column," for want of a fitter word, but it looks more like a raised register or radiator than a monument, and is said to cover the exact centre of the earth.

"Reference is made by those who believe this to Ezekiel, fifth chapter and fifth verse," (David is conscientiously prudent here) "This is Jerusalem; I have set it in the midst of the nations and the countries that are round about her."

"That says nothing of this particular spot. There was nothing here then to designate it, that we have ever heard of."

"Quite so, sir. This is also believed to mark the hole out of which the Almighty took the earth for making Adam."

"What do they think of that story?"

"In my opinion, Adam was never here, sir, but I am not a scholar."

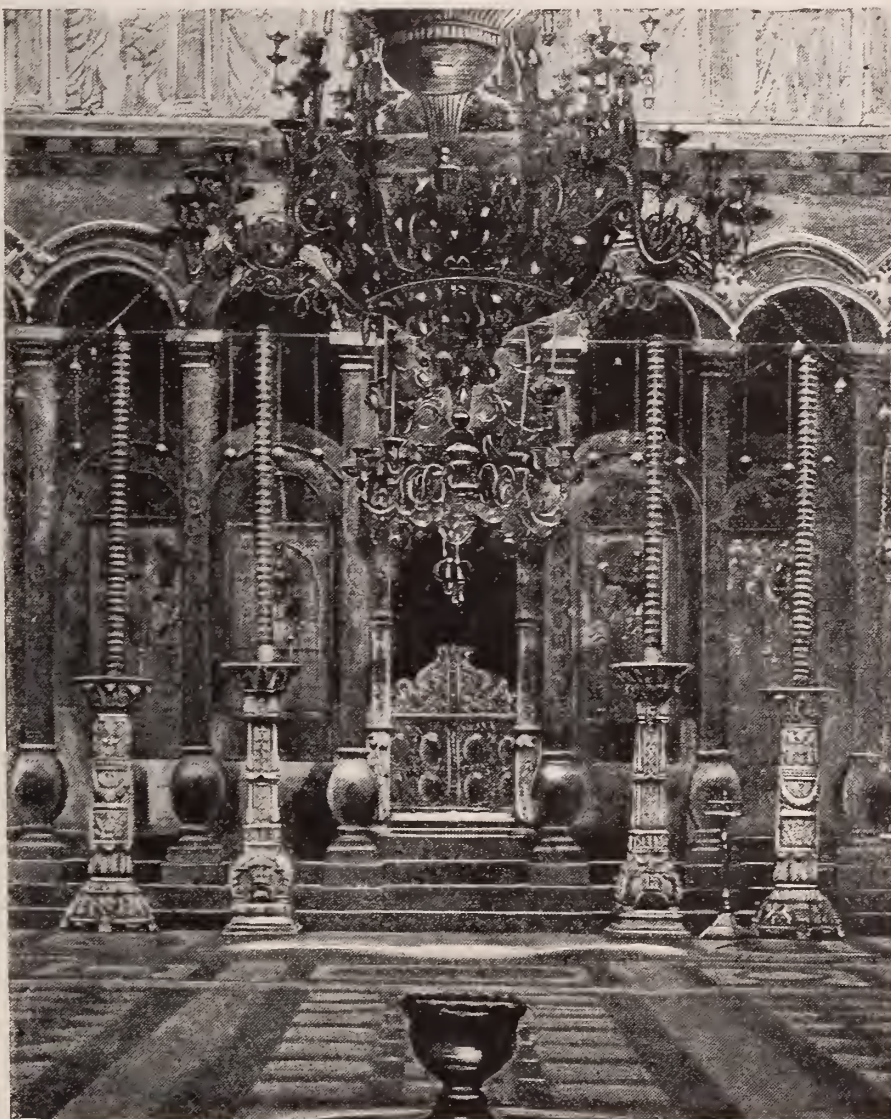
I hearken to the culmination, seated upon a narrow marble bench let into the wall near the top of the steps leading to the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. By leaning upon the sill of a small square window at a convenient distance above the bench I can look down into a dim cellar, like a tank, badly lighted by two candles set upon what I presently make out to be an altar.

Some where down there, Mrs. Sharpe is kneeling and wrestling in prayer for her husband's obstinate soul. Here, if we heed tradition, sat the aged Empress Helena in the year 326 A. D., and watched the excavations going on, at her order, in quest of the True Cross. She had dreamed, before setting out upon her pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where this precious relic would be found. Three crosses were dug out of the hole down into which I am gazing, and the Empress, the shrewd mother of a shrewder son, bethought herself of a test that should reveal the right relic. A Christian woman of rank lay on her death-bed in Jerusalem. The three exhumed crosses were borne into her room and by touching one of them she was healed. This is the one and only ground, so far as we have been able to discover, for the belief that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre rises

above the place of Crucifixion, Etrial and Ascension of our Lord, unless we are to admit the evidence of a church historian of that day who ascribes the building of the church to Constantine.

When we consider the improbability that the crosses upon which died three Jewish peasants, criminals in the eye of the Roman authorities, would be preserved in any way after they had served their ignominious end; the greater improbability that they were buried near the sepulchre of the Nazarene; when we take into account the three centuries during which they thus lay concealed from the knowledge of mankind, and then the manner of the disinterment, one grows thoughtful and distrustful. The students of God's Word who, in trying to identify any locality in or near Jerusalem with the scene of our Lord's Crucifixion without the gate, have more than this one discrepancy to confirm them in the belief that this venerable church does not cover the spot.

MARION HARLAND.



THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH, CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

(From a Photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

raised no objections. I simply answered, "Very well, my dear. You will find me outside when you are ready." I more than suspect,—a queer caroty flush mantling the cheek-bones,—that the sweet soul is now engaged in prayer that my eyes may be opened to see the truth—as it is apparent to her."

With a deepening of respect for a good, if testy man, and more real liking than we had imagined we could ever feel for him in any circumstances, we enter the ancient edifice.

Those indefatigable church builders, the Crusaders, remodelled it in the twelfth century, but there was a sanctuary of some kind here in the fourth, a Church raised by Constantine in commemoration of the discovery by his mother Helena of what she assumed was the true Cross. As the house

illuminating a marble altar, six feet long, three wide and two high, set out with the customary altar-furniture, gold vessels, artificial flowers and lace-trimmed altar cloth.

"This," pronounces David, in subdued accents, "is said by tradition to be the tomb of Christ our Lord."

We linger before it for a respectful minute, and at our movement to retire, he continues in the same key, "You will please back out!"

Outside the Chapel of the Angels we are stopped to look at the "Fire-hole." Perhaps we have heard of it before, but as we listen now, the singular tale seems new and incredible on the verge of the twentieth century. A part of the Easter ceremonies of the Greek Church four hundred years ago,—how much earlier we do not know—was the descent of a dove upon the Chapel of



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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RIGHTEOUS POLITICS.

SOME men pride themselves on voting an entire ticket without reference to the qualifications of the nominees. As though a man should go to an apothecary store, and needing one medicine on the shelf, should order the druggist to give him some of all the medicines on that shelf. You tell him there are medicines on that shelf that will do him damage. "O," he says, "that's no difference. I pride myself on the fact when I take one medicine on a shelf I take the whole shelf—rhubarb, calomel, jalap, belladonna, strychnine and jujube paste!" Now, I think, in morals as well as in matters of health, we ought to choose between lozenges and strychnine. I must see who the men personally are. In any city it is no difficult thing to find out all about the candidates. There are people who will tell you all about the candidates, where they live and how they live, what are their morals, where they go to church if at all, what they wear, how much is their income, what they had for breakfast this morning; how much they pay for their boots; whether they pay their butcher's bill promptly; whether they are in debt for the last week's washing; what they drink for a regular beverage—tea, coffee or soda water. There is no place on this continent where it is not easy to find out all about the candidates. But do not take without discount what men of one party think of the nominees of the other party. Do not ask the friends of one candidate what they think of the other candidate. Never vote for a bad man whether he thinks as you do or not. You cannot depend on a bad man to do right. At the first temptation he will fly the track; he will sell out to the enemy; at the moment you are depending on him for a right vote, he will through a new pair of gold spectacles see his duty in the opposite direction. But when I say a good man I do not necessarily apply the religious test. There is many a man wise for the next world who is a fool for this. It is a sad state of things when your vote for a candidate is decided by the church he attends.

Integrity and adaptation are the two qualifications for office. Some men are born for Senatorial honors, and are not at home until they reach Senatorial position; while others have "post mortem" physiognomy. Showing peculiar qualifications for the office of coroner and really enjoying a funeral. The accidents of politics often hurl into office men unfitted for the position. No cruel man should be a jailer; no merciless man should be a sheriff; no man of ungovernable temper should be a policeman. No bribable man should be a legislator. No man unable to take in all the interests of a city should be a Mayor, or of the interests

of a State, should be a Governor. Let me counsel, as far as possible, that you abstain from all base personalities. Do not use epithets you will be sorry for after the struggle is over. Do not style the opposing candidates knaves or blasphemers or sots. You gain no votes by abusiveness. Slanders react. My father said that it was political persecution that gave Andrew Jackson such an overwhelming majority. It is human nature to sympathize with the under dog in the fight. Let the contest be open and fair and honorable, though it be persistent. If you put down your robe of Christian character until after the November election, you may never get it on again. A religion that will not help a man to preserve his equipoise during the Autumnal elections is no religion at all.

THE TOILERS.

THERE is nothing so uppermost in my mind as the great struggle for a livelihood that I see going on about me and in all nations. I think of it every day. Here and there is an idler, or a disciple of fashion out on dress parade; but I say to myself, "What gives to these multitudes of people on the streets from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, the earnest look and the weary step?" The majority of them are battling for a livelihood. You see only a man; but perhaps he represents in the contest a wife, a mother, a group of children. To pay his rent, to secure fuel, to clothe the dependents, to educate the household—these are the questions that wrinkle his brow and agitate his heart. Forward in the conflict. Oh, brave man! Not one on the street knows the struggle, but God and angels know, and they are with you in the fight. Those young girls that go over to work at day dawn, so that they may be prompt at their places of toil, severe economy evident in their apparel, supporting a mother at home, and keeping a younger brother at school.

Do not talk to me about Ida Lewis or Grace Darling. These struggling shop girls have a harder oar to pull and will get divine reward though they may receive no medal of earthly approval. It was a great day in England when the wounded heroes came home from the Russian war, and in presence of a vast multitude, Queen Victoria with her own hands distributed the medals marked Sebastopol, Inkermann and Balaklava. Then the band played, and the Englishmen shouted, "God save the Queen!" But it will be a grander day when the King of Heaven and Earth shall greet home the sons and daughters of toil who come up from the thousand battlefields for bread, and wounded and weary and sick and faint and exhausted, they shall be everlastingly discharged from their warfare; while Christ shall say: "Ye suffered with me on earth, now be glorified with me in heaven!"

BETTER SCHOOLS.

GOD speed all reformatory movements, school reform included. Let us rejoice at the advance already made. Compare the qualification of teachers now with those who presided over our school-boy days. It is a wonder that we know anything. We were gadded, and boxed and pulled by the ears, and stood in the corner on one foot, and kept in after school, and given extra lessons to learn. Some of the teachers no doubt were well qualified, but others, I remember, were cross and petulant and impatient and revengeful, and ignorant and filthy. I remember my old teacher used to open the school with prayer, putting one foot over on the chair, and his elbow on his knee, and his hands over his eyes, but his fingers wide open apart to see what went on, and seemed more anxious to note the effect of his prayer in the school-room than the effect of his prayer in heaven. Then the school-house was unshaded in summer weather, and was caught between the loose clapboards in the wintry blast. We all drank out of one tincup, and sat on benches without backs. I have not one pleasant memory of all my school days ex-

cept that connected with the recess and vacation.

Let us rejoice that the educational opportunities of to-day are so far in advance of what they were in our childhood. Still, the largest room in the world is the room for improvement, and we owe the grand men and women who preside as teachers in our schools better apartments in which to train and develop the young. Children are sometimes thought to be dull when they are only asphyxiated. An overcrowded school-room is a warm invitation to scarlet fever and measles and diphtheria. Money put in school houses is money saved from penitentiaries. The best way to lessen our taxes is to pay more money for the intelligence of the people. There is a style of economy which is the worst extravagance. Good schools tend toward empty almshouses. Knowledge lifts. Ignorance depresses. It is no rare thing to find educated scoundrelism, but to the vast majority of the criminal classes the writing of their own names is a difficult enterprise. When society knows more it will behave better. The newspaper column which discusses the school question should be read through by every citizen, patriot and Christian.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Louis McKim, Covington, Ky. I would like to have your new premium books, Dr. Talmage's "Pathway of Life," and Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6, Complete. I see that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and the Gospel Hymns, combined, are \$2. How much must I add to the \$2 to be entitled to a copy of the "Pathway of Life?"

Add to the \$2 mentioned above, \$1 for each additional premium that you may select from our list, except the Large International Teachers' Bible, for which add \$2. See announcement at foot of premium offers, column 1, page 697, of this issue.

L. M. Sherrow, Sing Sing, N. Y. Did Christ ever actually work at the trade of a carpenter?

The account Mark gives of Christ's visit to Nazareth would imply that he did. The people who were most likely to know, said, according to that Evangelist, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" (Mark 6: 3.)

Subscriber, Maxwell, Ont. Is not Mr. Moody deriving a large income from the profits on the sale of hymn books?

It has been already stated and repeated in this journal that Mr. Moody does not receive a cent from this source. By his direction, the income was, from the first, not paid to him, but to the support of the Educational Institutions at Northfield and Chicago.

Reader. — A man having been in State's prison and desiring to begin life anew in a strange neighborhood and to live honestly in future, is afraid that his record will embarrass him. Is he justified in dropping his old name and taking a new one?

There is nothing wrong in his doing so, providing he gets the sanction of the courts, which is always cheerfully given. Otherwise he may be embarrassed by the change of name, and may under some circumstances be involved in perjury.

G. C. Requa, Kewanee, Ill. Can a person who is not a Christian read the Bible intelligently?

Certainly; many have done so and derived benefit from it. He would be likely to miss the deep spiritual meaning of many passages and there are some which the Christian enjoys and treasures, which would be almost incomprehensible to one who had no experience to shed light upon them. An intelligent man, however, could appreciate the greater part of the Bible and would admire its philosophy, poetry and literary beauty.

A. F. Moseback, Bethlehem, Pa. 1. Was Agrippa sincere or mocking when he told Paul Acts 26: 28 that he was almost persuaded to become a Christian? 2. Was not Joseph egotistical in foretelling his future greatness by his dreams?

1. The Revised Version makes an important change in the passage. It reads: "With little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." That rendering is equivalent to saying that much more than Paul's argument would be necessary to make Agrippa a Christian. Paul's reply, however, seems to indicate that he thought Agrippa was moved, and was not mocking. 2. Joseph does not seem to have done any foretelling; he simply told his dreams and his brothers interpreted them, as it was easy to do. He was indiscreet in telling the dreams, and his father reproved him for it, but it must be remembered he was only seventeen years old at the time, and was probably elated by the dreams, for in that day a great deal of significance was attached to dreams.

H. M. Black, Salina, Kan. Has a star been seen, whose distance is so great that its light requires more than six thousand years to reach the earth?

The speed of light is reckoned to be 186,000 miles in a second so that it would travel more than sixteen thousand million miles in a

single day. Multiply this by 365 and the result by six thousand and you have the distance in miles of any such star. Astronomers compute the distance of stars by measuring the parent change in their position in relation to earth and the sun at different times of the year, just as you might estimate the distance of a fixed object seen from a railroad train by time in which it is in the line of vision. Astronomers have been able to measure in way the distance of the nearer stars. The nearest measured, is one in the constellation the Centaur and if the measurement is correct, it would require three years and four months for its light to reach the earth. The most distant star visible to the naked eye is computed to be thirty-six times that distance. This light has been about 120 years in reaching earth. Beyond these are the vast number of stars far away to be seen by the naked eye, but visible through the telescope. It is obvious their distance is too great to be measured any approach to accuracy because they are so far away that the length of the earth's orbit is but as a point in comparison. These we can only suppose that their light have been, and probably has been, thousands of years in reaching us.

Reader. 1. How much will I have to pay for a year? 2. How much will I have to pay for a year? 3. I would like to get one extra. 4. Sarepta the name of a town or a widow's name?

1. For \$2 you will receive an Internal Ruby Teachers' Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year. If an extra Bible size, is desired, it will cost \$1 extra. 2. Sarepta or Zarephath was a town of Sidon.

Subscriber, Hugo, Colo. A. Does B. a very great injury, B. has forgiven A. with all his heart. A. does not know it, and B. is afraid to advance, lest he should be repelled? What is proper for B., as a Christian, to write stating that all was forgiven and asking for renewal of friendship?

Our correspondent seems to have arrived at the best solution of the problem. By all means he should write to A., and the probability that the latter, not to be outdone in unanimity, will meet his advances more than half way and in the same generous spirit.

H. M. Waller, Williamsburg, Va. Is there a planation of the discrepancy between the nineteenth verses of Exodus 9? In the verse it is stated that all the cattle of Egypt and subsequently Pharaoh is advised to, cattle under cover?

The Hebrew word translated "all" is definite as the word, all. It is often used in sense of general, or the bulk. In this instance the writer of Exodus would have used the word if the slaughter was so great as to leave comparatively few cattle living. That is or planation. A second is that there may have been, and probably was, an interval of some months between the plagues, during which cattle in large numbers were imported. If so, and his people really lost all their by the murrain, they would lose no time in getting a fresh supply, which they could eas in a few weeks from the large flocks on the Goshen, whose cattle were not affected by murrain.

Rev. B. Y. Logan, Iamborn, Kan. 1. How is the body of the Pharaoh of the Exodus on exhibition, when he was drowned in the Red Sea? Was it fished up? If so, by whom? 2. Did Christ say to the man who addressed him as "Good Master," "there is none good but that is God?" 3. Why do you delay so long in answering questions addressed to the Mail Bag?

1. We have not heard that the body of Pharaoh of the Exodus is on exhibition. I do not think it is. It is, however, improbable that he was drowned in the Red Sea. The general belief is that he sent his army to fight and remained behind himself. If, as is usually supposed, that Pharaoh was Menephtah, there are inscriptions made by him recording his actions at a period subsequent to the Exodus. The passage in the Psalms describing him would be such an expression as would use about a king whose power was broken there. 2. That God was the source of goodness, and the goodness of men was really an emanation from him. Christ was the young man, who did not acknowledge his divinity, yet came to him for guidance when he had the commandments of God. 3. Because the numbers of questions that come in every week are many more than can be answered in one number. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they have fore to take their turn.

Mrs. J. W. Cook, Newport, Ky. 1. We know such plan as you mention. 2. Yes, you can to renew your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to secure a copy of the beautiful new Bible, Dr. Talmage's "The Pathway of Life," as a premium. H. L. Hunter, Charlotte, N. C. Write Society itself in New York for its annual which will furnish all the information desired. A. D. Shuch, Forest Grove, Ore. These are not given in any standard Bible history. I am more, Ellsville, Miss. You can procure Bible of the Apocrypha, of Potter, publisher, Philadelphia.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those who, by means, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE LIBERATED SLAVES.

RECENT cable dispatches report an event which has started the whole of Egypt and has caused a sensation through Europe. It was the arrest of three Pashas, one of whom is President of the native slave Council, on the charge of being concerned in the purchase of six Soudanese women as slaves. There was no question of their guilt for three of the women were in the President's house, but every man was astonished at the boldness of men holding the highest offices in Egyptian government. As far back as



a decree was issued by the Egyptian government prohibiting the purchase and importation of slaves from Egypt, and a Bureau was organized with an English officer at its head to enforce the decree. At that time slave-dealing was very prevalent in Egypt, and the Bureau succeeded in suppressing it as far as the general and ordinary trade was concerned. Last December the legislative Council passed a resolution and the abolition of the Bureau on the ground that slave-dealing in Egypt had ceased. The demand was ignored, because it was suspected that the native aristocracy, including the Khedive himself, were secretly engaged in the traffic. The action has now been verified. Abdul Bey, a confidential agent of the President of the Council, recently informed Schaefer, who is now the chief of the Slave Trade Bureau, that six women had been purchased in the Soudan and brought to Egypt in violation of the law. The President of the Council he said, had three of them and intended to sell them if he could find a purchaser and the other three were in the hands of other Pashas whom he named. Schaefer made no distinction on account of the high rank of the offenders, but simply seized them and the brokers and others implicated and put them on trial for breaking the law. The Pashas escaped punishment owing to the obsequiousness of the Egyptian court, but the minor offenders were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor. The six women have been taken to Home for Liberated Slaves which has been established near Cairo and is supported by philanthropists in England. It may be hoped that the arrest will prove a salutary lesson to the Pashas and incidentally to the Khedive, who is probably the worst offender. They need to learn that the men make the laws and the men who are armed with the execution of the laws are not to be criminals or connive at crime. A curious coincidence that certain officers in our own land should be just now fully learning the same lesson. Even in this world the wrongdoer does not find that high position always protects him from punishment and in the next world it never does. (Rom. 2: 21-23.)

A Novel Dispossess Action.

The keeper of a furnished-room house in New York adopted a novel method of getting rid of objectionable tenants a few days ago. She had rented apartments to a man and his wife who afterwards she wished to get out of her house. She accordingly gave them notice to leave, but they ignored it. After several more emphatic and peremptory requests to them to vacate the premises, she fixed a day when as she told them they must go. The tenants, however, refused to leave their apartments, and as either the man or his wife was always in the rooms, it was impossible to lock the doors and keep them out. The housekeeper knew by experience something of the slow and uncertain action of the courts, so she would not

take her lawyer's advice to get a dispossess order. Instead, she adopted a method of her own. She bought a quantity of sulphur and sprinkled it on a pan of live coals which she put in the room immediately under the room occupied by the undesirable tenants. In a short time the upper part of the house was filled with the fumes of the sulphur and the tenants were almost suffocated. They bore it as long as they could and then beat a retreat. The housekeeper then possessed herself of the rooms and refused to permit them to re-enter. She was elated by her success. She said sulphur fumes were a great purifier. The idea was suggested to her by a former experience when her house was purged by sulphur of the germs of an infectious disease. The principle of her method may be commended to newly converted persons who are often distressed by their minds and hearts being occupied by the evil thoughts which once



THE SIX LIBERATED SLAVE GIRLS AT CAIRO—COL. SCHAEFER, CHIEF OF THE SLAVE TRADE BUREAU.

they harbored. If they are as determined to be rid of them as the housekeeper was to be rid of her undesirable tenants, they will succeed. Satan, who suggests them, will never stay when his former home is pervaded by the purifying influence of the Holy Spirit, who is given to all who ask for it. (Luke 11: 22.)

A Runaway Schooner.

A press dispatch from Halifax, N. S., says that a schooner has gone off to sea from that port without a soul on board. She left Halifax with a valuable cargo under the command of Captain Hadly and a complete crew. In the gale of October 10, she was driven out of her course and struck on a rock off the coast of Canso. The captain, believing that it would be impossible to get her off, and that if he did get her off, that the hull was so badly injured that she would sink, left the ship, and, with his crew, landed at Canso in boats. The schooner was then being violently swayed to and fro by the force of the waves, and seemed likely to be beaten to pieces. But during the night, in one of her lurches, she came clear of the rock and floated into deep water. When morning came she was seen going out to sea with all sails set. A steamer was sent in chase of her, but the schooner had a long start and a high wind was blowing, which carried her swiftly to the open Atlantic. The steamer followed all day, but was unable to overtake her. When night fell the steamer gave up the chase and returned. The schooner was then going toward the mid-Atlantic, all her

sails drawing and the foam dashing high at her prow. Her cargo will make her a rich prize for any one who can capture her and bring her in. Infinitely greater prizes are waiting for Christian workers, who may bring into the haven of God's mercy men and women equipped with fine talents and generous natures, who are wandering on life's ocean without divine guidance. (Daniel 12: 3.)

Diamonds in the Teeth.

Among the novel freaks of fashion is one that is traveling eastward from the Pacific coast. A lady who arrived in New York from San Francisco last week has recently disposed of her practice as a dentist in that city. She says that her speciality is fixing diamonds in the teeth of her patients, and that she has done an extensive business in that way in both San Francisco and Chicago. In many Western cities dentists are doing the same thing. The diamonds are set in decayed teeth instead of gold filling, and when artificial teeth are made, diamonds are inserted either in the crown or in the teeth. The dentist has been called on occasionally to drill a hole in a sound tooth to put a diamond in, when her patient was fond of the stones. The operation is a costly one, as the diamond must be of the purest water, and has to be skillfully fixed so as not to hurt the lips or cheek. At first the novelty was not attractive, but when a lady saw a diamond sparkling in the mouth of a friend or rival, she soon wanted one and did not rest till she secured one. Like many other modes of adding to personal attractions, this is restricted to the rich; but

he died on the day following his admission to the hospital. The doctors there think he was slightly demented. It is easy to believe that, when we realize that he appears to have loved his money more than his life. There are, however, many people for whom the same excuse cannot be made, who commit the greater folly of loving their money more than eternal life. (Luke 12: 23.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Attention of Our Readers is Particularly directed to the Premium announcement in the first column of page 697 of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, especially to the combination offers at the foot of the column.

Mr. D. L. Moody has Accepted the Invitation of the Churches of Lowell, Mass., to hold services in that city soon. The date is to be mutually agreed upon.

A Japan Missionary Says that all Forms of educational and evangelistic work temporarily suffer because of the war with China. Many forms of business are at a standstill, and churches find it difficult to collect money for their expenses.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to be held at Middletown, Conn., this day. They will fill out the calendar of the spring conferences, and will also decide upon a successor to the late Dr. Peck as Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society.

Rev. Charles L. Jackson, of Boston, is in charge of a series of united meetings in New Bedford, Mass. Fourteen churches are working together in the movement, and such a work of grace is going on as the city has never before witnessed. Mr. Jackson is assisted in the musical part of the exercises by Mr. Greenwood, who was formerly associated with B. Fay Mills.

During Five Years that the Chicago Auxiliary of the American Tract Society has been in operation, an immense amount of evangelizing work has been done by its agents. Last year, at a cost of \$68,400, four colporteurs have made nearly 9,000 visits in Chicago alone, and through the literature they have put in circulation have reached a large army of Bohemians, Poles, Italians, Greeks, Germans, and Irish.

The Excitement in Spain over the consecration of Senor Calvera as Protestant Bishop of Madrid is in no way subsiding, and the intervention of the Papal Nuncio in the matter has now given rise to a political question in connection with it. The Papal Nuncio contends that it is illegal as well as sacrilegious.

A Sunday Creche has been established in connection with a Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, O. A few ladies accustomed to the management of infants attend every Sunday at a room adjacent to the church and take care of any children who may be brought while their mothers attend the service.

Sincere Sympathy will be felt by all Christian people with Rev. Ross Taylor, son of Bishop William Taylor, of Africa, in the terrible calamity which has befallen him. On Oct. 22 his house at Nyack caught fire and was totally destroyed. The flames made such headway before they were discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor succeeded in escaping only by jumping through the second story windows. The saddest part of the affliction is that four of their children perished in the burning building. May the God of all Consolation be the Comforter of the bereaved parents in their sore trouble!

The Good Work Carried on During the Summer in the Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys of Pennsylvania is still bearing fruit in addition to the churches. It commenced under the labors of Rev. Thomas Swan of West Pittston, and was carried on by Mr. Moody, Major Whittle and other evangelists.

Mr. Henry Varley's Many Friends in this country will be glad to learn that his meetings in Glasgow have been accompanied by a work of grace. Many Christians have flocked to the Waterloo Rooms for the afternoon Bible-readings, and listened eagerly to Mr. Varley. The evening meetings were very large, especially on Sundays.

The Literary World Has Suffered a Severe loss in the death of Prof. James A. Froude, an eminent historian. Mr. Froude died on Oct. 20, after a long illness. He was a most painstaking and industrious worker, sparing no effort to get original documents on which to construct his historical works. He was thus enabled to set in a new light several prominent names in history. He rendered the world a conspicuous service by his merciless exposure of the knavery and double dealing of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the sixteenth century. One of Mr. Froude's best-known works is his biography of Carlyle, a whom he was a devoted friend. He used to say that Carlyle had saved him from infidelity.

A Farewell Service was Held Recently in the Judson Memorial Church, New York, to bid good-by to a number of missionaries who were setting out for their fields of labor. Among the missionaries present were Rev. C. E. Burdette and Mrs. Burdette, who have been laboring among the Assamese since 1883; Mrs. P. E. Moore, whose field is the Miskitoes of Assam, and whose appointment dates from 1880; Miss Reece, who is under appointment to Assam; Miss Darmstadt, whose destination is Nellore, and Miss C. E. Righter, missionary to Kinshua, China. With Mr. Burdette was a bright little Koro girl, who had been rescued from the savagery of her tribe by the missionaries and is being educated.

Rich, yet Starving.

An aged man was found a few days ago at Kingsbridge, N. Y., who had a little fortune in his pockets, yet was on the verge of death by starvation. He was in an empty outhouse on the high road and had evidently tramped a long distance. A policeman passing the hovel late at night heard his groans and, going in to investigate, saw the old man on the floor. His clothes were worn to rags and his boots were full of holes and were covered by a dilapidated pair of overshoes. He said that he had eaten nothing for several days, and being very weak and tired he had turned into the outhouse to rest, when he was seized with cramps. The policeman summoned an ambulance from Ferndham and the old man was conveyed to the hospital there. The doctors said he was suffering for lack of food and he revived after nourishment had been given to him. When he was undressed and put to bed there was general surprise at the contents of the pockets of his tattered garments. In one was a large amount in bills; in another, the title deeds to several pieces of property; and his other pockets were filled with dimes, nickles and pennies which he had evidently obtained by begging. With all this property upon his person he had gone without food and had so undermined his constitution by fasting, that

CONSTANTINOPLE'S DAY OF TERROR.

Rev. Albert H. Long of Roberts College Graphically Describes the Earthquake—The City Rose and Fell like a Sea and then Came the Crash, demolishing Hundreds of Dwellings and Bazars Possibly 500 Killed—Relieving the Destitute.



LETTERS from the stricken Turkish capital indicate that there is no abatement in the general distress and suffering caused by the recent earthquakes which laid a great portion of the city in ruins. The Constantinople

newspapers devote a large amount of space in every issue to the progress of the relief work, and are profuse in their grateful acknowledgments of the timely help received from other lands. As the cold season is at hand, the problem of housing the thousands of destitute, now in tents, becomes urgent. The Relief Commission, together with the missionaries, the American College and various other agencies now at work, find it impossible to respond to all the calls for help and could not do so even if they had ten times the funds now at their disposal for that purpose.

One of the most thrilling accounts of the great earthquake yet received in this country, is that written by Rev. Albert H. Long, LL. D., of Roberts College, Constantinople, to a Boston journal. Dr. Roberts writes:

"The day was beautifully clear, the air balmy and unusually pure, with nothing whatever of that murkiness and that peculiar electrical condition attendant upon what is popularly termed 'earthquake weather.' No brighter day had been seen through the whole season. The gangs of workmen upon the buildings, the porters and dock laborers upon the quays, and all busy men wherever toiling in associated labor had stopped work, for, according to the custom of the country, the welcome call of 'paidos' had sounded forth from sturdy lungs calling 'from labor to refreshment.' Some had already finished their repast of bread and olives and had stretched their weary limbs under the shade of some archway or wall for a quiet sleep. The shopkeepers in the bazars were also either dozing or eating their frugal lunch in some retired corner. The muezzins from the lofty minarets of the mosque were still crying out to the four quarters of the heavens the call to prayer. 'Eight bells' had already struck some minutes before on the foreign shipping in the harbor. It was high noon. Local mean time showed twenty two minutes past twelve.

"Suddenly there was heard a peculiar Rumbling, Grating and Grinding Noise, compared by some to the sound of a railway train passing through a tunnel, by others to the sound of a steamboat blowing off steam under water; but after all a sound of such unique character as to make it always remembered when once heard. This terrifying noise was followed by a rising and sinking of the ground, such as one feels under foot upon the deck of a ship when riding the crest of a wave. Then came a terrible vibratory motion or shaking, as though some mighty vindictive force were shaking the earth as a terrier does a rat. Along with this came the crash of falling walls, the crumbling of chimneys, and the falling in of vaulted structures centuries old, clouds of dust, groans and cries from the wounded, piercing shrieks of women and children, and the roar of an insane crowd calling out in most of the languages of Europe and Asia and madly rushing for the few open spaces, for the bridges and for the steamboats moored alongside of them. The old and the feeble are trampled under foot;

Strong Men Fall Down Dead

from fright; some become violently insane, and others are hysterically sobbing, laughing and crying.

"All this change was effected in less time than it takes to read this imperfect description of it. The actual shocks, three or four in succession, spread over about ten minutes, did not, perhaps, all taken together, occupy more than one minute. The exhibition of force, however, in these few seconds, is such as to cause the stoutest heart to quail. The minds of all are more or less dazed. Grateful thanksgiving for merciful preservation arises from many devout hearts, while anxious supplication is on many lips long unaccustomed to prayer. Muslim, Jew and Christian, Greek Ortho-

dox, Armenian, Roman Catholic and Protestant.

All are Awe-Stricken

in presence of the invisible, resistless force. "The next thing was to find out who were missing and what was the extent of the damage done. Naturally enough, the panic prevented all exact estimate and caused the wildest and most extravagant exaggerations of the results of the catastrophe. It soon became apparent that the seismic movement, while extending throughout the whole city and the whole extent of the Bosphorus, diminished in intensity toward the north. The Prince's Islands in the sea of Marmora, suffered severely. A line drawn from those islands, striking Stamboul at the quarter called Koum Kapu, and passing the Hippodrome through the Grand Bazar and along the high ridge to the Adrianople Gate, would indicate the line of the greatest disturbance, but there is hardly a street in Stamboul or in Galata where there are no ruined buildings.

"The heaviest blow to the business of the city is undoubtedly in the destruction of a large portion of the Grand Bazar. The entrance to this bazaar is through massive gates from the principal streets. These are in charge of special porters, and are closed at night. Property of an enormous value is thus left in the confidential charge of these faithful guardians.

"When the fatal shock came and the stones from the vaulted domes and the glass from those roofs began to

Fall With a Cloud of Dust

from the mortar and plaster, one may imagine the panic which seized the thousands of people who at that time were within that structure. Fortunately the number of gates allowed of exit in different directions, but there are many places from which more than one hundred yards of distance would have to be traversed before a place of exit would be found. The loss of life must have been terrible; but its extent will probably never be known.

"The circumstances were very peculiar. The task before the authorities was an exceedingly difficult one. There were diamonds and jewels and objects of great value which had been abandoned by their owners, all lying open at the mercy of thieves.

Cries For Help Were Sounding

from the wounded and those imprisoned under the arches of the ruined structures. "One man gave me with apparent exactitude the number of lives lost as 134; another, with equal pretensions to accuracy gave me the number as 1,127. Perhaps the average of these two might not be far out of the way. Some of the dead bodies taken out had quantities of diamonds in their pockets, but they were their own; they were not stolen.

"This earthquake will stand in the history of the city as the fourteenth earthquake which the city has experienced since the first, which occurred during the reign of the Roman Emperor, Gratian, in the year 376 A. D., and which lasted nearly an entire year. During one month we have now had about forty shocks. The continued tension of nerve, the uncertainty and the feeling of utter helplessness, affect all classes of the community and

Paralyze Almost All Business.

"The different European communities, business firms and banks are sending in handsome contributions for the relief of the destitute. The Sultan and his ministers have generously contributed to the same object."

Responses to the appeal of The American Relief Committee continue to come in from many different parts of the Union. It is specially desired that those who may be disposed to help in this most deserving work of humanity, should forward their contributions with as little delay as possible to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which will acknowledge their receipt. Among the contributors to the Fund during the past week is Hon. Oscar S. Straus, ex-United States Minister to Turkey. The contributions are as follows:

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Down the Alps to Death.

Andreas Seiler's Rashness Sacrificed His Own Life and That of His Guide.



HE history of pine adventure, full of dark and gloomy tragedies. In a recent work, "Alps Revisited," Edward Whyper reviews some of the difficulties of Alpine climbing in Switzerland, and recalls several of the more striking occurrences to travelers in recent years. Chief among those peaks that have mournful history of brave lives sacrificed to recklessness and the love of perilous adventure, is the Matterhorn. It has been the custom among Alpine mountaineers to tie themselves to each other with ropes, when ascending or descending steepest glaciers, or the most precipitous rocks. But even with the greatest care this precaution sometimes fails and travelers are hurled from crag to crag from slippery glacier to yawning crevasse there to meet a swift death, or at best to mangled and bleeding for hours until help arrives.

One of the most painful Alpine disasters occurred in the fall of last year, and is not intelligently explained for the first time Mr. Whyper. A party of five men started from the village of Breuil to ascend the Matterhorn, Andreas Seiler and O. Gysi being the tourists, and Johann F. ner, Joseph Taugwalder and Louis Moeser the guides. Biener, who was an experienced climber, was tied to Seiler by a rope. The rule, in ascending or descending difficult places, is that the guide or the most climber shall proceed a short distance, the others, who are tied to him, stand still until he has secured a firm foothold, a stout clutch on the rocks with his hook; then the others move up to him, by one, each in succession, being careful to fix feet or hook firmly before another moves a step, so that if one should slip the other will be able to hold him fast by the rope. The lives of all thus depend upon careful observance of this rule, and on the strength of the rope. Mr. Gysi, with Taugwalder and Moeser, were proceeding slowly, Biener and Seiler having gone ahead. Seiler was young, impetuous and inexperienced. He had been warned repeatedly to obey guide implicitly. He was tied to Biener but doubtless did not scrupulously observe the rule of not moving forward until guide had obtained a foothold, and the result of this neglect cost two lives. Most while the guide was still in motion, Seiler slipped, and Biener was unable to hold him. In an instant they were whirled into air and shot downwards with frightful locality. Mr. Gysi, the companion of Seiler with whom he had made the journey to Switzerland for the purpose of climbing the Matterhorn, relates the sequel:

"We pressed up close to the rock, listened, when the two shot past us, were all three close together, and Moeser could have touched them with his axe. I see them still—they were photographed in my mind. They were tied together. Biener passed close to us, his back downward, his head well bent up, as if he were preparing for a sudden shock. Biener flew out against the blue sky, and the rope stretched tightly between them." They fell on to the Glacier du Lion, and the bodies were recovered they were tied together. How the accident happened will never be known, as no one saw it slip. I am inclined to think that Seiler, climbing at the same time as Biener, instead of waiting until he had a foothold

Seiler's haste and disobedience to orders which cost him and his companion lives, find a spiritual parallel in the caution of many persons who, trusting in their own strength and wisdom rather than in heed to Divine direction, find themselves drifting to eternal ruin, and not probably dragging others with them. They obeyed the voice of God and wall in all the ways He commanded, it would have been "well with them" (Jer. 7:2) but disobedience, and the mad ambition to substitute human for divine wisdom in affairs of life, as Seiler rashly substituted his inexperience for the better judgment of the guide, inevitably tend to destruction.

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, of course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in by type. Divinity circuit binding overlying at the ends, with red under gold edges. This eminently serviceable and pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

Next in order comes that most beautiful Bible known as the International Emergent Teacher's Bible, London Clear Type Edition, leather bound and leather lined, with silk book-mark and silk head-bands and silk sewed. There were times when a Bible like this would cost \$8. To-day it cannot be bought everywhere even at \$5; THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers it, together with a year's subscription, at \$3. This book will last a lifetime. When ordering, mention Premium Offer: B-Three.

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"The hymns in this book have been greatly blessed and to many in our meetings as well as outside of the Church. May they in this combined form continue to give the blessing of Him to whose honor and glory they have been sung in this and other lands."

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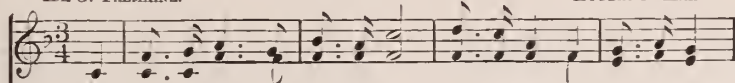
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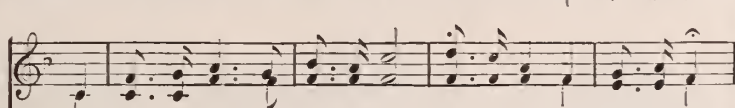
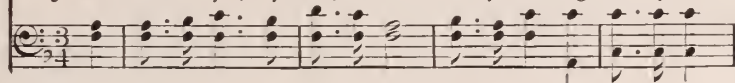
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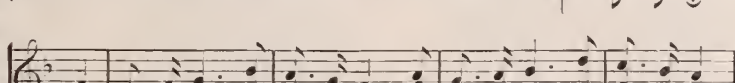
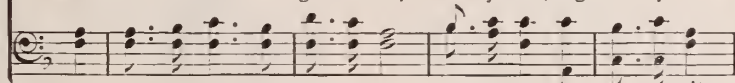
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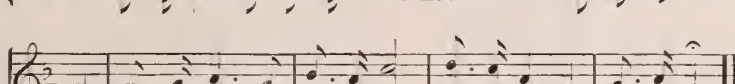
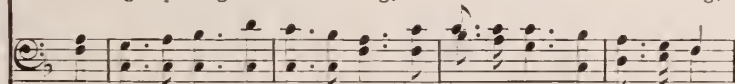
1. There is a land be-yond the stars, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
2. The cit-y of our God is there, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
3. We lift our eyes, by faith, and see, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!



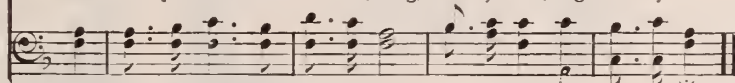
Be-yond the sun-set's crim-son bars,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
Its jas-per walls with beau-ty fair, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
Where Christ Him-self the light shall be, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!



A land of peace with-out al-loy; Of joy be-yond all earth-ly joy;
Its gates of pearl like sil-ver gleam, Its skies with fade-less sun-light beam,
There songs of praise glad hearts shall sing; The ra-diant air with mu-sic ring;



And naught its calm can e'er de-stroy,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
And thro' it rolls life's scrys-tal stream, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
Each voice pro-claim our Sav-iour, King, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!



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BRING IT TO JESUS.

BRING it all to Jesus,
My life, my hope, my care,
Whatever seems most precious
I bring, and leave it there.
My life that he may mould it,
My hopes, to be fulfilled
Just as he deems the wisest,
Though not as I had willed.

My care, for present welfare,
For future, and for friend;
I've tried in vain to bear it,
Now anxious fears shall end.
What though it cost a struggle?
He suffered much for me;
Shall I endure no sorrow
For him who died for me?

The way may be most lonely,
The pathway bleak and bare,
Yet, sometime, through God's mercy,
Though how, I'm not aware,—
The loss of life's fair treasures,
I mourn with bitter pain,
May, when I see more clearly
Perchance, prove highest gain.

HOME-CALL.

IT matters not—the manner of our going;
Sooner or later comes the Master's call.
In summer's sunshine, or in winter's blow-ing,
The message comes to all.

Perchance our last farewell we may betaking
In calm communion with a loving heart;
Or in fierce winds and sudden waves high breaking
Our spirits may depart.

It matters not, if only we are ready,
Doing his will, accepted by his grace,
Bearing the banner of our great hope steady,
And standing in our place.

It matters not—the way of life's conclusion,
If by redeeming love we are possessed.
In deepest hush or wildest storm's con-fusion—
The Father knoweth best.

—L. C. WOOD.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

IN the hours of morn and even,
In the noon and night,
Trooping down they come from heaven,
In a noiseless flight,
To guide, to guard, to warn, to cheer us,
'Mid our joys and cares,
All unseen are hovering near us,
Angels unawares.

O faint hearts! what consolation
For us here below,
That angelic ministration
Guides us where we go.
Every task that is before us
Some blest spirit shares;
Watchful eyes are ever o'er us,
Angels unawares.

—J. F. WALLER.

TIMES IN PARALLEL.

Points of Resemblance Between this Age and the Antediluvians.

BY REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M. A.

(Continued from Page 681.)

FURTHER points of resemblance between this age and that of the Antediluvian are found as we examine the ancient record. One of these is the relation of the sexes. The sacred chronicler makes space for but few of the characteristics of that early time those the most prominent; but among them he mentions the evil that was caused by the sensitiveness of men to the beauty of the women.

The names of their women indicate voluptuous beauty of person, not the graces of the inner man—Adah, "the adorned;" Zillah, "the shadow" of delight; Naamah, "the lovely" (Genesis 4: 9-22). The arts of civilization (which men fancy will elevate the world at last to moral perfection) and secular enjoyments advanced side by side with sensuality, violence, and God-defying arrogance. Lamech, the polygamist, relying on his son Tubalcain's recent invention of metal weapons, embodied in song (in Hebrew parallelism) his self-confident assurance of power to revenge himself, if assailed:

Adah and Zillah who as women feared for his life on their account [Gen. 12: 12, 13] in that lawless age hear my voice,
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech;
For surely I slay a man for my wound i.e., if he wound me.
And a young man for my stripe i.e., if he inflict stripes on me.
For Cain is avenged sevenfold, but Lamech seven and seventy fold.

He evidently believed more in his own material powers than in the might of God; just as in the last days Antichrist shall deify material "force" whilst he sets God at nought (see Dan. 11: 36-38: "He shall honor the God of forces.") So in Job 12: 6, the Hebrew, "They make a god of their own hand.") The same godless vauntings of material forces characterize our age. Witness, as a sample, the following sneer at God's providence, "Providence only follows its usual rule of siding with the large battalions."

These words of Lamech were some of those "hard speeches which ungodly sinners spoke against him," and for which Enoch at the time foretold that "the Lord will come to convict and to execute judgment upon them" (Jude 14, 15). In our age there are similarly the "great words" of so-called scientific men who know not God, nor his word, nor themselves, in denying his providence and his creative and miraculous interpositions in the kingdoms of nature and of grace, and his personal coming again. The very words of the antediluvian cavillers against Jehovah (Job 22: 15-17), as though his service were profitless, and prayer to him an unmeaning soliloquy, are again being taken up in these last days, as foretold by Malachi 3: 13-15. One end of the coming of the Lord is to confute all such self-sufficient infidel reasoning. "Now we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are set up"—but—"Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts. But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise."

Our Lord, in characterizing the people before the flood, mentions their "marrying and giving in marriage," evidently referring to their marrying merely to gratify the flesh, instead of "in the Lord." They whose calling was to be "the salt of the earth" lost their spiritual "savor" by marriages with those whose recommendation was that "they were fair," not godly. They "saw" with the lust of the eye, and then "took all which they chose" by the lust of the flesh and fancy, not faith. Then, at this point, it was that universal corruption set in, the prelude of universal destruction.

"The salt" having "lost its savor" is "cast out and trodden under foot by men." The Church having lost its spirituality by conformity to the world is, by retribution in kind, given up to the world to trample upon and cast out. A last testimony was given by Enoch and Noah; and when it was rejected, then both corrupted Church and world are judged by God. In our days the Church is apostatizing by breaking down the barriers between her and the world. Therefore universal corruption must ensue, and consequently Divine judgment.

(To be Continued)



PREACHING CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 11. II. Timothy 4: 1-10.

EVERY man may be a preacher of Christ, though he may never speak from the pulpit. No sermon is so powerful as that of an earnest consistent Christian life. If a vote of Christian men and women were taken, it would be found that they are indebted more to the influence of a godly mother and father than to all the sermons they have heard or read. Character tells more than words. A man or woman who is really living for God and is intent on serving Christ and winning souls for him, is the centre of potent force. The family, the circle of friends, the whole neighborhood, is affected by the presence and life of such a person and so Christ is preached. But we must not under-rate the importance of the pulpit. It is a divinely appointed office. "It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Some preachers, however, seemed to have misread the passage, for they have given themselves to foolish preaching, which is quite a different thing. In the passage selected for the topic, Paul predicts this plague of the pulpit, from which we are now suffering. Popular preaching is little likely to be honest, Gospel truth; and the converse is true for such preaching is not popular. Whether, as in the authorized version, the preachers have itching ears greedy for praise and craving adulation; or whether, as in the Revised Version, it is the people who have itching ears, craving fine meaningless phrases and oratorical display, the result is equally deplorable. No mission could be more useful than that of showing how Christianity should affect nineteenth century life, but of that the pulpit has generally little to say. Much is said of Jewish customs and of a dispensation that has happily passed away, but of the duties of Christian life, except that of liberal giving, the pulpit says little. Yet the Gospel has not lost its power. Wherever a preacher resists the temptation to declaim and please his hearers by sensational utterances, and is content to forget himself in presenting his Master, conversions take place and Christian people are eager to work for Christ. There are churches to-day which are centres of spiritual life, which could not be extinguished without a whole city suffering. In these churches there is Gospel preaching, aggressive movement, Christian activity, far-reaching philanthropy, and an influence goes from pulpit to pew and from the pew to the office and the store and the tenement house, elevating and brightening lives of toil and drudgery. Thus Christ is preached and the people bless him for what is done in his name. They see Christ in his people.

FOUR STATE PRESIDENTS.

On this page we publish four portraits which will interest all members of Christian Endeavor Societies. They are portraits of the Presidents of the Unions in the four States of Vermont, Maine, Illinois and Rhode Island. All four are laymen and are conspicuous for their energy and administrative capacity. It is one of the advantages of young people's societies that they afford an opportunity for such men to use their gifts in the service of Christ with benefit to the Church and the rising generation.

Mr. Henry H. Spooner, who is President of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Union, is a native of Connecticut, but has lived in Chicago since attaining his majority. He entered the service of a well-known hardware firm in that city and was promoted from time to time until he is now a member of the firm. He has been active in Christian Endeavor work from the beginning of the movement and in 1880 became Pres-

ident of the Society connected with the Congregational Church of Ridgeland, in which suburb of Chicago he made his home. Two years ago the Chicago Christian Endeavor Union elected him its President and his success in that office has now led to his election as President of the Union of the whole State.

Mr. Edward G. Osgood, who is President of the Vermont Union, is the youngest of the group, being only twenty-nine years old. He is a native of North Andover, Mass., but has lived in Vermont since his sixth year. He early distinguished himself by his mechanical genius and

and was chairman of the County Union and Vice-President of the State Union. On the resignation of the President last year he was the unanimous choice of the Christian Endeavorers of the State for the Presidential office.

The fourth member of the group is Mr. Oscar J. Morse, President of the Rhode Island Christian Endeavor Union. Mr. Morse is an influential business man and a member of the Society of Friends. He was born at Union Village, R. I., in 1857, and gained his education in the schools there and at the Friends' School at Providence. He took an active interest in the young people's society of the Friends which was at first called The Young Friends' Christian Fellowship Union and was the first president of the one associated with his meeting. He subsequently became President of the same Union of all New England. In 1892 at the Friends' yearly meeting at Newport, he strongly advocated the change of name to Christian Endeavor and affiliation with the United Society. His proposal was carried and he is now President of the inter-denominational Society of his State.

THE B. Y. P. U. ANNIVERSARIES.

Three important anniversaries have been held recently in connection with the Baptist Young Peoples' Union. One of these was a celebration by the German Unions of the Central Conference, comprising the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky and Ohio, which



PRESIDENTS OF FOUR STATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNIONS.

Mr. Oscar J. Morse of Rhode Island.

Mr. J. R. Townsend of Maine.

Mr. Edward G. Osgood of Vermont.

Mr. Henry H. Spooner of Illinois.

Church at Bellows Falls, Vt., where he resides Mr. Osgood and his wife have each a large class in the Sunday School and it is related of them that when they have finished their Sunday's duties there they set off, whatever the weather may be for a little community eight miles distant where they have a flourishing Sunday School. This appointment they never miss even in the notoriously inclement Vermont winters. A man so deeply interested in the welfare of young people was not likely to miss the opportunity afforded by Christian Endeavor. In 1887 Mr. Osgood had already organized a young people's society of which he was President. Vermont has now recognized his ability and consecrated energy by electing him President of the State Union.

Mr. J. R. Townsend, the President of the Maine Union is one of the most prominent business men of Augusta, Me., which is his native city. He has also been prominent in church work, holding the office of deacon, treasurer, etc., in his church. He was connected with the Christian Endeavor Society from the beginning of its work in Augusta

was held at Peoria, Ill. Twenty Unions, with an aggregate membership of over a thousand, were represented. The speeches and reports indicated a very rapid growth of the Union among the German-speaking people, and a hearty appreciation of the value of Young Peoples' Societies. A number of speakers advocated the organization of an international fellowship of these Societies among Germans in all lands and a committee was appointed to open negotiations. The addresses were all concerned with the practical working of the Unions, and all present were evidently deeply in earnest in their desire to increase their efficiency and promote their growth.

Janesville, Wis., was the scene of another notable gathering. The Baptist Ministerial Union was holding its anniversary there this year, and a day was devoted to the Young Peoples' Union. Mr. Joseph Moody, of Milwaukee, President of the B. Y. P. U., presided. Papers were read on each of the three Christian Culture Courses and on the other departments of work. After the business of the convention in rela-

tion to finances and the election of officers had been transacted, Dr. William M. Lawrence, of Chicago, delivered the address of the day. He contended that the Young Peoples' Union was the hope of the Baptist church and expressed his conviction that greater progress might have been made in the past if more attention had been given to the spiritual welfare of the younger members of the churches. He believed that any one who belittled the young people's movement would find that he had been working against God. It was not, he thought, an unalloyed success yet, but experience and thought and prayer would bring it as near perfection as any human organization could be, for it had in it the elements which would pay for all effort. Dr. Lawrence's address was a masterly presentation of the merit and possibilities of the B. Y. P. U. and was listened to with breathless attention by an enormous audience, in which were many ministers who have not yet availed themselves of this means of usefulness.

The third anniversary was that of the South Dakota Union which was the fourth it has held. The Secretary was able to announce that the past year had been the most prosperous in the history of the State Association. The Christian Culture course had been pursued with industry and enthusiasm and were being vigorously taken up again this year. The report of the Junior work was also encouraging and one of the speakers describing the work in his own church said that twenty members of the Junior Union had been baptized during the year. An interesting feature of the Convention was the presentation of banners. Unions which had attained excellence in the Christian Culture Courses. Mrs. Walt Ross of Centerville received the banner for the past year which she acknowledged in a modest speech referring to the benefit derived from the Course.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Loyal Workers, a League of twenty-five young women in Chicago, are supporting and educating an intelligent crippled girl in one of the institutions of the city.

India has now 72 Christian Endeavor Societies; Japan, 59; the West Indies, 4; Turkey, 38; China, 23; and Madagascar, 30. In missionary lands there are in 2,740 Societies.

It is estimated that fully fifty thousand members of the Epworth League have pledged themselves to give half a dollar each to the foreign missionary fund, which is to be completed on Thanksgiving Day.

When the last mail from India left, the Epworth Leagues were preparing for great Convention at Lucknow. It was held on Oct. 6 to commence with a Sunrise Prayer Meeting and to be followed four sessions lasting all day.

For three years the Christian Endeavor Society at West Torrington, Ct., has given an annual reception to the old people of the neighborhood. Of those present at the gathering of this kind five were more than eighty years old and one was more than ninety.

Fifty-three Epworth Leagues have been organized in the M. E. Church, South since July 1. Texas takes the lead, Missouri a close second, and Tennessee on the heels of both. Georgia and North Carolina for fourth place, while other States bring up the rear.

The Boston Young Women's Christian Association has outlined its plans for the winter. The Evening Bible School has just opened. Rev. J. M. Gray will repeat his popular course in outline Bible study Tuesday evenings; Miss L. J. Gray Bible history and geography, illustrated Wednesday evenings; Rev. J. M. Orro Bible interpretation, Thursday evening. Other departments are also in process of arrangement.

Certified Milk.

Every dairy supplying our condenseries is under supervision. Milk is produced under rigid hygienic rules. The company's reputation is the sure certificate of the absolute purity of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.



Our Indian Wards at Home.

Though not Particularly Successful as Farmers, They are Skillful Hunters, Fishermen and Boatbuilders.

IN the whole history of American progress, there is no more interesting or instructive chapter than that which deals with the civilization of the Indian. Tribe after tribe of these wild nomads has been brought under the influence of a progressive and peaceful Christianity, and, although in many cases the change has been accompanied by a severe struggle, the red men as a whole have come to regard the white race as their brothers. It is true there are a few scattering tribes in remote parts of the country who still cling to their old, roving ways, and disdain the restraints of civilized life, but even these feel that sooner or later they must follow the example of their tawny brothers and sisters. The educational work and training schools of such organizations as the Hampton Institute, and the influence of men of the high Christian type of the late Gen. Armstrong, have done more for the American Indian than all other human agencies combined in helping to raise him from a savage condition to the plane of an intelligent, law-abiding, industrious citizen. Thousands of red men in Western and Northwestern States are now farmers and stock-raisers, and large numbers subsist by hunting, fishing and gathering berries for the markets. Still there are engaged in various callings, and nearly all may be said to be learning the dignity and utility of labor. Especially is this true of the younger generation of the Indian race.

Among the industrious tribes, the Chippewas, of Wisconsin, furnish a good example. Our illustration shows a party of young Chippewa lads constructing a birch canoe, under the direction of an older member of the tribe. No boys in an Eastern technical school could work with greater deftness or accuracy. Another tribe in Wisconsin, the Menomonees, also give evidence of remarkable civilizing progress. They have discarded their medicine men, or tribal doctor-statesmen, whose counsel formerly ruled in all political affairs and regulated all physical conditions; they dress like the whites and are gradually adopting their customs and manner of living. Yet many hold fast to the old traditions. The younger branches of this tribe wear modern clothing, use modern household utensils and are in most things guided by Christian ideas; but the immemorial "medicine dance" is still indulged in at the initiation of a new candidate for tribal honors, although it is no longer the savage rite it was, but a comparatively mild amusement, which has been modified by contact with civilized people.

Of a total Indian population of about 200,000 (exclusive of Alaska) fully 96,000 are wholly or partly clad in the gar-

ments of civilization, 28,000 can read, between 30,000 and 40,000 can converse in English, and between 20,000 and 25,000 live in houses instead of tents as formerly. Nearly 400,000 acres of land are cultivated by civilized Indians. Some of the tribes are apparently dying out while others, like the Navajoes, have doubled their numbers in fifteen years. The Dakotas, too, have increased 60 per cent. in forty years. These tribes, however, that have taken most readily to the employments introduced by the whites, whether in the field or the workshops have not visibly deteriorated in health or physique, save in exceptional cases.

At the Hampton Institute the Indian boys are among the brightest and most

night for her baby. The day of the funeral, though it was in the depth of winter and the cold was intense, the ladies in attendance were greatly distressed on entering the room of their sovereign they found her standing wrapped in a black veil and having, amid her tears, a passionate discussion with the Emperor, who was trying to dissuade her from a resolution she had taken—that of, according to the Russian custom, carrying on her lap in a shut carriage the little coffin which was to be taken to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the burial place of the Romanoff family. "What the poorest woman in Russia has a right to do," the Czarina said, "I will do myself!" And she had her own way, but she caught a terrible cold which kept her in bed for a month.

Well-Bred Korean Children.

It is good manners, in Korea at least, for the girl to get up first in the morning, sweep the room, roll up the bed (a mattress spread on the floor), and then begin the preparation for breakfast, which is not served until ten o'clock, writes R. G. Appenzella, a European traveler in that country. The girl in Korea is not thought worth educating, though she is welcome to such knowledge of the native script as she may be able to pick up from her mother. It is proper for the boy to rise early enough to go round to

EVEN-SONG.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking.
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks, dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down to watch us here below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best:
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

TOO UNSELFISH MOTHERS.

IT has been wisely said by a thoughtful Christian matron of ripe experience, that the unselfish mother often makes a selfish child. Her unceasing devotion develops in the petted son or daughter a feeling that such service is due, and endless calls upon "mother" from babyhood to mature age, deprive her of the leisure that is the right of every human being. She must know just where "everything" is belonging to every member of the family. To relieve a daughter of all household cares in order that she may practice music or read interesting books; to do all the little duties which a thoughtful and considerate son or daughter would never permit a mother to do while they could perform them themselves—is the shortest way to make a child selfish and to deprive it of that keen, sweet pleasure that comes to every boy or girl who loves to "help mother." They seem to forget that

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

A wise mother, then, will encourage habits of industry and self-helpfulness in her children. She will teach them habits of order and neatness and the value of punctuality, as well in tidying up a room, as in learning lessons or attendance at school. And if, occasionally, they fall somewhat short of expectations she will not nag them. A model mother was once asked, "How is it that you never seem to nag your little ones as so many mothers do, who weary themselves, as well as the small offenders, by continual don't's?" She replied, "Had you known me when I had but one child, you would have called me the don't-woman, for that world was continually on my lips. I wanted her to be perfect, and was constantly on the lookout for misdeeds. The result was that I robbed myself of all comfort, and the poor child was nagged almost to the ruin of her disposition. I did not realize my mistake until one day, after having been unusually vigilant, I overheard my child, in another room, saying in a very plaintive voice, 'Please, God, don't let my mamma scold me all the time.' I said to myself from a contrite heart, 'My poor little one, God helping me, your prayer shall be answered,' and from that hour I watched myself more, and my child less."

One of the best habits that a young boy or girl can form is that of keeping accurate account of personal expenses, and the smaller the items the more important to keep account of them. If children be taught to keep an account of every penny they spend, they would be better prepared to expend money judiciously when they became men and women and heads of families, and we should hear less about the prevalence of thriftlessness and extravagance.



CHIPPEWA INDIAN BOYS MAKING A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

promising pupils. After leaving the Institute, many of these lads become teachers among their own people, and by personal example, illustrate the value of education, and habits of industry. At a number of the Indian schools at the Agencies manual labor is taught. Some of the tribes having training schools which are of the greatest value in teaching the young Indian boys and girls. As a whole, the outlook among these people—and more especially among progressive tribes like the Cherokees and Iroquois, is very promising for industrious citizenship, neat homes, good farms and self-supporting mechanical skill. Their greatest need is more mission schools, where a pure Christian influence may be exerted to break down the last barriers of their old savage customs and beliefs.

A Royal Mother's Grief.

The Czarina has shown herself all along the most devoted of wives and mothers, and many a Muscovite matron delights to recall an incident of 1860, when the young Empress lost a little child three months old. She was inconsolable and mourned day and

his father's apartment and greet him with "Have you had peace in your sleep?" and then to busy himself around the front of the house, sweep the yard or see that it is swept, and then go to his studies. He goes to school before breakfast. Children stand in the presence of parents and superiors, with eyes cast down, hands folded reverently, and for the rest they are supposed "to be seen and not heard," unless spoken to.

Mother Wren's Queer Home.

As an illustration of the strength of the home-building instinct among birds, the following is related: A farmer at Iford, in Sussex, England, did a very common thing when he hung up an old jacket in one of his outbuildings; and when Jenny Wren came along she saw it, and was glad, for forthwith she proceeded to build a home in one of the pockets. Judge of the owner's surprise, however, when he took his jacket down, to discover that it contained a nest and five eggs. He hung his coat up again and wore another until the eggs were hatched and the young wrens were able to shift for themselves and get their own living.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XII.

Invitation to Val's Wedding.

"A LETTER for you, Annie," said Clarence one morning as he entered the sitting-room. "I think it is from that pretty, little, country cousin of yours, who was here last Fall and came near turning all of our masculine heads."

"So it is, from Val," said Annie, looking at the post-mark. "I have not heard from her since we left Florence."

Walking out into the front veranda so as to enjoy it undisturbed, she opened and read: "My dearest Cousin:—Although you have not replied to my last letter, yet I intend to write again, especially as I have something of importance which I wish to communicate. I am very happy this morning, and nature too seems in her very happiest mood. The world looks more beautiful than usual, the sky bluer, grass greener, flowers brighter and sweeter, and the little birds just hop about and sing so merrily, I cannot imagine what they can be thinking about."

"Is this preamble long enough to go before the important communication? If so, then I will have compassion on your womanly curiosity and tell you my secret at once. I am going to be married. I know you are glad. I look for more congratulations from you than from any one, since you are happily married to the man of your heart, and know full well the joy of wedded love. But I haven't told you the name of my intended. Here it is—James E. Carlisle—now isn't that a name fit for a king? He is Val Vernon's king. Now were I to name his noble qualities of mind and heart, I should have to get a bigger sheet than this, for they are as the drops in the ocean, and the sands upon the sea shore. But, dear Annie, please do not think, because my pen is rattling off in a frivolous way, that I do not realize the solemnity of the vows I am about to make at the altar. He is not a rich man as far as this world goes, Annie, but he is a thorough business man, the manager of a large factory, and we expect to begin life in a small way. How insignificant our preparations would seem to you! We take the greatest delight in laying plans for future operations, and mother has often to be called in for advice. Mr. Carlisle loves her devotedly and this delights me beyond measure, for I could never love any man who did not appreciate and love my dear mother."

"Our marriage will take place in October and we shall settle down at once to busy life. Business will not allow Mr. Carlisle to leave, so we have never given a thought to a bridal trip, for, in addition to his confinement here, the expense would be greater than we could afford. You will smile when I tell you that, but we can best economize in this way and that enters largely into our conversations, and I think it is a very sweet subject. It is rather a novel discussion for young people on the verge of marriage, but it is a very satisfactory one and it leaves the heart very tender."

"Our arrangements are of the simplest kind. We will have a few friends to tea, and have the ceremony performed very quietly just before supper is announced. My trousseau will consist of four new dresses, one cloak and one hat. Are you laughing? It is very insignificant by the side of yours, but I shall feel very grand in it, and Mr. Carlisle says—but never mind about that."

"You were very happy in your preparations for your wedding, and now I call upon you to rejoice with me in anticipation of mine. Have you no good advice to give me? Sit right down and write me, and give me as much of your experience as you think will be of benefit."

"Accept this letter, please, as my card of invitation to you all, for, since economy is our watchword, we will issue no others. I beg that you will make all your arrange-

ments to come. Our pure mountain air would benefit dear auntie, I am sure, so please urge her to come."

"Please write immediately and say that you will accept."

"My love to the entire family, in which mother unites. Lovingly, VAL."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The security of his love."

A darkened room—figures moving noiselessly about—a physician bending over a mysterious bundle of embroidered merino, held tenderly in a lady's arms.

The physician whispers:

"They are both quite comfortable now, and are doing as well as we could expect. As I have a critical case in the country, Mrs. St. Clair, I will leave you now, but will call again on my return. Good evening."

The door made a little creaking sound, whereupon the bundle moved and two baby fists were thrown up in defiance, then a shrill cry broke the stillness of the room and Annie turned uneasily on the pillow, just as the door softly opened and Clarence in slippers entered.

"How is my darling?" he asked as he leaned over and kissed Annie tenderly.

"Better, please bring baby to me."

"Don't worry about him, Annie, he is doing very well. He is fast asleep now, so I would not disturb him."

He sat close, caressing her hand and smoothing the hair from her forehead with a gentle touch. She closed her eyes languidly, but opened them soon again, saying:

"Clarence, bring baby here, I want to see him first in your arms."

So he stepped over, received the bundle from its grandmother, looked frightened, walked slowly, cautiously, as though he held costly china, which was in imminent danger of breaking, but at last he reached the bed and laid it by Annie, and then drew back, as though a feat had been performed and he immensely relieved.

"Little darling," exclaimed Annie, as she curled the toy fingers around her own, "You remember its name, Clarence."

"It's too little to name," and the young father peeped over at the curiosity.

"Yes, but it was named long ago, you know, Ernest St. Clair, after poor papa and your father."

The nurse came, took the wee baby away, cautioned Annie about talking and things grew quiet again. Clarence was not quite sure that he was very proud of the little pink baby upstairs, but this he determined he would never let Annie know by word, look or action.

Years ago when Col. St. Clair was making out his will, Mrs. St. Clair begged that he would leave her only a few thousand dollars for individual expenses, saying she did not wish to be burdened with property, and, that in the event of his death she would live with Annie or Roy and would need nothing more. This he would not consent to do, but finally a compromise was agreed upon that she was to receive only a child's share, and he stated in his will that this had been done at his wife's urgent request. Now that her husband was dead and she was free to do as she pleased, she immediately divided her portion between her two children, retaining only the few thousand she had petitioned for before.

Domestic duties were never in accordance with Mrs. St. Clair's taste, so, as soon as Annie had recovered her wonted strength, her mother put the reins of government into her hands, and felt relieved of a heavy burden.

Annie was now mistress of a grand establishment, with plenty of money at her command. After a certain length of mourning had passed and fashion would permit, Clarence's gay spirits boiled over, and he declared that "he would die if he didn't have some fun." Roy's marriage with a wealthy

lady had been postponed on account of his father's death, and now began grand preparations for the reception of the bride. Every thought was centered on this. In a few weeks Roy would return, and then would begin an almost never-ending round of festivities.

Little Ernest was now just eight months old, a lovely, beautiful child, with his father's sparkling black eyes, which Annie never ceased to admire. "A little idol in white," he certainly was, for grandmother, mother, father and uncle felt as if an angel had dropped from heaven right in their midst. Love was showered upon the unconscious child, and pride loaded it with the costliest fabrics and jewels. Even his carriage had been ordered from abroad. Not a day's sickness had he ever known, and now little pearls began to peep through his laughing lips. Here, in this child, seemed centered all good,—lovely in feature, rosy in health, perfect in senses with beautifully molded limbs, plump and fair, and a mind unusually bright.

Smiles and happiness had come back to Annie, for time is a merciful healer. Now she threw herself with redoubled zest into every pleasure. Theatres and halls were frequented, and baby left with its nurse. At first Annie left him with trepidation, but as each night, upon her return, she found him well and sleeping, she at length yielded without reluctance to Clarence's entreaties and went to all places where fashion resorts.

Then came Roy's bride, not beautiful, but very rich and accomplished. The reception given them was only surpassed by Annie's wedding, for it was universally conceded that it was very grand. Every one agreed that Roy's wife was very stylish, and that it mattered not about beauty, only so she could cover up facial defects with fashion's devices. She had been educated partly in France and partly in Germany, and conversed as fluently in those languages as in her mother tongue.

Clarence acted the host and master of ceremonies at the reception with great grace and gentlemanly ease, but late in the evening Annie noticed his flushed face, unsteady step and loud, hilarious voice. Later, friends slipped him off to his luxurious couch and laid him down a drunken man. When Annie went to her room at two o'clock, a scene, she never forgot, met her eyes. Little Ernest lying on the bed in his pretty, ruffled night slip, his dimpled hand still grasping a flower he had been playing with—by his side, upon his back, lay her husband in his elegant broadcloth suit, white satin vest and patent leather boots, now breathing deep and sonorous in the profound stupor of drunkenness!

She stood and gazed, the gay scene forgotten and her heart almost petrified with grief. She could not call Roy, his new wife must never know this, so summoning a man-servant she directed him to undress her husband, while she sat by, clasping her heart.

"Why should I care?" she mused. "This is nothing new in society, and there is nothing to be so mortified about. Clarence, poor fellow, was only playing the host, and how perfectly he did the honors! Then, to do this, he must drink with this lady, then with that one,—was challenged by the men, persuaded by the women—yes, that is why he lies yonder, drunk. Poor Clarence! This never happened before, why should I grieve so? Oh, I could never respect my husband if he were a regular drunkard. Could I feel the least particle of respect for him to see him lying down like a brute? I don't care if fashionable people do drink, I cannot stand it in my husband. Papa indulged in wine but was never intoxicated, neither was Roy, and Clara—Ah! Val, I remember your warning now, it comes back to me to-night for the first time in a year. I told you that love would quench this growing thirst, love would keep him a sober man, love would do all things, and it will, I will not be hard on him, I don't believe I will even tell him. Poor Clarence! He will be so mortified, no, he shall never know it; that I'm determined on."

The work of undressing having been finished, and the baby threatening to awake, warned Annie to lay aside her own party attire and snatch an hour or two of rest. With baby on her arm, by her drunken husband's side she dropped to sleep. At a late hour next morning the house showed signs of life. Clarence, between reaction and mortification, looked pale, hollow-eyed and Annie, without a reproachful word, petted and caressed him, so that his spirits soon arose and he became himself again.

It was not many months before the servant had to be called to undress "Mr. Clarence" again, and this time Annie's seriousness lasted longer than at the first, and it left a shadow upon her usually bright face. A few pages from her Journal will best tell her inmost thoughts.

"Clarence, poor Clarence, has nothing to do, I wish he had some stirring business that would keep busy the powers of his mind and body. I verily believe that rich people are the most unhappy in the world. A man of idle leisure is certainly to be pitied, and Clarence is just this pitiable man. Nothing to do, but to go down-town ride fine horses, smoke fine cigars, lounge about, doing neither himself nor any one else any good.—Well, yes, I believe he is doing others good, has done it lately. We have always had money to lend at interest papa always did when he had good security, and Clarence has been lending some recently. The other day, Mr. Snow found himself greatly involved, was about to be sold out, and his family were in great distress, for they were in the power of a bearless rich creditor, and most rich creditors are heartless. Clarence said he could not bear to think of their distress, and when Mr. Snow came and bowed his head upon his hands in an agony of despair at mortification. Clarence said:

"What is the amount of your note, Mr. Snow?"

"Fifty thousand dollars and no hope."

"It pains me to see your distress, my friend," said my noble husband. "I'll give your security for that amount, sir."

"Clarence said that although the man had come to solicit his aid, that when promised it so freely, he looked bewildered then grasped his hand and poured forth thanks with tears flowing down his cheeks—I am glad Clarence went his security even if we lose every cent."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Journal leaf of a later date.

"People say Clarence was wrong to sign Mr. Snow's papers. Perhaps he was, but I am proud of my husband's noble impulses, for he is always aiding some one in distress, and I think this generosity a beautiful commendable trait of character. Generally, hearts like Mimosa leaves, close when poverty and distress approach, but is not so with Clarence. He gives hundreds to his minister, or rather to the minister of his family, for he himself belongs to no church, and he has promised to put up a new spire himself, in place of the recently blown down. This will cost \$2,000, and then he gave \$5,000 to aid endowing the Orphan's Home. His benefactions are many. Every one calls him magnanimous. They say all they have to do is to represent a case to Clarence, and big, warm heart overflows with pity, and out comes his purse. I hope Ernest will like him. Now his baby fingers clutch every thing that belongs to him, I then he is only a baby. When he grows older, I'll show him his father and tell him to follow in his noble footsteps. Clarence said in my hearing, the other day:

"I declare, Mr. Deveraux is just paying his way up to heaven with gold."

"My heart gave a quick bound, I smile but could not appear to hear. I wonder one could pave his way up there! Of course, it was only meant figuratively, as referred to good works, which, undoubtedly, are golden in the sight of heaven. May I envy Clarence the amount of good he has done, and I am very sure I emulate his noble example, for without a doubt he does more for that church than any of its members. In these things I would not have him change one iota: in one of these times when he drinks too freely, and then he loses all self-control, and then he does not care for me or Ernest, only wants to let entirely alone. Now he goes into room opposite mine and sleeps off the spells. They say a maniac turns me violently against those he loves best. Surely these spells are the ravings of one mented, for he speaks to me as he never spoke before, quick, impatient, angry, and the other night he came in under the influence of liquor and punished our precious baby! The little fellow cried most piteously and right straight put up his arms 'papa' to take him, but he turned off with an oath, the first one he ever uttered in my presence. Ah, would I not change the things if I could! Oh, to bring back the blessed, happy days of yore!"

(To be continued.)

A LEPER'S LETTER.

In the Home for Lepers at Purulia, India, there are several patients who are each supported by some Christian lady. One of these patients is a remarkably intelligent man, and has been very grateful for her letter. She wanted to have a picture of a lady who was paying for her support and a photograph was sent. She replied in a letter which pathetically indicates her appreciation of the difference between Hinduism and Christianity, which to some better educated, but more fortunate people does not seem so great as it does to her. The following passages are taken from a translation of her letter: "When I came of age, according to the Hindu laws, I was married. Soon after my marriage I was overtaken with this disease. I tried some medicine to cure it, but in vain; and the result was that my husband turned me out of the house. I went to the house of my father, but after some time some one advised me to go to the house of the god Siva and worship there. I went, and was lying on the ground for twenty-six days, spending day and night in fasting and prayers, crying so far as I understood, to the gods for mercy. Every twenty-four hours (at sunset) I took a mouthful of dry corn; that was all I had during these twenty-six days. I got no answer, nor did Siva appear to console me. I left that place much disappointed, and went home; but when my father found that my pilgrimage had been useless, I was told that for such people as I, homes had been built at Purulia, and I had better go there. With great sorrow I received this news. I took my only child in my lap, and sheltered her for four days under a tree; then, with a broken heart and sorrowful face, I started for Purulia, to see what people would do for me there. When I arrived at Purulia, I was very kindly received, like others who are here. Here it was that I first heard the name of Jesus, and where I learned the great difference between heathenism and Christianity. And then I began to thank God. I know I cannot thank the great God in this world as I should do, but I hope to do so with my whole heart when I arrive in heaven, where also I shall see you as you are. Please pray for me, as I pray for you, that I may be able to bear my pain with patience. Your daughter in Christ.

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WOMEN'S EDUCATION.*

INDEPENDENCE, writes Dr. Lyman Abbott, is a very popular word in America; but independence is of no value. God has not made us to be independent of one another. The employer is dependent on the employee, and the employee on the employer; the mistress on the servant, and the servant on the mistress; the husband on the wife, and the wife on the husband. And the more highly life is organized, the more intricate and elaborate is the system of independence. The Robinson Crusoe state of society is the lowest and least desirable. We should not train our children to independence, but to interdependence; to bear one another's burdens; to exchange one another's services; to share one another's lives. We do not train them in everything except as regards the home. The merchant is not trained as a carpenter or a farmer, but depends on others for mechanical and agricultural products. The wise man never mixes his own home-made drugs, but calls a doctor. The layman who attempts to act on the motto "every man his own lawyer," has a fool for a client. The congregation does not trust for religious instruction to any pious mechanic who thinks he has a message, but employs an educated preacher. God, who has set men in society, thus to exchange their services, has set them in families also. That man is best prepared for home life who is trained to be dependent on his wife for wifely counsel, cheer and services; and that woman is best prepared for home life who is trained to be dependent on her husband for support and protection. It may be very well for the boy to learn how to sew on a button or cook a steak in case of need; but this is not his work; he is appointed to be the bread-winner of the family. It is important that the girl should have practical knowledge of affairs in general, and also some specific qualifications which she can put to useful service in bread-winning, in case of need; but under ordinary circum-

*From *The Woman's Book*, issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, in two royal octavo volumes, bound in Boston linen, with design in silver; a work of the widest importance, whose purpose is to give in readable and entertaining form, practical information and helpful suggestion, touching all the subjects which interest and concern the American women of to-day. Many noted authors contributed to these volumes, including Kate Douglas Wiggin, Lyman Abbott, Mary Guy Humphreys, W.O. Stoddard, Constance Cary Harrison, and others. The book is beautifully illustrated, and include 12 colored plates by distinguished artists. The whole work is thoroughly modern and comprehensive; pp. 797; price, \$7.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, pub'rs.

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stances to be the bread-winner of the family is not her appointed task, and if she sacrifices training for the other, and, in most cases, really higher service, that she may acquire a money-making profession, she has made one of those unfair exchanges which is a robbery. The history of heredity makes it tolerably clear that great fathers have not often had great sons, while great sons have almost always had great mothers. "Woman," says Dr. Wither Moore, "are made and meant to be, not men but mothers of men." If this be true their education should keep probable maternity always in view. If that education is so conducted as to destroy a good mother and produce a distinguished collegian, it has been a very sorry education.

For the mother is the home-builder, and the home is the basis of civilization. The girl should be taught to look forward to marriage as her probable and natural destiny, as the boy also should be. She should be taught to regard wifehood and motherhood as the highest and most sacred of all callings. She should be habituated to think of the one as leading to the other. She should be accustomed to regard man, not as her natural foe, not as her remorseless competitor, but as her God-given protector, defender, supporter, companion and friend. Much, and not too much, has been said of the duty of training men to reverence woman. But woman should also be trained to reverence man; for the divine image is in both men and women, and in both alike to be revered.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The School of Life; Divine Providence in the light of Modern Science; the law of development applied to Christian thinking and Christian living; by Theodore F. Seward; pp. 267; cloth. James Potts & Co., New York, publishers. A book so rich in



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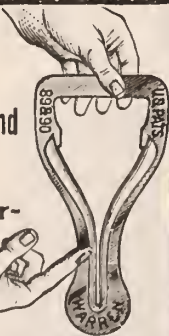
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A Family Pilemma: A Story for Girls, by Lucy C. Lillie. Bright, instructive and entertaining; pp. 214; cloth covers, illustrated. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Publishers.

The Mountains of California: by John Muir. A delightful literary presentation of a most attractive subject, fully illustrated; pp. 381; cloth binding. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Chinese Characteristics: by Rev. Arthur H. Smith, twenty-two years a missionary of the American Board in China, second edition, revised, with illustrations; pp. 342; price \$2; cloth binding, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers. One of the most comprehensive and valuable works on the inner life and character of the Chinese that has yet appeared.

Tonnet's Philip: by Mrs. C.V. Jamison, illustrated; 236 pp.; cloth, \$1.50. A popular story for the young, originally published as a serial in the "St. Nicholas." The Century Co., New York, publishers.



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induced once to come out of his seclusion. The venerable man, then in his ninetieth year, after referring briefly to his favorite topic, said with solemn emphasis: "Far, far more important than all these good schemes for technical training and material comfort, it is that our farmers and laborers should be taught to be pious, God-fearing men. Piety! piety! that is the secret of national happiness."

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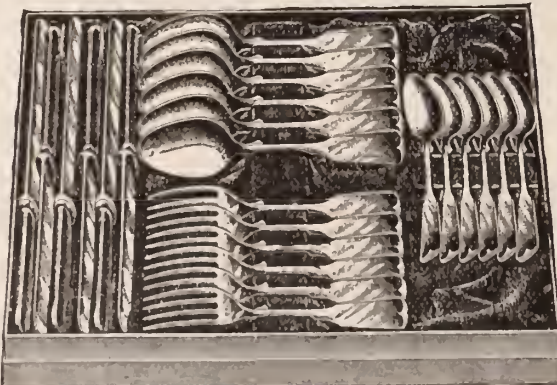
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

NUMBER 17.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
 Offices, Bible House, New York.

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NUMBER 45.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
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ANY hallowed memories associated with the earthly life and ministry of Jesus are revived by the scene shown in the photograph below, which is one of the most striking and important that has ever appeared in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In the immediate foreground is the ancient road that leads from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, a broad, level highway along the base of the limestone ridges that are everywhere in Palestine. Starting from the village of Christ's nativity, it passes along a depression, passing the tomb of the prophet, the valley of Hinnom, the field of blood, the vale of Siloam, and many other localities of Biblical interest. On the outskirts of Jerusalem, it skirts the base of Mount Zion, and passes beneath the

"THE REDEEMER SHALL COME TO ZION." ISA. 59: 20.

MOUNT ZION AND OLIVET.

"HIS FEET SHALL STAND UPON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES." ZECH. 14: 4.

extreme right in the photograph), is Olivet, the cluster of buildings on its summit gleaming white, and the tall tower of the Russian church being the most striking feature of that part of the landscape. In the middle distance, and between us and Olivet (also on the right of the illustration) is the "King's Garden," in former times the royal pleasure-ground of the Jewish monarchs, but now greatly neglected, although its soil is still remarkably fertile and its olive trees are well nourished and give an abundant yield. To the left, and bordering on the wall of Mount Zion is an enclosure which is used as a Protestant cemetery. There is an English school-building

of Pompey and Titus and those of the Saracens, Moslems and Crusaders and many other warlike hosts, as they marched to attack the Holy City. Twenty-eight times, as history tells us, Jerusalem has been subjected to siege or assault, and against her strong citadels and stout walls, armies of Egyptians, Philistines, Syrians, Assyrians, Romans, Persians, Arabs, and other hostile nations have directed their attacks with varying success. Titus, with his Roman legions, is said to have levelled every building, with the single exception of the Tower of David, which he left standing to mark the general desolation. Although the tower, as it exists to-day, may have been greatly

Among the latter, David's Tomb may be readily distinguished by its dome.

From Zion, the eye ranges across the King's Garden and over the valley, that lies between it and the Mount of Olives, variously named the "Mount of Anointing," Mount Elaion and the "Hill of Corruption." Its modern native appellation is Jebel et Tur, signifying simply "The Mount." But to believers the world over, it will ever be known by the name given to it in the Gospels. From its summit can be seen the Holy City, fair and beautiful beneath, the Judean wilderness, the "Mountain of Offence" the "Hill of Evil Counsel," and even a glimpse of distant Bethlehem. Upon Olivet's slop-



MOUNT ZION AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM "POMPEY'S FIELD."

(Reproduced from a photograph brought from Palestine by Dr. Talmage.)

an old aqueduct, and finally leaves the way to ascend the slope that leads to the Bethlehem Gate. Our illustration is taken at an advantageous point which commands a magnificent comprehensive view, Mount Zion stands out in bold relief, with its walls, its towers and its shining domes, while northward, in the distance (and on the ex-

at the northernmost end of this enclosure where many children of Jerusalem receive a secular education and are also taught to know and love the Gospel of Jesus.

Along this Bethlehem road, and on the land bordering upon either side, passed the armies

changed since the time of its Roman conquest, there is every reason to believe that much of the original structure remains. It was the royal citadel and Mount Zion on which it stood was then deemed an impregnable bulwark of defence. The Tower is on

ing sides Jesus sat with his disciples, while they drank in the words of life that fell from his lips. There he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, and his own death on the Cross. There, under its cool sycamores and olives, he rested, meditated and prayed; at its base he was betrayed and its soil was the last to be pressed by his sacred foot before his ascension to heaven.



VICTORY OVER PAIN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Rev. 21: 4, "Neither shall there be any more pain."



THE first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, "What is the health of the place? is it shaken of terrible disorders? what are the bills of mortality? what is the death-rate? how high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointment. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard-earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But, come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dulness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? these shuttles to fly? these axes to hew? these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be posted? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the

mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond-cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour-barrel empty, and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row, and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world, and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor, wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all princes; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers. No hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation; but God knows that it is the last time; and messengers from eternity, on their errand to take us away, know it is the last time; and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently, and to resolve on self-control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control, to suddenly come upon some little coat, or picture, or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such a hour, and we ought to be comforted; but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail-car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the death-bed, they just take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear it out by the roots until all the fibres quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine-presses into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand-claspings and embracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there, and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death-chill, the feet cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pincers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy, and weak, and short-breathed, and dim-sighted. On every north-east wind come down pleurisy and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street, and up every ladder, and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephants tusk, and adder's sting, and crocodile's tooth, and horse's hoof, and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5,000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1,000 grave-diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813, ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian Army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where 30,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Marius' fight, in which 200,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years, as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death-throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 300,000 dead at Acre; of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem; of 1,816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Edmund Burke, that the loss by war had been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacerations,

the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gashes of the battle-axe, the slugs of the bombshell and exploded mine and the carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns smote. Add it up, gather it into one compress it into one word, spell it in syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have befallen in this? A deserter from Seba coming over to the army of the pointed back to the fortress and "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "sorrow," "heartache," "misery," "trouble," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "suffering." But I have a glad sound for every heart for every sick room, for every life-long invalid, for every broken heart. "Neither shall there be any more pain." Thank God!

No malarial float in the air. No foot treads that street. No weariness. No painful respiration. No hectic. No one can drink of that healthy food and keep faint-hearted or faint-headed whose foot touches that pavement beneath an athlete. The first kiss of that air will take the wrinkles from man's cheek. Amid the multitude of stars, not one diseased throat. The flash of the throne will scatter the dust of those who were born blind. The lame man leaps as a hart, and the blind sing. From that bath of infinite life we shall step forth, our weariness to Who are those radiant ones? Who had his jaw shot off at Freiburg; that one lost his eyes in a blast; that one had his back broken fall from the ship's halyards; that one of gangrene in the hospital. No pain. Sure enough, here is Robert H. who never before saw a well day, ward Payson, whose body was eaten of distress, and Richard Baxter, who died through untold physical torture. No more pain. Here, too, are the legion, a great host of 6,666 pure souls for Christ's sake. No distress of their countenance. No fires to burn or floods to drown them, or rack of them. All well. Here are the Scotch anthers, none to hunt them now. The cave and imprecations of Lord Clarendon exchanged for temple service, and hence of Him who helped Hugh Lamb of the fire. All well. No more pain.

I set open the door of heaven and blows on you this refreshing breeze, fountains of God have made it, the gardens have made it sweet. I know that Solomon ever heard a day, the ice click in an ice-pitcher wrote as if he did when he said, "waters to a thirsty soul, so is grace from a far country."

Clambering among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I not forget how refreshing it was after a while, I heard the mountain tumbling over the rocks. I had a chalice, so I got down on my knees face to drink. Oh, ye climber journey, with cut feet and parched and fevered temples, listen to the of sapphire brooks, amid flowered over golden shelvings. Listen to the Lamb which is in the midst of shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you as ice. To take this you must be down on your knees and on your face drink out of this great fountain of consolation. "And lo! I heard from heaven, as the voice of many at

MANY GOOD CAUSES HELPED.

Christian Herald" Readers Active in Works of Charity and Christian Philanthropy—Contributions Acknowledged.

WHAT no really worthy cause is ever presented to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in vain, is abundantly proved by their generosity in a multitude of instances, where they have freely and spontaneously responded to appeals that have been made in the interest of Christian philanthropy. To-day, we devote considerable space to the acknowledgment of contributions in aid of a number of very interesting charities, including the Turkish Relief Fund, the Western Fire Sufferers, the Moody Bible Institute, Mrs. Jamal's Training School in Jerusalem, our Child Home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, and other works of a practical Christian missionary character, all of which have been substantially benefited by the generous aid they have received. A more precious boon, however, is that which comes from the grateful hearts of the multitude of sufferers themselves, whose souls have been cheered while their lives have been saved by the kindness of those who have given of their substance "In His

name." During the week a number of contributions have been received for the Turkish Relief Fund including a gift of \$50 from Oscar S. Straus, ex-United States Minister to the Porte. Mr. Straus sent the following letter:

WARREN STREET, NEW YORK, OCT. 20, 1894.
S. KLOPFER, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, City.

I learn that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is making a collection for the relief of the sufferers in recent earthquakes in Turkey. I sincerely regret that at the time this misfortune befell Turkey I was in this country, otherwise I should have been one of the first to do my utmost in bringing the sympathy of the American people, with a view of obtaining a large collection expressive of the sympathy of the people with the subjects of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. I herewith enclose you a contribution to your fund.

The Johnstown calamity occurred, it was my duty to be the diplomatic representative of the United States at Constantinople. Knowing of the great calamity that existed in Turkey, I purposely did not mention to the Sultan of this calamity, but I drew upon the well-known generosity of the Sultan. A few days after the occurrence I was summoned to the palace, and the Sultan spoke with great feeling of sympathy for the disaster, expressing his sorrow and concern. He asked whether I would be in transmitting to my country a contribution which he desired to make. He thereupon sent me two hundred pounds, which I promptly forwarded to the Secretary of State, who sent it to the committee in charge of the relief fund.

It is to my best recollection, the Sultan was not only a sovereign of the old world who was prompt in making a substantial subscription, but showing not only his deep sympathy, but his friendly feeling for the people of this country.

It is exceedingly glad that the news of the earthquake which has wrought such wide-spread disaster in Constantinople, reached this country at a time when the minds of its people were absorbed in the most important questions that have agitated the world for the past thirty years—I refer to the then tariff legislation. Otherwise, I am sure I could have been a more substantial interest throughout the length and breadth of the land. Constantinople has always shown the most friendly and cordial towards this country and its diplomatic representatives, but to all Americans who have lived in the Empire. He is a capable, enlightened, and tolerant ruler, industriously devoted to the welfare of his people, under him Turkey has made marked advances. He has fostered education, arts and sciences, and is doing his utmost for the best interests of the Empire. I enter into the highest esteem, and shall be very glad if any words of mine will awaken sympathy for the sufferers in Constantinople.

Truly yours,
OSCAR S. STRAUS.

Mrs. M. E. Roosa	1.00
Mr. John E. Parsons	10.00
Mrs. J. B. Smith	2.00
James Harper	2.00
A Christian, Wady Petra, Ill.	1.00
Mrs. I. H. A. Otego, N. Y.	.50
G. V. B. Otego, N. Y.	.50
I. J. S. Albany, N. Y.	.25
Mrs. L. M. C. Paw, Ill.	1.00
Mrs. Mary M. Prentice	1.00
M. Phillips	1.00
S. A. H. Wapaca, Wis.	2.00
L. B. Glen Benlah, Wis.	.50
Joseph Parmley	5.00
Sarah Myers	2.00
A. L. Ingesson	2.00
M. E. George	1.00
Mr. Dorman	10.00
Mrs. J. L. Lanterman and Sympathizer	.55
L. Boswell	1.00
Phoebe Jeffers	1.00
Friends in Harpersville, N. Y.	2.00
W. M. Dubuque, Iowa	2.00
Vann K. Chandler	.50
M. S. Kellogg	5.00
A. Cheer, Richards Landing, Ont. Can.	2.00
C. Tucker	.50
A. Reader, Pa.	.25
A. Friend, N. Y. C.	1.00
Anson Phelps Stokes	25.00
The King's Son, Phila. Pa.	1.00
J. M. Abrams	3.00
—, Loveland, Wis.	1.00
First Presbyterian Church, Itasca, Ill.	2.00
S. S. Baltimore, Md.	1.00
Wm. Johnson	1.00
Total	\$2,783.00

For the Moody Bible Institute.

Previously Acknowledged	\$4,429.64
Edward U. Black	1.00
From one whose heart is in the cause, E. Orange, N. J.	1.00
Subscriber, Westford, Conn.	1.00
In His Name, Hillsborough, O.	2.00
W. K. Desh	10.00

Total **\$4,431.29**

For the Turkish Relief Fund.

C. M. Sumner and M. L. Warren	2.00
—, Carlisle, N. D.	2.00
Mrs. J. W. Alexander	1.00
Pleasant Nook Bible Band, Carbon Centre, Mo.	.75
Friend, N. Y. C.	1.00
A friend of missions, Stenbenville, O.	3.00
G. V. B. Otego, N. Y.	.50
I. J. S. Albany, N. Y.	.25
Mrs. L. M. C. Paw, Ill.	1.00
L. Boswell	1.00
A. Friend, Chelsea, Mass.	1.00
First Presbyterian Church, Itasca, Ill.	1.00
G. T. Brooklyn, L. I. N. Y.	1.00
Total	\$4,431.29

For the Western Fire Fund.

Previously Acknowledged	\$454.91
Joseph Winter	1.50
Isaac Barker	5.00
Wm. Adair	1.00
Cygnat S. S. Trombley, O.	1.00
J. W. Godbold	1.00
R. W. Jones	3.00
—, Ashtabula	1.00
R. M. M. Mantna	1.00
Mrs. Christina Graw	1.00
A. E. Dahlman	1.00
Friend, Brookfield, Vt.	1.00
A kind temperance taker	.10
Mrs. Mary M. Prentice	1.00
L. B. Glen Benlah, Wis.	.50
A grandmother, a mother and children, Snow Creek, N. C.	2.00
James Harper	2.00
A Christian, Wady Petra, Ill.	1.00
H. P. Kirtland, O.	2.00
A. L. Ingesson	2.00
Vann K. Chandler	.50
First Presbyterian Church, Itasca, Ill.	2.00
Total	\$499.11

For the Christian Herald's Children's Home.

Previously Acknowledged	\$295.45
D. B. Winslow	5.00
Mrs. J. Crawford	1.00
Jesus' sake	1.25
Mrs. R. B. Belt	3.00
Mrs. Beacham	1.00
J. P. Clark	1.00
John A. Warner	1.00
Friend, Bay City, Mich.	1.00
In His Name, Quincy, Mass.	1.00
M. S. M., Pomona, Cal.	1.00
Friend, Amboly, Ill.	1.00
Mrs. J. T. H., Baltimore, Md.	5.00
J., Mass.	1.00
Mrs. J. E. Mulford	2.00
Snhr, Montrose, Pa.	1.00

Aaron J. Allen	2.00
W. E. Pierce	2.00
Carrie H. Payne	1.00
N. E. W., Bristol Springs, N. Y.	1.00
A. Reader	1.00
A. Friend, Spencer, Mass.	.10
Wm. T. Schneider	1.00
H. C. D., Harrisburg, Pa.	1.50
Miss Harriet E. Strong	20.00
A. C., Cooperstown, N. Y.	3.00
In His Name, Irwin, Ia.	.50
J. W. Godbold	1.00
Total	\$355.80

For Mrs. Bella Cooke's Work.

Previously Acknowledged	\$66.50
H. C. D., Harrisburg, Pa.	1.00
"For Jesus," Sappington, Mo.	5.00
Friend, N. C.	.25
M. Milier	.50
—, Paris, Ont., Can.	2.00
Total	\$93.25

For the Door of Hope.

Previously Acknowledged	\$97.27
Aaron J. Allen	1.00
W. E. Pierce	3.00
A Follower of Jesus, Gilbert Station, Ia.	1.00
"For Jesus," Sappington, Mo.	5.00
Total	\$107.27

For Dr. Faust's Hebrew-Christian Mission.

Previously Acknowledged	\$109.40
Amicus, Watford, Ont. Can.	2.00
M. I. B., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
Mrs. I. W. Jenkins	2.50
W. E. Pierce	5.00
Charles E. Breeden	10.00
Total	\$129.90

For Mrs. Jamal's Training School, Jerusalem.

Previously Acknowledged	\$88.50
Friend, Snow Camp, N. C.	.50
In His Name, Blankville, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. N. A. M., Normal, Ill.	3.00
Netta A. E., Elmira, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. Julia Nerdge	1.00
Mrs. F. M. Downs	1.00
C. E. S., Springfield, Mass.	2.00
Friend, New London	1.00
Mrs. W. H. Atkinson	1.00
Aaron J. Allen	2.00
W. E. Pierce	2.00
Mrs. M. A. Quirk	1.00



"REST HOME" FOR CHRISTIAN WORKINGWOMEN, SARATOGA, N. Y.

C. M. Sumner and M. L. Warren	2.00
—, Carlisle, N. D.	2.00
Mrs. J. W. Alexander	1.00
Pleasant Nook Bible Band, Carbon Centre, Mo.	.75
Friend, N. Y. C.	1.00
A friend of missions, Stenbenville, O.	3.00
G. V. B. Otego, N. Y.	.50
I. J. S. Albany, N. Y.	.25
Mrs. L. M. C. Paw, Ill.	1.00
L. Boswell	1.00
A. Friend, Chelsea, Mass.	1.00
First Presbyterian Church, Itasca, Ill.	1.00
G. T. Brooklyn, L. I. N. Y.	1.00
Total	\$4,431.29

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Wm. Adair	1.00
Cygnat S. S. Trombley, O.	1.00
J. W. Godbold	1.00
R. W. Jones	3.00
—, Ashtabula	1.00
R. M. M. Mantna	1.00
Mrs. Christina Graw	1.00
A. E. Dahlman	1.00
Friend, Brookfield, Vt.	1.00
A kind temperance taker	.10
Mrs. Mary M. Prentice	1.00
L. B. Glen Benlah, Wis.	.50
A grandmother, a mother and children, Snow Creek, N. C.	2.00
James Harper	2.00
A Christian, Wady Petra, Ill.	1.00
H. P. Kirtland, O.	2.00
A. L. Ingesson	2.00
Vann K. Chandler	.50
First Presbyterian Church, Itasca, Ill.	2.00
Total	\$499.11

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John A. Warner	1.00
Friend, Bay City, Mich.	1.00
In His Name, Quincy, Mass.	1.00
M. S. M., Pomona, Cal.	1.00
Friend, Amboly, Ill.	1.00
Mrs. J. T. H., Baltimore, Md.	5.00
J., Mass.	1.00
Mrs. J. E. Mulford	2.00
Snhr, Montrose, Pa.	1.00

A Home for Tired Workers.

One Bright, Christian Woman's Way of Helping Self-Supporting Women.



URS is an age of philanthropy, and of multiplied opportunities for human helpfulness. And when the good Samaritan spirit is stirred in the hearts of Christian men and women, its generous impulses

are moved by a desire for the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of those whom they seek to benefit. This higher philanthropy has found many noble exemplifications in the various Homes, Retreats and Rests established by Christian benevolence in many parts of the country.

Four years ago, Mrs. Alida Stanwood, Superintendent of the Christian Aid Society in New York City (and for many years previous connected with the City Mission), lay ill in Saratoga. She had been greatly prostrated, but was now convalescing. During these long and somewhat wearisome days, the desire came to her to make an effort to secure for other self-supporting women, whose health like her own had given way under too severe a strain, just such a resting-place as she was then enjoying. After recovery, the burden still lay on her mind and she began to make inquiries for a house that would be suited for the work. She interested a few people in the project, but sickness intervened and she very reluctantly abandoned the plan for a time. Last summer, while at Lake George, she received a letter from a friend in Saratoga, saying she was about to break up her home and would donate her furniture to a home for tired workers. Mrs. Stanwood, accepted the welcome offer, went at once to Saratoga, and, by a peculiar providence, succeeded in securing the very house that was desired for the work four years ago. The way now seemed clear for the long-cherished plan to be fulfilled, and it was realized that Providence was clearly guiding the efforts made. A lease was executed, although there was not a dollar in sight for payment of the rent, but it was felt that the same Providence would provide means. Sufficient to cover six months' rent was soon received, and the second six months was guaranteed. It is hoped that provision may be made for the endowment of three rooms, to be set aside, absolutely free, for self-supporting women who, by reason of ill-health, or lack of employment and means, are unable to take the rest they so much need. It will cost \$75 to endow one room for a season of five months. The desire of the founder is to have the Rest Home entirely free.

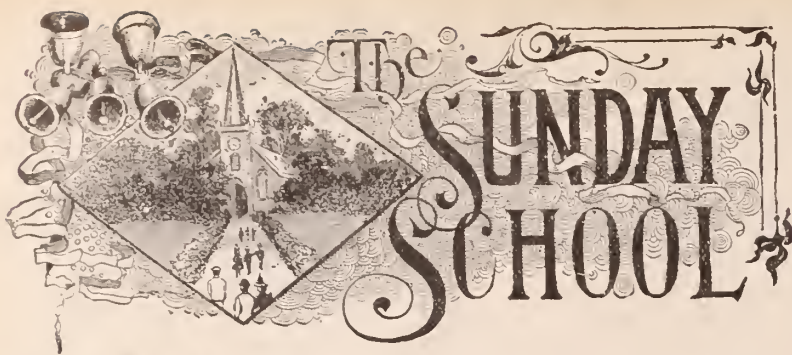
The Rest Home is situated on Lincoln avenue, near Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. It is furnished through the generosity of Miss Augusta Wiggins, New York City. Among others who have substantially assisted in the project are Mrs. Myles of Saratoga, Mrs. Nichols, Saratoga; Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Reed and Miss Buchanan, all of New York; and Mrs. Morris, owner of the building. All interested may address Mrs. Stanwood, 21 Bible House, New York.

DR. TALMAGE HONORED.

On October 26th, immediately after his arrival in London from Australia and India, having almost concluded his round-the-world tour Rev. Dr. Talmage was entertained at a banquet by Sir Henry M. Havelock, the son of Gen. Havelock. "the hero of Lucknow." The banquet took place at the United Service Club and was the occasion of a notable gathering of famous veterans of the great Indian mutiny. Among those who were present to meet Dr. Talmage were Gen. Sir McLeod Innes, Gen. Sir William Olipherts and Gen. Dodgson, all of whom took prominent part in the relief of Lucknow, when its beleaguered and decimated garrison was at the mercy of the rebels. The speeches made had reference to that memorable episode, and the American divine paid a high tribute to British military bravery and the heroic character of the British women in India during that time of peril.

For Any Good Cause.

Previously Acknowledged	\$47.25
William Huckle	1.00
T. R. Taylor	1.00
George and Agnes Guether	.50
Mrs. Hickman Lind	1.00
Frank S. Peterson	1.25
T. B. Cole	3.50
John A. Warner	2.00
—, South Canterbury	2.00
Restitution, Lewis, Ia.	15.00
Friend, Shreveport, La.	4.00
A King's Daughter, Opelika, Ala.	1.00
Widow, Hubbard, Oreg.	.25
Mrs. John M. Baker	5.00
T. M. B., Brooklyn	.25
Mrs. Anna De Witt	5.50
Clarence D. Rose	10.00
M. A. Brooks	1.00
Mrs. C. G. Easterbrook	2.00
Faith, Baltimore, Md.	1.00
Friend, Slater, Mo.	5.00
Mrs. Robert Gray	1.25
Mrs. John Dabois	.60
In His Name, Itasca, N. Y.	2.00
William W., Silver Cliff, Colo.	5.00
Mrs. Philip Klein	.50
Total	\$117.35



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 18, Luke 6: 20-31. Golden Text, Luke 6: 31. By Mrs. Baxter.

IN the ministry of our blessed Lord there were several occasions in which he repeated his teachings. The Sermon on the Mount, as it is usually called, is one instance of his doing this. He had been travelling through Galilee, teaching in the synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. Multitudes were attracted to him, but, as was customary with him, he withdrew from the multitudes, and gathered around him his disciples, and he instructed them in the principles of "the gospel of the kingdom." Far other than his disciples thought was

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The restoration of the kingdom to Israel was the constant hope in the Jewish mind, and the disciples of Christ, even after his death and resurrection, still hankered after it (Acts 1: 6). Therefore they heard, when he taught them, with preoccupied minds, not really taking in, and making their own, the truths which ran so counter to their national prejudices and personal anticipations.

It was the kingdom of heaven, a "kingdom" not of this world, of which he taught them the laws and customs, the spirit and principles: a kingdom which cometh not with observation; a kingdom which is neither set up nor maintained by outward force. It my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered unto the Gentiles. Therefore he taught them that the poor in spirit, those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It was the exact reverse of that which could bring glory to man; and this wonderful and precious discourse was the first full statement of his great message, his coming kingdom, and its spiritual and divine teachings. Then he taught them the contrast between that and the traditions of men, and between his kingdom and the old Jewish law, and an intense call to reality and declaration of the responsibility of such as might enter in at "the strait gate" and yet fail to enter in; such as might bring forth good fruit, and because the tree remains evil, can only be hewn down and cast away; those who might build upon the rock, but instead of doing so, build their house upon the sand.

The Jewish people knew, and even boasted of, the true and holy things contained in the law of God, and yet, as a people, did not even attempt to carry them out. A semblance of religion, a round of ordinances such as would attract to themselves a credit for piety among their fellow creatures was all they cared for, and God they knew not. But in the sermon on the mount, the axe was laid unto the root of the trees, and except their righteousness should exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, the most acknowledged and recognized for piety among them, they should in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The sermon on the mount, as our Lord epitomized it to make it his first lesson to his twelve chosen ones, dwells especially on the subjective side of his teaching: Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven. None but earth's poor, despised, rejected ones can bear the stamp of divine royalty. Like their master, in order to ascend, they must first descend. They must be content to

Hunger Now.

The Christian Church, as a whole, is impatient to find satisfaction now; in their experience in their work, in the regard of other Christians, they must have satisfaction. The kingdom which can wait God's

hour and be content—as Abraham was, and the holy men of old, when God was not ashamed of them to be called their God—is wanting in the church of the present day. Like little children, they clamor for present joy, present honor; and they have no idea of hungering and waiting now. They think it is the highest form of religion to seek their own joy and satisfaction now. They do not count it blessed, but they feel that they are greatly wronged if men hate them, separate them from their company, and cast out their name as evil for the Son of man's sake. Yet to one who has entered into the kingdom of heaven into its true spirit, there is the deepest joy in being despised and with the Master; they want no other portion on earth than their Lord had. The Lord did not mince matters: from the very outset he laid down the unearthly nature of the kingdom which he came to set up. Very solemn are the words: "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation" (R.V.). You could not, would not wait God's time; in your childish pettishness you insisted on having your joy and satisfaction now and here. You have sown for time and not for eternity; for yourselves, and not for Christ and his kingdom, and now you have reaped down here what you have sown. "Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger: Woe unto you, ye that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep" (R.V.). You would walk by sight, and not by faith, and you cannot reap the harvest of a faith life. Paul the Apostle understood from the very first the true spirit of the kingdom of heaven, and God made him independent of circumstances. When he suffered, it was in fellowship with Christ (Phil. 3: 10). When he rejoiced, it was not in his experience, but in the Lord. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for in the same manner did their fathers unto the false prophets." Perhaps there are few things which touch people in general more than the way in which others speak of them. Human nature loves to get credit to itself; loves to be appreciated, and thought and spoken well of. It is only as God becomes a reality to us, and by the greatness of his holy presence extinguishes man from our horizon, that we become indifferent to the opinion of men, thought or spoken: we stand before God. It was a tremendous, and yet a primary, lesson from the great Master to his early students for the ministry.

The Lord then takes up his teaching of the kindly character in relation to our enemies: "But I say unto you which hear," as in Rev. 2: 3 he sends messages to the overcomers which have ears to hear, which the churches cannot receive. So now this special message is unto you which hear: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." This was strong meat. Even under the old law, in the very word of God, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, impartial justice was the divine rule. But this word of the Master's was something beyond justice, it was sacrifice, and that for the unworthy for those who are in the wrong. All the sense of justice in our nature rebels against such teaching until the lesson of the cross is learned. This settles everything. Human nature must bow before the divine, and the laws of the kingdom must prevail. Thus he amplified his teaching, and entered into detail: To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other. Do not resist; do not think of what is due to you—Christ was a lamb led to the slaughter. We, if we would be more than conquerors, must also be esteemed as sheep for the slaughter. "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," quite independently of how they treat you: this is divine.

Christ came to teach "newness of life"

divine life lived in human beings conformed to his image. He would have the most absolute contrast between his disciples and others. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, or creation; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new. Thus he says: And if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for even sinners lend to sinners to receive as much again. Where is the newness of life if, when put to the test, we do just as those do who know not God? Are we not false witnesses of him? He calls us to bear witness to a life so new that it never was lived on earth till Jesus lived and ignored himself in his human life that he might teach and empower us to do the same by the spirit of God working in us.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

HAVING appointed his twelve Apostles, as narrated in last week's lesson, Jesus proceeds to state the principles of his mission, which they were to promulgate. His statement is apparently



HATTIN, THE MOUNT OF THE BEATITUDES.

condensed in the passage from the Gospel of Luke, which is selected as the basis for this week's lesson. Luke probably received it at second hand and his report is contained in thirty verses. Matthew, who heard the discourse, gives a much fuller report, occupying a hundred and seven verses. The scene of the discourse was probably the Mount of Hattin, a ridge running a quarter of a mile east and west, between Nazareth and the sea, seven miles south-west of Capernaum. It was a suitable place for such a meeting. There is an elevated plateau on which the people could sit or stand, while at each side rises a knoll about sixty feet high, from the side of which the speaker could be easily seen or heard. The discourse is deeply interesting, both from its circumstances and its subject-matter, even if it is regarded from a merely human standpoint. Here was a new Teacher, whom the people knew simply as a workingman, who had shown marvellous spiritual insight and had proved himself by miracles to have a divine commission, like the ancient prophets. For nearly five hundred years God had sent no message to his people, no prophet had spoken in his name, with clear proofs of having been sent by God. Now One had come. What message had he brought? This discourse is the answer, but not all the answer. Christ had much more to say than he uttered on this occasion. Here we have nothing about faith in himself, nothing about the sacrifice of himself or about his mediation; but he had first to define his attitude toward the dispensation that was dying and to describe the new order. The sermon marks the intermediate step from the Old to the New. Christ says it is not destruction but development. He is not come to destroy, but to fulfil. The essence of the old stripped of its cumbrous coverings of rite and ceremony is to be the essence of the new. The blossom is to fall and the fruit appear. The ten commandments turn into ten blessings. But his hearers are not to imagine that the standard of righteousness is lowered. Christ raises it. Before, the man counted himself guiltless of murder if he did not kill; now he is not guiltless unless his heart is free from the wish to kill. Righteousness is not the character of the man who holds the evil of his nature in check; he is not righteous unless the evil is extirpated. He alone is blessed who is pure in heart; it is he who shall see God. Henceforth this purity of heart is to be the standard of righteousness, and to any discouraged one who complains that it is

beyond the attainment of human nature, Christ declares that divine help will be given to all who seek it. The new nature is imparted to the human nature. God will give the Holy Spirit to all who ask him. Thus he saved his hearers a danger which always besets men cut loose from their old convictions, danger of falling into carelessness or licentiousness. They are exhorted, like climbing a mountain, to retain essence but to cast aside superfluities that they go higher.

Give to every one that asketh. This not demand, or sanction indiscriminate charity. Christ's law of love about he had been speaking requires more than that. A loving father would not give his children all they ask. If he did would be injured by it. A substance was being raised for a widow whose band had been killed by a fall from a fold. His employer, who was a member of the Society of Friends declined to anything and as he was a wealthy some very hard things were said him. But he called on the widow a quired into the circumstances. She two children and these were through influence admitted to institutions where boy was taught a trade and the girl cooking. The widow, herself was to a hospital and received training enabled her to earn her own living professional nurse. The Quaker had en nothing to the fund raised for the but who was it that best fulfilled the law of love—those who had only put out a few dollars, or the man who helped the family to support themselves.

To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek. A stalwart soldier was the terror of his regiment. Every new recruit must acknowledge his superiority or fight. The man was in continual brawls had the strength of an ox and delighted nothing so much as a fight with son who considered himself a match for the brawler was converted and his grades were curious to see how he would. It was soon noticed that he did not at time seek quarrels. The men stood in awe of him to provoke him, but time his meekness encouraged a no bully, with whom he had often fought insult him. The converted man patiently and at last the bully flung of hot soup on him and called him a coward. Then the man rose and said as he dismissed from his uniform, "You who me, know whether I am a coward. Not long ago if any man had insulted like this he would have been likely for it with his life. I am just as strong as I was then; but I do not resent because I have the grace of God in me. This man knows it, otherwise he would have done as he has." From that time no one called the converted man a coward.

Love your enemies. During the Revolution, Peter Miller was the pastor of a small Baptist church in Pennsylvania. One of his neighbors had been his enemy for years and missed no opportunity of abusing the Baptists in general and Miller in particular. Miller did not retaliate, but he said more than once the man was more abusive than I shall get even with you yet." C. C. news reached Miller that his enemy had been caught in dealing with the British was treason and there was no doubt guilt. Soon the inevitable end came: traitor was to be hanged. Miller never heard of it than he set out on the Philadelphia, thirty miles away to with Washington for his life. He told that his plea was useless: Was he could not spare his friend's life. "F" exclaimed the worthy minister, "his friend of mine; he is the only enemy in the world." Washington looked searchingly. "Will you tell me," he asked, "what motive impelled you to walk miles to save the life of your enemy?" The minister took his New Testament from his pocket and showed Washington the passage. "I grant you his plea was the laconic reply. With the paper in his pocket Miller hurried to the place of execution and arrived just as the condemned man was being carried to the scaffold. He noticed Miller running and recognized him. "There's Peter," he said to his guard, "he's walked away from Ephrata to have the pleasure of seeing me hanged." The words were scarcely spoken before Miller ran to the side and producing the pardon said, "I have my revenge."



Marion Harland In Palestine.

Traditions and Legends.

ish Tales Connected With the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Professional Beggars—"The Stone that would have Cried Out."

VESPERS are singing, or intoning in the Chapel of St. Helena while we loiter in this corner. Much visiting of churches has accustomed our senses, and not unpleasantly.

to the throbbing echoes awakened in the dome by responsive chanting and organ accompaniment. We rather like the smell of good incense, and the æsthetic is gratified by the "dim religious" produced by the blending of lamp-light and the faint daylight that finds its way through the stained glass windows.

Now we are in no mood for enjoying æsthetic effects. Even Mrs. Sharpe, as Miss Sharpe, must have supped her fill of superstition and churchly tradition in her frequent visits to the sanctuary reared by the founders. They believed to the last of the authenticity of the story that the gorgeous altar in the low-ceiled chamber over yonder, the Tomb from which Christ arose on the first Easter morning, is the depths of aching hearts we wish we could credit it and one-tenth of the tales poured into our ears with volubility acquired by continual practice. We see the sacristan who has us in tow steady as in the eyes, for sign of faltering or embarrassment, as he runs off legend after legend as an auctioneer extols his wares.

Jerusalem has three chapels attached to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by a different sect of Christians. It is even harder to believe in it than the pulchre, and it is yet more effectually discredited by precious metals and marbles. The square opening above the socket in the wall in which the foot of the cross is reputed to have been sunk, is lined and bound with silver. Scarcely six feet away is what looks like a ventilator of open brass-work, the upon payment of a fee, is slid aside to show a fissure in a rock, said to have been made by the earthquake that rent the veil of the Temple during the Crucifixion. In the succession are exhibited with business-like promptness, the spot where Mary Magdalen fell upon her knees, exclaiming, "Rabboni!" the grave of Joseph of Arimathea, the prison in which our Lord was detained until the Sanhedrim could be collected; the tomb of Nicodemus and of James the brother of John and son of Zebedee, who was killed by the sword in Herod's persecution of the early church; the Pillar of Pilate, the place where the Roman soldiery parted the raiment among them, asking lots for the vesture; the bough in which the kid was entangled as a substitute for Isaac, and the altar on which Abraham would have sacrificed his son; the tomb of Adam in whose dust we are told the cross was set up,—and so many other notable places that I have not the heart to write a list which could not but disgust the sensible reader and pain the devout.

We are driven, whether we will or not, to expect at every new exhibition, Dr. Merrill's allusion to the revenue drawn from his marvelous—I had almost written monstrous—collection of sacred curios, and to wonder, only, at the economic instinct that gathered so many under the one domed roof of the Holy Sepulchre. Nor is it possible being human and readers of the Bible, we should fail to remind ourselves and another in connection with the venders of charms, charms and photographs within the church, and painted candles within the riot raised by the craftsmen of

Ephesus when the trade in silver shrines for Diana was threatened by Paul's preaching.

The ablest scholars who have studied and written upon sacred history, agree in declaring that this cannot be the true Calvary; that the site of the Holy Sepulchre never was within the city walls, and corresponds in no particular to the description of the holy spot given by the evangelists. The fact will never be admitted by those whose interest it is to encourage pilgrimages to the Mecca of Christendom.

It is like a breath of purer, honester air when David again takes us in hand and conducts us into a side-room to see the sword and Jerusalem-Cross badge worn by Godfrey of Bouillon. They are kept in a locked coffer, and shown upon the payment of a trifling sum to the sacristan. The Syrian dragoman lifts the great weapon carefully and lays it in Alcides' hand with:

("If the Captain will look up First Samuel, thirteenth chapter, seventeenth verse, when he gets back to the hotel," murmurs David aside, and parenthetically.)

While on a visit to Jerusalem twelve years ago, he went to sleep one night, well, and waking next morning, could not open his eyes "for a great swelling which made his head so large"—describing an area about it with his hand. He went to a physician who put something into his eyes that burned like fire, or boiling water, and from that time he has been totally blind, unable to tell day from night. A blind man cannot work in the fields or tend cattle or thresh grain, so he came to this city and makes a living by begging. He has children who give him a home where he may sleep at night, but they are poor—very poor, and he will not be a burden to them. Being a Christian, he is allowed to sit here and ask alms of those who come to pray or to see the church. Sometimes, in the season of visitors, or at Christmas and Easter, he makes as much as four piastres a day (fifteen cents of our money), sometimes he makes but two piastres, sometimes but half a piastre, sometimes but eight paras (the lowest of value in Syrian coins, being many times less than one cent.)

David is still translating when Mrs. Sharpe comes up the steps, rising oddly out of the darkness, first, her white face, then her hands, becoming visible against the black background and her black dress. She stops to listen and we see that her eyes are large with tears, her face pure and sol-

A second beggar sits at the head of still another staircase, and here, too, the sunshine never falls. His is a meaner figure than that we have just left, but made picturesque by a pretty little girl, not more than eight years of age, who leans against his knee and regards us with big, solemnly pathetic eyes. They have been here all day, and come every day in the week, the child leading him from his home outside of the city walls to his place upon the steps about eleven o'clock in the day, few tourists visiting the church before that hour. The child looks like a plant that has grown in a cellar, pale, and slight to fragility, so poor of blood that she shivers all over now and then, under her thin cotton gown. Her father was blinded by a sunstroke while working in the fields before she was born, and has no business but beggary.

"I have been told that every professional beggar in Jerusalem would be cared for by the convents and other religious organizations," I say to David when we are out of the church and climbing Christian street.

"There are a great many of them, Madam, and as they must be supported by charity, having no work to do, and knowing no trade of any sort, they are free to come and go when they beg for themselves from anybody who happens along, than if they had to obey rules and accommodate themselves to certain hours, and all that. To them, their way of living is as respectable as to ask alms of a religious society. They may be wrong, but that is the way they feel about it."

The idea is novel, and there may be something in it—in Jerusalem. The poverty of means and of resources prevailing among the lower classes here is patent and pitiable.

The afternoon is fine and cold, and we walk from one side of the city to the other before returning to the hotel—not an arduous undertaking, the entire circumference of the walls being less than three miles. We are hurrying somewhat to get back in season for dinner when for the second time to-day we encounter Dr. and Mrs. Sharpe. Whereas we have been glad of the opportunity afforded by the former meeting to modify a harsh judgment, we wish now that we had taken another turning of the narrow thoroughfare in which we find them. For the husband's hair bristles pugnaously, and the wife has on her most amiably-obstinate expression.

"I don't see why not, doctor dear," we hear in nearing them. "What more natural than that He might have pointed to that very stone in speaking the words, and devout men would be sure to treasure it piously afterward."

"Of all the sacrilegious enormities"—sputters her spouse, and we quicken our speed to get out of hearing.

The cause of dispute is known to us, having been designated by Dr. Merrill in one of our earlier walks about Jerusalem.

It is a time-stained stone built into the wall of a filthy cross-street, a round, common-looking fragment, with a hole in it, an aperture enlarged and discolored by the kisses of devotees. The relic is believed by others besides Mrs. Sharpe to be "the stone that would have cried out, had the whole multitude of disciples rejoicing and praising God with a loud voice," have held their peace in the Master's triumphant progress into the city.

That the appeal of the Pharisees to him to silence the acclamations, and the Lord's reply are plainly said to have been spoken at the descent of the Mount of Olives, avails nothing with those who make the Word of God of none effect through their traditions.

Can human effrontery and the credulity of superstition go further?

MARION HARLAND.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

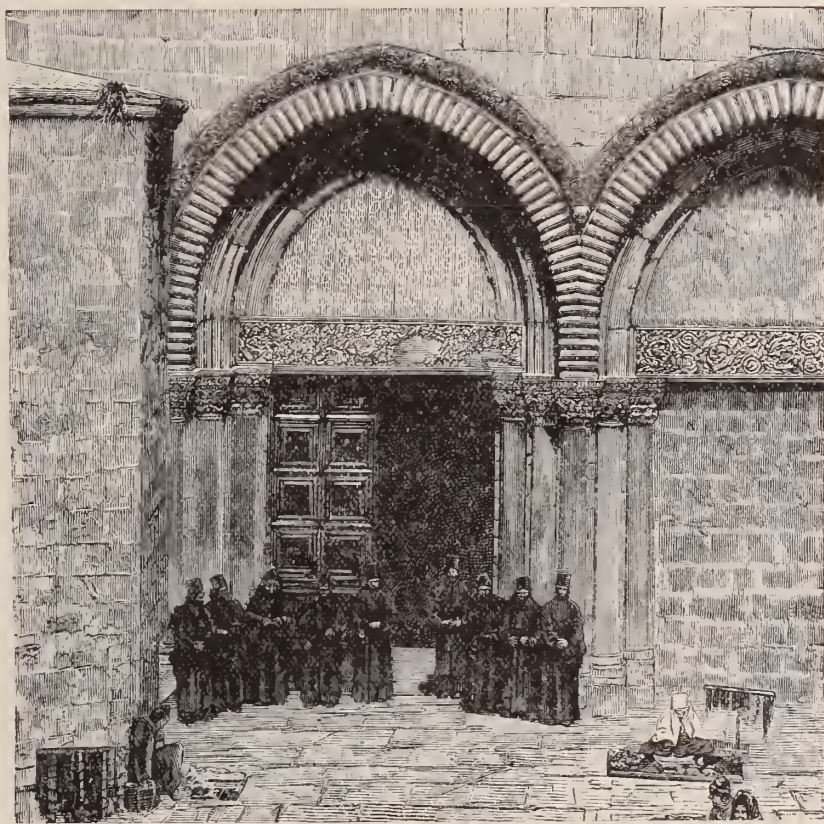
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ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Engraved from a photograph secured for "The Christian Herald."

"There, sir, is the sword of your favorite hero! He must have been a great man in more ways than one, if he used that in battle."

The badge is several inches long, and both it and the sword are evidently extremely old. Our interest in them being merely a matter of hero-worship, we do not tread upon, to us, debatable ground in choosing to believe them genuine relics of the stout-hearted, stainless Knight of St. John.

At the head of the steps leading into the dismal Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, sits an old man, with a noble head and a white beard, such as we see in pictures of Abraham. He is turbaned, and wears the brown-and-white abieh of the fellahen. He raises his face at the sound of our footsteps, and we see that he is blind.

"For the love of God and for holy charity," he quavers, holding out a tin cup.

"A professional beggar," I remark. "He might be King Lear, or Belshazzar, or Homer. Get his story, if you can, please!"

He tells it readily, but not officiously. According to it, he is a farmer from Ophrah-

emn for all the babyish roundness and softness it will never outgrow.

"And what do you think then of a Heavenly Father who lets you go to bed hungry?" she interpolates as the last pitiful sum is named.

"I go to sleep, and trust him for to-morrow," the man makes answer in simplicity that sounds sincere.

"Tell him that is right," Mrs. Sharpe instructs David, "and never, never to doubt him. Tell him, too, how sorry I am that he must sit here all day long in the darkness and where it is so damp, and ask him to pray for me to-night."

She has dropped two francs into the tin cup and hurries away to avoid his thanks.

"I believe that is a good woman," utters David, peering into the cup where the silver shines bright upon a layer of copper coins. Then to the beggar, "You have there two francs. When you buy your supper see that you do not pass them off for pennies. And don't forget to pray for the lady."



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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A PLAIN BELIEF.

MANY years ago, when I entered the ministry, I resolved that I would not interfere with any religious worker, however different his theories and modes might be from mine. I have fulfilled my promise.

So much for the ecclesiastical controversies of the day. But people all over the country, in the church and out of the church, are now telling what they believe and what they do not believe; so I suppose my turn has come to tell what I believe.

I believe in God the good, the kind, the loving, the just, the self-existent, the omnipotent. I believe in Jesus Christ, with a heart large enough to include the whole race in his compassion, and perhaps other worlds, for I do not know but that he has done as much for other spheres as he has done for ours. I believe in the Holy Ghost, a wooing, coaxing, elevating, sublimating, purifying, gracious personage—gentle as the dove that symbolized him at the baptism and yet as intense as the fiery tongues which covered the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost. I believe in a soul immortal, winged for eternal flight and having free choice whether that flight shall be upward or downward. I believe in a heaven built on so vast a scale that there is room for all angelhood, all manhood, all womanhood, all childhood, and not a monopoly for a few, but twelve gates for all. I believe in a perdition, the abode of those who are soul suicides, for God pushes no man off the precipice. He jumps off. "O! Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself! O! Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself!" You see, it is self-destruction. If a man is in peril and there are twelve gates, wide open, to let him out, and he turns his back on the twelve gates and jumps into the crater of a volcano, who is to blame? Certainly not the man who swung open the twelve gates. And if any man misses heaven, it will not be God's fault, but the fault of those who perish. "Ah!" says someone, "how can a merciful God allow any suffering hereafter?" I will answer your question as easily as you will answer mine. Why does a merciful God allow that good woman to marry a man who makes her life a hell on earth? Why can a merciful God allow bad people to prosper in health, while men who spend their lives in doing good succumb to disease? You answer my question, and I will answer yours. You tell me why a merciful God allowed sin to come into this world, then I will tell you why God lets suffering go into the nether world. I get on and I say, I believe in baptism, the water beautifully symbolic of a cleansing of the soul, and whether the bright liquid drop from a wooden cup, as

when in holy rite the Covenanters of Scotland sprinkled their children among the highlands, or whether the candidate have whole Jordans roll over him. I believe in the King's banquet, commonly called the Lord's Supper, and welcome to its table all who acknowledge allegiance to him. I believe in the brotherhood of man; all of one blood, all having the same rights, all made in the image of God, and that he who insults a man, however obscure, strikes in the face his Maker.

These cardinal truths I have been preaching all these years, and I have no prospect of changing. I am all the more indisposed to change because I have noticed that those who get off the track are like a rail-train off the track, tumbling down the embankments; they roll over and over and over from place to place, now one side, now the other. Now they wonder about this and now they wonder about that, and most of them end in agnosticism. That is, they do not believe anything. That is generally the depot at which they fetch up. They call it progress, and it is progress; but it is progress into a bank of mud.

THE LESSON OF FAILURE.

THERE is one very mean thing about human nature, namely, its disposition to jump on a man when he is down. Ever and anon, the community must have a scapegoat, or some one upon whom others can put their wrong-doing. People unload the blame from their own shoulders and put it upon some one unfortunate. You wrong every man when you unnecessarily put on him temptations greater than he can bear. Put into a young man's hand a million of dollars belonging to other people, let him draw his own checks and submit his accounts to no scrutiny, and you be satisfied with taking your three per cent. a month without asking how he gets it, and you have sinned against him as much as he ever possibly can sin against you. A ship company who sends out an untaught craft under an inexperienced commander, into a Caribbean whirlwind, is responsible for the shipwreck. Let us cut up the results of any great commercial disaster into slices and give to each his share of the blame, instead of making one offender the scapegoat for all the recklessness and indiscretion. While you put some of your investments on earth, put some of them in Heaven. No "run" on the celestial bank can ever break it, or cause its doors to close. Its capital is made up of all the resources or infinity, immensity and eternity. And when good men are halted it ought to impress people with the importance of making good use of money while they have it.

I knew two men who had these theories in business years ago. The one man was giving largely to Christian and philanthropic objects. The other man said: "Now that is all very well, but how if you should come into some financial crisis and you should not be able to meet all your obligations? I am going to wait until I make my fortune, and having made a large fortune, then I am going to be charitable and benevolent." Time passed on. They both kept on making money. The man who made a large fortune and all the time kept largely contributing to charitable objects, came to the end of his life in a vast estate. The other man, who had given nothing at all until he had made a great fortune, died poorer than a pauper. Lay not up for yourself treasures where moth and rust can corrupt and where stock-gamblers may break through and steal; but lay up for yourself treasures in heaven. Mark well this fact: When a man fails in business he is always blamed, always misrepresented, always pursued, always made miserable unless he has the Eternal God to fall back upon. You suppose yourself to be a man of integrity and a Christian. You have that idea of yourself. I have the same idea in regard to you. But you fail to-morrow in business, and I will prove from some who now pretend to be your

friends, that you are a defaulter, a hypocrite, an unmitigated scoundrel—in a word, that you ought to be either imprisoned or hung. You get going down hill and I will find fifty people glad to help you in the descent and act as cheerful pall-bearers and gravediggers at your financial obsequies. That which I hear against men when they are unfortunate makes no impression on my mind. The atmosphere gets malarialized with an infernalism which rejoices in the overthrow of a financier, and the higher he is up the greater the happiness of some people when he comes down. There is only one healthful Christian mood in which at such times you and I ought to stand, and that is of intense, enlarged, prayerful Christian sympathy. Put the best phase you can on every man's misfortune. Do not call it a rascality when it may have been only a mistake. Divide up among many the condemnation which you are tempted to put upon one or two or three.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. Oliver, Trowbridge, Ont. As the Good Templars of this place intend sending a box of clothing to the Minnesota fire sufferers, we ask you to indicate where it should be sent?

Send it to the headquarters, Relief Committee, Pine City, Minn.

M. A. S. Is it wrong for a person, who does not profess religion, to lead in prayer in public meeting?

Ordinarily such an act would be rank hypocrisy; yet there might be circumstances in which it would be entirely right. If an unbeliever, whether in public or in private, came under conviction of sin and was impelled to cry to God for pardon, it would be right to encourage such prayer.

J. Parsons, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. How many Buddhists are there in the world to-day and how many Hindus?

Prof. Rhys David and other eminent authorities estimate that there are 500,000,000 Buddhists or fully 40 per cent. of the earth's inhabitants. Hindus are 13 per cent. and Moslems 12½ per cent. Christianity has fully 26 per cent.

Mrs. Mary Rutledge, Fort Madison, Ia., writes:

I wish to thank you for making my request known through the MAIL-BAG, asking for literature for State prison work. The subscribers of your most excellent paper answered this request, as they do all others, most liberally, from all over the Union and even from Canada. I thank all of you, in Jesus' name and ask your believing prayers for the work.

Lucinda Silsbee, Slatteryville, N. Y., sends verses on the Constantinople earthquake and urges pity for the sufferers in these lines:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Trusting in His holy name,
After many days He tells us,
We from Him will find the same.

Subscriber, Mahaffey, Pa. Is it wrong for a man who is trying to live a just, upright life, to play instrumental music? If not, what kind of music should he play?

Music is one of the most elevating and spiritualizing influences, whether vocal or instrumental, and has been used in worship from time immemorial. It is an accomplishment which every Christian might cultivate to advantage, but it should be properly used and not abused or degraded. Any instrument is consecrated by being put to a righteous use.

Wellwisher, Reedsburg, Wis. What books are most suitable for boys between the ages of 8 and 15 to read?

It depends greatly upon the taste and inclination of the boys. Some take a deep interest in history and books of travel and adventure; others in works of imagination, etc. Many young people would be charmed with such books as Plutarch's "Lives," "Pilgrim's Progress," Dickens', Scott's and Cooper's tales, and Jules Verne's stories; others of poetic tastes might prefer Milton's, Longfellow's, Whittier's or Emerson's poems, while still others would delight in Knox's books of travel, Stanley's "Darkest Africa," Irving's "Life of Washington," or Willard Glazier's books of travel and adventure. A thousand books might be named, as suitable for young folks.

H. Roberts, Minn. Fla. and E. J. Johnson, North Bend, Wash. What does the Moravian Mission consist of? Of what nationality are the members, and when and where was it organized?

A remnant of the Hussites in 1457 formed themselves into communities, and established themselves in Moravia and Bohemia under the name of the Unitas Fratrum or United Brethren. In 1722 a number of their descendants were assembled on the estate of Count Zinzendorf at Bethelsdorf, Oberlausitz, and were the originators of the "Brotherhood." They were established in this country in 1735. Their creed holds the principles of Christianity in common with other Christian denominations, but they insist on a diligent study of the Bible, a moral and inwardly pious life and the maintenance of strict church discipline. They are essentially peaceful in their attitude toward all other sects and

denominations and to the world in general. Their leading doctrines are: belief in human depravity; the benign sovereign God the Father and the real godhead of the manhood of Jesus; the all-sufficiency of Atonement. Their church is divided into great provinces, German, British and American, each independent in its own local affairs, each with a provincial Synod, but all united in regard to fundamental principles and the general welfare.

S. C. Tussing, New Lexington, O. What did mean by saying that the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John the Baptist?

Greater in position, not in personal character. It is as if you compared a boy school with some ancient astronomer. By his knowledge of the discoveries of Ptolemy, Newton, &c., is farther in advance the most learned astronomer who lived them. The humblest Christian is similar advance of all who lived before Christ, including John the Baptist.

L. J. G., Chadd's Ford, Pa. I notice in the Prophecy published in your journal, Jews and Israelites, are spoken of as peoples; were they not one and the same?

No, the Jews are the descendants of the tribe of the Southern Kingdom of which was the chief tribe. The Israelites were people of the Northern Kingdom of Israel separation of the kingdom into these described in I Kings 12 and in II Ch. The people of Israel were absorbed in nations and are consequently lost. Many ogists think that the Anglo-Saxon race sends the people of the Kingdom of Israel.

K. H. J., Cleveland, O. Should not religious instruction in the public schools, if this is a country, as it professes to be?

We think religion should not be taught in the public schools. It is not their business. Children should receive their religious instruction and training at home and in church Sunday School. It would be unfair to who differed from the religious teaching might be given in the public schools, to them in the dilemma of either having children taught what they believe to be or depriving them of secular education, as a Protestant, lived in a community the majority of whom, being Roman Catholics, the power to have their creed taught in the schools, you would justly feel that it was wrong that the money you pay in taxes being used to propagate Catholicism on the rising generation.

Constant Reader, Lamborn, Kans. (1) Was Apostle Paul baptized? If so, by whom what mode? (2) What did he mean by being baptized unto Moses (I Cor. 10:2)? (3) Was descendant of the Israelites who came to Egypt?

(1) Yes. You will find the record in I Cor. 10:2. Presumably Ananias baptized him; it is not so stated there. It was not in his point of view. As you will see in I Cor. 12:13, he regarded the baptism of the person who administered the rite of secondary importance. Nor is anything in the record as to the mode. (2) Paul was initiated into the Mosaic Covenant. Paul was comparing the position of the under the two dispensations, and exhorting Christians who had confessed Christ to baptism, to be watchful. He reminded that although the Israelites had seen through many solemnizing experience and Moses, many fell away. (3) In Daniel is described as being of the tribe of Judah whose descendants came out of Egypt those of the other patriarchs.

Mrs. C. E. A., Baltimore, Md., C. G., L. W. Thos. S. Conrad, Jacksonville, Fla., Mr. Wears, and several others, replying to the G. A. C., Fishers Mill, Va., have forwarded their where shall rest be found, which we publish as part of this issue.—Rev. C. F. Elder, Mitchell Co., Kan., is now traveling on circuit in Kansas and can distribute clothing, or provisions among the destitute families owing to drought, have raised no crops in two years.—E. S. Moore, Newark, N. J. Dr. Talmage's are published in "The Signal," a weekly paper, published in Knoxville, Ill. Write C. H. Mead, Hornellsville, N. Y.—Reader, N. Y. Write to American Sunday School Union, House, N. Y.—J. H. Hugo, Norway, K. have answered this question repeatedly and in the negative. While not sinful in the cards lead many to sin and have thus caused ruin of thousands.—Geo. Graham, Arville, "The Mentor," by Ayres, is such a book worth. Write to Scribner's, publishers, New York.—Subscriber, Quincy, Ore. The size of offer B-3, the large International Teachers' 7.54x10 inches, including postage.—Elder, Pa. Address: Collector of the Port, N. Y.—Subscriber, Phila. See Premium announcement in another part of this issue.—J. A. Brooklyn. None now in existence that we know of.—L. B. Collins, Greenville, Conn. So it is the papers of that country.—L. D. Bands Wood, O. Write to the "Musical Messenger," Cincinnati, O.—G. M. Morton, Toronto, Ont. We do not know that she has written on that. "From Manger to Throne," is sent to all subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who forward paper and premium.—B. E., New Orleans. It is not necessary.—Harriet M. Allen, Me. Yes; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York publishers.—C. H. Grantham, N. H. ages of religious papers sent to hospitals, and prisons should always be prepaid.—Paris, Ind., Minn. See "Premium Announcement" in this issue.—M. E. B., Peters. These matters have been explained by Dr. Talmage in his letters from Hawaii and New Zealand, published recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—E. Ball, Woodbury, Conn. Send them to C. Sing Sing Prison, Sing Sing, N. Y. They are prepaid in every instance.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

ROYALTY IN MADAGASCAR.

FRENCH journals are now sanguine of a triumph in the great island of the Indian Ocean. They announce that the Hovas have consulted England and have been advised to yield to the claims of French government. The French emperor is consequently merely waiting the formal ratification of the terms. If the Queen really about to comply with the French demands, she is doing so with extreme reluctance; but she and her husband, being well-informed persons, are aware that resistance to France would be hopeless, without the help of some European power. Like King of Siam, she may therefore yield, and a worse thing happen to her. France in that case acquire a rich prize at little cost, and with as little risk as a well-armed band incurs in despoiling a defenceless ruler. The country is rich in minerals, and, if it were better cultivated, would produce enormous quantities of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The interior, however, is inhabited by people utterly unlike the Hovas, having far less civilization and being much more wilful. The Queen and her predecessors have never been able entirely to subdue them, after suffering defeat before several numbers, they retreat to inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains, to recover strength and renew the conflict. They are likely to prove a thorn in the side of the French if the island becomes a French province. At present the demand appears to be only for a protectorate and if the Queen submits, further demands may not be made. Hitherto she has refused to yield and her rights in the matter have not been respected by European nations and by the United States. The people now would gladly fight for her against the French, whom they hate, but the slaughter would be useless and resistance would, besides, give their powerful enemies the excuse they require for a war of conquest. The Queen and her husband, who is the prime-minister, commander-in-chief, and actual ruler of the country, are averse to war and are advised by the missionaries to whom the country owes civilization. The Queen herself is a member of the Congregational Church in Antananarivo and is a very devout woman. In her trial she has the sympathy of religious people here and in England though they are powerless to help her. She has, however, the consolation which the Preacher uttered long ago when he saw "oppression and the violent perverting of justice in a province that He that is higher than the highest regardeth." (Eccles. 5 : 8.)

Disturbed Foundation.

Some alarm has been caused among the occupants of one of New York's many-erected buildings by the appearance of several large cracks in its front. Another high building is being erected adjacent to it and the contractors of the new building sank its foundation ten feet deeper than of its neighbor. Apprehensions were felt at the stability of the older building might be impaired by the excavation in its vicinity. The owners, therefore, determined to make a new and deeper foundation for it. They shored up the walls and dug down the foundation and built arches below. When all was finished, the shoring timbers were removed and the owners believed that their building was safe from harm. At the huge structure settled on its new foundation and appears to have done so evenly, for a huge crack extending through three stories, and about an inch in width is now seen. The occupants are

now anxiously inquiring whether that is the extent of the damage, or whether it is a sign of a further settling and consequent insecurity. The cracks excite a good deal of attention from passers-by as the walls of the building are very massive. Sometimes there is similar surprise when cracks and blemishes appear in the character of men, whose religion and integrity have been long admired. They may often be traced to a cause analogous to that which has affected the building. There has been a disturbance of the foundations of faith, which were not laid upon the sure basis of Christ and his Gospel. (1. Cor. 3 : 11.)

A Novel Wound.

The secret cause of the long suffering endured by a working man in Texas was discovered recently. About six weeks ago, one of the saws in the works of a manufacturing company was noticed working unevenly. As an accident was liable to result, a skilful mechanic was sent for immediately to fix it. The power was stopped until

while the steel was in the flesh. Injudicious friends often cause spiritual suffering in the same way. The wounded spirit of the convicted sinner is not so much in need of healing as of purifying and the extirpation of evil. God made it a ground of complaint against the prophets who falsely professed to speak in his name, that they had healed the hurt of his people slightly. (Jer. 6 : 14.)

An Old Boundary Dispute.

One of the questions still unsettled, relating to the boundaries of States, is an intricate one, in which Delaware and New Jersey are concerned. It involves jurisdiction over the river opposite New Castle, and for some distance above and below. New Jersey insists that her jurisdiction extends to the middle of the river there as elsewhere, while Delaware claims jurisdiction at that point clear across to the New Jersey shore. Charles II, granted to his brother James, Duke of York, about the year 1683, a portion of the Delaware peninsula. The grant specially gave James a circular piece of land twelve miles about New Castle, and seemingly from the language the bed of the stream. James gave the land to William Penn, and this land afterwards became the State of Delaware. It is upon the language of this grant that Delaware claims jurisdiction over the whole river opposite New Castle. People are often similarly in doubt about the boundaries of the church and the world. Certain amuse-

the service, was a special favorite with her. She rose with the congregation, and her lips mechanically followed the words. Suddenly she felt a strange sensation in her throat, and, to her amazement, she heard distinctly from her own lips the concluding words of the refrain, "By his own hand he leadeth me." She sank to her seat completely overcome. "I am not ill," she said to a friend who was with her, "but I have found my voice." She is now able to speak audibly and distinctly. It was a singular recovery, which the physicians are at a loss to explain. If some Christians, who are unable to speak for Christ, would adopt the same mode of treatment by going to church and joining in singing his praises, they, too, might, like this lady, find their voice, and be no longer useless. (Ps. 34:1,2.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Mrs. Amanda Smith has been holding Revival services at Cork, Ireland. The meetings were held in Wesley Chapel and in Central Hall. She had large audiences and was warmly welcomed.

Evangelistic Meetings conducted by the Rev. J. C. Radding, of York, Neb., at Axtell, Kans., have resulted in many conversions. Over forty persons united with the various churches. Twenty-two of these were received into the Presbyterian church.

News of the Death of Mr. Henry Densmore, one of the pioneer missionaries of the American Sunday School Union, will be received with sorrow in a large number of homes. Mr. Densmore was seized with paralysis while at Blanchard, Mich., on October 17, and he died October 24. He had actively served the Union for twenty-eight years, during which he organized 450 Sunday Schools.

The new Secretary, elected by the American Board at its annual meeting in Madison, Wis., to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., is Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., who was formerly Secretary of the East Turkey Mission, and Theological instructor at Harpoot.

Among the Obituary Notices in the Washington, D. C. journals is one of Judge Macon B. Allen, who enjoyed the distinction of being the first colored man admitted to the bar in the United States.

The First District Convention of the Christian Workers of the United States and Canada was held at Rochester, N. Y., October 25-31. Among the speakers were: Rev. John C. Collins; Rev. H. H. Kelsey of Hartford; Mr. C. F. Cutter of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York; Rev. E. H. Byington, of the Open Air Workers of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss E. L. Clarke, the Friend of Factory Girls of Toronto, Canada; Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, of the Door of Hope, New York; and Rev. David Allen Reed of the Christian Industrial League of Springfield, Mass.

The Grand Jury of Union Co., N. J., uttered the following important warning to churches where church fairs are held in its presentment recently: "We cannot close our eyes to the fact that it has become a prevalent evil among many churches, and various organizations of this county to raise money for various purposes by means of what the law has clearly adjudged to be a lottery. In order to stop such practices, and to give ample notice to all of our churches who engage therein, that they are liable to indictment, we have determined to make this presentment, and refrain from presenting indictments. We particularly address ourselves to the clergy men and officers of the various churches in this county who have heretofore violated the law."

A Home for Bible Workers in Chicago has been dedicated at 35 South Ada Street. There are really two houses—one a home for those in charge if needed, and a larger house in which about sixty young women can live. The work is intended to be carried on as an arm of the regular Bible work of the city. It has thus far been very useful and eminently successful.

A Congregational Chapel in South London which was abandoned for a larger and better situated place of worship has been purchased for use as a College Settlement. It has been named Robert Browning Hall, after the poet who was baptized there.

The London County Council Which has the charge of licensing saloons in the English Metropolis is closing up saloons the licenses of which became void. So far the value of the licenses which have thus lapsed through the determination of the Council to curtail the traffic is \$150,000.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions has now three centres of work in South America. These are in Brazil, Chili and Columbia. It has fifty-three male and female missionaries, one of whom is a physician, laboring in the three countries besides seventy-seven native helpers. Last year 320 converts were received into membership. In the schools conducted by the mission there are 1618 pupils.

Japan's Need of Missionaries and the Advantages of the country as a mission field are emphasized by the recently published report of its last census. From this it appears that there are in Japan 123 towns, with a population of from 10,000 to more than 1,000,000. These contain a population of about 7,000,000. Besides these there are about 4,512 towns with populations of from 1,000 to 10,000.

Mr. Robert Jones, the Ruling Elder of the Lombard St. Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has had the unique gratification of celebrating his fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as elder. Fifty years of continuous service in the office is a record which it is believed is unparalleled in the history of Presbyterianism in America.



RESIDENCE OF THE CONSORT AND PRIME MINISTER OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

he came; and was then applied again that he might see what was wrong. The saw had not been in motion more than a minute, when a series of snapping sounds was heard, and broken pieces of steel spring flew in all directions. The foreman felt a stinging sensation in the neck and found himself bleeding freely. He went to a surgeon, who stopped the bleeding and, seeing that it was a clean cut, gave the man a lotion to bathe it with. The wound, speedily healed, but in a few days became extremely painful. The man's breathing was affected and the pain increased daily. He was unable to work and at last travelled to the nearest hospital for treatment. A careful examination revealed no cause for the suffering; but after a time a minute dark mark was observed under the skin. This was found to be metallic and when an operation was performed for its removal, a piece of thin steel spring, two inches long, was taken out. There was no difficulty then in understanding why the man had suffered so much. The surgeon, who first dressed the wound had erred in hearing it

ments and pleasures lie in this debatable borderland, and members of the church often venture there to seek them. It is an unwise thing to do, for, unlike the citizens of the two States, they cannot cross the border without entering the territory of their implacable enemy, and they are safe only in keeping well within the line. (Prov. 4 : 15.)

A Lost Voice Recovered.

A remarkable restoration of the power of speech is reported by the Indianapolis "News." It states that four years ago a lady suffered severely from an attack of the grippe. She recovered, but the disease, affected her voice. She could not utter a word articulately. Since that time, although enjoying her customary health, she could communicate with her family only by writing. She formerly sang in the choir of the Baptist Church, and, as she was passionately fond of music, the deprivation was keenly felt by her. She continued to attend church, and was there as usual one Sunday morning recently. The hymn, "He leadeth me," announced at the close of



WALKING ON THE WAVES.

A Sermon delivered in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., by Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, Ga. Text: Matt. 14: 29: "When Peter was come out of the ship he walked on the water, to go to Jesus."

UST after Jesus had performed the miracle of feeding the multitude with the few loaves and fishes, the enthusiasm of the people rose to the highest pitch. They believed him to be the

long-promised Messiah, and in the wildness of their joy they were about to lay hands upon him, and compel him to be their king. Knowing that his own immediate followers were somewhat in sympathy with this feeling, and desiring to remove them from the temptation to which they were about to be subjected, he commanded them to get into a vessel and go over to the other side of the Sea of Galilee. Dismissing the multitude to their homes, he went up alone into a mountain to rest and pray. Night came down, and with the night a furious storm—one of those famous hurricanes so common in that region. The face of the little inland sea was like a huge boiling caldron. The mad waves rose like mountains, and the wild winds roared like an army of infuriated beasts. All night the disciples were in imminent peril. In vain they tried to row their little ship to shore.

Through all this danger and struggle Jesus watched them from his mountain retreat. He knew their situation, and his loving heart responded to every fear that agitated their breasts. As the black night began to recede before the advancing dawn they saw a mysterious being, in human form, walking towards them over the surging billows. Very naturally, the horror which they already experienced was intensified by the appearance of this unknown and weird visitor. Full of the superstition so common to their time and country, they supposed it to be some being from the spirit world, and gave vent to their fear in cries that mingled with the bellowing storm. But immediately an answer to their exclamations of alarm came to them in a voice which they had heard before—a voice whose every accent was tenderness and pity, and more soothing than any music that mortal minstrel ever made: "It is I; be not afraid."

A Loving Request.

No sooner had the impulsive Peter heard these words, than he shouted back, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." Peter did not mean to be presumptuous. He was not ambitious to do something which would distinguish him above his brethren. In this request he simply expressed an enlarged and intensified love for Jesus, and a stronger faith in his benignity, power, and divinity. And the Saviour, knowing what was in his heart, said to him, "Come." And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. He did well for awhile. He stepped upon the water, and it was to him like a solid pavement beneath his feet. But when he ceased looking at the Master, and turned his eyes upon the terror of the storm, fear seized him, and beginning to sink in the raging sea, he cried, "Lord, save, or I perish." Then Jesus, impelled by the same love and compassion which he had so often displayed towards Peter and his brethren, stretched forth his hand and caught him, saying, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

In this fragment of inspired history, we see a miracle. Christ walking upon the water and empowering Peter to do the same, was no illusion, no creation of an excited imagination, no feat of legerdemain. It was a reality—just as much a reality as

the storm that lashed the sea into a raging fury. If it was a reality, it was a miracle.

What is a miracle? "It is a work out of the usual sequence of secondary causes and effects, and produced by the direct agency of God." "It is a departure from that uniformity which is the general characteristic of what we call nature." It is not the suspense of a natural force, but the temporary intervention of a higher and stronger force. I hold a ball of lead in my hand. The force of gravitation which draws that ball towards the earth is not suspended. It is the intervention of

A Stronger Force,

in my hand and arm, that keeps it from falling to the earth. The operation of natural forces would have sunk Christ's body beneath the waves of the sea, but the intervention of a mightier force, emanating from the Eternal Godhead within him, held him securely on the crest of the surging billows.

If you believe in the personality of God, you can have no real difficulty in admitting the possibility of a miracle. If God is a person, who operates the machinery of nature in a certain uniform way, you must admit that he can, if he choose, deviate from that uniformity, in a certain instance, to accomplish a purpose which he deems important.

There are some faint-hearted and weak-kneed theologians of our day, who are so intimidated by infidel rationalists, that they have ceased to contend for the reality of the miracles recorded in the Bible. They have fallen back upon the untenable and absurd position that the Gospel can stand without the miracles. It seems to me that a child can see that if the miracles of the New Testament were unreal, the Gospel is false, and the author of it a trickster and deceiver. Christ stood up among men, and in words the most simple and emphatic, laid claim to supernatural power. To repudiate his miracles is to repudiate him, and brand him as a lying impostor. It is worse than absurd—it is simply idiotic, to say that the Gospel can stand without the miracles.

We see here the

Characteristic Traits

of that apostle, who, notwithstanding his notable weaknesses, was a man of great virtues, and one eminently worthy of universal admiration and affection. He wore no mask. He was perfectly transparent in every word and act of his life. He made no concealment of his thoughts and feelings. He was not only free from cunning duplicity, but, at times, he seemed to be devoid of ordinary caution. In none of his undertakings did he foresee the difficulties, and count the cost. But combined with this generous and uncalculating impetuosity, there was, at times, a lack of stability of faith and purpose. While he was grandly courageous in some places, he could be disgracefully timid in others. Only a few hours after he had drawn his sword and defied a mob, he was frightened by the words of a servant girl into a base denial of his Lord and Master. Here we see him jumping overboard to walk on the high waves of a storm-tossed sea. What an exhibition of faith and courage! We search in vain the records of human conduct to find something which excels it. But a few moments afterwards, while he is stepping with majestic stride from wave to wave, he is smitten with fear, and cries, like a frightened child, for help.

Now it is very easy to criticize Peter, and to say that he was too hasty, too rash, too presumptuous, and that having started with a sublime faith and boldness to do a perilous act, he should have persevered to the end. We must not forget that the very height to which, for a moment, his faith had attained, exposed him, more than others, to the

temptation to unbelief. His brethren who did not dare to step out on the water, but sat securely in their boats, were not so liable to sink as was Peter, who went marching over the billows; and therefore, they had less temptation to doubt and fear.

The man of even temperament, who is rarely excited or disturbed about anything, is apt to be a very incompetent and unjust critic of one who is very impressible, very emotional, and capable of great and sudden fluctuations of feeling. Some people experience no

Depressions in Spiritual Life,

because they have no elevations. Their religious career is a dead level, and a very low level. They never fall, because they have nothing to fall from. Phlegmatic, prosaic, unemotional, imperturbable, they do not understand people who are sensitive, imaginative, excitable, explosive, sometimes soaring to the sun under the inspiration of a great joy, and sometimes sinking into cavernous depths under the burden of a great sorrow; sometimes defying the very gates of hell, and sometimes fleeing before the weakest and meanest spiritual foe. And not understanding such spiritual alterations, they regard with suspicion and distrust the people who are subject to them.

Peter was a Christian of the adventurous type. He ventured where others feared to tread. If he failed more frequently than other disciples, it was because he attempted many things which they had not the faith and daring to undertake. God be thanked for the men who, walking by faith in the unseen, project great schemes, and master great difficulties. The faith of a single child will do more for the world's progress than all the gigantic doubts of men and devils. Agnosticism is nowhere a workable creed. Wherever it has been tried it has been found wanting. "Confucianism is Agnosticism." Look at China, that lagging and pauperized nation, and you will see the fruits of it. Look at our own nation and you will see the fruits of faith—faith in the living God, and his crucified, risen, and living Christ.

Here in this terror of darkness and tempest to which the Lord's disciples were subjected, we see

A Wise and Benignant Purpose

in a dark providence. Why did the Master command these men to take ship and cross the sea? Because the multitude he had just fed had the greatest misconception of his Messianic character and mission, and were clamoring for him to become their temporal king. In the presence of these false ideas and aspirations his disciples were exposed to a perilous temptation, and it was to remove them from this temptation, that he sent them on that night voyage, and subjected them to the dangers of an angry sea. They too had been dreaming of a temporal kingdom, and two of them, through their mother, had approached the Master upon the subject, and expressed their desire to occupy the two highest offices. But when the storm fell upon them, and they seemed to see the madness of fiends and the glare of hell on the battling clouds; when they were expecting every moment to be buried in a watery grave, they lost their worldly ambitions, and were lifted into a realm of spiritual thought and feeling.

My brethren, our troubles in this lower life—our sickness, bereavements, business reverses, and persecutions—are not mere signals of God's displeasure against our sins; nor are they merely God's discipline of our souls, to bring us back to the path of virtue and duty. They are

Preventives.

They are sent to occupy our minds and hearts and energies, so that some temptation that is confronting us shall lose its power to harm us. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." How terrible was the scourging he gave his disciples on that night journey over the sea of Galilee! He smote them with wind and wave, and all the horrors of darkness and tempest, until they were paralyzed—dead to every worldly aspiration and unworthy motive.

Here we see an exhibition of Christ's watchfulness when his people are in trouble and danger. All through that black night of tempest he was on the mountain, where his eye beheld every movement of the little boat freighted with the precious lives of his loving disciples. Oh! if they had only known that Jesus was there, that his tender eyes were upon them, and that his effectual intercession and the almighty arm of his Father were between them and death,

they would have banished fear from their breasts, and laughed at the storm.

What true Christian doubts, that, through the centuries of Pagan and Pagan persecutions, Christ has looked down from heaven upon his people, and watched their infinite solicitude their every struggle for God and his truth. What true Christian doubts that those heroic Waldenses, the Gensengs and Anabaptists, who kept alive the light of "the faith once delivered to the saints" through the long night of Pagan superstition and tyranny, and who suffered all that mortals can endure, rather than false to their principles—who, I say, do so that Christ watched those

Struggling Martyrs

with the same profound solicitude that he felt for the imperilled little band on the Galilean sea. And who doubts that it was his unceasing intercessory prayer that placed God's shield between them and extermination, and that secured them the grace which they needed to the faith, and transmit uncorrupted and tarnished to coming generations?

Out there, on the silent hills of eternity that same thoughtful and benignant Christ sits to-day, watching every toiling struggling band of his disciples, as he faces the frowning front and challenges the wrath of the world's infidelity and unbelief. And it is because he sits there, lifting up his once crucified hands in holy intercession, that his people draw new strength from day to day, to contend the fight, and to multiply the triumph of his truth.

Finally, we see here, how, when Christ comes to us in our troubles, we can rise above them. The approaching tempest and assuring voice of the Master enabled Peter to conquer his fear, and to walk securely and calmly on the ruffled face of a vasty deep. He did not come with the beginning of the night and the storm. It was not until the night was far spent, and the tempest had reached the culmination of its terrific fury, that he left his outlook on the mountain, and

Came to the Rescue

of his imperilled and despairing disciples waited until his purpose was accomplished. He tarried out of their sight until they were cured of their false ambitions, until they lost all faith in their own wisdom and strength, and until their longing for his presence rose immeasurably above every other desire. Then, and not till then, did he come.

Brother, has the darkness and tempest of adversity overtaken you? In this great commercial upheaval and collapse of fortunes, has your business been wrecked, and your estate swept away? Have merciless creditors pressed you to the wall? Have they gathered about you with stern authority of law, to demand that you surrender the last dollar, the last trinket, the last bed, and the last measure of food in the barrel?

Or are you persecuted for righteousness sake? In standing up for truth, virtue, and God, have you incurred the fiendish pleasure of an army of infidels, and scoundrels, and knaves. Do they pursue you with lying lips? Do they employ newspapers to publish their falsehoods, and load your name with calumny? Have they silenced the witnesses of your innocence, and frightened from your support every earthly friend?

Or, has the skeleton monster smitten your home, and left you wifeless and childless?

Be not faithless. "Cast not away your confidence." "Lift up your eyes to the everlasting hills." Out there, on the unseen and serene heights of the spirit world, sits that divine Sentinel who never sleeps nor slumbers.

His Pitying Eye is upon You.

His heart is responsive to your anguish, and when the discipline of struggle and pain has accomplished his purpose, he comes to your help. Walking to you on the high waves of your distress, he will part to you comfort and strength, silence the tempest, and turn your darkness into day. Be this thy prayer:

When the mighty storm is surging,
Stars are hid, and wind is shrill,
Satan striving, passion urging—
Saviour, whisper, "Peace, be still."
When affliction's storms are howling,
And its voice my soul doth thrill,
Earth is black, and heaven is scowling—
Saviour, whisper, "Peace, be still."
When the tide of Death's cold river,
Shocks me with its icy chill,
Body quakes, and billows quiver—
Saviour, whisper, "Peace, be still."

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, of course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in tiny type, Divinity circuit binding overlapping at the ends, with red under gold edges. This eminently serviceable and pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

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"These hymns in this book have been greatly blessed and used in many of our meetings as well as outside of them. May they in this combined form continue to bring the blessing of Him to whose honor and glory they have been sung in this and other lands."

This very desirable Premium contains about 700 pages, each page measuring 5½ inches. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-Two.

Finally, we offer Dr. Talmage's great book, "The Pathway of Life," a large edition of which has been specially prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. Talmage kindly consenting to waive all claims of royalty. This great book containing 544 pages, having for a frontispiece a picture of Dr. Talmage recently taken in Australia, embellished by 200 beautiful engravings, in an exceedingly handsome binding of cloth and gilt, and sent out into the world to make it more and more useful and more serviceable, is offered in connection with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for \$2. The book weighs three pounds and measures, when open, from tip to tip 9x15 inches. This book has been read with interest by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, ex-President John, Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, Sec'y H. C. Carlisle, Bishop Vincent, Joseph Cook, Bishop Hurst, Miss Frances Willard, Senator John Sherman, John G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Neal Dow, and many others all of whom unite in cordially endorsing it. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-One.

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Remember: that all our Premiums are sent out charges fully pre-paid.

OUR SERVICE of SONG

Take my Voice and let me Sing Ever only for my King

Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

All for Christ.

LAURA E. NEWELL. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are workers in the Master's vineyard, "All for Christ, and Christ for all!"
2. Earn - est ev - er, and with true En - deav - or, We will bear our cross each day;
3. Strong in faith, for Him we'll go and labor; 'Neatha bright, or frowning sky;

We will follow where the Saviour leads us, Gladly an - swer to His call.
Nought on earth our love for Him can sever, While we work and watch and pray.
Till we gather in His king - dom yon - der, With the faithful by and by.

Chorus.
Workers in His vine - yard, Faith - ful would we prove;
Work - ers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard, would we prove;

Ev - er loy - al, ev - er read - y;— Strong in Je - sus' love!
ev - er read - y;—

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REST.

OH where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
There vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath.
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
Lord God of birth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

NO HOPE.

Lines suggested by an anecdote related by Dr. Talmage in his sermon of Sept. 30, entitled "Quick Feet."

SHE was young, and life's fair morning
Broke in sunshine and in song;
And she heeded not the warning
That would counsel her from wrong.
Or, if awed by sense of sinning,
It was but a passing pain;
For she lov'd the world's praise-winning,
And she sought its joys again.

She was young and gay and brilliant,
And the world's admiring eye
Saw her shine, a star scintillant
In the social galaxy.
And she little thought of dying,
For to her, so young and gay,
It was folly to be sighing,
And the end so far away.

She was young; but death, the reaper,
Waits not always the full bloom;
Nor could youth and beauty keep her
From the cold and silent tomb.
Was there light at the cold river?
In the valley did she grope?
Watch her pallid death-lips quiver:
Hear her dying words, "No hope!"
Flint. Mich. W. R. STRANGE.

TRUST IN GOD.

WHATEVER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he order now my cause,
I will be still and trust:
He is my God—
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
My Light, my Life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good—
I trust him utterly:
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.—S.R.

TIMES IN PARALLEL.

Points of Resemblance Between this Age and the Antediluvians.

BY REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M. A.

Concluded from page 697.

THE true Church (the saints known to God, but not to be infallibly discerned by man now witnesses for Christ and God in the power of the Holy Spirit energizing her. The world is unconscious of the debt which it owes the saints in restraining the general outburst of evil, and so averting judgment, as Lot's presence did in Sodom; to which the Lord compares the world when just ripe for vengeance. God gave the old world a respite before the flood, during which his two witnesses—Enoch, the preacher of the Lord's coming judgment, and Noah, "the preacher of righteousness"—testified of mercy, as well as of wrath, if only men would repent.

Probably that witness shall be at the end concentrated in two individual prophets in Israel, as Moses and Elijah (whose very miracles—"shutting heaven that it rain not," and "turning the waters to blood, and smiting the earth with plagues"—shall be repeated on a wider arena), the two who reappeared at the Transfiguration, and one of whom, as it is foretold, will come again before Christ's appearing. But whether the two witnesses shall be churches, or individual prophets, they torment the worldly by their faithfulness; and, therefore, their testimony shall be hushed in death by the second beast from the bottomless pit; then, like our Lord, after three-and-a-half days they arise and ascend to heaven.

Before the flood Christ, by his Spirit in Noah, "went (not local going, but by his Spirit, as in Ephesians 2:17) and preached" unto men, who, during the 120 years between the sentence of the flood and its execution, were like men in the condemned cell: they are called "the spirits in prison," because they continued "disobedient" all the time "while the ark was a preparing," and the "long-suffering of God was waiting" to be gracious; but they suffered the "flesh" to quench the "Spirit." Isaiah alludes to the flood, "the windows from on high are open," and foretells the last days (alluding to their resemblance to the days before the flood), "Upon the earth—they shall be gathered together as prisoners gathered in the pit and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days they shall be visited" (in wrath). So now, "the Spirit of the Lord God hath sent" Jesus, by his ministers, "to proclaim the opening of the prison to them that are bound" (Isa. 61:1).

Enoch was not found by his enemies who sought him in vexation as his faithful witness, because God had translated him. Similarly for three days, in the mountains of Jericho, the sons of the prophets sought for Elijah after his translation, but found him not. So the elect of the Judaic-Gentile dispensation, with transfigured bodies, shall be caught up, out of the great tribulation (so that their enemies cannot find them), together with Christ, to meet him in the air (1 Thess. 4:13-17). "Then shall two be in the field, one shall be taken (for glory) and the other left (for judgment)." (Matt. 24:40, 41). Just when Antichrist "gathers" his hosts, God "gathers" to him his saints. As this dispensation began with Christ's own translation, so shall its consummation begin at the translation of the saints. Just after Antichrist has lured "the kings of the whole world to the war of that great day of God Almighty," the Lord's voice is heard, "Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." God hid Noah in the ark. So in the approaching wrath the Lord will hide the elect of Israel, saying, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast; for behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity" (Isa. 24:20, 21). Israel has to pass through the last great tribulation (which the saints have not wholly to pass through).

Wickedness culminated in Lamech, the seventh from Adam in Cain's line; godliness culminated in Enoch, the seventh from Adam in Seth's line. So shall wickedness have come to the full, and, on the other hand, the number of the elect be fully accomplished, and its testimony shall have been completed, when Christ shall come (Joel 3:13). God will then fulfil, as in Noah's time, his word, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."



THE GOLDEN RULE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 18.
Luke 6: 27-38.

DEPROFOUNDLY philosophical is Christ's teaching in this sermon, of which the precept that we call the Golden Rule was a part. The world was full of misery then, as it is now. Christ diagnoses its malady and prescribes for its cure. He taught with authority, the authority of one who had come from a realm of unalloyed happiness and knew what was the cause of the trouble and what would cure it. But there is no need to appeal to his divine authority for this teaching; our own reason perceives that the remedy is wise and effectual. The remedy is large and comprehensive, but it is contained in one word—Love. Let every man love his brother man—that is Christ's prescription for the woes of this groaning world. It is only necessary to imagine what a world would be in which every inhabitant really loved every other, to see that Christ was right. In such a world there could be no war. That is obvious, for how could men fight with those whom they love? There would be no poverty, for none would hoard the necessities that were needed by any one whom he loved. The labor conflicts which disturb our society could not exist in a world full of love, for employer and employed, loving each other, neither would take advantage of the other. In such a world there would be none of the fierce competition which is the bane and curse of our American life. Who would be eager to compete with one whom he loves, to get ahead of him in his business or in his social life? This one element of love, which was the essence of Christ's teaching, would transform the world by transforming the individual. It would take the brute out of human nature. But is it possible? Can a man love those whom he does not know; whom he has never seen? He can do this by developing in himself the capacity of loving. He can be kind to those about him, gentle, forbearing, pitiful; being so, his heart is enlarged and the farther circles, whose sufferings he knows only vaguely, appeal to him and he longs to help them. There is no tact better substantiated by experience than that a man cannot render another a service without being drawn nearer to him by his doing so. Every service so rendered cultivates the capacity of loving, strengthens the finer part of the nature and elevates the doer. We are only now coming to see, after centuries of blind groping, that this is the way of the world's redemption. Christ came to save the people from their sins. He came to lift them out of the selfishness and brutal instincts of their nature to a higher plane. The animal has ruled too long in man; Christ would have him cultivate the Godlike and God is love. His was no idle dream; the world may grow loving if the Church will set it the example. It is the one infallible panacea for all our troubles. The love that brought Christ to earth must glow in the heart of every follower of him and the sweetness and light of his people will attract the world and make it a heaven.

READING'S PROGRESSIVE Y. M. C. A.

In the line of substantial progress—the result of the energy and devotion of its members as a whole—the Y. M. C. A. of Reading, Pa., is a prominent example. Plans and specifications have been prepared for the erection of a handsome Association building, and the CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the illustration on this page, taken from the architect's drawings, shows how the beautiful home of this progressive Association will appear when finished. The corner stone was laid recently, and the work will be pushed with energy.

Reading's Y. M. C. A., which was organized in 1890, on a very modest scale,

has now four hundred members. It has grown with the passing years, and its membership represents a very fair percentage of the city's population of 65,000 souls. Mr. Frank S. Livingood is President; Mr. John R. Miller and W. H. Shick, First and Second Vice-Presidents; C. T. Anderson, Recording Secretary, and J. H. Edwards, General Secretary; and the other officers include some of the brightest young business men in Christian work in that city. The new building will be four stories in height, with an area of 30x270 feet. It will be ready for occupancy in January next.

THE CONVENTION AT YORK, PA.

The meeting of the Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Convention, at York, is not

blessed of God. At one factory, the employees, and the people who joined from the street, numbered over five hundred persons. At the conclusion of the services a group of the factory girls gave beautiful and appropriate recognition of the interest of the visitors by singing, spontaneously, the hymn, "We hope to meet you there;" and, said one, "That is the sentiment of hearts." Fifteen girls in this factory, expressed a desire for the prayers of the band for their conversion. The visitors, in going to another factory, passed a house in which a prominent member of one of the York Christian Endeavor societies was lying sick, slowly recovering from a long and severe illness. She had felt deeply the disappointment of being absent from the convention. As soon as the facts were mentioned to the visiting delegation, a halt was called, and several Christian Endeavor hymns were sung in the open space in front of the house. The convalescent patient was deeply touched, as the strains of music floated in the open winter chamber. The factories was visited, and a very meeting was which special was offered

five men left their work and attended meeting in one of the shops, and the proprietor sent around for improvised seats make all comfortable.

Every factory in the town was visited and then a large company marched off to the jail, where an interesting service was held. There were many special requests for prayer there, too; and several prisoners shed tears of penitence. The York "Daily Telegraph," reporting these special efforts, says that, in the course of the day's visiting, fully one hundred and fifty persons asked for prayer, and the results of visits were truly wonderful.

A B. Y. P. U. ANNIVERSARY.

Delegates from a host of Baptist Young People's Unions, in Illinois, assembled at Pontiac, Ill., on Oct. 19, to celebrate anniversary of the Union. As early as past six in the morning the enthusiastic young people came together to open the convention appropriately with prayer. When the convention assembled later in the day, it was found that there was special reason for congratulation in the progress the secretary was able to report. There were now in all 456 Unions—Senior and Junior—in the State, with an aggregate membership of 16,902. During the past year less than 750 persons had made profession of faith, ascribing their conversion to Young People's work. The financial results were also very gratifying. Unions have given liberally to the Foreign Missionary, the local church, and other funds, the aggregate sum for the year being \$4,853.02. The papers read covered each department of the Young People's work. To Miss Nell R. Blount, of Macomb, Ill., was assigned the subject of the Junior Union, and none who heard her earnest words could withhold sympathy from this, which is the most promising and fruitful of the Union's operations. Among the speakers were Rev. Austin K. de Blois, Rev. M. W. Buck, Rev. Fred. R. Swartout, Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, and Miss Mabel F. Prominent in the proceedings was an address by President John H. Chapman, which, as usual, stirred all hearts by his earnest, vigorous utterances. The new officers of the State Union are, for the greater part, those of last year, who succeed themselves. Mr. John Nuveen is President; Mr. W. I. Wanny, General Secretary; Miss Geo. T. First, Recording Secretary, and Rev. W. Bell, Educational Secretary. The Board of Managers has been strengthened by the acquisition of Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, Rev. B. Weber, and Rev. A. K. de Blois.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of the Reformed Church in America have at built their third church. It is located at Johnstown, N. Y. It is under the direction of the denominational Board of Home Missions.

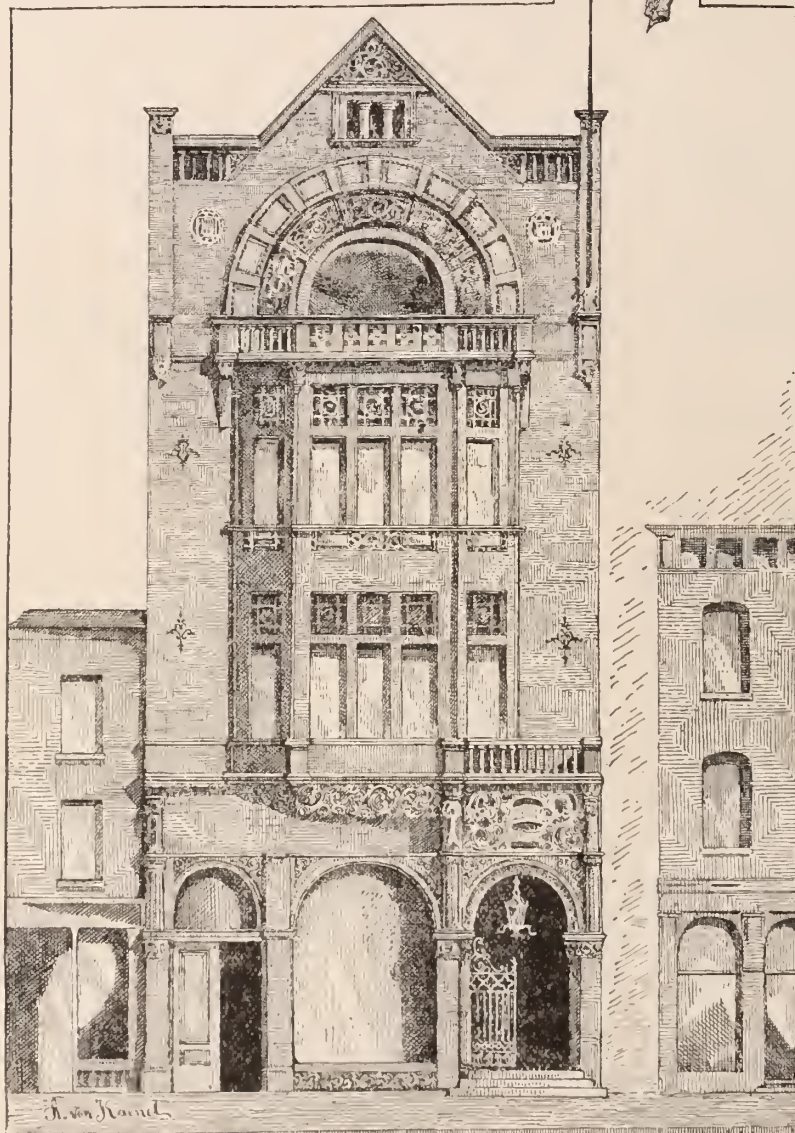
The Epworth Guards have another life of life. The Board of Control was strongly urged to express disapproval of the organization. Eloquent friends of the "Guard" however, after a long discussion persuaded the Board to give the system a longer trial.

The Board of Control of the Epworth League voted at its recent meeting to commence a correspondence with other young people's societies, looking to the organization of an International Christian Union for co-operation in general reformatory and benevolent work; the President to appoint a committee of three to make these overtures.

An Australian newspaper has this to say in announcing the Christian Endeavor Convention at Adelaide: "This movement is more than anything else that we know of has brought our young people to take an interest in Christian service. There are many young people out serving the cause, we should all rejoice over those who are endeavoring to do right. Let us give them a chance to do their best, a word of praise, and a helping hand. Our hope is in the young, and the Endeavor Society, it appears to us, has done much to nurture this hope."

The Value of Good Brand

Is appreciated by every one, but so few are able to secure uniformly good results. This is due to the fact that when milk is used the character of it is exceedingly variable. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream will overcome this difficulty.



THE BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE Y. M. C. A. OF READING, PA.

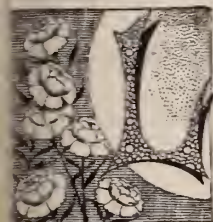
likely to be soon forgotten in that town. The delegates were there in large numbers, and the Convention Hall, of which a picture appeared in this journal recently, was crowded. The meetings were of the most inspiring and enthusiastic kind, but it will be chiefly for its outside work that the Convention will be remembered by the people of the town. Not a few persons there will think that it happened to them as to some hosts mentioned in Scripture, that in entertaining "strangers they entertained angels unawares." Companies of Christian Endeavorers—some fifty, and some a hundred, strong—went to the various factories in the noon hour and held services with the workers, which appear to have been wonderfully

conversion of several present, at their own request. At the conclusion, the delegation was informed that the employees in another part of the building would be glad of a service, and the delegates gladly complied with the request. One who was there said that he had never attended any service in church where the presence and power of the Holy Spirit were so clearly manifest. At another factory, the delegates were urged to talk and sing in the shops, and when they expressed some delicacy about interrupting the work, the girls promptly answered that they considered that their time would be better spent in attending to their eternal interests than in their work. At another factory one hundred and twenty-



In a Congo Home.

What the Traveler Sees in Passing Through a Native Village—A Mixture of Barbarism and Civilization.



LESS than twenty years ago, there was hardly a civilized African to be found along the Congo, except perhaps at the settlements near its mouth, where it enters the sea.

White traders, the coming of the railroad and steamers and, above all, the tireless and energetic labors of devoted Christian missionaries, have transformed a very large part of this vast and populous region and changed the character of its people by contact with civilization. It is not many years since travelers like Stanley, Ward and Casement, who explored the river for great distances, wrote of the strange cannibal peoples they had encountered: of the fierce elephant-hunters among the Lualaba, a tributary of the Congo, the human flesh-markets below and above Stanley Pool, the universal "fetish" worship, and the deadly antipathy of the natives to all white men. Now all is changed. Mission stations dot both banks of the great river for a thousand miles or more, schools and chapels, fairly attended, are found at frequent intervals, cannibalism and the fetish are vanishing together. Tribes, the doors of whose existence seemed to be sound the war-drum and fight for each other's extermination, are living in comparative peace and their weapons are laid aside for the implements of husbandry. Petty kings and chiefs who formerly held power and influence in proportion as they were successful in battle are now, in many places, respected and obeyed as leaders who are helping their people to a better and brighter life than the old one of incessant warfare and brutish superstition. Some of these native potentates have become active church members and officers, and in one or two cases at least, teachers, like King Hodge of the Grebo in Liberia.

Of course, this transformation has been accompanied by a corresponding change in the home lives of the Congo natives. It is a long step from naked savagism to civilization, clad and decorous; but though the Congo native is still far from the latter condition, he is traveling in that direction. In remote districts, far from the mission stations and the ports of trade, all the conditions prevail, although even there they are modified by the surrounding influences. Fetishism has lost its power and a "fetish doctor," once unopposed in affairs of government and religion, is practically deposed. Brave, outspoken missionaries who are willing to risk their lives for the truth, have so thoroughly exposed the foolish and kindred superstitions that there are now Congo districts where idolatry may be said to be unknown and where the God is worshipped instead.

Our illustration affords a glimpse of a native home, in which fetish-worship is still preserved. It is a characteristic group that is gathered under the low roof of the little cabin of mud and sticks, just such a group as one might see in many villages along the river. A meal is being eaten; the father, who according to custom is served first and eats alone, sits in the doorway while his wife and children

dispose of their dish of cassava pie. With the youngest upon her knee, the matron cooks and serves for the entire household, of which she is the slave and drudge. To the left, lying up against a pole, is a fetish of the usual Congo type, a block of wood carved to represent a human face and painted white. With training, such as thousands of other Congo children are now receiving at the mission stations, these children would doubtless soon become followers of the Gospel of Jesus instead of ignorant idolaters as now. Child-training in religious and secular matters, combined with the teaching of useful mechanical arts, such as could be applied in communities where the simplest conditions of life prevail, is gradually bringing about the redemption of the Congo. There are many Congo children, of heathen parents, who can read and write and sew, cook, and make

med. Her coiffure, always elaborate, sometimes includes a string of gold coins, encircling the head, or strung down the plait. A silver belt encloses the waist, and a string of coins encircles her neck. The position of woman in Armenia is a most degraded one and the influence of Christianity is tending to elevate her from the condition of ignorance and social servitude in which she has been kept for centuries.

Be Pleasant at Table.

"We never talk about dismal things at the breakfast table," says an entertaining writer. "No one is expected to tell his or her bad dreams, and we do not consider it polite or kind to talk of our pains or aches in the presence of the family, least of all at the table. In some homes each member of the family thinks it is his duty to inquire for the health of the others every morning, and to ask if he has had an attack of indigestion, or insomnia, or a sick headache, which excites the sympathy or depresses the spirits of the listeners. If the pain had passed, of what use is the recollection, if it still exists? The breakfast hour is not the time to narrate symptoms. The children have a pleasant custom, not, however, invariable, of reciting some pretty verse or poem, which they have found in their children's paper or magazines, at this hour. So many dainty, graceful bits of verse are made for little folk nowadays that we often have great pleasure in listening to them. I often reserve a story or bit of news for the breakfast table. And papa goes to his

JUST A WORD WITH JESUS.

JUST a word with Jesus,
When you lie down at night,
Will make a softer pillow,
Because the heart is right.
Just a word with Jesus,
When you awake from sleep,
Will help you all the day-time
Your promises to keep.
Just a word with Jesus,
When Satan makes attack,
Will drive away the tempter,
And make him turn his back.
Just a word with Jesus,
When you a cross must bear,
Will make the burden easy,
For He your cross will share.
Just a word with Jesus,
When you are called to die,
Will bring to you his angels
To wait your soul on high.

BABIES, THE WORLD OVER.

MOTHER-LOVE, that potent passion of the heart, manifests itself in a variety of ways in different countries. Here, the mother shows her love for her baby by cradling it or hushing it tenderly in her arms. The Indian baby is strapped to a birchbark board, and hung up in a tree or carried on his mother's back. He has no playthings, and, if he cries, no one seems to mind it much. In South America some of the cradles are made of palm leaves. A single leaf turned up at the edges holds the baby. This cradle is often hung up in a tree, and the wind rocks the baby to sleep. In Africa the mother carries the baby in a leather pouch slung on her back. When she gets tired of this way, she makes a hole in the sand, under some shady bush or shrub, and tucks the baby into it.

An Eskimo baby is tucked up in his mother's hood. It is a warm place, and travelers say their chubby little faces look very good-natured and happy. When the child comes out of the hood, he is stuffed into a fawn-skin bag, and a string draws the garment together like a sack, keeping him safe and warm. In Lapland the cradle is a piece of wood shaped like a canoe, and hollowed out until it is very light. A quantity of grass is put in, and in this soft bed the baby laughs, sleeps, and plays with his toys. In Persia, when an Armenian baby is born, it is sprinkled with salt and left to itself for nearly twenty-four hours. This is done to harden it. The baby is tied in its crib, and the little feet are left bare even in the coldest weather. The mothers blacken the eyebrows and eyelashes, and a little girl's ears

are pierced for rings often when a day old, and always before they are four days old. The day a Chinese baby is born it is called one year old. When the next New Year's day comes, even if it happens to be the day after it is born, it is two years old, and thereafter every New Year's day is its birthday. If the baby is a boy the top of his head is shaved when he is four weeks old, and after that is shaved once a week. In India the baby is rocked in a swing. The mother takes a long cloth and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the folds of the cloth. When they go out to work in the field, the cloth is fastened to the branch of some tree.

And so, in every country under the sun, the mother-love appears in many different ways, some beautiful and some grotesque.

Christian Children.

The reason why we do not succeed better in making Christians out of our children are found in three facts: First, we do not begin early enough; secondly, we do not reinforce our teaching by a goodly example; and thirdly, we neglect to ask the assistance of the Holy Spirit. If these matters were attended to as they ought to be, many heartaches would be saved. Seek the salvation of your offspring, and make your efforts effective by an increased holiness in your own lives.



SCENE IN A NATIVE CABIN ON THE CONGO RIVER, AFRICA

From a photograph furnished by Missionary S. John Kuno of Louisa to "The Christian Herald."

garden. Some of their childish epistles, sent home by missionaries, display a wonderful faith and an intelligent desire to lead Christian lives. In a few years many of these young mission children will themselves be missionaries in turn to their own people, proclaiming the Gospel in the "dark places" of their native land.

Armenian Women.

A traveler writing of his experiences in Armenia, says: "The most striking feature of the missionary work at Kaisarieh is the education of the Armenian women, whose social position seems to be even lower than that of their Turkish sisters. With the native Armenians, as with the Turks, fleshiness adds much to the price of a wife. The wife of a missionary is to them an object both of wonderment and contempt. As she walks along the street, they will whisper to one another: 'There goes a woman who knows all her husband's business; and who can manage just as well as himself.' This will generally be followed in an undertone by the expression, 'Madana satana,' which means in common parlance a 'female devil.' The costume of the Armenian woman is generally of some bright-colored cloth, prettily trim-

med, and the children to school, and I to my household cares with hearts full of good cheer, and pleasant remembrances."

Kindness and Politeness.

There is an essential difference between kindness and politeness, and in no relation is this distinction more easily observed than between mistress and maid, employer and employed. One woman may excel another in the number of gifts and gratuities to those in her employ and yet fail to receive the measure of willing service accorded to another, who rarely renders material assistance yet is uniformly and genuinely polite to her servants. For to be this involves a quality of sympathy, a certain personal interest, which reaches far beyond a mere superficial courtesy and really includes the element of kindness. In discussing this question, one woman said to another, "But if I should listen to a servant's talk about herself or her own people I should be afraid she would forget her position." To which the other replied: "My experience is that servants rarely forget their positions. They only resent being reminded of them." Kindness loses half its charm if separated from politeness, and politeness can hardly be called such unless it has its root in kindness.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XIV. Continued.

LATER entry in Annie's journal indicates that other troubles besides her husband's drinking were preying on her mind. It runs as follows:

Things have been brighter since the above, and I am sorry I wrote it—feel like tearing out the leaves upon which it is written, but I will not detach my book.

Clarence has fully atoned for his quick words and action. He is so perfectly devoted to us; says he wonders I do not hate him, and baby, too, but the little darling has long since forgotten his injury, and pats papa's cheek, pulls his whiskers, and kisses him.

"How could papa ever strike his baby," he said tremulously. "May my hand be palsied if it is ever raised again to strike my precious boy!"

We have both forgiven and forgotten. Clarence says he will never drink again. Has confessed in this tender hour that he had gambled in a fashionable faro bank; been enticed into it by champagne suppers, and that he had lost heavily, and that as soon as he recovered what he had lost he intended to quit this fashionable amusement, and would from this time on forever be a model husband and father.

"Let the money go, dear," I exclaimed, "don't go another time. I don't care a cent for the loss. I'll economize and save it. It will be sweet to economize for you."

"Economize, indeed!" he exclaimed in reply. "No, Annie, I've been there and played under the influence of wine and lost. I'll go there now a sober man, and win back what I have lost. Dr. Ripley says I have just got to quit both, especially drinking, for I'm getting rather shaky, and sometimes I can't control my nerves and muscles—have no power of volition at all. I will quit that gambling saloon forever, though it has been a pleasant nocturnal resort for us boys. I will quit it though, I promise you, as soon as I right myself. So

Cast that shadow from thy brow,
My dark-eyed one be glad awhile."

I did smile, I was happy, and it all ended in the sweetest of reconciliations:

Something dreadful has happened! Roy is away with his wife visiting her relations. She is jealous of his love for us, even of his love for dear mamma, so he has gone back home with her. Oh, that he were here! Clarence went to the faro bank to win—lost heavier than ever, and on the strength of this there came an imperious demand for him to meet Mr. Snow's note. I hear that Mr. Snow, while a good man, is very visionary. I know nothing of such things, only that Clarence has to raise a large amount of money on short notice. He is depressed, dispirited, came home cast down. I tried to comfort him, but, no, nothing soothes now but wine, wine, wine!

He is living drunk in the other room, and I can hear his heavy breathing as I write. Ernest is laughing and trying to win me over to play, now calling me by all his sweet pet names, but his bright face only mocks my grief. I could not bear to look at him, so I pushed him from me impatiently, and threw myself on my lounge in a flood of tears. What will be the end! Oh for a prophet's vision.

CHAPTER XV.

Val is happy.

"A letter for you, Miss Annie," said Betsey, as she handed her one addressed to Val's handwriting. Annie was glad of this diversion and read:

"DEAR ANNIE:—Some months ago I wrote you of my intended marriage, and my letter was full of joyous expectation. Our marriage has been necessarily deferred for some time to come. Mr. Carlisle has met with a heavy disappointment and loses by the failure of the National Bank in which he had deposited his all, \$2500, the accumulated savings of years. In addition

to this, the firm by whom he is employed, has lost very heavily by this failure, and it has been shaken to its very foundation. They wish Mr. Carlisle to go out West to look after some landed estate, sell it, and thus obtain means of operations, for without this help they must suspend. Now Mr. C. says he cannot ask me to marry a penniless man, then, too, he will be away perhaps for several months. It is a great trial to us both, but we try to feel that it is divinely directed and so right.

"Now, dear Annie, you expect to hear my impetuous self uttering heaps of dejected, despairing adjectives, full of sighs and tears. Instead of this, let me assure you, that never in all my life have I felt so happy as at this moment! You will wonder, and ask, what has happened now. Let me tell you,—a few days ago, I gave my heart to Jesus, and I am happy. Now he is mine and I am his and no earthly power can separate us. I will not stop to tell you the successive steps which led to this great change, for indeed it is a great change. Ah! Annie, how little in the light of this transcendent glory does earth look! I love, Mr. Carlisle as well, even better than before, for, between his prayers, and those of my dear mother, I have been enabled to lay hold on this rock, Christ Jesus, been enabled to accept him as the Saviour of my sin-cursed, lost soul! Lost? Yes, it was lost in the mazes of a forest dense and dark. It was sunk in the mire of sin, sinking faster and faster down to the terrible gulf, but thanks be to God, Jesus came to seek and to save them that are lost. He sought me, he found me, he drew me out of the depths of misery, he saved me. And now—

Not a wave of trouble rolls,
Across my peaceful breast.

Communion with Christ how sweet! Prayer, what an unspeakable privilege! Everything is absolutely glorious because my Father made them all. Now how little, earthly honors and emoluments! Once, while on a visit to your beautiful, elegant home, seeing all your surroundings of wealth and fashion, my heart pined, and I murmured against God, since he had given one man's child so much, while I, the sister's child, know nought but toil and privation. I enjoyed, revelled in the ease of your life, the magnificence of your home, and felt myself gazing down from the dizzy heights of pleasure, and I asked nothing, only to be let alone. I feel sure now, that my dear mother in allowing me to go, believed in her wisdom, that it was the best course to pursue to her wealth-craving child. If there was one thing I did admire it was the beautiful things of earth, not only the glories of nature, but those which money can buy, in short 'the lust of the eye and the pride of life.' These were my idols, idols of silver and gold. Here, before these, I sat down and murmured, secretly, silently. Had you, could you only have seen the first letter I wrote home, you would have read this in the very depths of my unbounded enthusiasm. My letters were the measures of this 'gamut of feeling,' passing from Major to Minor keys in chords of unbroken harmony and succession. At first I was overflowing, then gradually my ardor cooled, and I saw (forgive me for saying it), in your beloved self, a being with no holier aspiration than happiness. I loved you, I bowed down before you and almost worshipped your matchless beauty; and, while I longed to be like you, yet in time, the truth dawned upon my dazed vision, that the end you were seeking you had never attained. I began to see in wealth an emptiness which could not satisfy the longing of an immortal soul. In my heart of hearts, I acknowledged, that we were not put here to be mere pieces of work like the statue of Pygmalion, beautiful but lifeless. I knew that life was an earnest reality, and day after day this reality came and stared me in the face. This life-giving, health-restoring lesson I learned in your home, surrounded by all that heart and desire or gold could obtain. Then I

wrote and begged to go back home to my loved ones and to life's duties. These brought greater rest for my disquieted spirit, though not complete. Afterwards, in the devotion of my love, I thought to be fully satisfied, but I was soon constrained to confess, that the heart needs more than earthly loves to fill it. Not till I bowed at the footstool of my Lord, my Saviour, and gave him my undivided heart, did I ever know true happiness, never did I have perfect peace, complete rest. How—

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

"Annie, dear Annie, I am indeed happy. There is a peace passing knowledge, passing description or even conception, which fills my entire being. This is no impulsive, evanescent feeling, born in the morning to sink behind the western hills as evening comes creeping on. No, it is life long; yes, eternity long. Would that I could persuade you to come to this haven of rest and peace. Dear Annie, are you happy? Is there no longing in your soul for something higher, or do your arms never stretch upward to grasp an unknown but longed-for something, a something which is up above you, but which you never reach? These are the struggles of immortality. The soul knows its own eternity, and longs for a high, untainted atmosphere. Annie, will you accept the offered terms of salvation? They are full, and they are free. Go to Jesus in prayer and ask his guidance, he will direct your searchings after truth. I will not weary you with this subject, though I feel I could write forever, for it is the subject now nearest and dearest to my heart.

"We heard, and with pleasure, of Roy's happy marriage. Please give him our love and congratulations. Dear little Ernest! How I would love to fold him in my arms! I kiss his picture often and often. May he, dear Annie, be spared to be your comfort, and may he prove a blessing to the world.

"My kindest regards to Cousin Clarence, whom I remember with much affection. Mr. Carlisle desires to be remembered to you, and says he hopes the day is not far distant when he too will be able to say 'Cousin Annie.'

My dear cousin, my letter is finished, but my happy heart only half poured out. Mother writes her love, and her prayer with mine that you may soon be partaker with me of the same overflowing joy and soul-rest. Write soon. With fondest love,
VAL."

CHAPTER XVI.

Love Cannot Avail.

Annie's eyes filled with tears as she read the words of soul-satisfied joy; indeed all through the letter they were so blinded she could scarcely decipher the words before her. Then she held the letter in her hand, and pondered:

"Oh, how blessed Val is! She has by nature a happy disposition. I cannot comprehend it. Happiness 'life-long—eternity long.' Happy Val! Yet it would seem to all human appearances, that the disappointment of her marriage and the loss of \$2,500 (how little that does seem), it would seem that both of these combined would cast a shadow over her for a long time. She says she acquiesces in the divine will. Pshaw! What infatuation! But is it infatuation? Ah! Val, child, could you look into my heart now, torn and bleeding as it is you would see but an empty, hollow, coldly gleaming marble sepulchre. Papa gone and Clarence in the next room drunk! What have I done to deserve such a fate! Somehow it seems to me that death is pursuing me, follows me, wherever I go, I see his pale face, feel his icy fingers long and bony, clutching here at my boy, then at my husband and almost feel him grappling at my aching heart. Oh, what have I done! Oh, God, I know not how to pray, but Jesus, take me by the hand and lead me like a little child. Oh, gently lead me to those green pastures, I cannot wait. Give me this rest, this joy which lives through time and all through the long eternity."

Tears were streaming down her cheeks upon Ernest's dress, for he had climbed up in her arms and was lying fast asleep. Scarcely had she time to wipe them away, when the door across the hall opened, and Clarence walked slowly in. When he saw traces of tears upon her face, he exclaimed:

"Annie! has it come to this?"

Evading the question, she replied:

"I have just received a letter from Val, and it brought back old memories."

"Well, and what does our little cousin say?"

"Her intended, Mr. Carlisle, has lost \$2,500 by the failure of the bank in which he had deposited it, and the concern by whom he was employed lost very heavily, and they wish him to go West, spend some months in arranging some business out there, so, all taken together they are in a great deal of trouble and their marriage has been indefinitely postponed."

"Surely that small trifling amount would not keep them from marrying!"

"It is no trifling sum to them; it was his accumulated savings for years. They are content. Val writes full of happiness; indeed she says she has never known joy until now, and this she has found in the Saviour."

"Pshaw! Fanaticism! I thought she was a sensible girl."

"She seems very peaceful, very happy, and she says it will be life-long, eternity-long."

"Laying all this nonsense aside, I am certainly sorry for them. I wish I could help that fellow, Carlisle, out of this box, for I feel for him, but plague it all, I am overwhelmed with so many obligations myself, that I don't see my own way at all."

"Keep up your spirits, Clarence, we will come out all right, never fear. Loss of money does not matter, dear. We have each other and this blessed angel boy. Let our bank money go, all in every bank necessary. It this will not be sufficient to relieve you, you are the silent partner of a large, prosperous firm, let this go, also your railroad stock, let all go, then let us sell our interest in this house to Roy, get a small one and begin life over again. I verily believe we have begun at the wrong end. Welcome poverty, welcome labor! I am convinced that there is more happiness among the poor than is to be found in a our splendor."

"Why, Annie, are you losing your senses?"

"No, Clarence dear, only waking up waking up to the truth. I am beginning to see things as I never saw them before."

"Poverty and labor" indeed! Would n't you look beautiful cooking and washing! Imagine it if you can. Laying aside diamond rings, folding away satin dress and plunging into dish water, pots and kettles. Ha! Ha! Ha! Annie it is to ludicrous. You little romantic woman! is the vine clad cottage which you see your mind's eye. Imagine your husband homespun garb, sitting in the multi floor porch smoking his pipe stem, and Ernest picking up chips for mamma to cook supper. Ha! ha! ha! It is perfectly ludicrous too absurd to conceive of even."

"Clarence, I am in solemn earnest, may come nearer that picture than you no think. I have thought it all over, and I am ready for it when it does come."

She had laid Ernest down while she was speaking, and now coming to her husband she wound her arms around him, laid her head upon his shoulder, and went on:

"Go pay all you owe, dear, it does not matter how much it is. You have been heavily by security, pay all, and do not stop to grieve. Go, pay your gambler's debt if it takes every cent, pay everything. My darling, I can bear this, can bear poverty, labor, any, everything, but I cannot, cannot stand it to see you coming home as you have been coming lately. Clarence, if you love me, if you love your baby, for my sake, for his sake, for God's sake, don't drink!"

He pressed her quivering lip, silently looked softly, tenderly into her face, spoke no word, then he moved away, took his hat and was gone.

That night the tramp of feet was heard upon the stairway, heavy as though weight was borne. It was Clarence brought in by four men, drunk. Annie met them directed them to the room, while she looked on with a bursting heart. One of the men was a rejected lover, one who had urged her suit long, but she had trifled with him awhile and then refused him. Now, as they stood together, with a heartless, exultant leer, pointing to the body, he said:

"I have brought you your husband madam."

She drew up her form to its full height and, fixing her flashing eyes upon him, replied:

"Sir, I would rather have that man lying there for my husband, than the grandest lord of earth. You are kind, sir, I thank you."

He quickly bowed himself out, and left her to her sorrowful work.

(To be continued.)

"AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

There are very few people, however, single their lives, who do not cherish a vague hope that in some way they will go to heaven when they die. It does not occur to them that they might not be happy there. The correspondent of the "Watchword" relates how a suggestion on that view of the subject was used with good results: "I have just been thinking," said a Christian traveler to a profane and half-drunken coach-driver, with whom he had been journeying, "I have just been thinking what you would do in heaven! There will be no coaches, nor horses, nor harness to swear at; no saloons to get drunk in; no stable companions to quarrel with—what will you do in heaven!" The question was startling, ill-timed, and unexpected. It proved like a nail in a sure place, and, by the blessing of God, it brought him to repentance. Perhaps some reader whose life is worldly may be indulging the hope of going to heaven. Read your Bible and see what heaven is and what its employments are. Now, my friend, you must know that God cannot change heaven to suit your sin-tastes and propensities. If you ever hope, or wish, to get there, it is you that must undergo the change. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Peculiar Perils

Sail our health in the Fall, when the sea-son changes and mild weather gives way to chilling winds and cold storms, with dangerous warm waves between. This variable weather taxes the nervous energy, chills the skin and overloads the kidneys. An abundant supply of pure blood is thus necessary to prevent the advance of disease, to nourish the nerves, renew the waste and sustain the health tone. To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the ideal Fall medicine. Get Hood's because

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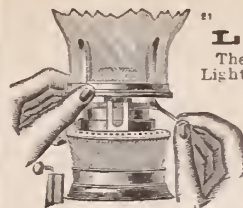
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BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

(Isaiah 41:6.)

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

BE of good courage, my brother,
Now in the morning of youth,
Walk in the road that is narrow,
Still battle for God and truth,
Trust Jesus thy mighty Captain.
He conquered Satan and sin,
Storm every stronghold of evil,
With him you will surely win.

Be of good courage, my brother,
Now in the midst of the fight;
Though storms and conflicts surround thee,

Still trust in thy Saviour's might.
Thy God will never forsake thee,
He's ever faithful and true.

Then be of good courage, brother,
He'll bring thee all the way through.

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A PHRENOLOGIST AT FAULT.

An incident related by Prof. J. Collier indicates how marvelous a change may be effected by grace in a man's character. He says: "In a certain town a phrenologist was lecturing on phrenology and physiognomy, and declared his ability to tell from the formation of the head and the expression of the features of any man, his exact nature. His challenge was accepted, and a rough-faced, stern-looking man mounted the platform. The phrenologist went to work, and after a thorough examination of the skull and face of the subject, described him as harsh, cold, unsympathetic, and possessed of many most disagreeable characteristics; but the audience, who knew him well, heard the description with derisive laughter. They knew the man to be kind, genial, sympathetic, and benevolent. They told the Professor that he had miserably failed to judge character by his science. As to this man he was altogether wrong. But the man himself did not seem to be in any way amused. Turning to the people, he said, 'Friends, do not laugh. The description you have heard portrays exactly what my nature was till Jesus took possession of me; and if there be any change, to him be the honor ascribed, for it is his doing.'"

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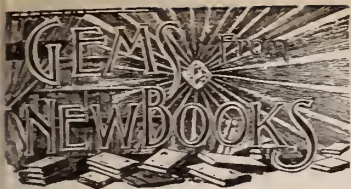
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THE WORKS OF FAITH.*

It has often been supposed that there was position betwixt this utterance of James and the doctrine of Paul. It is to be nevertheless acknowledged at once that this is the case, when one reflects that the works of which Paul speaks are entirely different from those which James intends. Paul always speaks of the works of the law: James has his eye upon the works of faith. The works of the law are those which are done out of the personal power of man, in the direction of fulfilling the law. God in order to merit the favor of God make himself worthy of it. Of these the word of God says, that the man is justified without the work of the law. He can do nothing that is good or meritorious: all that comes from him is impure and deserving of wrath. On the contrary, the works of faith of which James speaks are those which must be done for the confirmation and the perfecting of faith, and thus out of the power which God gives and not to merit anything. They serve to manifest that which faith has received from free grace. They follow upon conversion, while the works of the law can only precede this change. The works of the law will be able to glorify man: the works of faith give him all the honor: for they are done in the acknowledgment of personal unworthiness. Works and faith go together, as being both fruits of grace and tokens of the renewing of the mind—faith as the root of the works, the works as the perfecting of faith.

In this way it can now be clearly understood what the word of God means, when one passage it says: "To him that worketh not but believeth, his faith is reckoned for righteousness," and then again insists on works. The works which are one apart from faith, as an endeavor to make ourselves worthy of God's favor and thus keep us back from faith, the reception of God's free grace, are not to be done: they are abominable in the eyes of God: He that worketh not is justified." The works which are done with and in faith, while the soul in the sense of its unworthiness commits itself to the gracious promises of God, just because it hopes or knows that the Lord receives it apart from its

merits, and seeks to praise him for them, are acceptable to God, and must be done, the more the better. And it is of these that it is said that "man is justified by works": they are the manifestation of faith and actual fruit-bearing, and not merely of a faith that continues inactive, and is thus dead.

FRATERNAL HELP.

The rich are debtors to the poor, because the rich and poor are brothers, and every brother owes his brother something. There is one debt, Paul says, which never can be paid: it is perpetually outstanding; installment after installment touches only the interest: the principal remains. It is the debt of fraternal love. The rich ought to use some of their money in paying the interest on this debt. They do use a great deal of their money for that purpose, but not always with ideal wisdom. For the deserving poor do not ask alms. They ask opportunity and brotherly consideration. And to that they have a right. To the poor ought to be given the right hand of every prosperous Christian. The poor man ought to have a friend in any member of the church. Every employer of labor has his answer to the question, how to help the poor? marked out plain before him. The poor, so far as he is concerned, are his own men. It is his place to see that they are not taken advantage of by reason of their poverty; that they are not given a scant wage: are not over-taxed; are not kept at work so many hours

* From *The Heresy of Cain*, by George Hodges. A book showing the heinousness of the sin of neglecting the claims of human brotherhood. Pp. 200; price, 6r. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

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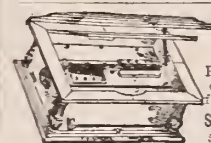
that they have no chance to live like Christians. That is what the poor man asks of the philanthropist—the plain philanthropy of practical fair-dealing.

And from us all the poor need sympathy. The rich and the poor alike need to know each other better. Genuine help comes along the way of personal acquaintance. Jesus helped the poor, not by giving them money, for he had none to give, but by giving them his time and his attention and his love. Every Christian family which is comfortably circumstanced ought to have some neighbor, not so plentifully supplied, whom they are fraternally helping: and helping not in any spirit of condescension, not with any taint of pride or of position, but with real interest and personal friendship, and delight in giving pleasure. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy." Considereth!—the benediction does not come to the careless giver. "Give to him that asketh thee"—give what? Give your attention, your best thought, your helping hand, yourself.

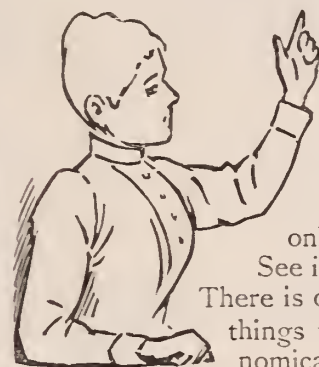
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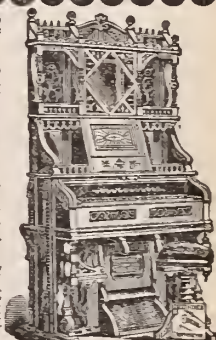
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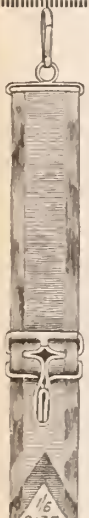
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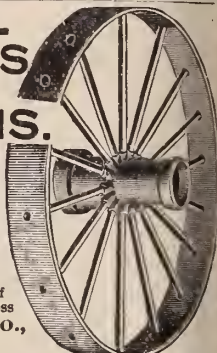
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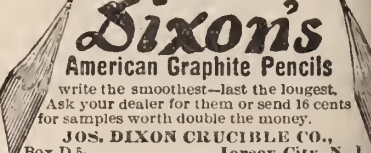
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

V. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1894.

NUMBER 46.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS' WORK FOR CHRIST.

Splendid Record of the Brooklyn City Mission—Gospel Efforts that have Broadened with the Years—Redeeming the Homeless and Saving the Outcast.



BROOKLYN, besides being a city of churches, is also the home of many other noble, practical, Christian philanthropes. One of the most distinguished and useful of these is the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, an organization which, for two-thirds of a century, has been laboring for the evangelization and improvement of the poor and the criminal among a very large cosmopolitan population. Its missionaries go into the piers, the lodging-houses, and the slums, and they preach the living Gospel of Christ to a multitude who would not otherwise be brought within the reach of evangelical ministrations. Its work lies among a variety of nationalities. Founded sixty-five years ago, it has steadily widened its field and multiplied its energies and the number of its workers with the passing years, until now, in the zenith of its activity, it has become one of the grandest agencies in the city missions, rescue a temperance work every known of his continent. Thousands of convicts can indicate the good of their contact with the Mission at the turning-point of their lives; a multitude of prosperous homes owe to it much of their happiness, and the afflicted poor in the tenements, who have been rescued from absolute starvation by its generous benevolence in times of depression, regard it with loving gratitude. Eleven churches, of various Protestant denominations, have grown out of the labors of its missionaries in Brooklyn and its immediate suburbs.



DR. G. LE LACHEUR, Superintendent.

to help the seamen spiritually the Mission has a Floating Bethel, and is contemplating the establishment of a sailors' boarding house and shipping agency which are greatly needed. Its missionaries reported last year 2,460 ships and canal boats visited.

The officers of the Society, which has its headquarters at 102-110 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, are: S. S. Marples, Chairman; and J. J. Tower, Vice-Chairman; Thomas Christie, Treasurer. The Executive Committee consists of: Thomas A. Nelson, D.D., Asa W. Parker, A. D. Wheelock, Charles W. Ide, C. A. Perkins, L. D. Mason, M.D., G. Hoyt, Thomas B. McLeod, D.D., Harold McGill Davis, Alfred H. Porter, James W. Elwell, Dwight Johnson, and G. LeLacheur, M.D., the last four being ex-officio. Dr. LeLacheur, who is the General Superintendent and Secretary of the Mission, was a medical missionary who joined the Society's forces eight years ago. About four years ago he was appointed General Superintendent and his extraordinary zeal and practical methods have been of the utmost value. A thorough Christian, his enthusiasm expends itself in action, and his ability as an executive has been demonstrated by the great progress the work has made under his charge. He has planned and established the Industrial Department, the Lodging-House work, also various other branches, besides opening up new and valuable fields of Christian effort. He is ably aided in his labors by Mrs. LeLacheur who established the "Helping Hand Mission" for Homeless Girls, which is a remarkable success. He also founded



WORKERS IN THE BROOM AND CHAIR SHOP OF THE BROOKLYN CITY MISSION.

(From a Photograph taken for "The Christian Herald" The "Floating Bethel" is shown on the right.)

and established a Shelter House, a Faith Chapel and various other agencies that are now in successful operation and doing much good. A portrait of Superintendent LeLacheur appears on this page.

Another devoted and efficient worker, whose efforts have done much to strengthen the Mission is Mr. Nathaniel Nicolai, whose special field is conducting Gospel meetings, and visiting business men and philanthropists who have become

personally interested in the Mission and contribute to its support.

(Continued on page 722.)

The Brooklyn City Mission Society is un denominational. It was organized in 1829 and has a foreign Home and Medical mission,



HOME AGAIN!

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Text: Luke 15: 23, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

IN all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing, and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door, and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good; nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who, in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my door-bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water; to the morning—rosate, treasured,

mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace, and life and comfort, and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!"

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said: "Now, this is my experience: 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things.'" If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would: tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Stop, Lord; it is enough! Stop, Lord—enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found out—Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron, whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire, cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II., consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a-Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come; one Christian soldier, lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight,

And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded, until, it was said, there were at least ten thousand wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides,
That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender your-

self for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle, and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest; and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin, and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "how do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. Our God is not a Sultan, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, his joy is greater; and when a soul comes back, there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness; and to express that gladness, it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed

back from the everlasting gates, he cries "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again!"

At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist, and played the solo, and then afterward eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the soul of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra, was greater than all the combined joy of the universe, when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years, a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went on aggravating circumstances; but the father said, "He will come back." The son was too much, and his mind parted; three times a day the father went. In an early morning, he watched the train's arrival, the stepping out of the passenger, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. He has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. He will come, some of you, will you not? You will! you will!

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this Gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I have seen somebody would write a good, rough book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, they do not break down with emotion. I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his life, I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man, who is bound hand and foot in evil habit, emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation.

Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They are the trumpet, and ought they not to be heard of the gathering of the host! They point to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water-brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits at the banquet?

We are in sympathy with all inner harmonies. We can enjoy a hearty laugh, and we can be merry with the merriest, but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. In great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen twenty of them. I thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back, all earnest Christians rejoice. They stood on a promontory and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed against the rocks and you saw people get ashore. The life boats and the very last man on the rocks in safety, you could not contain your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home just as those Christians sing. It is not a dull you hear at such times. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting the case in the hands of God with an im-

ading. Men never pray at great unless they have nothing to say and hearts are hard and cold. All the in the Bible that were answered port prayers: "God be merciful to mer." "Lord, that I may receive sit." "Lord, save me or I perish." ggest prayer. Solomon's prayer at igation of the temple, less than minutes in length, according to the rate of enunciation. And just m pray now that the prodigals are home. And then see those Christian ow illumined they are. And see t man get up and with the same at he sang fifty years ago in the ntry meeting-house, say, "Now, ettest thou thy servant depart in or mine eyes have seen thy salva- There was a man of Keith who was to prison in time of persecution, o day he got off his shackles and he d stood by the prison door, and e jailer was opening the door, with e he struck down the man who rcerated him. Passing along the e of London, he wondered where his was. He did not dare to ask lest he pspicion, but, passing along a little m the prison, he saw a Keith tank- up that belonged to the family from n to generation—he saw it in a . His family, hoping that some would get clear, came and lived as they could to the prison house, and that Keith tankard in the window, he would see it: and he came along it, and knocked at the door, and t, and the long-absent family were er again. Oh, if you would start kingdom of God to-day, I think ef you would find nearly all your and nearly all your families around tankard of the holy communion—e mothers, brothers, sisters around d tankard which commemorates o of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it ba great communion day when your family sits around the sacred tank- one of earth, one in heaven.

more I remark, that when the prod- s back the inhabitants of heaven pital. I am very certain of it. If ve never seen a telegraphic chart, e no idea how many cities are con- together and how many lands. r all the neighborhoods of the cartn mulated, and news flies from city d and from continent to continent. re rapidly go the tidings from earth een, and when a prodigal returns it nounced before the throne of God. And e souls to-day should enter the king- ere would be some one in the heav- gdom to say: "That's my father," as my mother," "That's my son," as my daughter," "That's my ne." "That's the one I used to pray ears," and one soul would say, "na!" and another soul would say, "ajah!"

aised with the news the saints below
s songs their tongues employ:
d and the skies the tidings go,
d Heaven is filled with joy.
angels can their joy contain,
ut kindle with new fire;
sinner lost is found, they sing,
nd strike the sounding lyre.

At banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the
to At the Macedonian festival sat Philip
queror. At the Grecian banquet sat
as the philosopher; but at our Father's
e all the returned prodigals, more
nquerors. The table is so wide its
e each across seas and across lands.
e are the redeemed of earth and the
rits of heaven. The ring of God's fore-
ens on every hand, the robe of a
vir's righteousness adroop from every
r. Let all the redeemed of earth and
to glorified of heaven rise, and with
g chalice drink to the return of a
d prodigals. Sing! sing! sing!
Yon is the Lamb that was slain to re-
ve lessing and riches and honor and
nd power, world without end!"

Sixty-Five Years' Work for Christ.

Continued from first page.

"We have a missionary laboring among the criminal part of our population," Mr. Nicolai explained to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "and services are held in the King's County Penitentiary and in Raymond Street Jail every week. One missionary is constantly laboring in the County buildings, through whose instrumentality the Gospel is preached and sung to over 5,000 criminals. We have a missionary who visits the numerous lodging houses between Fulton Ferry and City Hall, in which hundreds of homeless men sleep every night. Our Women's Auxiliary has six missionaries working among factory girls, and in the police courts rescuing young girls, and also among the Italians and Jews.

"Since the establishment of our Industrial Department," he added, "we have furnished employment to 400 men, have fitted out 1,000 with clothing, and given over 158,000 meals and 77,370 lodgings. Last year we produced brooms of our own manufacture to the value of \$13,000. Our main object is not only to relieve the immediate necessities of our beneficiaries, but to try to restore them to a condition of self-support and self-respect. An Industrial Department of missionary work has become a great necessity in every large city, and an object of our work is to give employment to homeless and friendless men who cannot find employment otherwise. Some of them are discharged from prison, some from hos-

pital. How to deal with the thousands of idle and able-bodied men, who are constantly found in a large city, especially in the winter season, is a difficult problem to solve. Should no opportunity arise to secure outside work employment for the applicant, he is set to work at the Mission's broom factory, where numbers of unskilled laborers, with very little training, can be made to turn out a quantity of work that materially aids in defraying the cost of their support. Another industrial feature is the City Mission Farm, at Smithtown, L.I., where, during the spring and summer months, a number of men are employed. Other work is also furnished for the men, including chair-caning, repairing, etc., according to their ability. An illustration, accompanying this article, shows the interior of the Broom and Chair Department of the Mission.

On the Floating Bethel, an illustration of which is presented on the first page of this issue, the evangelical labors have been greatly blessed. Captain H. L. Meeker, who is in charge of the work, has given as the average number of sailors who visited the Bethel in a year, 5,458, of whom 2760 attended Divine service, and 195 made requests for prayer; 678 signed temperance pledges in a year, and nearly 1,500 Bibles, testaments and tracts were distributed among the sailors by the mission-

His Life-Work Ended.

Sunday School Missionary Henry Densmore Passes to his Reward—A Noble Record of Christian Service.



THE LATE REV. HENRY DENSMORE.

WHEN the roll is called up yonder," and the trials and triumphs of God's people on earth are rehearsed, the names of a host of humble and unostentatious workers, who have given their whole lives to the cause of the Gospel, will not be omitted. Such a one was Henry Densmore, a veteran missionary of the American Sunday School Union, whose extraordinary career of Christian activity came to a close at Blanchard, Mich., on Oct. 24, last. Mr. Densmore was born in Ohio, in 1822, and moved with his parents to Michigan when that State was a wilderness, occupied by Indians and wild animals. He belonged to a family of giants, being one of six brothers, each of whom was over six feet tall, Henry being six feet four inches. The father and sons farmed, while the women spun flax, made all the garments, and kept house. They had no schools or churches. In due time a missionary came along and organized a Sunday School, and, at the age of sixteen, Henry, without a common school education, was chosen Superintendent. His ardent love for children, and the help of the missionary, gave him great success in the work, so much so that he was urged to enter the service as a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in his own State. This he declined to do, being still too worldly-minded to recognize a divine call in the matter. Some time after, he contracted consumption, and soon the doctors told him he had less than three months to live. Then, and then only, did he decide to devote the balance of his days to the Lord, and he was commissioned, but only for a short period, and against the remonstrances of his friends.

The field was 150 miles from home, among the pine forests, where he miraculously revived, and was soon restored to health. He never left the service since that hour, when he set out, as his friends fully believed, only to die. His record of twenty-five years' work shows 450 new Sunday Schools organized, with 1,829 teachers, and 15,000 scholars; 2,414 addresses made, 671 other schools visited and aided, with 12,169 teachers, and over 100,000 scholars; books to the value of many thousands of dollars sold or distributed among needy schools; thousands of Bibles and Testaments distributed, and nearly 5,000 visits made to families on the field. To accomplish this work, Mr. Densmore has traveled over 200,000 miles, over mountain, forest and river, a distance computed as fully equal to eight times around the world. The greater part of his traveling was done on a pair of sturdy Indian ponies. He was the last of a band of five missionaries, who began work in the Michigan field about the same time, the others having gone to their reward.

His snowy hair and beard framed a face that shone with kindness in every feature. While in New York recently, he visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, and recalled some of his more striking experiences, and an article on the subject appeared in our columns at the time, which many readers will remember.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE BROOKLYN CITY MISSION AND TRACT SOCIETY.

pitals, and others are those who flock to our cities and become victims of circumstances."

One of the most interesting features of the Society's field is its Industrial Rescue Work. Many have been redeemed from the lowest grade of tramping, and restored to respectability through its efforts. Similar success, although on somewhat different lines, has attended the efforts of the Mission among fallen women. At "The Helping Hand Mission," on Willoughby Street, many poor wanderers have been reclaimed, and won back to lives of usefulness and respectability. In the past twelve months the Home has sheltered two hundred and forty-five girls.

Of a distinct character is the work among the vast number of unemployed, who through misfortune or sickness, have been rendered helpless, and dependent upon

aries. A number of instances of conversion have occurred on the Bethel, and the work is increasing every year.

To enumerate, even with slight detail, the various excellent agencies which this great Mission has set at work for the furtherance of the Gospel, would occupy many columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Not only are many souls being won by its workers, in the prisons, on the streets, on shipboard and in the various Homes and Shelters which it controls; but of all practical methods that will help in restoring the degraded masses to a sphere of respectability it has shown a high and vigorous appreciation. Girls improvement clubs, medical missionary work, German, Hebrew, Italian, Scandinavian, Chinese and other missions are all being conducted by its devoted and energetic missionaries.



OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

**S. S. Lesson for Nov. 25. Mark 3:22-35.
Golden Text John 1: 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.**

CONSIDER him that endured such contradiction against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds" (Heb. 12:2). The ministry of our blessed Lord was, from first to last, opposed and thwarted by men and devils. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword," or, rather, division. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Instead of hailing with joy the birth of the "King of the Jews," Jerusalem was troubled at the very news of his birth; and her king, Herod, took measures to get rid of him even in his early infancy. Bethlehem could find no room for him in the inn where travellers were welcomed. And, very soon after the commencement of his ministry, a systematic opposition to his life and teaching was instituted and maintained by the leaders of religion and religious thought in his day. His first visit to Jerusalem in the capacity of teacher, had gone far to arouse the jealousy and enmity of the priests and theologians of Jerusalem, when they saw the standing scandal of the desecrations of the temple swept away in one hour by the irresistible authority of One whom they only knew as an obscure peasant from the despised province of Galilee. Even John the Baptist's ministry, so popular at first, and patronized even by Herod, who "did many things, and heard him gladly," passed

A Commission of Inquiry

from the priests and Levites, who were sent officially from Jerusalem to investigate his personal and prophetic authority. The popular mind was ill at ease under the searching teaching of the Baptist: how much more under that of Christ, with its powerful "seal of works which none other man did." The religious leaders of the day became more and more alive to the fact that, if Christ's ministry were to go on, their influence must decline, and thus they lost no time and no opportunity to thwart and hinder, to combat, and to bring into contempt both the Teacher and the Doctrine which so reflected upon their own powerless words and deeds. Thus, wherever Jesus went, he was accompanied, and his footsteps were dogged, by critics, eagerly watching, jealously listening, for something by which they might condemn him.

at Nazareth, as we have already seen, the opposition to God's Christ was so intense that, taking the law into their own hands, the members of the synagogue had attempted, but in vain, to take the life of the meek Offender, on the ground that he was only Joseph's son, personally known to them, and therefore they could not accept that the words he had read from Isa. 41: were fulfilled in him. They were aroused, their consciences were pricked; but their prejudices, their own views of Scripture, their national pride, could not, and would not yield. There was no stopping short, no probability of compromise, no taking up a neutral position. Then, as now, the words of Christ were true: "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. 12: 30); and thus early in his career, the men he came to save sought to

Get Rid of the 'Saviour'

from the world. Jealous of the multitudes which followed Jesus "to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities," Pharisees and doctors of the law came out of every town of Galilee, and Judea and Jerusalem. They were a representative company; the cause of the established order of things was at stake, and the commission of inquiry was instituted on a large scale. What it must have been for Jesus to carry

on his ministry of love and power and blessing in such an atmosphere under such a system of espionage, we can never know. But this we do know, that he took this, with all else, from his Father, and himself never shunned the cross, which he called on his followers to take up for his sake,

There are many trials which are easier to bear than constant, systematic contradiction. But the Master led the way, in his ministry, to the victory of his own over this temptation, too. When the paralytic was let down through the roof of the house in Capernaum, opposition was working in the hearts of those unfriendly spectators, and Jesus dealt with it before it found expression, and answered the thoughts of those men, thus putting them to shame. On a subsequent occasion, in the house of Levi or Matthew, the publican, they, having been exposed by Jesus before, went more cautiously to work, and attacked Jesus through his disciples—neither frank enough nor courageous enough to speak to him directly: "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" They got their answer from the Old Testament Scriptures. Then they changed their tactics, and questioned the action of the disciples, not speaking directly to them, but to Christ. Oh, the meanness of this cowardly spirit, which dares not speak directly to one! It was consonant with their whole attitude of these men, who must have felt ill at ease in the holy transparency of the atmosphere in which the Son of God lived and walked. Again they got their answer (Luke 5:33-35).

Jesus could not go through the cornfields but that these spies went too: and again they raised a question, which was answered from the Word (Luke 6: 3-5). He could not heal the man with the withered hand, but that the commission of inquiry made a note that he had, on two occasions, broken the Sabbath (Luke 5: 2), and "they were filled with madness, and communed, one with another, what they might do."

When he was invited to eat bread, his enemies went too, having perhaps themselves made the arrangements, that their opportunity might be the better to attain their purpose. In one case, the very Pharisee who had bidden him was the critic (Luke 7: 36-50); on another occasion, it is expressly stated, "as he went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day, that they watched him" (Luke 14: 1).

It was but the culmination of this opposition, when these religious leaders, near the time of his decease, grew desperate. He had raised Lazarus from the dead, and these, his enemies, who had before sought to apprehend him (John 7:44-49), and could not find any of the officers who would lay hands on him, gathered a council, not to examine into the claims of Christ to Messiahship; not to institute an inquiry as to whether the truth of God was with him, but to secure their own position and reputation, at any cost, by getting rid of him. "What do we?" they said, "for this Man doeth many signs. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation" (John 11:47, 48, R V.), and the high priest prophesied that Jesus must die for the nation. Oh, how little they knew that in their wicked enmity they were, nevertheless, working out the purposes of God!

Can we wonder if we, too, meet with opposition? The offence of the cross has not ceased. We are sent out as

"Lambs in the Midst of Wolves,"
but the wolf atmosphere around us is God's precious provision for the living of a lamb-like life. It is our high privilege to be "joint heirs with Christ," by being permitted to share in his experiences down here. Paul suffered the loss of all things

that he might "know him and the fellowship of his sufferings." The world and the natural heart of man cannot endure opposition. The instinct of retaliation is rooted in the very being of one's self life. But our beloved Lord came to introduce newness of life, divine nature, the life of God, in which there is no retaliation, for "God is love."

Jesus had been casting out a devil from one who was blind and dumb. The man was now speaking and seeing, "and all the multitudes were amazed, and said: 'Is not this son of David?'" This was the occasion, probably, when the multitudes came together in such numbers that the Lord and his disciples found no leisure, so much as to eat; and his friends interfered, saying that he was beside himself.

LESSON POINTS.

**Suggestions and Illustrations for the
Use of Sunday School Teachers.**



A JEWISH SCRIBE

ecclesiastical lawyers. Originally mere writers and copyists, they had risen to the rank of a learned profession. Their time being chiefly spent in making superbly written copies of the law and the works of the prophets, they acquired a mechanical familiarity with the sacred books, and so, easily secured recognition as authorities on all questions of Jewish history and as interpreters of the law. They were the best instruments the council at Jerusalem could employ to discredit Jesus. Already they had charged him with Sabbath-breaking, and with blasphemy, and now they were about to make an outrageous accusation, which cut Jesus to the quick and elicited from him a more careful and elaborate reply than he usually gave to accusers. It is probable that while they were at Capernaum, Jesus worked the two miracles which Matthew describes (9 : 32 and 12 : 22). Mark does not describe them, but alludes to them. The Scribes could not deny the miracles in the face of the evidence ; indeed, they may have witnessed them. But with characteristic ingenuity and malignity, they made a wicked imputation which would surely impress the people. "Yes," they said in effect, "Jesus had cast out these two devils and had delivered the sufferers. There is no question about it ; but how had he done it ? He was in league with the prince of devils, who had invested him with power over the lower orders of demons. These inferior demons obeyed him as they would their master, Beelzebub, whose deputy Jesus was." It was a crafty suggestion which would, if believed, cause the people to shrink from Jesus in horror, as an incarnation of Satan. Jesus perceived the danger, and recognizing the malignity of the aspersion, turned upon his assailants with a vigor which they and the people must have been unprepared for in so gentle a teacher. Brushing aside any personal resentment, he charges them with speaking against the Holy Ghost. He indignantly brands their accusation with its real character. But the mischief was done. Even Mary and his family were affected. They would have withdrawn him from his work if they could. They acted as if he were a fanatic, or a lunatic, who must be cared for. Again, as when a boy in the Temple, and as at the marriage at Cana, Jesus has plainly to tell his mother

that her relationship could not be permitted to interfere with his higher obligations. It is strange that, to this day, Roman Catholics should implore the Virgin's intercession with her Son, when the Gospel so explicitly how unavailing it was when he was on earth.

If a kingdom be divided against itse
old marine in the English navy in 1
ing his adventures said that the most
engagement he had ever been in
tween the ship to which he belong
another English vessel, where on
in the night they mistook each oth
French man-of-war. Several perso
wounded and both vessels sustaine
damage from the firing. But when
broke great and painful was their
to see the English flag flying fro
ships, and they had been fighting

ships; and they had been fighting *Hath never forgiveness.* The my the sin against the Holy Ghost. Christ declares to be unpardonable been the cause of distress to many v that they have committed it. The s told of one man who suffered torture account. An evangelist, hearing sought him out and asked him thought he had committed the unpardon sin. "I have opposed the work of he said. "So did Paul," was the re have denied Christ." "So did Pet rejected the testimony of his ser "So did Thomas." "I have sinned light." "So did David." For 1 time in years, the man looked up in his face. "Do you think God give me?" "I know he will, if y it." The man sought and had th ane of forgiveness.

Another case did not end so happily. The minister who tells it believes the man had really committed the unpardonable sin. The conversation took place at a revival meeting, where one of the men was urged to give his heart to God. He replied: "It is useless; God would not do me." "Why?" "I do not want for one thing." The terrors of damnation were explained to him, but "Yes, I know it all, and I wonder how I can be so insensible, but I simply don't care. I will not make any effort to arouse him to a sense of his sin. It will be futile." The man sighed as he said: "I wish I had the desire for salvation. I came here hoping it would be excused. I have none." The minister, who was a good man, afterward learned that the man had once professed in a revival to have been saved, and had fallen away. He had sealed his doom by ridiculing his fellow sinners in worldly company. He had been in the habit of declaring that he had tested the influence of the Holy Spirit, and had found it a fraud. There was not power in it as in mesmerism, and much like mesmerism. "I believe," the minister who tells the story, "that God punished him by leaving him alone, so that he could not repent, because God did him the power to do so."

That kingdom cannot stand. The Jesuits who went to Germany to protect the interests of the Romish Church says the great historian Ranke, Spinoza who were at a great disadvantage unfamiliar with the language. I took possession of the universities and conquered us on our own ground in our own homes, and made a large part of the country their own. This, he goes on to say, sprang entirely from the want of understanding among the Protestant dissenters, and of sufficient enlargement of mind to tolerate unessential differences. We were united; we were separated. We were in violent opposition among each other and were an easy prey to these crafty strangers.

All sins shall be forgiven. So sinners have had a difficulty in realizing the truth of this promise. The difficulty was from the impossibility of fully comprehending the sublimity of God's love. The greatest natures among men, the most noble, like, which are the most ready to forgive. It is the small, weak men who cannot give. When the Duke of Argyll, taken in rebellion against the will of the meanest of all the Stuarts, James II., was brought into the presence of the king, James said to him: "You know it is my power to pardon you?" Argyll replied: "It is in your power, but it is not in my nature." He was condemned to death. On the morning of the execution, he came to his affairs, and then retired to a private room to pray. On being told that the hour of execution had arrived, he came with a cheerful face. "I know," he said, "God forgives my sins, and I die in peace."

DISCIPLES IN CONFERENCE.

Phases of Aggressive Christian Work at Home and Abroad Discussed at the Convention of the Church of the Disciples of Christ at Richmond, Va.

Recent issue of this journal we briefly outlined the work of the Church of the Disciples, and referred to the approaching national convention of the Church. We are now enabled, by the kindness of Rev. S. T. Willis, pastor of the second Church of the Disciples in New York, to publish the picture of the convention held at Richmond, Va., in which the convention was held, with portraits of three of the prominent leaders of the denomination. Rev. Jabez Hall, pastor of the second Church, who was elected President of the Convention; Dr. L. Loos of Lexington, Ky., President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society; and Rev. John Wells Allen, President of the Home Mission Board, which in the Disciples' Church is known by the title of the General Christian Missionary Convention.

The convention received a cordial welcome from Col. John B. Cary, who referred to the presence of the convention from the North. He said: "Many of you who approached our fair city with the inspiration of that slogan of 'to Richmond,' with tattered banners, carried ranks; then we barred our gates against you. To-day you brethren, marching under the banner of the blessed 'Prince of Peace,' and to you our gates and take you into the city and homes." In replying to the address, Mr. Allen struck the keynote of the convention. He said in the course of his address: "The chief need in the Kingdom of God is not larger numbers, nor broader culture, nor a better organization of our forces, valuable and these are, but the possession in measure of the Holy Spirit."

The reports of the four great Boards of the Church showed, however, that the membership of the various churches, while recognizing the need of the Holy Spirit's aid as an essential factor in all religious progress, had not neglected to supply funds for the same. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions had the gratifying news to give that it had received during the past year a total of \$64,582 from all sources. The Church Extension reported the increase on its record, larger even than the phenomenal year of 1891, when it received from unexpected sources a total of \$21,902. The General Christian Missionary Convention, which has for the home missions, reported the increase for the year at \$37,865. This was the result of the money raised by the mission for church buildings, etc., which during the total contributed up to \$88,000 and the Foreign Missionary Society reported the receipt of \$73,258, a gain of \$16,000 over the receipts of the previous year. That so much money should have been contributed at a time when nearly all religious enterprises are suffering from a decrease of income, was very gratifying to the Convention, and the subject of sincere thanks to the Lord in whom all gifts come.

The reports of spiritual results were encouraging. In the home field the pastor said: "The year has been the most fruitful in the conversion of souls of our history of our people. Great inner revivals have been made on every hand. The work of our evangelists has been blessed. We have been able to convert evangelistic efforts into much new work." But there was no disposition to rest with past achievements. After speaker echoed the desire of the Convention for larger and more earnest aggressive work. "The Disciples are optimistic," said the Rev. A. B. Philpott of Philadelphia, "and I am glad of it; but we must not fear to look facts in the face, and see them, we should report them. Ten thousand dollars expended by our evangelists to evangelize a single city would be a very modest sum with which to plant the Gospel in the waste places of the United States. The time has come for a greatly enlarged work. Christ has promised to be with us, but we must go to the world. He is the power to shake the hand of corn shake like the ear of Lebanon. Sowing sparingly, we shall reap sparingly, and sowing abundantly, so shall we reap. 'Missionary zeal,' the speaker con-

tinued, "must have a broader foundation than rivalry. Missionary giving is a solemn duty, and the men sent out with the money given are winning souls to Christ. The great motive prompting our generous giving should be to capture America for Christ. Men love the larger fellowship. The power of the great Endeavor movement is in its broad, undenominational fellowship; and this is so captivating that he who once feels it will never be willing to go back again to narrow and selfish aims and purposes. We must learn to give as did faithful Abraham: give as the widow who cast in all her living; give as the blessed Son of God, who gave all, that we, through his poverty, might become rich. Our brotherhood needs the quickening that comes from fresh and larger victories in new fields. We must not only be able to tell what we believe, but we must show what we are doing. Not what do you believe, but what are you doing, is the watchword of the nineteenth century. This is the day of our opportunity, and the future is in our grasp."

One of the most eloquent appeals made at the Convention came from the Rev. C. C. Smith, of Masillon, O., on behalf of the

full plea. They have great claims upon our sympathy; all the claim which the needy have upon those who have abundance; which the weak have upon the strong; which the ignorant have upon the cultured; which the fallen have upon the upright; which the sinful have upon the righteous; which the barbarian had on Paul, and which we have upon Jesus Christ. In us is their only hope, and as we deliver them from weakness and sin, we free our country from pollution and death."

This earnest appeal had immediate results: an offering was taken up in the Convention which amounted to over two thousand dollars.

Christian Endeavor flourishes in the Church of the Disciples, its broad platform and its inter-denominational fellowship being characteristics always appreciated by the Church wherever they are found. Rev. J. Z. Tyler of Cleveland, O., is Superintendent of this branch of the work and he like the other officers of the Church was able to report progress. He said that the aggregate number of Societies given in the report one year ago was 1,681, which was 364 more than were given the year previous. The aggregate number reported this year is 3,248, an increase of 563 over the number given last year. "These Societies," Dr. Tyler said, "are supporting pastors and foreign missionaries, are helping to build

tion the result of his conference with Dr. J. B. Hawthorne of Atlanta, Ga., and other



REV. JABEZ HALL.
The New President of the Convention.

Baptist ministers on the possibility of union between the Church of the Disciples and the Baptists, and asked for the appointment of a committee to continue the negotiations. Dr. Tyler in closing his address said that the first sermon he ever penned, now old and yellow, was on the subject of Christian Union. He declared that if he knew when he was to die he would be glad that his last utterance should be on the same subject. He was sometimes called a hobbyist, but he that as it might, he would willingly live and die in attempting to bring about that union for which his Master had so earnestly prayed.

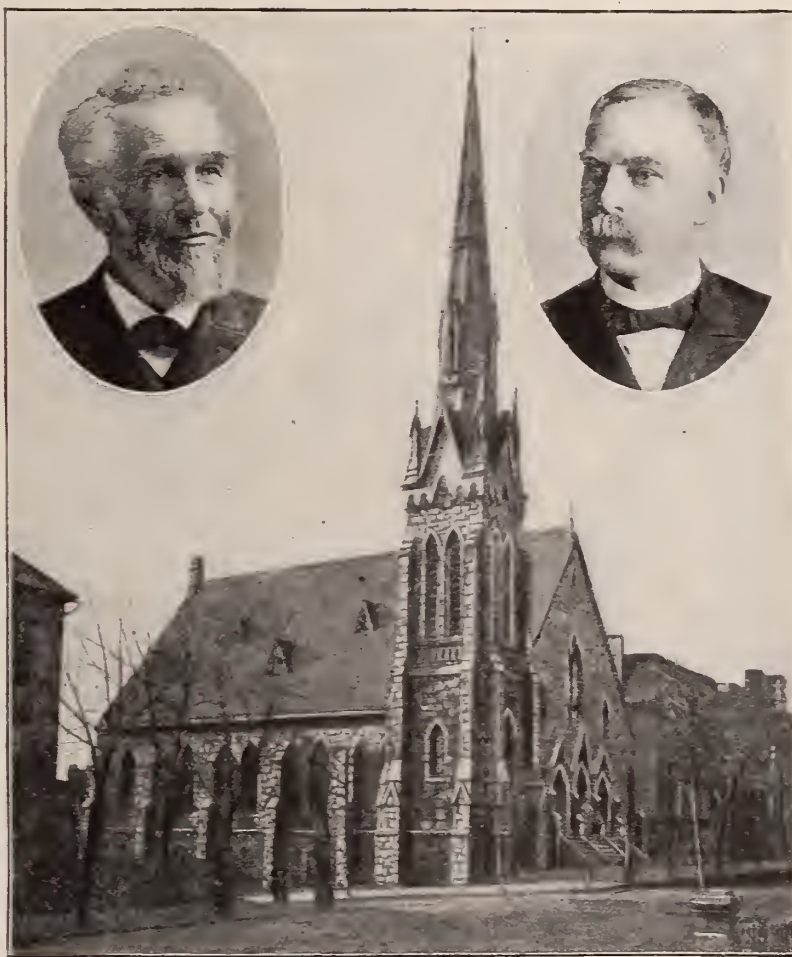
The Foreign Mission work of the Church occupied the large share of the attention of the Convention which it deserves. It has, as in other churches, a double agency in the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and in the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Stations are occupied by one or the other, or by both, in Turkey, India, Japan, China and other lands. Seventy-five missionaries are supported by the Church of the Disciples, besides those employed by the Woman's Board, among which latter are several lady physicians who are doing valuable zenana work in India in addition to regular medical work in the hospitals and homes. In addition, an orphanage is maintained in the Bilaspur District in which there are twenty children. There is also a hospital in course of erection.

The address at the Convention on Foreign Missions was made by Rev. J. H. Garrison of St. Louis, Mo., who made an appeal almost pathetic in its eloquence for union among the churches in this great work. As a minister of the Church of the Disciples which acknowledges no creed but the Bible itself he pleaded fervently for the co-operation of Evangelical churches in the evangelizing of the heathen world. In the course of his address he said: "Jesus Christ, foreseeing the mighty issues of this age, prayed for the unity of his disciples, that the world might believe on him. He clearly makes Christian unity a condition of the success of his mission."

"These facts—not theories—raise a tremendous solemn issue with the religious world—namely: Denominationalism, or the conversion of the world—which? If any man thinks that he must hold to his denomination at the expense of the world's evangelization let him go to the shadows of Gethsemane, and as he hears the Master lift up his trembling voice in the petition, 'That all may be one that the world may believe that thou hast sent me,' let him interrupt the prayer with the selfish request: 'No, Master, let me cling to my denominational dogmas, even though the division they perpetuate should mar the unity of thy body and prevent the conversion of the world.' If he dare not say this to the Master, let him gladly surrender whatever is an obstacle to the unity of believers."

"The darkness and idolatry of the pagan world, whose population is increasing more rapidly than our converts, call mightily upon us to close up our divided ranks, and send the glorious Gospel of hope and inspiration to the perishing tribes of earth."

The last act of the Convention was the decision to extend the Foreign Missionary work by establishing a mission in some part of Africa. The next Convention will be held at Dallas, Tex., in October, 1895.



THE CONVENTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

REV. CHARLES L. LOOS, D.D.—The Richmond, Va., Church, the Scene of the Convention—REV. JOHN W. ALLEN.

work among the colored people of the South. The Church of the Disciples takes a deep interest in this field and last year contributed \$5,396 to carry it on, besides supporting at a cost of \$1,189 the Southern Christian Institute. Mr. Smith who is the Secretary of the Board said that they were frequently asked why such work should be continued. He answered: "Because the ignorant and pagan populations increase more rapidly than they can be educated and Christianized. At the close of the decade ending with 1880 there were 350,000 more illiterate persons in the South than at the beginning of 1870. The census of 1890, not yet complete, shows that there are many more persons who could not read and write than in 1880. After all that has been done for the negro's education only one in three can read and write. Not one in a hundred has a good common school education. Not one in three hundred has a normal training, and not one in a thousand has a finished education."

"Yes; for this class of ignorant and sin-

church-houses, endow chairs in colleges, and are opening reading-rooms, and doing all other kinds of religious work. In Kansas alone \$9,743.14 have been raised during the past year. It will be a mistake, however, if we come to look upon our Societies as merely agencies to bring money into our treasury. These Societies would better be preserved as schools for spiritual culture and training in personal service to Christ. Money is not our greatest need. We need a higher type of Christians, a more thorough and intelligent consecration to Christ. We need to be so possessed by the very Word of our Master that we will repeat his life of serving and giving. Let the production of this type of character be the chief aim of every Christian Endeavor Society among the disciples of Christ."

An important subject before the Convention was that of Christian Union. Dr. B. B. Tyler, of New York, is one of the most earnest of the Disciples' ministers in this matter. Indeed he acknowledges himself an enthusiast. He reported to the Conven-



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE DEAD EMPEROR.

BORN as I was, not in a palace nor in anything that looked at all like it, but in a plain, country home, it was to me a most unusual scene, when, two years ago last summer, at the invitation of the Emperor, I entered the palace of Russia. I had gone to that land on a mission of bread. At the call of the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, about \$50,000 had been contributed by the readers of this journal toward the relief of the famine-struck of Russia, and with the Publisher, I went to see the arrival of the shipload of bread-stuffs at St. Petersburg. The home-scene I witnessed in the palace of Russia has made what has transpired within the last few weeks sadly impressive. The domestic life of the Emperor was something unique and beautiful. Confidence and cheerfulness, and fidelity, and the affections conjugal, parental and filial, there reigned. The Emperor could not speak of the Empress without joy and pride, and her devotion to him was not a matter of court arrangement, or a result of imperial necessity, but of old-fashioned love. Never in any house on earth did sickness and death make sorer ravages than those which have broken the hearts of the Imperial household of Russia. I am not surprised that the nervous shock produced paralysis, and that it is feared the Empress will never walk again.

What a congregation of troubles! Last summer the daughter, to whom the Empress introduced me, saying, "She is just seventeen," was on her wedding tour by frightened horses hurled down the banks, and taken up insensible. The second son of the Emperor, whom I did not see because he was away traveling for his health, is now dying of consumption, and the illustrious head of the household is put away from the home of which he was the benediction. What a loss for the younger children, the youngest a laughing, bounding girl of about ten years, and Michael the youngest son perhaps four years older, and as lithe, and hearty, and blue-eyed and flaxen-haired a boy as ever struck a ball, or flew a kite, or with his halloo woke the echoes of the playground. God pity the fatherless! The young man who now mounts the throne was in no haste to ascend it. In all his manners there was nothing ambitious. Without his father's wonderful physique which was the most rubicund and athletic I ever saw, the son has I think his father's virtues, and the name of the new Emperor will be a synonym for peace. His marriage with the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria means an alliance of Great Britain, Germany and Russia, and those three nations will command Europe into peace. Though amid the orange blossoms there must needs

be some myrtle entwined all Christendom will pray that the new household to be set up may be as healthful and bright and Christian as the one now dropped into ruins. A young man of twenty-six years of age called to rule one-hundred and twelve million people belonging to one hundred different tribes, and speaking forty different languages, needs the sympathies and prayers of nations.

ABOUT WILLS.

SOME charitable wills have made bequests only to churches or theological seminaries; others, only to literary institutions and for mental culture; others, only to institutions for physical relief; but other wills recognizes body, mind and soul, time and eternity. These testators see that people have eyes and ears, and contribute to eye and ear infirmity; see that people have limbs, and contribute to the society for the crippled; see that people have intellects, and contribute toward colleges and universities and art galleries and museums; see that they have souls, and contribute to tract societies and mission societies and Young Men's Christian Associations. The amount of good such a man or woman does by her signature to such a document neither the short years of time nor the unending years of eternity can tabulate.

Moreover, the example is catching. There are in all parts of this land men and women of large estate who are embarrassed with the attempt to take their money with them when they depart this life. There seems to be no express company that can safely transport their monetary accumulations into the next state of being. If they could take ten per cent. of it with them it would not be to them so great an embarrassment. But they can take out of the world no more than they brought in, and to land in heaven without a cent suggests to them a state of eternal impecuniosity. But these noble wills suggest to people of large fortune a change of investment. The testators have put their estate where they will gather from it dividends through all eternity. What a greeting for them from those who come up out of the hospitals for the incurable and the blind and the lame which they established! What a salutation from those who enter the shining gates from the other side of the earth, saved through their missionary benefactions! What a throng to surround them as a result of the tens of thousands of people brought to God through the ministers whom they have educated! May we not hope that these last wills and testaments will be a suggestion to the affluent people all over the world, that they may, through such a document, change their earthly investments into eternal securities.

The good influence of one man or woman's greatness of soul must be continental through all coming ages. What an elevated idea of human nature such acts give! People see so much of the selfishness of the world and the mean side of humanity that they become soured with the human race; but deeds like these halt the slanderous impression.

There are many who would do this if they had the means. Human nature is on the rise. There are so many good men and women the world cannot count them. We have told us in careful statistics every year how many criminals there are in the world, but no statistics of how many people are good and neighborly and kind and beneficent and Christian. God only gets those statistics, but the day comes when all the acts of kindness, whether by multi-millionaires or people of small means, shall be rewarded, whether it be the endowment of a university or a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple.

THE COST OF WAR.

WAR is an expensive thing, whether you count its outlay in coin or blood. Though many years have gone by since our civil war ended, we have not yet recovered from the financial exhaustion of that great struggle. We are

still paying for the foundered mules and shoddy and spoiled hard tack of that war, which cost twice as much as it would have cost if all the sutlers and contractors of that period had been half the time moderately honest. Never since the world stood has there been a war that might not have been avoided if the spirit of arbitration had been allowed full swing. But the level-headed men are not in the majority in any nation, hence the page of war is a crimson page and the pen with which it was written is the steel pen of the sword.

In the thirteen years between 1853 and 1866 the Italian wars cost 45,000 lives and \$350,000,000; the Crimean wars cost 785,000 lives and \$1,700,000,000; our American civil war (adding together what the North and South suffered) cost 800,000 lives and \$9,450,000,000. During fourteen years in various parts of the world war took 1,734,000 lives and \$12,036,000,000. In the first half of this century the United States expended in Indian wars \$400,000,000. Why, the earth is staggering drunk with human blood!

But the world seems gradually, although very slowly, turning a new leaf, and the honors are yet to be paid to those who saved life more than those who destroyed life. The inventive faculty which has been put to utmost tension in contriving things that will kill more men to the minute and blow up ships into smaller fragments and quicker burn bombarded cities, will be turned to discoveries and inventions for curing alcoholism and cancer and consumption and all the ills to which the human race is heir, and for bringing ashore the shipwrecked and saving rail-trains from collision and boilers from explosion and for halting epidemics. Arbitration will be more and more of a word among all civilized nations. May the God of nations, by a mandate from the throne, command peace universal.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

G. M., Philadelphia. On what authority do you make the assertion in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Oct. 10, that "the Tabernacle was set up within the walls of Gibeon, during the reigns of David and Solomon?"

On the authority of 1 Chron. 16: 39 and 11 Chron. 1: 3. In the latter chapter (v. 4) it is explained that the Ark remained meanwhile at Jerusalem.

Leon Brower, Manchester, N. H. Where can I find any account of the size and weight of the Tables of Stone?

The Nedarim, one of the most ancient of Jewish books, says the tables of Moses were six ells long, six broad, and three thick. They probably weighed over twenty tons. According to our measurements, they would each be nine feet long, nine broad, and four and a half feet thick.

Anna Lewis, Cleveland, O. In a book I am reading I find a reference to the Seven Champions of Christendom. Who were they?

The Champions, so-called, were: St. George, of England; St. Denis, of France; St. James, of Spain; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. Patrick, of Ireland, and St. David, of Wales. Many strange and improbable adventures are attributed to them, and the greater part of their history is pure myth.

W. M. P., Newton, Ind. Please state size of the Bibles you offer as premiums; also whether they are reference Bibles. I wish to send for one, but would like a fuller description.

The International Teachers' Bibles offered as premiums are all complete reference Bibles, with maps, concordance, subject-index, &c. That given as premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for \$2 measures open, flaps included, 7x11 inches; that sent to \$3 subscribers measures open, flaps included, about 8x12 inches.

Mrs. E. Seales, Harvard, Ill. My subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD expires Dec. 12. I desire to renew, and to have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and International Teachers' Bible premium (B-Three). Price combined, \$4. I also want the book "Pathway of Life." What will be the price of all combined?

By sending \$1 additional, or \$4 in all, you can secure the extra premium "The Pathway of Life." This rate is established for the benefit of subscribers who may wish to take more than one premium with their subscription.

Subscriber, New York. A certain law was passed a few years ago, which has never been enforced (although it is known to be broken many times a day), for the reason that legal authority pronounces it an unconstitutional act, and that it will never hold good. Could a man do business contrary to a law that is looked upon in that light, and still be a Christian?

Obedience to lawful authority in secular things, and respect for the laws of the land, ex-

cept as they offend God and the conscience of a Christian's duty. (See Luke Rem. 13: 1-7; Titus 3: 1; 1 Peter 2: 13-17.) If a law conflicts with our God, it should not be respected (see Acts 5: 29). Objections on our part, do not justify breaking it, save for the reason above stated, if that reason exists.

T. B. (a school teacher), Binghamton, N. Y. Languages were spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ?

Aramaic, Latin and Greek. The tongue of the language of the common people, that of the more educated classes. Publications, official records, etc., in the Christ were probably kept in Latin.

Subscriber, Fort Steilacoom, Wash. Are there any others who offer with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD new subscribers only?

No; every subscriber, old or new, is privileged to enjoy all the premium advantages offered with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, carefully the instructions for the guide subscribers on page 729 of this issue.

Annie N. Mullis, Luton, Iowa. What Psalmist mean by the swallow building on the altar (Ps. 84: 3)?

Two explanations are possible. One a custom which existed among several of antiquity may have been observed. Jews, of never disturbing the nests, which were built within or without the temple. They were regarded as under the protection of the Deity. The other and more explanation is that one line of the poem is lost. "The Psalmist's meaning was that as 'the sparrow had house and the swallow a nest' when was assured, so he had found such a place, 'even thy altars.'"

N. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y. Is there any of Paul's life in Arabia, to which he alludes in Galatians 1: 17?

No, there is nothing said about it. Acts. The visit probably took place soon after his conversion. It is improbable that the years which elapsed between his conversion and the beginning of his great work of ministry were spent in Damascus. The claim him from a persecutor to an advocate of Christianity was so radical that he may have needed seclusion, that he might find his new position. It is likely that he Arabia for the purpose and came back with a clear view of Christianity, as a development of Judaism, which forms so much of his epistles.

Reader, Philadelphia. Does philology entitle us to the language that our first parents spoke?

Unfortunately it does not. There are many things beyond the reach of human knowledge and the site of Eden language of our first parents are number. Some philologists have ventured to conjecture that the primeval language have been a simple vocabulary whose origin is indicated in Gen. 2: 19, and which strictly limited to the natural requirements of our first progenitors; in other words, sounds apprehensible by the senses. That speech, or the power of expressions, or desires, was coeval with the existence of man. The earliest monuments and monuments yet discovered do not reach as far into antiquity as the confusion of tongues at Babel (about B. C. 2200), previous to which (Gen. 2: 1), the Biblical record states that the whole earth was of one language and speech, although probably there were variations and dialects, each containing elements of the original tongue. Many utterances were probably what philologists term a "physical language," limited to the expression of simple needs and afterwards expanded to meet man's growing experience of his own nature and the world around him.

Philip Zimmer, Philadelphia. We have your letter to Prof. Torrey, Bible Institute,—Earnest Inquirer. No; they believe in these doctrines.—Mrs. A. G. Hendrickson, New York, N. Y., can distribute to advance second-hand religious literature forwarded our readers.—Edward Klemmer, Chicago, answer immediately preceding.—Rev. J. L. M., Manchester, N. S. Can, writes: Who is the hymn that begins "And when thy heart strings break?"—Rev. S. T. Hie, A. E. Church, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: If any readers have a surplus of tracts or school literature, he can dispose of them to His parish is sadly lacking in Gospel literature to the Sunday School.—M. L. Smith, Hale White to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago.—O. J. French, Winchester, Mass. Yes—G. Council Grove, Kan. You can obtain image's "Pathway of Life" as a premium CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year by sending Lee Black, Bowie, Tex. Dr. Talmage's New Zealand have appeared recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Hayden W. Lynch, Ohio means that you should cut it out of the which it appears and enclose it to the address when you forward your subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—N. F. Shivar, Spartanburg, S. C. We fully agree with the timely sentiment in your letter.—N. T. M., Rochester, Mo. I have already both open and written three subjects mentioned in your letter.—C. Springfield, Mo. See premium announcement elsewhere in this issue for full information.—N. Kokomo, Ind. The size of the International Teachers' Bible (Premium B-Three), is 8x11 open, flaps included.—Subscriber, Laton, D. C.—Mrs. Sarah E. Knight, South Vermont. The price is \$2 without the paper.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RUSSIA'S RULER DEAD.

FROM the beautiful palace of Livadia in the Crimean peninsula, there went out on November 1, the sad message that Alexander III, Emperor of all the Russias was dead. Two days previously he had been killed by his physicians that the end was near. He bore the blow with composure and immediately proceeded to settle his personal and family affairs. Then he calmly awaited the end. He sat in his easy chair, quiet and tranquil surrounded by his family and personal friends. On the day before his death he took a last, long, lingering look on the beautiful scene from the windows of his room. He was silent for a few moments and then said he was glad that he could pass his last hours on Russian soil. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to him, his evident satisfaction and he spent some time in prayer. His last night was a sleepless one, broken by frequent coughing and hemorrhage. In the morning he was seized with spasms. There was a brief rally about noon, but soon after two o'clock his eyes closed and he ceased to breathe. The news of his death was received throughout the world with sincere regret. Genuine human sympathy with him had been felt everywhere. To monarchs and statesmen, the czar was the embodiment of the gigantic power of a region covering one-half of Europe and nearly one-third of Asia, the autocrat whose will was law to the hundred million souls. But ordinary people saw beneath the imperial purple a brave, strong man, struggling hopelessly in the grasp of relentless disease and they were sorry for him. He was in the prime of life, not fifty years old; a robust, stalwart man, broad shouldered and muscular; his life had been simple, his tastes simple and his habits domestic, a man who loved his wife and children as ordinary men. Such a man might hope for a quarter of a century of life; but he was stricken down and neither his illustrious station, nor the mighty power he wielded, could avail him in his death grapple with the insidious foe which had laid its unyielding grip on his life. The struggle was like that of a lion in the coil of a constrictor and the world watched it with pity. The mighty potentate must learn by actual experience the fact the Preacher declared long ago: "No man hath power over the spirit to take the spirit and there is no discharge that war." (Eccles. 8: 8)

Life for a Sword.

An interesting discovery has been made by Prof. von Eulenspiegel who is with the scientific party excavating the ruins of ancient Troy. It appears that they recently found an armorer's shop in which were a large number of sword blades in various stages of manufacture. They were badly corroded, but the steel had been of the best quality. Many tools lay about the shop which were examined with intense interest. But the great find in the place was a copper cylinder which had been used to preserve plans, memoranda and other documents. One memorandum was inscribed on parchment and its old Syrian characters were still distinct. The armorer had evidently secured in some way from Damascus the recipe for making the famous sword-blades for which the city was noted and had put the directions in the cylinder for safe keeping. Prof. von Eulenspiegel, in deciphering the document made the shocking discovery that everyone of the best kind of swords cost a life in the making. "An Ethiopian slave of fair fame," as to be dedicated to the God Bal-Hal, and being bound face downward on the block in the armorer's shop, the new sword certain stages in the process of its manu-

facture was to be buried in his body, and when finished it was to be tested by severing the man's head from his body. The weapon would then be so finely attuned that it would bend around a man's body without breaking and would be "the color of the purple of the king, a perfect weapon fit to be used in the service of the God Bal-Hal." It is sad to think that one man had to die that another might have a weapon wherewith he might serve his god by destroying other lives. How different is the service the Christian renders to his God! His commission is to save men not to destroy them. But he, too, has been equipped for effective service by the death of the Innocent. (John 3: 16.)

Killed by His Own Bullet.

A singular fatality occurred a few days ago in a large wholesale house in New York. One of the clerks whose duty it was to keep the stock in order was fond of pistol practice, and whenever his duties admitted of an hour's absence, he would go to a large room in the highest story of the building and spend his time shooting at a mark. His last visit to the empty room

graph wire, firmly holding them to the guns. They might now be fired without danger. But the Colonel found that they would serve another purpose. A curved rail from a railroad track was connected with the breeches of the guns, making them look like a huge horseshoe. An electric current was applied, and the thing became a gigantic magnet. Some pieces of railroad iron were attracted to it when brought within a distance of several yards, and were so firmly fixed to its side that they were not detached even by a force of 22,500 pounds. But the most remarkable effect was that on the compasses of passing ships. It has been found that at a distance of three miles the compass of a ship is disturbed by the magnet, and at a distance of two miles the compass is useless. It is suggested that a still more powerful magnet would be an excellent addition to the defense of a port threatened by a hostile fleet. The mysterious, subtle, incomprehensible force we call magnetism might thus prove more potent than cannon in luring a whole fleet to destruction. But by an analogous force—the magnetism of love and self-sacrifice is humanity to be saved. Christ said: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." (John 12: 32.)

A Second Honeymoon.

In announcing the marriage of a wealthy farmer, a few days ago, a newspaper of Griffin, Ga., tells a romantic story in connection with the couple. The bridegroom was scarcely twenty years old when the war broke out and had just been married to

no God, or that he did not care. It is always a mistake. The promise is sure, and the prophet's advice is sound: "Though it



THE LATE CZAR, ALEXANDER III.

tarry, wait for it, because it shall surely come; it will not delay" (Hab. 2: 3).

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Talmage has returned from his Tour around the world in excellent health and vigor. He says that as his Brooklyn congregation has already built three great churches, he will not impose upon them the work of building a fourth. He will either take a permanent pastorate elsewhere, or enter the general evangelistic field, visiting all the cities of the country and preaching the Gospel to all the people without money and without price.

China's Imperial Canal is the Largest in the world, and the greatest in point of traffic. Its length is 2,100 miles, and it connects forty-one cities situated on its banks. It was commenced in A. D. 750, but was not completed until 1350.

The International Lesson Committee of the Sunday School Union assembled in New York, Oct. 30 to Nov. 2. On Thursday evening, Nov. 1, the Sunday School workers of the city were invited to meet the Committee in the Broadway Tabernacle.

Last Sunday was observed by many churches in New York as Bible Sunday, the pastors preaching on the influence of the Bible on the life of the present day.

After the Death of the Late Professor Swing of Chicago, the manuscript of an unfinished sermon was found on his desk. His pen had paused in the following sentence: "We must all hope much from the gradual progress of brotherly love."

The Addresses Delivered at the recent Conference for the deepening of spiritual life in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will shortly be published in book form. They may be obtained by enclosing fifty cents to Rev. S. V. Robinson, 369 Cumberland St., Brooklyn.

The Methodist Missionary Society receipts for the month of September were \$29,162 against \$161,012 for September, 1893. This makes the total receipts for eleven months \$896,662, against \$906,505 for the preceding year.

The Perseverance and Faith of the Moravians is nowhere shown more conspicuously than in Tibet. They have three stations there, and have been laboring for forty years. Only sixty-three converts, at the latest accounts, have been gathered as the fruit of their labor.

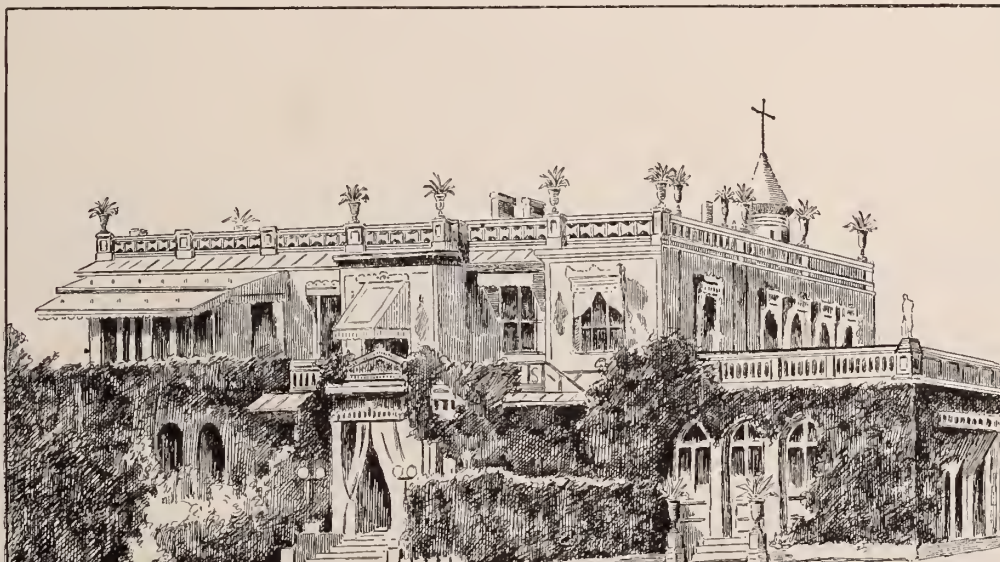
The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church is arranging to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its history, in New York, by a ten-day conference in October, 1896. All denominations are invited to participate in the conference. Bishop Walters, is chairman of the committee.

The Cincinnati "Christian Advocate," referring to a prayer offered at a political convention raises an objection to the applause of the audience, which was evoked by the minister's petitions. The applause of politicians and the reverential "Amen's" of a devout congregation are very different ways of manifesting approval of a prayer.

The Evangelical Alliance has issued the following list of subjects for the Week of prayer, Jan. 6-13 next: Sunday, Jan. 6, Sermon, Isa. 40: 31; Monday, Thanksgiving and Humiliation; Tuesday, The Church Universal; Wednesday, Nations and Their Rulers; Thursday, Foreign Missions; Friday, Home Missions to the Jews; Saturday, Families and Schools; Sunday, Jan. 13, Sermon, 1 Cor. 15: 58.

Dr. L. W. Munhall and his Musical Colleague, Mr. Birch, have just closed a most successful three weeks' campaign in Danbury, Conn. Five churches united in the movement. A business men's meeting was held on October 23, when nearly all the stores closed from 10 A. M. till noon, in order that all might have an opportunity of attending. At the closing service of the campaign the statement was made that the number of persons professing to have found Christ at the services was nearly six hundred. From Danbury the Evangelists went to Hackensack, N. J., to hold services.

President Seth Low, of Columbia College, and his brother, Abbot Augustus Low, of Brooklyn, have just built for and presented to the mission station of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Wuchang, China, a well-appointed hospital for the use of the mission and the people of the town. The hospital has been erected to perpetuate the memory of their father, the late Abiel Augustus Low, who was for many years one of the leading merchants in the city of Canton. The new building takes the name of St. Peter's Hospital. Although it has been in course of construction for many months the Board of Missions in this city did not know who was contributing to the funds until a short time ago.



LIVADIA, THE PALACE IN WHICH THE CZAR DIED.

was a fatal one. He had fixed a penny on the wall as a target and was trying it from various distances. Below the mark an iron pipe ran clear around the room. One of his bullets went wide of the mark, struck this pipe, rebounded, hit a projection, and then struck the marksman on the forehead. He fell to the floor and one of his companions, supposing him to be stunned, went to raise him. He was unconscious and in a few moments breathed his last. The bullet had not penetrated his skull, but had given so severe a blow that acute congestion of the brain had ensued and the man was dead. The course of the bullet was almost a circle. Probably not more than once in a million times would a missile have taken this extraordinary flight. Generally, when any one is hurt by ricochet it is some one other than the shooter. It is not so, however, with the moral evil that men do. We know on inspired authority that slander and malicious wrong is very liable to return on the head of the perpetrator. (Psalm 7: 16.)

The Strongest Magnet in the World.

An officer in the Engineer's Corps at Willet's Point, L. I., has constructed an instrument which will probably be turned to account in the defense of strongholds in time of war. It is an enormous magnet, more powerful than anything of the kind in existence. The idea was the result of an accident. There were two large fractured guns at the fort. The Colonel had the broken pieces put in place, and wound around them several miles of insulated tele-

a beautiful girl a few months younger than himself. He joined the Confederate army at the first call and served with distinction until 1863, when he was taken prisoner. He was separated from his company at the time and his comrades thought he had been killed. At the end of the war the prisoner set out for his home; but on the way he was prostrated by sickness and after his recovery was attacked by malaria. It was several months before, the mere shadow of his former self, he could resume his journey. On reaching his home he found but two or three persons whom he knew still remaining there and they did not recognize him. He learned that his wife, hearing nothing from him, had concluded he was dead and had married again. Almost heartbroken he made no attempt to trace her, but turned vigorously to business, feeling that only by incessant occupation could he keep himself from going crazy. He prospered and eventually bought a farm and settled down. He avoided the society of women and could never be induced to enter any home as a guest. About a month ago he attended the public funeral of a veteran officer and there to his amazement recognized his wife in the recently bereaved widow. After the other guests had departed he visited her; explanations were made and they were remarried. Not many of such cases end so happily. Even in this instance the wife must often reproach herself, as she thinks of the desolation her husband endured so many years, that she was so ready to believe him dead because he did not communicate with her. There are some who have acted so toward God. They have thought when some earnest prayer was unanswered, that there was



The City of Abraham.

Our Traveller Visits Hebron and Tells of its Famous Antiquities—The Reputed Tombs of the Patriarchs—The Cave of Machpelah.

"I MADE me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and parks, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therefrom the fruit where trees were reared."

So writes the Royal Preacher in the preface to the cry of "Vanity of vanities!—all is vanity!"

"So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem," was no unfounded boast.

The king who projected Solomon's Pools, on the road to Hebron, was so many generations in advance of his predecessors that, reasoning after the manner of men, we think that he might have excepted this gigantic enterprise from the sweeping condemnation passed upon the rest of his "great works." The three immense tanks, to visit which we have left the direct road to Hebron, are lined with hewn stone; and, in the opinion of wiser critics than my unlearned self, were constructed by Solomon's workmen to lead the living waters of adjacent springs to his pleasure gardens—the "orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; cypress, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices."

The enumeration is painfully incongruous with the ruined reservoirs and the serenity of the surrounding fields at this season. The air "nips shrewdly," despite our heavy furs and the clear shining of the sun. Midway between the highway—the finest in the length and breadth of Palestine—and the pools is the "sealed fountain" of Canticles, a square building, covering the source of the waters led by an underground aqueduct to the lower reservoir. Close to the walls enclosing the great cisterns, is another small building, with a domed roof, erected above a second well, reached by six or eight steps. The water is very cold, the steps are wet; it makes one shiver to look down into the dark cavity, but half-a-dozen women are passing down to fill water-skins, and then lugging them up. A water-skin, or bottle, is the whole hide of a goat, tanned inside and out, sewed up lengthwise, and filled through the throat at the well. It is carried by means of two cords tied about the front and back feet, then passed across the forehead of the bearer, a fold of her veil keeping the rope from cutting into the skin. As the skin is always of a goat three-quarters or fully grown, some idea may be formed of the weight of the burden. Two of the women with whom we speak at this well live a mile away, a third at Bethlehem, more than twice as far.

We have regained the road, when we catch sight of a man ploughing with a camel, the first instance of the kind that has come within our observation. The slight wooden plough and the undersized man contrast grotesquely with the unwieldy brute, but the incident leads us to note the increasing fertility of the country. The

grapes of Hebron are noted for size and flavor, and clothe the upper terraces of the hillsides. Lower terraces are covered with fruit trees, the fig and mulberry being the most abundant. There is a proportionate improvement in the locks of the husbandmen: they are better clad, more alert in movement, and really work as if a motive lay back of action. Women are busy in the fields pulling up dried furze by the roots; donkeys, laden out of sight, except for their ambling legs and the tips of their noses, are met in droves; camels, hitching their clumsy bulk along under moving groves of a stouter shrub, that perfume the air as they brush us in passing; bearded Moslems, with white turbans coiled about shaven heads, and—as we never fail to think in contemplating the close fit of the head-gear—the few valuable papers they possess in the world stowed away between the inner and outer linings of the turban,—are indices of thrift and a fair degree of prosperity.

Our guide points to a level stretch a mile

The cave purchased from the children of Heth as a burying-place, where the dead wife could be buried out of the husband's sight, was in "the field of Machpelah before Mamre. The same is Hebron in the land of Canaan."

Besides the Prince of Wales, his sons and their attendants, including Dean Stanley, but five or six people, not Moslems, have ever been admitted to the interior of the Mosque of Abraham. Gen. Lew Wallace, by special permit of the Sultan, obtained this privilege, and took with him several particular friends of his own, among them Dr. Selah Merrill, the resident in Jerusalem. Their report was of six mock tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah, each wife lying opposite her husband in the sealed crypt below. Beyond these, the mosque contains little to interest Jew or Christian. "Father Abraham" occupies an exalted place among saints revered by the Moslems, and their jealous hatred of the Jews—never absent from the creed and feelings of the worshipper of Mohammed—is at fever-heat at Hebron. Nowhere else in the Holy Land, or out of it, are they regarded with such intolerant suspicion as in the ancient city in which David reigned over Judah seven years and six months. Hence the approach of an Israelite to the tomb of the patriarchs is even more abhorrent to the "believers" than that of the "Christian dog." On our way to the mosque, we see certain money-changers of the despised race sitting in the Bazar, and learn how cunning is their revenge upon the masters, who would drive them clean out of the land if it were possible. Traders and usurers everywhere,

the Tomb. The ceremony must be some sort of sad satisfaction to them in their disreputable homelessness in a land once deeded to them by the Judge of the whole earth for, we are told, that many avail themselves of the poor right.

A wall of comparatively modern masonry shuts in the Mosque from profane eyes. B mounting a heap of rubbish across the street, we can see the quadrangular building reared above the Cave of Machpelah. The gray walls are of the stones we have learned to recognize as belonging to the early Jewish period, and identical in finish with those in the house of David's Tower in Jerusalem. The Crusaders consecrated and used the Mosque as a church. A write of the period during which it was occupied by the Christian invaders describes the cave as divided into three chambers, the last containing the six tombs of which I have spoken. He relates, also, that it was the habit of Jews to bring hither in tubs or boxes the bones of their dead to be laid near the sepulchres of the patriarchs. The desire to sleep with one's fathers and the custom of the survivors of carrying out the wish were even then extremely ancient. Witness the oath exacted by Joseph from the children of Israel that they would carry his bones out of Egypt with them, a promise kept two hundred years afterward.

A narrow alley leading to the Mosque, alleged by tradition to be the scene of the murder of Abner by Joab when "he too him aside in the gate, to speak with him quietly and smote him there under the fifth rib that he died." Assassination so dastardly that every reader sympathizes in the bitter outbreak of the nominal king then reigning in Hebron: "These men, the sor of Zeruah, be to hard for me!"

Our next halt is at the "pool in Hebron. It is a large, shallow tank, occupying about half as much space as a modern city block of average size, and surrounded by a wall of solid masonry. The water is stagnant and coated with green scum, but women are coming down the steps at one corner with skins to be filled. The water, such as it is, shallow, leaving exposed above it some twenty feet of water. We try to guess whereabouts we nailed the feet of the hands of Rechabab, Baanah his brother the sons of Rimmon the Beerothite, who after killing the sleeping Ishbosheth, "took his head and gat the plain all night and brought the head of Ishbosheth unto David to Hebron." Instead of the expected reward, they were put to death and the hands and feet hung over this pool as a terror to other evil-doers.

Our luncheon is spread in the house of the only missionaries in Hebron, Mr. and Mrs. Murray. They are moreover the only Christians in the home of Abraham and David, with the exception of an English family resident in the hospital lately erected here by the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray are under the care of no one denomination or society, and lead the simplest, happiest "life of faith" it has ever been my privilege to behold. In our room is collected a class of twenty-two little Moslem girls, who are instructed in knitting, sewing and reading by Mrs. Murray and her Bible-reader. I sit down among them and make friends with the well-bred, haved pretty little creatures, by knitting row upon a red stocking, "turning off" garter, and hemming a few inches of ruffle.

The school began with two children and not one dollar. More than twenty are now in regular attendance, and daily mean have come with daily strength for daily needs. Even in bigoted Hebron the Master has given this pair of trusting laborers great favor in the eyes of the people.

THE CITY OF HEBRON, PALESTINE.

From a photograph secured specially for "The Christian Herald."



away from the road, and we cease to note or consider anything modern.

"Mamre!" he says, "and with this glass you can make out the old oak, the only tree of the kind in many miles."

Not "the" oak, of course, although we talked last week, in Jerusalem, with a man who argued earnestly for the possibility of the existence, through thousands of years, of the tree under which Abraham "dwelt in the plain of Mamre, and built there an altar unto the Lord." But we gaze in the direction indicated with intense and devout interest. From that plain, or plateau, Abraham sallied forth at the head of three hundred and eighteen servants, born in his house, to overtake and defeat the kings who had taken captive his brother's son; there he had the vision of the smoking furnace and burning lamp passing between the "pieces" laid in order for sacrifice, and received the exceeding great and precious promise of the son to be born of his old age; there, from the home where life had grown intolerable, Hagar fled into the wilderness, to be sent back by the Divine command; there, "the Lord appeared unto Abraham, in the plains of Mamre, as he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day," and, upon the next day, from the elevated table-land, the anxious patriarch looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah "to see that the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

they grow rich in the neighborhood of Abraham's tomb by becoming money-lenders and pawnbrokers to poorer citizens, and especially to the tarming peasantry. One, in whose physiognomy the characteristic racial features are conspicuous, is examining a set of silver ornaments belonging to a farmer's wife, her husband standing anxiously by her side.

"He will lend her one-tenth of what they are worth," says David, "with the certainty that she can never redeem them. Or, he will buy them out-and-out at one-fifth of their value. I know his reputation. He has no mercy. And indeed it is not strange that he should be hard with these people who despise and insult him."

A flight of broad, low steps conducts the faithful from the street to the main entrance of the mosque. Beyond the fifth step none but a Moslem may go upon penalty of death. We ascend to the forbidden line, and look defiantly up, then aver that there is nothing within the walls worth our seeing, and enact the King of France's celebrated retrograde movement, stopping on the way "down again" to peer into the deep crevice between two of the old stones of the wall into which, under the easy tolerance of the present government, the descendants of Abraham may, when they like, thrust their arms at full length to drop written petitions to their great ancestor. This is the Hebron Wailing-Place, and their nearest approach to

MARION HARLAND.

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, or course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in type, Divinity circuit binding over at the ends, with red under gold. This eminently serviceable and pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

Next in order comes that most beautiful Bible known as the International Emerald Teacher's Bible, London Clear Type, leather bound and leather lined, silk book-mark and silk head-bands, and sewed. There were times when a like this would cost \$8. To-day it can be bought everywhere even at \$5; THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers it, together with a year's subscription, at \$3. The book will last a lifetime. When ordering mention Premium Offer: B-Three.

Also continue to offer Dr. Talmage's marvelous book, "From Manger to Throne," which has proved of infinite value, to thousands of people, presenting a new view of the life of our Saviour magnificently illustrated, with many pictures based on photos brought from Palestine by Dr. Talmage, while journeying in the Holy Land with a view to gathering material for his latest and greatest work, "From Manger to Throne" with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mention Premium Offer: B-Four.

Next to a Teachers' Bible, the "Gospel of Moody and Sankey" sung by Moody and Sankey in their great evangelistic services throughout America and England, are dearest to many Christians' heart. Never before has it been possible to secure these 739 Hymns, including the books usually known as "The Hymns 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 all in one book," but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has succeeded in obtaining a large edition of these marvelously soul-stirring hymns in printed form, without a duplicate and without an omission, printed from large type and set to music, and beautifully bound in cloth, with red edges and gilt. A former hymnal has never been put on the market, and these "Six volumes of Song, complete in One," are offered to subscribers with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$2. If you are truly pleased, send it back, and we will return your money. Messrs. Moody and Sankey in commending the volume say:

"Hymns in this book have been greatly blessed to many in our meetings as well as outside of them. May they in this combined form continue to bless the blessing of Him to whose honor and glory they have been sung in this and other lands."

Is very desirable Premium contains 600 pages, each page measuring 5 1/2 by 8 inches. When ordering this Premium, mention Premium Offer: B-Two.

Finally, we offer Dr. Talmage's great "The Pathway of Life," a large book of which has been specially prepared by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. Talmage kindly consenting to waive all claims of royalty. This great book containing 544 pages, having for a frontispiece a picture of Dr. Talmage recently taken in Australia, and embellished by 200 beautiful engravings, in a uniquely handsome binding of cloth and leather, and sent out into the world to make it more useful and more serviceable, is offered in connection with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for \$2. The book weighs three pounds and measures, when open, from tip to tip 9x15 inches. This book has been read with interest by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, ex-President of the London Convention, Major-Gen. O.O. Howard, Sec'y of the Anti-Slavery Society, Bishop Vincent, Joseph Cook, Sir John Lubbock, Miss Frances Willard, Senator Sherman, John G. Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Neal Dow, and many others all of whom unite in cordially endorsing it. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-One.

Combination Premium Offers: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year and any one of the above premiums—except the International "Emerald" Bible—for two dollars and any two for three dollars; or any three for four dollars, and any four for five dollars. Whenever the Emerald Bible (Offer B-Three) forms part of the selection one dollar must be added to the amount named.

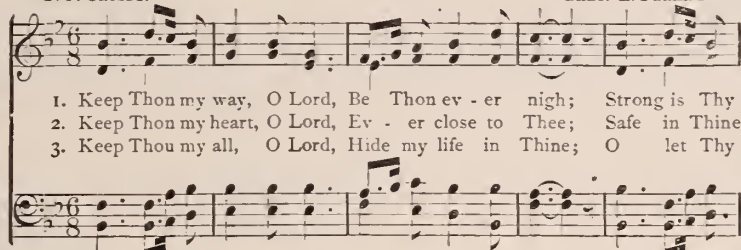
Remember that all our Premiums are sent all charges fully pre-paid.



Keep Thou My Way.

F. J. CROSBY.

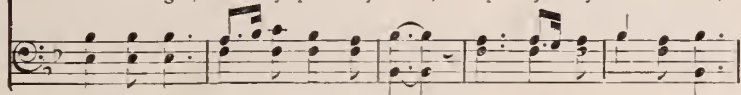
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord, Be Thou ev - er nigh; Strong is Thy
2. Keep Thou my heart, O Lord, Ev - er close to Thee; Safe in Thine
3. Keep Thou my all, O Lord, Hide my life in Thine; O let Thy



might-y arm, Weak and frail am I; Thou my unchanging Friend,
arms of love, Shall my ref - uge be; Then o'er a tran-quiet tide,
sa - cred light, O'er my path-way shine; Kept by Thy ten - der care,



On Thee my hopes depend, Till life's brief day shall end, Be Thou ev - er nigh.
My bark shall safe-ly glide, I shall be sat - is - fied, Ev - er close to Thee.
Gladly the cross I'll bear, Hear Thou and grant my pray'r. Hide my life in Thine.



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From "CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS," by permission of the Publishers.

THIS DAY.

DEAR Father, list to my pleading,
And teach me to pray.
Help me to follow thy leading,
Give me the help I am needing,
Give enough bread for my feeding,
Just enough for this day.

Knowing the crosses I'm wearing,
And why they must stay.
Knowing the labors I'm sharing,
Knowing the burdens I'm bearing,
Thou wilt give courage and daring
Needed this day.

Thou who dost know every sparrow
That falls on its way.

Help me no evil to borrow
From the storehouse of to-morrow,
For there will be enough sorrow
Coming this day.

When evil bids me surrender,
I need not obey.

Thou art my mighty help-sender,
Thou art my present defender,
Thou art my loving befriender,
Near me this day.

Vin land, N. J. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

THE END OF THE WAY.

MY life is a wearisome journey:
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me
The briars are wounding my feet.

But the City to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay:
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;

But he who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.

I know in his Word he has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;

And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much:

All his people have been dearly purchased;
And Satan can never claim such.
By-and-by I shall see him and praise him.
In the City of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

GIVING.

SEE the rivers flowing,
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise:
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in death,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures:
From fair nature learn:
Give thy love—and ask not
Wait not a return.

And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself.
If thou the truth wouldst teach:
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Why Christ's Advent is Expected Before the Millennium.

BY DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

WHILE there is much difference of opinion as to the details of unfulfilled prophecy, there are certain clear outlines of the great events which are surely coming sooner or later, about which the majority of students of prophecy are agreed. Let me sketch some of them briefly.

The advent of Christ is to be a personal one. The promise, "Surely I come quickly," does not refer to the imminence of death, as some think. In fact, the coming of Christ is positively antagonistic to death, as indicated in 1 Thess. 4, where we find that when he comes, Christians who are alive will escape death, and those who sleep are to be raised from the dead. Some people try to spiritualize Christ's advent away and make us believe that Christ only comes back to the world in so far as through his spirit he inspires each believer. How impossible from such a standpoint as this to explain the passages which foretell his second advent.

Not only is Christ's coming personal, but it is pre-millennial. We are not to look for the millennium, but for the Master. "The King, ere the kingdom, shall appear." This is a matter in which there is practically no room for controversy. There are many people who think that legislation, education, and modern improvements are likely to bring about the millennial era apart from the advent of Christ—as, for instance, if only universal arbitration could be introduced, and local option or prohibition given. If only educational advantages were universal, and slums abolished—according to some, the millennium might be brought about apart from the advent of Jesus.

But if we look at those very places where these conditions already obtain, one still finds that the millennium has not arrived. There is sin there, in spite of education and legislation, and there can be no sin in Christ's kingdom. Education and legislation do not change the heart.

We are called pessimists for disbelieving that, with the present agencies at work, the world can be converted, but it seems to us that we are the optimists, and that those who are anticipating the introduction of the golden age by the present agencies ought themselves legitimately to be the pessimists. How can they be hopeful when they view the present condition of things in spite of all that has been done to evangelize our country! Those who have experience that reaches below the surface, fail entirely to understand the optimism that conceives it possible to regenerate the world apart from the advent of the Son of Man. No; we look not for a millennium introduced by human agency, but we look for the Lord from heaven, who himself shall put right the wrongs of time, and reign both with a rod of righteousness and of iron. In spite of all the unbelief of men, in spite of the "peace, peace," that is uttered by the world in spite of the universal cry, "Do not all things continue as they were from the foundation of the world?" yet his advent is at the very threshold. Evangelical Christians throughout the world are awake to the sense of the nearness of Christ's advent. Political events foreshadow it. Fulfilled prophecy indicates it. Earnest students of Scripture, who have devoted their lives to the study of the more sure word of prophecy, believe it, and we may hold with absolute confidence the conviction that we are living in the "time of the end," and pray for the speedy arrival of the day when the last shadows shall flee away, and Jesus himself fulfil the eager expectations of his people waiting for his advent.

Some say that this theme is not a practical one; on the contrary, it is one of the most practical we can conceive. It affects each one of us whatever our station in life or work for God. Do we sorrow? Let us not sorrow as those who have no hope. Jesus is soon coming, and will bring our dear ones with him. Are we laboring? Let us not be weary in our toil, for Jesus will soon be here. Are we cast down and oppressed by the burden and heat of the day, by the disappointments of life, and by the sense of his long delay? Let us lift up our heads with holy expectation, for the Master is at the door. Are we unable to explain the many questions that the world asks us on every hand? Let us be still and strong in the deep-rooted conviction that Christ himself will soon appear, and solve for ever the problems which we cannot answer.



THANKS-LIVING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor
Topic for the Week Beginning Nov. 25.
Eph. 5: 15-20.

GRATEFUL lives need not be joyless lives. It would be a grievous misconception of God's will to imagine that gloom and austerity are pleasing to him. Christ's presentation of God as a Father and his remark to his disciples that they were not servants, but friends, were intended to set them at ease in their relations with the Deity. The portion of a child happy in his home, loving his father and acquiescing cheerfully in the rules of the household, is not associated with gloom and sadness. The Christian owes it to his Father in heaven to be bright and glad. Otherwise he suggests the inference, that is sure to be drawn, that his religion is an irksome restraint and that he would like to indulge in worldly pleasures if he could do so with impunity. The familiar reproach that the Christian denies himself pleasure now, that he may have a better time later on, is an evidence of the utter failure of the world to comprehend the situation. The Christian is having his good time now, although it is alloyed with trial and worries and sorrows. He is finding out how much his religion can do to support him under adverse circumstances and he expects that in the good time before him, the same religion, which is his best treasure now, will bring him still more happiness. Thus he has abundant reason for thankfulness, for his joys are those which death does not annihilate but enhances. Death is to him truly the gate of life, opening the way to fuller and freer life and so, looking forward, he sees at the end of the vista of his life on earth, not the grim spectre which appals the worldling, but the kindly guide who will conduct him to the better country. There the sources of happiness are unchanged; his life is simply continued under more congenial conditions. Can such a man be other than thankful? But his thankfulness should be of an order different from that of the man who is simply satisfied with his lot and congratulates himself on not being plagued as other men are. Paul's admonition to "walk circumspectfully, not as fools, but as wise," intimates the kind of life the thankful Christian man should live. The light, frivolous hilarity of the worldling is not the demeanor of the thoughtful Christian. Deep, strong happiness, such as his should be, does not find its best expression in silly jokes and idle nonsensical talk, but in a cheerful, equable, kindly manner, rejoicing with those who rejoice, and sympathizing with those who mourn. More than that the thankfulness to God, with which his heart overflows, should find expression in active helpfulness to all who are in need, especially to those who are his brethren in Christ.

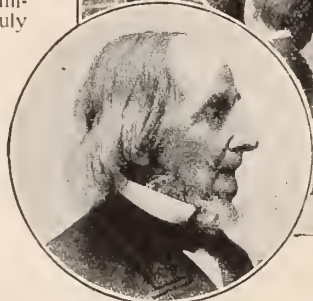
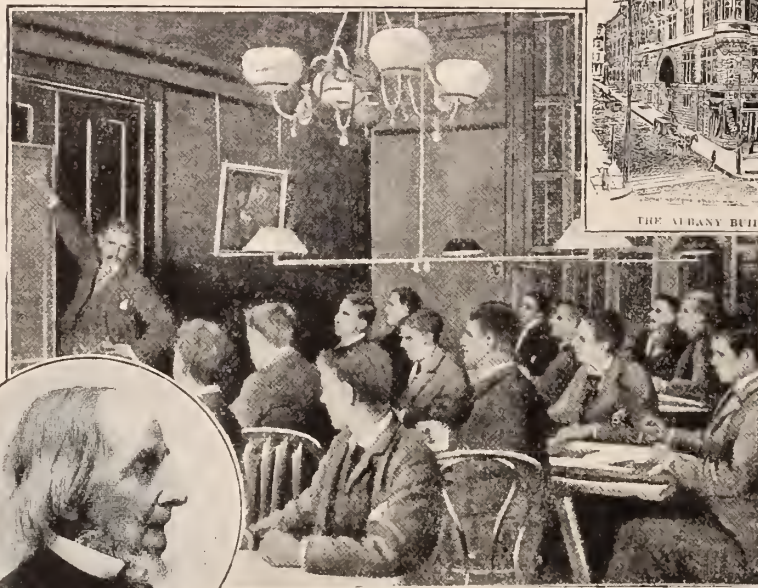
THE B. Y. P. U. OF IOWA.

Two days devoted to the Baptist Young People's Union at the anniversaries of the Iowa churches recently held at Webster City, were occasions of congratulation and encouragement. Fifty delegates and a large number of members of the Unions of the State attended. The Convention elected as officers for the year: President, Rev. R. A. Smith of Cedar Falls; Secretary, Rev. A. E. Clemens of Seymour; Treasurer, Mr. E. E. Jenkins of Villisca; Superintendent of Junior Work, Mrs. F. W. Parsons of Marshalltown. The great speech of the Convention was that of Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, who illustrated the various departments of the Union's work with emblematic articles and chalk drawings. For two hours he held his audience entranced and left them unwearied and longing for more of

his bright inspiring lessons. Dr. Perren, of Chicago, occupied the place of President Chapman. Mrs. E. P. Bartlett and Mrs. E. H. Griffith read papers on the practical working of the Union and its influence on the advance of Foreign Mission work. It was mentioned incidentally as an illustration of the helpfulness in small things which is developed by Christian association, that the children of the missionaries at the home in Morgan Park were now the possessors of a fine Alderney cow, the gift of the Baptist Young People's Unions of Southern Iowa.

THE MERCY AND HELP WORK.

At the recent meeting of the Epworth League Board of Control, Vice-President Haven made an address which dealt with



MR. JAS. B. GERMAINE,
Donor of the Building.

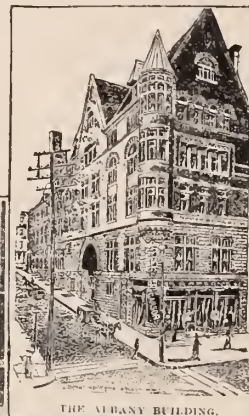
every name. In the course of it he said: There are four divisions of the useful work of the League. First, there is the work of visiting the sick and poor and any that may be in special need of the sympathy of Christian young people. Second, the work of reform, like interesting the young people in the temperance cause, social purity, and in matters which are commonly described under the head of reform movements. Third, the work of neighborhood charities; that is, almsgiving, looking after special needs, and interesting young people in all sorts of local charitable work. Fourth, the work of awakening an interest in specific charitable movements. It would be impossible to tell you one-half of the things which the young people have done under one or the other of these general divisions. For instance, I have a letter which tells of one man who was converted after fifty-two years of non-appearance at church. He was a widower and a hermit. A young mercy and help worker, by practical kindness, found her way to his heart, and won him over to Christ and the church. These are simply illustrations which could be duplicated by the thousand.

Then a great deal has been done in temperance work. It has seemed to me that at the present time so much stress is being placed upon political and constitutional temperance action that we are forgetting the fundamentals in the temperance cause, i.e., raising up in our churches and communities large bodies of total abstainers. Among the first things I did was to ask for the publica-

tion of the Epworth League pledge card. Many of them have been distributed and used. This is important. Unless we pledge all the young people to total abstinence, we are going to be seriously crippled. Social purity has been a difficult work to promote. Yet it is of supreme importance. Young men and women are being undermined by temptations concerning which many of us think but little. Warnings are not as frequent and earnest as they should be. The orphanage question is pressing itself upon our attention. Then we have the hospital work. Another important matter is that of Epworth League houses. It is a modification of the "Settlement" movement which was begun in 1885 in Toynbee Hall, London. We have something on the same general plan in the Hull House at Chicago. But the first attempt of the Methodist church in this direction was made in Boston.

THE Y. M. C. A. AT ALBANY, N. Y.

The young men of the capital of the State of New York owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. James B. Jermain, one of Albany's most prominent citizens, whose portrait appears on this page. The Association is indebted to him for a building which with the lot on which it stands



THE ALBANY BUILDING.

MECHANICAL DRAWING CLASS, Y. M. C. A., ALBANY, N. Y.
cost \$125,000. Nor has Mr. Jermain been content with this magnificent gift. He takes a personal interest in the welfare of the institution he has so helped, and has added several improvements since the building was erected. The bathing arrangements have been almost entirely reorganized at great expense, and also at the cost of the original donor. That Mr. Jermain's liberality is heartily appreciated by the young men of the city there is ample proof in the fact that there are over nine hundred members on the books of the Association which is an unusual number in ratio with population. The religious, the secular and the athletic departments are each well officered and are in a very flourishing condition. Wealthy men who often complain of the rarity of good opportunities for the investment of their money might advantageously take a look at the Albany Y. M. C. A. Mr. Jermain's investment does not bring him in any return in money but in the satisfaction he must have in helping the young men around him, and the blessing which comes on him who serves his day and generation are no small compensation. Perhaps the personal satisfaction is greater than would be derived from those investments which pay large dividends. The experiment would surely be worth trying.

YOUNG WOMEN IN CONFERENCE.

An important convention of Young Women's Christian Associations was held recently at Cambridgeport, Mass. Delegates were present from Montreal and from the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania. The sessions extended over two days and were of a thoroughly practical

business character. One of the papers which excited most interest was that of Mrs. C. N. Judson, the President of Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. It recounted the history of the Association from the effort of two young women in Brooklyn to help the self-supporting girls of the city through the succeeding years to the present time. The Brooklyn Association has been materially helped by the generosity of friends, but all the gifts would have been useless without the work of officers and members. The Convention listened with close attention to Mrs. Judson's description of this work and doubtless derived valuable suggestions from it. Mrs. John Doucett of Montreal spoke earnestly of the spirit work of the Association and Miss S. Gray of Worcester read a practical paper on the Educational Department. Miss D. Water of the Boston Association gave an address on the Association's protective, preventive, and employment work and Mrs. Wilcox of Wellesley College spoke of the need of religious work in colleges. Another paper of great ability was on Mrs. C. E. Bebee, President of New York Association, on the Social Element of the work. The Convention made a thorough inspection of the Boston Y. W. C. A., which is a model of excellent management.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Dr. E. A. Schell, General Secretary of the Epworth League, reports that there are now in the organization 13,500 Chapters and over Junior Leagues. The roll of membership is over a million.

In the Grand Island Baptist Association of Nebraska, there is a P. U. in every church but one, that has a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society. The Baptists of West are looking after the young people who attended their church.

A Christian Endeavor Society with 100 members and representing six different nominations, has been formed in the 1st Regiment of the National Guards of Pennsylvania.

The ninth annual convention of the Nebraska Christian Endeavor Union, held in Lincoln, October 12-14, was the largest and best in the history of the union. One hundred and sixty-five delegates registered.

A Mission Sunday School was recently organized in connection with the Baptist Church of Menominee, Mich. The school turned its management over to the Y. P. U., which at once supplied teachers and officers from its own ranks to conduct it.

A good suggestion is contained in the example of an Epworth League which has had a large chest built in the vestibule of its meeting-room. A tablet is affixed stating that parcels of clothing deposited there will be used by the Mercy and Relief Department in its work.

The King's Daughters of the Parish of Zion and St. Timothy in New York have opened a clothing depository at 33 West Fifty-sixth street. They solicit gifts of serviceable garments which they will mend and renovate ready for winter, when they will be sold at nominal prices or given away to the needy poor.

Chattanooga Methodists recently held a meeting to begin arrangements for the next International Conference of Leagues which meets in that city next June. A joint committee of twenty-two on arrangements was appointed, which committee subsequently organized, with John S. Martin, chairman; J. E. Annis, Vice chairman; T. M. Thomas, Treasurer; J. A. Patten, Secretary; and Miss Julia Aiken, Assistant Secretary.

The New South Wales Christian Endeavor Union has had a question put to it which has involved considerable discussion. It relates to amusements. Some members who saw no objection to cards and dancing desired an expression of opinion from the Union. The executive passed a resolution declaring that while, according to a plank of their platform, they could not legislate for the individual conscience, they did not approve of either amusement.



In an Indian Wigwam.

How the Red Men Live at Home on the Plains—A Squaw's Laborious Life.

IN the pioneer days of the West, when adventurous white men risked their lives in the effort to secure homesteads and build cabins on the rich fertile soil, there was no fiercer or more powerful enemy of the newcomers than the Blackfeet Indians. Numerous and well equipped with a splendid breed of wiry little horses, this tribe made the headquarters of its principal lodges in the State of Missouri, which was then a vast realm of prairie and woodland, rich in game of every description. Their wars and raids extended from the Missouri River to the Oregon, and no part of the country between those rivers was safe from their predatory excursions. Immediately after the great rush to the Montana mines, which attracted large numbers of whites from the east, the Blackfeet went on the warpath against the invasion of their territory, and many dark tragedies resulted. But in time, the opposition of the red men was overcome and their reservation was opened, not by treaty, but by force.

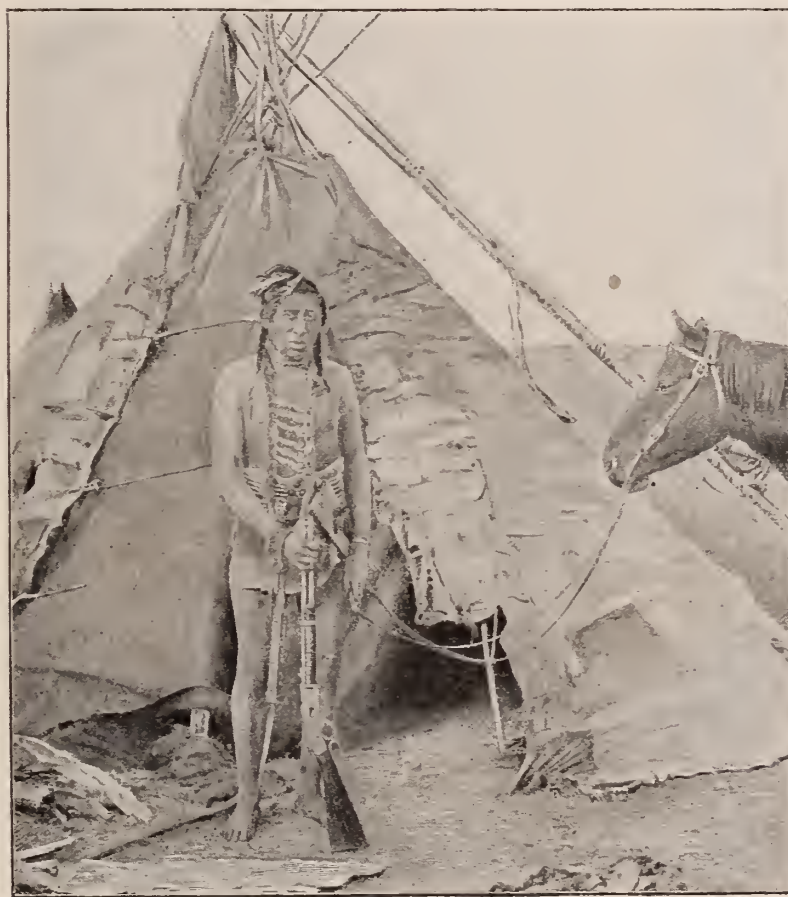
Great changes followed the new order of things, and although the Blackfeet were slow at first to accept civilization, they ultimately did so, and are to-day, in many respects, one of the most peaceful and prosperous of Indian tribes. The tribe is now most numerously represented in Montana, though there are large bands of Blackfeet in Canada as well. Other tribes related by blood are the Piegiens, the Blood Indians and the Small Robes, and as these are widely scattered, the Blackfeet "nation" may be said to be represented from Hudson Bay to the Yellowstone.

Our illustration shows a Blackfoot brave and pony beside a typical Indian wigwam, whose old and weather-worn aspect certainly does not give much assurance of comfort. Patched in many places, and held together by strings and sticks, such a habitation can only belong to an Indian who has not accepted civilization, but has rather preferred the free, roving, lawless life of the nomad. Yet the records of some of our Indian training schools show that the Blackfeet "nation" has some very bright and promising youths there, acquiring an education, and becoming acquainted also with practical Christian doctrines. In cases where all civilizing influences have been repelled by any considerable proportion of the tribes, it is generally found that the love of drink—that great enemy of the Indian—is at the bottom of the trouble.

Though now greatly reduced in numbers and influence, the Blackfeet are still a warlike people. They maintain an ancient and bitter feud against their mortal enemies, the Crow tribe, who, like themselves, are only partially civilized. It is an inspiring sight to witness a band of Blackfeet in full war paint and equipped for a foray against the Crows, their keen, copper-colored, aquiline faces set fearlessly toward the foe. They are medium sized, with strong and not unimpressive features, thin lips and straight noses, and they have the courage of a tiger and much of his cunning. On horseback, the Blackfoot is tireless and energetic, but at home, in his wigwam, he prefers to let his squaw do all the work. Indeed, he would rather spend his time in horse-racing, gambling, or some ceremonial dance than in providing food for his home. His squaw, who is his chattel, gathers the firewood, cooks, and in a word does everything except hunt and fight. These are pastimes which her "lord and master" reserves for himself.

Among the Indian tribes the belief in immortality and a future life is almost universal. Their legends and mythology contain

traces of the story of the creation and of the deluge, and they have also a legend relating to the last day. Some of the tribes, previous to being Christianized, believed every part of the universe to be filled with invisible spirits, the greatest of whom was honored in their myths and legends under a variety of names, including Manitou, Wasi, Isokheha, &c. Their rude beliefs contained no trace of any conception of a system of rewards and punishment hereafter, and some tribes held that the "Master of Life" would be alike merciful to all, irrespective of their acts on earth. There are still a few tribes that indulge in sun-worship, and the orgies of the sun, fire, and snake-dances have been so widely described by writers of late years that they are familiar to most readers. But even these lingering traces of heathenism



AN INDIAN OF THE BLACKFEET TRIBE AND HIS WIGWAM.

are rapidly passing away, as the red man is coming more and more under the benign influence of the Gospel of Jesus.

Japanese Beds.

Bishop Galloway, who is now traveling in Japan, gives this interesting bit of experience in a native hostelry:

"We reached Nava about eight o'clock, and I had my first night in a regular Japanese hotel. At the door we left our shoes, and in the rooms to be occupied we discovered and felt the conspicuous absence of the ordinary furniture in American houses. Probably out of consideration for the avoidance of ungracefulness of two of us, three chairs were after awhile brought in, and a table on which to place our evening meal. Beds were laid on the floor, and there we slept—or at least tried. I had a comparatively soft place for my weary head, but who except a native, can sleep on a Japanese pillow? It is almost as hard as the one on which Jacob dreamed a dream, but I have never heard of anyone who set

it up for a pillar after a night of visions and revelations. It is a piece of wood six or eight inches long, two or three wide, and probably four inches high. It is scooped out somewhat on top, and used with or without a small, hard cushion—generally without. The argument for such a head-rest, I am told, is that it does not disarrange the ladies' hair—an important matter, as one readily appreciates, who has ever seen the elaborately arranged and pomaded hair of a Japanese lady."

Unspoken Kindness.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. In a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word of it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them.

Helpful Daughters.

There are many ways in which a girl can help her own future, each and all of them practical. The routine division of her day may seem of but slight importance, but the best division of the busy day of a housekeeper or a business woman, is of vast importance and comfort, or discomfort, to its divider. A regular time for arising—which

deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung, suspended in the air.

Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone, "I am coming! Keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed. She never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully, "I am coming! Keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms and closed her eyes upon her father's breast. Children, "keep looking up!"

A LESSON ON A CHURCH WALL.

NEAR the entrance to Old Blandford Cemetery in Petersburg, Virginia, (writes Mr. Edward Wright, a reader of this journal) there is an old church, which was used as a place of worship until 1792. It is slowly crumbling to dust. The outside of this church is completely covered with ivy. A prettier sight cannot be seen anywhere, than this old cemetery where all is so quiet, save the singing of the birds and where many true Christians lie awaiting the resurrection. On the interior walls of the old church are written the following beautiful lines:

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile?
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And round thee in thy loneliness,
Clings the ivy to thy wall.

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft' in years gone by:
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the high.

The tramp of many a busy foot,
That sought thy aisles, is o'er;
And many a weary heart around,
Is still forever more.

How doth ambition's hope take wings?
How droops the spirit now?
We hear the city's distant din,
The dead are mute below.

The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves.
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back:
Who've gathered here in vain—
Who've careless roved, where we do now,
Who'll never meet again—

How would our very hearts be stirred,
To meet their earnest gaze,
The lovely and the beautiful—
The lights of other days.

—Author Unknown.

To Dispel the "Blues."

"The blues," so-called, are the result of peculiar and abnormal physical conditions. No day should pass without some active exercise in the open air; not merely a leisurely stroll along crowded streets, or a half day's shopping in crowded, heated stores; but a quick, brisk walk of several miles. Women, as a rule, stay in-doors too much, worry, dream and grieve over many trials, losses and crosses, stitch them into scarfs, curtains and doyleys, and become languid, lifeless, colorless and sorrowful thereby. Sorrow seems to be woman's inheritance, and between her and her longed-for Eden, there stands ever the guarding cherubim with the flaming sword; but if she would wrestle with the grievance as Jacob wrestled with the angel, until it bring her a blessing—make her sorrow a servant which should minister to her strength and nobility of character, she would ultimately win a permanent victory over "the blues." The best of all cures is activity in some useful way.

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom.

The Good-Night Kiss.

There are young men and women, still at their childhood's home, who look for their mother's coming to give them her good-night kiss, with no less of interest and grateful affection than when they were little boys and girls. And there are many more people—both young and old—away from their homes, who thank God with all their hearts for the ineffaceable memories of such tokens of their dear mother's love, while yet they were with her.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XVII. A Blotted Page.

ANNIE'S own words recorded in her diary best describe the events that followed. She writes:

"Oh, the agony of the past months! No one in all the broad earth can be so miserable as I am. I would die and rid myself of this trouble were it not for Ernest. Sometimes the maddening thought flashes that we can die together, he and I, and not be parted in life, in death, nor in the narrow grave—narrow, but wide enough to hold us two. My beautiful boy! Am I crazy? There are moments when my brain grows wild with thoughts that press like mountain weights, and then I am afraid of myself. Many a time have I risen from my bed at night and thrown all knives and scissors out into the darkness for fear morning would come and find us—where! I shudder, I seem like some dead thing dragging about a living body. Oh, how fearful it is to live! Would, Oh, would that baby and I were in the grave by those I love. How sweet and quiet the grave seems to me to-night! How would I love to tell my hands and slumber with those so dear, papa and Clarence! Yes, Clarence, for he is sleeping, too.

"Hush, my heart, stop thy wild throb- bings, while I record all that has passed.

"They tell me that three months have passed since this terrible thing took place. I well remember that it was March, that the wind was sighing and wailing through bare trees. Now the forests are in full leaf, and flowers are blossoming everywhere—but why speak of flowers? They are fit only to deck the dead, they smell to me of graves, earthy, damp, musty—I hate them.

"Well, they say it is three months since life went out of me. Dear Clarence had been abstaining from almost all intoxicating spirits and only occasionally giving way to the fierce, insatiable, demoniac thirst. Debts were rapidly paid, but they were heavy, far heavier than he at first supposed, but I kept saying 'take all,' and so he went on paying and paying. At last he came home one night saying nothing was left except his silent partnership and our half interest in our home. What now should we do?

"I replied, 'let us sell to Roy and buy a small home of our own, perhaps we might still save enough for a support.' Roy readily agreed to purchase, and we sold out our interest, though we still remained with them at his and mamma's earnest solicitation. Rumors then were rife of the failure of our firm. It was true. They had failed, and it was discovered that their liabilities were heavy, far heavier than their assets could meet, then, to save honor, perhaps our little all must go. Clarence rushed downtown only to hear the appalling news confirmed! We were absolutely penniless. Mamma begged that we take her few thousands, but she had retained only enough for her own individual necessities, and it would have been nothing to us. Roy insisted upon lending Clarence money, but he positively refused. It was too much for his proud spirit and loving heart. Ah! I could have borne it. I was brave, he did not know his wife. Alas! Alas! Then he drank and drank again, scarcely one sober breath did he draw. One sad, bitter night a friend saw his condition, and brought him home in his carriage after dark. He was able to get out with help, but he sank heavily at the gate—they brought him in—up to my room—laid him on my bed. He gasped once—twice—and—was gone!

"Oh, the horrors of that hour! I can write no more. Penniless, friendless, and a widow—a drunkard's widow!"

Blotted and defaced was the page with tears. It brought them to our own eyes as we read the tragic end of a noble man. Death had truly held his assize in the St. Clair family where once was wealth and mirth. Two deaths, both sudden, not a

single moment for reflection, yet so death often comes, like a thief in the night when least expected.

Roy begged his sister to remain with him, imploring her never to leave him, telling her he would gladly share his fortune with her. Mrs. St. Clair was in deep distress, and she and Roy were untiring in their attentions. It was a noble family, sprung from noble sires, and, underneath love for gain, there was much unselfishness which constantly prompted to aid the unfortunate. This Col. St. Clair had shown in offering to relieve his sister, Valeria's mother, at her husband's death, and Roy, forgiving and forgetting old animosities had, immediately upon hearing of Carlisle's loss, offered to lend him the sum required without interest for as long a time as he desired.

After the terrible death of her husband, Annie became unconscious and lay for weeks hovering between life and death. It was a hand-to-hand conflict, but life conquered, and she slowly recovered. She came back to life with regret, and no one but her child Ernest could draw a smile from her sad lips. Some friends were kind, yet her fashionable friends stood aloof, nor condescended to speak a comforting, cheering word to the penniless, drunkard's widow. She had been up, now she was down, and how easy to trample upon the fallen! There were some who pitied, but generally it was in a patronizing way and their sympathy was most condescendingly offered. Had not grief petrified her, this would have stung her more than open slights. Roy was a true brother though his wife was not very sisterly, indeed knew little more than how to take care of herself and pet her six months' old boy. Ernest, a noble specimen of childhood, was now two years old. The nurse who always had charge of him was with him still, and had been faithful in her care of him during Annie's long illness.

As health returned, there came renewed strength, and as she sat in her easy chair, many hours were spent by her in thinking and planning. When Roy came up one evening to see her, she said:

"Roy, will you do me a favor to-morrow? I dislike to ask it of you, but I know no other way to accomplish my resolve."

"Annie, my precious sister, don't you know that I would be willing to go to the ends of the earth for you?"

"This will not require so arduous an undertaking; it will only necessitate a visit or two on your part. Roy, I cannot be dependent—"

"Stop, Annie, you shall not talk to me in that strain."

"Yes, Roy, please listen to me. You do not know what an immense load you will lift off my heart."

"Go on, then, if it will make you feel any better and I will hear all you have to say."

"Well, my dear brother, now don't stop me when I say I cannot be dependent. I am penniless and I must support myself. I cannot let you do it, and mamma is not able."

"Annie!"

"Stop! you promised to hear me through. Now I want you to see Mr. Nixon, the president of the Female College here, and get a situation for me in his music department."

"You? My sister teaching school, when her brother is rich! Annie, you are crazy!"

"Never was in a more lucid frame of mind. Roy, please do this for me. You do not know how my heart is set upon it."

"I will not, Annie. I never will. I don't know what mamma would think were she to hear of this unheard-of favor you asked of me. Get you a situation, indeed! You who have been the leader of the ton. You now wanting to turn school teacher! You distress me beyond measure. Are you not as welcome here, as much so as my own wife or boy? Has anything occurred, one word been spoken to make you think otherwise? Just let me know and I'll stop it."

"No, Roy, no. On the contrary, every possible thing has been done for Ernest and me, everybody has been gentle and kind, but Roy, we St. Clairs are an independent race."

"Dependent or independent, you shall not teach. I will not see the president for you, and you shall not get any situation through me or any one else. What would become of Ernest, dear little fellow?"

"Why, you see, it you wouldn't let me pay my board—"

"Oh, Annie, you wound me deeply!"

"Roy, I said 'if you wouldn't,' for I knew you wouldn't, why then I could still hire Aunt Liza to watch over him. Mamma has paid her hire every month, but I must not permit this. Then the college is not far, she could bring him over to my music room; and you see with what I would obtain for my services I could pay her hire, and still have enough left to purchase our clothes."

"It you haven't gone into this thing in a calculating, business way! Actually are counting the dollars and cents. Annie, my darling sister, drop all thought of such a foolish thing. You shall not teach, that is a fixed thing, but Liza shall stay and relieve you of all care of Ernest, and neither mamma nor you shall be troubled with her hire. I shall manage it so she will think it comes from you. What is mine is yours, remember this, and now not one word of thanks if you love me. Good-night. Go to sleep, and don't let school-rooms and refractory girls enter into your night dreams, for they shall not into your day, that I am determined on."

The door closed and Annie was alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

God's Methods.

Roy's decision put a veto upon Annie's teaching, so she said no more upon the subject. In some respects her life moved on in the same aimless way, with but little to do or think of. Some old society friends called occasionally, but they were not so full of demonstration and gushing affection as formerly, when wealth and position were hers, and she led the fashion of the city. Often in riding out with Ernest in Roy's carriage, the splendid equipage of a rich neighbor would dash by, with only a cool nod of recognition. Annie saw and felt this deeply. She was still in heavy mourning, and looked in it more beautiful than ever before, but though her face was sad, still underneath she carried a worldly heart, and no one would feel these slights more keenly, yet she did not complain. In some measure life had lost its zest, but there were times when the thoughts of the days that had been were pleasant memories, and she loved to live in retrospection. Val's warning often rang in her ears, and her reply would come back to her, that "love would secure her against trouble," but now she had found that love was not such a potent power, held not such a puissant sway as she had once believed. What a hallucination!

Roy had put a costly monument over her husband, and often she carried little Ernest to this spot, and as he dropped from his baby fingers the white flowers she had gathered for him, she would talk to him of "papa, dear papa." "Oh!" she said to herself, "he will never know that his father fills a drunkard's grave. My baby shall love this spot, shall love, honor and revere the memory of his sainted father." She said "sainted" because it was a popular word to apply to the dead. What it meant she did not stop to inquire, and if she had, she would have used it all the same.

Two years passed away. Roy's family consisted of two children, a boy nearly three years of age and a little baby girl, Annie. They were spoiled children, of handsome appearance, always elegantly dressed, and when inclined to be domineering toward Ernest, his mother always quieted him by saying:

"They are so little, darling, they do not know any better. I wouldn't care at all. You are mamma's little man."

So the child, naturally sweet and yielding, grew more and more lovely as days passed by. He was his mother's idol. At night she bent over his pillow while he slept and watched every breath. He must lie right upon her arm, and often in her dreams she sprang up, dreaming some evil had befallen him. Every thought, night and day, revolved around this one centre.

He was nearly five years old when that dreadful scourge of children, diphtheria, made its appearance in the city. 'It is contagious,' said some; 'infectious,' said others, so Annie kept Ernest closely at

home, feeling that he was safest when right before her eyes. Then the disease was pronounced epidemic, and physicians were losing patient after patient. In some families every child, in others there would be two coffins side by side, and in many there was one. The exceptions were those who recovered. Roy's eldest child, his little boy, took it. Annie was almost bereft of reason, and though she nursed the little fellow day and night, yet she studiously kept Ernest upstairs. Poor little boy, how he suffered day after day, but at last he grew better and gradually recovered; so did the baby, whose attack was comparatively light.

"My throat hurts me, mamma."

This from Ernest's lips, was the death knell of Annie's hopes. Then she argued with herself and hoped, but there were the ominous white pustules, the feeble pulse, the fever—what mother does not know the symptoms. Annie did the physician's bidding, vacantly, with strange look and composure. Night after night she bent over her child pressing kisses upon his hot lips, or she would hold him in her arms, press him convulsively to her bosom, as though she could not get near enough. Every moment intensified her sufferings and hope died. Despair with its raven wing seemed to envelop her and shut out the light of the spring bursting forth in fresh beauty.

Once when she thought him better, she was startled by his opening his eyes and saying: "Mamma, I wish I was a little angel."

"My darling! Who told my precious one of angels?"

"Nurse did, mamma, she says they are so pretty, all dressed up in little white dresses, and they have gold harps in their hands and gold crowns on their heads, and play such lovely music. I wish I was one, don't you, mamma?"

Hush, Oh, hush, my darling. You can't be an angel. You can't go up there. You shall not leave me, Ernest, my life, my love—don't talk so. You will kill me, you will kill your mamma."

A bright smile lighted his face as he answered:

"Then we'd be angels together, wouldn't we, mamma, and we'd play and sing so sweet," but she kissed him rapturously over and over again, hushing his words and looking so pained the child raised his hot hand and patted her cheek, saying:

"Poor mamma! Poor, sweet mamma."

She caught his hand, held it to her lips in a spasm of grief, then pressed it to her bosom, while the child, seeing her pent-up suppressed grief, which came in quick convulsive sobs, kept saying tenderly:

"My poor mamma! Poor, dear mamma!"

Ah! here was her last link to life, a life begun in a sunshine of brightness, without a single cloud on the fair horizon, without a shadow across the sun's glorious disk! Here was her link, the others had snapped asunder. The flood had been at its greatest flow at the beginning, but for past years it had ebbed and ebbed, and now it was carrying all away in this its last reflux, hope, joy, life, all, all. Going! Her darling was surely going. She had never had one ray of hope. All else had eluded her eager grasp, why not this? She felt herself to be the deadly Upas tree which blighted, poisoned, killed all within its reach. Here was her hold to earth—oh, surely going! She would have grappled with Death hand to hand. Gladly would she have encountered him in human form, and with the strength born of a mother's love, she would have vanquished him, wrenched her darling from his icy grip. With arms thrown wildly forward and upward she would pace the floor as her child slept and challenge Death, challenge heaven and all the heavenly powers in language dreadful to hear, and then she would sink a pale, feeble woman by her baby's side, powerless, perfectly helpless, and she knew it. All she could do was to watch and wait, strain him to her wildly beating heart and press countless kisses everywhere.

The sun was setting behind a bank of clouds, and the air was still. Nature seemed to hush her many voices in sorrow for a broken-hearted mother in an upper room. "The only son of his mother and she was a widow." Close to her heart she held her child, her eyes fastened to his face. Presently a murmur "Poor Mamma," a pause—a gasp—and little Ernest was dead.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said a minister standing by, but the words sounded hollow, mocking, in such a death chamber as that.

(To be Continued.)

A SICK BOY'S REQUEST.

Now working for Christ in Liberia is a young man named Walters who tells in his "Spirit of Missions" a touching story of his boyhood. He was one of Bishop Penick's boys in the school at Cape Mount Liberia when one of the numerous tribal wars across the frontier broke out. Several fugitives took refuge in the school and among them a boy who had been badly hurt and was half starved. Walters took care of the lad and did all he could for him; but, he says "he grew worse and worse; but, boy as I was, I never suspected anything serious. But one evening he sent for me, and, after thanking me profusely for what I had done for him, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, said: 'Joe, I am going to die, and I want you to pray for me.' Judge of my surprise and confusion, since I was not a Christian, and hence knew not how to point a dying heathen boy to the Lamb of God who keth away the sin of the world. I tried to persuade him that he was getting better, and that this was only a sickly frenzy which would wear off after a good night's sleep. But to no purpose. He assured me that he was about to die and begged me to

kneel down by his bed and pray for him. I finally consented, knelt down by his bed and said the Lord's Prayer. He thanked me heartily and asked if I would still grant one last petition. I consented. He said, 'My last request is that you will give me a prayer to die with.' After hesitating, I told him to say: 'Kambah Im bowle,' 'Lord forgive me.'

"I left him thinking that after a good sleep he would be better by morning. But about four o'clock next morning I was awakened and told that he had just died, and that he died repeating 'Kambah Im bowle.'

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Everyone will remember Tolstoi's story of the poor cobbler, who, in entertaining several poor persons, entertained his Lord. That was a beautiful parable, but here is an historical fact conveying a similar lesson. Haydn, the famous composer, when a boy, was employed by the organist of the cathedral at Vienna; but when his voice broke, his master dismissed him from the choir, and afterwards turned him into the streets at seven o'clock one evening in November, with tattered clothes and without a coin in his pocket. A poor but friendly musician of the name of Spangler discovered him the next morning, and though he himself lodged with his wife and children in a single room on a fifth story, he offered the outcast Haydn a corner of his garret and a seat at his table. A miserable bed, a table, a chair and a wretched harpsichord were all that Spangler had to give in a garret which had neither windows nor stove; but this act of charity of the benevolent Spangler was welcome, and most readily accepted by Haydn, who at a later date nobly repaid the kindness by appointing Spangler as the principal tenor singer in the chapel of the Prince Esterhazy.

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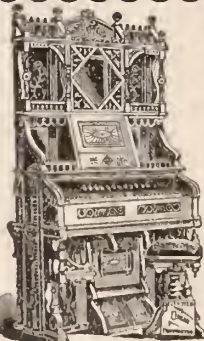
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In a recent letter to the Baptist Missionary Union, of Boston, Mass., the Rev. G. J. Geis, describing a tour he has just taken among the Kachims of India, relates a significant incident. He says that he was preaching one evening under a tree by a river bank, and noticed one of the men who waited to listen, looking at him with a kind of pleased surprise. After he had finished preaching, this man came to him. He said that a year before he had been in prison at Bhamo. There, a fellow-prisoner, who had afterwards been proved innocent, had told him the same story of Jesus that the preacher had just been telling. He had often wished to hear more, but until that evening he had never had an opportunity.

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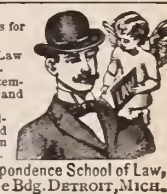
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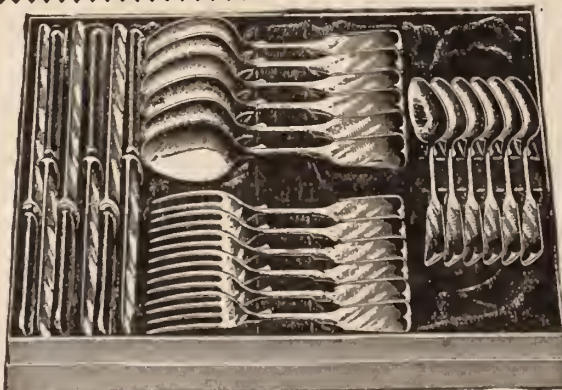
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VOLUME 17. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1894. NUMBER 47. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

W. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA

Gigantic Rock-Sanctuaries of India, Visited by Dr. Talmage During His Recent Tour
—Sacred to Heathen Gods—The War Against Opium.



TRAVELER finds nowhere else in the world more striking evidences of the ruin of ancient religions than in India. Splendid even in decay, the innumerable temples and sanctuaries, triumphs of a glorious architecture, stand as mute witnesses of the tremendous power once wielded by a heathen worship, in Asia, that spread over the greater part of the world.

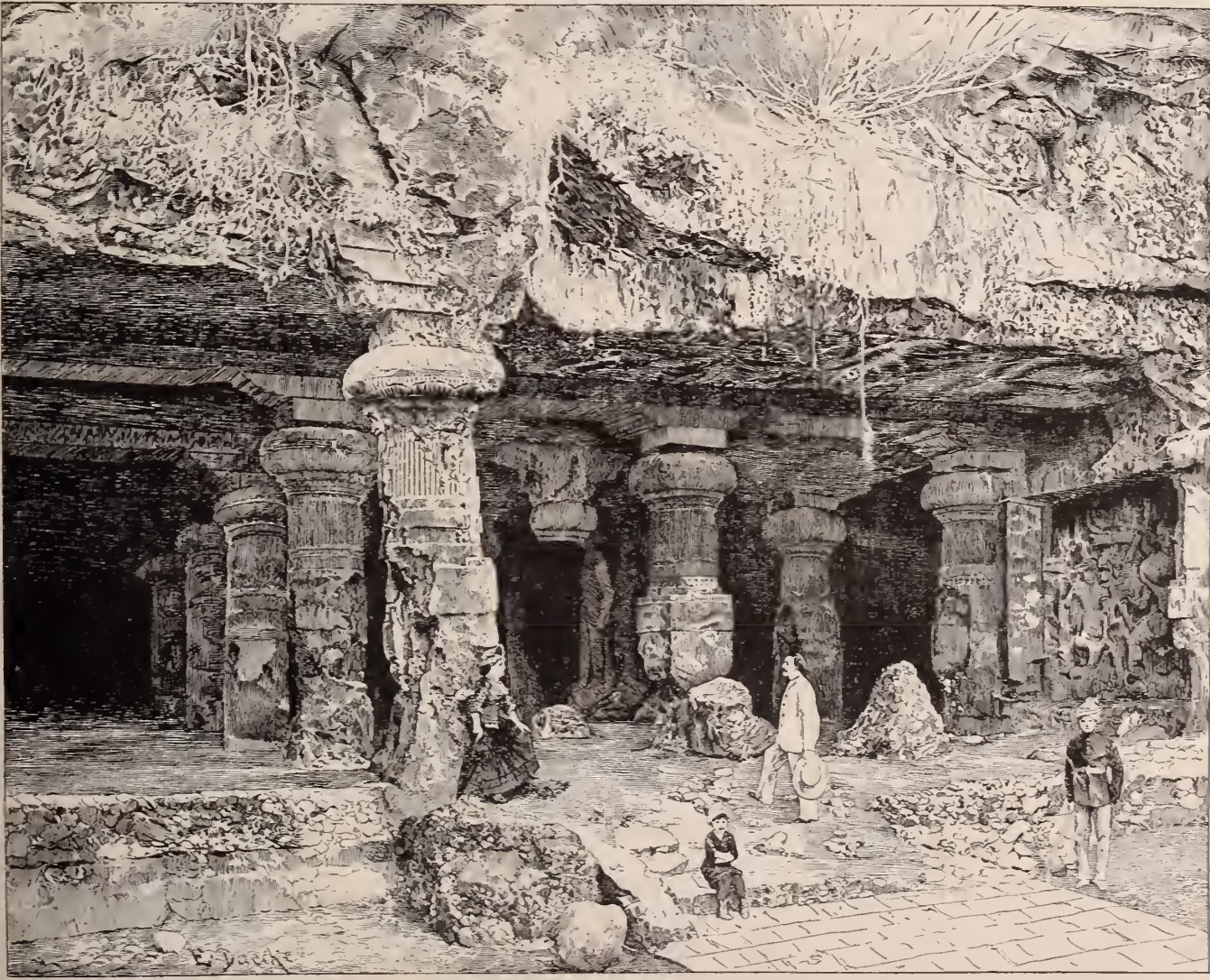
who were the first white men to visit and explore it. Near the statue, and a little distance up-hill, is a cave, with an entrance sixty feet wide and eighteen feet high, supported by pillars that has been hewn out of the solid rock. Within, the great cave is divided into different halls or chambers, each of which contains a number of remarkable sculptures, representing different Hindu deities, but nearly all more or less defaced by time or the vandalism of curious visitors, eager for relics. There are no more imposing specimens of religious architecture of the colossal type, to be found anywhere in the great mosques or temples of the globe, than those that arrest the eye of the pilgrim as he enters the huge, oblong hall. Boldly yet symmetrically carved, the enormous pillars seem quite capable of supporting the great masses of rock above them, and the gloomy

beyond. Even in their mutilated state, these figures produce a powerful effect upon the spectator and impart an air of majesty to the surroundings. On a wall immediately opposite the entrance, and in a recess, are three great panels of sculptured rock, the central panel being a representation of the Hindu Triad: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, or Mahadeva, the Destroyer. The heads of this strange trinity are each nearly twelve feet in height, being lengthened by the tiaras, or royal head-dresses, and the expression of the features is that of power and dignity. Vishnu holds in one upturned hand a lotus flower, Brahma a gourd, and Siva a "sacred" snake—the cobra, most deadly of all serpents. That this idolatrous manifestation of deity, which is known in Hindu theology as the Trimurti, was in times past skillfully used by the priests to impose upon the credulity of the people, is evident from several indications. There are marks on the rocks which would seem to show that the recess in which the figures are carved, was closed by a veil or screen, placed there by the



other faces of gods. In the immediately the triple a hollow, excavated visible from

tries, triumphs of a glorious architecture, stand as mute witnesses of the tremendous power once wielded by a heathen worship, in Asia, that spread over the greater part of the world. In the remote coasts of China to the borders of Syria. Theological sculptures in India and in the temples and pagodas, crumbling with age or rudely defaced by the fanatic zeal, are found everywhere, also numerous are the ruins found in these places that can almost credit the assertion of investigators who have made a special study of Hindu theology, that over 300,000,000 deities of potential inferiority, lie at different times been worshipped by the people of Hindostan! During a recent tour of the globe, Rev. Dr. Talmage, while in India, visited many of the sacred places, including the famous "Caves of Elephanta," which lies between Bombay and the mainland. Immediately opposite the landing-place is a colossal statue of an elephant, from which it received the name "Elephanta Isle" from the Portuguese,



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CAVE OF ELEPHANTA, NEAR BOMBAY, INDIA.
'From a Photograph secured by Dr. Talmage during his recent Tour around the World.'

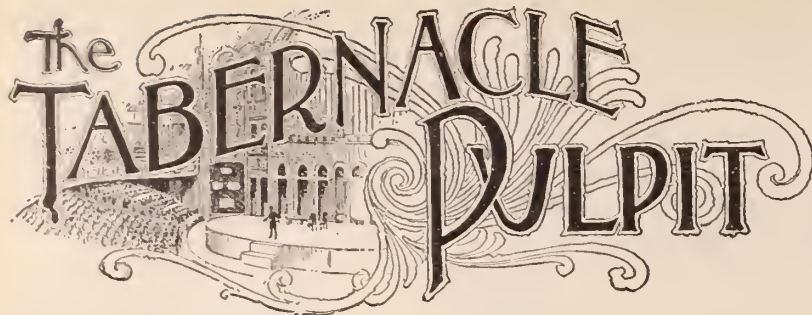
A HINDU RELIGIOUS BEGGAR. the front. This was used as a place of concealment for the priest who would delude the worshippers by simulating the tones of the god, or in other ways impress them with the belief that the image of stone was capable of interpreting and answering their prayers. On either side of this monstrous trinity of idols are other carved figures of less magnitude, some human size, others dwarfs, and in a smaller cave to the right, there is a still greater variety of sculptures, the largest being a double figure of Siva and Parvati. There is also a four-faced representation of Brahma, on

a lotus flower, and near it still another of Vishnu. A third cave or compartment contains a gigantic, rock-cut symbol of Mahadeva or Siva, and there are two further caves, also containing sculptures, many of them defaced by the disintegration

shadows they cast far into the depths of the cave, ending in almost Cimmerian darkness, serve to bring out in more effective relief, the huge figures of the gods

Hindu priests or keepers of the shrine and which could be drawn aside at will to permit the devout worshippers who had been attracted thither from afar, to gaze upon the

(Continued on page 730.)



THE SICK GENERAL.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Text: 2. Kings 5:1, "He was a leper."



HERE we have a warrior sick; not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you, General Naaman, the commander-in-chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The Leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander-in-chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward ripper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show to you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an unextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his

Syrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors, crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once; music and mirth, and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling—Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general, and the doctors of the royal staff, have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say: "No cure; no cure." I think that the office-seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was: one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet-council with a waiting-maid over the declining health of the mighty General! "I know something," says the little captive maid: "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "O, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's heart? and many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them: I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy; I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "O," you say, "it was my little Amie, or

Fred, or Charley, that clambered up on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "O," you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. O, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward Heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and, looking through it, discovered that star, and won the prize, and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God, and Christ, and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement. Good-by, Naaman! With face scarified, and ridged, and inflamed by the pestilence, and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows, and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him—an expired chieftain seeking sepulture, amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus, the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world-renowned invalid.

Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health-excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said: "Ah, he will never come back again alive." Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine-phials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room. Good-by, Naaman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew

captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot winds out, and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold, and silver, and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gate of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battle-fields where Naaman, in days of his health, used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines a while in the grove of olive and oleander; and General Naaman so sick—so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aghast at the clank of his war-equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a less sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer: "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a wayside: "How far is Elisha's house?" He says: "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged-out horses. The procession brightens up at the prospect of a speedy arrival. They drive up to the house of the prophet. The charioteers shout to the horses, and the hoots and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out, you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come here now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just as he was to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you: the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes bad practice. Come out, Elisha, and attend your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases: pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house, and does not go out. For awhile, when he thinks he has humbled his proud man, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan, out yonder seven miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out: "What!" says the Commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some complimentary words over me, or make some complimentary passes over my wounds. Well, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunammite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with thy children?' and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that, and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait, and wait, and not endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be enwashed in such a river as that. Why we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharpar. Besides that, we have in our country another limpid river, Abana, with foliaged banks, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, and the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer: "Are not the Conne-

the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out: "Are not the Times and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every African needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing, you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain—unless the mighty Naaman does as Elisha commands, he will die of his awful sickness. And you see you do as Christ commands you—you are seized upon by an everlasting waste-away. Obey and live—disobey and die. Lying over-arching, under girding, stultious alternative!

Well, General Naaman could not stand the charioteer. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whirr of the wheels and the flying of the dust shows the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their behavior that the kind and loving God has been studying how to annoy, and exasperate, and demolish them. What has he been doing? Oh, trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. It is all. Yet they whip up their horses, and they go away in a rage. But, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive must as well have not to him of the Prophet, and this long journey as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon, and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamor in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the Prophet had told you to walk for a mile on slip spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully creeps to the brink of the river, and steps in. He wades once into the flood, and and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, General, how much better you do look." He bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shrivelled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time in the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and the soreness and anguish have gone out of his limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and comes up, and not so much as a fever, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He sits out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "It is possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the cha-

riot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild "Huzza! Huzza!"

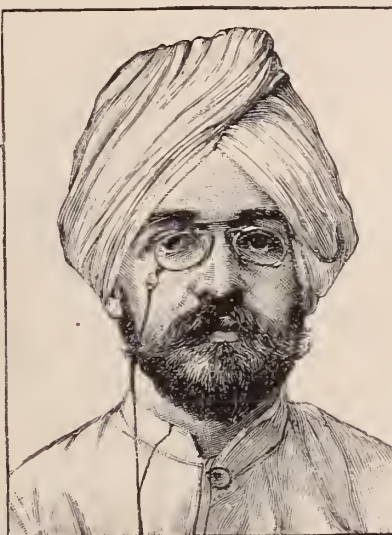
Now, this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was—he got out of his chariot. And you have got to get down out of the chariot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. Never, until we get down on our knees will we find mercy. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our uncleanness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing suppliants.

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
O, magnify that grace in me.

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "O," you say: "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than any that pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks in a torrent



ALFRED S. DYER, EDITOR AND MISSIONARY.



MAN SUKH LAL, OF BOMBAY.

from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon, and peace, and life, and heaven.

That flood started in the tears of Christ, and the sweat of Gethsemane, and rolled on, accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "fountain filled with blood." Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. O wash, wash, wash, and be clean.

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

The Caves of Elephanta.

(Continued from first page.)

of the rocks. Among all the figures that of Siva is the most prominent as it is the most popular in Hindu devotion. The panels are believed, by some critics, to represent the human-divine life of Siva, his marriage, his abandonment of home and kindred, his conquest and slaughter of his enemies, his retirement into meditation, and his ultimate absorption into "Brahm"—a panorama of the progress of the soul of man as it appears to the unenlightened minds of those who formulated the ancient Hindu religion. This strange cave-temple, which was dedicated to Siva, is believed to have been excavated and its sculptures fashioned about the 10th century A. D.

If India is the "Mother of Religions," as some writers have called that land of ruined temples and palaces, it is also the birthplace of a multitude of vices. In Bombay, almost within sight of the cave shrines of Elephanta, there is one predominant vice that signalizes it among all the cities of the East—that of opium-smoking. Recently a strong effort was made by the authorities

to suppress the evil, and this course was supported by many devoted missionaries and by a portion of the In-

me to view some of the samples in Bombay of the licensed facilities which the British Government in India provides for those subject to its rule. Centrally situated, close to a large municipal market, we pause before a dingy building, and pass into a large, dark, stinking room, dense with poisonous opium smoke. It is a veritable Black Hole. The first objects that are visible in the semi-darkness are two little children, of about five and six years of age respectively, lying on a dirty mat near the door in a comatose state. A man is fanning one of them, who seems to have been over-dosed, and is as still as a corpse. We penetrate further. Human forms, in all stages of opium stupor, including two or three women, are lying thickly together on benches, with only a narrow passage between. One of my young missionary companions counts eighty-eight, doubtless missing some in the obscurity. Several of these are emaciated by the vice almost to skeletons. But we can stand this suffocating opium atmosphere no longer. We all make for the street. It is a beautiful, bright, balmy night. As I stand again in the fresh open air, I wonder how many Christian people know of the massacre of humanity that is being wrought in India and Burmah.

"I say it deliberately, that the opium habit is the most imperious vice that has fallen upon humanity. Medical missionaries in China testified to me again and again that, probably, as much as ninety-five per cent. of the victims of opium who go through missionary opium refuges and leave as cured, relapse into the habit. This habit pre-eminently destroys the power of the will. For that reason I have been repeatedly implored by opium slaves in Bombay licensed opium dens to implore the Government to stop the supply of the drug. They have said, in substance, that it is by this means only that they can get free from the fetters of the vice that is damning them."

Portraits of Messrs. Dyer, Prantch and Lal, the martyrs who submitted to imprisonment to forward the cause of humanity and to bring the opium curse more prominently before the eye of the civilized world appear on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Their brave battle against this hideous vice deserves the sympathy and approval of Christian people all over the world.

A ZULU POLYGAMIST'S TRIAL.

From Rev. Charles Johnson, a missionary in Zululand, comes a remarkable story of domestic self-sacrifice. A native Christian won the friendship of Dugusa, an Induna, or head man, of a Zulu tribe, and labored hard to get him to attend the mission services. But he was a great man in his way, with a high position, had a large household, and eight wives. Dugusa, at last, paid a visit to the mission, and, after a time, came regularly and brought his wives with him. They were all very attentive, and seemed deeply interested. One day Dugusa astonished the missionary by remarking, with a good deal of feeling, that it was better for a man to have one wife than eight. "How can a man be a Christian," he asked, plaintively, "who has eight wives?" However, he continued attending the services, and he and his wives paid close attention. One day four of his wives went to him of their own accord, and told him that they wanted to be separated, taking up the position that the Zulus call "the mothers," which is equivalent to supernumerary wives. The four remaining wives continued to live with him, but they talked the matter over with each other and with him. Finally, one of the four was chosen to stay with him, and the other three left his kraal, never to return. Nothing was said to the missionary about what had been done for several months. Then Dugusa presented himself, and asked for baptism. All the eight women did likewise, at the same time informing him how the polygamous difficulty had been settled. The missionary adds, "no one knows what it cost in sorrow and suffering."



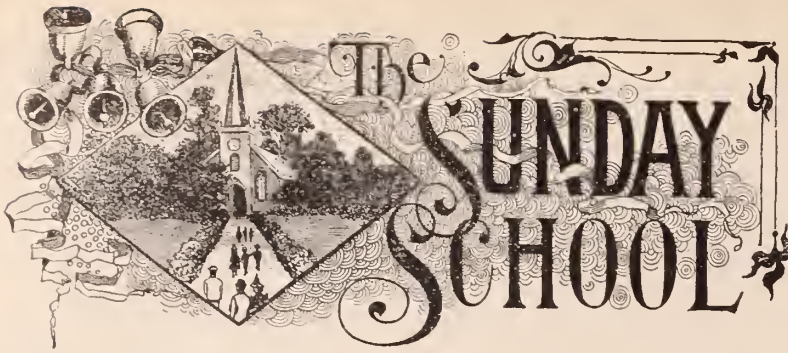
A. W. PRAUTCH, MISSIONARY WORKER.

dian press as well as by many white residents. Prominent in this laudable movement were Mr. Alfred S. Dyer, editor of the Bombay "Guardian," Mr. A. W. Prautch, a missionary long in the service of Rev. J. M. Thoburn, the Methodist Missionary Bishop of India, and Man Sukh Lal, a native Christian. These three, having made public protest against the open disobedience of the Viceroy's order, closing the opium dens, were prosecuted by one of the leading opium contractors and a fine was imposed, but rather than pay, the three together submitted to a month's imprisonment for conscience sake. Their imprisonment excited great indignation in India and England and has been the means of arousing the government to such activity that there is now an excellent prospect of the vice being thoroughly suppressed in Bombay at least.

In conducting his own defence, Mr. Dyer gave this realistic picture of the condition of affairs in the native quarter of Bombay:

"Grant and Duncan Roads are two of the great arteries of traffic in Bombay. The spot where these two main thoroughfares cross each other resembles a square, or open market or meeting-place, on account of the two eastern water-tanks, which give breadth to the junction of the roads. Here in the morning may be seen laborers waiting to be hired (Matt. 20: 3); and usually in the evening, a multitude listening to a native orator. The neighborhood is densely populated. It is within a few steps of this junction of main roads that a Chinaman has received from the Government a license to open an opium-smoking hell. It is new ground for the satanic business. It has not been carried on before, so far as we can learn, in this locality. The teeming thousands of this quarter of the city also, are to be tempted to their ruin by a fascinating temptation—the teeming thousands whom it is the mission of the Christian Church to save.

"On Christmas Eve, two newly-arrived missionaries, and two others, accompanied



CHRIST'S TESTIMONY TO JOHN.

S.S. Lesson for Dec. 2. Luke 7: 24-35. Golden Text, Luke 7: 27. By Mrs. Baxter.

THE active ministry of John the Baptist, Christ's faithful forerunner, was accomplished, he had turned "many of the children of Israel . . . to the Lord their God;" he had gone before his face, "in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just: to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." (Luke 1: 16, 17.) Now, he was needed no more, and the remainder of his days upon earth must serve God's purpose for the further education for a higher service of this most honored and precious instrument. But John

Could not Understand

God's dealing with him. He had been chosen at birth to the high vocation where-with he was called; his father and mother before him had understood, as few did in their day, the purposes of God; and they had helped to develop in their son the solemn and intense ministry which took him apart from other men to be a sacred Elijah, "in the deserts, until the day of his showing unto Israel." When the word of God came to him in the wilderness, without taking counsel with flesh and blood, without any hesitation or drawback, he "came into all the region round about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins," having understood from Isa. 40: 3-8, that which was written in the Scripture regarding him, and yielding all his being, spirit, soul and body, to fulfil this Scripture which was as his very life. It was no hardship to John that his food and raiment were of the most meagre and of the coarsest kind; he lived not for things temporal. He was a man of his vocation; a voice to deliver an unprecedented message from God; a servant, a herald to introduce the Son of God into his life's ministry.

Popular, for a few years, as no other man in his day, the instrument of the greatest religious movement in his own generation, perhaps in any generation, up to his time—yet his popularity and his ministry were only preparatory, and from the time when the climax of his testimony was reached, and he could bear witness of Jesus and say: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," his power and his usefulness must decline. He himself said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Yet this blessed man of God was perhaps little prepared for the fulfilment of this, his own prophecy. He did not know through what depths of nothingness he must go, or how terrible and intense would be the suffering which he had yet to bear. His disciples forsook him to follow Jesus. This perhaps he had calculated on, and might heartily rejoice in. But his popularity declined. He had been "a burning and a shining light," (John 5: 35), and many who had hung upon his words were "willing for a season," but only for a season, to "rejoice in his light." And just when the supreme moment of his life had arrived, his light began to wane, and instead of being called, as probably he expected, to take a large part in the ministry of Jesus, his disciples were called to follow him and

He was Passed by.

Still faithful to the ministry committed to him, he had rebuked King Herod for his sin, and without any intervention on the part of Jesus, he was cast into prison and left there. It was the literal fulfilment of his words: "He must increase, but I must decrease." And Jesus was all this time growing more and more popular. Not only were his words with power, but they were also accompanied by mighty deeds. These the disciples of John recounted to him. The raising of the widow's son, outside the city of Nain, had

just taken place, and this work of power was related to the imprisoned prophet. There are times in the life of a child of God, when the enemy is permitted to make a special assault, when he succeeds in getting the eye off God, and the situation seems to be impossible and past endurance. It was probably so with John at this moment. As far as he knew, he had been faithful; he was conscious of no departure from his God, his one anticipation had been the joy of announcing to the world the Lamb of God, who should take away sin. He had understood the sacrifice of Christ, no other living man, perhaps, understood the Lord as he did; and yet he, of all others, was passed by and ignored! What could be the reason?

It was an Awful Moment.

Those only who have passed through such moments will understand the inexpressible agony which must have laid hold upon him, until some ray of light from God should visit him. What should he do? He did the only thing which a soul thus situated can do; he appealed to Jesus. Sending two disciples to him, he inquired: "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" (Luke 7: 20, R.V.) Jesus had no word of reproach with which to crush the bruised reed, but he recalled John to the true proof of his identity, and thus drew his eyes off himself to his Lord. "In that hour he cured many diseases and plagues and evil spirits; and on many that were blind he bestowed sight. And he answered and said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard: the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have good tidings preached to them." (R.V.)

Thus far there was nothing to help John: the very fact that Jesus did all this, and yet so completely ignored him, was the cause of all his trouble. But the Lord added that which was the clue to the whole situation: "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." There is a blessedness beyond the blessedness of fellowship in ministry, the blessedness of confidence that, understood or not understood, the ways of the Lord are right. John had, during his sore temptation, been measuring the ways of Christ by the way in which they affected him personally. Self is aglance through which everything that is seen is distorted. There is another, and a clearer glass; and this was that which the Lord put into the hands of his servant. Look at all things in the light of what I am, not in the light of how these good things touch you. It was the last word of Christ to John before his death, and we may well believe that it

Nerved Him for His Martyrdom.

But why should such a faithful servant of God be thus dealt with? John's education was very precious to his Lord, he had to learn, from Isa. 60: 6-8, how "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever." All that would pass away, his popularity, his energy, his zeal, etc., must fade; but all that he, as a voice, had ministered, all that he, as a messenger, had fulfilled of the Word of God, would stand forever.

The messengers departed, and now the veil is drawn aside, and the real value in the eyes of Jesus of his honored forerunner becomes apparent. At the very time when John had been crushed under the sense of being ignored, Jesus could say to the multitude concerning him: "What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Gorgeous apparel and delicate living are not to be found in the wilderness, and John

is not to be found in kings' courts. "But what went ye out to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." Holy Scripture was written concerning this man and has been fulfilled in and by him: "Among them that are born of woman there is none greater than John: yet he that is but little in the kingdom of God is greater than he."

O, child of God, tempted almost to despair and yet unconscious of any departure from God, accused by the enemy until every foothold of faith may seem ready to give way, fear not! He who permits such a furnace has gauged its strength before he called thee to enter it; he is surely with thee in the midst of it; only learn the lesson of seeing everything in the light of what he is, and refuse to judge for a moment of God, of things, of persons, in relation to what thou art and then, in the deep darkness thou mayest "trust in the name of the Lord" and stay upon thy God. (Jer. 1: 12.)

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



AN ORIENTAL FORERUNNER.

QUESTION and answer and comment, as all three stand in the passage, are worthy of close study. The question was a natural one. John the Baptist imprisoned in his dungeon was evidently perplexed. With the ceremonies of the dying dispensation about him, he was looking for the protection and prosperity promised to the God under that dispensation. God did not rescue him from the wicked Herod and the more wicked Herodias. His work was stopped, the work God gave him to do and God made no sign. Jesus too, whom he had baptized and announced as the Messiah, did not interfere. John, lying there like a captive eagle, fretted in his enforced idleness and longed for the open proclamation of the kingdom. His disciples came to him in his prison and told him that Jesus was still teaching and had made no effort to claim the kingdom. An awful doubt seems to have momentarily crossed his mind. Was it possible that he had been under an awful mistake? Could he have been deluded in supposing himself the Forerunner, who was to announce the approach of the coming King as the servant of an Oriental potentate to this day runs before the royal chariot, to warn the people in the crowded streets to make way? So he sends two of his disciples to ask the question of Jesus.

Jesus purposely delayed giving an answer. John's disciples remained in the throng that followed him, witnessing all that was done. Then Jesus apparently be-thinks himself of them and bids them go and tell John what they have seen, and adds to the list of miracles, the fact that the poor have the Gospel preached to them. John was to form his own conclusion from the facts. He had asked if Jesus was "the coming One," using the current phrase by which the Jews designated their expected deliverer. Here was one performing miracles with every attestation of divine power, yet taking an interest in the poor. That combination was rare. Let John know and he could judge. The same answer must now be given to men who question Christ's claims. Changes are wrought in character, the drunkard becomes sober, the vicious becomes virtuous, the selfish becomes benevolent and the poor are cared for. A religion which produces those effects must be of divine origin. And the beatitude with which Jesus closed his message applies also to us, as it did to John. The religion of Christ demands humility and self-sacrifice. Blessed are they who do not, like

Naaman, turn away in a rage, but Christ's comment on John, after the men had set out for the prison, was proof to the mixed audience around. Some had gone to see John out of curiosity, wanting to see the fanatic, to look at the man who had caused a national sensation, wondering what he would do. Others had gone with expectations that they would attain power and would bring the kingdom for which they were looking and restore the glory of Judea. Others had come to see a real live prophet, such as there in the old days. They had found more than they sought. John had made demands of them which they were reluctant to yield, they turned from him with the flippancy mark that he was possessed. They had a different objection to Christ. The trouble was not with the teacher but with the pupils, as it is with people in the present day who criticize the preacher and pay no attention to his message.

I send my messenger before thy face. This is an allusion to an Oriental custom which still prevails. Dr. Trumbull in his "Story of Oriental Social Life," says that he was in a narrow street, in which children playing, shop-keepers squatting and naked cripples, blind beggars and women were moving lazily about, when a loud shout was heard. It came from a lithe young Egyptian, gaily dressed, his loins girded, and running at full speed. He was crying, "O-ha" (Take care, Yameenak! Shomalak!) (To thy left!) and repeating his cries to the crowd, pushed them one way and the other to make way for those who were to follow. Close behind him came a pair of white horses drawing a carriage containing an officer of the government. "During my stay," the eminent writer continues, "one of the commonest sights was the carriage of a pasha, or of some members of the sultan's household, preceded through the crowded streets by one of these forerunners running ahead as fast as the horses could and calling to the people to clear the way."

Who shall prepare thy way. "At Jerusalem," says a distinguished American traveler in the Holy Land, "as our party arrived from the desert we were told that an Austrian prince was just before us. At this our dragoman was delighted, as he was sure we should find the road in excellent condition all the way northward. And again he said gratefully: 'This prince has been prepared for the prince. I have seen there was always a prince before us. A brief experience on the wilderness and desert roads of Egypt and Arabia, and only of the roads of Palestine, would be sufficient to show the need of special preparation for those roads were to be passable, and the value of such preparation when it has been secured.'

Not a greater prophet than John the Baptist. It is remarkable how often in history great movements have been led by two friends, each of whom paid eloquent tribute to the other. Two such friends were Luther and Melancthon. They were in distinct contrast the reverse of each other, Melancthon being as gentle as Luther was fiery, each honored and loved the other. "I am the rough woodsman," said Luther, "who has to make a path; but Philip goes quietly and peacefully along it, builds and plants, sows and waters, at his pleasure." Even some of Luther's friends, comparing the two men, disparaged Melancthon as "only a grammarian." Luther rejoined: "He is doctor of philosophy and theology, I am never ashamed to yield a point if this grammarian thinks differently from myself. I have done so often already, and I do the same daily; because of the gifts with which God has so richly filled this fragile vessel, I honor the work of God in him. Philip is a wonder to us all."

He that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he. He enjoys the light which John did not have. John knew but vaguely, and as in symbol, the way by which through Christ's death and resurrection the world might be reconciled to God. He humblest member of Christ's kingdom is therefore far in advance of John the Baptist in knowledge of God, and by so much greater than he. When Professor Silliman of Yale, was an old man, he was once sitting among the students listening to a lecture by his son. At the close of the lecture he overheard some one near him saying that the son was a greater man than his father had been. Silliman turned to the group and said: "He ought to be, for I stand on my shoulders."



AT MAR SABA.

Traveler Visits the Oldest Convent of the World—Sturdy Peasant Women in Austere Brotherhood.



A SHEIKH'S DAUGHTER.

A PALANKEEN has been made ready instead of a horse for my use in the journey from Jerusalem to Mar Saba, said to be the oldest convent in the world. I acquiesce the more willingly in the arrangement that the memory of a succession of "Jerusalem ponies" does not in-

cll me toward the experiment of undertaking a long ride upon what I heard an Elishman describe in a Christmas talk Bishop Gobat's school on Mount Zion, as that most unhasty beast, the ass." I do not take kindly to the donkey, nor, to judge from his behaviour when honored by being my weight, does he to me.

David demurs when a horse, a sturdy and amiable creature and gentle of manner, is proposed. The way is steep and rough, he represents, and much time would be lost by a certain traveler's habit of alighting to walk up or down particularly high heights. The mules and donkeys are sure-footed as cats from long training and madame has faith in his muleteers. Madame, growing indolent, and maybe a trifle weary in nearing the end of her many varied journeyings, seconds the motion.

We leave the Jaffa gate at noon of a lovely day that has in it a promise of Spring to the bare earth. Already pale purple and bright yellow blossoms show brave heads above the withered turf on sunny terraces and in sheltered nooks looking southward. A cool wind below the bluffs beyond Siloam, but up with the mean huts of the leper settlement, we see upon the right, the Pottery Field, or Aceldama, in which, it is said, Judas hanged himself. A tree that must be nearly, if not quite, fifty years of age, is pointed out as that which refused to bear the traitor's weight.

A little further on we meet a party of a dozen women laden with enormous bundles of the dried furze or low thorny growth, which serves them for kindling wood, and in a mild weather, the only fuel used by many of the poorer peasantry. They resemble nothing else so much as ants plodding along under burdens many times larger than their own bodies, but this company is unusually merry, talking, laughing and shouting gaily to each other as they take the side of the road to give us the middle. One is really pretty, bright-eyed, plump, a light of foot, although she carries, besides her great bunch of prickly stuff, a bag slung between her shoulders in such a way as we bought from "Martha of Bethanias." She does not stoop under the load, but glances laughingly in at the window of the palankeen from the stony bank that backs her face to a level with mine, calling out something to which David replies good-naturedly.

What did she say to me?" I inquire in natural curiosity.

That you are blessed among women," is the translation given to me, but presently Massoud appears at my side, and Alcides

supplies the rest of the young mother's salutation.

"She asked if you wouldn't get down and give her a ride. Human nature on one side of the world doesn't differ much from human nature on the other."

I comfort myself by the belief that the brown beauty's challenge was mere banter. The tone was too cheery and her smile too free for envy.

The route is all new to us, and after passing the fields outlying Jerusalem, we decide that we have seen no more desolate and

brings her near enough for me to see her more plainly, I perceive that she wears a dark blue cotton tunic, reaching to her ankles, which, like Maud Muller's, are "bare and brown," as well as her feet. The tunic, or undress, has wide flowing sleeves; over it is a long sleeveless jacket of red woolen stuff; an embroidered and fringed veil, once white, now dirty, drapes her head, one end bound about her burden, which is composed of the refuse leaves of cabbage and cauliflower. Without casting a look at our party, she holds on her way, never quickening or slackening her fleet walk, down hills and across torrent-beds, springing from crag to crag like a chamois, until I see her near a gap in a ledge, hardly wide enough, apparently, to afford a foot-hold to a mountain goat. The shelf, or rock, follows the face of a bare granite shoulder of the mountain, towering above us until the whole valley is darkened by the shadow. We have never seen another woman walk so gracefully and fast, and call upon David to find out who she is and upon what errand she is bound.

The dragoman gallops forward and intercepts her where his practiced eye has seen

hill, near the summit of which is a cluster of black tents, with moving figures about them.

"I hope she will not get a beating for her bad luck in not buying the cloth," says David, solicitously, and when we admire her strength and staying-power—"O, she is used to walking all day, and to fasting."

Wilder and gloomier grows the way, but now we are in a veritable road, winding up and along the heights, a low parapet of loosely-laid stones guarding it upon the other edge. The sun still sleeps upon the heads of the gray and reddish mountains, but in the depths of the defiles night is settling. This is the wilderness in which John the Baptist spent his novitiate; these are the deserts in which he "grew and waxed strong in spirit till the day of his showing unto Israel."

And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey."

The rude figure, thus portrayed, harmonizes perfectly with the naked gorges, where not a leaf of herbage or blade of grass clings to sides that are honey-

combed with caves. These natural dens and grottoes were, before the forerunner of Our Lord sought their awful solitudes, the resort of fanatics and world-weary hermits. In the early ages of the Christian church, literally thousands of refugees from persecution, and men sickened out by the corruptions of society, fled to the "Wilderness of Judea," and dug cells in the cliffs in which to hide themselves for prayer and sacred meditation and fastings innumerable. About 460 A.D., the leading spirit of the strange colony, a Greek hermit by the name of Sabas, established at the head of the gorge the monastery that bears his name. In time, repeated attacks from predatory bands, and early in the seventh century, a terrible invasion of the Persians, in which 3,000 monks and anchorites are said to have been massacred, made it necessary to fortify the retreat and it became almost impregnable.

The sun is near the horizon as we gain a plateau behind the ancient edifice which hangs dizzily over the "Valley of Fire," four hundred feet below the foundations laid in the solid rock. We do not ask for admittance. By an inviolable law of the establishment no woman can pass the outermost gate, and while, in a detached tower, removed by some fifty feet from the forbidden precincts shelter and food would be given me upon application, I prefer the luxurious independence of our camp. Seated, as usual, in the tent door, we hearken to stories of the stringent austerities practised by the holy brotherhood. They eat no meat, and are allowed one egg apiece on Sunday; black bread, vegetables, a scanty allowance of fruit and sour wine forming their diet all the year around. There are seven services in the twenty-four hours, the first long before daylight, and, the vows once taken, the monks seldom quit the convent.

Yet, the loftiest mountain of the range separating them from the world of active labor, is believed to be the Hill of the Scapegoat, down which the hapless animal bearing upon his head the iniquities of the people, was thrown yearly by the hand of the "fit man" who had led him into the wilderness.

I think of the ceremony and its significance as, awakened in the dense darkness of a winter morning at four o'clock by the vibrant call of the bells to prayer, I put out my hand for the extra blanket laid across the foot of my bed, and nestling down in the warm comfortableness of my nest, picture the shivering monks kneeling for two long hours upon the stone floor, intoning prayers to Him who, like as a Father, pitieth His children and has given them all things richly to enjoy.

MARION HARLAND.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

(From a Photograph secured in Palestine for "The Christian Herald.")

forbidding country. For awhile our course lies in the pebbly bed of the Brook Kidron, now as dry as dust, and glaringly white. Then we begin to climb by a narrow, twisting path, where the horses walk in single file; and the palankeen, scraping naked rocks upon one side, overlooks, upon the other, sheer precipices, from fifty to two hundred feet deep. Looking forward, I am often bewildered to guess where, amid the heaps of stones and the criss-crossing of projections that seem to close up the route, my faithful mules can make their way; but they do not slip once, even when their small, nimble hoofs displace loose pebbles and larger stones and send them clattering into lower ravines.

There is so little to amuse me, and we pass so few noted points ("places" there are none) that I fall to watching a woman with a mass of something green upon her head walking on the hillside in a straight line in the same direction with ourselves. As the route she holds, with something of the crow's instinct in determining the shortest distance between two given places,

that she must keep our path for awhile, and we see them talking together for a hundred yards or so, the girl actually lessening her speed to keep back with Dervish's walk. Next, both have stopped to wait for Serkeese, who is trotting along in the gravelly "bottom," atop of hampers and luncheon-tent. When Palankeen and Massoud come up with them, the woman is still walking beside the mounted dragoman, devouring a loaf of bread drawn from Serkeese's stores, as incurious and impassive as ever. David falls back to my side and narrates.

The young woman went to Jerusalem this morning to buy some cloth in the name of her tribe, only to be refused credit by the merchant to whom she was sent. She had no money to buy food, and picked up the refuse greens in the market-place. Breakfastless and luncheonless, she set her face homeward, and has now walked more than fifteen miles since daybreak. While he speaks she looks back to wave her hand, and disappears around a hill. From the parting of our ways, we, by-and-by, see her swiftly climbing the long breast of the



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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PROGRESS OF RELIGION.

THERE has never been a time that the religious tides have risen so high. Look out and see how all the agencies for good are multiplying the world over. The time was when the newspaper press gave but little recognition of any religious movement. Three or four lines of small type recorded a church dedication, or a pastoral installation. Now, all our great newspapers devote whole columns, and sometimes entire sides of their valuable space, to sermons and religious information. Editorial columns ably and reverentially discuss questions that once were left for the senior class of the theological seminary. Then the type of men and women is improving. The great stock-raisers of the country have been boasting a long while about the improvement of cattle and horses and sheep, but the mightiest improvement has been in the human race. There are more children who look as if they were not destined to an early heaven. Women, instead of cultivating languors and die-away expressions of countenance, go into gymnasiums, and walk out for regular constitutional, and make the care of their health a part of their religion. And there are more men who look as if they had come into the world to accomplish something worth accomplishing. Scoundrels enough, and homunculi here and there, but they are in the minority. Ignorance is becoming a curiosity. Great churches on all sides, and with a ministry far in advance of all other ages for talent and consecration. Prayer meeting red-hot in place of the old-style religious frigidities. Have faith in God, and go up and take the world for righteousness. It will have to surrender to the truth, and you and I can help hasten on the consummation.

Meanwhile, have you not noticed how that old book, the Bible, is gaining ground? Books never laugh. If they did, the Bible would laugh at its assailants. There were more Bibles printed and boxed and sent out on freight trains and steamships yesterday than copies of any other book. On what do they swear witnesses in our court rooms to-day?—the Bible. On what has every President of the United States, and every Judge of the Supreme Court put his hand when about to be sworn in?—the Bible. In other words, in this country the Bible is higher than President or Supreme Court. And the book is going to keep right on, until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of those fires will begin on one side, and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed, like tinder thrown into the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side—from Genesis toward Revelation—and

others will burn on the other side,—from Revelation to Genesis—and in all their way, they will not find a single chapter, or a single verse, out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What would be the use of the book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What would be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What would be the use of the Evangelistic, or Pauline, description of Jesus Christ when we see him face to face?

CONSECRATED RICHES.

WHAT a scroll of consecrated rich men we have had in this land! James Lenox, William E. Dodge, Peter Cooper, Abbott Lawrence, Moses H. Grinnell, George Peabody, of the past, and many of to-day whose names I will not mention. The former went out of palaces on earth into palaces of heaven. No one begrudged them their wealth, for they got it honestly and employed it generally. They lived not for themselves. The most of them, starting in poverty, never forgot the rock from which they were hewn, and, having found life a great battle for themselves, were in ardent sympathy with those who were in any kind of struggle. The more such rich men we have in this land the better. Look at the long list of asylums and institutions of mercy built by their consecrated wealth.

Would God a revival of charity might come to the hearts of men of large means, and that some of the wealth they are piling up to spoil their children with might be given to the cause of humanity, and that this wealth laid up in bonds, and stocks, and real estate might really tell how much God had permitted them to give for the relief of the world's suffering and ignorance. But, whether we have faculty to work on a large scale or are limited in resource, let us all do what we can, remembering that our time for work is being abbreviated, and that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall come to divine and heavenly celebration. Blessed are all those whose life is a holy industry. Blessed are they who die in the Lord: they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Let us remember that a vast amount of work in the church is being done by men of small means. Let us go forth, each one doing his own work for God, remembering that, even though the world despises us, God knows the work we do. All who toil in Sunday Schools or other divine institutions remember that God will be the everlasting reward of your immortal spirits. You will receive the crown of eternal life that never fades away.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

LET us wish for the successful candidates the happiest possible administration, and through them the temporal and moral advantage of all the people. The ballot-box under God in this country is to right all political wrongs, and is to be the basis of all political upbuilding. Nothing is more complimentary to our American institutions than the calm after the elections. "It is unsafe to give the free ballot to the masses of the people," said foreign despots and monarchists. "Republicanism is mobocracy; your ship of State will be wrecked on the ballot-box; you are a bubble-bursting nationality," said Lord John Russell. Indeed, before the election, it sometimes seems that anarchy is about to take possession of the people. How Republicans glare upon Democrats, and Democrats glare upon Republicans, and the atmosphere is hot with political imprecation; but by the time the people have read the Wednesday newspapers their pulse has begun to slacken. The political clubs are disbanded, and a few men left to pay the large expenses. The stump orators go home and eat troches for a sore throat. The victors for a little while feel jubilant, and the minority are somewhat depressed; but in a little while all is placid as though nothing of importance had happened. That is the grandest possible eulogy of American institutions. So we have again illustrated

that republicanism is not mobocracy, and if this is a bubble-bursting nationality, it takes a great while to burst.

Starting out for the great future, let our two national characteristics be the intelligence and the virtue of the people. They who sit in the councils of city and State and nation are God's representatives in the government of the world. In the bearing of such a stupendous weight of responsibility, let all our rulers ask help of God. They will be assailed by hundreds of people wanting office. Be merciful in this direction. If you fail in securing what you ought to have, do not fail to maligning the character of the officials who deny you. The vast majority of political howling is from men who fail to secure office, or, having obtained it for a little while, were rotated out of it. There are in every city to-day a thousand men who are anxious to sacrifice themselves for the public good in some office. You may have fitness for the position, but remember that inevitably and always the vast majority of applicants must be disappointed.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

MANY letters have been received from different parts of Kansas, Nebraska and Texas, stating that widespread suffering exists in the agricultural districts of those States, owing to the almost total failure of crops during the last two seasons. Our friends in these States are requested to forward to THE MAIL-BAG, the name of one reliable person in each of the afflicted districts, who will consent to act as the distributor of any clothing, or supplies that may be sent to him for that purpose by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All who wish to help in making up boxes for these sufferers should send us their names at once.

L. S. Fahnestock McPherson, Kans. Can you give me any reference to an author that will throw light on Jewish costumes in Palestine?

Simpson's "Ancient and Modern Costumes" will probably supply the information needed. Write to Scribner's, publishers, New York

Frances, Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the true meaning of "Calvary" and "Golgotha"?

"Calvary" is derived from the Latin word "Calvaria," meaning a "bare skull." It is not a proper name, but arises from the translators having adopted literally the Latin word which is the equivalent of the Greek term "Golgotha" and of the ancient Aramaic "Gulgulta" and the Syriac "Gogulta." "Golgotha" is interpreted "the place of a skull."

J. D. Kapp, Dysart, Pa. Where was Daniel when the three Jews were thrown into the fiery furnace (Daniel 3: 12-21)?

The question has often been asked, but no authoritative answer can be given as the Bible is silent. It may be that he was in some distant province of the kingdom. Nebuchadnezzar would know enough of Daniel's character to be aware that he would not bow to the image and as he valued his services may have purposely dispatched him to a remote part of the kingdom to avoid the risk of such a conflict as ensued with the other three Jews.

Mrs. E. Dawson, Reading, Pa. From what nation and country did the Queen of Sheba come to visit Solomon?

It is supposed by the ablest authorities that she came from Yemen, in Arabia Felix. In Matt. 12: 42 she is referred to as the "Queen of the South," who came from "the uttermost parts of the earth," a term applied by the ancients to southern Arabia. Not improbably she was a lineal descendant of Abraham by Keturah, whose grandson, Sheba, peopled that part of the then known world. The Arabic account of this queen gives her the name of Bilkis or Yelkamah, a monarch of the Himyarites; but their account is probably more legendary than accurate as to detail.

L. E. R., Charleston, W. Va. Who are the witnesses who according to Paul (Heb. 12: 1) surround the believer?

Probably the worthies referred to in the previous chapter, whose triumph through faith are recalled. The word witnesses has two meanings and it is not certain which of the two the writer of the epistle had in his mind. A witness may be a spectator, or he may be one who testifies as in a court of justice. If the word in this passage is used in the former sense, it implies that departed and glorified saints are observing the trials and victories of the Christian on earth. If the word refers to a testifier, it means that the Christian has good reason for making the effort mentioned in the passage, because of the testimony of the Old Testament saints cited in the previous chapter.

K. W. W., Weehawken, N. J. 1. If a friend does not believe the Bible is best to try to convince him by argument? 2. Is it right for two persons who love each other to marry if one believes the Bible and loves Jesus and the other does not?

1. Certainly argument may be used; we are told to be ready to "give an answer for the hope that is in us." It is seldom, however, that such persons are convinced by argument. We

would advise you to pray for him that his may be opened to the truth. 2. There will be great risk of disagreement and unhappiness. The life of the Christian would probably be bittered by hearing and seeing much that would be painful and shocking. Read the opinion of the Apostle Paul on the subject (II. Cor. 6: 14, 15). It contains a warning which would be unwise to ignore.

Dr. W. J. Hall, American Missionary in Korea, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD enclosing a letter from Mr. H. N. Allen, U. S. Consul, Seoul, Korea, dated Sept. 26, which says:

There is no famine in Korea. The crops are usually good this year. The people have worried much less by the war than any of us supposed would be the case, and the prospects for winter are very good, considering the fact that the country is occupied by foreign troops. A considerable number of petty officers have been thrown out of employment by the recent changes in the government, but all the people who wish to work can find more work at better rates than ever before. It is unfortunate that the report of this fact should get out when none exists.

This is in further corroboration of the already published dispatch of U. S. Minister S. W. Henshaw, whose assurance that there was no famine was decided to take no action toward raising a Korean Relief Fund, although such a fund had been advised by the Korean Minister in Washington.

Mrs. G. Leonard, Danville, Ill. Some time ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stated that there was a circle to which one could send a petition. I tell me how to address the Circle?

Send your request to the Fulton Street Meeting, 113 Fulton Street, New York

D. U. W., New Bedford, Mass. I earnestly tried to find Christ during a recent religious revival; I was not converted. Do you not think it may have been because I do not sufficiently rely on my guilt to plead my case with that earnest which God is ready to honor?

We do not think the reason you suggest is the true one. There must be some other. The thing is so simple. If you wish to be saved and are willing to trust in Christ to save you, accepting him as your King whom you pledge yourself to obey, looking to him for grace to cleanse your heart and life, then nothing that need hold you back. Crying and groaning do not give you any merit in God's sight. As you seek more and more earnestly to follow Christ, you will probably feel a need more deeply your guilt, because you will see that to be guilty and yet not troubled about it would make the matter worse. However, it does not affect your salvation. You will be saved, if saved at all, because Christ died for you.

Subscriber, Alderson, W. Va. 1. How must I proceed to become a member of the Presbyterian Church? 2. Can one be saved who has been baptized? 3. Can one be a Christian yet not a member of any church?

1. Make your wish known either to the pastor, or one of the elders and you will be instructed. 2. Yes; but as it is one of the proved ordinances of the Church, it is the duty of all Christians to conform to it, unless prevented by circumstances they cannot conform to. 3. It is quite possible, and there are, no doubt, many Christians outside the Church, but where they are not so situated as to avail themselves of the means of public worship. No Christian is performing his or her whole duty who ignores Church privileges and the assembling of God's people (see Hebrews 10: 25). Church membership is an open, public profession before man of our allegiance to Christ and we ought to value very highly the opportunity it affords us of mingling with the people in his sanctuary, and joining our prayers and voices with theirs in prayer and praise.

Godfrey Haub, Racine, Wis. Send your contributions in aid of Mrs. Jamal's work in Jerusalem to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Subscriber, Roanoke, Va. Address Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers. —M. E. B., Saugatuck, Conn. Yes, it is published weekly in Chicago, Ill. —J. W. Collins, Box 1, N. Y. Neither Josephus nor any other ancient historian gives any further facts concerning Babylon than those mentioned in the Bible.—A. C. Brown, Rocky Hill, N. J. It would be appropriate to the Bethesda Home, 208 Union Street, Brooklyn, Constant Reader, Palmyra, Wis. 1. It may be right and expedient. Such matters must be decided by the individual conscience. 2. A spiritual person should certainly have the preference things being equal.—J. F. Jackson, Des Moines, Ia. The hottest spot on earth in which there is no considerable population is said to be Bahrein, on the border of the Persian Gulf, where the mercury has over 110 night and day for two months at a time. —F. M. St. John, Princeton, N. J. The richest valley in the world is believed to be Donna Isadora, no, of Santiago, Chili. Her income is not stated. —F. L. S., Gansvoort, N. Y. Christian Science has nothing in common with Christianity. It is underserving of serious discussion and is a religious question.—J. E. C., South Canaan, Pa. The circumstances of private tuition by a French teacher would be the best. You can readily secure the advertisement.—S. W. Bryant, Stones, Pa. The of Publius I entulus was long ago decided to be a forgery.—Mrs. C. A. Marvatt, Lynn, Pa. Write to J. F. Jewett, book-seller, Bible House, N. Y.—Subscriber. The idea conveyed in the article one should "speak no evil of the dead." —H. Haskins, West Derry, N. Y. Write to Postmaster, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.—Mrs. C. N. Ruman, Ransomville, N. Y. Address Relief Committee, Pine City, Minn. Your contribution was received.—Mrs. M. R. Thompson, Wells River, Vt. 1. Emerald type is an intermediate size between minion and nonpareil, very clear and easily read. The name is a *nom de plume*.—J. M. C., Santa Clara. 1. Send \$3 for the largest size. Interior Teachers' Bible, emerald type with Tug Chis Herald for one year. 2. Write to Davis Garber, photographer, 747 Broadway, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

PEKIN IN PERIL.

CHINA'S helplessness is now apparent to herself as it is to the world. Her army appears to be utterly demoralized. Recent dispatches describe whole brigades as throwing down their arms and taking flight on the approach of the Japanese. As is now reported, Port Arthur has fallen into Japanese hands, there is no serious stand in the way to Pekin, which may be reached in sixty days. Port Arthur is one of the most strongly fortified positions in China, its batteries having been planned by German engineers and equipped with modern ordnance. With that port as a base for supplies, the Japanese forces may overrun all China. The fact is understood that the Chinese Emperor and his court are hurriedly preparing to quit Pekin for some more inaccessible city in the interior. Five centuries ago, when Pekin was made the capital, the Chinese Emperor might have felt safe there. It is surrounded by a huge wall, which is in some parts fifty-five feet high and forty-seven feet thick at the top. Square towers have been built at intervals of sixty yards, which are loopholed for convenience of defence. Modern artillery, however, would speedily make breach in such a barrier. The Japanese appear to be to march directly on the city, and there to dictate terms of peace. China has endeavored to avert the catastrophe by invoking the mediation of European powers. Hitherto no success has attended the effort. England has made no futile attempts to enlist the co-operation of other governments, but finds them disposed to interfere, and she is too wary to proceed alone. Japan has made it clear and understood that she will listen to no proposals unless they are made directly by China. It is evidently her intention to force her huge enemy the humiliation of suing for peace. She makes no secret of her intentions. She does not desire to possess any part of China, but will insist on the dependence of Korea and the payment of war indemnity. It would appear that the Chinese Emperor concedes these terms the better it will be for her. It is gratifying to learn on the authority of Yang Kiung Yen, a Christian Chinese clergyman now visiting America that the probable result of the disastrous war will be the opening of China to Christian influence. He expresses his conviction that his countrymen will learn from the war that Japan has succeeded because she opened her doors to Western civilization, and that if China is to make progress, she must do likewise. If she does not reach that conclusion, there will be a vast opportunity for missionary effort, and China may yet regard her disasters as a blessing in disguise, and say, as many an individual has had to say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted, that I might learn of his statutes." (Ps. 119:71).

Peddler's Blunder.

The annoyance of a family in Lewiston, Me., over a peddler's officious interference with a treasured relic is described by the Lewiston Journal. It states that a peddler who was going from house to house selling a patent soap, the cleansing properties of which, according to his account, were of a phenomenal order, called on a well-known family which traces its ancestry beyond the Revolution to William the Conqueror's time. The peddler introduced his article and was allowed to stand in the hall while the servant carried a sample to a lady of the house. A peculiar old coat of a light color was hanging there and he noticed that it was disfigured by a stain. Linking to please the lady and prove the power of his soap he removed the stain. According to the result of his work, when he came with the servant a few minutes later, he said, "You can see for yourself, madam, that this soap will remove stains of all kinds." The lady was horror-stricken. The coat was the doublet worn by a famous ancestor who died in one of the battles of the Revolution, and the stain upon it was the blood he had shed in defence of his country. It hung with a tattered flag and

his sword among other grim curios in the hall and had been handed down from generation to generation. The peddler's mistake was natural to an ignorant, sordid man. He could not conceive of a garment having any value except as a coat for ordinary wear, and as it could not be put to that use with the stain upon it, he regarded it as spoiled. The world often makes a similar mistake. It regards the man who has been converted, by the application of the blood of Christ to his soul, as spoiled: having no idea that there can be any higher use for a life than to spend it in worldly business or pleasure. (1. Peter 1: 19.)

A Bed on a Boundary.

A hotly contested dispute for the possession of a citizen has been waged between two townships in Massachusetts. The man's house was so situated, that there was a difference of opinion as to which town it was

for if any part of the body may be considered the man himself, it must surely be the thinking part. But it would be a sad thing for us if the brain, or any part of the body, were the real man. The Christian rejoices in the confidence of the ancient patriarch: "I know that although after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet without my flesh I shall see God." (Job 19: 26.)

Pardon from a Dream.

In the course of some reminiscences of an ex-warden of a jail in Indiana a characteristic incident of a former governor of that State was related. The governor, while on a visit to the jail, noticed among the prisoners a young man with an open, honest face. He asked the warden what his offence was, and was informed that he was sent up for murder and had still sixteen years to serve. Nothing more was said at the time, but about three months later the prisoner received a visit from the governor and after a long interview was granted a pardon. As the prisoner had no influential friends and as no petition for a pardon had been sent to the executive mansion, some surprise was expressed. To the warden the governor told the story. He said that on the night of his first visit the face of the man he had noticed came before him in a dream. It wore the aspect of pathetic entreaty. In the morning the dream haunted the governor and he

ations a landmark in the neighborhood. In splitting up the great logs which the tree made he found in the butt log, five feet from the lower end, and near the heart of the tree, a lock of soft, dark-brown hair a foot long. One end of the lock was in a hole three and a half inches deep, into which it was fastened by an oak pin, which had been driven into the hole. Ninety successive rings, or layers, of wood in the tree had grown over the hair and the pin, showing that they had been driven into the tree ninety years ago, when the maple was less than a foot in girth. The lock of hair is as glossy and with as much apparent vitality as if it had just been severed from the head that bore it. Several theories, more or less romantic, have been suggested to account for its presence, but the one most likely to be true is that it was the result of superstition. The old pioneers had a theory that certain maladies might be cured if the sufferer stood near a tree, and a lock of his or her hair was driven into it with a plug and then cut off, the sufferer then to walk away to the eastward, and never look at the hair again. Probably the lock found in the old maple was a relic of such an experiment. In these more enlightened days, we know that disease yields only to remedies applied to the seat of it. But even now the lesson has not been learned as to moral and spiritual maladies. Many people still think that by church membership or by some rite or ceremony they may get salvation, in spite of Christ's assurance that only by the new birth can any one be made whole. (Matt. 13: 19, 20.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Thirteen English Ladies have Volunteered to proceed to India in connection with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. There are in India 14,000,000 of their own sex, to whom it would be impossible to bring medical aid apart from this Mission.

The American Baptist Home Missionary Society reports that receipts from the churches have fallen off, and that but for legacies the society would be very seriously hampered; as it is, the debt has increased to the sum of \$128,000.

The next National Council of the Congregational Churches will be held at Syracuse, N. Y., October 9th to 14th, 1895. It had been expected that San Francisco would be selected, but arrangements for railway fares were not satisfactory, and, as Syracuse renewed her invitation, it was accepted.

The Ladies' Christian Union resumed their Devotional Meetings on Wednesday, Nov. 7, in the Chapel of the Broadway Tabernacle, corner Broadway and Thirtieth Street, New York, and these meetings will be held through the winter every Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock. A cordial invitation is given to all Christian women.

Dr. Loomis, who is now laboring in Yokohama, Japan, reports that there is reason to believe that American and British residents of Japan will be relieved in the course of a few days of all restrictions as to travel, which have so long existed. The missionaries will then be free to visit anywhere.

Rev. Leonard Weaver has been holding evangelistic services at Martinsburg, W. Va. The "World" of that city says: "Seldom or never has the city been stirred to its depths as it has been during these meetings." Three times a day the largest church in the city was crowded, and large numbers of persons made profession of conversion.

News of an Encouraging Revival Work comes from South Dakota. Messrs. Thompson and Gamble are going from town to town, preaching and singing the Gospel with signal success. At Huron and at Armour, movements were started which the pastors of the churches are continuing, and societies have been formed to encourage the converts.

Signors Vamier and Scuden who are laboring to evangelize the Island of Sicily write that, finding that they were unable to reach the great mass of the people through preaching in the churches, they decided to follow Christ's example of conversing with the people in the streets and in their homes. The result has been a large number of conversions.

A Native Chief of Kusae, Moronesia was invited to drink by the drunken captain of a trading vessel. He refused, and the Captain, in his fury, called two sailors, and told the chief that if he did not drink the sailors should throw him overboard. "Very good," said the chief, "the water will not hurt me, as I can swim—but the rum will."

The Seventieth Annual Report of the New York Bible Society has been issued. It appears that during the past year it has distributed among the churches Sunday Schools and missions 10,439 Bibles, and 14,175 Testaments and portions of the Bible. It also distributed 37,700 Bibles, Testaments andospels in twenty-one languages among sailors and immigrants.

A Movement for Sunday Closing of Stores has been started in Venice. It has the sympathy of the workmen and one or two newspapers. The leader of the movement was Vittorio Ravagnan, the head salesman in a large shoe-store. His employer required him either to abandon the movement or to give up his situation. He chose the latter. Some wealthy persons who admired his conduct have now set him up in business and he is doing a large trade.

Our Subscribers, who some months ago, contributed money to aid Madam Tel Seno to establish a Christian school for girls in Japan, will be pleased to learn that the school has been opened under most auspicious circumstances. In a Japanese journal, which Rev. Satori Kato has just received, is a report of the opening exercises. Rev. S. Wada, a native Presbyterian minister, offered prayer and other ministers addressed the audience. One of the ladies present was Viscountess Huzikata, whose husband is minister of the Imperial household. Many other distinguished ladies came and showed a deep interest in the movement. Thirty-six girls were enrolled as pupils.



UNDER THE WALLS OF PEKIN.

in and incidentally which town was entitled to receive his taxes. He had regularly paid taxes to the town in which he considered that his house stood, and when the other town made a claim, he naturally objected to pay a second time and asked that the authorities of the two towns settle the dispute themselves and he would pay the proper recipients when they should decide the matter. Surveyors were called in who, after careful measurement, found that the boundary line ran through the house. The next question raised was in which part of the house the man slept, as that would determine his residence. But he occupied a central room and the bed crossed the boundary line. It was, however, triumphantly pointed out by the surveyor representing the town which had already received the taxes, that the head of the bed was in that township and the citizen must be considered as sleeping there, although his feet were in the other town. After a long argument, the surveyor's ruling was adopted. The decision was logical from the legal standpoint,

set one of his secretaries to make a private investigation of the case. He found that the crime had been committed under extreme provocation and that if the prisoner had been possessed of funds to hire an able lawyer and secure witnesses he would have escaped with a light punishment. The governor then interviewed the prisoner, and finding him contrite, pardoned him. "But he has no friends," said the warden. "No," said the governor, "it was that fact that seemed to give him a claim on me." It was so that the way to pardon was opened to the human race. The prophet represents God as surveying the lost condition of men and "wondering that there was no intercessor, therefore his own arm brought salvation" (Isa. 59: 16) by sending Christ the Friend of the friendless. (Matt. 11: 19.)

Hair in the Heart of a Tree.

A strange discovery was made by a farmer at Pike, N. Y., a few days ago. He cut down a large maple tree which grew opposite his house, and has been for gener-



SEEKING AND RECEIVING.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text: Matt 6: 33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."



HIS text is a part of the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon is one of the most solemn and instructive portions of the Bible. It lifts Jesus Christ above all other teachers of the

world; it alone furnishes a strong argument for his divinity. If we deny his divinity, it will be impossible to explain his wisdom as a teacher, as seen in this wonderful discourse. The Christ of the cross does not appear very conspicuously here; but the Christ of the throne here reigns gloriously. He lays down the laws of his new kingdom; he places before us the exalted standard of ideal perfection which that kingdom demands. This discourse is, as I understand it, an exhortation to repentance. It is, in this respect, like the instruction which Christ gave the lawyer who stood up tempting him and asking: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Before him Jesus lifted the standard of the ideal life and character. The design of the sermon is to lead all men to cry out with the disciples when in the storm on the Galilean Sea: "Lord, save us; we perish!" Every honest man who reads this discourse must feel that without divine help he can never attain to the

Perfection of Conduct

and character Jesus here enjoined. Men often say that they do not want doctrinal preaching; that they want the religion of the Sermon on the Mount. It must be said that these men do not know whereof they speak. The Sermon on the Mount does not lower the standard of life and duty—it exalts it. The thoughtful moralist who said, "God save me at the day of judgment from the Sermon on the Mount," better understood its high, broad, and deep spiritual teaching. This sermon is really designed to lead every reader to say, with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In studying this text let us notice, in the first place, what we are to seek—"the kingdom of God and his righteousness." In previous verses Christ prohibited in various ways the undue seeking after the things of the world. He earnestly rebukes all undue solicitude about the things of this life. But thus far his instructions on this point have been negative; now, however, he advances a step. These worldly objects are not to be avoided by a mere negation; for by simply attempting to abstain from unnecessary anxiety and unbelief no one will be likely to succeed. The best way to correct the evil rebuked is to seek to do the good here suggested. The best way to get rid of undue care about unnecessary things is to have a due care about necessary things. The best way to drive out darkness is to let in the light; the best way to keep evil out of the heart is to fill it with good.

Right Seeking

is the true remedy against false seeking. Christ was a wise teacher. He recognized the fundamental laws of moral and mental action. He needed not that anyone should tell him, for he knew what was in man. This is the principle which Dr. Chalmers emphasized when he talked of "the expulsive power of a new affection." If we subordinate the affairs of this life to the concerns of the other life, both lives will be brought into their proper relations, and both then will be taken at their true value. It will also be observed that the subordination of this life to the other does not exclude a proper consideration of the affairs of this life; on the contrary, it includes and emphasizes their right consideration and secures

their fullest performance. Such subordination is true wisdom; but its absence brings chaos and ends in eternal loss.

We understand by "the Kingdom of God and his righteousness" the seeking and observing of the principles of that kingdom which Christ was about to set up. Righteousness here is not to be taken in the technical and theological sense of the imputed righteousness of Christ—at least, not primarily; it is, rather, seeking to do God's will, to observe what he esteems right. It is a constant subjection of our will to God's; a performance of right things in a right spirit. Seeking in this way to promote God's kingdom would at the same time most effectually promote

Our True Interest,

spiritual and eternal, temporal and secular. So far as the disciples were concerned, Christ would say: "You are pupils in my school; continue to live for me; make my will the law of your life." So far as others in his audience were concerned, Christ here says: "Enter on my service; enlist under my banner; this is the great concern; this is the one thing needful; seek the purity of heart and the holiness of life which God requires and which you must possess in order to become the subjects of my kingdom." In a word, by the kingdom of God and his righteousness, I understand Christ to say to us, "Accept salvation through me; submit to my claims; give me the homage of your hearts." This is the demand which Christ makes of us to-day in this Scripture.

Notice again that this great good is to be sought—"seek ye first," etc. The word translated "seek" is a strong one; it means seek earnestly, intensely, again and again; it includes the idea of eagerness, solicitude, importunity. So elsewhere Christ tells us to strive, to agonize, as did the wrestler or the racer, to enter in at the strait gate. The gate is strait, and so difficult to enter; the way is narrow, and so difficult to continue therein. To be lost needs no searching for the way, for all are in it already. To go with the current is easy; to oppose it is difficult. Men who float with the tide have no proper conception of its force. A dead fish can float, but it takes a live one to go up stream.

This law of seeking in order to finding is in harmony with the rule of life in every department of effort. If a man wants money, he must seek it; if he wants learning, he must pay its price in hard study. Ignorance he may have without effort. To raise thistles, a man need not prepare the ground nor sow the seed; to raise wheat, he must do both. Toil is evermore the standard of value.

Cost and Worth

are close neighbors. Only by the rugged path of toil do men reach the heights of great attainments; only by paying the price of heroic effort do they write their names high in the temple of Fame. We are all familiar with the answer of Euclid to King Ptolemy Lagus when he asked, "Is there not a shorter and easier way to the study of geometry than that which you have laid down in your Elements?" His reply was: "There is no royal road to geometry." There is no road to heaven but that of sacrifice, that of cross-bearing; and we must go in this narrow way or not at all. But it is also a way of joy, a path of pleasantness and peace. You must not expect to become a Christian by accident. That blessed experience must be the result of deliberate determination, of intelligent seeking, and of faithful enduring. This truth is earnestly affirmed in many parts of Christ's teaching. Christ's honesty is everywhere conspicuous. He clearly lays down the conditions of discipleship; we must take up the cross and follow him.

We next learn in the text the order of our seeking: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Here is declared the right order in which our seeking of earthly and heavenly things is to take place. The care of the soul is to take precedence of all other care; and the affairs of this life are thus to be made secondary to those of the life to come. Just here many make their fatal mistake. They give earthly things the first place in their thought; they set God and his claims aside entirely, or give them a subordinate place. They desire the advantages of religion, but they are unwilling to perform its duties. Like the rich young man, they wish to inherit eternal life, but they are not willing to take up their cross and follow their Lord. When the claims of religion are pressed upon them, like Felix, they say: "Go thy way for this time." Now, if religion be not worth everything, it is worth nothing. Look the matter squarely in the face; decide it like honorable men. If

God's Claims

are just, they are supreme. Give him the first place in your heart. Dethrone every idol; enthroned the Lord Jesus. Let us stop shilly-shallying. Let us not be like the heathen colonists whom "the king of Assyria brought from Babylon, and from Cuthan, and from Avah, and from Hamath," and placed in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel. It is said of them, "They feared the Lord and served their own gods." This description is unfortunately true of too many who call themselves Christians. Oh, for a holy enthusiasm in Christ's cause! It is said that the artist Correggio, when young, saw with rapturous joy a painting by Raphael—it was probably that of St. Cecilia at Bologna—upon which he gazed in transports of delight. His soul drank in its beauty as flowers drink moisture from the dew. Artistic ambition was enkindled within him; the blood rushed to his brow, and the fire of genius flashed from his eyes as he cried out: "I, too, am a painter!" That conviction upheld him in his dark hours; it blended with his colors; it guided his pencil; it glowed on his canvas. His art was first in his thought and attainment. Success crowned his untiring zeal and his heroic toils. Titian, on witnessing his production, exclaimed: "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio."

Enthusiasm.

The word enthusiasm comes from a Greek word which means to be inspired or possessed of God. If Christ be in the soul a holy enthusiasm must mark our lives. If the love of Christ constrain us, we cannot but speak of what we have seen and felt of that mighty love. Away with lukewarmness! A half-way Christian is an object of contempt to devils and of pity to angels! Let us put God first. Around him let the affairs of this life revolve as do planets about the sun. Other things are to be sought in their proper time and place, but God first. He cannot, he will not share his glory with any. The first commandment thunders in our ears. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." We may have other objects of love, but not before God; if we do, we are idolaters. The man who puts this world first is like the man who gathers pebbles while pearls lie unnoticed at his feet. Money, learning, position, power—these in their appropriate place and measure are right, these are to be sought. But each in its own order.

We are to seek God first in time. Let youth be consecrated to his service; let its first love be his; let it in its sweetness and freshness be laid on his altar. Seek God first in affection. I say, be a Christian to-day in every drop of your blood, in every thought of your heart, and in every act of life. Despise yourself that you have so long been double-minded and unstable. Break with the world;

Cleave Unto God.

To every temptation of sin and Satan give a ringing NO! Those are stirring words of Lord Macaulay, uttered during the agitation of a turbulent political contest at Leeds. He was anxious, of course, to secure the votes of the electors, but he would not stoop to play a double part. To the electors he plainly declared his opinions, but he would give no pledges. He thought it as improper that an Englishman should be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of jurymen. Much as he might want their votes, he far more highly valued their esteem; and he

concludes with this sentence: "It is necessary to my happiness that I should sit in Parliament, but is necessary to happiness that I should possess, in Parliament or out of Parliament, the consciousness of having done what is right."

Notice the reward which Christ gives those who seek aright: "And all the things shall be added unto you." Seeking God first you shall have the kingdom, and over and above you shall have all other necessary things.

A Great Problem

confronts every man; How shall I have both worlds? Christ here gives us the solution: Seek first the kingdom of God. Having done that, over and above you shall have food and raiment. Great wealth is not promised, but necessary things. If a man seeks God, he can then cast all care on him, leaving the bestowment or denial of worldly things to the allotment of his wisdom and love. An old writer illustrating this thought, says: "He who buys goods has paper and pack-thru given him into the bargain." Solon asked for wisdom, and God, pleased with his choice, said: "And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, riches and honor; so that there shall not any among the kings like unto thee all days." Paul, in writing to Timothy, said: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." What a blessing change would be wrought in the world if this truth were grounded in our hearts as illustrated in our lives!

It was a common saying among the Jews: "seek that to which other things are added;" and this truth was illustrated in the way: A king said to his particular friend: "Ask what thou wilt and I shall give thee." He thought within himself, if I were to be made a general, I shall get my quest; but I will ask something to which many and better things are added. Therefore said, "Give me thy daughter in law." This he did, knowing that all dignities of the kingdom would be added to his request. This was

A Wise Man.

They who think to serve God and mammon must fail utterly. It is impossible to use these two forms of service. God first; that is Christ's law. God's kingdom stands. They who live for Christ, live for the eternities. Their life takes hold of that which the veil. Not one jot or one tittle of Christ's promise shall fail. The audience that listened to this immortal discourse is going kingdoms have risen and fallen, Christ's words stand. It is eternally true that they that seek God first shall have mastery over both worlds.

Prepare in the heart, in the home, and the entire life the first place for royal mastery. Make room to-day for Jesus. Tear out every idol. His place is on the throne Room to-day for Jesus! At the heavenly door he knocks for admission. Ring the door. Draw back the bolt. Give Jesus welcome. He will be thy guest, and then he will graciously become thy royal host. All fulness dwells in Christ. To the sick he is a physician; to the hungry, bread; to the thirsty, water. In darkness, he is a sun; in beauty, he is a shade. Stars and pearls, rocks and hills are drawn upon to describe his glory. Earth and air, sea and sky bring their choicest treasures and lay them at his feet. Matchless Lily, O Fragrant Rose, O Clustering Vine, O Ineffable Christ, come! claim us to-day as thine own!

If Christ were the preacher to-day, in the pulpit the mount, and you his audience, of the fullness of his divine mind and tenderness of his loving heart, he would say: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all the things shall be added unto you." O help us all to do so here and now for our name's sake. Amen.

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WISDOM IN OPERATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec. 2. James 3: 13-18.

LUTHER used to say that the Epistle of James was "a right strawy work," and many since Luther's day have been of the same opinion. But if it were really of straw it would have been burned before this. There are so many expressions in it that are repugnant to the spirit of the times, that if it had been possible to eliminate it from the New Testament, it would have been done. The passage selected for the topic is one of them. James says there are two kinds of wisdom and they come from different sources and have different results. One of them shows itself in envying other people, and leads to strife, confusion and every evil work. This he brands as spurious wisdom—earthly, sensual and devilish. Whatever opinion the world may have of it, and however highly it may be applauded, James says it does not come from above, but has quite a different origin. It is easy, he avers, to recognize the true wisdom, that which does come from heaven. It is pure, gentle, peaceable, easy to be intreated, full of mercy, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Briefly, if any man claims to have wisdom, James advises that his claim be not admitted unless he shows it by a good life (R.V.). There is a common opinion that this is asking too much. If a man be orthodox, if he be eloquent, if he be regular at church, if his voice be loud at the prayer-meeting, if his testimony be clear and forcible, if he give liberally to religious and philanthropic enterprises—if he does all these things, is not that enough? James thinks not. He looks at the heart. For once he agrees with Paul, who declared that though a man had all gifts and all knowledge and all faith, and though he gave his body to be burned, if he had not love, he was nothing. So when James sees envy and bitterness in the heart, he concludes that true wisdom is absent. The genuine wisdom, then, is a practical thing, affecting conduct. Our modern educators, abetted by worldly parents, seem to have overlooked this inspired writer's idea of wisdom. One of the first things implanted in a child's mind is the desire to get ahead of others. He is encouraged to compete, and his childlike achievements are estimated by the failure of his competitors. He is applauded for standing up for his rights, and for being quick to seize an advantage. So the seed of self-seeking is sown early, which produces "envy and strife and every vile deed." Yet what a glorious, delightful world this would be if that other kind of wisdom were prevalent! How it would transform life, taking from it its bitterness, and filling it with love!



A SPLENDID GIFT.

On this page is a picture of the handsome building presented by Mr. Jones Ordway to the Young Men's Christian Association of Glens Falls, N. Y. It cost with the lot on which it stands \$58,000 and is in all respects a building suited to the purpose for which it is to be used. The first floor is for the present rented to a business firm, space being reserved for an imposing entrance to the Association's quarters. On the second floor is the Auditorium, the Reading Room, Reception Room, Ladies' Parlor and the Directors' Offices. On the third floor are the large baths, the rooms of the Boys' Auxiliary, and a room for the use of amateur photographers. On the fourth floor is the Gymnasium sixty by sixty-one feet in area. The Association which is now so handsomely housed has 335 members which is a large number for a town of only eleven thousand inhabitants. It was organized about seven years ago and has reason to congratulate itself that after so short a time it has attained the dignity of own-

ing its own home with all the prestige that gives. It has a small, well-selected library and four technical classes which are well attended. The record shows that the religious part of the work is not neglected. Over one hundred distinctively religious meetings are held during the year with conspicuous success. Mr. Ordway did a good deed in thus caring for the best interests of the young men of the town, who doubtless will know how to appreciate his munificence and turn it to account.



THE MISSIONARY EXTENSION COURSE

From a letter just received from Mr. J. Willis Baer, General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, we learn that a change has been made in the management of the Missionary Extension Course. The Board of Control which has hitherto had charge of it with offices in Chicago has asked the United Society to accept the transfer of the work and it has consented. The United Society, however,

and profiting the audiences; and, further, they agree to place each speaker in the town at a maximum cost of five dollars a night (and his entertainment), this sum to be shared equally by all the co-operating societies.

This sum will pay the traveling expenses of the speaker, and will cover all expenses of the course, except such as the local societies may wish to spend for advertising or other preparations. The speakers' services are gratuitous, as they receive no fee from any source, and are paid only their actual expenses in reaching their appointments. The five-dollar payment is to be made not to the speakers, but to the State committee, by whom it is disbursed.

These payments comprise all the moneys handled by the committee. They do not receive nor transmit any contributions for the carrying on of missionary work in any place. All such gifts must go through the customary channels of the several denominational missionary boards. The sole object and purpose of this course of lectures so conducted is not to collect money for missions, but to arouse and develop an intelligent and practical missionary enthusiasm among the public.



THE TRAVELER'S AID.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Kansas City, Mo., has found a sphere of usefulness which is worthy of imitation in every large city. It might be possible for the Christian Endeavor and other kindred societies to unite in such work in some cases where the Y. W. C. A. is from any cause unable to undertake it. Mrs.

that a "cup of cold water" cannot be given "in His name."

Through this channel of work, many young girls, attracted to the city to find employment, and in hope of solving the problem of life more successfully than in their own town, without knowledge of the temptations that constantly surrounds her, of the dangers of falling into "evil hands" and being led to a life of sin and shame, rescued by the Young Women's Christian Association agent.

Pages could be filled with cases of young girls have been secured and returned to home and friends; others, with tears of confusion of face, have come to the matron for protection, and here is ground already for the sowing of "Gospel seed." Such need not the "advice of police," or "deed of officials," but of one who can be a mother to guide and direct them to a better life.

Truly, this is a noble work. Rescue young girls and helping the needy should be a work of every Young Women's Christian Association, and a Christian matron should be in every depot in every city in land.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The first hundred dollars pledged for new building of the California Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago, came from the Junior Christian Endeavor Society there.



The Eighth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State of New York assembled in the Second Collegiate Reformed Church on Nov. 17. Mr. F. Morse, of Orange, presided.



The Karen Christian Endeavor Society at a college in Rangoon, Burmah, has grown so large that it has become necessary to divide it into sections, and to limit the number allowed for each member to take part in meetings.



Dr. E. A. Schell, general Secretary of the Epworth league, has prepared a Thar-giving missionary service for the use of Epworth leagues, entitled, "The Epworth League's answer to the world's cry of need." This service will prove useful to many leagues in the church.



The Epworth League is making rapid progress in the State of Missouri, as the following figures show: In the Southern Missouri Conference Rev. W. T. McCle reports 80 leagues, 3,195 members; Missouri Conference, Rev. S. P. Cresap reports 125 leagues, 4,433 members; St. Louis Conference, A. E. Whitter reports 62 leagues, 2,681 members. Total leagues, 267; members, 10,309.



The Secretary of the B. Y. P. U., of the State of Kansas gives the following report of progress: Societies in this State 159, more than last year 90; membership reported 4,613 (estimated 6,000) a gain of 3,000. Eleven societies took up the C. C. C. W. There are nineteen Junior societies, 542 members; 270 conversions are reported.



The "Epworth Era" the organ of the Southern Epworth League cautions its members against proselytizing. It says: "One of the main objects of the Epworth League is to teach our young people to know and love our doctrines. It would be wrong to try to get others under our influence, and draw them from their Church. We can invite them to unite with us in our meetings, and to join as far as they like in our work; but we would not bring them under the obligations of the pledge. There are plenty of considerations for us to work with. Indeed, we will find our hands full to take care of our young people. Never proselytize! It is sin!"



The following officers of the Baptist Young People's Union of the State of New York for the ensuing year were elected at the recent convention at Rochester, N. Y.: Pres., Frank Harvey Field, Brooklyn; Vice-Pres., Gilbert S. Graves, Buffalo; Mornay Williams, New York; Secretary, May M. Ivers, Brooklyn; Assistant Secretary, Rev. George T. Webb, Auburn; Treasurer, W. T. Coleman Carpenter, Yonkers; Managers, Rev. C. A. Barbour, Rochester; Rev. W. H. Main, Buffalo; A. S. Holt, D. D., Yonkers; Rev. B. L. Herr, Birmingham; E. E. Chivers, D. D., Buffalo; S. MacArthur, D. D., New York; W. S. Noon, Brooklyn; W. G. Parkes, Rochester; Rev. Philip B. Strong, Little Falls.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

is precluded from acting directly in the matter except as a Bureau of Information and therefore asks the co-operation of State, Territorial and Provincial Unions. Mr. Baer suggests the following plan which in outline has been adopted by the Missionary Extension Committee of New York and New Jersey:

The Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies of a town, village, or locality are to apply to the State committee in charge of the movement to give them the course. If such committee does not exist, the State officers are urged to appoint such a committee. Where State unions now have missionary superintendents, it is suggested that said superintendent take charge of the work. The societies promise, first, the maintenance of a union mass-meeting, —one each month for a period of four or six consecutive months; second, that the pastor of each of the co-operating churches be requested to preach a sermon on the Sunday previous to or following each lecture, on a missionary topic suited to the subject of the lecture, and that the same topic shall be considered at the weekly prayer meeting of each society next preceding the date of the lecture. On the part of the State committee, or superintendent, it is agreed to send to the town or locality, at intervals of one month, four or six different speakers, each of whom shall be an expert in the treatment assigned to him, and capable of interesting

Mary Chalfant thus describes it in the "Evangelist": The Young Woman's Christian Association made the experiment some time ago of keeping a Christian worker in the Union depot to give help, or advice, or comfort to any woman arriving or departing by train who might need it. Sufficient funds were raised in the association to pay her salary for six months. When the work had been tried and found to be such a "God send" to young girls traveling alone, to sick and weary women and children, to those of our own sex, in almost every condition of life, also to the men employed relieving them of a work they could not do satisfactorily, the depot officials took the matter in hand and assumed the responsibility of the salary, leaving the direction of the work with the Young Women's Christian Association. The depot furnished a small room with desks and chairs. The association furnished easy rocker, cot, comfort and pillow, where many a weary head has found rest, and scores of little children traveling alone have been made comfortable for the night on the floor of the matron's office. The association keeps the office supplied with medicines to be used in case of emergency.

It would be almost impossible to give a satisfactory statement of the work by writing, as it cannot be done by any set form or rule. It is as real a missionary work as any that could be done. There is not a day



Norway's Fisher-Folk.

Simple People who Live in a Land where Peace Abides and Fashions Rarely Change—Quiet Home Lives.

NORWAY, the ancient home of the Vikings or Sea-Rovers, the land of battle, song and heroic deeds, and once peopled by the most warlike and aggressive of European races, has become, in the revolu-

tion of the centuries, one of the most peaceful countries in the world. In recent years, travelers have given it much attention and artists have found in its noble mountains and lovely lakes attractions such as exist in no other part of Europe—not even in Switzer-

land. For the enter and the vigor it affords a magnificent field, and its fisheries are one of the leading industries of its people. Norwegian fishermen prefer to ply their vocation in the night time, and as night, in "the land of the midnight sun" is much longer than with us, they can work at their boats and nets to advantage during the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Our illustration on this page shows a group of these fisher-folk on their way to the market with their "catch." The fish sometimes hang in the boat and again in a "sh-tank" trailing behind and attached to the boat by a rope. The morning sun is just beginning to break through the mist as they reach the landing-place with their "catch."

Norwegian women are almost as skillful at the oar as the men, and it is a familiar sight to witness boat after boat coming up the landing-wharves impelled by the stout arms of merry-faced girls, laughing and singing as they row. Every stream, fjord and lake has its quota of fisher-folk who make the principal part of their living at the oar, and it would be strange indeed if Norwegian boys and girls, brought up amid such surroundings, were not fond of sailing and rowing. There are no finer seamen on the coast than Norwegian "tars" and the pilots among the most expert in the world.

With a rocky and comparatively barren soil, and much of its territory in close proximity to the Arctic circle, the soil of Norway is necessarily less favorable to agricultural pursuits than its more southern neighbors. The climate is rigorous, but healthful and bracing, and it possesses such recuperative qualities that many invalids are now attracted there. Its snow-clad hills, sparkling streams, and deep, dark-green lakes and fjords have for the adventurous all the charm of Switzerland, without the Alpine dangers of glaciers and avalanches.

Norway has more lakes, in proportion to size, than any other country, the largest being Mjosen, fifty-seven miles long. For

considerable distances, the mainland does not come into direct contact with the sea, being girdled by a belt of islands, with numerous bays and rapids, so thickly set that they are known as the "skjærgaard," or "fence of skerries," of the outer coast. As all these inlets are filled with the comparatively warm waters of the Atlantic, the temperature along the coast is mild and agreeable, even in winter. In the fishing season the lakes are alive with salmon, "charr," trout and grayling, while perch, pike, bream, and a great variety of others are found in such abundance that the markets are well supplied. Off the coast, herring and cod are taken in immense quantities, and form an important source of the wealth of the nation.

Fair-haired, blue-eyed and ruddy-complexioned, the people of Norway are peaceful, industrious and progressive; happy in their simple home lives, and sincere in all that relates to their religious duties. They are a people of great missionary activity,

cess may be purchased for three thousand roubles. In Tartary, a woman can be purchased for a few pounds of butter, or where a rich man gives twenty small oxen, a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. Wherever the Gospel has reached, the condition of women has improved and her social status is better than before; but in places where it is unknown, she is in the same condition of degradation and servitude in which she has remained for centuries.

Mutual Forbearance.

It is probable that in a majority of households, one may be sure that, for every fault discovered or imagined in another, there is one to mate it in the self-satisfied critic. An early recognition of this truth, and a consequent humility and forbearance, would preserve happiness and give abundant harvest of blessing. But leaving general and unconscious influences, there are direct and definite questions which occur to wise, earnest and devoted parents in respect to the marriage of their children. Perhaps the daughter seems more easily guided, and the duties of a parent toward a son more difficult to understand and to perform, but the obligation to faithful care is as inexorable in dealing with one child as with another; and why should it not be so?

Would Have Given His Pillow.

Childish sympathy is very beautiful. A little lad of four or five years was one day reading to his mother in the New Testa-

HOME TOGETHER.

THE road is rough before our feet.
The hills are steep and high,
And clouds are gathering overhead
To shut away the sky.
Perhaps our paths may run apart.
In dark and stormy weather.
But at the nearing evening-time,
We'll all be home together.

O, friend of mine, I grieve to lose
The grasp of loving hands;
How much we need each other here,
Each fully understands.
But if our pathways meet no more
In meadow-land or heather,
Believe that when the night is come
We'll be at home together.

So here's a hand that's true, my friend,
And steadfast, come what may,
God grant our paths run side by side
And part not, all the way;
But if it be that part we must—
God only knoweth whether—
There's comfort in the thought that night
Will bring us home together.

—E. E. REXFORD

A HUMANE ROYAL LADY.

THE higher one's station in life, the greater the opportunities for doing good. It is pleasing to record that an illustration of this fact is found in the case of Haruka, the Empress of Japan. This royal lady is a patroness of the Red Cross Society, and is personally engaged daily with her court ladies in preparing bandages, lint, etc., for the wounded Chinese as well as Japanese engaged in the war. Her activity in personally directing this humane work is a source of pride among the Japanese.

She secured the introduction of the Red Cross into Japan about twelve years ago. In peaceful times she practices silk culture in her house in order to share in the labor of the poor silk-workers of Japan. She leads also in many charitable and educational movements, the girls' normal school, the girls' high school and the Tokio charitable hospital. The Empress is highly intellectual and of great strength of character. She has jet black hair, her face is long and thin, her forehead is high and her head is finely formed. She is forty-four years old, two years older than the Emperor. They celebrated their silver wedding last February.

The Emperor in every way showed that he believes the wife's place is beside her husband and on a level with him. She is greatly loved by the whole Japanese nation and her influence has done much to elevate her sex throughout the Mikado's realm. Haruka's name is a household word in the homes of the "Land of the Rising Sun."

A Mother's Inner Life.

Canon Farrar gives this interesting description of the daily life of his mother: "It was her habit every day immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil her duties, and to remain unruffled by all worries and pettinesses which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her life, and of all she had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon the divine manna in the barren wilderness."



NORWEGIAN FISHERS ON THEIR WAY TO MARKET.

and have been energetic both in the home and foreign fields, and especially among the ignorant and neglected Finns, who occupy the extreme northernmost part of Norway, and who belong to a race entirely different from the Scandinavians.

Buying Wives.

There are certain countries where the custom of buying and selling wives still prevails. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver Island varies from twenty to fifty pounds' worth of articles. In Oregon, an Indian gives for her, horses, blankets, or buffalo robes; in California, shell-money or horses; in Africa cattle. A poor Damara will sell a daughter for a cow; a richer Kaffir expects from three to thirty. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts, a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. In Asia, her price is sometimes five to fifteen roubles, or at others, a cartload of wood or hay. A prin-

ment, and when he came to these words: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and with a child's unrestrained gush of feeling, he said to his mother, "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there, I would have given him my pillow." A childish utterance, yet full of love and tenderness. He would have given Jesus his pillow! Well, he, the blessed Son of Man, who consented to such amazing humiliation, should have the best we have—first, our hearts, and then our best service.

Siamese Marriage Days.

One of the many singular customs in Siam is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. A person born in the year of the elephant, for instance, cannot marry a person born in the year of the tiger; neither may the lion mate with the lamb. The law imposes penalties upon all who give false ages, or who represent that they are gay gazelles, when, in fact, they are mischievous monkeys; and therefore it is a law which would not be welcome in Western lands.



CHAPTER XIX.

Desolate.

THE death of her darling boy, the sole solace of her life, left Annie crushed and forlorn. She did not weep nor fall, as before, with unconsciousness. She was white, tearless, stony. By the side of the beautiful corpse she sat, and toyed with his curling hair and pressed his lips, but she was calm—scarcely a sigh escaped her. At the vault she stood close, looking in, nor turned away when the great key turned hoarsely in the rusty lock. Taking her hand, the minister said:

"Dear friend, God has dealt heavily with you—" but when he saw her blanched cheek, her dry eye, and emotionless face, he drew back, turned away and buried his face in his handkerchief. Everyone standing there wept but she who had most cause to weep.

Sleepless and tearless she spent her days and nights. Toys, little soiled clothes and warm shoes—such breakers of mothers' hearts—these she gathered, with her own hands, and packed away. She took no interest in anything, and scarcely a word ever escaped her lips. Up and down, in and out, she wandered, like one almost demented. It was a piteous sight to behold her. How death had revelled all around her, and she, who would gladly have embraced him, left behind! The wonder was she did not put an end to her own life, but this she seemed not now to think of, though once it had been her temptation. Roy would take her to the grave, hoping that her grief would find an outlet, the floodgates be burst asunder, and she relieved; but it was always the same. Tearless she went, tearless she returned.

Mrs. St. Clair was in genuine distress, for it seemed almost as though Annie had forgotten her presence upon earth, for, whenever she spoke of her trouble, it was always that her "last link to life was severed," leaving her mother out entirely. The family of St. Clairs had always been divided, for Annie clung to her father, Roy to his mother, and the parents had not chided the ownership each had claimed since childhood. It was not altogether unnatural, therefore, for Annie to feel that when her father, husband and child had passed away, her part of the household was gone. She loved her mother devotedly, and no sister ever loved a brother more than she did Roy, still she felt alone; indeed she seemed to prefer to remain alone in her room, doing nothing only sitting and thinking. In great alarm at her condition of mind, Roy consulted her physician, who, realizing at once her condition, said:

"You must arouse her mind. Unless this can be done, and she be put to work, mind and body, in some healthful channel, she is doomed to melancholia. I am sorry to say this to you, sir, but it is much better to be candid. Your sister must have food for her mind and activity for her body, or her fate is sealed."

"What can I do, doctor? She must be relieved. How would a trip do—anywhere, it does not matter where? Do cure her, doctor; money is nothing where she is concerned."

"My dear sir, neither your money nor my medical skill can be of any avail here. God has dealt severely and very mysteriously with her. I do not remember, in my career as a physician, to have known such afflictive calamities in so few years in one family,—a family without the taint of hereditary entailment. Consumption has often done more effective work, but there has been no line of consumption, no descending disease. Then, too, the circumstances were so trying. No, sir; money can do nothing here. In my opinion, no change of scene nor climate will do her any good. She must have, as I said, healthful exercise for her mind and her body."

"Both are at her command," said Roy. "She is free to do anything you suggest,

doctor, and we will support you in your advice and urge her to follow it. Our trouble is that she does not care to make any effort. She seems to have lost all interest in life, and I believe that if you told her she would die to-morrow, she would be glad."

"I think she would," said Dr. Ripley, "and that is one of the most difficult features of the case. We physicians are a little out of our province when we attempt to deal with mental and spiritual ailments. Our sphere ends where the organs of the body are not affected. Now your sister is physically in perfect health. So we come into that debatable territory between the brain and the mind or the soul. Now on my side of that territory, the brain is at present in good condition. She is perfectly intelligent and could deal with any subject just as well now as at any past time. But after all, Mr. St. Clair, although we are reluctant to recognize the fact, there is something beyond the brain, the actual ego, which uses the brain and directs this way and that, as it will. Now if this ego declines to use the brain, is listless and benumbed, what can one do? The machinery is all there ready to its use and in good order, but it will not long continue to be so, if it is not used. It will spoil. In a case of this kind, the poor have an advantage over the rich. A poor woman who is left a widow, feels just as keenly as your sister does; but she does not brood over her trouble. She must work or starve. So she plans and arranges, and her thoughts are forced into a new channel. If your sister were obliged to go out and teach a school or do some such work, she would soon be in a normal condition."

Roy's face was sad, and after a few moments of thought, he said slowly:

"After Clarence's sad death and the loss of her estate, Annie begged to teach, but I put a quietus upon that at once."

"That's it!" said the physician, striking his hands together with a sudden concussion. "That is the very thing for her. In this sphere she will be compelled to think of others rather than herself."

"But, doctor, I don't see how I can manage it. I refused her positively before—told her that she should never teach; that all I possess is hers, and so I mean it to be."

Nobly said, my friend; but now you must make some sacrifice of feeling to save your loved sister."

"But how can I manage it? I don't see my way out of this at all."

"If you will allow it, I will take the matter out of your hands. What do you say to that?"

"And is this the only alternative?"

"It is, in my opinion, the only one. Chose between the school-room, a noble life there, and the Lunatic Asylum."

"I choose, Doctor. Manage it for me, but just as delicately as possible, and whatever you do, don't let her feel for a moment that she must support herself, to save herself from being a burden to me."

Roy dashed away a tear and continued:

"Please explain your plans to me, so that I can fall in with you and we can act harmoniously."

"Very well, this is my idea. Pres. Clarke, of the Female College in R—, of this State, is a personal friend of mine. It is far better for her to be removed from home and all home associations. I can confide to my friend the facts of the case, of your sister's former desire, and of her uncommon qualifications for any position in that Institution. I think, however, that the department of either vocal music or art would best please her, though I know the chair of Modern Languages she can fill as well. We must leave this somewhat to his judgment. She will be a grand acquisition to any College, and then her beautiful face and fascinating manners will win every heart. Now I shall tell my friend that he must make this situation for her, that if he cannot afford to pay her salary, that you will pay it. Will this meet with your approval?"

"Certainly, certainly. I prefer to pay it myself. Let this be perfectly understood at first, be one of the terms of the contract."

"Very well, then, you will pay her salary, \$600 per annum and board."

"Yes, \$1200 would be small for her. I am perfectly willing to go into the thousands if she must go."

"No, \$600 is considered a good salary, especially if her board be thrown in. She must have a room well furnished, and it would be better for her to have a pleasant room-mate, but this I shall not insist on. I will write to my friend at once, and as soon as I receive his answer I will bring it up. You must oppose as you once did, but she and I must over persuade you. I will go with her myself, and my word for it, in a few months she will be herself again, and you will bless the day when you consented to this arrangement."

"Doctor, is this the only and the last chance?"

"The only one, my dear sir, I verily believe."

"Then, sir, I must consent, though it is like plucking out my eyes and tearing my heart-strings. I do thank you sincerely, Dr. Ripley, for your interest in our behalf, for it is not to the self aggrandizement of professional men generally to send their patients away. Yours is disinterested friendship, and I thank you for this proof. Come over as soon as possible and we will confer with Annie."

They parted, the Doctor walking rapidly to his office to write the letter, while Roy turned his footsteps homeward to prepare his mother for the result of the conference with their physician.

CHAPTER XX.

The Panacea of Work.

"Annie, Dr. Ripley is in the parlor and wishes to see you. Will you come down?"

"Dr. Ripley? Yes, I'll go, but I am not sick, Roy, I need no attention from him."

"He knows that, dear, he simply calls as a friend, and says he has just received a letter upon a subject, which, he imagines will interest you."

"Me? Received a letter?"

"Yes, he did not read it to me, but he told me this much. Come on, I am waiting to go with you, for he gave me this permission."

After the usual salutation and inquiry for health, Dr. Ripley said:

"Mrs. Devereaux, I have received a letter from a friend of mine in a distant town, and he mentions you very particularly, though I cannot conjecture whether or not you will like the terms he proposes."

"Me? Terms he proposes to me?"

"Yes, he is President of the Female College in R—, a town in the northern part of our State, as you know, though really it deserves the name of a city rather than town. He begs me to see whether you could be induced to accept a situation with him. He has heard of your gifts, and especially of your vocal powers and fondness for art, and he greatly desires to secure your services in these two departments. You sing finely, I know, and I think you love painting, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought you might like to work out in the big world and make people wiser, better, and happier. Now, as it is, you only sit and think and think, and this is poor food for the body. You need something different. If you will take my advice as a physician, I prescribe good, healthful work for your mind and for your body."

"Doctor," and Roy spoke quickly and earnestly, "I don't want Annie to teach. Why should she? There is no necessity for it, I am very sure. If you think she needs recreation, why not let her take a trip to the seaside, to Europe or anywhere else, why will not this do? I will accompany and mother too. This will be a change, if nothing else, for mind and body. Alter your prescription to this, Dr. Ripley, and I will agree."

"No, Mr. St. Clair, this will not answer. I am seeking your sister's happiness, as well as my friend's advantage. I think your sister will be far better satisfied if she can be persuaded to undertake some useful work. It is right, my dear sir, for us to do all we can in this world for others, and, in working for others, it has a reflex influence on our own hearts and lives. Now, Mrs. Devereaux has many rare gifts, God given talent, that she should use for the benefit of the world, at least in her microcosm. She will be happier there working for, and with bright, young girls, than she is here. Her

time, heart and thoughts will be filled, and this will be a great thing."

"Oh, to stop this eternal round of thinking!" exclaimed Annie.

Dr. Ripley saw the impression he had made, and continued:

"I know it, my dear friend. I can imagine your condition of mind, and if you will listen to my advice, I say work is the remedy you need. What say you?"

Looking at Roy, she answered:

"Roy opposed me once when I wanted to teach, but I think if it were left to me, I think I would like to go—to get away from these death associations—it's death, death nothing but death here!"

"And now you need some life associations," put in the Doctor, most opportunely. "This is what you would have among the mountains and bright girls. There is one thing I came near forgetting, and that is that President Clark authorizes me to offer you \$600 and your board."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Roy, "if she must go out on a missionary tour among Hotte-tots, why that's no pay at all."

"That is very uncommon pay, indeed, Mr. St. Clair," said Dr. Ripley, "indeed, sir. He is expecting to secure a very superior woman in your sister, and so he is offering her very superior inducements."

"If it is philanthropy on her part, it might do; if it's a business transaction, it's a poor exchange. A year of brain-weariness, patience-tearing, nerve-shattering work, \$600! Pshaw! that is no offer at all—it's nothing!"

"And her board, too, Mr. St. Clair; estimate that, put that to the \$600, and you must acknowledge it to be a very fine offer indeed."

"Annie, I'll pay you more to stay," said Roy, with feeling. "Give up the thought of leaving us, and remain at home, where everybody loves you most tenderly, a you will have no trying work to do."

Roy was so dreadfully in earnest he seemed to have forgotten the part he was playing, for his natural aversion arose above his fears, so that the Doctor felt he was about to fail in his plans, his argument about to be overthrown. Annie sat for minute thinking, and then said:

"I care nothing for the money, I do need it; I have plenty of black dresses last me all my life, and I do not care much to eat."

There was something so touching in that simple speech that the physician had to turn his head away, and Roy brushed away a tear. The Doctor soon rallied, and said cheerily:

"Let's decide this matter at once. Will you go? I must write by return mail; a by-the-by, if you conclude to go, I shall be going that way soon—Monday, perhaps so if you will hurry I will take charge you right to the very door."

Annie sat looking on the floor, twisting a diamond ring round and round her finger, then suddenly looking up with something like a spark of animation, said:

"I will go, Dr. Ripley; I will be ready Monday."

"Annie!" exclaimed Roy in a reproachful tone; but she replied firmly:

"Roy, my dear brother, you stopped me once, but you must not interfere now. I will fly so much faster if I am at work, I care will drown thought, and it is far better so. I will go, Dr. Ripley. Please write to your friend that I accept, and will be at post next week."

Her spirits seemed to rise at once. She made her preparations quickly and Monday saw her on her way to her new home.

The scenery en route was very grand—mountains and dales, clear running streams and broad rivers hedged in by forest trees. Nature was a book that Annie always loved to read, and nothing so pressed her as mountain scenery, yet it is not from any holy associations, not because Jehovah so often selected mountains upon which to exhibit his glory, but simply because her artist's eye found here beauty and sublimity. Something like old life to her possession of her, when upon the second morning of their journey, clouds flooded down and caught like cobwebs on the mountain foliage, then rolled together to a fleecy curtain above.

(To be Continued.)

The Coffee Habit

is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Inferiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.

A HINDOO PERSECUTED.

A letter to the American Board, Mr. Perkins, of the Madura Mission, describes the fortitude of one of the native converts who has suffered heavily through becoming a Christian. He says: "This man Perumari is not a poor man or an ignorant man of a low caste, nor did he have any sinning motive in joining us. He had a good estate, lands, the respect of his neighbors, was of a social status as good as any of the eyes of the Hindoo—and no trouble. The first result of his conversion was not dispute with his wife and brothers. He said: 'A man's foes shall be those of his own household.' Perumari can explain to you fully the meaning of that. Then the villagers, through collusion with his brother, got into his house during his absence and stole a lot of his property. When there were certain portions of his property for which he did not have regular receipts, but because dealing with friends and relatives he had not deemed it necessary to have particular about his papers. Now he is a Christian the heathen are endeavoring to seize all lands to which he is no deed, and nobody will testify in his favor. The shopmen have been ordered to sell to him, and in various ways persecution is brought upon him. This has been going on now not merely for a few months, nor for a year or so, but for five years. And does he waver, do you ask? Not at all. I am amazed when I go there and see him sitting before me with a mingled look of sadness and joy on his face. The man has evidently got a new Jesus Christ different from that of the ordinary Christian. He takes his Bible in his hand and goes fearlessly among his caste people and preaches better than any a catechist, because everything he says about Christ and the Bible has been

burnt into him by suffering. He is laughed at and scoffed at by his old friends because he goes to the Lord's Supper and drinks from the same cup with low-caste people. But they cannot laugh, scoff, nor persecute him out of his faith.

A KING CONVINCED.

One of the most resolute opposers of Christianity in Southern Africa was the King of Pondoland, which country was recently annexed to Cape Colony. He has recently been much impressed, and has gone so far as to say, "Up to this time I have not believed in the existence of a God; but now I must admit there is one." The occasion of the king's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, whose duties correspond to those of prime minister in other countries. The official was a drunkard and a polygamist. He had been truly led to Christ. On returning to his home he destroyed a large and varied collection of beer-pots, and taking all his wives but one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes. It was the news of what he did in these matters that caused his royal master to believe in God. The king was sure that none but God could have so changed the man.

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Spurgeon.

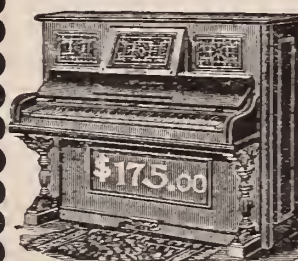
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"At evening time it shall be light." Zech. 14:7.
For the Christian Herald.

WHEN the toil of the long, long day is ending,

And dark shadows herald the coming of night,
How sweet then shall come the assurance
blending.

"At evening time it shall be light."

O pilgrim weary and worn with thy travel,
Wounded and fainting from many a fight,
Lo! all life's mysteries then will unravel,

"At evening time it shall be light."

All ye that sow precious seed with weeping,
Daily walking by faith and not sight,
With joy shall ye bring the sheaves of your
reaping.

"At evening time it shall be light."

So when on earth-scenes the dim eyes are
closing,

And the spirit spreading its pinions for flight,
On the arms of Eternal Love reposing.

"At evening time it shall be light."

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One Sunday afternoon," writes Rev. G. J. Geis from Myitkyina, Burmah, "a chief from the Chinese border came to see us, saying that he had heard of our work for the Kachins through friends. He had come to make friends with me and invite me to his village to tell his people of the true God. On three different occasions Kachins came to see us from six and seven days' journey north of us, who had heard of the true God through their friends and wanted to hear more of him and the Gospel."

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 Appreciating the fact that thousands of ladies of the U.S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is \$2 per bottle, and in order that all may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. FACE BLEACH removes and cures absolutely all freckles, pimples, spots, blackheads, sallowness, acne, eczema, wrinkles, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address **Mme. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City**
TRUSSES Easy, durable and cheap. A radical cure effected. Send for sealed catalogue. **EEGLESTON TRUSS CO.,** 800 Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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 Our Book on Piles—Free. Back on Medicine Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

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 SAME THUS
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As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this Hard Rubber Fountain Pen. Warranted a perfect writer & immense ill. Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage.
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SO
 on the "IDEAL" Spring Bed.
 on woven wire mattress.
 Any wonder so many are wakeful and nervous. The "IDEAL" rests the body and brings refreshing sleep. Our booklet free. All dealers sell it.
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You Would Buy a Set

Of these SOUVENIR SPOONS, but you think there must be some catch on account of the small sum asked for them. It is a genuine offer and we do this to dispose of them quickly.

Remember we Refund your Money
 IF YOU FIND THEY ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED.

YOU KNOW THIS ADVERTISEMENT WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTED BY THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER IF IT WAS NOT GENUINE. ORDER TO-DAY.

SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR A SET OR MORE AT ONCE AS THOUSANDS WILL AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

'First Come First Served'

GENUINE G B A R G A I N E
 ONLY 99c
 FOR ALL SIX
 FORMERLY SOLD FOR \$9

How are we able to do it?

These Spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by **ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.** and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly, we make this unheard of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS**, after dinner coffee size, **HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED**, with **GOLD PLATED BOWLS**, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for \$9.00; we now offer the balance of this stock at **ONLY 99 CENTS.** Sent in elegant plush lined case, properly packed, and express prepaid to any address. Send Postal Note or Currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.

LEONARD MANUFACTURING CO.,

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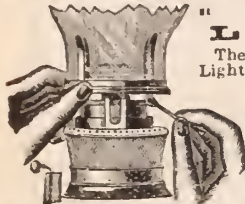
What the "Christian at Work" of New York has to say in their issue of March 22, 1894. "These Spoons have been submitted to U. and we are sure that those who send for them will be exceedingly gratified to receive such dainty and useful souvenirs of the World's Fair as these spoons are. The Leonard Manufacturing Company will promptly and without question return the money sent in payment if the spoons fail to give satisfaction. We do not believe, however, that they will ever be called upon to do so."

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99 $\frac{44}{100}$ %
"PURE"
FOR THE BABY.

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It is so Easy to Light The "B & H"

**"LAMP."**

They give such Perfect Light, are so well made and in such a variety of Artistic Patterns, are a few of the reasons why so many are sold by

Leading Dealers.

Send for our Little Book, which will tell you about this wonderful Lamp.

Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co.,
NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO.
Factories:—Meriden, Conn.

Anti-Cold Underwear

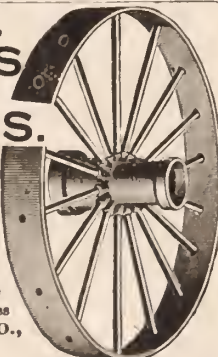
Your address on a postal will bring you a dainty water-colored booklet about the **Jaros Hygienic Underwear** the underwear of health and comfort—gives thorough protection—no irritation—absorbs moisture—can't shrink—perfect fitting—moderate prices—longest wear.

Jaros Hygienic Underwear Co., 831 Broadway, New York.

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS.

Any size you want, 20 to 50 in. high. Tires 1 to 8 in. wide—have to fit any axle. Saves Cost many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, logs, etc. No resetting of tires. Cat's free. Address

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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.

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DOUBLE RIFLE LOADERS \$5.00.
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WATCHES

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All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for 60 page catalogue.
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10¢

will, for a short time, secure this handsome silk watch fob, with a guaranteed gold plated buckle. This offer is made as a means of making you acquainted with the **Harris Wire Buckle Suspender**, the **Harris Garter** for men, and other of the famous

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"A Word to the Wise is —"



A Little Higher in Price, BUT—!

We invite Housekeepers to insist upon being supplied with the

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Never before been offered. We shall continue these liberal terms FOR ONLY A SHORT TIME. Cut this out and write to-day.

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We have written a book on Dyspepsia. It tells of a sensible remedy and cure. MAILED FREE for a postal.

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15 lbs. a month by a new harmless, herbal remedy—safe, sure and speedy. Trial package sent FREE on application. Give it a trial, it costs you nothing.

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You know what you are eating when you use

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Only a rounded spoonful is required, of

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Send for our new 1895 Catalogue, illustrated in colors; containing full descriptions of all our **PIANOS and ORGANS**. Remember—We are the firm of actual manufacturers selling exclusively to the general public direct, at factory cost—the only firm where you get the Real Exact Value for your money, there are No Agents, Dealers or Middlemen's Profits Added.

CASH, or on EASY PAYMENTS to suit your own circumstances. Pianos and Organs shipped on 30 days' trial in your own home under our special warrant for 26 years. No money required in advance. Safe delivery to purchaser guaranteed.

TERMS:—No Satisfaction, No Pay.

Note.—As an advertisement we will sell to the first purchaser in a place one of our finest **PIANOS**, specially fitted and finished for only \$169.00—or one of our latest **PARLOR ORGANS** for \$25.00. All extras for each instrument FREE.

Don't fail to write at once to

CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey. Established nearly 30 years.

SAVE MONEY!

Send for our new 1895 Catalogue, illustrated in colors; containing full descriptions of all our **PIANOS and ORGANS**. Remember—We are the firm of actual manufacturers selling exclusively to the general public direct, at factory cost—the only firm where you get the Real Exact Value for your money, there are No Agents, Dealers or Middlemen's Profits Added.

CASH, or on EASY PAYMENTS to suit your own circumstances. Pianos and Organs shipped on 30 days' trial in your own home under our special warrant for 26 years. No money required in advance. Safe delivery to purchaser guaranteed.

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Don't fail to write at once to

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"Chautauqua" Desk FREE

WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP.

MOST POPULAR DESK EVER MADE. SOLID OAK THROUGHOUT, HAND-RUBBED. 5 FEET HIGH, 2 1/2 FEET WIDE, 10 1/2 INCHES DEEP. THE LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS, "BORAXINE" AND "MODJESKA" TOILET ARTICLES, BOUGHT AT RETAIL WOULD COST, ————— \$10.00. You Get All For \$10.00.

DESK, WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00. IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

See Christian Herald Oct. 10 and 24

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) **RADIATOR**. It has 120 Cross Tubes where 4866 sq. in. of iron get intensely hot, thus making ONE stove or furnace do the work of TWO. Send postal for proofs from prominent men.

To introduce our Radiator the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, thus securing an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A TAILOR-MADE SUIT Or OVERCOAT For \$10.00.

We'll make to your measure a Frock or Sack Suit or Overcoat of All Wool Goods, equal to any local tailor's \$18.00 garments for \$10.00. Extra Charges Paid.

Other Suits, Overcoats and Trainers just as cheap. We save 50 per cent by buying big lots of material from makers—that accounts for it. Send for samples of cloth and full particulars—free.

B. LOUIS VEHON, Tailor, 323 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Delicate Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. 10 styles, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail \$0.25. Circulars free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 6 St., East, N.Y.

PRINTING OFFICE 15¢

A large font of Type (over 4A) with Figures, Holder, Indefinite Ink, Pad, Tapers, Corkscrew, etc. as shown in cut, complete in test case. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Regular Price \$10. Sample prepaid for 15¢. To introduce, with Catalogue of 1000 new articles. CAT FREE.

INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt St., N.Y. City

RUPTURE CURED

WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.
322 & 324 Broadway, Cor. 12th St., New York

If you have never tried Pozzoni's you do not know what an ideal complexion powder is. Sold everywhere.

TAPE-WORM

Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no charge. Send 2c stamp for circular.

Dr. M. Noy Smith, Specialist, 721 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE CURE. Kidney Liver & Urinary Diseases.

AL-KAVIS is a positive cure for Kidney, Liver and Urinary Diseases. It is from the new Polyphosphorus, **KAVA-KAVA** (botanical name: *Piper Methysticum*) described in *New York Herald*, Feb. 8, 1893, in *Medical Gazette*, of Dec. 1892. Endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Bright's Disease, Brick-bush deposits, Rheumatism, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, etc. Sold in Two Dollars a Bottle. Descriptive Book sent free to all or if you will send us Ten Cents (postage stamps will do) to pay express charges, we will send you One Bottle by express, prepaid, FREE. We know **AL-KAVIS** is a Positive Cure, and we send it FREE to prove its wonderful effects. Give your Post-office and nearest Express Office. Address, **THE CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 115 Fourth Avenue, New York**

INCUBATOR

The Improved, SELF-HEATING "Old Reliable" has no super World's Favorite. 6 Cents in plain new 12 page Poultry Guide and Catalogue for 1895. Poultry and Farming. Address, **RELIABLE INCUBATOR AND BROODER CO., Quincy, Ill.**

EXTRA QUALITY GOLD PLATE

14 KA

CUT THIS OUT

FITS

and send it to us with your name and address and we will send a beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the office and if you think it a bargain and the finest watch you ever saw for the money pay the express agent our special sample, \$2.50, and it is yours. This offer is for 60 days only. Write to

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.
334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

RUPTURE

Sure Cure at once. Book free. Dr. W. S. Rice, B. 44, Smithville, New York.

An Old-Fashioned New England Thanksgiving



Is not complete without a rousing fire on the hearth. It is expressive of warmth, health, and cheer.

Far more than we are wont to realize does the warmth, health, and cheer of our physical life depend on the proper burning of the fire of health. This fire must have sufficient fuel, quite as really as the other.

Nothing burns so well in the body as oxygen. The Electropoise is, so to say, a coal yard for the entire family—a source of supply of fuel for the fire of health. It is a little instrument, which so polarizes the body as to make it capable of absorbing oxygen in far greater quantity than can be done naturally.

It is a sad day when the fire within begins to consume the body itself. Disease and death are the consequences. Electropoise keeps the body supplied with proper fuel, and so cures disease.

We call you attention to the variety of ailments relieved and cured by Electropoise, as well as to the unquestioned integrity and high standing of those who have certified to it, and challenge your unprejudiced investigation.

We would be glad to send you a pamphlet which will more thoroughly describe the Electropoise.

Chills and Fever

No. 12 St. Paul St.,
Baltimore, Md., Feb. 2, 1892.

I cannot speak too highly of the merits of the Electropoise. I have proved it and know whereof I speak. I was stiff and sore all over from inflammatory rheumatism. After two nights' use of the Electropoise I did not have a rheumatic twinge or pain. I tried it for indigestion with the same beneficial results.

I know that it "knocks" chills and fever, from experimenting on one of my boys. And I fear to say anything further in its praise lest my friends should think I am a crank, or that I am interested in its sale.

I believe in the Electropoise from experience. I know it has done me and my family good. We have no use for doctors or druggists any more.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE GANTZ,
General Agent State Mutual Life Assurance Co.

Aug. 23, 1894. Mr. Gantz says: "My opinion of the Electropoise's curative powers increases with its continued use."

Insomnia Relieved

Cheshire, Conn., June 28, 1894.

Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiry, I reply, that by following your directions I have benefited in the relief the Electropoise has given me in insomnia. Its application is based on scientific principles, and the best results are obtained by thought and correspondence with you. Yours truly,

REV. EMERSON JESSUP,
Episcopal Minister.

Electropoise
TRADE MARK.

A Distorted Cripple

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21, '93.

Last winter my daughter was attacked by la grippe, and, through the ravages of this mysterious disease, reduced to a helpless cripple. From a bright, rosy, handsome child, she became in three weeks so weak, emaciated, and, in shape, distorted, that words fail me to adequately describe her condition. By accident I learned of the Electropoise. I purchased one—more through desperation to leave no means untried than through belief in its efficiency. I confess I thought it something on the order of the liver pad, "made to sell," and a sort of mild humbug. It was with more than half-way skepticism that I applied it, in accordance with directions.

Day after day, as I observed the marked improvement in my daughter, my doubts vanished. In eight weeks after the first application of the Poise my little girl was fully restored, enjoyed sound sleep, a good appetite, and is now in the possession of vigorous health, and as to her figure, there is no trace even that she ever had the first stages of spinal curvature or la grippe, which causes it. I have recommended the Electropoise to many of my friends, and always shall, and I am glad to say, where my advice has been followed, and one purchased, good results have always come. Very faithfully yours,

HORATIO GATES,
Venerable Archdeacon of West Missouri.

Old Wound

Gen. R. G. Dyrenforth, ex-Commissioner of Patents, whose recent interesting experiments in "Rain-Making" are so well known, used the Electropoise for an old gun-shot wound.

Washington, D. C., March 8, 1892.

Dear Sir: I deem it a duty to inform you of the remarkable curative effects experienced by myself and by others under my view from the use of your instrument. You may not know that I am a regular M. D., and have been a practicing physician. From the course of my education and association as such, I had no faith in the treatment. Personal experience and observation have, however, convinced me of its wonderful and subtle effects. I ascribe the beneficial results of the instrument I used, and the curative effects of the others which I observed, to the establishment of a potential by thermo-electric action.

Yours truly,
R. G. DYRENFORTH.

ELECTROLIBRATION CO., 1122 Broadway, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

COPYRIGHT 1884, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

NUMBER 48.

RE. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

THE GOSPEL ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Dr. Hall and his Missionary Comrades Visit the Field of Pyong Yang—Brave Work for Christ in the Hospitals—Heroic Chang Sikey, the Korean Convert.



CHANG SIKEY, A NATIVE CONVERT.

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the work of Rev. W. J. Hall, American medical missionary in Korea and his associates, through occasional letters in these columns. To-day we are privileged to print the first missionary letter re-

over the mountain paths and his companions walked. On the way they met crowds of affrighted Koreans who told them alarming stories of the battle; but they pushed on and reached Pyong-Yang in time to do splendid service in the hospitals among the wounded, and to afford spiritual solace to many who were past mortal aid. In their work they seem to have encountered no serious opposition. Dr. Hall writes:

PYONG YANG, Oct. 8, 1894.—We had a pleasant trip, and experienced no difficulties along the road in procuring accommodations or food. We saw a great many dead horses and cattle as we passed along which had been used in conveying army supplies. Many of the villages were completely deserted, but the people were beginning to come back and settle down again. We had no trouble whatever, in making our way through the army lines. We met the first large detachment of the Japanese, thirty-three miles south of Pyong Yang at Whong Ju; they have 450 Chinese prisoners there. At Chung Wha, fourteen miles south of Pyong Yang, we saw the graves of seven Japanese scouts who had been killed there

The battle commenced Sept. 13; only a few shots were fired that day, and a few more upon the 14th. On Saturday, the 15th, the great battle was fought. The Chinese had entrenched themselves across the river on the south side in the old city, and on the north side of the city they had two forts, one on each side of the road leading to Wee Ju. The Japanese attacked the fort on the south side of the river in the morning, the forts at the north on the road to Wee Ju at noon, and the old city towards evening, driving the Chinese from each place into the city. Saturday night the Japanese entered the city from the north side, and the Chinese fled through the south gate. The Japanese were watching the gates and the road, but the Chinese made their way through and fled toward Wee Ju.

We have visited the battle-field; it is strewn with Chinese bodies, some still unburied, and the rest have a few inches of dirt thrown over them. The stench is terrible, and the sight indescribable. There were 14,000 Chinese and 10,000 Japanese in the armies.

We have met Mr. Creelman, reporter of the N. Y. "World," and Frederick Villiers, reporter of the "London Standard." They are roughing it also. Mr. Moffet's things are totally destroyed, even all his stores. I have not lost anything. The house

right. Our Christians have done and are doing wonderfully well. We had two services on Sunday, and one to-night (Monday). We



REV. W. J. HALL, MISSIONARY TO KOREA.

think everything is clear for our remaining here. The Chinese army has gone into China and the Japanese are marching to Wee Ju.

The Japanese General was wounded and I have been sent for to visit him to-morrow morning, to consult with the Japanese doctors.

Pyong-Yang is almost deserted. The Koreans are just beginning to come back. They all rejoice to find us here, and we are expecting grand results from our work—we believe the soil has been made mellow and fertile and will bring forth much fruit.

As far as our work for the Master stands, it never looked so hopeful as now. I am glad we are here and I know God will protect us, his promises

are sure—"a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." I will say of the Lord, "he is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust." W. J. HALL.

(Continued on page 755.)



MEDICAL MISSIONARIES ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF PYONG YANG.

Messrs. Hall, Moffet and Lee were the first missionaries to visit the field after the great battle of Sept. 15.

lately occupied by the contending Chinese and Japanese armies. On hearing of the battle, Dr. Hall and his two missionary friends, Messrs. Graham Lee and D. A. Moffet, at once prepared to start for Pyong-Yang. Mr. Lee rode a bicycle

by the Chinese. Three miles from Pyong Yang we reached the river, and were at once upon the field of battle.

where the boys' school was, has the windows and doors torn off, and a little of the wall torn down; beside this, everything is all

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage. MARTYRDOM AT LUCKNOW.

Text: Deut. 20: 19. "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them."

THE awfullest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them." But in my recent journey round the world I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merciless besiegement of the ages, and I proceed to tell you that story for four great reasons: to show you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace; to show you what genuine Christian character is under bombardment: to put a coronation on Christian courage; and to show you how splendidly good people die.

As our train glided into the dimly lighted station, I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow;" at the pronunciation of which proper name strong emotions rushed through body, mind and soul.

The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for thirty-five years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside the Residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English Government lived, and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which, poetry, and painting, and history and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners, and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English Government.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the Residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the Residency, or fort, were, military and non-combatants, men, women and children, in number about 1692. I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected, when I say that these people were in the Residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies, and all a-squirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; small-pox, scurvy, cholera, adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want, crowded and sacrificed in a cellar

where nine children were born; less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the Residency; now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning, and let us be at the Residency before the sun becomes too hot." At seven o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the

of the rooms with grain, without which the Residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this Residency rice, and sugar, and charcoal, and fodder for the oxen, and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying." Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged, and lacerated, and broken-hearted met the whizz of bullets, and the demoniac hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

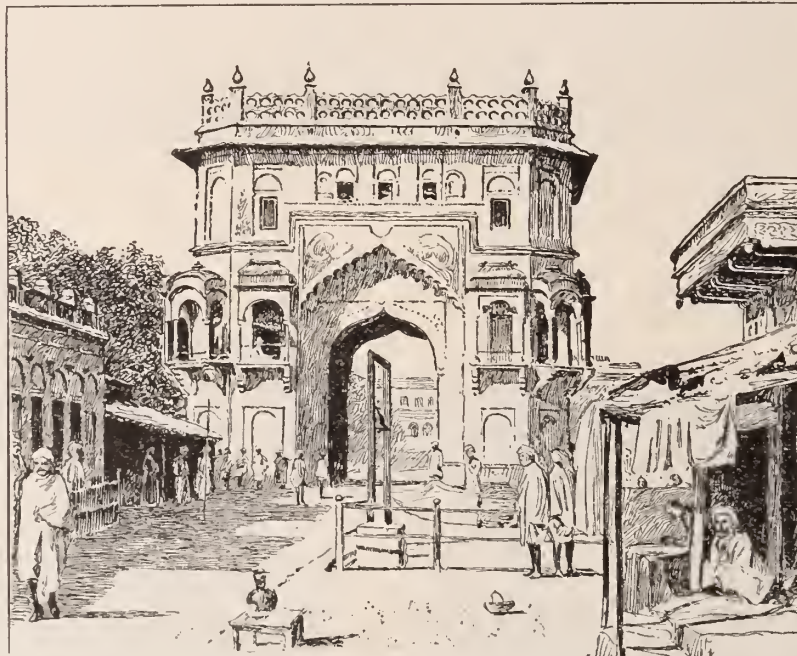
"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the Residency who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the Residency, their breaking in only a matter of time, unless reinforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch, 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give direction for the care of his favorite horse. He charged the officers, saying, 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he

at that point, and when anyone of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up 'Bob the Nailer' was with it." I said to him, "Had you made your minds what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes," said my escort, "we had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1,600 against 60,000, and for the better part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the Residency and the earthwork around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the siege. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of the desperadoes. You must remember that all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpore, and we knew what fate meant. If unable to hold out any longer we would have blown ourselves up, and all gone out of life together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during the awful months." Then we crossed the street and went down into the cellar of the Residency. With a shudder of horror indescrutable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on a roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women, she said, "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had been tained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the Residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death-angel and the evil angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of club, and sword, and torch, and throat-cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiers, they waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grape-shot. They placed each other when their children were in danger. When a husband or father fell such praise of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger, a letter telling that he was on the way, but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested,—firing from house-tops; firing from windows; firing from doorways. "Were you present when Havelock came in?" I asked, for I could suppress the question no longer. His answer came: "I was not at the moment present, but with several other young fellows I saw soldiers dancing while two Highland pipers played, and I said, 'What is all this excitement about?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the elements were pouring in."



THE CITY GATE OF LUCKNOW, INDIA.

road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the Residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the Residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot, and punctuation of cannon ball, all up and down and everywhere. "Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banquet hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood; they all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anesthetics were exhausted. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay, the English Government requested him to remain at least a while, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this Residency had filled many

had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying, 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' He said, 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him"—isn't it from Daniel? So as brave a man as England or India ever saw, expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The Chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time.' All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

"There," said our escort, "'Bob the Nailer' did the work." "Who was 'Bob the Nailer?'" "Oh, he was the African who sat

"Show us where they came in!" I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the Residency, that being banked up inside to keep the murderer out. "Here it is," answered my escort, "Here it is—the embrasure through which the men came." We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken-down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass now, but then a blood-spattered, bullet-scarred opening in the wall.

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them come in; Havelock, pale and sick, but triumphant; and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly present.

"What then happened?" I said to my escort. "Oh," he said, "that is impossible to tell. The earth was removed from the gate and soon all the army of relief entered, and some of us laughed, and some cried, and some prayed and some danced. Highlanders so dust-covered and enough blood and wounds on their faces to make them unrecognizable, snatched the babes out of their mothers' arms and kissed them, and passed the babies along for other soldiers to kiss, and the wounded men crawled out of the hospital to join in the cheering, and it was wild jubilee, until the first excitement passed, the story of how many of the advancing army had been slain on the way began to have tearful effect, and the story of suffering that had been endured inside the fort, and the announcement to children that they were fatherless, and to wives that they were widows, submerged the shouts of joy with wailing of agony."

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered, "Of course, we were put on smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of this reinforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did, in a day or two at most, and perhaps in any hour the besiegers would have broken in and our end would have come. The Sepoys had dug six mines under the Residency."

After we had obtained a few bullets that had been picked out of the wall, and a piece of a bomb-shell, we walked around the eloquent ruins, and put our hands into the scars of the shattered masonry, and explored the cemetery inside the fort, where hundreds of the dead soldiers await the coming of the Lord of Hosts, at the Last Day and we could endure no more. My nerves were all a-tremble, and my emotions were wrung out, and I said, "Let us go."

On the following day about four miles from the Residency I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self-sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the Residency which he had relieved, he lay in a tent a-dying, while his son whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the hero the consolatory Scriptures. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led his last army, and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when, in his last hours he said to General Outram, "I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. To die is gain." Indeed this was no new sentimentality with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the "seclusion of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion though certain in those days of being branded as Methodists and canting hypocrites." He had in early life been immersed in a Baptist Church. He acknowledged God in every victory, and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands to British pluck, and to the blessing of Al-

mighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed to spend two hours every morning in prayer and Bible reading, and if the army was to march at eight o'clock he arose for purposes of religious devotion at six o'clock. What a speech that was Havelock made to his soldiers as he started for Cawnpore, India: "Over two hundred of our race are still alive in Cawnpore. With God's help we will save them from death. I am trying you severely my men; but I know what you are made of."

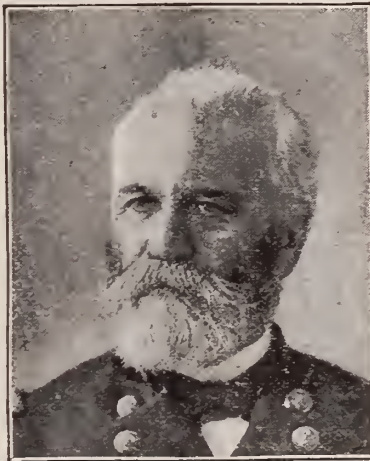
A plain monument marks Havelock's grave. But I said while standing at the sacred place, why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster Abbey make him a pillow? In all her history of wars there is no name so magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared the tombstone. Do you say, "Let him sleep in the region where he did his grandest deeds?" The same reason would have buried Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington, Virginia. Take him home, O, England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable Abbey the National Anthem. But it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram his fellow-hero in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny.

Some audiences, and some readers, are so slow of thought, and so stupid that they need an application made of every subject. But the people who get this sermon have made the application for themselves already. I challenge you to say whether or not I have kept my promise when in the opening of this discourse I said I would show you four things: what an awful affair war is: what genuine Christian character is under bombardment: what is the coronation of Christian courage: and how splendidly good people die. And here endeth my first sermon of the "Round the World" series.

A GALLANT CHRISTIAN HERO.

With the retirement of Gen. Oliver Otis Howard from army service, on account of age (as announced from Washington last week), the official career is closed of one who, for his Christian heroism, has been aptly called the "Havelock of America." Gen. Howard (whose portrait appears on this page), was born at Leeds, Me., in 1830, and is of Revolutionary ancestry. Early in life he gave evidences of strong Christian character. He studied at Bowdoin College and entered West Point in 1850. Throughout his army career, which has been a remarkably brilliant one, he has steadfastly adhered to lofty Christian principle, being noted even while a young man as an abstainer, a Bible-reading and praying officer and an inflexible foe of profanity and vice in every form. When the war closed, he was chosen by President Lincoln as Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. He has been for many years active in every kind of Christian work, conducting religious services in hospitals and prisons and even while in charge of the military station on the Pacific Coast, finding opportunity for the exercise of his rare talents in behalf of the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. As soldier, writer, public orator or private citizen he has led an admirable and blameless life, and his example has been helpful to many thousands of young men.

Gen. Howard, released from army duty, will be more than ever active in the field of philanthropy and helpfulness. His is a nature that will not brook idleness and while life lasts he will cling to the work of the Master he has loved so well.



GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

The Gospel on the Battle Field.

(Continued from first page.)

In a letter of earlier date, written previous to his visit to Seoul, and which was received by the same mail as the letter of Oct. 8, Dr. Hall says:

"I remained at Pyong Yang until I received an order from our Consul to bring Mrs. Hall and our little boy to an open port. The steamer was filled with soldiers and upon reaching Chemulpo we found the harbor filled with men-of-war. On the morning of July 23rd we were awakened at five o'clock by the Koreans who were almost frantic with excitement. Detachments of Japanese soldiers were rushing to guard the city gates, and there was heavy and constant firing of guns on the Palace grounds about a half-mile from our house. The Japanese succeeded in taking the Palace in about twenty minutes. Since that time they have been assisting the Korean government in adopting measures of reform.

"The Chinese and Japanese armies both were now in Korea. China poured her troops in at the north and soon Pyong Yang was occupied by the Chinese. The Japanese next sent large forces north and on Sept. 14th the two armies met at Pyong Yang. A heavy battle ensued and on the 16th the Japanese were victorious and entered the city. A naval battle was fought near Pyong Yang in which the Japanese were also successful.

"Dr. Scranton and I have been very busy in the hospital since the war commenced. Here many precious lives have been saved and all have heard the glad tidings of the

Gospel. Several have confessed saving faith in Christ, and many others have bought our Christian books and have gone away feeling that they wanted to know more about the 'Jesus doctrine.'

The seeds of truth are daily being scattered and we know they will be cared for by the Holy Spirit and bring forth a rich harvest. On Sept. 26th we received a letter from Pyong Yang written by our faithful helper Kim Chang Sikey, which stated that our Christians were all safe and well—that the Chinese had been defeated and the Japanese now occupied the city. He was very

grateful to God for keeping them through such great danger. He remained at his post holding our little Christian flock together and caring for our property during the battle. Chang Sikey was led to Christ through Bro. Ohlinger and was in his employ until he went to America. Since then he has been my helper. He has shown himself a true Christian hero. Last spring he was imprisoned, had his feet wedged in stocks for two days and nights, was stoned and almost beaten to death, but would not give up Christ. I believe that there will be many such jewels found in Korea. Revs. D. A. Moffett and Graham Lee and myself start for Pvoing Yang over-land Oct. 1st.

"I have received hundreds of packages of cards and letters in response to my appeal. Many have asked for replies, but as the work here makes such pressing demands upon my time, will the dear friends please accept this as my reply. Let me thank you in behalf of the Korean children. I am printing in Korean the text John 3: 16 on the back of each card and I am sure God's blessing will follow them and they will be the means of planting the seeds of truth in many a little heart. Papers printed in English cannot be read by Koreans. Yours sincerely,

W. J. HALL."

Dr. Hall enclosed the following letter written by a native convert, Mrs. Esther Pok, aged eighteen, after her first sea voyage and trip into the north of Korea:

PYONG YANG, Oh-yang Tong.

I am in Pvoing Yang now. We all come here just to-day. I wish I could tell you all what I saw but I am afraid I don't know how. Pyong Yang is almost like Seoul, but people look and talk a little different. We been on steamer four days. O, we had a hard time! On Monday afternoon the boat stop at the harbor and then we came

to the river boat. This boat has a little room, dirty like a pig pen. Dr. Hall and Mrs. Hall and baby and Sylvia and I slept inside, and Mrs. Pok and one of the Christians from Pyong Yang who came to meet us, they sleep top of the boat. The boatman was very old. We got to Pyong Yang the next afternoon, and came in our closed chairs to the house where Dr. Hall stops."

With much love,

ESTHER.

May 8, 1894.

Esther is Mrs. Hall's Korean helper in mission work at Pyong Yang. She studied Korean, Chinese, and English in Dr. Hall's Girls' School before her marriage, and is a most efficient and devoted worker.

Rev. Dr. Hall is 35 years of age and a Canadian by birth. In early manhood he was converted and joined the Methodist Church. He studied at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., and after graduation, resolved to devote his life to spreading the Gospel in heathen lands. He was also a student at Dr. George D. Dowkontt's Medical Mission School in New York, and was for a time a medical missionary in the metropolis, doing good work among the tenement dwellers. After taking his diploma as a physician, he assumed charge of a Mission church on Madison street, New York, where he preached to the very poor on Sundays and on weekday evenings. The mornings and afternoons found him among the sick in the fetid Eastside tenements, administering medicines for their bodily ailments and spiritually consoling all who came within the reach of his kindly influence. He sailed for his present field in Korea in the winter of 1891, and has proved a most valuable and devoted Christian medical missionary.

Owing to native opposition his work at times has been attended with great peril, but he has been divinely preserved through it all up to the present time. It is probable that Seoul will be made a treaty port and the facilities for successful missionary work in Korea will soon be greatly improved.

Next Week's Mammoth Edition

A Million and a Half "Christian Herald" with a Magnificent Colored Supplement—A Marvel in Journalism.

NEXT week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be the special Premium Edition, and will consist of 1,500,000 copies of twenty-eight pages each, eight pages being printed in colors. This edition will require 500,000 pounds of paper. The mechanical work was begun three months ago and fifteen large cylinder presses have been kept busy since September 1, on the color work alone, and nearly forty additional presses will be in operation this entire month in printing the other part of the paper. At the time of this writing, fifty-three cylinder presses are at work.

As no edition of such mammoth proportions has ever before been issued by any daily, weekly or monthly publication in any part of the world, some details concerning its production will interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Ten of the largest printing establishments and binderies in New York City are now busily engaged upon it, one of these concerns alone having twenty-five presses at work on it exclusively. Among the printing establishments the largest is the American Lithographic Co., which has contracted to print 1,000,000 copies of the black-and-white pages, and 500,000 of the seven-color supplement, and of the binderies, the largest is Knopke's, which is folding and binding 700,000 complete copies of the Special Edition. The Moss Engraving Co., is printing 1,000,000 copies of the colored supplement.

The other work is distributed among six or seven establishments with facilities almost equal to those of the great firms already mentioned. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S own office 200 girls have been busy for weeks arranging the names, weeding out duplicates and addressing wrappers, and in our bindery fifty girls are employed in putting the papers into wrappers after they are folded.

Altogether, the Special Premium Edition will be a phenomenal one, and will be highly valued by all who receive it. In a literary sense, too, it will be unusually attractive. Margaret E. Sangster, the famous authoress, will make her first acquaintance with our readers in its pages, having contributed to the Special Edition a delightful short story, entitled "The Gospel Coach," the first of many to follow from her brilliant pen.



CHRIST'S TEACHING BY PARABLES

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 9. Luke 8:4-15. Golden Text Luke 8: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE critical and unfriendly Scribes and Pharisees whose presence was always thrust upon the Lord Jesus, were not his only hearers. He had also many appreciative hearers, who, out of the deepest gratitude, and out of real hunger after truth, followed him. "He went about through cities and villages, preaching and bringing the good tidings of the kingdom of God, and with him the twelve, and certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary that was called Magdalene, from whom seven devils had gone out, and Johanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto them of their substance." (Luke 8: 1-3, R.V.) We are glad to have this little glimpse of how the temporal needs of the Lord and his disciples were met, since he had left the carpenter's bench, and they had left their fishing. These were the days of Christ's popularity; a great multitude came together, "and they of every city resorted to him." In the parallel passages in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, we learn that he was teaching by the seaside (Matt. 13: 1; Mark 4: 1), and that the multitude stood on the shore, while he taught the people out of a boat in which he was seated. But in all these Gospels we learn that he spoke by parables.

Light Brings Responsibility, and much light had dawned upon those who heard him; yet, as we have seen, the leaders of the people remained in darkness still. Repudiating the leading, both of John the Baptist and of Jesus, there was in them no response to God; "the word of hearing did not profit them, because they were not united by faith with them that heard." (Heb. 4: 2.) They had gone the awful length, in their impious daring, of attributing the work of Christ to Satan, and in his mercy he would not increase their responsibility and condemnation; thus, instead of speaking in unmistakable language, he spoke unto them in parables. The disciples, who could not see as he did, the unspeakably solemn issues which hung on the reception or rejection of his message, asked him: "Why speakest thou unto them in parables? And he answered and said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall it be given, and he shall have abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." (Matt. 13: 10-12.) They and you alike have heard the Word; they have rejected, you have received it. You have made your own what you have heard, therefore more shall be given you. Whatever you have received of God's truth is but a preparation for more, a foundation for that which is to follow. These who have gone the length of criticising and condemning the Son of God, have trifled with the light, therefore darkness has come upon them (John 12: 35), and even that which they have, even the power to apprehend, shall be taken from them. "Therefore speak I to them in parables; because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." Unconsciously to themselves they are fulfilling the Scriptures. (Isa. 6: 9, 10.) It was a terrible revelation; but does it not appeal to those at the present day who hear, who know the doctrine of the Gospel, who pass for religious people, but who are like empty eggshells, all outside, all unreal? The truths they hold have not transformed their lives, their hearts remain unchanged, they have received nothing; their capacity to believe and obey has rusted from want of use, and

judicial blindness, hardness, and a chronic unreality have laid hold of them!

"The sower went forth to sow his seed." One only is Sower: "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man." (Matt. 13: 37); others may "sow beside all waters" (Isa. 32: 20), but only as instruments of the one great Sower. "And as he sowed, some fell by the wayside." It is an awful thing when the heart of man becomes the wayside, the common pathway, open to all, man or devil; no hedge, no restriction upon that which enters in. The tread of many feet has hardened the soil until nothing can penetrate it, nothing goes below the surface. Paul speaks of the Gentiles who "walk in the purity of their mind, being darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them, because of the hardening of their heart." These he describes as "past feeling." It is an awful picture, but it is terribly true to life. The Word of God, his message to them falls on the hard outside, finds no entrance, and nothing is left but the historical fact that they have heard and rejected the message of God to them. The devil cometh "and taketh away the word from their heart, that they may not believe and be saved." (Luke 8: 12); "he that obeyeth [believeth, marg. R. V.] not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Other fell on the rock; and as soon as it grew, it withered away, because it had no moisture." Those on the rock are they which, when they have heard, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which

For a While Believe,

and in time of temptation fall away." Are these converted, or are they not converted? This is the question which immediately arises. Why wrangle about questions and disputes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, etc. Surely the solemn declaration of our Lord is enough that these "for a while believe," and in time of temptation fall away. The "powers of an endless life" have not taken possession of them, they are still living in the flesh, the very "goodliness whereof" is as the flower of the field and withers under the breath of the Lord. They have not taken their place at the Cross as condemned, equally by God's holy laws and by themselves; their own life has not been yielded up; they sought their own enjoyment and comfort, not the glory of God in their temporary faith; the foundations were not deeply laid, the soil of their natural heart was not broken up. When temptation arose and they were not appreciated as they expected, when the joy they had, ceased to be a novelty and things did not look quite as bright as at first, then they fell away. It is the history of thousands in the Church of Christ. As long as they were prominent as young converts, petted and noticed by everybody, their joy lasted; but when they were put to the proof, and they must learn to fall back upon the Lord himself, the superficiality of their religious life was laid bare; they fell away. They had no life "hid with Christ in God."

"And others fell amidst the thorns; and the thorns grew with it, and choked it." These are they that have heard, and as they go on their way (not God's way), they are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection. Their heart is divided; life is in them, but it is a life which

Does Not Answer its Purpose.

Fruit there is, but it is poor fruit, disappointing fruit, had specimens of the plant on which it grows. Christians, but un-Christ-like; called to be "not of the world," and yet found in the world; set in the world as witnesses that they have a heavenly Father who careth for them, and yet as much

overwhelmed with care as though they had not such heavenly Father; believing in Christ, and yet yielding in numberless tests to a spirit of unbelief; uneasy to be claimed by the world, and yet afraid to come out of the world; these are the people whose home is among the thorns. It is indeed a thorny path which they tread, they rise in the morning and lie down at night with a conscience that is ceaselessly pricking them. Attempting to make the best of both worlds, they miserably fail, and neither God's cause, nor yet their fellow-creatures are the better for their existence. And yet such as these are to be found in all our churches: often they are those whose money gives them influence, and too often, instead of being raised to a higher level by the life of the church they belong to, they are used by the great enemy of God to bring down their church to their own level of death and unfruitfulness.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



TERMS of thought were implanted in the minds of his hearers, by the new style of preaching which the Lord adopted at this period of his ministry. It was a radical change in his method of imparting truth.

Previous to this time his teaching had been plain and unmistakable. Now he suddenly ceases to give laws and explicit directions as to conduct, and begins to teach in parables. The Jews were familiar with this pictorial style of preaching. One of the parables—that of the woman searching for the lost coin, was already in use by the Rabbis, but Jesus gave it a new application. Several reasons probably weighed with him in adopting this mode of preaching. One was that he was followed everywhere by the agents of the Pharisees, who watched vigilantly for him to drop some expression on which a charge of heresy could be founded. They could not find such a charge on a story or fable and they must have been baffled when Jesus cast his teaching in that form. They knew perfectly well at whom these parables were aimed, but in the absence of a direct statement their plot failed. Another reason probably was that Jesus was proceeding from the elementary teaching, like the Sermon on the Mount, to more profound matters connected with the Kingdom. In the crowds who followed him there were many who could not appreciate direct teaching on the subject. They were intent on seeing miracles and would like to have Jesus proclaimed king. The spiritual truths he had to convey were meaningless to them. They could, however, understand and remember a story, seeing without perceiving and hearing without understanding; but there would be some who would take the trouble to search out the hidden meaning. These would be the men who alone would benefit by the spiritual lesson. That there was such a lesson Jesus hinted to them in the recurring phrase, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Even the dumbest listener probably learned more than he was aware of at the time; for he would not forget the parable and as he pondered on it some flash of light would illuminate it. The first of the parables is full of such meaning. The Kingdom was not a matter of outward pomp, but a silent, unnoticed growth in the heart. Its extension and development did not depend on the seed, which was uniformly good, but on the minds of those who heard the truth. If the man was hard and callous, or if he was shallow and frivolous, or if he was pre-occupied and sordid, the truth had little or no effect on him. The Jews had a similar saying, describing hearers as of four kinds: some who were like a sponge, some like a funnel, some like a strainer and some like a sieve. The lesson was for all time. There must be human co-operation with divine influence.

He spoke by a parable. Rev. D. Chamberlain describing one of his early missionary experiences in India says: The people in Hyderabad rose in a body to drive us out, because we taught the worship of another God rather than theirs. The throng filled the street. They told me that if I attempted to utter another word, I should be killed. If I chose to depart silently I might go, but if I would not, I should not leave the city alive. With some difficulty I obtained permission to tell them a story be-

fore they stoned me. The crowd stood around already armed with heavy stones as I began to speak. It was to be a story and nothing more, otherwise my life would end there and then. With the touching words the Master gave me that day I told the story of his life, from the humble birth in the Bethlehem stable, to the sorrowful close on Calvary. This, I told them, occurred that they might have life eternal. "Now, I said, 'I am ready if you want to stone me.' But no one was prepared to do that. The stones were flung away and the men came forward asking to be told more and eagerly buying the New Testaments in which, as I told them, the story was set down in full."

Having heard the word, keep it. A noted preacher warned his hearers against generosity, by which, he said, many lost their souls. Some people, he said, are in danger of being too stingy, but others were too generous. They listen to a sermon and hear the preacher touch on this sin and that, and they do not take it to themselves, but give this part of the sermon to one brother, and that part to another brother. So they give away the whole sermon and it does them no good. So they lose their souls by being too generous.

He that hath ears to hear. Alphonse Karr heard a gardener ask his employer to allow him to sleep over the stable instead of in the pretty cottage built for him in the copse at the edge of the garden. "I cannot get any sleep," he said, "in the cottage, for the trees are full of birds which keep up a guggle, and make a noise all night long." The birds he complained of were nightingales, whose song was the most delightful music under heaven, and people would come and sit up all night to listen to them. But this man had no ear for bird-music and so did not enjoy it. Just so those who do not care for the Gospel think that hearing a sermon is a very dull business.

Bear fruit a hundred-fold. A missionary in Madagascar describes his astonishment at finding a Christian tribe in a remote part of the island where none was known to exist. The people were surrounded by heathenism but were leading Christian lives and one of their own number was preaching to them every Sunday. He learned that the preacher a few years before, while a heathen like the others, became sick and went to Antananarivo for treatment. There he had been visited by a Christian who taught him to read. As he lay on his narrow cot in the building which represents a hospital in the Hova capital, he read the New Testament and his kind friend explained it and talked to him of Jesus. He recovered, and while still feeble, journeyed home having promised to tell his neighbors what he had learned. He kept his promise with such effect that one after another believed. They met together to hear him read the Testament, and the reading developed into preaching and regular services and there he was the pastor of a church.

Seeing they might not see. People are often much interested in religion and like to know all about it, but have no intention of making any use of it themselves. Spurgeon used to say they behaved very much as he did in another matter during one of his sojourns in Switzerland. He often crossed and re-crossed the river by the ferry-boat at Basle. "I had no object in the world," he said, "but amusement and curiosity to watch the simple machinery by which the same current is made to drift the boat in opposite directions from side to side. To other passengers it was a business, but to me only a sport. Our hearers use our ministry in much the same way, when they come to it out of idle curiosity and listen as a means of spending an idle hour. That which should ferry them across to a better state of soul, they use as a mere pleasure-boat to sail up and down in, making no progress after years of hearing."

Choked with cares. A minister talking with a dying man, who had been one of his regular hearers, was astonished at his dense ignorance of spiritual things. "You have often heard me explain these things from the pulpit," he said. "Nay, nay, sir," replied the sick man, "I never heard you preach. As soon as you began I used to settle myself to a review of the previous week's transactions and decide what I would buy and how I would conduct business next week. Many a difficult problem I settled in my pew, many a good scheme that brought in a pile of money was planned and elaborated while you preached. I never listened to you and I know nothing of what you said."

Tsimshians Brought to Christ.

A Young Native Alaskan Preacher tells of Gospel Progress among his Tribe— 6,000 Converts in the Territory and over 1,200 at Metlakahla.

ALASKA is over twelve times the size of New York State, while its population is small, being about one one hundred and fiftieth that of the latter. It is, but not altogether, a country of ice and the midnight sun. The climate varies in the different parts, but in general it is wet and



EDWARD MARSDEN.

(The young native Tsimshian preacher.)

mild along the southern coast. It is noted for whale, seal and salmon fisheries, gold and silver mining, and lumbering and fur business. Vegetation is plentiful. Steamers, sailing vessels, sleds and rivers are mostly the means of transportation. The country is inhabited by different tribes, such as the Eskimo within and below the Arctic Circle; the Aleutian in the south-western, and the Tlingit, Hydah and Tsimshian in the south-eastern parts. These and others differ in dialects as well as in customs.

The Russian Government had the country for one hundred and twenty-six years when the purchase was made and that was in 1867; and it was about ten years later that American missionaries began the work of evangelization and education which is now being pushed forward by some ten denominations and the United States Government. Since then, there have been made some six thousand converts, according to a recent estimate, and the encouraging outlook is that, in spite of all difficulties common in heathen lands, our Alaska, formerly known as Russian America, will be brought wholly under the sway of the Divine Master some time in the future.

The Tsimshians are a people of the North Pacific Coast. Originally the whole of this nation inhabited the northern part of British Columbia, about 450 miles north of Washington State. They numbered not less than 10,000 souls early in this present century. This people was divided into ten tribes and each had its own ruler or governor, and the whole ten rulers formed the national government of our ancestors. The customs and language throughout were the same. People were thrifty and children were compelled to learn trades peculiar to the country. Young men were taught the arts of war, and daily athletic exercises were encouraged. They had their own system for the cultivation of mental powers. Teachers usually consisted of men of large experience. They lived to be old. Parents were highly esteemed and children were not allowed to look into the faces of slaves on meeting them on the streets. They had fixed laws regarding marriages which they considered sacred, and polygamy was not practised. To them music was a natural taste, and very frequently did they sing on many occasions. Their costumes were made of wool, tanned skins, dried flesh and material from yellow-cedar, and fine roots of spruce trees. Nature supplied them with food, and rarely do traditions tell us of a threatening famine. Great feasts were observed occasionally in which leading men exhibited their gift of oratory, and sometimes presents were distributed. They were not a wandering people, hence their towns consisted of permanent homes built of red cedar trees and adorned with native colors. Each house usually accommodated four or five families, the place or seat of honor being opposite the main entrance. For the regulation of their social intercourse, es-

pecially when among strangers in other lands, certain emblems were adopted by which they could recognize each other. To perpetuate the memory of the noted dead, and to distinguish the rank of the living relatives of the dead in the tribe, a p'zhahn (so-called totem pole) bearing the social emblems was erected. The dead was cremated and his ashes were buried with ceremony. At certain times sorcerers terrorized the people by performing supposed miracles. They pretended to eat a dog or a man in connection with certain of their religious rites: but the Tsimshians were never cannibals. Furs, tanned skins, hayatsk (copper) and foreign slaves were commonly used as money. They gambled, but to a limited extent. The people believed in a god and this god had representatives in different forms of nature, and oftentimes sacrifices were made to these representatives. In times of peace they were very peaceful and any one could travel, trade, work or speak anywhere: but in times of war, war, war be to the enemy and the man that turned away from the service of his country!

Such are a few of the characteristics of our people early in this present century. How sad it is that we, ignorant of the Lord, would be first degraded and reduced to a small number before the Gospel came! Before 1850, rum, swords, muskets, money-hoarders and licentious men found our heathen people, and I shall not speak of what they have done.

In 1857, in spite of all opposition of various kinds, a servant of God, William Duncan of Beverly, Eng., under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of London, for the first time, sounded in the ears of my people the blessed Word. A very few stood still and listened to this strange messenger. It was really a voice in the wilderness. The preacher spoke to them in their own beloved tongue. In three years, fifty souls were turned into the kingdom! Among them were the grand-father and father of the writer. The latter became an educated preacher.

About 1880, there settled at Metlakahla, B. C., some 1,200 Christians, while the remnant of the whole nation, scattered in other places, was made to know the truth. Old customs and rum habits were banished. New industries were given them, and they were self-supporting. Education was in demand. New homes, public buildings, including a Church that had a capacity for 2,000 people, were erected. Native evangelists were sent out, and strangers from afar were attracted by this settlement of Christians. They were law-abiding and the native government was of pure democracy and in strict accordance with the Provincial government. To use the words of one of our leading men at the time, "We are still a weak and poor people, only lately emancipated from the thralldom of heathenism and savage customs: but we are struggling to rise and advance to a Christian life and civilization."

Very unfortunately in 1882, our people painfully collided with the brethren in England on questions of religious doctrines, and also with the Dominion Government of Canada regarding land affairs. The "Five Years' Persecution" broke out, and when our people could no longer endure, we appealed to the American Government which kindly granted us leave to come into the land of freedom, in the summer of 1887. Our present home is at New Metlakahla, Alaska, eighty miles north of Metlakahla, B. C., and a thousand of us have been identified with the Republic. We have no bitter feelings against those who have accidentally wronged us.

Our dear friend and leader, Mr. Wm. Duncan, is still with us. As a part of the American people, we are pursuing our daily labors. We are toiling for an advanced education. We are law-abiding and patriotic, and we are not ignorant of the issues of the day. The Star-Spangled Banner is floating over us. We read the Book of books, and we worship the God of Heaven.

Through the help and direction of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Gen. John Eaton and other worthy and generous-hearted Americans who have done so much for Alaskan peoples, the writer came to Marietta College, Ohio, in 1891, where he has begun pursuing his studies. His main object is to return to his country as soon as he gets through as a humble Christian worker, and

one that can help his people in questions of business and government. He is by trade a steam-boat engineer and musician. His parents were both converted before he was born, and their family name was a kind gift from England. His father's original name was Shooquanahd, and he was called to his reward when his son was only a boy. His mother is at present an earnest Sabbath School teacher and Christian worker at New Metlakahla. His testimonies as to the saving power of Christ have been already heard in a number of gatherings, and many hearts have been stirred to aid in the needs of his country. May the Lord help him to hold on to the truth that he has learned, and make him useful in his vineyard.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

Marietta College, Marietta, O.

GREAT SCIENTISTS AND RELIGION.

Copernicus, Kepler and Newton were earnest Christians who saw the handwriting of God in nature. Copernicus is the founder of our present astronomical system, but his gravestone bears the following inscription in Latin: "I do not expect the favor which thou hast given to Paul, nor the grace with which thou forgavest Peter; only the clemency which thou hast shown to the thief on the Cross I beseech thee to grant me!" Kepler closes his most important book with this sentence: "I thank thee, my Lord and Creator, for the joy which the work of thine hands hath given me. . . . If I have said anything unworthy of thee, or have sought to gain honor for myself rather than thee, graciously forgive me." Newton, the great naturalist, like the German poet, Klopstock, never pronounced the name of the Almighty without uncovering his head. That greatest of scientists, Karl Ritter, in his "Contemplation of Palestine," says: "The world is full of the glory of the Creator; where our ability and knowledge cease, revelation opens for us time and eternity." J. Liebig, the renowned analytical chemist, says that belief in God makes one humble and modest. Faraday, the great English naturalist, was an earnest Christian. He often explained the Scriptures in meetings and proved that he lived according to them. He sought Christ because he was humble, and found him because he was sincere. Professor Benzenberg, the founder of the Observatory of Dusseldorf, has laid down his creed in the following words, "I am a Protestant. As a Protestant, I read the writing contained in the Old and New Covenant. These writings are my religion." The late Professor of Botany in the University of Marburg, Wiegand, desired, on his deathbed, that the world should be informed that "a scientist died who was a believer." Linnaeus, one of the greatest of scientists, also learned to know and to worship God through the studies of nature. All these distinguished men were true Christians.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Ebbie House, New York.

"Little Missionaries."

Training Spanish-American Children to Spread the Gospel of Jesus.

FOR several years past, a most earnest and successful missionary work has been conducted by two Christian ladies, Misses Caroline and Susan Strong, among the children of poor Spanish, Cuban and Mexican Catholic parents in New York city. In an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sometime ago, this work was briefly described, and the progress made by these two ladies in their efforts for the educational and spiritual improvement of their young charges, was referred to as an encouragement to other workers in similar fields. It is now over eight years since Miss Caroline Strong began to labor among the Spanish-speaking population of New York. For a considerable portion of that time, she and her sister have taught at their own home industrial and evangelical classes of young Mexican and Cuban girls, very much in the same manner as Mrs. Jamal is now doing among the poor, neglected Syrian girls in Jerusalem. It has been a loving, voluntary service, to which these ladies have devoted their energies and income. The Spanish Evangelistic Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. M. Lopez Guillen, was organized as an outcome of the work, and many churches have been strengthened in membership by the accession of those who have been converted through its teachings.

Within the last six months, there have been a number of applications for admission to the Home School, but the ladies have been compelled, to decline further additions, for the present at least, until a way is opened for them to extend the work. Some of

the cases are very interesting. Two Mexican girls of unusual promise came to the Home a few months ago. Their father greatly desired for them the training that will prepare them for missionary work in Mexico. For fourteen years he has faithfully labored as a missionary of the Gospel among his own people, but failing in health, he came to the United States. He is now feeble, and unable to do anything for the support of his family. Portraits of the two sisters are shown in the accompanying illustration. There are many other applicants equally deserving. The cost of training and preparing each young student is about \$150.

Among the features of the work at the Home School are industrial classes, a song service, Sunday School and religious instruction. There is also an industrial sewing-class for the mothers, at each meeting of which a portion of the Scriptures is read and expounded. Miss Caroline Strong, who is in charge of the work, has long been associated as an active worker of the Home Missionary Society and has also served in the missionary field in Mexico. The training is strictly undenominational. There are few fields that afford a better opportunity for devoted Gospel effort than that which she has so bravely opened up among the 45,000 Spanish-speaking people of New York and Brooklyn, most of whom are nominally Catholics, but with so little hold on religion of any sort that they and their children can hardly be regarded as belonging to any church. It is for the rescue and training of the young girls belonging to poor families among these people that the work is conducted and the signal blessing it has already received has greatly encouraged the hearts of its founders.



MARIA AND ANNA HURTADO.

Two Mexican Girls now being trained for Missionary Work.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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MORALS AND MUSCLES.

I BELIEVE in muscular Christianity. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and the women more athletic should have the favor of every good citizen, as well as of every Christian. I know there are persons who pride themselves on their delicacy of health. I never could see any glory in sick headache. It is a grand thing to be able to walk a great distance, but everything depends upon what you walk for. It is a great thing to be able to lift mightily, but everything depends upon what you lift. It is a great thing to rise early in the morning, but everything depends upon what you do after you get up. It is a great thing to be able to triumph, but everything depends upon what you conquer. While I denounce ruffian athleticism, I will not be understood to depreciate physical achievement. But physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. As far as we may let us cultivate physical power and then consecrate it all to God and the help of the suffering race.

How many with great physical endurance do no good! They are like a ship full manned, full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet surging idly at the wharf, or going out on a piratical cruise when they ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. Body and mind and soul, let us make new consecration and let us understand that the service of God is the highest service, and let us set ourselves against the despoliation of these bodies, of the sacredness of which Dr. John Mason spoke at his son's funeral, saying to the pall-bearers, as they carried casket through hall: "Move softly, move softly, you carry a temple of the Holy Ghost." Much of the useful work of the world is done by people comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached and how he wrote, helping thousands of souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory. Robert McCheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee, and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends because of his illness not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Church and in the World." Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and

persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciation so that often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitudes, and doing more work perhaps than almost any well man in his day. We ought to realize that we shall be called upon to give an account for the employment of this physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot, we must answer for the use we have made of them.

OCEAN PERILS.

WHAT in all the world is so helpless as a ship at sea when the hurricanes attacks it? The first time I crossed the ocean I thought that the Atlantic had been slandered. I took up the cause of the abused ocean and wrote about the smile of the sea, but before I got home again I took back all I had said, and joined the assailants of the big waters. I hope for the hastening of the day when the bridge at Behring straits, which divide the coasts of America and Asia only thirty-six miles, and with no very great depth of water, shall be completed, and without asking any favors of the ocean at all, we can cross from Eastern hemisphere to Western hemisphere on something more certain than the billow. Who would not be willing to go ten thousand miles around to escape the agitations of the Atlantic? But the ocean will always have ships and crews and passengers at its mercy until "there shall be no more sea," and it becomes us to be very earnest in our prayers for those "who go down to the sea in ships." Let us thank God that the woes of navigation have been alleviated. Stout ships, brave captains, improved charts, and many comforts such as were not known to passengers of fifty years ago have made the sea more endurable. Meanwhile let all those whose business engagements or home duties or lack of means prohibit transatlantic passage, never be jealous of those who go abroad. The best place that I know of to stay on is the land. It does not rock save in exceptional earthquake. You can walk on it without staggering. Your breakfast table does not indulge in a war dance. You don't have to sit wrapped in shawls at the foot of a smokestack looking out upon an ocean of ipsecac. The only severe pang of jealousy I ever felt was when tossing on the Atlantic I thought of those who were wise enough to stay on land. In aggregating the pleasures of life, I think it will be found that those had the most happiness who had good homes and for the most part stayed there.

We do well to be more sympathetic with the men who follow the sea for a livelihood. There are more than one million of them now on the deep. Many of them are naturally the most generous and biggest hearted of the human race. The spirit of adventure seizes thousands of the young. So cool and well balanced a nature as George Washington longed for the sea, and started for the life of a sailor boy, and, although his mother said: "Oh, dear! I do wish George would stay at home and take care of the plantation," the boy sent his baggage on board the ship. The most of the family friends favored his going, and one of them wrote: "I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep her first resolution. She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest, and I find one word against his going has more weight with her than ten for it." But, my hearers, it was well for you and me and all Americans that George took his mother's advice and stayed at home, so that Mr. Fairfax could write: "George has been with us, and says he will be steady, and thankfully follow your advice as his best friend." Yet there has been many a George who did not take his mother's advice, or perhaps had no mother to advise him, and these boys are on the seas to-night—perhaps asleep in the hammock, perhaps climbing the ratlines, perhaps hanging to the mast of

a foundered ship, perhaps the lives of five hundred or a thousand passengers depending on their fidelity. I charge you, never hear the howling of the autumnal or wintry blast without remembering those who are on the deep, or amid the storms of temptation in foreign ports.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. B. Lantin, Pangor, Me. To whom shall I send any funds contributed for the Minnesota sufferers?

Send to Rev. Mr. Feethim, M. E. Church, Pine City, Minn.

Mrs. S. A. Kelley, San Francisco, Cal., writes: In answer to "G. A. C. Fisher's Hall, Va." I would say that the quotation "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," is a portion of James Montgomery's hymn commencing "O where shall rest be found."

John Canloss, Fort Riley, Kan. 1. Where can I purchase a book that gives the names of all creeds and the founders of the same, and a brief history of the churches? 2. At what age should one go to Moody's College? Is thirty years too old? What would be the cost of same?

1. Write to Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York, for Dr. Gummich's work on "Christian Creeds and Confessions." 2. For all particulars write to Rev. R. A. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago. The cost is about \$200 a year.

Mrs. Alma V.—Chelsea, Mass., writes: I would like to know the name of the author of this morning prayer:

Now I awake and see the light,
Tis God has kept me through the night,
To him I'll raise my voice and pray,
That he will keep me through this day.

I taught this prayer to my children, many years ago, and my grandchildren have been saying it, the past ten years. I think it a suitable companion to the old familiar evening prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Mrs. L. C., Dayton, O. Our church people are shortly to have a fair, for the purpose of raising money for church improvements. Among other features of the event will be a grab-bag, a voting contest for a suit of furniture, and a "Spanish gypsy tent," where fortunes are to be told. Is it right to have such worldly amusements in a church?

We have repeatedly stated in THE MAIL-BAG that purely secular amusements should have no place within the walls of a church, which is a temple sacred to the Lord's service. The highest ecclesiastical opinion in our own day condemns the introduction of such frivolities as you have named into the house of God. See Mark 12: 41; Matt. 6: 1-4; Eph. 5: 12, 13, 16, 40; Phil. 3: 19; Gal. 5: 17-21; Jer. 5: 12; 1 Tim. 5: 6, and many similar passages all bearing on the subject.

John D. Smither, Starfield, Mo. Were the Apostles converted in the sense spoken of in John 3: 5, 6 during Christ's life, or not until they were filled with the Spirit at Pentecost? Did not Christ immediately before his own death speak of Peter's conversion as yet future (Luke 22: 32)?

The descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was to give special powers. It was not to give converting grace. We cannot conceive of Christ sending out unconverted men to preach as he did (Matt. 10: 5-8). The reference to Peter's conversion meant his restoration. The Revisers do not use the word in the new version. By his denial of Christ Peter fell, as David and other good men have fallen. It does not imply that he had not been converted before.

N. B. Fowles, Orange City, Fla. 1. Why is the reference to three bearing witness in heaven (1 John 5: 7) omitted in the Revised Version? 2. Does Ezekiel 37: 24, 25, imply that David himself will be king over God's people?

1. The oldest manuscripts do not contain the words except as they appear in the eighth verse in the Revised Version. They appeared first as a marginal note and a manuscript of the eighth century has them incorporated in the text; but no earlier manuscripts have them.

2. As John the Baptist fulfilled the prophecy about Elias, so it may be that Christ, who is known in prophecy as "the son of David" may be referred to in the passage. Or, as the saints are to rule with Christ in the millennium it may be that David himself may rule the Jews.

F. E. D. Greene, Me. What are the principal points of difference between the Baptists and Methodists?

The most conspicuous is that the Baptists baptize by immersion, Christians on profession of faith in Christ, while Methodists baptize infants by sprinkling. There is also a difference in church government. A Baptist Church is self-governing inviting its own minister and making its own rules of administration. In the Methodist Church, the bishop appoints the minister of a church, after conferring with the presiding elders, who usually are able to acquaint him with the wishes of a church; but he is not bound to comply with them if in his judgment the appointment desired would be injudicious.

Mrs. F. Moore, South Bombay, N. Y. What are church members to do when their young minister Sunday after Sunday, preaches Dr. Talmage's sermons?

A pastor has no right to preach another pastor's sermons, without due acknowledgment as though they were his own productions. At the same time, there are many small churches in out-of-the-way parishes where Dr. Talmage's sermons are regularly read from pulpit or platform every Sunday; but in such cases there is no attempt at concealing their authorship. If your minister does not care to make

the effort at original production he ought at least to be sufficiently honest to credit the source from which he borrows and then leave the matter of approval or disapproval to his congregation. It is not improbable that he has concluded that the congregation profits more by his choice of sermons than if he were to deliver his own productions and that therefore he regards it as excusable. If he were candid about it, his congregation might take the same view and agree with him.

D. J. H. Cochran, Ga. 1. In your answer to L. J. C., on Nov. 7, you speak of the ten tribes being "lost;" do you mean that they were eternally lost in the spiritual meaning of the term? 2. What is the meaning of Satan being loosed a little season (Rev. 20: 3)?

1. No, we mean lost as a separate nation. They probably intermarried with other nations and were absorbed. 2. The prophecy is very mysterious and there is no completely satisfactory explanation. The only reasonable theory is that it is a final test of human fidelity. Satan is to be allowed to once more tempt men and prove whether after their experience of Christ's reign they will yield as did our first parents.

B. C. G.—Does God refuse to forgive sins which are not confessed before men? Is a man bound, in order to obtain God's forgiveness, to tell his friends or his brethren in church membership the sins he committed before his conversion?

We think God does not require that of him in all cases. If he repents and shows the sincerity of his repentance by resolutely quitting his sins; if he confesses his sins to God and beseeches him for Christ's sake to forgive him he will be forgiven. If he has defrauded any man he ought to go to that man and ask his forgiveness and make restitution. He ought also to confess in general terms to the church that he has led a wicked life, if he has done so. To confess in detail can serve no useful purpose and we can conceive of circumstances in which it might do irreparable injury to others. The expression, "Confess your faults one to another" (James 5: 16) does not, we think, refer to public confession.

Constant Reader, Somersworth, N. H. 1. Are we to conclude from Luke 22: 17-20 that at the institution of the Lord's Supper the cup was used both before and after the distribution of the bread? 2. What is meant by the holy kiss (Rom. 16: 16)?

1. The cup mentioned in the seventeenth verse was probably one of the ceremonies of the Paschal feast and formed no part of the Lord's Supper. Christ's remark about it being the last time he would drink of it seems to connect it with the Passover celebration as a dying institution. The cup mentioned in the twentieth verse is the Eucharistic cup. The special revelation to Paul (1 Cor. 11: 23) is considered the authoritative account. 2. A custom prevailed in the early church of the members kissing each other at the celebration of the Lord's Supper as a token of brotherly love, but was afterwards abandoned. It is probably to this custom that the Apostle referred.

L. G., Paterson, N. J. A beautiful suggestion, but impracticable we fear.—G. H. Bingham, Scranton, Pa. Write to Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.—M. C. B., Michigan. Send it with your renewal now.—E. T. Bray, Springfield, Mass. We never heard of it.—Ida G. Fries, Clay Lick, Pa. Isaac Watts, 1707. See No. 956, in Church Hymn Book by Dr. Hatfield.—Mrs. G. Albright, Empir, O. We do not know it.—Lydia Rommel, Key, Ia. 1. She would seem to have a field of duty at home, but if conscience approves, she might go. 2. Yes; there is nothing to prevent it. A simple hymn and a prayer that would embrace all Christian sects and creeds could not possibly be objected to.

D. H. Hammond, Lachine Mills, Can. Write J. E. Jewett, bookseller, Bible House, New York.—Augusta Ward, Madison, Wis. Write to Rev. E. I. Hartzler, Moody Institute, Northfield, Mass.—Clar C. Watson, Fairbrook, Pa. "I like Mrs. Wright plan for aiding Mrs. Janal's Syrian class" very much. Enter my name for 25 cents a month. I enclose \$1 for my first payment.—Mrs. C. W. Bee Greeley, Colo. Write to Eggers, Broadway, New York.—Constant Reader, Worcester, Mass. Abol twenty-five dollars.—X. Colfax, Ill. Write to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—L. I. Jerseyville. Send \$3 in all.—Reader, Gladston, Ill. Yes; the premiums are for both old and new subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—F. P. Whani, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa. Practically the same idea was suggested about a year ago.—F. W. Child Palisade, Neb. Dr. Talmage will continue to be editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and no other publication.—B. C. G., Ga. 1. You see objection to or more additional International Bible premiums (sending \$2 for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the rule type Bible premium and \$1 for each additional Bible wanted. 2. We do not know. 3. He never uses it.—Mrs. Julia A. Browne, St. Louis, Mo. "We know of no such Society as you mention."—Mrs. B. Smith, Wellington, Nev. Write American Sunday School Union, Bible House, New York.—Subscriber Newburg, Mass. The largest International Teachers' Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be sent 1 \$3. "The Pathway of Life" you can secure by sending \$1 extra.—Thomas Newth, Alameda, Cal. Write to Librarian, Astor Library, New York.—N. S., Lamont, Ia. Send to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, for volume entitled "Celestial Empires," which contains the information you want.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Mother.—For A. N. L., (her son), and G. A. two young men, companions who have been slain in the church and have wandered away from Christ.

By an Invalid.—Mrs. L., Missouri Valley, Ia. I am deaf and unable to hear a sermon; has a painful tumor. Wishes strength for necessary household duties.

By a Wife.—Mrs. C., Forestville, Conn. For an invalid husband (a cripple), and a son and wife with two dear little girls not yet safe in the fold; that the eyes may be opened and that they may forsake the world for Christ.

By a Sister.—Brooklyn, N. Y. That a dear relative suffering from incurable illness may be spiritually comforted and brought to perfect trust in the Savior.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC.

A GRAND festival was held recently at San Marino, the quaint city of which a picture appears on this page. It is situated on the shores of the Adriatic, north-west of the Italian city of Ancona. It is on a craggy mountain 2635 feet high and constitutes with the scattered habitations on the mountain side, the smallest Republic in the world, being only nineteen years in circumfrence. For fourteen hundred years it has maintained its existence as an independent State, and it celebrated its centenary by erecting a new and beautiful city-house, the dedication of which was the occasion of the festival. No other Republic in the world can boast of so long an existence and the people of San Marino do not forget the distinction. "I leave you free to all mankind," said Marinus, the founder of the little State as he lay dying; and the people have safely kept their freedom to this day. They number in all about nine hundred, and foreigners included. Their government is practically the same as at the beginning of their history. A Senate of thirty members, elected for life, forms the legislative branch. A President and two Censors are the executive. Three judges, elected by the way, must not be natives, are elected by the people and form the entire judicial staff, charged with the duty of trying all causes. Several physicians, surgeons and veterinary surgeons, and foreigners, live there, and are handsomely paid by the State and the people must attend to any sick persons without charge. The Republic consists of a town of forty houses. The Republic has its own coinage, its own postage stamps and its own treasury, which is never empty. The city has a magnificent outlook over the Adriatic, the Adriatic, the Adriatic, and that estate volcanic which Dante immediately recognize as the one from which the poet drew his description of the entrance to Purgatory. The Republic is interesting for many reasons, but chiefly because, while inherently weak and surrounded by powerful neighbors who could easily have absorbed it, it looks proudly down from its mountain top, conquered after fourteen centuries. So with that kingdom which its Founder named "a city set on a hill." It has been assailed and persecuted again and again, but never destroyed, and of that kingdom there is to be no end. (Dan. 2: 44.)

Afflict of Diseases.
An important medical conference was held in New York last week to listen to the report of an eminent physician who had been conducting a hazardous experiment on a patient suffering from cancer. There was a large attendance of physicians who have lately been aroused to the urgent need of some more effectual means of treating this malignant disease which is rapidly increasing here in Europe. It appears that in the United States alone the number of victims has increased from nine to the thousand, and that the ratio in 1850, to thirty-three thousand in 1890. The lecturer said that some time ago, he had a patient suffering from cancer, of whose recovery under the ordinary treatment there was not the slightest hope. He therefore felt justified in trying an unusual course of treatment which he was aware was attended with ex-

treme danger. It was to inject around the diseased part a toxine culture from a fatal case of erysipelas. The treatment had been entirely successful for the patient was well and was produced at the lecture for the examination of the physicians. The doctor said that he had subsequently treated two other patients in the same way and both had recovered. The injection which would have produced a fatal disease in a healthy person had thus cured a person suffering from another disease. It has long been known that two poisons will neutralize each other, and that the best antidote to one poison is often another poison as deadly as the first, but it will be a surprise to many people to learn that the physician thinks we may find a remedy for one disease in another. It is not so that spiritual maladies can be cured. The only sure remedy for them is the divine life which Christ imparts to all who believe in him. (John 10: 28.)

A Suspended Consciousness.

A surgical operation on an old resident of Lubeck, Me., was recently performed with interesting results. The patient was over fifty years of age, and had lived all his life in that neighborhood. He was considered "daft" by his neighbors, and in fact had not ordinary intelligence. He could per-

gous to those adopted for the restoration of this man's reason. Some afflictive providence removes his property, or his honorable station or something else that was holding his thoughts to this life and causing him to forget God. (Ps. 119: 71.)

Two Juvenile Hermits.

The absence from home of two boys has occasioned some alarm to their families who reside in a Long Island village. The boys were about fourteen years old and have been close companions. Their homes are not far apart and their respective parents are on intimate terms. The boys disappeared suddenly without giving any intimation of their going. For several weeks previous they had spent their play-hours away from home, but no notice was taken of it, as they always returned before bed-time. But when twenty-four hours passed and they did not come home, their parents were alarmed and search was made for them. No trace was found of them for four days, and their families were beginning to fear that some fatal accident had occurred. But on the fourth day, when the search had been given up, a man reported that in passing through the adjacent woods he had noticed a column of smoke ascending from what seemed to be a dugout in the thickest part of the forest. The fathers of the missing boys at once started for the place indicated, and there found their sons. They had excavated a room five feet deep and about seven feet square. They had supplied it with provisions, and had with them two revolvers, a couple of large knives, and a clothes-line arranged as a lasso. In this miserable dug-out they had been living since they left home, while search was being made for them.

When the whole was completed she offered it as a free gift to the town. But there were political bickerings among the authorities which developed a deadlock and for two years the gift has remained unaccepted. During that time the town has levied taxes on the building, which the donor has paid. She did not wish the town to be deprived of the benefit of her gift through the dilatoriness of the authorities, so she opened it at her own expense. Now, however, the dominant political party has decided that it ought to have the right of appointing a protégé of its own as librarian. As the lady is to have the privilege of paying the librarian's salary, she naturally demurs to the proposed arrangement and finally, weary of the lack of appreciation and continual demands on her purse, she has closed the library and withdrawn her offer of the gift. If this account of the treatment she has received is correct, it is not surprising that her patience is exhausted. There is nothing so repugnant to a well-constituted mind as ingratitude; yet nothing is more common than the lack of appreciation of the greatest of all blessings, which God offers to the world in salvation through his beloved Son. If his patience and forbearance had not been infinite it would have been withdrawn ages ago. (Rom. 2: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Baltimore Synod of the Presbyterian Church declared that "no political party has the right to expect the support of Christian men that does not place itself on record as opposed to the licensing of saloons."

The Success of Last Winter's Revival Work in New York and Brooklyn has encouraged its leaders to make arrangements for another series of special meetings. Dr. A. C. Dixon has opened the campaign by a weekly service to be held on Thursday afternoons in Broome Street Tabernacle.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States held a memorial service in honor of the late Hon. John Jay, LL.D., on Nov. 20 in the Madison Square Garden. President Seth Low presided, and among the speakers were Bishop A. Cleveland Cox, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

Mr. Moody has commenced his evangelistic work in Toronto under most favorable auspices. Preparatory services were held in many churches. On Sunday, November 4, the first service at Massey Hall, were crowded to overflowing, more than 4,000 people being present, while many more were unable to gain entrance.

The American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance held its fifteenth annual convention in Springfield, Ohio, Nov. 1-4. Over 200 delegates represented twenty-six of the thirty-five seminaries in the alliance. The Alliance commissions Mr. James Edward Adams to visit the seminaries in the interest of foreign missions.

The Receipts of the American Board for Oct. are less than those for October 1893 by \$1,713. The outlook is now becoming very serious. Unless the friends of the Mission come speedily to its relief the Board will have no alternative but to diminish its force of missionaries or abandon some of its fields of labor.

The Financial Statement of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church from April 1 to Nov. 1 of the present year shows a total increase over those of last year of \$50,291. The total receipts are \$316,670. The contributions from the churches decreased, but there was a gain from the Woman's Executive Committee and from legacies.

The Home of the Friendless at 29 E. Twenty-ninth street, New York, will as usual celebrate Thanksgiving by providing a special dinner for the 170 boys and girls in the Institution. In the afternoon there will be music and games for the children. Contributions to the fund for supplying the homeless children with this feast will be gratefully received at the Home.

A Native of the South Sea Islands on board the missionary ship "Robert W. Logan," was so much impressed with the good work done by the missionaries that he called on the agent of the American Board at Honolulu and handed over to him his Savings Bank book, desiring the whole amount to be used in the work of the Board. The total was \$700.

An Excellent Work is Being Done in Chicago by Miss Nettie Houghton. Sometime ago she received a legacy which provides her with a living, and she has given her life to the service of her less fortunate sisters. She made it known that she would gladly advise and help any girl who might need help and had no friends. The number who availed themselves of her offer was enormous. She busied herself in securing employment for such as needed it and in serving them in other ways. She has been instrumental in saving many girls from ruin and some from suicide. She recommends the life to any lady who has a sympathetic heart and has time at her disposal. There is sorrow in it, but, she says, no one can realize how much happiness there is in it, who has not tried it in her own person.



SAN MARINO, THE WORLD'S OLDEST REPUBLIC, FOUNDED 1400 YEARS AGO.

form simple farming duties, and was very quiet and inoffensive. He was, however, given to silly pranks which brought on him a good deal of ridicule and caused him to be bantered by the boys. It appears that when he was a boy of fifteen, he was a bright intelligent lad, making good progress at school and was expected to come to prominence. But one day he was trying to harness an unbroken colt, and received a kick from the animal which fractured his skull. The wound healed, but he became the dull, spiritless, foolish creature that he has remained for thirty-five years. In a slight ailment recently, a clever surgeon attended him and was interested in his case. After his recovery he examined the man's head and persuaded his friends to allow him to perform the operation known as trepanning. A portion of the skull was removed and it was found that a minute piece of bone was pressing on the brain. This was taken out and the part of the skull replaced. When the patient recovered consciousness, the first question he asked was whether the colt got away. He is perfectly sane now, but the past thirty-five years are a blank to him. He has not the slightest knowledge of anything that occurred since the colt kicked him in his boyhood. Many a man is compelled to regard the years of his past life as a blank and worse than a blank, so far as really living to God is concerned, and he often comes to consciousness of the fact by means analo-

gous to those adopted for the restoration of this man's reason. Some afflictive providence removes his property, or his honorable station or something else that was holding his thoughts to this life and causing him to forget God. (Ps. 119: 71.)

An Unappreciated Gift.

The representatives of a New York lady who is now travelling in Europe gave out for publication last week a remarkable story. They say that some time ago the lady desiring to benefit a town in Connecticut with which her family had old associations, decided to present it with a building for a free library. She purchased a site and erected a handsome stone building, the interior being finished in hard wood. The cost of the edifice, exclusive of the site was sixty thousand dollars, beside the money expended in examining other libraries in order to secure the best models for interior arrangement. The lady's generosity did not end here. She collected a large number of standard works, with which she filled one room as a nucleus for a library.



Lonely Mar Saba.

No Woman allowed to Enter Its Inhospitable Gates—A Dreary Monastic Life—The Tame Birds and Their Keepers.

HERE is a profundity of silence that hinders sleep. I have never appreciated the fact more sensibly than in the early hours of the new day we greet from the bald mountain-top on which our camp is pitched at Mar Saba. The world is in a dead swoon. From the time the bells chime out for the first service, until I hear the shuffle of the muleteers' bare feet upon the rock as they feed their beasts, and the subdued clatter of pan and dish in the kitchen tent testify that John is getting ready to feed us, the beating of my own heart is absolutely the only sound I hear.

We have finished breakfast before we have any token that there other living things beside ourselves in the vast solitude. Then the interruption is sudden and peculiar. Alcides is filling his fountain-pen, and I unscrewing mine to see if it also needs attention, when right between us fly two birds tied together by a leash that, getting entangled about Alcides' legs, checks their flight. Around the corner of the nearest tent comes David in pursuit, and at his heels the more deliberate figure of a Bedouin who looks on in apparent unconcern, while the pretty creatures—a species of orange-and-black grackle unfamiliar to us—are captured.

David has had an order from Lord Somebody, an English or Scotch nobleman, who is a zealous ornithologist, for five hundred of these birds. As they are to be found nowhere except in this neighborhood and about the Southern shores of the Dead Sea, it is necessary to depute a native of the region to procure them, and our Bedouin friend has the commission.

"He is a great cheat," subjoins the dragoman. "He wants me to pay him four shillings for the pair, when he snares them without difficulty in the valley down there at the bottom of the pass! They are very tame, for the monks feed them here three times a day. He is a rascal who has no conscience."

While he grumbles, the birds, held tenderly between his strong hands, have fastened upon his thumbs with all the strength of their little beaks. The feeding of them within the convent walls is one of the few human enjoyments vouchsafed to the brothers of Mar Saba. Other wild things—jackals, foxes and wolves—make friends with the recluses, and have their stated times of feeding, regulated—as we are told, and it is possible, with truth—by the chiming of the bells as they mark the hours of service. One's heart contracts with an odd physical pain in hearing of this phase of the starved, narrowed, belittling round of existence decreed by the leaders of these men's souls.

The current of compassion is somewhat changed by the appearance of a holy brother in the costume of the order, who leaves the pale of sanctity, bearing to the pale-faced strangers, not the blessing and good will of the community, but rosaries, wooden forks and spoons, charms, walking-sticks, and other traps for the coin of unwary heretics. He spreads his wares in sullen silence upon the rock, and in silence as sullen, stands looking down at them. The Bedouin "cheat" has drawn forth a long pipe from the folds of his abieh and smokes in tranquil contentment, sure of getting at least one-third of what he has asked for the half-domesticated grackles; his bare-legged son gazes at the collection of "curios" I am turning over with uncovetous fingers, while the kodak gets the picture of a dark-visaged, bad-eyed fellow whom one would not

choose to meet in one of the lonely ravines intersecting the Valley of Fire. In fact, as the dragoman informs us, this famous monastery is in our degenerate day a sort of penal settlement for monastic culprits. A member of the present fraternity is a notorious murderer from Port Said, his residence here being equivalent to imprisonment for life.

Our merchant makes no more effort to sell his wares than if he were a young saleslady, brave in frizzettes and rhinestones, behind the counter of a New York emporium. If we want anything, we can take it; if not, leave it. His sulkiness increases rather than diminishes at David's courteous petition to be allowed, upon payment of a gratuity, to conduct Alcides to the convent. Gathering up his wares, the brother restores them to his basket and stalks on ahead of us to the little table-land under the walls of the detached tower where I am to be left.

"If he is a specimen article, I do not envy you your visit," I say philosophically to

for my gravity. I sheathe the pen, close the book, and laugh outright in their faces. After a slight start of surprise, they join in the merriment, and fall to asking questions, not one of which I comprehend.

I wear upon the front of my corsage a brilliant carnation, brought from Jerusalem, and presently drop it into the girl's hand. She exclaims with delight, smells it, shows it proudly to her mother, and finally hides it carefully in the bosom of her gown. Whatever glory of blossoming spring may bring to these wilds, it is plain that a flower in winter is a phenomenon to the untutored daughter of the desert. She would be pretty but for the blue tattooing disfiguring her face. A line of polka spots run clear across her forehead; another row defines the lower lip, and three are "powdered" irregularly upon one cheek; a tattooed bracelet of Grecian pattern encircles each wrist, and a square of the same design is upon the back of her right hand. Seeing me look at them, she laughs, pulls a long, cruel-looking needle from the front of her mother's gown, and goes on to show me how the marks have been made, and that her mother is the artist. When I shrink and signify that the operation must be painful and disagreeable, she laughs again—the infantine gurgle one never hears in our country from a child over ten years old, and pulls up her loose sleeve to display a more elaborate pattern sprawling all the way to her elbow, the upper part still raw from the needle.

Two ragged children have joined the group, and their inquisitive forefingers are unpleasantly familiar with my dress and portfolio. Twice the mother, at my appeal, boxed their ears, but without outcry, or any sign that the blow is unwelcome, they re-

tract her attention and her mother's suspicion from the tell-tale kodak while the end is secured. She is actually in the act, arrested upon the half-step by the dragoman's call—an untamed creature as wild and as one of the hares we frightened out of a hollow yesterday. Her brothers and father are easily persuaded to stare at their portraits, but we see her no more until we drop down, as it were, upon a grove of black tents from a steep ridge two miles later, and recognize her as the centre of a knot of attentive listeners, enchained by the narrative of her morning "outing."

MARION HARLAND

HAPPY "GOOD-WILL FARM" How the Work of Caring for Needy Boys Has Progressed at East Fairfield, A Christian Industrial Home.

SINCE the account of the beginning of the work for needy and impecunious boys, at East Fairfield, Me., appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some years ago, there has been steady progress and development. At that time there were three cottages at the farm, each of which accommodated a family of boys. Good-Will Cottage was opened as a home for boys Sept. 1, 1889; Sunrise Cottage was dedicated Sept. 1, 1890; and the Rule Cottage, Sept. 1, 1891; Prospect Cottage, Sept. 1, 1892; Fogg Cottage, the gift of Mr. H. H. Fogg, of Bangor, and Bailey Cottage, the gift of Mr. C. M. Bailey, of Winthrop, were both dedicated at the same hour, Sept. 1, 1893. The Endeavor Cottage, built with a fund for the purpose by the Christian Endeavor Societies of Maine, was dedicated August 1, 1894. This last cottage is nearly ready for occupancy, and will be the home for a family of fifteen boys. It will probably be in use in a few weeks. The Sunshine Cottage and a small hall were destroyed by fire early in August while nearly all the boys belonging to the farm were camping out in the Maine woods. Prospect Cottage, at the present time, is used as a school-house, and for industrial training purposes. In it are the two office school rooms, a room for clothing department, another for groceries and supplies, and a room for central try. This cottage will eventually be a home for another family of boys.

Some earnest friends of the work have signified their intention of providing a school building for the farm at a cost of \$100. They will also furnish the building after it is completed. Preparations are being made by the "Knights and Ladies of the Round Table" for a fair, which is to be held in New York City early in December, in connection with this project, and an architect is now at work upon the plan.

At the present time three teachers are employed. Mr. W. W. Mayo, a man who has met with marked success as a teacher, is at the head of the educational staff.

There will be seventy-five boys in the homes during the winter, each of the cottages now in use being occupied by a family of fifteen, the sixth cottage being used for one more year for school purposes. The work is dependent upon benevolent contributions. There is no endowment. The cost of supporting a boy at the home is \$104 a year, or \$2 per week.

TENDERNESS.

THERE are faces you meet in the day,
And pass in your thoughtlessness,
That are sealed with tears at midnights,
For want of your tenderness.

There are eyes that gaze in wonder,
At your dainty loveliness;
Can you give them a cheerful greeting,
Or a smile of your tenderness?

There are aching hearts around you,
That cry in their sore distress,
Though not a word is uttered
For a mite of your tenderness.

Have you poured from your cup of blessing
To sweeten their bitterness,
One drop from the fount which gushes
For you, with such tenderness?

They need, what would cost you nothing
But a little friendliness;
Would it lessen your crowded storehouse
To give them some tenderness?

Oh, give to them words and glances,
And a share in your blessedness,
And a hundred fold will they pay you
For your gentle tenderness.

Ann Arlor, Mich.

HELEN E. McCORMICK



FEEDING BIRDS IN THE CONVENT COURT-YARD, MAR SABA.

(Photographed by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald.")

the favored pair, and settle myself for half an hour with my note-book.

A folded rug makes the rock passably comfortable as a seat; the air is still and bracing, the sunshine delightful. I have written fast and satisfactorily for perhaps twenty minutes, when a shadow strikes the page, and I raise my eye. Two women, one middle-aged, one young, both clad in the dark blue gowns and veils of the Bedouins, have arisen as out of the rock, and are staring placidly at me. Behind the older woman a boy of five, or thereabouts, is peeping around her skirts. To test their mood and manners, I write on in a serious disregard of their presence. The mother sinks to the ground and watches my fingers and pen, intent and mute. The girl lifts my gloves and veil from the rock where I have laid them, and examines them closely, and as I give no sign of noticing her occupation, goes on to finger the trimmings upon my skirt, calling her mother's attention to it in childish glee, then, passing her fingers lightly up the cloth of the garment until she reaches my sleeve, picks at the braiding to see if it will come off. The whole proceeding is as inoffensive as if she were a baby, but I do object when she lays the tip of her finger upon my pen. At my gesture of disapproval the mother chides the meddler sharply, and pointing to the convent, evidently tells her that I am writing of or drawing it. Thenceforward, two pairs of wondering eyes follow the flowing ink, looking from the page to the building, and back again, until the exhibition is too much

turn to the charge, until I get up, collect my belongings and walk to the edge of the table-rock almost overhanging the courtyard of the monastery. Two black-robed friars are pacing a short balcony in the sunshine, like bears in a cage; in the stillness I can hear the whirr and whizz of a hundred pairs of wings. The grackles are feeding upon the crumbs and grains flung from the front of the convent into the defile, and strewn upon the pavement of the inner courts.

I have not shaken off my juvenile tormentors. One tugs at my skirt, another lifts the flap of the writing-case in my hand, a third, the biggest and dirtiest of the trio, and who rejoices in the only pair of shoes in the party (which, by the way, reminds us of the Gibeonite stratagem of "old shoes and clouted upon their feet,") pushes impudently to the front and demands "back-sheesh." At this opportune moment I espied David and Alcides in the convoy of a lay brother descending an outer flight of stairs in going from one wing of the building to another, and call cheerily to them. The dragoman takes in the situation at a glance, and shouts out something to my besetting neighbors that frees me from annoyance. They fall into the background and remain there until the return of my escort.

The girl, who must be about sixteen, withdraws modestly—putting a corner of her coarse linen veil over her mouth—at sight of two men, one young and pale-skinned. As I am determined to get a picture of her, all David's tact is brought into play to dis-

PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in arranging for a remarkable series of premiums. First of all, of course, is the International Teacher's Bible, with all the Helps and Maps, set in Roy type, Divinity circuit binding over-laying at the ends, with red under gold edges. This eminently serviceable and pretty Bible is again offered, together with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at \$2. When ordering please mention Premium Offer: B-Five.

Next in order comes that most beautiful of Bibles known as the International Emerald Teacher's Bible, London Clear Type Edition, leather bound and leather lined, with silk book-mark and silk head-bands and a silk sewed. There were times when a Bible like this would cost \$8. To-day it cannot be bought everywhere even at \$5; but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers it, together with a year's subscription, at \$3. This book will last a lifetime. When ordering mention Premium Offer: B-Three.

We also continue to offer Dr. Talmage's most marvelous book, "From Manger to Throne," which has proved of infinite value, to tens of thousands of people, presenting in it does a new view of the life of our Saviour, magnificently illustrated, with many pictures based on photos brought from Palestine by Dr. Talmage, while journeying in the Holy Land with a view to gathering material for this, his latest and greatest work, "From Manger to Throne" with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$2. Mention Premium Offer: B-Four.

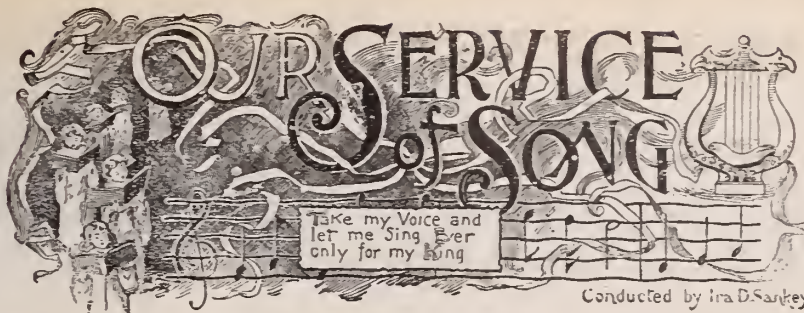
Next to a Teachers' Bible, the "Gospel Hymns" sung by Moody and Sankey in the great evangelistic services throughout America and England, are dearest to many Christian's heart. Never before has it been possible to secure these 730 Hymns, constituting the books usually known as Gospel Hymns 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 all in one volume, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, succeeded in obtaining a large edition of these marvelously soul-stirring hymns in combined form, without a duplicate and without an omission, printed from large type and set to music, and beautifully bound in green cloth, with red edges and gilt. A handsome hymnal has never been put on the market, and these "Six volumes of Sacred Song, complete in One," are offered to subscribers with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$2. If you are entirely pleased, send it back, and we will refund your money. Messrs. Moody and Sankey in commending the volume say: "These hymns in this book have been greatly blessed to many in our meetings as well as outside of them. May they in this combined form continue to bring the blessing of Him to whose honor and glory they have been sung in this and other lands."

This very desirable Premium contains over 700 pages, each page measuring 5 1/2 inches. When ordering this Premium, please mention Premium Offer: B-Two.

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Remember that all our Premiums are sent at charges fully pre-paid.



Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

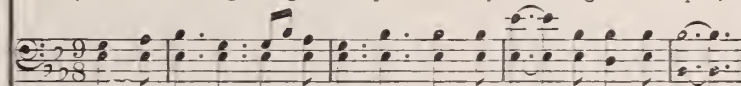
I Am Coming.

M. R. arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.



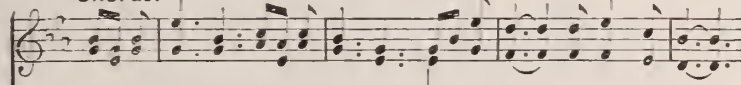
1. I am com-ing, O my Sav-iour, For my heart is sad and sore;
2. I am com-ing, blest Redeem-er, I have heard Thy lov-ing call;
3. I am com-ing, Je-sus, Mas-ter, Guide my fal-tering steps a - right,
4. I am com-ing, though the tempter Bids my trem-bling soul de - spair,



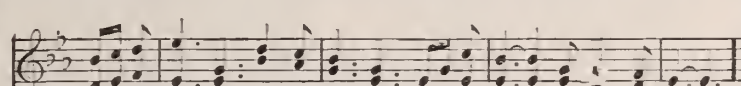
And I seek the rest Thou giv-est Mine to be for ev - er - more.
And though sins un - told op-press me, Thou can'st save me from them all.
May the Ho - ly Spir - it lead me Out of dark-ness in - to light.
If I reach the door of mer - cy I shall nev - er per - ish there.



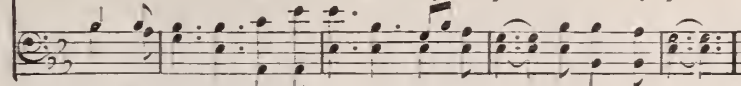
Chorus.



I am com-ing, I am com-ing, In my weak-ness, Lord, to Thee.



For I know Thou wilt re-ceive me, Thy sure prom - ise is my plea.



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REST AWHILE.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—Mark 6: 31.

THE desert place God bids us enter in,
To mortal flesh so undesirable.
Is but a school where we shall learn from sin
To cease, and in His blessed fulness dwell.

He knows the rest the Christian so much needs
He cannot get amid life's turmoil wild.
And hence, with melting tenderness, he pleads
"Come to a desert place and rest my child."

He sees, perchance, where vain ambition's fire,
Within our hearts God's precious gifts con-sumed;

And how, alas! each inborn true desire,
'Mid chilling damps of worldliness was doomed.

My soul, do not refuse to turn aside
Into some desert place: there He will prove
To thee His tender care, and graciously confide
The secrets of unutterable love.

New Brunswick, N. J. MRS. MARY LUTZ.

FAITH AND TRUST.

THOU that seest everywhere,
In ocean and in dell:
Give us the faith that clings to Thee,
Who doest all things well.

O, teach our sad and wayward hearts
The road that leads to Thee;
And in our blindness, may we still
Thy loving children be.

Jersey City, N. J. WILLIAM B. THURSTON.

LOOKING UPWARD.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

JESUS, when the billows roll,
Threatening to engulf my soul,
When my earthly friends forsake,
Then I pray for Thy name's sake,
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Hold me in a close embrace.

When the waves in wild uproar
Dash against the fretted shore,—
When the rugged path and steep
Leads too near the surging deep,—
Then my ark, my refuge be,
Let me find my home in Thee.

When this day of life is o'er,
When I reach the shining shore,
When I shall have entered in,
Ransomed from the guilt of sin,
Joined the loved ones gone before,
Met to part again no more,—
Then will my poor heart be glad
That for this little space 'twas sad.

MARY BURPEE.

CHEERFULNESS.

SERVE God and be cheerful." Religion
Looks all the more lovely in white:
And God is best served by his servant
When, smiling, he serves in the light.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly.
Do right and do good. Make the best.
Of the gifts and the work put before you.
And to God without fear leave the rest.

WILLIAM NEWELL.

THE CLOSING DISPENSATION.

Rome's Loss of Temporal Power and the
Influx of Jewish Settlers to Palestine
Two Signs of the Second Advent.

BY REV. E. W. BLYTH, M.A.

Concluded from page 745.

THE present goodness of God ordered that the great hope of Christ's second advent should, in every age, adapt itself to the power of vision. All the lengths of the telescope were not adapted to the early Christians: they could see something only, after what we should call a rough and general fashion, as men look through a folded telescope. The events indicated by prophecy had for the most part not occurred; but as these have been revealed and have succeeded one another in the history of the Church and of the world, the distances in the glass have been reduced, and a measure of exactitude attained. By slow degrees, step upon step, and line by line, here a little, there a little, now to this honored saint, now to that one, the true interpretation of prophecy has been revealed.

What led to the discovery that in symbolic prophecy a day means a year? Scripture itself, in the Gospel history, found the key which was to unlock the prophets. A prophecy of this kind had been entrusted to Daniel. Sixty-nine weeks of years (Daniel 9: 25), and then Messiah should come. Sixty-nine weeks are 483 days. But Messiah did not come after the lapse of 483 literal days. Messiah did not come after the interval of 483 years! Like the forty days of the spies in Canaan, or of Ezekiel—each day for a year—so it proved with this grand prophecy relative to the first coming of Jesus Christ in the flesh.

There is analogy in Scripture for what may be called chronological expectation of Christ's second coming. An intelligent chronology may be looked for in the Christian just as much as the spirit which scoffs at all dates, times and seasons, may be looked for in the world. The question, "Where is the promise of his coming?" is to be met by the humble assertion of things and events which have happened, or are happening, according to prophetic indications of time as well as place. God has given a chronology. It has been veiled—and still is veiled—according to his wisdom and his knowledge how far the human heart is ready for, and can understand its unveiling. But the chronology exists—even to the day and hour—and is a part of God's great scheme for the government of the earth and all the celestial firmament.

Have we now no similar guiding chronological marks to that of the seventy weeks? Yes, there is the 1260 years of the Papal Apostacy, which are the exact half of a complete week of 2520 years each day being a year of 360 days or years; 360 days constituted the Jewish year, and seven times such a year is 2520 days). But "seven times" (years) is the prophetic period mentioned to Moses, and typified by the image seen by Nebuchadnezzar, the time set for the punishment of the Jewish nation and for Gentile dominion; in other words, those "times of the Gentiles" (alluded to by our Lord), which commenced during the Babylonian Empire.

At the end of these "seven times," or 2520 years, the saints, under Messiah, are to possess the kingdom. The smaller period of 1260 years also is spoken of as times in Scripture—"time (year), times, and half a time;" and it may thus be seen how in all probability the larger period terminates simultaneously with the smaller.

Another chronological period—the 2300 year-days of Daniel, dated from some period of the Persian Monarchy, which followed the Babylonian—leads to the same conclusion, namely, that the saints shall have the dominion, that Messiah shall come, and that (as in the last case cited) the sanctuary so long given over to Gentile polluters shall be cleansed somewhere about the very time in which we ourselves live!

Like Daniel of old, reasoning over the words of God by Jeremiah, or like holy Simeon and Anna in New Testament times, we too, then, have our reasonable ground of joyous expectation from the figures before us—2520 years from the monarchy of Babylon, 1260 years from the generally accepted date of the Papal Apostacy, 2300 years from the Persian monarchy until the cleansing of the sanctuary; these, like the light-houses on an island near the coast, warning the mariner that he is near land, tell us that the stream of time has borne us near to that haven where we would be.

The Fallen Champion.

Dr. James McCosh the Eminent Ex-President of Princeton University, Scholar, Author, and Divine, Passes Away.

NO intelligent Christian, appreciating the present situation of the Church of Christ, could read unmoved the announcement made on November 17, that James McCosh was dead. Such men as he are sorely needed in this day and one could wish that we might keep them with us forever. He stood for forty years in the front rank of the champions of Christian-



THE LATE REV. JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D.

ity, and had a glorious record for valiant service in Christ's cause. It is no exaggeration to say that no man of his time and country did more to hold the present generation faithful to revealed religion. For twenty years he was President of Princeton University, and he taught and trained the men there, who, to-day in a thousand pulpits scattered through the land, are not ashamed to preach the old Gospel of Christ. It would be useless to tell them that the Gospel is antiquated, obsolete, a religion for the ignorant and the foolish, which no man of intelligence can believe. Apart from their own convictions, they would say that it was no mark of imbecility to believe in a religion which satisfied the keen, critical faculty and profound mind of McCosh, the greatest Christian philosopher and logician of his day. On so high a level did he stand in the esteem of scholars in Germany, England and America that it he had never taught theology, but merely avowed his belief in the Bible and Christianity, that avowal alone might well have been a ground of confidence for weaker men.

But it was not Princeton alone that benefited by Dr. McCosh's profound learning and incomparable abilities. His pen was always busy and his works were eagerly read on both sides the Atlantic. To the last, Dr. McCosh kept abreast of the thought of the day and even in the great agitation over the question of evolution, when his age and position might have been expected to force on him a conservative attitude, he welcomed the new light and adroitly used it to prove the infinite wisdom of God. With all his learning, and all his talents his faith was that of a child.

Dr. McCosh was a Scotchman by birth, the son of a small farmer. He studied in the country school and went thence to Edinburgh University. He entered the Presbyterian Church and held livings at Arbroath and Brechin, but promptly resigned when Chalmers raised the standard of liberty. McCosh entered the Free Church and was one of its ablest and most zealous advocates. The publication of his great work on the "Method of the Divine Government" led to his appointment as a Professor in the University of Belfast. Thence Princeton called him to the Presidency and he accepted. He came here in 1868 and until 1888 when being seventy-seven years old, the weight of years compelled him to resign, Princeton enjoyed an uninterrupted period of prosperity. The college buildings trebled in number and value, the number of students and professors more than trebled and the financial resources of the college were enormously increased. Dr. McCosh continued to reside at Princeton and to assist in the work of the college until his death.



SOIL-TRANSFORMATION.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 9. Luke 8: 4-15.

WHAT is a man to do who finds on self-examination that his character is typified in the Parable of the Sower by one of the three kinds of ground that were unproductive? Sometimes the farmer finds it impossible to change the nature of the soil, but the spiritual, moral and mental ground may be changed. The fact is attested by experience, and should afford encouragement to every earnest seeker. The hard-trodden path, the rocky soil, and the thorny ground may become the good ground bringing forth fruit. The process may be difficult, even painful, but the result is worth all its costs, and it is something to know that success is possible. There is reason for hope in the very fact of the diagnosis. To recognize the existence and nature of a malady is a long step in the direction of recovery. What then shall one do who makes the discovery? Obviously in each case there is the one efficacious measure of earnest prayer. That

tion, and stability seems impossible. The seed, which sprouted so quickly and so hopefully, loses its vigor, and the young plant fails. But it need not die. The high pressure growth is not demanded, and it is not healthy. Let the depressed man, who has fallen from ecstasy into actuality, but keep his eye fixed on the eternal verities; let him realize that it is not by his feelings that he is saved, but by the Saviour who changes not, and let him cling to him for his life. But it is the thorny ground which is most common. Care and pleasure are alike potent foes of the Gospel seed. But the former may be carried to the great Burden-bearer, and the latter may be cheerfully relinquished for his sake. To each and all the promise is sure that they who seek the boon shall find it.

ILLINOIS STATE C. E. UNION.

Christian Endeavor holds Illinois in high honor as one of its best States and it is there that it has won some of its most glorious victories. Early in the history of the movement, Illinois perceived its value and adopted it. The first societies were watched with interest, and



OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION.

1. Miss Frances B. Patterson, Miss'y Sup't. 2. Mr. H. H. Spooner, Pres't. 3. Miss Anna E. Felt, Treas'r. 4. Mr. E. D. Wheelock, Temperance Sup't. 5. Mr. O. W. Stewart, Sec'y.

course is a duty in any case and it is the surest and most essential method. "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh." is the promise of him whose power is infinite. He whose heart is like the wayside has hope here. But with him, as with all others, human effort is expected and required. God can work miracles, but he does not work them on passive material of this kind. Watchfulness and vigorous action are the price of transformation. If travelers are kept off the path, the rains and the power of nature soften it and break it up. The hardest path is still soil, and the seed may yet penetrate it. But vigilance is necessary. The rush of worldly thoughts, the habitual reception of intruding suggestions must be resisted. The stony ground requires similar vigilance. A long experience of many revivals is one of the most discouraging of all conditions. The rebound will come, depression will succeed exalta-

when their results were witnessed the movement spread rapidly until now there are nearly two thousand societies in the State with an aggregate membership of nearly one hundred thousand. What it means to have a hundred thousand young people in one State banded together, and pledged to fidelity and effort in the cause of Christ and the Church, we cannot realize fully, but every year will reveal something of the meaning. As these young people come to maturity and take their places in the world's work, the influence of the principles cultured in the societies will be felt. Greater earnestness in aggressive Christian work, a wider beneficent philanthropy, and a broader tolerance we must have from such association, and for this hope we may thank God and take courage.

Much of the later progress of the Society in the State is due to the energetic work of the State Union, which has labored

hard to multiply the number of societies and bring them to a thorough state of efficiency. On this page are portraits of five of the officers of the Union who are devoted to work, and are full of enthusiasm in it. The Union has now had eight years of life and it has been chiefly since its organization that the societies have grown in number and membership. When it was formed there were only thirty-nine societies in the State, and the aggregate membership was only 1,600. At the end of a year both figures had been quadrupled. Since then work has steadily extended. The organization has been growing in development and benefits have been proved. Local unions have been formed for cities, a second growth has been made by counties, a third districts and all are combined in the great State Union. This system facilitates holding of Conventions and the kindling the enthusiasm which always comes from congenial association.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Founding Fund of the Baptist Young People's Union now amounts to \$25,545.

The pastor of the M. E. Church at W. Farmington, O., showed his interest in the Epworth League by formally installing newly-elected officers at a recent Sunday evening service.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Dubuque, Ia., is now comfortably installed in its new and magnificent home, which was provided for it by the generosity of Mr. Stout.

The Baptist Young People of West Virginia have been holding their annual meeting. The report showed that the State now fifty Unions, with an aggregate membership of about 1500. During the past year the number of Unions has nearly quadrupled.

Over three hundred delegates attended the recent Epworth League Convention at Lucknow, India. It was decided to request all Leagues to work under the constitution of the League at a had been drawn up by the Board of Control in America with change in any particular.

At St. Paul's Church, Lynn, Mass., the Epworth League undertook to provide carriages for a number of aged people and invalids who would otherwise be unable to attend church on the annual festival of "Invest Sunday." The League also supplied from its own ranks a number of able-bodied young men to help old people in alighting from the vehicle at the church door. Many a blessing from venerable lips come on the young folk.

The following Record of Benefaction which was sent recently to the "Epworth Herald," shows what one society may do when it is in earnest. It is the report of the mercy and help department of the Epworth League of the First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., for a year: \$60 given to the poor, besides about 400 garments, five suits of clothes, five pairs of shoes, sheets, pillowcases, hats, quilts, blankets, coal, gas, and other necessities. In many cases it has been paid, 375 calls have been made upon the sick and poor, and 435 social calls on strangers and new members; eight persons have also secured positions through the department; forty visits have been made to the county hospital, and forty services were held in the city jail, where papers and tracts have been given away.

At the State Convention of Baptist Young People's Unions of Nebraska, held at Norfolk Neb., recently, the secretary reported sixty-nine societies, and an active membership of 1,259; associate 298. The treasurer's report was: expense fund received, \$24.08, paid out \$18.17; college fund showed that \$181.33 had been contributed to Grand Island College; mission fund \$18.79; following fund, \$52; general fund receipts, \$3; disbursements, \$18. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Chas. E. Morgan, Omaha; Vice-President, C. E. Tingley, Lincoln; Recording Secretary, C. K. Struble, York; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lena Spitz; Treasurer, Wm. Cochrane, Beatrice.



Thanksgiving at Home.

What is Dear to American Hearts
Where—Causes for Gratitude.

HERE is a touching story of gratitude told of a humble native Christian in Asia Minor. "The great God," he said, when some one asked him about his worldly prospects—"I will tell you, five rows of grapes on the sunny side of my vineyard. It was, under the circumstances, a thought—the best he could offer; the richest of the results of his long seasons or he would yield to show his gratitude. These rows of rich clusters would furnish sum that could be used in spreading knowledge of this loving God. But sweeter far, and more precious than fruits of gold is the love that flows from the heart towards him who cares for all his children. Such a love, warm, cordial and grateful, is inspiring hearts in thousands upon thousands of American homes this Thanksgiving. They recall the rich blessings and the joys of the season.

On every side this year has been heard of "hard times," and it is unquestionable that, what with drought and warfare of crops in the Southwest, devastating fires in the Northwest, and other calamities many have found their burdens unrelieved. Yet there are consolation and encouragement stretching over and under his people, like the bow of promise across the heavens, and amid all, we have, as a nation's communities, and as individuals, many causes for "special rejoicing and thanksgiving." Nearly two and three centuries have passed since the first Thanksgiving table was set at Plymouth, Massachusetts, by order of Governor Bradford in 1621. It was almost a year after the landing, and it had been a year of such hardships, the descendants of those pioneers might never know; but despite all adversities and hardships, the grim Governor and his company found causes for rejoicing and gathered in a special manner.

This picturesque gathering was a fitting and on for the great festival that has become a fixed annual custom in our land, although in our hospitable homes we no longer have such guests as Massasoit and his men, we may throw wide our doors to the stranger, and thus feast a sweeter savor than if we could not feast in company with him. And we may do even if our larders are not so full as under their burdens and our pantries are not over-full. "Although it be not so plentiful with us," wrote the Pilgrims of that first Plymouth Thanksgiving "yet by the goodness of God we are so far from want that we wish you partakers of our plenty." And in the same spirit of simple trust and sincere gratitude we again on a subsequent Thanksgiving, July, 1623, after a severe drought, "the prayer," writes the historian, "of sweet and moderate showers fell, lasting for two weeks," and the crops were saved. Thus the first recorded answer to prayer in our nation's history occurred on a Thanksgiving day and made the day one of joy and gratitude, indeed.

It was not to be wondered at that the governors of the old Bay State in their Thanksgiving proclamations in later years should conclude with the thrilling and fervent words: "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts"—an aspiration which all other governors might well follow.

Until within half a century ago, nearly

the gathering and the young people, their enthusiasm stirred by the turkey and pumpkin-pies, enter into the games and frolics with a zest that belongs to no other day of the whole year. One who is not thankful on that day must be unhappy, indeed. But it need not be wholly a jubilee for ourselves; as far as possible, within the scope of our means and influence, we should try to make it a day of real thanksgiving and happiness for others less fortunately situated. By abundant kindness, love, charity, generosity and hospitality, then, no less than by feasting, let us demonstrate the joyful gratitude we feel in our own hearts and thus render to our loving Father above the best of all Thanksgiving offerings.

Heart Right, Work Right.

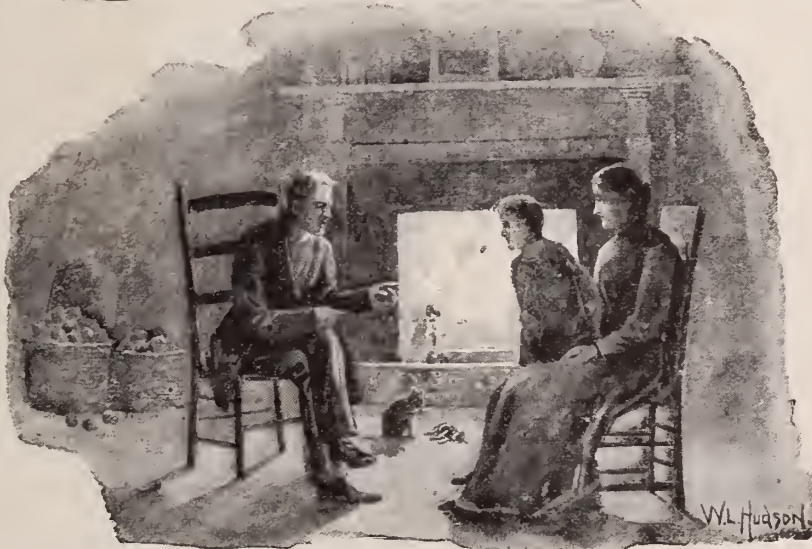
If all is well with the heart, the work will come easy and will be thoroughly done. A young working woman was converted and applied for admission to a church. When

Thanksgiving

BY JOEL BENTON.



WE miss to-day the Spring-time bloom,
The Summer's wealth, and Autumn's gold,—
The swift Year finds its beckoning tomb—
A leaf of Time now backward rolled.
Hope came with flower-starred Fields and Song,
And dewy Morns and burgeoning Trees,—
The Brooklet's murmur lingered long,
Through Meadows of anemones.
The pageantry of Birds and Flowers,
The opulent Summer's stately flow,
Were, for a time, pervading powers;
Alas! it seems so long ago.



"Here sit we 'round the roaring fire."

But now in granary, crib and bin
The largess of the Year is seen;
Unnumbered Gifts are gathered in,
And Time's dull days are still serene.

What if the Forest's robe has gone,
And darker shadows film the plain?
Some Charm still tints the field and lawn,
And even in Winter joy shall reign.

Here sit we 'round the roaring fire,
Ruddy with its Thanksgiving blaze,
Grateful to God for each desire
Fulfilled, for friends and happy days!

all Thanksgiving gatherings, especially in New England, were of the nature of religious and patriotic festivals. While there was plenty of fun and frolic for the children besides the good things of the table, their elders liked best to sit awhile and talk of the old patriotic glories and their own genealogies. There was music, too, and stirring patriotic songs were sung, dealing with colonial days and bygone wars. And not a few of them abounding with that good-natured antagonism to Britain which gave to our early patriotic airs a characteristic flavor. To-day, Thanksgiving has mellowed and become a true home festival, an occasion of family reunion and friendly greeting. Absent children come home from long distances to sit around the family table once a year; near relations and old friends join

brought before the body for examination some one asked her what evidence she had that she was a Christian, to which the young woman modestly but convincingly replied:

"Before I was converted, I slighted my work, but now, sir, I sweep under the mat." What answer could have been given more beautiful and conclusive than was this servant's reply? If you are not faithful in little, there is no reason to believe that you would be faithful in much.

Order Your Daily Life.

There is no need to lose youthful vigor, and good looks, writes Hester M. Poole, if a woman so orders her life as to be master of circumstances, if she studies the laws of

hygiene and applies them to the ruling of her household. Let her wisely simplify her habits and apportion her time among her various duties so as to have hours for repose, for recreation, for reading and for social intercourse. It has been said that one ought, every day, to hear good music, see a good picture and read some noble words. We must call the highest Providence to counsel, and ask why health and beauty and genius should be the exception, rather than the rule of human nature. A well-ordered life is always beautiful and its beauty is reflected in face and action alike.

PRAYING BOYS.

TWO notable incidents are related in illustration of the duty of the young to faithfully remember their prayers, in whatever circumstances they may be placed. One little lad was to be sent to a great English boarding-school where there were some six hundred other boys. The night before he left, his mother asked him to promise her never to neglect to say his prayers on his knees at night, and he gave the promise. The first night after his arrival at school he found himself in a great "dormitory," with thirty other boys, most of them older than himself, and some of them rough fellows. His heart died within him and the tempter whispered in his ear, "You will have a hard time here if you try to pray on your knees, it will be just as well to say your prayers in bed." But he had given his promise to his mother, and he would not break it. So he knelt down by his cot, and then the boys began to "guy" him. They threw books at his head, they gathered round him and jeered and shouted and pulled him about, but they did not pull him off his knees. A teacher hearing the uproar, came in and saw the little kneeling figure and the tumultuous boys tormenting him. He reported the matter to the head master, and the next morning an order was issued that every boy must kneel in silence by his bed for five minutes every night. Whether these boys said their prayers or not, they were obliged thereafter to at least show outward respect to the religious convictions of others. And so the little lad, who had dared to say his prayers on his knees, won a moral victory.

The other incident deals with a little man of four, living in a small town of Pennsylvania. He and his somewhat older sister were invited to take tea at a neighbor's, whose family were accustomed to ask a "silent grace." The little fellow, however, had been trained to reverently address the Giver of all blessings with voice as well as lips. He saw the bowed heads and bent his own. Then, after waiting a certain time he broke the silence with: "O, Lord, bless all dood 'little boys and girls, and make 'em dood for Jesus' sake. Amen." His sister, thinking him out of order, and quite mortified, when he returned home reported the incident to his mother, who asked him to tell her all about it. He manfully acknowledged what he had done, and added by way of explanation, "Why, mamma, me was the only man what was there, and I had to say it out loud when they wouldn't say it."

A Queen-Mother's Cares.

Despite their elevated station, queens have their household cares and troubles, like humble folks. A good illustration is the case of the excellent royal lady who is greatly loved and looked up to by the Spanish people. Pious and laborious, modest and shrinking, it was at first feared that she would not be sufficiently brilliant for the central figure of a court, which contains perhaps three hundred of the most beautiful women in Europe. But her simplicity and modesty kept complete control and she manages in many quiet ways to exercise influence upon Spanish affairs, and her advice is much valued. She comes of an old, proud, Austrian family, but she works with determination to break down the old-fashioned and cumbersome etiquette of Spain, and substitute for it some of the simpler and lighter ways of modern democracy, which she has studied to advantage. She is a most devoted mother, and a careful, painstaking housekeeper.

Unfortunate People

who do not live near the leading dairy regions, can now use products of such dairies owing to the perfect preservation of milk in all its mother purity, as accomplished in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A new scene.

ON and on through the beautiful country the train whirled, carrying among its passengers the desolate, childless widow to the scene of a new effort. Dr. Ripley watched her through the hours of the long day without seeming to do so. For the greater part of the day she was silent, gazing on the moving panorama before the window, and the doctor in wisdom forbore to break the current of her thoughts, for he felt that communion with nature was healthful exercise. Time is a merciful healer, and nature is a greater solace-bringer, so he left her in the hands of these two, and seated himself on the other side of the car. As there were but few passengers, they each occupied an entire seat, and, after some time had passed, he saw Annie curl herself up on the cushioned seat, and soon she fell into a sweet sleep.

"Ah! I thought so," he murmured to himself and smiled. "My remedy is beginning its good work already. Her first natural sleep, I believe. How softly she breathes; just like a tired, little child!"

Then he laid a shawl lightly over her, and resumed his seat and his thinking.

That night, as stars were blinking in the skies, they landed in the city, their destination. Everybody was in a hurry, everything was noise and bustle at the depot, but through the crowd a tall gentleman pushed his way and caught Dr. Ripley's hand in a warm grasp as he exclaimed:

"How are you, doctor? I am delighted to see you."

After the introduction, this gentleman welcomed Annie cordially to his home, his family, and to his band of teachers. Nothing would satisfy President Clarke but that Dr. Ripley should accept the hospitality of the college during his stay in R—, and nothing loath, the doctor took a seat by Annie in the omnibus, and soon they were rattling through the gas-lighted city, up its broad streets, now slower, now up a long, rough, pebbly hill, and then the omnibus stopped and its door was thrown open. Before a group of elegant buildings of modern architecture they paused. Every window seemed illuminated, for the blaze of light was dazzling to eyes long accustomed to darkness.

Supper was just over, and the time before study hour was spent in recreation in the long halls and surrounding verandas. One of the girls was playing, in what Annie afterwards learned was the girl's parlor, and twenty or thirty others were vibrating up and down, backward and forward in calisthenics. It was a bright scene, very attractive to Annie, for the merry, though subdued laugh and sparkling eye told of no care, no trouble.

"Girls are such happy creatures," said Dr. Ripley. "An old friend of mine says they are drunk with merriment and it is the truth."

Just then the youthful company caught sight of the newcomers, and immediately the laugh was checked, though only for a moment, since President Clarke ushered the travelers into a private parlor at the end of the hall, and then went to announce their arrival. A bell rang, the piano instantly stopped, and soon the house was so still you would never have thought a girl was near, for study hour had begun.

Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Winston, the lady principal, soon appeared, and the graceful, cordial reception which they gave the stranger, was a pleasant beginning for her. Then came other teachers to be introduced, some quite young, others older, some gentlemen, but mostly ladies. Dr. Ripley was delighted with the home like quality of everything. President Clarke and his wife were the only ones in the secret of Annie's position and condition, and their hearts turned towards her with the love and sympathy of tender parents. Her youth and beauty attracted the girls, and how it came about no one could ever explain, but from the very first,

every pupil by common consent called her "Miss Annie." Perhaps this was brought about by her youth, perhaps by her girlish beauty, perhaps by both combined, no one could ever tell. Her duties were explained to her on the morrow, for Dr. Ripley had privately said to President Clarke:

"She must be harnessed right in; it is her salvation."

So on the morrow she was sent for, her work pointed out, and in an hour she was at the piano vocalizing with a pupil. In the afternoon, by previous arrangement, she was in the art room aiding the art teacher, and these two departments were very pleasant to her.

"Mrs. Deveraux, will you please aid this young lady upon this portrait of Nilsson? She is quite discouraged," was almost the first salutation when she entered.

It was new work to Annie. Hitherto she had etched, crayoned and painted for her own amusement, but she had had the very best instruction, and was fully competent for the position she occupied. Every spare moment she now spent in the attractive art room. She was a surprise to herself. The first laugh which passed her lips, startled and hurt her, but the next was less painful, and finally her nature asserted itself, and the sun burst through the clouds and shone. Then in this sunshine the twin roses of her cheeks bloomed again, her eyes began to sparkle and dimples played at "hide and seek" around her lips. One passage from a letter to her mother we take the liberty of copying:

"It is delightful to work, to be compelled to work. What a blessing labor is! I never knew it before, never believed it anything but a curse, but I see it now only as a blessing. I have watched the laboring classes busy at their daily toil, and have from my heart pitied them. I should rather have envied them, so I feel now. My life here is very pleasant, my days are spent in work, and my nights in sleep, for, I do assure you, dear mamma, that when the girls' retiring bell rings, this tired somebody is always ready to go to bed too, and when there, goes to sleep without any rocking. This is also a blessing, the consequent of labor, for sleep is the child of work. Now, mamma, don't think of me as 'poor Annie,' for indeed I am not an object of pity at all. My life has hitherto been a tragedy, and were it not for the terrible realities over in the cemetery, I might think I had had a terrible nightmare, and that this was the pleasant awakening. I really believe I am just beginning to find out in what true happiness consists—usefulness. Perhaps I shall yet reach the goal, it seems to me sometimes that I am on the highway to it." *

A prayer meeting was held every Wednesday at recess in what was known as the girls' parlor of the boarding house. Without any bell to call them together, boarders and day-scholars, large and small, flocked to this room, and every seat was generally occupied, sometimes they grouped about upon the floor. There was no compulsion to attend none whatever. It was a girls' prayer meeting, conducted by them, no teacher ever entering the room. It had been headed for years by the president's niece, Minnie, who was a devoted Christian. Annie was not invited in, but as she passed on these days to her room, she thought it strange, young girls reading God's Word together and engaging in prayer. How solemn they looked as they came out! How quietly, how subdued they went back to their duties! No matter where she was, the sweet Sunday School hymns reached her even through closed doors and windows. She knew that the recesses on Wednesdays were lengthened by the presiding teacher, and the reason seemed to be understood.

"Mary Morris arose for prayer to-day," said Lucy Lane one day as she entered Annie's music-room to take her lesson.

"Ah!"

It was all Annie could think of to say. This was something she did not understand,

so, to cover her ignorance, and to gain more knowledge, she asked:

"Well, who prayed for her, Lucy dear?"

"Who? Why we all, Miss Annie, I mean we pledged ourselves to pray for her." Under pretext of saving time, Annie hurried the child on with her music lesson. There were traces of tears about her eyes, yet she did not seem sad, why then did the child weep? So Annie wondered, indeed as she gazed at the pretty profile, she thought it was the most peaceful face she had ever seen. Now the child was intent upon her work, counting earnestly, her eyes seeing nothing but the music before her, but Annie's ran from her face to the music, then back again, till the bell rang, and another pupil came in. She, in her turn said:

"Oh, Miss Annie, have you heard the good news? Mary Morris arose for prayer to-day."

"Yes, dear, Lucy told me."

"Isn't it too good, to think she has waked up at last, for she's been such a hard case, Mary has. They are rich, and you know it is so much harder to be a Christian when one is rich."

"Do you think so Bessie?"

"Why certainly, Miss Annie, I thought everybody knew that—"

And the child's eyes opened with astonishment, and she fixed them upon Annie's face, as she asked:

"You've forgotten about the camel and the needle's eye in the Bible, haven't you, Miss Annie?"

"Well, what does the Bible say about that Bessie?" asked Annie, carelessly turning over a heap of music.

"Why, don't you remember, it says it is easier for a camel with his load on, to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Don't you remember that saying, Miss Annie?"

"Well, dear, we mustn't talk any longer now, there's the second bell, now begin."

There was a picture before Annie's eyes—a camel, heavy laden, standing before a needle held in a little child's hand. Then this dissolved—and another came—a rich man with houses, silver and gold, gifts to supply, money to buy, standing before the gate of heaven, and it was shut! Did the Bible say that? Could it compare the two? It must be a child's interpretation: she would search, she had a beautiful, gold-clasped Bible, it had been clasped a long time but she would open it that very night and read for herself. She was ashamed to inquire where to find it, but she would begin at the first page and search to the last, before she would give it up.

The lesson was over, the child gone, but the two pictures were photographed on the retina of Annie's heart.

That night she unclasped the gold bound Bible, and began the search. A teacher, Miss Raymond, entered, but she stopped as she saw Annie's occupation, and said:

"Were you reading, Mrs. Deveraux? I will not disturb you."

"No, Miss Raymond, I was not reading exactly. Come in, I was searching for a passage of Scripture, and perhaps you can assist me. It is where the camel and needle's eye are compared to the rich man entering heaven."

"Yes, I remember. I think I can find it, though I cannot direct you, so please let me have your Bible a moment. Ah! here it is, Mark 10: 23, 24, etc."

After spending the evening, the teacher left and Annie was alone. Immediately she turned to the place which she had marked by the ribbon. She read the verses, then the chapter, more of the Bible than she had read in years. Then she thought, How insignificant the Bible makes wealth! Well it is insignificant and powerless. It can never keep death and trouble away, these can never be bribed with gold. Then too, it cannot buy happiness; I know this, for I have tested it.

CHAPTER XXII.

A letter from Val.

In the college mail one morning Annie found a letter addressed to her in the familiar handwriting of her cousin Val. It was a pleasure to see it. Of all the troop of friends who in the days of her prosperity fawned upon her and professed undying affection, none remembered her now, or cared to correspond with her. But Val whom she had once patronized and whose puritanical ideas she had once regarded as antiquated,—Val remembered her and was eager to show her sympathy and affection. This was Val's letter:

"DEAR ANNIE:—Rejoice with me, my

dear cousin, in the birth of our little boy. I am now a happy wife and mother. Somehow it seems to me that a woman truly developed until God gives her her child to love. That he has given me Oh, that wisdom and strength may en me, and I be made worthy of the trust reposed, that of rearing an infant for heaven.

"The night my baby was born, and we were left alone, and the little one sleeping, Mr. Carlisle and mother left at my bedside and we three gave our God. I think these were three prayers that went to heaven that I feel that to me is committed a trust, a child to raise for God, and that to me were spoken the words this child and nurse it for me." C my Heavenly Father will grant me the fruits of the Spirit in abundant measure.

"Dear Annie, my cup of joy over God is so gracious to us, he keeps thanking him all the time. So blessings come crowding. Don't think though that life is a holiday with, indeed, it is not. We have poverty to tend with, and my dear husband works very hard day and night, and not able to give his family much time. I find myself repining at times. Life with us is hard work. Very closest economy, but with some blessings, we are content. I don't regret that we are poor, but I do regret that Carlisle has to work so hard and cannot aid him at all.

"I rejoice, dear Annie, that you have terminated to work for others. To bring its own reward. If there is a trait in a woman that I admire, others, it is self-abnegation, and none to this is self-reliance. How love these qualities are! 'Even Christ pleased himself' then how Christ-like the quality! Self-reliance, self-abnegation require their possessor to be brave, to fight world, its cruel words and opinion to fight one's own self, and this is the bravest fight of all. Self is our enemy, because so little suspected he must have true bravery who can stand upon this foe, make it lie low in the dust, kill it outright. It takes a Christ to this, he alone is brave. Others have fights; his are genuine battles, and to hand conflict, and if, with Paul, he says, 'I have fought the good fight,' then him he can say, 'henceforth there is laid for me a crown which God the Father Judge will give me in that day.' I, Annie, may he give you the grace to win the battles of life, and grant you the mortal crown at last!

"Mother is busy with baby, and grand-child. I forgot to tell you that named after my father, Henry Vernon Carlisle. Mother takes so much pleasure calling him by his name.

"Now write me soon, and tell me your joys, your hopes, your troubles, and I will find in me a warm sympathizer."

"Mother and Mr. Carlisle and children, including baby, send love."

"With much affection, Annie's time was now so occupied, ing to put the finishing touches on many pictures for the fast-approaching commencement, that she was unable to send Val's letter until after supper.

"Poor Val," she thought, "poor is affliction, poverty unrelenting, woe ceasing. That is better than money, better than no work, better than death! Anything is better than this. What of the Parcae—ah, Atropos, she cuts the thread of life; yes, she does not snap asunder. How she has bored me! Well, thinking does not matter. Sometimes I think Minnie turned her axis this way, and then I caught sight of snaky Medusa's head, am turned to stone. A Niobe pined in grief, 'Childless and crownless in less woe!'

"How many times I have read the beautiful statue that I once saw in the Imperial Gallery in Florence. All so months ago though, when I was still now I am different, new life has sprung in me, I have risen a Phoenix out of my own ashes. The old time will come sometimes, though I push it from me. What a medicine is work! I am called to labor now, and I actually love it. The girls, and watch their progress with heartfelt pleasure."

Annie had found the panacea.

(To be continued.)

"HIS NEIGHBORS."
winter was soliciting aid for Foreign
mission and applied to a gentleman, who
said in with the reply: "I don't believe
in Missions. I want what I give
my neighbors." "Well," replied
the man, "do you regard your neigh-
bors as those whose lands join yours?"
"Why, those around me." "Do
you mean those whose lands join yours?"
"Yes." "Well," said the
man, "how much land do you own?"
"About five hundred acres." "How far
do you own?" "Why, I never
thought of it before, but I suppose I own
it through." "Exactly," said the
man. "I suppose you do, and I want
more for the New Zealanders—the
white land joins yours at the bottom."

ASKAN SPIRITUALITY.
with his ignorance and superstition,
the Indian has not gone the length
of some of our philosophers
to exclude God from his own uni-
verse. The native races of Alaska are ex-
tremely religious, writes Dr. Sheldon
son. They refer all events, great and
small, to an influence supernatural. If a
man has a good catch of fish he does not
say "I am skilful I am," but, "A good

spirit helped me to-day." If a hunter comes
back with little to show, he does not say,
"I have had bad luck," but he will tell you,
"Bad spirits drove all the animals away, or
disturbed my aim."

A CHANGE OF NAME.
A medical missionary in Southern China
was at first called "the foreign devil."
Now he is known as "the angelic healer
from beyond the seas." His medical art
won for him a way into the hearts of the
people, and they listen as he tells the story
of Christ the Great Healer.

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my neck as large as a hen's egg. I was
advised to have it cut out, but would not
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say that I did, and soon the bunch

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A THANKFUL PRISONER.
Many Bibles and Bible portions are given by Mr. G. A. Eoll in the course of the year to the sailors who pass through the Suez Canal. That all these are not wasted the following incident proves. Mr. Eoll says: "Not long ago I met a Greek on the street whom I had known for some years. Shaking hands with him, I asked where he had been. 'In prison in Alexandria, sir.' 'How long?' 'Do you remember the house which was burnt down last October?' 'Perfectly.' 'I was accused and condemned to prison for setting fire to it, but I can truthfully say that I am innocent still. My sojourn in prison, however, was the happiest time of my life. Thirty-seven years ago, on my wedding day, you gave me a Bible. Well that Bible I read through whilst in prison, and I have come to believe that was all written for me. I fully trust the Lord, who has forgiven me all my sins.'"

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Child Life in Many Lands
In THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES for 1895 prominent missionaries will describe child life in many lands, including China, Japan, India, Persia, Turkey, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Congo, Madagascar, Greenland, and Alaska. There will appear also an illustrated article by the late Lieutenant SCHWATKA on the Eskimo children, one or two by Mrs. BALLINGTON BOOTH on "The Children of the Slums," and a sketch of American Indian children by ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.
Helps to Bible study are now, as always, the main feature of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES. The best writers on the International lessons contribute regularly to each week's issue. At the lowest club rate the paper costs less than one cent a week.
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SCRIPTURE CONFIRMED.

LONG discussion has taken place here and in England on the subject of the vitality of seed. It arose out of the experiment of sowing the grains of wheat which the ancient Egyptians wrapped in the cloths of some of the mummies. Some of the grains, when sowed recently, grew and some did not. It was then declared by a traveler from Egypt that the grains which grew were not taken from mummies but were of the preceding year's crop, which the Arabs had sold to travelers under false pretenses. One person who joined in the discussion is a member of a firm of seed-merchants. He says: "Experiments I have carried out personally for many years past in the separation and packing of seeds for the purpose of making it clear to me that their vitality is almost indefinitely prolonged by confinement, absolute protection from the atmosphere, together with the high degree of desiccation before packing which is naturally brought about by the Egyptian climate, but which we have to imitate as nearly as possible."

Another contribution to the discussion is important, though it is confirmatory of the naturalness of a dream. It is from Mr. E. W. Shephard-Walwyn, of Tunbridge Wells. He writes: "Gen. 41: 5, it is written—'And he dreamed the second time: and,

behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, fat and good.' We all know that the usual thing now is for each stalk to bear a single ear. But in an English paper, Mr. F. Sherwood Smith, estate agent, Bristol, writes: 'Sir, I received from Mr. Davies, managing clerk of Messrs. Underwood, of Hereford, about a dozen grains of wheat, which, he said, had recently been discovered in unrolling a mummy. I gave them to Mr. E. L. Sanders, of Ross, who planted them by his tannery. The summer was warm, and the grains grew some inches higher than the surrounding crop, and, strange, though true, each stalk bore a cluster of ears, not on separate stalks, but six smaller ones from the base of the central ear—seven ears from one stalk! The stalks were half as thick again as the English stalk and not so hollow—more like sticks. I have often heard this idea of seven ears on one stalk ridiculed. Perhaps when we know more than we now do of the ancient peoples of the Bible and their circumstances some other of the objections urged by learned sceptics may be removed.'

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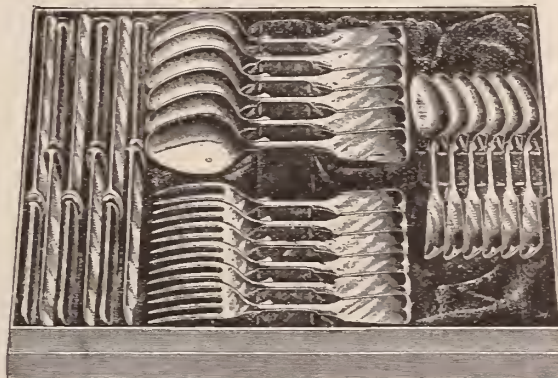
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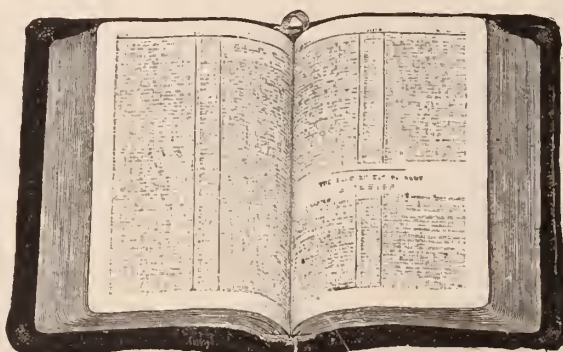
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

R. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
 Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1894.

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NUMBER 49

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
 Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

IGHTEEN centuries have passed since Jesus walked among the hills and valleys of Judea, and shared the hospitality of its simple, frugal peasantry. His heart overflowed with Divine love and sympathy for those humble ones, who, amid their poverty, could still greet Him with a cordiality and deep sincerity as He found nowhere among the rich and influential. If the sacred record were more comprehensive, it would doubtless tell of many a Mary and Martha comforted in their sorrow by His gracious presence, and of a peasant home gilded by His inspiring voice. For the mothers and children of His native Palestine, the Saviour had ever the tenderest consideration. He knew the simplicity and selflessness of their lives. And even in our mercurial years, and with the full burden of the divine mission resting upon Him, He found opportunity to meet and greet the mothers of Zion and their offspring.

Everywhere the great heart of Jesus went to the children, and His lips flowed with blessings upon them. With what astonishment and delight the mothers gazed upon Him as He sat among the little ones and held them in the spell of His love and eye and smile as never man did before or since! Surely the record of the blessings laid upon the children's heads by Jesus' own hands had been preserved by tradition to posterity they could be treasured in the homes of Palestine as precious beyond all other memories.

Zion's daughters have changed but little in the passing generations, and the descendants of the maidens of Jerusalem and Bethlehem follow the customs of their ancestors in almost all that relates to domestic and social life. They have beautiful, oval faces, and clear complexions that recall the description of Rachel and Rebekah. Among the well-to-do, graceful figures and attractive features are the rule, and the children are especially charming. In the rural districts and among the poor, the olive complexions of the women take a deeper tint but their forms are no less graceful. Moslems constitute a very large proportion of the present population of Palestine, and the "sons and daughters of the Prophet"

MOTHERS OF PALESTINE.

Their Appearance, Attire and Surroundings but Little Changed Since the Saviour Walked Among Them and Blessed Their Little Children.

are found in every city, village and hamlet, and in all walks of life. Our photograph on this page represents a Moslem

throughout Syria. One woman carries a child in the "pick-a-back" fashion so common throughout the East, and the young-

veil, of which there are several kinds in use, including special veils of light and delicate texture for indoor wear. The "face-veil" is a part of the costume of every Egyptian, Syrian or Arab lady, and is frequently very elegant and costly, being enriched with gold and pearls. Married ladies wear veils of black silk, and unmarried of white silk, the poorer females using calico. The modern Turkish "yashmak" is a modification of the ancient veil. Syrian women

also wear a long, loose outer garment, called the "mitpachach," which can be quickly folded so as to cover the head and envelope the whole figure. A peculiar part of the feminine attire is the short tube, worn just above the veil, and reaching from the nose to the centre of the forehead. According to one of the multitude of fanciful Mohammedan traditions, this tube, or cylinder, which may be of metal or reed, is the instrument through which any celestial communication may be made to the wearer, should she be so highly favored.

Moslem marriage laws are obdurate. It is regarded as a great concession to grant the youth a glimpse of the face or even of the hands of the young girl to whom he is betrothed. His wooing is frequently done by proxy. A Moslem may, if unable to marry a wife of his own creed, wed a Christian or a Jewess; but a Moslem maiden, under pain of death, is forbidden to marry an unbeliever. Among the wealthier classes, the women, young and old, are secluded, but the women of poorer Moslem families mingle more freely with the outside world, though they still wear the close "Tsayiph" or veil that hangs like a mask from the face, leaving only the eyes free. Even in the privacy of their own houses, they are forbidden to show themselves unveiled except to their nearest relatives.

What a glorious field for Christian effort among these neglected mothers and daughters! In some few cities, like Beyrout, Jerusalem, and Damascus, the Gospel is taught to Moslem women and children by devoted Christian missionaries, but many thousands of these "children of the Prophet" have never listened to the "glad tidings of joy" concerning One who is greater than Mohammed and all the prophets.



YOUNG PEASANT WOMEN OF PALESTINE.

(From a Photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)

group of the "fellaheen," or peasant-laborer class, such as are found everywhere

ster seems quite at ease. All strict Moslem women are scrupulously careful to wear the



THE BOWING SHEAVES.

A Thanksgiving Congratulation
Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. Text: Genesis 37: 7. *"We were binding sheaves in the field and lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright: and behold your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."*

A JOSEPHIC dream! At seventeen years of age, and when life is most rosy, Joseph in a vision saw a great harvest field, himself and his brethren at work in it, and after a while the sheaf that he was binding rose up with an imperial air and the sheaves of the other harvesters fell flat on their faces as the overawed subjects of an empire might fall down on their faces before a king. The dream was fulfilled when there was famine in Egypt and Joseph had the care of all the corn cribs, and his brethren came and implored food from him. Sure enough all their sheaves bowed to his sheaf. A Thanksgiving Day vision! I am away out in the centre of a field where the harvests of all nations are being reaped. Here is the great American sheaf. Sheaf of wheat, sheaf of rice, sheaf of corn, sheaf floral, agricultural, pomological, mineralogical, literary and moral prosperities—all bound together in one great sheaf. It is kingly, and on its brow is the golden coronal of all the year's sunshine, and in its presence all the sheaves of European and Asiatic harvests bend and fall down, feeling their littleness.

Oh, the sheaf, the golden sheaf, the overtopping sheaf of American prosperity. Other nations far surpass ours in antiquities, in cathedrals, in titled pomp, in art galleries; but in most things their sheaves must bow to our sheaf. I have an idea that the most favored constellation of immensity is the one of which the earth is a star, and of the hemispheres the western is the most favored, and that of the zones the temperate is the most desirable, and that the United States are the best part of the American continent.

The best place on earth to live is here. Had it not been so, there would have been 300,000 Americans last year moving into Europe, instead of 300,000 Europeans moving into America.

Human nature has a strong tendency to fault-finding. Where there is one man who sings and whistles and laughs, there are ten men who sigh and groan and complain. We are more apt to compare our condition with those who are better off than with those who are worse off.

I propose this Thanksgiving Day, for the purpose of stirring your gratitude, to show you how much preferable is the condition of this nation to all other nations, and how the Italian sheaf and the British sheaf and the Spanish sheaf and the French sheaf and all the other sheaves must bow down to our American sheaf.

Have you realized our superior blessings atmospheric? Have you thought of the fact that the most of the millions of the human race are in climates frigid or torrid or horrid? Take up the map and thank God that you are so far off from Arctic icebergs

on the one side and seven-foot-long cobras on the other. For what multitudes of the human race life is an Arctic expedition! Underground huts. Immeasurable barrenness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our front door steps on a January night genial compared with their climate. Ask some of the Arctic explorers about the luxuries of life around the North Pole. Instead of killing so many brave men in Polar expedition, we had better send messengers to persuade those pale inhabitants of polar climes to say good-bye to the eternal snows and abandon those realms of earth to the waters and white bear, and shut up those gates of crystal, and come down into a realm where the thermometer seldom drops below zero. Oh the beauties of Baffin's Bay, only six weeks in the year open! What a delightful thing when in those Arctic regions they milk their cows, and milk only ice cream. Let all those who like yourselves live between 30 and 50 degrees of north latitude thank God and have sympathy for the vast populations of both hemispheres who freeze between 60 and 80 degrees of latitude. Then compare our atmosphere with the heated air infested with reptilian and insectile life in which most of the human race suffer. Think of India and China and Ethiopia. Travelers tell you of the delicious orange groves, but ask them about the centipedes. They tell of the odor of the forests, but ask them about the black flies. They tell you about the rich plumage of the birds, but ask them about the malarias. They tell you about the fine riders, but ask them about the Bedouins and bandits. They tell you about the broad piazzas, but ask them about the midnights with the thermometer at an insufferable 110. Vast cities of the torrid clime without sewerage, without cleansing, packed, and piled up wretchedness and all discomfort. What beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions! What sociable tarantulas! What captivating lizards! What wealth of bugs! What an opportunity to study, comparative anatomy and herpetology! What a chance to look into the open countenance of the pleasing crocodile! Hundreds of millions of people in such surroundings. I would rather live in one of these American cities in a house with two rooms than to live in the torrid lands and own all Mexico, all Brazil, all Hindostan, all Arabia, all China.

Again, there is not a land where wages and salaries are so large for the great masses of the people as here. In India four cents a day and find yourself is good wages. In Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages. In England, a dollar a day good wages—vast populations not getting as much as that. In other lands fifty cents a day and twenty-five cents a day clear on down to starvation and squalor. An editor in England told me that his salary was \$750 a year, and he seemed satisfied! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands, and accompany

them to their homes, and see what privation the hard-working classes on the other side the sea suffer.

The laboring classes here are ten per cent better off than in any other country under the sun—twenty per cent, forty per cent, fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent. The toilers with hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. I do not talk an abstraction. I know what I have seen. The stone masons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all styles in America have finer residences than the majority of professional men in Great Britain. You enter the laborer's house on this side the sea, and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured, so that in case of his sudden demise the family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

Again: there is no land on the earth where the political condition is so satisfactory as here. Every three years in the state and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of the people at the ballot box in the autumnal election, they all seem satisfied, and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile.

It is said that in this country we have more political dishonesty than in any other land. The difference is that in this country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance. The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate.

The Emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$8,210,000. The Emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the Queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal plate at St. James's Palace is worth \$10,000,000. The Queen's hairdresser gets \$10,000 a year for combing the royal locks, while the most of us have to comb our hair at less than half that expense, if we have any to comb!

Over there, there is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$500 and \$6000 a year. Master of Buck Hounds, \$8500 a year. Grand Falconer, \$6000 a year. (I translate pounds into dollars.) Gentlemen of the Wine and Beer Cellars, Controller of the Household, Groom of the Robes, Mistress of the Robes, Captain of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Silver Stick, Clerk of the Powder Closet, Pages of the Back Stairs, Maids of Honor, Master of Horse, Chief Equerry, Equeries in Ordinary, Crown Equerry, Hereditary Grand Falconer, Vice Chamberlain, Clerk of the Kitchen, Master of Forks, Grooms in Waiting, Lords in Waiting, Grooms of the Great Chamber, Sergeant at Arms, Barge Master and Waterman, Eight Bedchamber Women, Eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, Ten Grooms of the Great Chain, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land among the lobby men, and that it go into the hands of hundreds and thousands of people—is there not a better chance of its finally getting down into the hands of honest people, than if it were all built up, piled up inside a garden or palace?

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less here than anywhere else. The air here is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals are building such overtowering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply pinch-
edness of want for others. A great protuberance on a man's head implies illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportionate size weaken all the body politic.

But the evil is nothing here compared with the monopolistic oppression abroad. Ireland to-day one vast monopolistic de-

vastation. About thirty-five millions people in Great Britain and yet all the soil owned by about thirty-two thousand. Statistics enough to shake the earth. Duke of Devonshire owning 66,000 acres in Derby. Duke of Richmond owning 800,000 acres at Gordon Castle. Marquis of Blandford going on a journey of 100 miles a straight line, all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland has an estate as wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Bad as we have it here, it is thousand times worse there.

Beside that, if here a few fortunes overshadow all others, we must remember there is a vast throng of other people being enriched, and this fact shows the thriftiness of the country. It is estimated that there are over five thousand millionaires in the United States. In addition to this, you must remember that there are successively less extended scale. Tens of thousands of people worth \$500,000; scores of thousands worth \$100,000 each. Yea, the majority of the people of the United States are their way to fortunes. They will either rich themselves or their children will be rich.

If I should leave to some men the question: "Will you have a fortune and your children struggle on through their lives the struggle you have had to make—do you have the fortune, or would you rather that they should have the fortune?" Scores of men would say: "I am willing to fight this battle all the way through and give my children a chance; I don't care so much about myself; it's only for ten or twenty years anyhow; give my children a chance." Anything stirs my admiration it is to see a man without any education himself send his sons to college, and without any opportunity for luxury himself, resolved that though he shall have it hard all the days of his life, his children shall have a good start. And I tell you, although some of you may have great commercial struggle, there is nothing to be a great opening for your sons; your daughters as they come on to take their places in society.

We have only just begun to set a Thanksgiving table in this country. We have just put on one silver fork, and salt cellar, and one loaf of bread, and smoking platter. Wait until the fruits come in from all the orchards, and the meats from all the markets, and the vegetables from the gardens, and the silver from all the mines, and the dinner bell rings, saying: "Thanksgiving tables spread."

Again: the nation is more fully at peace than any other. At least 15,000,000 men belonging to the standing armies of Europe to-day. Since we had our conflict, on the other side the sea they have had Zulu war, Afghan war, Egyptian war, Russo-Turkish war, German-French war, Japan-Chinese war. No certainty about the future. The governments of Europe watching each other, lest one of them get too much advantage. Diplomacy all the time nervous at work. Four nations watching the Suez Canal as carefully as four cats would watch one rat.

In order to keep peace, intermarriage of royal families; some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the ill-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been international contest, sometimes the husband holding the balance of power, sometimes the wife holding the balance of power. One unwise stroke of Gladstone's pen after Garnet Wolseyley captured Tel-el-Kebir, and all Europe would have been one battle-field. Crowded, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions, crowded cities close by each other. But on this continent we have plenty of room and nobody to fight. Eight million square miles in North America and all of it one seventh capable of rich cultivation, supplying what fertility and what commerce. Four great basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Gulf of Mexico. Shore line of 29,969 miles. One State of Texas with more square miles than all France than all Germany.

that our continent might have plenty of room and not be jostled by the effete governments of Europe, God sank to the dens of the sea a whole continent that ran from off the coast of Europe to the west of America—the continent of Atlantis—which allowed the human race to pass from Europe to America on foot, with little or no shipping; that continent dimly described in history, but the existence of which has been proved by archaeological evidences innumerable; that whole continent strewn so that a fleet of German, British or American vessels had to take deep sea soundings to touch the top of it: that highway from Europe to America entirely removed so that for the most part the earnest persevering and the brave could reach Africa and that only through long sea voyage.

Ireland is struck through and through with peace. There is hardly a Northern where there are not Confederate generations in its law offices or commercial establishments or insurance companies. There you sit or stand to-day, side by side—you who wore the blue and you who wore the gray—you who kindled fires on the opposite side of the Potomac in the winter of 1861—you who followed Stonewall Jackson toward the North and you who followed General Sherman toward the South. Are you not breaking each other's ties?

Oh! you have irreparably mixed up your politics. The northern man married a southern wife, and the southern man married a northern wife, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander, and to make another division between the North and the South possible you would have to divide your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him in judgment: divide it with the sword, giving half to the North and half to the South. No, sir; there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle.

Are your nerves weak and in need of strengthening up? Go North. Is your throat dry and in need of balmy airs? Go South. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go West. Almost anything you want you can have. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to read.

Our national sheaf may have been larger than other years, but it is this year very green and luxuriant. Sheaf of sheaves. We all others bow before it, let it bow in turn before the good Lord of the American harvest. Before him come down all the shocks. Before him come down the sheaf of governmental sceptres, the sheaf of battle-spears, the sheaf of barbaric arrows, the sheaf of commercial yardsticks, the sheaf of joy, the sheaf of family reunion, the sheaf of thanksgiving. All the sheaves of the harvest field bowing down at the feet of the great Husbandman.

You have in hackneyed phrase heard over and over again that America is the asylum of the oppressed. This glorious Thanksgiving Day I declare it to be the warehouse of the earth, the wheat bin of the hemispheres, the corn crib of all nations. Hallelujah, Amen!

Acts Concerning this Edition.

The size of this edition is 1,500,000 copies, requiring 500,000 pounds of paper. The color work necessitated the continuous services of 15 large cylinder presses for the full months. The other part of the paper required the services of 30 presses during the entire month of November. The price on this edition costs \$5,000 dollars. Over 200 lady clerks are employed in arranging and sorting the names of the 1,500,000 families to whom this edition is being sent, and in addressing the wrappers. This special edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD involves a total expense of \$60,000. No enterprise of like magnitude has ever been undertaken in the history of secular or religious journalism in this or any other country. As it is generally considered that each copy reaches an average of five readers at least, this edition will be read by nearly 8,000,000 persons or about one-eighth of the entire population of the United States. May God richly bless every copy of this vast edition to the good of the souls of its readers.

The Travelers' Club.

Rev. Stephen Merritt, its Founder, speaks of its Work Among the Homeless.



NE of the most unique benevolences in New York is the "Travelers' Club." Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will recall with interest the account which appeared in these columns several months ago, of the work conducted by "The Travelers' Club" among the homeless and unemployed of New York.

Last winter was an exceptionally hard one on the poor, and the number of destitute in the metropolis was multiplied by many thousands. For many years, the Rev. Stephen Merritt, who has consecrated the greater part of a long life to active Christian work in and out of the pulpit, has been an extensive, though unostentatious, philanthropist, helping at all seasons of the year, but particularly in winter, large numbers of poor families on the West Side of New York. When he founded "The Travelers' Club" at No. 210 Eighth Avenue, and gave not only a warm resting-place to the penniless wayfarers, but a strengthening meal and a word of Christian cheer as well, his course was regarded by many with astonishment. All the credentials any applicant needed to possess to secure membership in "The Travelers' Club," were those of a hungry stomach, an empty pocket, and orderly behavior. During last winter, from November 1st to May 1st, the average morning attendance at "The Travelers' Club" was 1800 men, and it frequently ran as high as 2000. Mr. Merritt's guests consumed 2000 loaves of bread per day, and from 3000 to 5000 cups of coffee. Besides these morning visitors, who came to the Club at all hours between 3 A. M. and 7 A. M., he soon found it necessary, owing to the increasing distress among the poor, to open an afternoon club for the starving mothers and children of the very large and populous district in the vicinity of "The Travelers' Club" building. In a very little while, the afternoon attendance equalled that of the morning hours, and the consumption of food was in due proportion.

Excellent spiritual results have come out of the work of the "Travelers' Club," which has been, from the moment of its inception until now, an object lesson in practical religion. It gave to people of all creeds a grand illustration of real, true, helpful Christianity, and showed that its founder's interpretation of the Saviour's teachings is of the simplest yet most beneficent character. To be a member of the "Travelers' Club" was esteemed, by the homeless ones, an honor as well as a blessing. Very many date their change from sin to religion, from destitution to industry and comfort, from the time they entered the hospitable, ever-open doors of this wayfarers' retreat.

Mr. Merritt speaks modestly yet hopefully of the work of the Travelers' Club and of its future. "I know," he says, "that many people are opposed to such methods, but appreciating the necessity, and seeing the opportunity, I felt it my duty to work in this way. It is simply the best I know."

"What is the programme of the 'Travelers' Club' for the coming winter?" He was asked. "Do you propose to dispense its charities as widely as last winter?"

"That is a question that must be determined by circumstances," he answered with a smile. "I have no plans; I cannot tell. Personally, I believe that the need will be as great this winter as the last: the destitution is quite as widespread, and the help, unfortunately, not so bountiful. It may be that my faith is not sufficiently strong, but thus far I am not clearly led as to what I shall do. 'Where He leads me, I will follow.' There are many who, a year ago, even in the hard times, were comfortable, but who now have been compelled to come down to their last dollar, owing to the depression. I know that Christian men and women throughout the Union—thousands of them—helped nobly last year in relieving the necessities of those who were starving here in New York; but even they, this winter, seem likely to have hard times at their own doors. They sent their gifts to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose Food Fund will ever be gratefully remembered by the poor of New York, whom it helped in their time of greatest distress, doing it all quietly and in such kind fashion, that even the recipients did not feel that they were eating the bread of charity. Our 'Travelers' Club' was grandly helped by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Food Fund, without which aid it could not have accomplished its work. For the coming months—I pray God to help the poor, and if He calls, there will doubtless be many thousands ready to follow, and why should I refuse? If the 'Travelers' Club' is needed this winter, I do not doubt that the means to accomplish its work will be furnished from that same bountiful source from which all its resources have hitherto been drawn."



REV. STEPHEN MERRITT.
Founder of the "Travelers' Club."

the poor,—a work to which he has sacrificed his entire energies and resources, but which has been richly blessed in spiritual results. Mr. Merritt has often been reproached for feeding and succoring people who do not deserve his help. But he is not concerned about that. Jesus himself was reproached for associating with publicans and sinners, and if he had limited his salvation to those who were worthy of it, very few would have been saved. Following his Master's example, this hospitable man welcomes all who come, and when he suspects that they are unworthy, he prays all the more earnestly for them. So he scatters the seeds of Gospel truth, knowing well that some will fall on the wayside, or upon stony hearts, but cheered by the knowledge that some has fallen on good ground, and is already yielding fruit for the Master's garner.

THE EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS.

The Turkish Relief Committee has acknowledged through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the receipt of numerous contributions to the fund for the relief of the Constantinople earthquake sufferers. Letters just received state that the need of generous assistance is indeed very great, and that thousands of Armenian, Greek and Moslem families are homeless, with little prospect of being fed or sheltered during the winter except through charity. Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be forwarded to Minister Terrell, Constantinople.

A Word About Ourselves.

What "The Christian Herald" has Accomplished in the Last Five Years.

SO swiftly does time pass, that it seems scarcely possible that five years have nearly elapsed since Dr. Talmage assumed editorial charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From the moment when the first article from his eloquent and spiritual pen appeared in these columns, in 1890, its course has been upward and forward.

It has been the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its management, during these five years of material prosperity, to take a more active share in the great work of disseminating pure literature, than has probably ever before fallen to the lot of any religious newspaper. We have distributed, during that period, 252,000 Teachers' Bibles which are now in the hands of appreciative Christian readers all over the land. Of Dr. Talmage's master-work, "From Manger to Throne," the most graphic and sympathetic, yet realistic Life of Our Saviour ever written, 125,000 copies of our special edition alone have been distributed, while of his other and equally famous book, "The Pathway of Life," 50,000 copies have been sent to as many families who treasure this beautiful volume as an almost priceless gift. Besides these, 50,000 "Gospel Hymn Books, Nos. 1 to 6 Complete," have also been distributed. This splendid volume of sacred song was specially compiled and published for our own readers. The total expense involved in these five great literary undertakings was \$399,000—an outlay enormous in itself but richly compensated by the spiritual results. In addition to these, and also in the line of good literature, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent Marion Harland to Palestine, where she made such observations among the present inhabitants of the Holy Land as have enabled her to familiarize our readers with the Palestine of our own day, as no other writer has ever done.

Charity has formed another and hardly less prominent part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S mission in these five years. As we regard events in retrospect, it seems to have been Divinely led into a field of philanthropy so wide and far-reaching as to embrace the sympathetic co-operation of its readers in every clime. With their generous aid, it sent the food-laden steamship Leo to Russia to succor the starving peasants in the crisis of a great famine, and the \$40,000 devoted to this cause was the means of saving thousands of human lives. It expended \$35,000 among the destitute poor of New York through its Food Fund. It fed, cared for, and clothed 1,124 little waifs of the streets in its Children's Home, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson last summer. It established on a firm basis the Bethesda Home for Fallen Girls, in Brooklyn, and the Bethany, in New York—an institution of a similar character. It gave generous Thanksgiving dinners to several thousand poor in New York; and, more recently, it has been instrumental in relieving many of the flood sufferers in the Southwest, and the fire sufferers in Minnesota. Thousands of veterans of the civil war gratefully remember its Pension-Paying Bureau, which freed them from the thralldom of the saloons. Through its efforts the Moody Bible Institute, in Chicago, has been financially enabled to greatly extend its Gospel work. It has sent several thousand dollars for the relief of the Turkish earthquake sufferers, and in many other ways has been the means of helping the deserving and distressed. In this special field of charity \$120,000 have been expended in the aggregate.

In the line of distinctively religious work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S efforts have been signally blessed. At the Gospel services conducted in the Academy of Music, New York, during a whole season, thousands rose for prayer. The labors of Mr. Cannon, its special evangelist, in several states were marked by numerous conversions, and the three years' work of its Sunday School Missionary, Rev. Geo. W. Sharp, in the Southwest, have resulted in founding a large number of Sunday Schools and not a few churches where none previously existed. In this work, as a whole, it has expended fully \$11,000 in five years.

Its expenditures in those various fields of Christian effort represent altogether an aggregate total of \$350,000 or upward of \$405,000 a year. It has had the full confidence and cordial support of its readers throughout, and the efforts of all have been crowned with abundant blessing.



A Japanese Tea-Party.

How a "Social Function" is Conducted by the Ladies of the Mikado's Empire.



YOUNG and old in Japan are tea-drinkers. Rich and poor are equally fond of it, and it is just as popular among the ladies of Tokio, the capital, and other large cities like Osaka and Kioto, as it is in the rural districts of the empire. So all-pervading is the tea-habit, that one who is traveling in Japan receives the impression that tea must have been the nation's beverage from the time when the first merry-faced little Jap landed in Nippon from somewhere, till the present day. Yet tea-drinking, together with many other customs that are witnessed in Japan, came there from China something less than a thousand years ago—native writers say in the ninth century.

By a singular coincidence, if the chroniclers are to be believed, Buddhism was imported from the same country simultaneously, so that, in the native mind, tea and religion may be harmoniously, if not inseparably, associated. Among the very poor, tea is almost the only luxury they can afford. There are many thousands of Japanese who subsist on a variety of sweet potato and a coarse kind of radish; meats, and even rice, are beyond their reach.

They eke out an otherwise unattractive meal with copious dishes of tea. In middle-class houses, where a more substantial diet is served, tea is also an invariable and ever-welcome accompaniment. In hotels and eating-houses, on dining-cars and in other public places, the omnipresent tea-urn is always sure of a liberal patronage.

But to understand the art of "taking tea" in the best sense of a social "function," one must have the pleasure of an invitation from some Japanese family of acknowledged social standing. Tokio, with its 1,625,000 inhabitants, has a much larger proportion of aristocratic families than any other city in Japan. Many of the wealthier people among them entertain in a manner that would be considered charming even in European or American eyes, for the Japanese are delightful hosts. Ladies of the better class are trained to social duties with most scrupulous care, and the result is apparent in the excellent taste of all home arrangements, especially where guests or visitors are concerned. Servants, too, are respectful, obedient and clever. Among their own sex, the ladies of Tokio and Yokohama, are specially pleasant entertainers, whether they greet their friends in one of the picturesque tea gardens to be found in every great city, or in the seclusion of their own homes, whose large, cool parlors or wide verandahs are well suited for the purposes of a "nice quiet tea and a talk." Our photograph discloses just such a scene as we have described: a party of young ladies at

luncheon are drinking tea and eating rice; their quaint head-dresses, pretty gowns and fresh, innocent faces, making a charming picture, as they bend over their cups, alternately sipping and chatting. Very little unnecessary furniture is allowed to cumber a Japanese dining-room—a few mats, a flower-stand or two, a tray on which the delicate and costly tea service is laid; and little more is needed. The rice is cooked and kept warm with a little portable stove, and is served in china or porcelain. Each guest has her own individual tray of decorated lacquer work, on which tea and rice are served. As the fragrant beverage is poured, the feminine lips are unsealed, and a stream of small-talk, that touches upon every topic, from the bazar for the troops to the latest doings in the court or the upper circles of the aristocracy, continues to flow until the last drop of tea is sipped, the dishes of sweetened rice laid aside, and the visitors rise to bid their hostess good-by.

There is a pretty legend preserved in Japan concerning the introduction of the tea-plant. Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century, who is often represented in native



JAPANESE GIRLS DRINKING TEA AND EATING RICE.
(From a photograph secured in Tokio for "The Christian Herald.")

art as crossing the ocean upon a reed, is the father of the mysterious and beneficent plant. It is said that after years of sleepless watching, he became drowsy, his eyelids closed and he actually slept. Presently he awoke and being ashamed to have been caught napping, pulled out his eyelashes and threw them on the ground where they took root and sprouted into tea-plants, being the first growths of the wonderful shrub that now keeps the whole civilized world awake.

Real Young Nobility.

A lady was on a visit to an old friend whom she had not seen for several years. The friend was telling her about the various members of the family, and, referring to her son, exclaimed: "He is just a prince of a boy." "These are strong words," the lady thought to herself, and so she listened and watched, to see if the lad really deserved them, or whether it was his mother's fondness that prompted her to use them. A day or so afterward the mother called the boy to come and amuse the youngest child of the household while she did some necessary sewing. The lady doubted his willingness to resign his pleasure. But he dropped his hoop at once, and obeyed the summons cheerfully. She began to realize, then, that his mother was right in what she

had said about him. And she was almost sure of it a day or two later, when she saw him cut into halves a handsome red apple that had been presented to him, and give one-half to a ragged boy. She was thoroughly satisfied that the lad was truly "a prince of a boy."

All should take to heart this lesson, and strive to become in their own way, princes and princesses, cultivating the traits of obedience, kindness and unselfishness?

God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

Charming People.

There is in this world no function more important than that of charming. The forest glade would be incomplete without the humming-bird. To shed joy, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, the spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service? Here and there we meet one who possesses that power of enchanting all about her; her presence lights up the house, her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. She is the Aurora with a human face.

Give me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind,
All the wide world over.

One Young Girl's Experience.

By far the most precious lines ever penned by Frances E. Willard, one of the noblest of American women, are those in which she tells how she came to Christ. She had been very ill of typhoid fever. The crisis had come and the doctor had declared that

ALL'S WELL.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

ALL'S well! I say it bravely when seeing
ing ills arise,
Or when the path before me lies un-
clouded skies;
God's smile is full of sunshine the show-
to dispel,
I fear not for the future, I know that all
well.

All's well! I say it softly with grate-
heart and voice,
When some great joy He sends me
makes my heart rejoice.

And lo, He changeth never! O bliss-
words can tell!
He gives his gifts forever! I know that
all is well.

—ALTHINE FLORENCE SHOOTER

PECULIAR CHILDREN.

LET not parents despair because the singularities of their children writes Rev. Dr. Talmage. Bay Taylor was so dreamy and practical that nothing remarkable was prophesied for him in his days of his boyhood; yet out of what promising childhood and youth he rose to what sphere of usefulness and literary power! So the very peculiarities of your children are precursors for especial well. Be patient. Their faculties will unfold, after a while their mission will be more evident. Many who have outrun all comrades in juvenile departments of study have lived to be lagbards and dolts. "first honor men" in college, and valedictorians on "Commencement day," rarely demonstrate anything valuable in practical life; while many a lad with no more brilliant faculties than the Pennsylvania farmer's boy survived to stand before kings!

Learn, all, from this, not to be afraid of starting on a way novel and untried. If a project of seeing the world on foot had been projected to a thousand men, nine hundred and ninety-nine would have pronounced it chimerical and unsafe. No one thought of Greeley, who encouraged an expedition and became its primary patron. He ambitious young traveler was more on his feet a year than others have seen their \$100.

American pedestrianism in Europe was yet untried, but in this case became so successful that it has had uncanceled imitators. Be not disheartened from undertaking anything useful because others have not taken it. Do your work in your own way.

If you're given a light to see
What a child of God should be—
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

The Soul in The Face.

Beauty of soul and character is reflected in the features. Life's opportunities of nobleness, or even forty years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make much beauty within that it cannot slip but come through to the surface in the fine habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, the lightings of the eyes, the lines of the control about the lips, the shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours, and no fitful week or two of idleness gives them, and no schooling of the visage, either; but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within; and this will live them all.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven a trustful call;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come in telling Jesus all.



At Bethlehem.

Traveler arrives in the City of David—Pilgrims Flocking thither for Christmas—The Grotto of the Nativity.

PILGRIMS are arriving in Bethlehem by thousands in advance of Christmas week and we are among the number. Our first inquiry is for the Grotto of the Nativity. The Grotto is reached by a stone staircase of thirteen steps, leading down from the Church. It is a natural cave, and the church, having been built directly over it, shuts out the light of day. Before visiting Bethlehem we have carefully looked into the evidence tending to substantiate the genuineness of the claim of the Grotto to the high honor bestowed upon by the Christian world.

One of the earliest authorities as to the birthplace of Our Lord was Justin Martyr, whose generation overlapped that of the apostle John. St. John lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and Justin Martyr, less than one hundred and fifty years after the birth of Christ, says explicitly that his Lord was born in a cave very near to the village. This Christian Father of the early church was a native of the ancient Shechem, (now Nablous) and very possibly may have himself talked with John. It is nearly certain that he must have known people who recollected hearing in childhood the wonderful story of the Messiah's miracles, death and resurrection from their parents who had been eyewitnesses of these things. A very student of Roman history, as associated with the early life of the Church, is familiar with Hadrian's daring impetuosity in planting a grove and building an altar to Adonis over the grotto in which the Jewish peasant, whose followers were turning the world upside down, as said to have been born of a virgin. This was done between 7-138 A. D. Fifty or sixty years after Hadrian's death Origen, another of the early Fathers, writes that even the pagans acknowledged the cave to be the place where Christ was born. In the fourth century the saintly Jerome took up his abode in a neighboring cave that he might study and write, live and die as near as might be to the spot of our Lord's incarnation. A church had already been built upon the exact site once desecrated by the idolatrous rites commended by the Roman emperor.

When the Crusaders occupied Bethlehem they found Christians there treasuring with pious zeal the tales handed down to them of the honors lavished upon their own, the city of David, and the birth-place of David's lineal descendant. There are still families in Bethlehem who pride themselves upon the intermarriages of ancestors with the Crusaders and upon the superior physical and mental strain that survives to this day in the offspring of these unions.

In all ages, and among all sects of Christians, there has been no doubt as to the truth of the statement that Our Lord was born in the place where we now stand. The exact spot is said to be the arched recess directly before us. The first thought with the devout visitor is invariably a regret that the natural walls of rough rock, appearing only in two or three parts of the cave, and especially that the Shrine of shrines is overlaid with colored marbles and further adorned with gold and silver—a display that absolutely vulgarizes it. A silver star is set into the marble floor of the semi-circular niche kept bright by the tears and kisses of

pilgrims. We do not kiss it, but we kneel to lay a reverent hand upon the symbol of the Light of the World, the Star of Bethlehem.

"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," is the translation of the Latin inscription.

We are sorry, on some accounts, to have visited it for the first time at a season when throngs of devotees make quiet meditation impracticable. We have to move aside almost immediately to make way for those who are waiting for their turn to prostrate themselves and press their lips to the Star. A crowd of Russian pilgrims have walked up from Jerusalem this morning. Most of them are peasant women past middle-age, and it goes to my heart to see them kneel, mutely, one after another here, and touch the holy spot with forehead and mouth,

We do not pretend to believe in the authenticity of any or all of these legendary localities, but we listen interestedly to something Mrs. Jamal, our dragoman's wife, has to say apropos to this crypt. It is said that there are always more boys than girls born in Bethlehem,—stronger and handsomer than those of other Palestine towns.

"Because the dear Lord will make up to Bethlehem women through all ages for what they have suffered and lost when the innocents were killed."

It is a beautiful thought, and we cannot deny that we have, before hearing the tradition, remarked upon the number of fine-looking urchins playing in the streets and attending the services of the church with their mothers.

The cave tenanted by St. Jerome is close at hand and in it his tomb is shown with that of Paula, the disciple to whom he refers in his works.

Coming out of the upper church, David Jamal, our dragoman, directs our attention to the venders of crosses, beads, candles and other mementoes of Bethlehem, who have stalls or tables in the vestibules and even hawk their wares inside of the doors. There are actually money-changers just outside, ready to take up and exchange foreign coins for Turkish money.

"It was such as these that Christ Our Lord drove out of the Temple declaring that they had made it a den of thieves," he utters in grave disapprobation.

We go in quest of David's Well under

the retired potentate is in high feather, receiving our party and other visitors. He sits cross-legged in a corner, a snowy turban setting off his swarthy face which is strong and intelligent, and issues orders to each member of the household staff. His wife, his married daughter and a daughter-in-law are at his beck and call, and a relative who chances to drop in is bidden to pound the coffee to be roasted by the ex-sheikh himself, after one woman has brought it, another the shovel in which it is to be browned, and a third has blown up the charcoal fire in the brazier before him. With palpable enjoyment of the little bustle of preparation, he turns the hot grains into an olive-wood mortar which is, he tells us, an heirloom in his family and scolds the guest, good-naturedly, but dictatorially, for not beating the "grinding-tune" in proper time against the sides of the mortar. His daughter has a Madonna-face; the daughter-in-law a beautiful one. Yet as Mrs. Jamal tells me aside, the handsome son had set his fancy upon another woman, and even dared to reason with the parent who ordered him to espouse the village beauty.

"Marry her, or leave my house!" rejoined the father. "You will obey me, or be no longer my son."

We agree privately that the family despot is not a bad type of Jesse in dignity and authority, and the impression deepens with each minute of our stay in this better-class household. The son is now very happy in his father's choice, we are told, and that his sad eyes are the expression of bodily illness,—a sort of low fever he cannot shake off. He smiles pleasantly, and even proudly, as the bride of three months' standing, to please us, retires to her room and puts on her wedding-dress, returning blushing for our inspection. The gown is of red and green silk, in alternate "gores" of each color put together with a sort of "herring-bone" pattern. Over this is worn an embroidered jacket, parting over a vest wrought in many stitches and colors. Upon her head is a stiff, helmet-like cap of green-and-red woolen stuff made upon a paste-board frame, and bordered above the forehead with over-lapping rows of gold coins. Strings of silver "pieces" depend from the sides, and join low below her chin in one larger gold coin. These are an important part of her dowry, and after marriage, she seldom lays off the heavy head-dress, even sleeping in it.

I exclaim at this:

"I should think it would make your head ache!"

"It did at first. Now, my head aches if I do not wear it."

The weight of the cumbersome thing is materially increased by a linen veil richly wrought at the ends with silk thread in an intricate pattern. It is three yards long and a yard wide. The texture and needle-work of these veils vary with the means and station of the wearer. Girls wear veils of linen or cotton, but not the stiff construction beneath it.

Next week, I will describe the Christmas festivities at the present day, in the city wherein was born the Saviour of the world, "who is Christ the Lord."

MARION HARLAND.

THE GOSPEL IN THE HOP-FIELDS.
The Rescue Mission of Syracuse, N. Y., H. B. Gibbud, Superintendent, sent its Gospel wagon with workers to the hop-fields during September. The trip extended over one hundred and fifty miles through the hop-region and lasted twenty days. Over 5,000 pickers were addressed in the fields and 150 wards were visited, and forty-four meetings held with an attendance of 8,880. Fifty-five requested prayers and there were forty who professed conversion. Many interesting cases were reported. There were some threats of violence made against the workers if certain localities were visited, but God gave them favor in the sight of the people and good order prevailed at all the meetings, which were held principally in the open air. Calls came for the evangelists to retrace their steps over the same field and last month a series of special services were held throughout that section.



PILGRIMS ARRIVING AT BETHLEHEM, BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

From a Photograph by Marion Harland for "The Christian Herald."

kissing it passionately, over and over, sometimes sobbing quietly, yet never uttering a word.

Light from a semi-circle of silver lamps suspended by silver chains shows the star, the vari-colored marbles, and above, the embroidered lambrequin hung from a marble shelf furnished with the usual appurtenances of a Roman Catholic altar. This is guarded by a silver grating from careless or sacrilegious touch. We are thankful that the space beneath has no such defence.

We bestow but a glance upon the so-called manger, disfigured by ecclesiastical millinery and fenced about with gilded wires behind which swing more silver lamps. Overhead, angels hold a scroll inscribed in Latin with the Angel's Song, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." We care even less to linger at the altar erected where as the Church has it, the Three Wise Men adored the Holy Child. The sacristan shows us, also, the place of Joseph's warning dream and the crypt in which the slaughtered babies were buried.

the conduct of our worthy dragoman, who takes us to three, all having equal claims upon our credulity.

We refrain from mentioning the unsatisfactory search during a visit we pay to an old inhabitant of Bethlehem and a chief among his people, who will have us drink a tumbler of water "from the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." There are several mouths to the one spring of living water upon the ridge on which the city is built, and there are no signs of a gate there now, but the old inhabitant may be in the right. He is an imperious, yet jolly and kindly patriarch, and has a history. In earlier and troublous times, he exercised a sort of sheikship in the territory around Bethlehem, having such influence with his lawless neighbors that he was frequently chosen to escort travelers through doubtful passes and over hills that had more than doubtful reputation. As David tells me this in English, the host catches his meaning and points proudly to his gun, sword and spear hung against the wall.

Christmas will be a universal holiday, and

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

OUR FAVORED LAND.

THE most popular country of all the earth is this country. Thank God that you live here and now. While there are outrageous evils in all the cities that need to be thundered down, do not let us ignore the privileges we possess but try to live worthy of them. We are apt to take our privileges as a matter of course. Do you realize what a great advantage we have in worshipping God as we please and where we please? Do you realize that in this country among all the denominations not one can lift its head half an inch above the other denominations and say: "I am more respectable than you, or more honored than you?"

In lands where there is a State religion, people outside that national religion are not quite up in favor with those who worship of the governmental wing. But in this land in the great army of God the different regiments march shoulder to shoulder and the question is not even asked whether you are Calvinist or Arminian, Baptist or Pedo Baptist, Unitarian or Trinitarian, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic; and if the attempt were made to oppress any one denomination of Christians, all the others would band together for the defence of that one oppressed and the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience would be demonstrated if need be at the point of the bayonet though the blood flowed up to the bits of the horses' bridles. If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks and the Siberian is pleased with the land of perpetual snow, if the Romans thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven; if the Laplander shivers at his eulogy of his native clime, shall not we, born under these fair skies and standing amid these glorious civil and religious liberties, be public-spirited?

For such a country you can afford to vote and speak and pray and rejoice that whoever is President, the heritage of national blessing which we received from our fathers will be the inheritance of our children, and the patriotic cry of David, the Psalmist, which we make now in regard to our country, may be made a century after we are gone by those who come after us: "Go around about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces that ye may tell it to the generation following; for this God is our God for-

ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death."

But there is one thought that keeps me calm about this nation. It has been set apart as no other nation ever was for divine uses, and from the moment that, on one October morning in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country and also saw a thorn and cluster of berries—type of our history ever since; the piercing sorrows and the cluster of national joys—until this hour, our country has been bounded on the north and south and east and west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas in the name of God. The Hollanders took possession of New York in the name of God. The Pilgrim fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. Prayer at Valley Forge. Prayer at Monmouth. Prayer at Atlanta. Prayer at South Mountain. Prayer at Gettysburg. So this is particularly God's land. He has mercifully guided it through all the perplexities of the past, and he will guide it through all the perplexities of the future. To most of us this country was the cradle and to the most of us it will be the grave. We want the same glorious privileges which we enjoy to go down to our children. We cannot sleep well the last sleep until we are assured that the God of our American institutions heretofore will be the God of our American institutions forever. When all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull at factory bands, when all the great mines of silver and gold shall be laid bare for the nation, when the last swamp shall be reclaimed and the last jungle cleared and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population.

THE CHILDREN.

AS our work chiefly belongs to the nineteenth century, our children's work will altogether belong to the twentieth. Next century will decide questions which this century has propounded. It will decide the color question. It will decide for all the world as between monarchy and republic. It will decide whether the Bible will go under, or infidelity go under. That century will see Christianity triumph over all the earth, or extinct. Many of the battles which are now drawn battles, will be fought over, and fought to the end. This nineteenth century has been a mighty century. It has been the birthplace of telegraphy and the telephone, and the phonograph, and stenography, and the sewing machine, and the reaper. But these things will do a greater work in the twentieth century than in the nineteenth. The bands have just been put upon the wheels. The bit has just been put into the mouth of the lightning; the chemist's laboratory has just begun its work, and the wonders of communication yet to be revealed, as compared with the wonders already unrolled, will be as the vestibuled Chicago lightning express compared with an Erie canal boat. The children are going into scenes that will eclipse in interest and power all that our eyes have ever witnessed, or our ears have ever heard.

Will you parents, and you Sabbath School teachers, who have any opportunity of rightly impressing the children, be sure to get them well equipped? What you do with them and for them, you will do in five years, or be for all time and all eternity too late. They do not seem to be of much importance in the eyes of many. "It is only a child," they cry out. The children might better cry out, "It is only a man; it is only a woman." They have a lifetime yet before them; a large portion of ours is already gone. They are to be the achievers. Our prayer is that this rising generation may be all consecrated to God, and that the poor work we have done may be somewhat

atoned for by the mightier moral and religious achievements of those who make the earth and the heavens ring with their music. Our prayer is that of the patriarch of old: "The angel which redeemeth us from all evil, bless the children."

OUR MAIL-BAG.

MANY letters have been received from different parts of Kansas, Nebraska and Texas, stating that widespread suffering exists in the agricultural districts of those States, owing to the almost total failure of crops during the last two seasons. Our friends in these States are requested to forward to THE MAIL-BAG, the name of one reliable person in each of the afflicted districts, who will consent to act as the distributor of any clothing, or supplies that may be sent to him for that purpose by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Jane Renfew, Cleveland, O. Who was the author of the phrase: "I expect to pass through the world but once?"

Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. The sentiment entire, which was engraved on his tombstone reads: "I expect to pass through the world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Mrs. A. Palmer, Baltimore, Md. Sometime ago, you offered maps of Palestine and I now forget the size of them and the price. Will you kindly give the desired information through THE MAIL-BAG?

Our map of Palestine is 28 x 37 inches; printed in seven colors, on bond paper, and neatly folded and placed in a convenient and durable receptacle. The price of the map to subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is 25 cents; to non-subscribers 60 cents. In each instance the map is delivered all charges prepaid. We have only a limited number on hand, which cannot be duplicated.

Sam. R. Armstrong, South Park, Ky. A man owns a piece of land and rents it to a tenant, furnishing seed, team, etc., to work it, the owner to get half the proceeds. If the tenant gathers and hauls off on Sunday stuff raised on the ground, is not the owner as much implicated in the Sabbath-breaking as the tenant, and does he not equally break the Fourth Commandment?

If he consents to the sin or permits his team to be used for such purposes, or accepts any portion of the revenue derived from the Sunday labor, he is equally responsible.

E. D. M., Scranton, Pa. My subscription is due at the beginning of the year and of course I shall renew it. I am coming to New York soon and would like to renew personally, so as to see the office in which my favorite paper is printed. In what part of the city is the Bible House, where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices are?

The Bible House occupies an entire block between Third and Fourth Avenues with Eighth street for its southern and Ninth street for its northern boundaries. Several well-known buildings are in its immediate neighborhood. Cooper Union faces its southern side; Clinton Hall, which stands on Astor Place, the scene of the famous Draft Riot of 1863, is near the Bible House on the west, and one block northward is the enormous dry-goods store built by A. T. Stewart. The Third Avenue Elevated Railroad has a station at Ninth street close to the northeast corner of the Bible House. Several lines of surface cars pass the doors. They are the Fourth Avenue line from the Post Office to Harlem; the Third Avenue cable line; the blue cars of the Second Avenue line; and the Eighth street cross-town line which runs from Christopher street ferry on the North River to Tenth street at the East River.

Mr. David Jamal, dragoman, Jerusalem, writes concerning Mrs. Jamal's "Training School for Neglected Syrian Girls," in the Holy City:

About six new girls came last week, and, with timid hearts and faltering lips, asked my wife to receive them in her classes. They belong to the Greek Church. My wife was much affected and sympathized with them. She was compelled, greatly against her will, to tell them that she regretted her inability to receive them at present, as she has now twelve girls and cannot take more, all available funds for the support of the classes being exhausted. As you know, the work is wholly dependent upon the charity of good Christian people, who take an interest in the spiritual and educational welfare of these poor neglected children. We have no doubt God will bless this work, which has thus far been greatly encouraged by the prayers and help of Christian friends in America. The girls left the house quite downcast. We are both thankful for the assistance the work has received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A number of our readers have kindly promised to contribute fifty cents per month toward the support of this excellent missionary and training school, and we shall be pleased to add to the list of patrons any other names of Christian mothers, who may feel interested in Mrs. Jamal's work.

Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. One of my employees has been detected in robbing me. As it is his first offence, I am inclined to simply discharge him and not to prosecute him. Am I justified in doing so? I am told that the law calls it compounding a felony.

We do not think you would be justified in discharging him. The theory of the law is that you owe society a duty which you must perform by punishing the offender and not turning him loose to prey on some other employer. But a wiser and more merciful course and one that would be fulfilling the spirit of the law is

open to you. It is that of retaining the employee in your own service and trying to reclaim him. If you are successful, as you probably will be, you will be doing society a greater service than you could render by prosecuting him, besides the great achievement of saving soul from ruin.

Subscriber, Aspen, Colo. Shall I recognize my dear father in heaven and be recognized by him? I shall we, as I have been told, be all as one.

No direct information on the subject is given in the Bible. All that we are told, however, leads to the inference that friends will recognize each other. "We shall be like him," John says (1 John 3:2), and we know that the body which Christ ascended, though unlike ordinary human bodies was perfectly recognizable. There may, too, be means of recognition that we know nothing of. Moses and Elias were recognized by the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration although they had never seen them before. People will not lose their identity there. To suppose that they will, would make many passages of Scripture meaningless. We may therefore infer that if each know himself he can make himself known to others.

Mrs. D. A. Marvin, Dayton, O. My children are growing up and like others of their age, are fond of amusement and games. Husband is rather liberal in his ideas, but I dislike their participation in theatre parties, card parties and similar amusements. They are good children, but pains me to know that they may be indulging recreations that may wear them away to Christ.

There are thousands of mothers in the same predicament and we know how difficult it is when parents are divided in opinion on such matters, for a conscientious Christian father or mother to bring the other to a proper way of thinking and acting. There are many recreations that are pure and helpful, and unfortunately there are others that prove effectually stumbling-blocks in the path of spiritual growth. To the latter class belong the theatre, and games into which the element of chance gambling enters. Theatres, cards and dance have ruined countless thousands morally, physically, while it is not on record anywhere that they have ever helped a single individual since the world began. At best, they are a sinful waste of time, and in their worst aspect unqualifiedly pernicious, by reason of the objectionable associations they invite, the emotions they excite and the dissipated habits they encourage. A conscientious parent will find little difficulty in discriminating between proper and improper relaxations for his children, and will still leave enough for them to pass their leisure agreeably.

A Young Man.—Mass. I earnestly desire to overcome an evil habit; may I not claim in it matter the fulfilment of Christ's promise (Matt. 7:7). "Ask, and it shall be given you?"

Certainly you may claim it, but it will not be honored if you claim it idly. You may remember the story of a child who, hearing of God's answers to prayer, prayed that she might cite her lesson well next morning in school. Having so prayed, she went off to play with looking at her lesson. God expects you to your part. You must find out by your own intelligence what that part is. It depends very much on the nature of the habit. In a general way you should notice what places and circumstances give occasion to indulgence and avoid them. Another suggestion is to take some study or occupation for which you have a predilection, so that the mind, becoming absorbed by something else, will have no leisure to listen to the tempter. You may be sure that if you thus show your earnest desire to get rid of the habit, Christ will deliver you according to his promise.

J. J. Anderson, Pittsburg, Pa. Is a person ever justified in stating what is untrue? Am I right in holding that, to save human life if need be, I may be justified in misleading by a false statement of who would be enabled to commit a greater crime—that of murder—if I told the truth? If a liar enters my room and demands my gold, I tell him where it is, or may I deny it? Or lawless mob seek the life of my friend, whom am I concealing, must I admit that I have him hiding, or am I justified in denying any knowledge of his whereabouts? I find in the Bible that such subterfuges were occasionally resorted to in Scripture times, and apparently were approved by the Almighty to pass without distinct approval.

One who makes faith in God and obedience to his will the supreme rule of his life, will never find excuse or justification for a man's extremity is God's opportunity and in such crises, when our faith is put to the ultimate test, that the Almighty reaches out and succors our weak nature with his Divine strength and help. We are distinctly told that to do evil that good may come and that liars "shall have their place in hell fire, who are the second death." God can deliver the who trust in him in every conflict and those who are so situated are safe according to the measure of their faith. See Isa. 26:4; Ps. 135:5 and 118:8; also Psalm 15. Lying in its forms is expressly forbidden by the Lord (Lev. 19:11; Col. 3:9). It is hateful to God (Prov. 6:16-19). It shuts out the harbor of heaven (Rev. 21:27), and those who are guilty of it find their ultimate abode in hell. (Rev. 8:1.) A full faith, such as that of the glorified men and women who have illumined the world with their lives, will not hesitate to tell truth and leave the result in God's hands, trusting to the Omnipotent arm for safety. Besides, there is the alternative of silence, which our correspondent seems to have overlooked.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RUSSIA'S NEW RULER.

On the same day upon which Alexander III., Emperor of all the Russias, breathed his last at Livadia, the accession of his eldest son, Grand Duke Nicholas, took place, and the oath of allegiance to the new Czar was administered to the members of the imperial family, while cannon thundered forth to the world the intelligence that Nicholas II. had succeeded to the throne of the Romanoffs. Thus closely do life and death press on each other, in a palace no less than in a peasant's hut. Emperor Nicholas was born on May 6, 1868, and is the eldest of five children. He is a soldierly and accomplished young prince, amiable in disposition, and greatly resembling his father in his reserved nature, but lacking the inflexible will that was a dominant trait in Alexander. At different times, his faith has been a cause of concern in the imperial household, but of late years evidences of physical weakness have largely appeared. On Nov. 2, the morning after death invaded the royal home at Livadia. Brilliantly uniformed heralds, accompanied by trumpeters, appeared in the public places of St. Petersburg and proclaimed the death of Alexander, and the oath of allegiance is administered to the various legislative bodies, the civil officers of the government and the military garrison of the capital. Emperor Nicholas issued a proclamation in which, after referring to the death of his father in terms of deep sorrow and affection, solemnly declares that his policy will be one of peace. This assurance is universally welcomed throughout Europe, as it was apprehended that the young Czar might be influenced by the "war party," which is known to be strong in Russia, and which Alexander had repeatedly antagonized by his resolute determination to avoid war by all honorable means. Nicholas, like his father, is an ardent soldier, having entered the army at eighteen. He has traveled considerably, and three years ago made a tour round the world. In 1892, during the great famine in Russia, he was appointed president of the Extraordinary Commission, having charge of the distribution of aid to the starving peasants. In the summer of that year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ordered the steamship Leo, and sent her to St. Petersburg with a cargo of food, consisting of nearly 20,000 sacks of flour, besides a great variety of delicacies for the sick. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Talmage, its editor, went to Russia to superintend the distribution of the Leo's cargo in the interior provinces. While there, they were summoned to Peterhof, where Emperor Alexander thanked Dr. Talmage in the name of Russia for America's generous gift to his afflicted subjects. Shortly after returning to New York, they each received from the then Czar (now Nicholas II.), whom they had the pleasure of meeting in Russia, a photograph of himself, inscribed in his own hand, and enclosed in a leather case stamped in gold with the imperial Coat-of-arms. One of these royal souvenirs is reproduced on this page, and is a striking likeness of the young Emperor, among the multitude of cablegrams of condolence received by the Czar from all parts of the world immediately after the death of his father was the following:

H. M. Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, Livadia. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of distressing bereavement. May God graciously comfort you, and richly bless you, and grant you a long, peaceful and prosperous reign. Louis Klopsch. Princess Alix Victoria Helena Louisa of Hesse, the betrothed of Czar Nicholas, is the youngest daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, and cousin of Emperor William of Germany. Her marriage with the Czar will unite Germany, England and Russia by close matrimonial ties. She is twenty-three years of age, and is of a very sweet and pleasing disposition. Her portrait also appears on this page. The new Emperor's proclamation shows that he is not so much elated by his elevation as pressed by the responsibilities it involves.

That he should be so is a hopeful augury. It will be well for him and for the nation if with that feeling he follows the example of another young king, who, placed in a like position, said to God: "Thy servant is in the midst of thy people—a great people that cannot be counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart that I may discern between good and bad." To Nicholas, as to Solomon, God will answer: "If thou wilt walk in my ways to keep my commandments I will lengthen thy days." (II. Kings 3: 7-14.)

An Actor's Peril.

At a recent celebration, when a large number of actors were present, a veteran of the stage related a story of his early experience, which is more thrilling than is common in a theatre. The scene was in Virginia City, Nev. The house was crowded to witness the play of Othello. The narrator, who took the part of Iago, the false friend, who incites Othello to jealousy, performed his part with the realistic power of a young and ambitious man. He was so successful that the miners, at that time unaccustomed to theatrical representations, were deeply moved. To his consternation, in the crucial scene, when the villainy of the character he portrayed was clearly exhibited, a man in the gallery levelled a pistol at him and fired. A bullet whizzed past his head, and instantly his assailant's example was followed by several other men. One bullet grazed his hand and another struck his sword hilt. He promptly flung himself on the floor and rolled to the wings out of range. He did not dare go on the stage again during the play, and so loud were the threats of lynching that he remained in the theatre all night. The actor said that he had never been there since, although he could not complain that his audience was not appreciative. Unhappily, the audiences in our churches too often make a converse blunder. While the actor was treated as if his role was fact, the minister is treated as if his words were an idle tale. Even Christ likened his people to children complaining: "We have piped unto you, and you have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and you have not wept." (Luke 7: 32.)

The story of an eagle's capture and death as told by the Suffern, N. Y., "Independent," has a pathos of its own. It appears that a farmer shot the bird. It was caught, and after a severe struggle, was caged temporarily in a large dry-goods case with wooden bars across one of its sides. It was a genuine live American Eagle such as is represented on our banners and coins. All the neighborhood came to see the noble creature who posed in majestic attitudes worthy of the king of birds. But from the moment of its being caged it refused to eat. Every kind of delicacy suited to its appetite was introduced into the box, but the eagle would not touch anything. On the seventh day of its captivity its flashing eye became dull and it was evidently near death. It was weak from its stoical starvation and appeared to be suffering acutely. It turned its back to the light and crouched with head erect to meet its fate. A short time before it died, there were movements in the wings, slow, graceful, spasmodic opening and folding. In the delirium of death the bird was in imagination again soaring above the crags. The head was turned to one side with one sightless eye upward, and so it died apparently free in its imagination, although a captive. In dying, the Christian's thoughts like the eagle's are occupied with a flight heavenward; but, unlike the eagle, it is with him anticipation not retrospect. (Luke 16: 22.)

An Eagle's Death.

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In the Grip of a Waterspout.

A dispatch from Galveston, Tex., reports the strange death of the captain of an oyster sloop at Pepper Grove Bay, about fifteen miles from that city. The story was brought to Galveston by the captain of another vessel who witnessed the tragedy. He says that both vessels were at the bay a few minutes before noon. The captain of the oyster sloop, whom he knew well, was busy superintending the operations of the crew. In the distance on the south-west was a curiously shaped cloud that was being driven swiftly toward the bay. As it came nearer, its character was perceived by its appearance. It was funnel-shaped and revolved swiftly, like a boy's top, as it came with its pointed lower end just touching the surface of the water. It appeared to be three hundred feet wide, and its top extended to the clouds above it. In an incredibly short time it swooped across the bay with a horrible boiling, hissing noise. It moved with awful majesty. It passed close to the sloop, and as it came, the narrator saw his old friend, who was leaning at the moment over the side of his vessel, caught in its mighty suction, whirled around several times and then disappear. After it had passed, several capsized boats lay in its path and their crews were struggling in the water, but, although diligent search was made, no sign could be found of the captain. The narrator said he had never received such a shock in his life as he did when he saw his friend snatched out of his

ship in that awful manner by the giant cloud and carried off to his death. It must, indeed, have been an appalling sight. The Bible says that



PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE, BETROTHED TO THE CZAR.

the doom of the wicked is like it; for "a tempest stealeth him away in the night. The east wind carrieth him away and he departeth, and a storm hurleth him out of his place." (Job 27: 21.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Evangelistic Services at Hackensack, N. J., have been blessed to the conversion of a large number of persons.

Evangelists Billings and Byers are conducting a successful campaign in Nebraska. At the First and Second Congregational Churches of Plymouth the meetings were largely attended, and a number of persons were added to the church.

Canon City, Colo., has been Deeply Stirred by a series of meetings held there recently by Rev. A. P. Graves, D. D. The Opera House was engaged for the meetings, as no church in the city was large enough to hold the crowds which came.

Mr. Ralph P. Goddard, the Talented Young American sculptor, has just completed a remarkably life-like bas-relief plaque of Rev. Dr. Talmage, in old ivory finish and of a size suitable for parlor or library. The face has the familiar look of inspiration, caught in a moment of intense emotion and spirituality, as the great preacher stands transfixed in the midst of his sermon.

The Presbyterian Church at Hinckley, Minn., lost with its edifice in the great fire, its communion service, which was of glass. When the news of its loss reached the ears of Dr. Charles J. Jones, of Stapleton, N. Y., he made the Hinckley Church a present of a solid silver set. In that respect, at any rate, the church has profited by misfortune.

Rev. S. M. Zwemer, a Converted Jew, is taking a tour in Arabia. He carries with him a large supply of New Testaments in Hebrew and Arabic, and finds a ready sale for them. He writes that he has found several Jews who are secretly Christians, having a thorough acquaintance with the New Testament, but are afraid to confess Christ.

An Evangelical Work in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, was commenced in 1889 by Rev. William C. Morris. He began with a school for boys, in which he preached on Sundays. He has now a large Mission Hall, where he preaches on Sunday and on week evenings, and his day-school contains 290 pupils, who attend his Sunday School also.

Dr. Mary Bradford, the Devoted American Medical Missionary, whose portrait appeared some months ago in this journal, is to have a hospital entirely under her charge. Some wealthy merchants who admired her courage in remaining at her post during the recent cholera epidemic in Persia, have undertaken to build and equip the hospital.

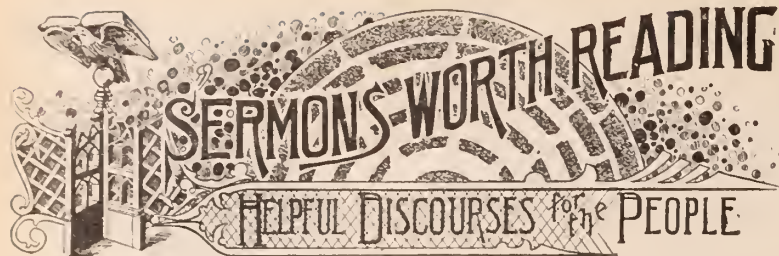
A Discovery is Reported by Dr. Bliss the superintendent of the excavations being made in Jerusalem through the Palestine Exploration Fund. The workmen have found at the depth of several feet below the surface a portion of a wall of immense thickness. In the wall was a doorway; the door was gone, but the post still showed the holes in to which the bolts were thrust. Dr. Bliss believes it is part of the original city wall.

Father Ivan, of Cronstadt, who attended the late Czar in his last days is a notable character in Russia. He persisted in giving to the poor all his income, so that nothing was left for his own family. Some years ago his wife complained of him on this account to the Czar, who told her that he would provide for the family and she must let her husband give as much as he wished. After that the family lived at the Czar's private expense.

Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the Founder and Director of the Training College for Medical Missionaries in New York, has received letters from Drs. Vinton and Hall, two of his former students, who are now laboring in Korea. They report that the war has seriously interfered with their work, but has opened new doors of usefulness. They believe that the issue of the conflict will be to enlarge their opportunities of preaching and healing the sick. The cable dispatches from Korea describing the great battle of Ping Yang, say that Dr. Hall and two companions were the first white men to venture on the battlefield after the conflict was over to attend the wounded soldiers of both armies.



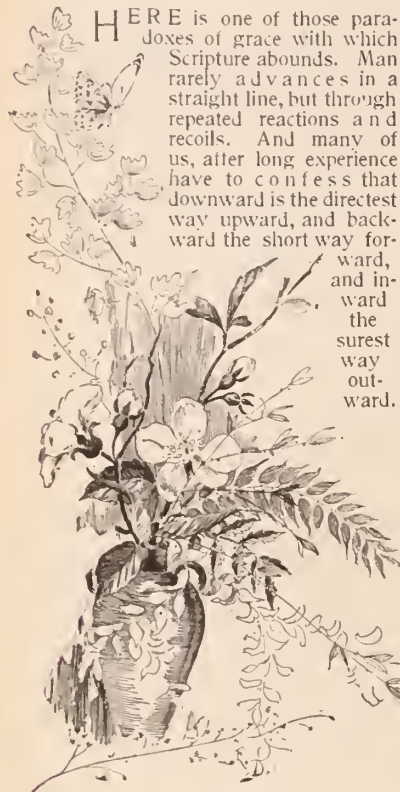
Nicholas
To Dr. Klopsch. 1892
EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA.
From a Portrait with Autograph Inscription, Presented by Nicholas, then Czarowitch, to Dr. Klopsch in 1892.



TRIUMPH THROUGH TRIAL.

A Sermon Preached in Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, by Pastor

A. J. Gordon, D.D. Text: Micah 7: 8, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."



HERE is one of those paradoxes of grace with which Scripture abounds. Man rarely advances in a straight line, but through repeated reactions and recoils. And many of us, after long experience have to confess that downward is the directest way upward, and backward the short way forward, and inward the surest way outward.

fectly keep the commandments of God, what need have you of the atonement of the cross? Because Christ regarded the world as hopelessly in debt to the moral law, "he suffered the just for the unjust," that he might cancel our debt. But if you count yourself perfectly solvent before the claims of the decalogue,

Christ's Work

is nothing to you, and is an impertinence! Then, too, it is in the nature of things that one cannot be enriched who is not first of all sensible of poverty. We say that there must be repentance in order to salvation. But the need is in us, as deeply as in God's plan of redemption. "The full soul loatheth the honey-comb," says the Scripture. It is a proverb of universal application. Who can pray very fervently, who has nothing to ask for? Who can eat very heartily who is not hungry? Who can flee very earnestly for his life, who has no apprehension that an enemy is on his track? Need is the mother of desire, and danger is the incentive to flight.

Oh, what fruitless work we have in preaching the Gospel in these days of ease and fulness! Down goes Sodom into the lake of fire and brimstone, though Abraham had prayed for it, and Lot had pleaded with it, and angels had been sent from heaven to warn it; down it goes to suffer "the vengeance of eternal fire." Ask the reason of its fall, and the answer of the prophet Ezekiel is: "Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her."

These same conditions prevail to-day to keep thousands away from Christ; pride which will not suffer one to bow the knee to Christ in penitence; fulness of bread which does not permit one to hunger and thirst after righteousness; and abundance of idleness which will allow no place for the serious and

Weighty Concerns

of Christ's great redemption. The same Christ who pronounced the beatitude of the mountain sermon: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," said also, "Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger." The atmosphere rushes to fill a vacuum but you cannot force it into a full air-chamber. Fulness and emptiness need only to be introduced, to run to each other's arms. But I can never persuade self-righteousness to make even the most distant friendship with the righteousness of Christ. When I see the throngs pressing to Christ in our rescue missions, I ask, "Is it so that men must become drunkards and outcasts and moral wrecks, before they will come to Christ? Is it so that Christ looking upon many sober and honest and virtuous ones in this congregation, points to these castaways and says, 'these that are fallen shall enter in before you that stand on your feet?' and must men become drunkards before they are saved?" God forbid. But this I do say that you will have to take the sinner's place before you can claim the sinner's Saviour. Many of the highest saints were once the lowest sinners—Augustine, Bunyan and Newton. As the ball-player flings the ball upon the ground with all his might that it may bound back into his hand, so God flung these in bitter remorse and agony of soul upon their sins, that they might rebound into his hand. It is not necessary that one should be a moral reprobate in order to become an earnest Christian; but it is needful that we should recognize and acknowledge our true position in order that grace may abound in us.

The simple fact is that we are in a fallen

condition by nature. Yes, worse than fallen, we are in a burdened condition. We bear the weight of inherited transgression in our bodies and souls. Every man carries his father and grandfather on his back. People sneer at the doctrine of original sin; but let them look at the facts of human life and be silent. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his notebook published after his death, says: "I have been reading Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' What a strange figure Christian cuts, going through the country with that burden on his back. I wonder what he had in his pack!" Had the great novelist no dealings with his own conscience, that he should ask such a question? Had he had no observation of human life and marked how men come into the world weighted down with hereditary tendencies to wrong-doing, under which they stagger to the grave? The Pilgrim carried his own sins and the burden of original sin, inherited from his forefathers. And he could never get ease from that burden, till he came in sight of the cross, where at one look of faith, it rolled away to be seen no more.

What we need is a divine release and a divine reinforcement. We need to be rid of the old burden, and then to be subjects of the new birth. Christ gives both—a divine forgiveness and a divine heredity—his own blessed life comes into us to hold us up in right doing after he has lifted us up; to give a new ancestral law which impels us to do right as the old impelled us to do wrong.

Illumination Through Darkness.

"When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." "Shut your eyes in order that you may see?"—Isn't that strange advice to give one? Yet this is what you do when you pray. You draw the curtains of the eyes, and enter into the closet of the soul, and shut to the doors that you may see God. You realize instinctively that you must exclude the world in order to commune with God. The inward eye, in other words, sees most clearly when the outward eye is shut.

The whole secret of the power of self-denial and fasting lies just here. Why does the gardener cut off half the branches of an apple tree, in order to make it more fruitful? Because in this way he can concentrate the vital forces of the tree in fewer branches, and so nourish the bud and fruit of these, as to double their capacity for fruit-bearing. So exactly, you cut off the fleshly senses from indulgence, in order to make the spiritual senses more active and keen. In other words, the same amount of vital force is more powerful when concentrated in one sense, than when divided between two. Therefore it is that a blind man has often so much keener hearing, and so much finer sense of touch, than he who is not so afflicted.

During a heavy London fog a few years since, so heavy that it was impossible for one to see anything a foot beyond his eyes, a merchant got lost in trying to find his way home. Running against another man in the dark, he told him his dilemma, when he replied, "O, come along, I will guide you home; the darkness does not trouble me, for I am blind." It is

A Significant Story.

The loss of one sense had strengthened the others, so that the sense of feeling had now come to fill the place of the sense of sight.

And what says the Scripture concerning the Christian? "For we walk by faith and not by sight." And faith looks "not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen." And the man of faith can lead the man of reason when the latter cannot find his way: "When I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." If you are willing to choose the darkness of faith instead of the illumination of reason, wonderful light will break out upon you from the Word of God.

The deepest things in Scripture can never be discovered by the natural understanding. This is what is meant by that saying, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." The sense of sight, the sense of hearing, the sense of feeling—these cannot grasp the mysteries of God contained in the Bible. "But," it is immediately added, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." And the eye of faith is the organ by which we appropriate what the Spirit reveals. If you have been brought into darkness through trial or chastisement, be assured that God can use it for the clearer illumination of the soul. "Unto the up-

right there ariseth a light in the darkness, says the Psalmist; and we have to add that unto the worldly there ariseth darkness out of the light.

Alas! it must be said, the happy well-to-do people of our time, as a rule, care little for that thing which God holds first and supreme,—the attainment of eternal life. This is why God has so often to hurt us before he can help us. "What is that man doing?" asked a little child in a frightened way as she sat for her photograph. What he was doing was, he was pulling a black cloth over his head, while he was adjusting his camera. And that was what God was doing for you when that black sorrow-cloud came to you. He wants your picture. The great end of his redemption is, that we should be "conformed to the image of his Son." And shame on us, that it is so, I had to hide his face.

Behind the Dark Pall

of some dark providence, before he could impress Christ's image upon our hearts and lives. We find plenty of desperate drunkards pressing forward to be saved in the days, plenty of Magdalenes; but a happy well-bred and well-fed young man or woman reaching forth eager hands for salvation is a rarity indeed. Must Jesus say again to us, "The publicans and harlots go in the kingdom of God before you."

Not only this, but respectable moralists take offence at us when we tell them that if they would enter the kingdom of heaven they must not depend upon their morality as the ground of acceptance with God, but be saved by grace alone. What, O preacher, will you force me into spiritual bankruptcy and compel me to take the poor debtor's oath, and set down all my assets of righteousness as filthy rags, and cry "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I assure you, from my personal knowledge, they will not endure such doctrines from us. "Make the people think well of the selves, if you would have them think well of you," said Chesterfield, the great master of etiquette. My hearers, I would could make you think meanly of yourself this morning, that thereby you may be able to think well of Christ, who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Only those who have struck the deepest note of penitence, can reach the highest note of praise. Only those who have confessed themselves the "chief sinners," have been able to worship Christ as the chief among ten thousand.

Cast Down to Rise.

And mark, what I am saying, is preaching; it is fact. "Except a man be cast down, he will not rise," is the sentence the prophet. "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," says Jesus. This is the doctrine and life answers to it literally. The Old Testament and the New Testament stereotyped plates from which human history is printed than can ever be bound up and catalogued. Listen! An aged man with whom I was a guest, told me into his closed parlor one morning, pointing to a sweet face hanging on the wall, said: "There she is; we lived together fifty years and now she is gone; but I never knew what communion with Christ is, till I lost her." And a brilliant lady of fifty, keen and unscrupulous as a sword, said: "See those empty baby shoes hanging on the wall. Until the feet which once filled them, were taken to walk in Paradise, I never prayed or believed in Jesus Christ; but now he is my all."

"Oh, fools and slow of heart to believe! well may our Lord say to us again. A man that we have to be driven by the last care for those things, which are high and divinely! My friend must you be goaded into heaven? Must you be sore and bleeding by being hurt upon the sharp point of afflictive providence, before you will obey him? God forbid! Let the love of Christ constrain you; he is the love of the Lord shall overtake you.

THE BLINDED TRAVELER.

Writing on the walk of faith (II. Cor. 5: 7), a minister says: Alpine guides on blindfold the traveler who seeks to ascend to those awful heights where dwell eternal frosts and ice. When the danger is felt, the bandage is removed, and the traveler sees for the first time the slippery path along which he has been led. In like manner our Heavenly Father mercifully veils the future with its trials and dangers till we are safely past.

The Christian Herald for 1895.

Attractive Original Features in Store for Our Readers.

DURING the coming year, as heretofore, the Management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will put forth every effort to maintain its high reputation as the brightest and best family paper of our day and generation. Week after week it will put forth its literary and artistic treasures in generous measure, presenting them, as regards paper, type and press-work, in a most attractive and acceptable manner.

Our new and vastly improved mechanical facilities enable us to do full justice to the requirements, even though our circulation should reach, which at the time of this writing seems quite probable, the enormous figure of 300,000 copies weekly.

Dr. Talmage, having just completed his wonderful tour of the world, in the course of which he was most enthusiastically greeted by countless thousands of ardent admirers in Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, the Australias, Ceylon and India, will describe in his own matchless style some of the marvellous scenes he witnessed.

His vigorous editorials, and his best sermons, carefully revised by himself, will be retained as standard features of the paper.

Margaret E. Sangster, whose sweet verses and delightful prose have endeared her to the hearts of the American public, will contribute liberally each week to the edification and entertainment of our readers.

Ira D. Sankey, the sweetest singer in all Israel, whose soul-stirring music has moved multitudes and given a mighty impetus to Christian effort the world over, and whose name is a cherished household word in two continents, will contribute weekly a charming piece of sacred music.

Marion Harland, now returned from her CHRISTIAN HERALD tour through Palestine and Syria, will here and there, in a most interesting manner, describe the strange customs that still obtain among the people of the Holy Land, very much as they did in the time of our Saviour's ministry on earth. Every article

called the "prince of preachers," will be represented in our columns at regular intervals.

Mrs. M. J. Mallary, the gifted and popular Southern authoress whose books are known and read throughout the length and breadth of our land, has written for our exclusive use an unusually bright serial story, entitled:

utterances and writings command universal respect.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week devotes a whole page, with portraits and illustrations, to events connected with **Young People's Societies**. Every King's Daughter, and every member of a Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, Young People's Baptist Union, or Young Men's Christian Association should read it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives every week full information on **Secular Topics** of interest at home and abroad, which are occupying public attention, and its readers are made thoroughly acquainted with the religious, social and political significance of current important telegraphic and cable news.

In addition to this array of brilliant features, our unique exposition of the **International Sunday School Lessons**, interesting stories of **Missionary** life at home and abroad, numberless choice **Anecdotes**, delightful **Poetry**, entertaining extracts from the newest books; a **Mail-Bag** which answers thousands of inquiries annually, and hundreds of exceptionally fine original **Illustrations**, will contribute to prepare a feast which, for variety, quality and attractiveness, cannot be excelled.

Thus, every week, fifty-two times a year, does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD set a table so bountiful and appetizing, that all who will may eat and be nourished. Come and join us. There is a chair at the table for you.

A Request From Dr. Talmage.

May I ask you to have the kindness to show these Premium Offers to your friends, especially those who meet with you in Church and Sunday School. Many of them have been unintentionally overlooked in the distribution of these copies, and you can help me, in a measure at least, to make good this oversight.

T. De Witt Talmage



THE CHRISTIAN HERALD EDITORIAL STAFF.

will be fully illustrated with photographs taken by Marion Harland on the spot.

Dr. Joseph Cook, the great author and lecturer, whose name and fame have spread from sea to sea and from shore to shore, will undertake to handle, in a popular style, some of the burning questions of the day.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, the silver-tongued orator of the Baptist Church, and justly

"A New-Fashioned Woman," which every mother and daughter in America should read.

Dr. R. S. MacArthur, the eloquent pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, whose contributions to our columns during the past two years have excited marked interest, will continue his articles as heretofore.

So likewise will Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, Ga., whose

"THE PATHWAY OF LIFE,"

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

This famous volume needs no endorsement, and its world-renowned author needs no introduction. Homes and hearts are everywhere open to both, and a welcome everywhere awaits them. This great book, which contains D



QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for your kindness in presenting Her Majesty with a copy of your book, "The Pathway of Life," which she is reading with great pleasure. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

HENRY F. PONSONBY,
Her Majesty's Private Secretary.

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison.

I have received with very great pleasure the copy of your book, "The Pathway of Life," which you were kind enough to send me. I have looked at it sufficiently to admire its letter-press and illustrations, and am willing to commend it on my faith in the author.

Benjamin Harrison

Major-General O. O. Howard.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

A most beautiful book, "The Pathway of Life," from the pen of Dr. Talmage, is received. His own last words in the introduction are choice words. The pictures are well chosen, and I am enjoying a retrospect in them without the labor and expense of traveling. It is, indeed, a grand book.

O. O. Howard

Miss Frances E. Willard.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, EVANSTON, ILL.

This new book is like a panorama of art and an epicurean feast of eloquence, both successfully provided as the Overture of the Oratorio of the Messiah. The incitement to a holy, happy life was never made more pleasant to the eye or heart. Choice pictures by the score from the best masters, set to music of a tropic gorgeousness of Dr. Talmage's diction, all dedicated to Christ and his Gospel, make a household book of unequalled value and charm. May an army of young soldiers of the cross be enlisted by the wonderful recruiting officer who pleads as no other can in the pulpit, where he preaches as no other man dares.

Frances Willard
(Pres. World's and Nat'l W.C.T.U.)

Ira D. Sankey, the Famous Singing Evangelist.

"The Pathway of Life," by Dr. Talmage, is one of the most remarkable, as well as readable books of the present day, and we believe is destined to carry joy and blessing to tens of thousands of homes and hearts in this country.

Ira D. Sankey

Hon. Neal Dow.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

I find words hardly sufficient to express the pleasure with which I read "The Pathway of Life," by Rev. Dr. Talmage. It abounds in entertainment and instruction on every page. The grandest subjects are treated with a spirit and vigor which render them attractive, even to the casual reader. I know of no other writer, of any day, whose way of putting things attracts and captivates so much as that of the author of this superb book. It has in it topics closely related to almost all phases of life; the present and the future treated admirably in the forcible style of Dr. Talmage, so well-known to the English-speaking world. The book abounds in illustrations, all of them grand, and many of them specimens of high art, adding greatly to the interest and value of the work. I know of no book printed in our day more worthy of a place in every library and upon the centre table in every drawing-room.

Neal Dow



GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

U. S. Senator John Sherman.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am taking great pleasure in reading and examining with care your wonderful book, "The Pathway of Life." It is a choice contribution to the household library. I only wonder that you find time in your pressing clerical duties for such a task; but you are, perhaps, only another example of what a good reaper can do when the harvest is ripe. Your name is already a household word in millions of families in the United States; and now I trust that your book may be so widely circulated that you may be as well known as a writer as you are as a preacher.

John Sherman

Bishop John F. Hurst.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have received a copy of your wonderful new book, "The Pathway of Life." I do not think when I took it up for the first time that I had time to examine it, but I was mistaken. The variety of topics, the vivid and strong treatment, and the abundant striking illustrations chained me to its pages. I congratulate you upon this magnificent piece of work. It will go into all parts of the country, and will be gathering sheaves into the good garner of our Lord long after you have ceased to be in the harvest field. Yours

John F. Hurst

U. S. Senator Henry W. Blair.

I have read "The Pathway of Life." It is as nearly perfect as books are made in this world. In matter, illustrations and outward presentment—all perfect, nothing to desire. It is Dr. Talmage at his best in every line. That's enough. The book will live as long as "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." It will go down with family treasures to children and grandchildren. The author has paid his full debt to humanity by producing this one master book. The charm of style and variety of thought and all matter, make this book a very Central Park in literature. Every home should have it and everybody should read and re-read it.

Henry W. Blair

Bishop J. C. Granbery.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

"The Pathway of Life" lies before me, splendidly bound, profusely and beautifully illustrated with engravings and colored plates, an ornament for the centre table, an attraction for the eye, and an appetizing and wholesome feast for the mind. Dr. Talmage is the writer, fresh, startling, stimulating in style, commending good lessons, the flavor of humor, fancy and pathos. Grandma will love this book and grandchild too; both will love it for its counsel, stories, imagery and pictures. Fill your home with good books.

J. C. Granbery

Hon. John G. Carlisle.

I find "The Pathway of Life" a most entertaining and instructive work, and I take pleasure in commending it.

J. G. Carlisle

Bishop John H. Vincent.

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I have received your appeal to the multitude in "The Pathway of Life," that grand book for the home, and a blessed guest at the fireside. It is bound to find its way into thousands upon thousands of our American homes. I wish it success.

John H. Vincent



BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

"The Pathway of Life," written in Dr. Talmage's matchless style, and beautifully illustrated by over 200 engravings, set in large type, printed on fine paper, and bound in rich cloth, ornamented with emblematic decoration, has never before been offered to the public at anything less than \$3.75 a volume. It is printed from new type and new electro plates, and makes a book of 544 large pages, weighing about three pounds. There are few books that will afford the different members of the household more delight and more instruction than "The Pathway of Life." Every volume is carefully wrapped and safely packed to protect it from even the slightest injury, and it is sent, whether by mail or express, to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico, all charges pre-paid. See page 788 for Premium Instructions.

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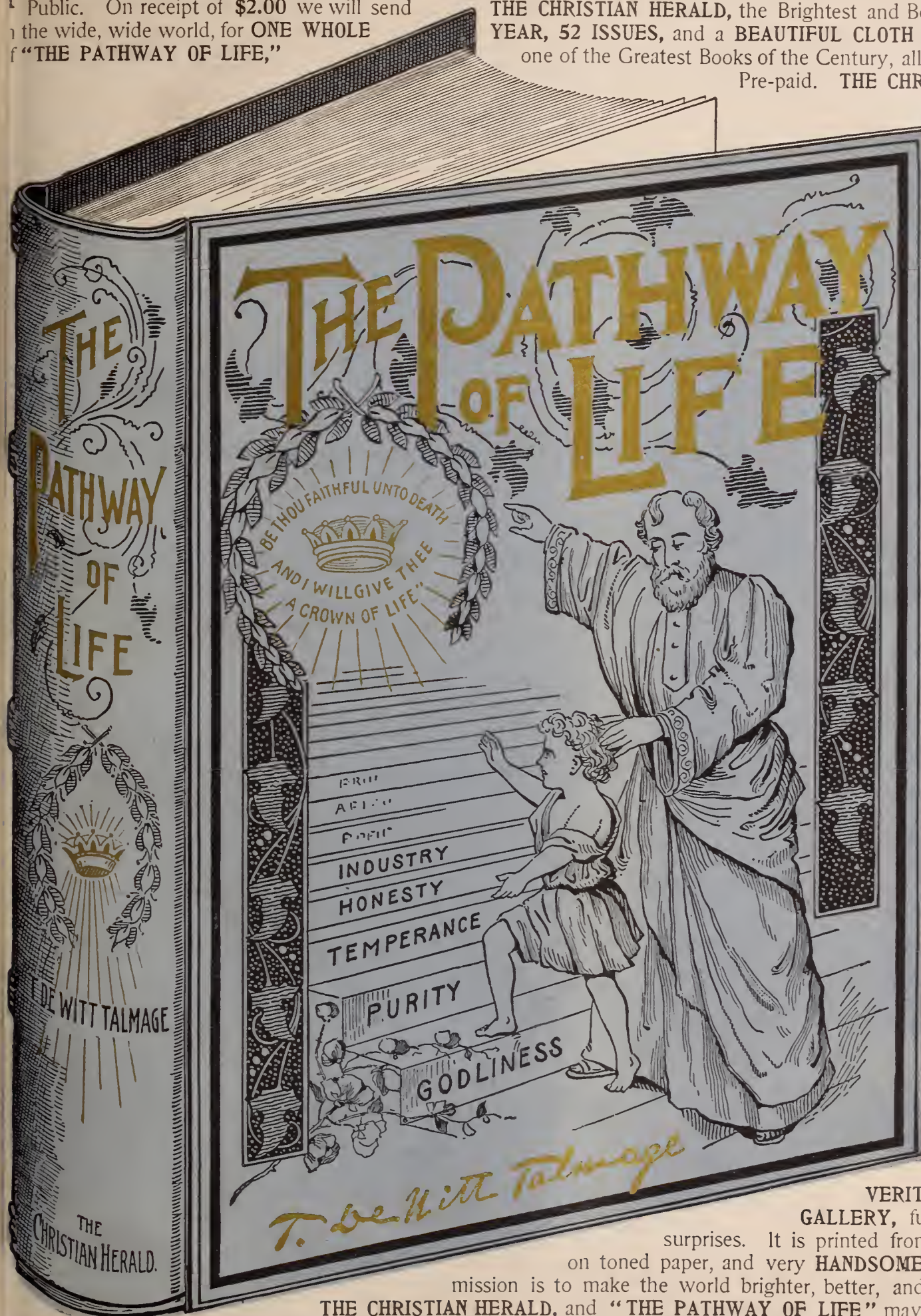
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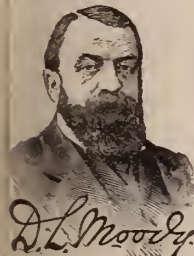
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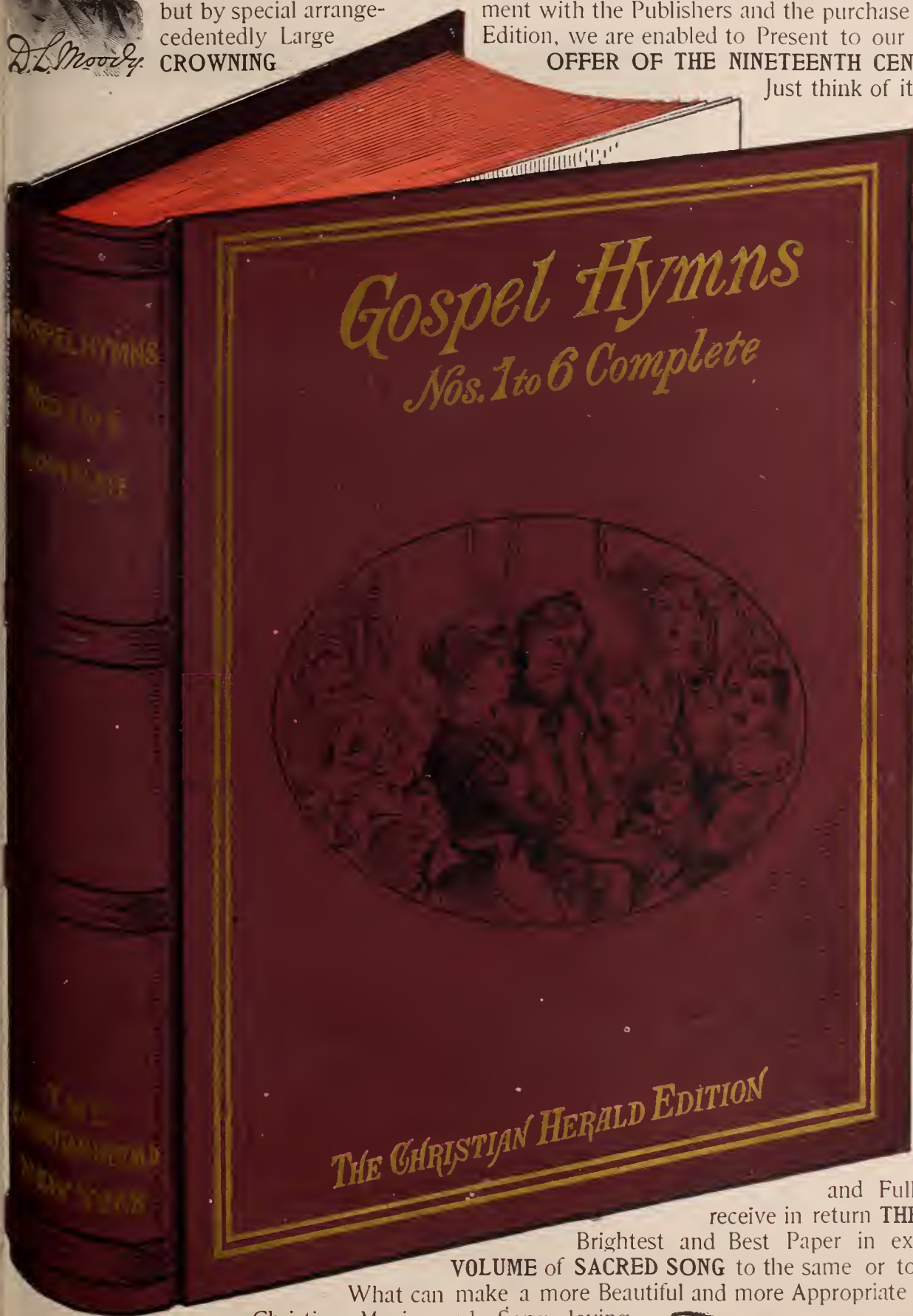
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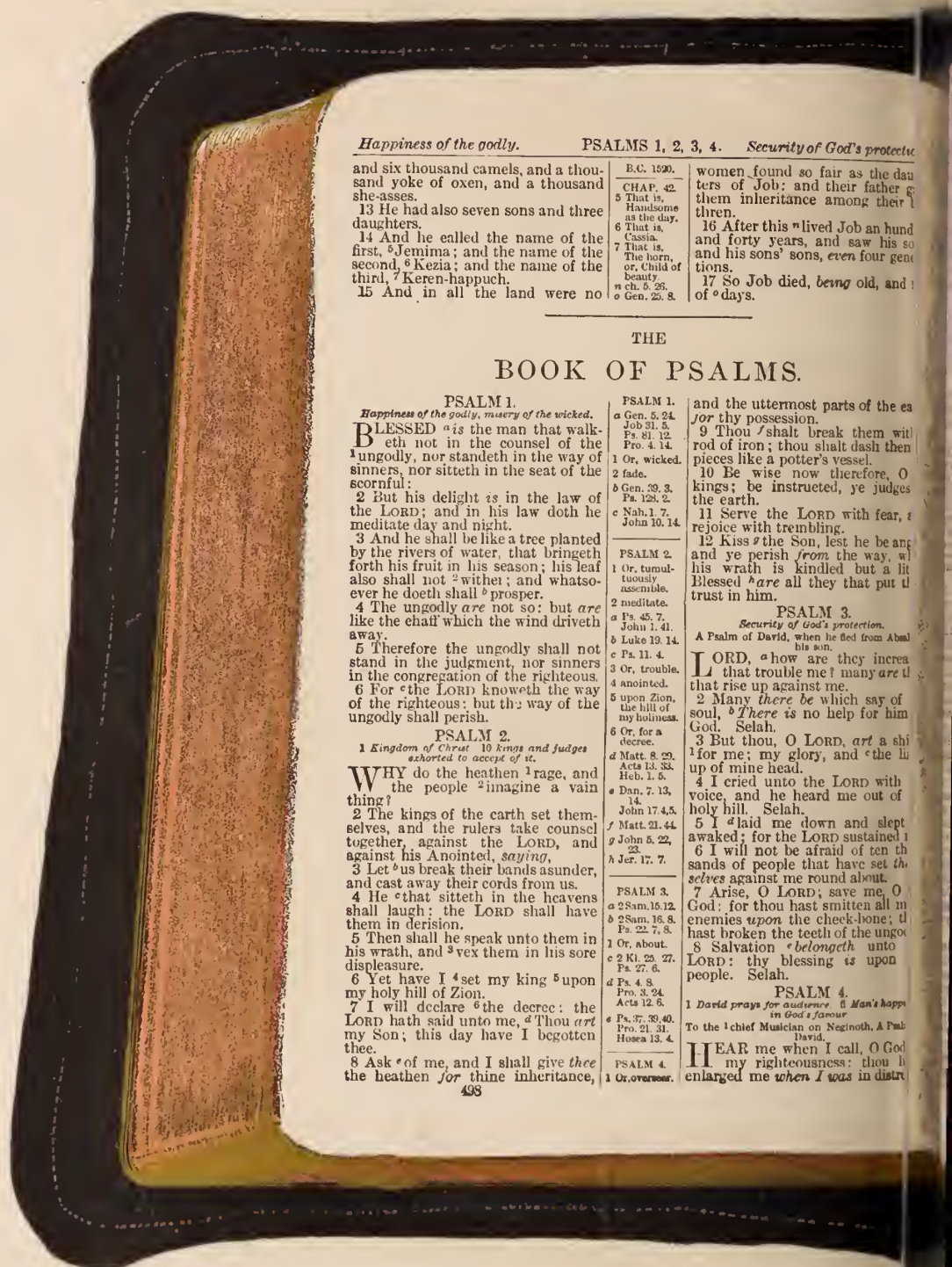
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Happiness of the godly.

PSALMS 1, 2, 3, 4. Security of God's protection.

and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses.
 13 He had also seven sons and three daughters.
 14 And he called the name of the first, ^aJemima; and the name of the second, ^bKezia; and the name of the third, ^cKeren-happuch.
 15 And in all the land were no

E.C. 1890.
 CHAP. 42.
 5 That is, Handsome as the day.
 6 That is, Cassia.
 7 That is, The horn, or, Child of beauty.
 8 ch. 5. 25.
 9 Gen. 25. 28.

women found so fair as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.
 16 After this ^alived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations.
 17 So Job died, being old, and of ^adays.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

Happiness of the godly, misery of the wicked.

BLESSED ^ais the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful:

2 But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 2.

1 Kingdom of Christ. 10 kings and judges exhorted to accept of it.

WHY do the heathen ^arage, and the people ^bimagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He ^athat sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the LORD shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I ^aset my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, ^aThou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,

PSALM 1.

a Gen. 5. 24.

b Job 31. 3.

c Ps. 81. 12.

d Pro. 4. 14.

e 1 Or, wicked.

f 2 fade.

g Gen. 39. 3.

h Ps. 128. 2.

i Nah. 1. 7.

j John 10. 14.

k Luke 19. 14.

l Ps. 11. 4.

m 3 Or, trouble.

n 4 anointed.

o upon Zion, the hill of my holiness.

p 6 Or, for a decree.

q Matt. 8. 29.

r Acts 13. 33.

s Heb. 1. 5.

t Dan. 7. 13.

u John 17. 4, 5.

v Matt. 21. 44.

w John 5. 22.

x Jer. 17. 7.

y Ps. 16. 12.

z 2 Sam. 16. 8.

aa Ps. 22. 7, 8.

ab 1 Or, about.

ac 2 Ki. 23. 27.

ad Ps. 27. 6.

ae Ps. 4. 8.

af Pro. 3. 24.

ag Acts 12. 6.

ah Ps. 37. 39, 40.

ai Pro. 21. 31.

aj Hosea 13. 4.

ak Ps. 4.

al 1 Or, overmeat.

and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 3.

Security of God's protection.

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Achish his son.

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me? many are they that rise up against me.

2 Many there be which say of soul, ^aThere is no help for him from God. Selah.

3 But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lift up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the LORD with voice, and he heard me out of holy hill. Selah.

5 I laid me down and slept awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about.

7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

8 Salvation ^abelongeth unto the LORD: thy blessing is upon people. Selah.

PSALM 4.

1 David prays for audience. 2 Man's happiness in God's favour.

To the chief Musician on Neginoth, A Psalm of David.

HEAR me when I call, O God: my righteousnessness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress.

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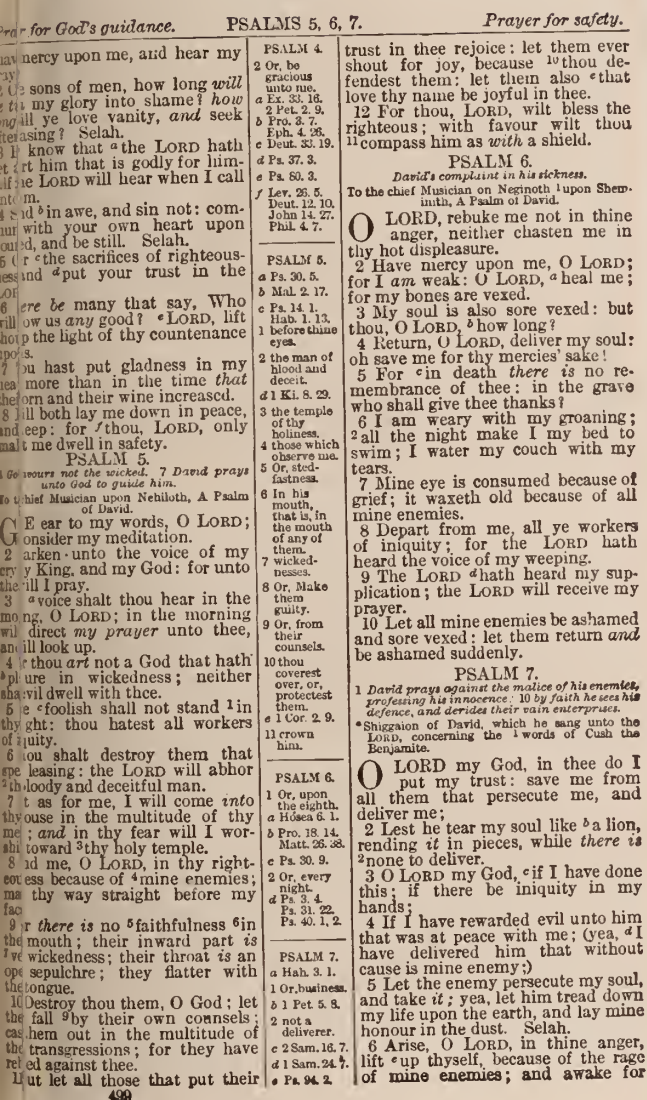
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EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW AND WHERE HE WROTE "From Manger to Throne."

"IN my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's back, on horseback, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams and the angels of the ladder landed, at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath, in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted, on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles, amid the shattered masonry of Jericho, in Jerusalem that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence, at Cana where plain water became festal beverage, on Calvary whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue, and with my hand mittened from the storm, or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written."

* * * Not a word of Latin or Greek in all the book, unless it be translated. We tell the story in Anglo-Saxon, the language in which John Bunyan dreamed and William Shakespeare dramatized, and Longfellow romanced, and John Milton sang, and George Whitefield thundered. * *

* * * Blessed to me was the hour when my mother taught me how to frame the first sentence out of it, and my last word on earth shall be a draught upon its inexhaustible treasury."

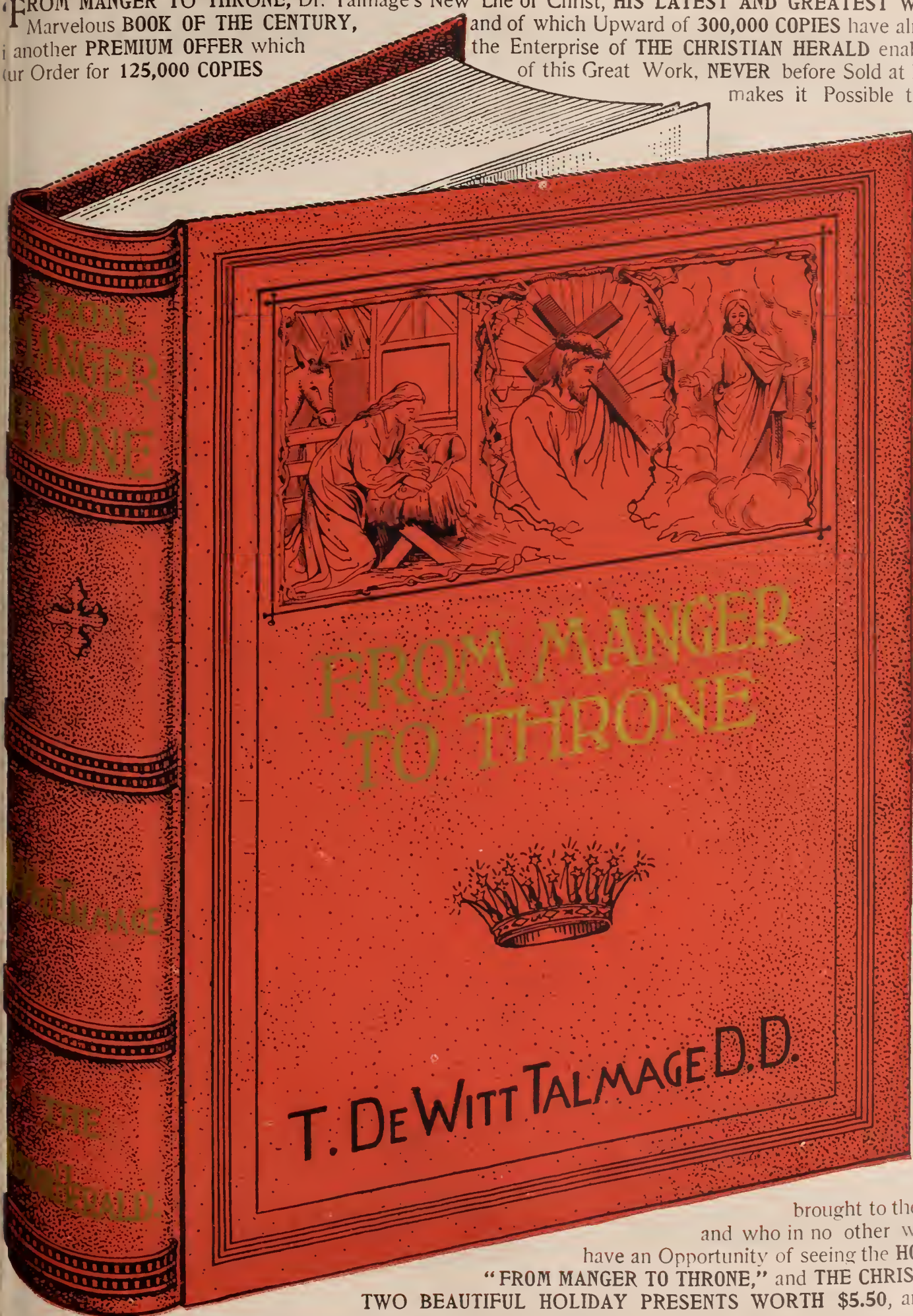
T. De Witt Talmage

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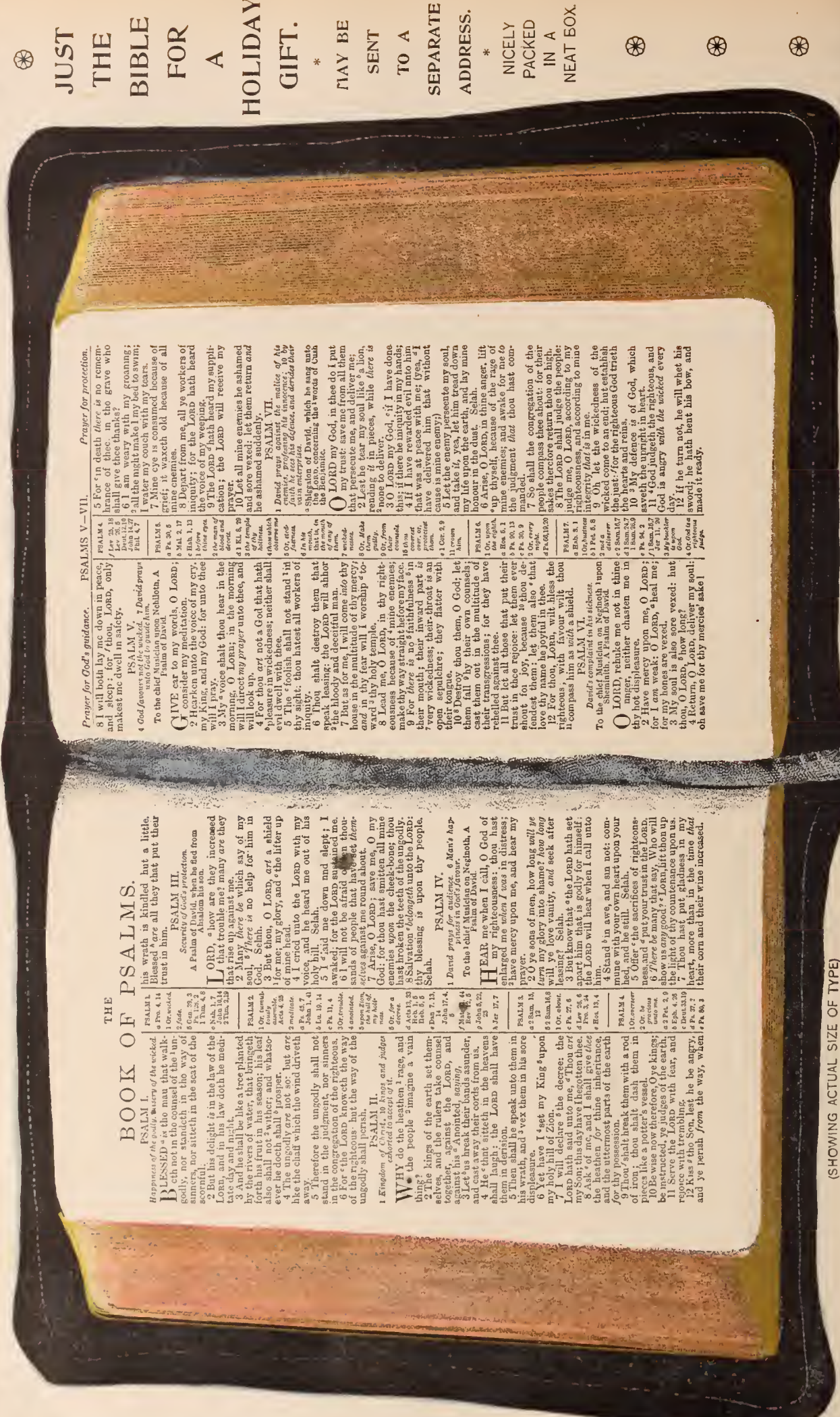
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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

UNCLE JOHN had five friends. Christmas was coming on at a great rate, and these five dear friends must be remembered. Now, Uncle John had only \$5—one ragged, weather-beaten, crumpled \$5 bill. Uncle John was in a quandary. How can a \$5 bill be so expended as to gladden five hearts? One day Uncle John saw an advertisement of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the only

1. Uncle John in a Quandary.



4. The Gospel Hymns a Gladsome Surprise.



7. The Christian Herald Interests Them All.

paper in the world edited by Dr. Talmage, according to which he could get

(1), a year's subscription to that brightest and best of illustrated weeklies; (2), a Ruby type, leather-bound, Divinity circuit, red under gold edged Teachers' Bible, with Concordance and Maps; (3), a copy of Dr. Talmage's "From Manger to Throne" richly bound in cloth and gilt, (a beautiful volume of 544 pages, with over 200 pictures); (4), Gospel Hymns Complete, containing all the 739 Moody and Sankey Hymns in Gospel

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3. Post-haste He Sends the Order



5. The Pathway of Life Brings Joy.

livered to a separate address, if desired, with all charges prepaid, and money refunded if not satisfied. Here was Uncle John's golden opportunity, and he was not slow in embracing it. That old \$5 was sent post-haste, with full instructions to Dr. Talmage, 444 to 455 Bible House, New York, and

within a very few days thereafter, all these goods were off in different directions, each one destined to gladden the heart of its recipient. And old Uncle John was just as happy as happy can be. Moral: GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.



2. He Reads The Christian Herald Advertisement.



6. A Heart Gladdened by From Manger to Throne.



8. The International Bible Joyfully Received.

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3. Remember that we send all Premiums neatly packed, and all charges prepaid in every instance.
4. When subscribing for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with or without Premium, to be sent to any other country than the United States, Canada and Mexico, you must, invariably add \$1 for extra postage.
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8. For combinations involving more than one Premium with any one subscription, see preceding page.
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ANSWERED PRAYER.

able Recent Instances of it at the
Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

MR. CHARLES F. CUTTER, who conducts the Fulton Street Daily Prayer Meeting, relates, the following facts, which will encourage Christian people to go to God in their troubles: For some years lately there has been in attendance at the Fulton Street Noonday Prayer Meeting a gentleman whose home and business are in the West Indies. He is now crossing the ocean on his way to visit his early home and associations. His story to me here at Fulton Street is something like this: "Mistake, as the world calls it, brought me a financial misfortune, that's the sort the world seems to feel the keenest. Last year I started from the West Indies for England, leaving my business in satisfactory shape; but I was hardly away from me before altogether unexpected complications arose, and I had to return. These complications were of such a nature as to threaten financial ruin, and I saw no relief, except as a man of prayer, believing that the Bible and Divine Providence were well suited to all human extremities. I sought comfort in prayer and in the word of God. But for some days no relief came, and no escape offered itself from impending ruin.

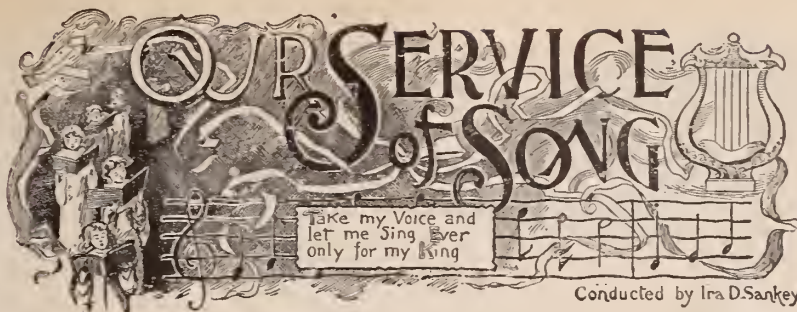
"A note for £500 would be due on the day that it would have best suited me to sail, could I have carried out my plan for a visit to England. As with you here in New York, banking hours close at three. I vainly sought God in prayer. The steamer that should have left our port was delayed day after day. At half past two, one-half hour before the close of banking hours, a customer called and paid an account which I had no expectation whatever would be paid soon, and which amounted to \$2,500, enough to meet my £500 note and buy my passage also.

"I am here," he added, "to express my attitude to God for having first been rendered to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, and to ask especially that you pray that I may have the power of speech given me to testify openly of these things, and to all God's infinite goodness to me, to my soul, and to my business."

Another marked illustration comes from the Pacific Coast in these words: "I wrote to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting last April, requesting prayer for our Undenominational Chinese Mission, and also that we might receive financial assistance to furnish a home for the Christian Chinese of our school. I write now to the praise and glory of God that he has heard and answered prayer and granted the requests.

"In May we secured a floor over the Mission, consisting of twelve rooms, and in some of the rooms were furnished sufficiently for occupancy. Now nearly all are comfortably furnished, and we have the services of a minister and his wife, who take charge of the home and assist in the mission. Truly, God has been very good to us. We are saying with the psalmist, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to see how leaders in church life and work co-operate in the exercises of Fulton Street Noonday Prayer Meeting. For the month of November the following leaders have already been secured, with dates set when they will be present and preside: Major-General O. O. Howard [1st], Rev. Frank Rogers Morse [2d], Rev. Peter Fryker, D.D., [8th], Mr. A. Burr Chalmers [9th], Mr. John Stewart [16th], Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, D.D., [10th], Mr. J. J. Meserole, Brooklyn City Missions, and Rev. Robert F. Sample, of Westminster Presbyterian Church, [20th]; Rev. S. MacArthur, D.D., Calvary Baptist Church, [30th], and others. This is one of the most important progressive steps lately taken at Fulton Street, and we hope, with the above recent testimonials to answered prayer, will not only interest readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, but incline leaders of church life and work to frequent the meeting and add their prayers and testimonies, or send their written request that his blessed centre of Divine power may be increased to a degree commensurate with the advance of Christ's kingdom throughout the world, and with the dignity and power of the Christian church in our own great city, which in so many things is a sample to the world.



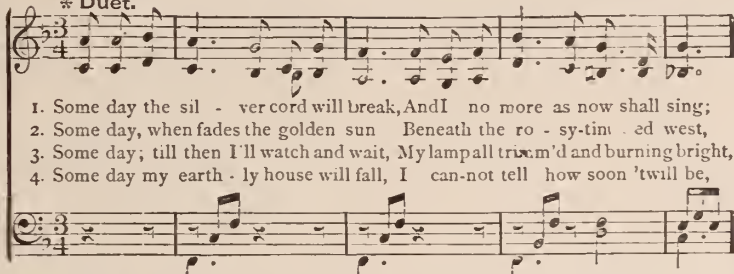
Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

Saved by Grace.

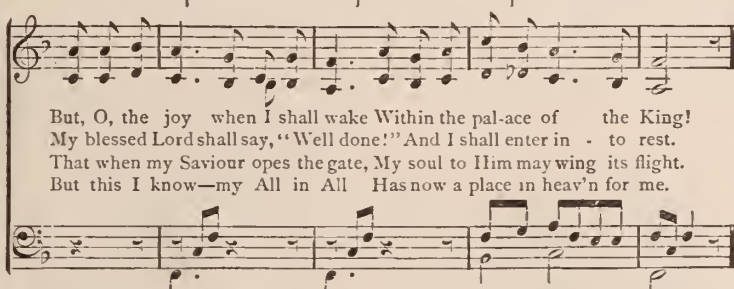
F. J. CROSBY.

* Duet.

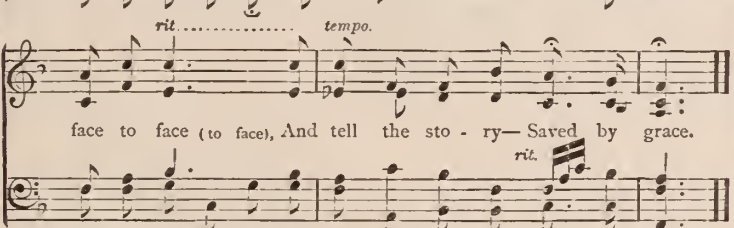
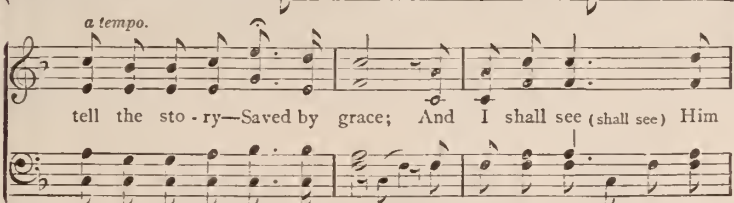
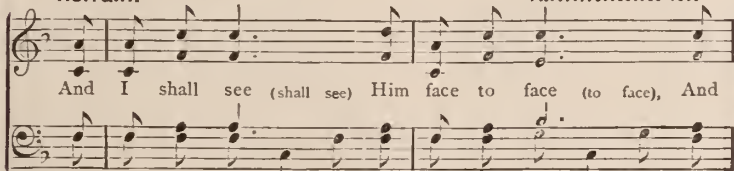
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tim - ed west,
3. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
4. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,



Refrain.



* If Refrain is sung as Duet, Alto sing first three lines of Tenor an Octave higher.
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From "CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS," by permission of the Publishers.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"God's hand in all things and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;—
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;

Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.
—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE NEW SONG.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay,
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away.

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies!
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies!
—HORATIUS BONAR.

OUR COMING LORD.

His Return Promised—To be Personal
and Pre-Millennial—How He will Come.
BY D. L. MOODY.

I DON'T want to teach anything dogmatically, on my own authority; but to my mind this precious doctrine—for such I must call it—of the return of the Lord to this earth is taught in the New Testament as clearly as any other doctrine in it; yet I was in the church fifteen or sixteen years before I ever heard a sermon on it. There is hardly any church that doesn't make a great deal of baptism, but in all of Paul's epistles, I believe baptism is only spoken of thirteen times, while it speaks about the return of our Lord fifty times; and yet the church has had very little to say about it. There are three great facts foretold in the Word of God. First, that Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. Second, that the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of his saving grace. Third, the return of our Lord again from heaven—for this we are told to watch and wait "till he come." Look at that account of the last hours of Christ with his disciples. What does Christ say to them? If I go away I will send death after you to bring you to me? I will send an angel after you? Not at all. He says: "I will come again and receive you unto myself." If my wife were in a foreign country, and I had a beautiful mansion all ready for her, she would a great deal rather I should come and bring her to it than to have me send some one else to bring her. So the Church is the Lamb's wife. He has prepared a mansion for his bride, and he promises for our joy and comfort he will come himself and bring us to the place he has been all this while preparing.

It is perfectly safe to take the Word of God just as we find it. If he tells us to watch, then watch! If he tells us to pray, then pray! If he tells us he will come again, wait for him! Let the Church bow to the Word of God, rather than try to find out how these things can be. "Behold, I come quickly," said Christ. "Even so come, Lord Jesus," should be the prayer of the Church.

Some people say, "I believe Christ will come on the other side of the millennium." Where do you get it? I can't find it. The Word of God nowhere tells me to watch and wait for the coming of the millennium, but for the coming of the Lord.

But how is he going to come? We are told how he is going to come. When those disciples stood looking up into heaven at the time of his ascension, there appeared two angels, who said unto them (Acts 1:11): "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven." How did he go up? He took his flesh and bones up with him. "Look at me; handle me; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have." I am the identical one whom they crucified and laid in the grave. Now I am risen from the dead and am going up to heaven. He is gone, say the angels, but he will come again just as he went.

Some people think that at the coming of Christ everything is to be all done up in a few minutes; but I do not so understand it. The first thing he is to do is to take his Church out of the world. He calls the Church his bride, and he says he is going to prepare a place for her. We may judge, says one, what a glorious place it will be from the length of time he is in preparing it, and when the place is ready he will come and take the Church to himself.

A brief interval of time ensues between this meeting of all his saints in the air and his coming with all his saints to execute judgment upon the ungodly, to chain Satan in the bottomless pit for the thousand years, and to establish the millennial reign.

"Behold, I come quickly," said Christ to John, and the last prayer in the Bible is, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Were the early Christians disappointed, then? No; no man is disappointed who obeys the voice of God. The world waited for the first coming of the Lord, waited for 4,000 years, and then he came. He was here only thirty-three years, and then he went away. But he left us a promise that he would come again; and, as the world watched and waited for his first coming and did not watch in vain, so now, to them who wait for his appearance, shall he appear a second time unto salvation.



THE REJECTERS OF CHRIST.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning Dec. 16. Mark 15: 6-11; Heb. 6: 4-6.

MARVELOUS is it that Christ should be rejected by any; but that he is rejected by a large number we know by the commonest observation. Among those who reject him four types of character are prominent. There is the man who does not understand, or misunderstands his mission. By association with wicked people, or by hasty inferences from the discourse of some injudicious preacher, or by assuming that the inconsistent life of some professing Christians represents the effect of Christ's work, he is repelled and rejects Christ. He prefers to lead a good moral life and take his chance of the future. This is the most hopeful of all the characters opposed to Christ because there is always the possibility of his learning the true nature of Christ and his mission and of correcting his mistaken attitude. A second type is the man who does understand and yet rejects. He loves his sinful life, he loves pleasure, has strong sensual proclivities and delights in their indulgence, and he sees no beauty in the clean, virtuous, self-denying life which Christ requires in his followers. A third type is the weak, compromising, postponing man. He knows and understands the grandeur and beauty of the Christian life, probably means to accept Christ at some future time, when he has made his fortune, or has enjoyed the pleasures of the world to the full; but generally dies as he has lived, not so much rejecting Christ as neglecting to accept him, which has the same result. The fourth type is the man who has professed to follow Christ, has enrolled himself among his people, has just tasted, but has not drunk deep of the fountain of life which Christ opens to believers, and has grown weary of it, or been drawn away by strong temptation around him and has deserted the Lord. There are other types of character to be found among the rejecters; but under some one of these four categories the great mass of those outside the pale of Christ's true church may be found. The real ground of rejection in nine cases out of ten is the high standard of life which Christ set up. The forgiveness of sins, which he grants, is welcome to all; but to that he adds: "Go, and sin no more." He came to save his people from their sins. When a man loves sin, he does not wish to be saved from it; or, wishing it, shrinks from the pain involved by the process. So, in one way or another, according to a man's character, he rejects Christ, and misses the boon of eternal life.

THE B. Y. P. U. IN NEW YORK.

An effort has been made to perfect the organization of Baptist Young People's Unions in New York. Dr. MacArthur, who is well-known to our readers through the eloquent sermons by him which appear from time to time in this journal, is taking a warm interest in the movement. A meeting was held recently in his church in West Fifty-seventh street, to discuss plans of organization. Mr. Frank Harvey Field, who represents the B. Y. P. U. A. in the New York District, attended to advise and assist in the movement. It was decided to unite the various societies in connection with the Southern New York Association. Mr. George E. Crosby of the First Baptist Church was elected President and the following three Vice-Presidents were elected: Mr. George N. Bayne of Calvary Church; Mr. C. H. Naake of the Riverside

Church and Rev. A. W. H. Hodder of the Sixteenth Street Church. Mr. W. I. C. Carpenter of Yonkers was appointed Secretary. It is expected that the Union will formally affiliate with the B. Y. P. U. A., and that an orphanage and other institutions may be the outcome of the movement.

"THE GOSPEL COACH."

How a Band of Young People became Evangelists of Christian Helpfulness.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE big house stood on top of a hill in the most beautiful country on earth. Away off to the left were rolling fields and orchards which wooed the bees all summer, and bided their time to blossom all winter, and the fields and orchards standing around substantial homes stretched on and on, until they reached the mountains. Down on the right was a little village where many small



"THE GOSPEL COACH" ARRIVES AT THE CHURCH.

houses clustered around a factory, and here were three churches, each with its white spire pointing heavenward.

It was after breakfast one Sunday morning in the big house, and the carriage ordered to take the family to church.

Elizabeth and Katharine, the two older girls, were in consultation. Presently they called their brothers Tom and Richard to join their talk. The outcome was an appeal to their parents.

"Mother," said Elizabeth, coaxingly, "I have a plan to propose: Why not take the three-seated wagon, and let us children walk, you and father driving to church?"

"The three-seated wagon for two people! What are you thinking of, child?" said the mother, very naturally surprised.

"And pray," interposed the father, "why should you children take a long walk when we have horses and carriage room?"

"This is what we were thinking of," said Elizabeth, slipping her little hand into her father's big one. "Kathie and I have been visiting this week among our neighbors in the village. There are a half-dozen dear old ladies and invalids who can never go to church simply because they cannot walk there. Mrs. Montgomery, poor blind body, has not been to church in four years. Miss Molly Peters cannot get so far as the nearest church on her crutches; old Lucy Samuels says she is hungering for a sermon, but she never expects to hear one again, now that she is so feeble. We thought how nice it would be to give the dear souls a surprise, and take them with us this morning. A drive would be a treat, and would make it easy all round."

There was some questioning whether the old ladies could be ready on such short notice, but Mrs. Renwick decided to try it, and so the family party divided, the boys and girls, a merry set of young people, starting off for the long walk, and rather and mother driving.

Their first stop was at Mrs. Montgomery's. The poor lady was sitting by the window. On her countenance the peculiarly pathetic expression of patience one frequently sees on the faces of the blind. She heard the carriage stop.

Mrs. Renwick called to the little grandchild of the cottage. "Susie, run and get grandma's cloak and hat; I have come to take her to church. There is no time to spare! Hurry, dear!"

A very few moments later and a happy old lady was helped tenderly into the seat and covered up with robes and rugs. "Twill be like having a peep into the many mansions, honey," she said as she settled herself upon the cushions. "To think that you remembered me!"

Ah! friends, we all love to be remembered! The crippled Miss Peters was next on the list, and she was disposed to make excuses, but Mrs. Renwick herself jumped from the wagon as agile as a girl, helped Miss Molly smooth her hair and exchange her brown calico for her best merino, and then with brave, cheery words she encouraged her to

strong cream-colored horses, which stopped at door after door and picked up its cheery and thankful Sunday load. Some of the passengers were blind, some lame, some only very tired and discouraged, but a wore the little air of pleasure and importance which belongs to those who are not left out when the good times are going by.

Somehow the ministers in the three churches all preached better after the Gospel Coach began its rounds. For the Renwicks did not insist on taking people to a church in particular; they dropped the passengers just where the passengers preferred. It was a real inspiration to God's servant in the pulpit to catch a glimpse of those fervent, sweet and reverent old faces in the pews, faces which bore out an expression I used to hear in my youth, that they belonged to "godly women."

The Gospel Coach was the golden chariot of a great revival that began soon after the poor and the lame were specially brought to the sanctuary. It swept in to the Lord altar a great multitude, and in every village home there was rejoicing, and great praise and gladness in the big house on the hill where a whole family joined hands as followers of the Master.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

There are now in Great Britain 17 branches of the Young People Society of Christian Endeavor.

An Excellent Suggestion for Baptist Young People's Unions came from Canada. The President of the Hamilton, Ont., Union prepared for each meeting of the Sacred Literature Course a few questions on the subject of the day, which a printed and supplied to the members, who write their answers and hand them in at the meeting.

A most enthusiastic Christian Endeavor Convention was in progress in Melbourne, Australia, when the last mail left. All the Societies in Victoria were represented. At the Consecration meeting which closed the Convention, the Town Hall was crowded and more than six hundred persons were holding an overflow meeting in an adjacent Congregational Church.

The Junior Epworth League in India is extremely popular. Rev. J. E. Scott writes that he recently attended the session of one of the Juniors. He found a company of bright young people sitting on mats on the ground, under the branches of a wide spreading "neem" tree. They were regularly organized with Leader, Secretary, Treasurer, etc., and were conducting their meeting in good order.

An Epworth League in northern New York, looking around for a pleasant and profitable way of occupying a social, divided the company into two parts. A number of Bible quotations were given on both sides were invited to locate them in chapter and verse. Correct answers made by either side were credited to it and at the close of the evening the record was added up. The friendly contest was enjoyed, and was found useful.

A circle of Kings' Daughters in Toronto has provided a tree bed in Grace Hospital and borrowed the furniture for the room. The members were anxious to have furniture of their own, and although they were all very busy girls, gave an evening week to music rehearsals until they were prepared to give a concert. The concert was held in a room freely lent for the purpose and more than sufficient funds were realized to comfortably furnish the Kings' Daughters' room in the Hospital.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Glasgow, Scotland, has just dedicated its new home. It cost \$24,000 and has been opened free from debt. Lord Overton, in his dedicatory address, said that few people knew how many girls there were in that city district of mills and factories. He had made inquiries and found that there were no less than fourteen thousand and young women between the ages of sixteen and thirty, and this was the class that the Y. W. C. A. was organized to benefit.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

Summary of the Preceding Chapters.

Two charming girl cousins are introduced to the reader at the opening of the story. One of them is Annie St. Clair, the idolized daughter of Col. Royal St. Clair, in whose magnificent home, surrounded with every luxury that money can buy, she is living with her parents and her brother Roy. She has finished her education, has traveled through Europe and has seen much of fashionable life. Visiting her, is her cousin, Valeria Vernon, the daughter of the Colonel's only sister. The two girls are sharply in contrast, in character and circumstances, for Valeria is a quiet, pious, unsophisticated country girl, who has never been in fashionable society. Her mother, who is a widow, has brought her up with a strict regard to economy so she is astonished, and a little embarrassed, by the luxury of her uncle's home. Annie welcomes her cordially and, in order to introduce her to a social circle superior to any she has yet seen, gives a garden party in her honor. There, Valeria meets Dr. Gordon, a physician high in the favor of the aristocratic families, who, admiring her fresh and unspoiled nature, solemnly warns her against fashionable life, as an empty, rapid and disappointing existence. Valeria repeats his remarks to Annie who ridicules Dr. Gordon and his sombre notions and describes her own idea of what constitutes a happy life. Valeria objects that a life spent in idle self-indulgence cannot be a useful life and is therefore a wasted life. Before her return to her country home, where she subsequently marries James Carlisle a God-fearing business man, Valeria fears that Annie is engaged to a young man whom Valeria has noticed indulging somewhat freely in wine, and she warns her cousin of the danger of becoming a drunkard's wife. Annie, however, laughs at her fears and afterwards marries him. The wedding festivities end tragically, for Col. St. Clair is seized with sudden illness and dies among the wedding guests. Annie's husband becomes more and more addicted to liquor, as the years pass; he loses her fortune at the gambling table, in lavish generosity and in imprudent investments, and at last dies in one of his drunken fits. She is left a penniless widow, with one child, who is her sole consolation. But he, too, dies, and Annie falls ill with nervous prostration. Her brother Roy, who shared their father's wealth with her, would gladly support her in the former luxurious style of living, but Annie is anxious to support herself and Roy yields when her physician assures him that some occupation is necessary to her restoration to mental and physical health. She then accepts a position as music and art teacher in a girls' college. The girls become very fond of her and call her "Miss Annie" although they know that her proper name is Mrs. Deveraux. One of the teachers conducts a prayer-meeting in the college which Annie does not attend. A pupil, who does go, in conversation with her refers to the simile of the camel and the needle's eye and Annie is interested and, for the first time in many years, reads in her Bible.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Child's Probing.

LIGHT rap at Annie's door.

"Come in. Ah! it is my little Bessie. Come in, dear."

A girl of thirteen, a bright brunette, sank on the cushion at Annie's feet, instead of taking the chair proffered. It was her favorite seat, for she could rest her arms on Annie's lap, look right up into her face and talk. Now the same happy smile played around the child's lips as when she took her last music lesson, and, thus reminded of the subject of the conversation on that occasion, Annie said:

"Bessie, you did not quote the Bible exactly about the camel and the needle's eye. It is not the rich man in a sweeping assertion, but he who trusts in riches. You see, dear, this makes a great difference."

"Why, Miss Annie, I believe rich people are just satisfied with their money, and don't think much about heaven, or, if they do, they think they will wait till towards the last, and then, by some big gift to the Lord, they try to pay their way up to heaven. I believe they all trust in their money, and I know I'm glad I am not rich, for I'm afraid I'd be as bad as any of them. But, Miss Annie, I came to tell you such good news and I came near forgetting it. You know there has been so much interest in our prayer-meetings lately we concluded to hold them every day. To-day is Saturday, but we thought it would be so nice to hold one just at sunset, such a sweet preparation for the Sabbath. We had it, and it was a glorious meeting, simply glorious! Two of the girls have been converted in the meeting. It does seem so easy to be converted now—just to trust, you know. There is so much rejoicing all over the house, we are all so happy."

Rap! rap! rap!

"Come in."

"Here is Lottie now," said Bessie, but Lottie exclaimed at once:

"Miss Annie, I came to tell you how per-

fectly happy I am. Oh, I was in the dark so long, just groping about, and I was weeping when Jesus heard me, took all my sins and—Oh, I have been so happy ever since."

She stood with clasped hands, and, though traces of tears were on her face, still it was radiant with new-born joy. Annie looked at her in wonder, and felt compelled to confess that some mighty change had been wrought in this grave, quiet child. She looked at her bewildered, she knew not what to say, but some of the girls calling Lottie relieved her of her embarrassment. As the child left the room, Bessie exclaimed:

"Bless Lottie's heart! I didn't use to love her much, but I do now. I went to praying for her, and I always get to love the girls I pray for, so much."

"Do you pray for the girls, my child?"

"Why, Miss Annie! Certainly I do. That's the way we do in our meetings, we each take some one to pray for. Do you want to know which one I am praying for now?"

Annie nodded her head.

"For you, Miss Annie."

Annie leaned over, kissed the child, her lip quivered, and she could not trust herself to speak, so Bessie went on:

"Miss Annie, next to my home folks, I love you best. I am so anxious for you to be a Christian, I want you to be saved so much. Won't you let Jesus save you, Miss Annie?"

"Why, yes, dear, I hope to be saved."

"Oh, then you are a Christian, I didn't know that you had a hope before, I am so glad."

"I don't know that I am your kind of a Christian, Bessie."

"My kind? I didn't know that there was more than one kind of a Christian, Miss Annie."

What a strange child Bessie was, Annie thought, how she keeps tangling me up!

"Well, dear, perhaps there is not—" she stopped for she had no idea what else to say. Bessie kept on:

"Do you love to pray, Miss Annie, and do you feel that God will answer you for Christ's sake?"

"I can't boast of praying much, Bessie," the answer was evasive.

"Then, my dear Miss Annie, you are not a Christian."

How terribly in earnest she was! In her earnestness, she caught one of Annie's hands, and held it tight.

The retiring bell rang, and Bessie could only give a hurried kiss and say, "Good night;" but, after she had closed the door, she opened it again, put her head in and said:

Miss Annie, you will pray for yourself to-night, won't you?"

Instinctively Annie replied, "I'll try, dear."

The door closed—Bessie was gone.

What was the matter? That child had probed her, had gone to the very depths of her heart, laid it bare, and then denounced her!—Did she answer correctly, perhaps she did not, possibly she herself had misled the child. "Do I love to pray? No, I don't pray, don't know how. I have no use for praying, emphatically, No."

After several moments more of thinking, Annie knelt down to pray, as she had promised to do. She scarcely knew what to say, but her heart framed these few words:

"O, God, teach me how to pray, teach me to love my Bible, to love Jesus and his work, and if I really am lost, as Bessie says, show it to me, and then show me how I can be saved. Bless Bessie with heaven's choicest, sweetest blessings, for Christ's sake. Amen."

When she arose, she thought she would read a little in the Bible, and opening it, her eye fell upon the verse,—

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

This seemed to her to be very strong language for the Bible, that book of gentle precepts. She read back for the connection,

who, she wanted to see was the "fool." Ah, here he is, he who trusts in wealth, he who is contented with the good things of life. What had this man done? Had he robbed, gambled, gained dishonestly? No, evidently not. He was only a hard working man, a business man, pulling down his barns in good season and building larger, to accommodate his increased stores. He was only thinking in advance, only arranging beforehand that his large amount of grain might not be lost, no harm in all that, I am sure. It is a strange thing to denounce a man for. He does talk to his soul in rather a gratulatory way, it does sound a little bold and boastful. I see it now. Every thought revolves around self, not one thought about the poor, or doing others good. This is true, how plainly it rings out—"take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry—thou hast much goods laid up for many years,"—here's the camel again trying to get through that needle's eye. "Thou fool!" Strong, denunciatory language certainly, yet I am coming slowly to the conclusion, that there are more fools in this world than I ever dreamed of. I verily believe that I am one myself, that I am now, and always have been a fool.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Into the Light.

Throughout the next day and Monday at her music, at her painting, in her room, at the table, wherever she went, "thou fool" was sounded in her ears. It was a terrible refrain, and it echoed through the very corridors of her soul. The next night to silence it, she opened the Bible again. Now the words were thrust at her—"he that believeth not is condemned already." She shut the book quickly and threw it impatiently upon the table. She buried her face in her hands, but she could not shut out the words, "thou fool."

"Oh," she exclaimed in distress, "I have been a fool, a worse fool than even that deluded, selfish man. It was business that blinded him, but I was carried away with pleasure—a vain butterfly, flitting about seeking sweets for myself alone. What a veritable nothing, a worse than nothing, I have been in the sight of heaven! How must I have looked to God? What have I ever done for him? Nothing. How many times have I ever worshipped him in truth? Never. I have lived only for myself, cared only for myself."

Very miserable she was as she sat and thought over her past life, reviewed it, condemned it. Bitterly she wept over the years gone past recall. If she could, she would have brought them back and lived them over again, but that, she knew, was impossible. Then a heart-felt prayer fell from her lips:

"O, God! lead me! lead me!"

As in the case of the Syro-phenician woman, she "he answered her not a word." It was a genuine prayer, yet the Saviour seemed to turn away, for the only answer came in an intensified utterance of "thou fool." She was still upon her knees weeping, and amid tears and sobs she said:

"I know it, O, God! I know I am a fool. But, O Jesus, so full of compassion, look in pity on my ignorance and teach me. O God, I know not how to pray, yet thou wilt hear for Jesus' sake. For Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake, hear me!"

The answer did not come that night. It was spent in sleepless wrestlings. The house was still, not a sound broke the silence, for all were asleep. As usual, one gas jet burned dimly in the hall. Should she go to Bessie's room, wake the child and beg her to pray with her? She could not do this without waking her room-mates,—but were not the angels right there hovering over that slumbering, angelic child? Was not God himself near her? Perhaps if she were to kneel right down by that child, God might see her, his ear might catch her petitions, he might see her tears, her agony, and in pity, hear. She started forward, stood close by the bed, but the fear of all the girls waking and finding their teacher weeping, kneeling and praying, deterred her. She went back to her room, closed the door and remained alone. Morning dawned, but its light brought none to her soul. All was darkness, gross darkness there. Her face was distressed, her eyes were red from weeping, she was sick soul and body, she could not eat, she could not teach.

A light rap—it was Bessie. As soon as she entered, with a flood of tears, Annie exclaimed:

"Bessie, I am lost!"

"Then you are the very one Jesus came to save, Miss Annie," and Bessie's eyes were brimming over, too.

"Not me; he did not come to save such a sinner as I am."

"He came to save sinners, all kinds of sinners,—you too, Miss Annie."

"Why don't he do it then? I have asked him over and over again, all night,—why don't he do it then?"

A teacher calling Bessie, she could not pause long enough to say:

"Pray, Miss Annie; pray hard. Don't give up. I am praying for you. God pledged to hear us, for he has promised and he never breaks his word."

She was gone, and again Annie was alone. Then she paced the floor, wept and prayed. She went to Bessie's room, knelt by the child's bedside and prayed, thinking God was oftener in this room than in her but God's face was hidden. She walked up and down the long hall and cared not that it was broad daylight, cared not who witnessed her tears. There was vacant room at the end of the hall, where she knew the girls often went to pray with their companions,—it may be, she thought, God will hear me there. She knelt in that room, poured out her soul before God,—but still no answer.

"He will not hear me!" she exclaimed in despair, as she went back to her room. She did not deserve his notice. Why should he expect it, when I am so unworthy?"

In despair, she threw herself on her lounge, still weeping, still praying. The in that despair, the answer came in a flood of joy that filled her heart. She could not find utterance for two words:

"Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!"

And how precious he was! She had never dreamed of such happiness as this truly it was heaven-born; earth could never have yielded it. She took up her Bible and pressed it to her lips, and then to her heart it was the nearest thing to God, nearest embracing Jesus; and over and over again she kissed it. She wanted to die right then so as to be with Jesus, and be free from sin. She longed to fly, to tell everybody of her Saviour, but everyone was in school and she must wait. Then followed earnest pleadings for her mother, brother, and family and all of the unconverted girls.

A rap—Bessie's head was thrust through the small opening without a word, but with an eager, inquiring look. As soon as she caught sight of Annie's face, she bounded in, threw her arms around her neck, laughing and crying by turns, as she exclaimed: "I knew it! I knew it! I suspected it! I am not one bit surprised. Oh, I am glad, Miss Annie! Isn't God good?"

Annie drew the child down in her lap and folded her arms around her, as she answered:

"Indeed, indeed he is. Dear little Bessie I never knew what joy was till now. I am so happy, so happy. Now I can say, you Saviour and mine. Only to think, darling mine, too! Isn't it too good to believe? Dear child, I owe it all to you."

But Bessie interrupted her—

"Don't say that, Miss Annie, it hurts me. I was only trying to work a little for Jesus, and then I loved you so much. I could not bear the thought of your being lost; but you are safe now. Jesus did all. Oh, I am so happy!"

"So am I, dear Bessie. I never dream of such peace, such joy. Wealth, a good life, all earth could lay at my feet never brought me a thousandth part of such joy as this. This satisfies the immortal soul and how it increases the joy to know that it will never end. 'Life long, eternity long' truly. Now, darling, we will go to heaven together, my little Bessie and I."

"Oh, Miss Annie, I can't hold in minute longer; I cannot wait—let's go to the good news, and let everybody rejoice with us."

So they went—and such welcomes, such sweet kisses from everyone, teachers and pupils! How dear everyone was—how beautiful everything looked! As they were rejoicing, a girl, still struggling, burst into tears. Annie stopped, put her arm around her, and said:

Keep on, dear, don't give up. Jesus has saved me, he will save you, too. Put your trust in Jesus,—only believe."

"Gone to work already, Miss Annie," exclaimed one girl.

"Yes, indeed; I have no time to lose. I put it off so long, and now, I see, I must work for my Saviour all the harder."

(To be Continued.)

Faith in God His Anchor.

by Missionary Heydrick's Life Full of
Convincing Proofs That Prayer Pre-
pails—A Remarkable Experience.

IN these days when scepticism and ag-
nosticism are assailing the strong-
holds of the Christian faith, it is re-
freshing and encouraging to meet and
become acquainted with godly men
and women, whose whole nature is of

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exertion and
fort, he is
aphatically a



REV. D. M. HEYDRICK.

essing to the community. People natu-
rally turn to him in any trouble, sure of find-
ing sympathy and help. Heydrick is never
met, at home or abroad, without some-
one on his hands of some one in affliction,
whose burden he has made his own and is
trying to relieve. Now, it is a sick man
whose rent is over-due, and Heydrick has
become the landlord to let the man stay, and
become surety for the debt. To-mor-
row, it will be some indigent aged Chris-
tian ladies for whom Heydrick has provided
home, and they have sent word to him
that their larder is empty. Or he has heard
at a young man is to be discharged from
prison, and does not know how he can live
honestly with the prison stain upon him.
Heydrick wants to provide him with a de-
cent suit of clothes, and to find a place for
him to work. Or a family is in dire dis-
tress, because a son or a daughter has fallen
to disgrace and has run away from home,
and Heydrick is searching the dark places of
the city for the missing one, to pour out
words of mercy and hope, to reclaim the
sinner. Or he has a number of sickly chil-
dren whom he is going to take to the coun-
try or the sea-beach for a day if he can find
some one who will provide the funds. Ev-
ery man's servant, no man leads a busier
life or has more to do.

The amount of money Mr. Heydrick
spends every year in relieving the poor whom
sickness and misfortune have placed in a
strait, is almost incredible. Where does he
get it? It would puzzle Mr. Heydrick him-
self to tell. He knows the Highest Source
of the means, he holds that God sends it
all; but it reaches him in the strangest
ways, and through the most unlikely chan-
nels. The money will come as it is needed.
Of that Mr. Heydrick is quite sure; but he
has no more idea than a child of how or
from whom it will come. Some morning
he may be found starting away from his
home without a cent in his pocket, having
spent all he had in providing food or coal
for some starving family, and with the ob-
ligation to pay by noon next day several
accounts for rent, or funeral expenses, or
some other necessity, aggregating one hun-
dred and fifty dollars, or some such seem-
ingly unattainable sum. How does he ex-
pect to get it? he is asked. He does not
know, but he has committed it to the Lord.
He will be all right. Two or three days
later he is seen hurrying along the street,
his face bright and cheerful as usual, and
his usual, in need of money. Did he meet his
obligations the other day? Oh, yes; there

was a letter in his mail with fifty dollars in
it from some man whom he had helped
years ago, and who, thanks to his ex-
ertions, is now prosperous, and desires to show
his gratitude to God and to Heydrick by this
gift, which is to be used in helping someone
else. And he met a Christian merchant
who wanted to give some money in the
Lord's service and did not know who need-
ed it most and was too busy to find out, so
he put a check or some bills in Heydrick's
hand asking him to spend it
for him. Not
infrequently
men come to
him saying, "I
do not know
how it is, but
the impression
came to me
that you were
in urgent need
of money, so I
have brought
you this." One
way or another
the obliga-
tions were met
and met on
time and Hey-
drick thanks
God, knowing
assuredly that
it is to him
that thanks
are due.

So, day by
day, he lives
by faith, with
a firm, unwa-
vering belief
that God is the

Hearer and Answerer of prayer and that
none who trust in him will lack any good
thing. We hope the day is far distant when
an epitaph will be needed for his tombstone;
but when it is, there could be none found
more appropriate than the words, which
were spoken of the Master whom he serves,
and whose example he follows unflinching-
ly. "He went about doing good."

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parilla
Cures**

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was unable to perform
his duties. He took
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I have seen in many, very many instances, the most hap-
py results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay,
but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I be-
lieve that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I
have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of
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tantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send
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power through you, demands of me that I speak for the
good of others. I have those around me whose health I
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MUCH of the witchery and fascinating charm of Edward Irving's oratory was due to his dramatic power and picturesque personnel; and as this is, of course, lost to the mere reader of his discourses, it should be duly allowed for in our estimate of his genius and of the man. The following extract is from the exordium to his first oration:

"There was a time when each revelation of the Word of God had an introduction into this earth, which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came nor whereto it was sent. It, at the beginning of each several truth, a star was not lighted up in heaven, as at the birth of the Prince of Truth, there was done upon the earth a wonder to make her children listen to the message of her Maker. The Almighty made bare his arm; and through mighty acts, shown by his holy servants, gave demonstration of his truth, and found for it a sure place among the other matters of human knowledge and belief. But now the miracles of God have ceased; and nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure, to write his purposes in letters of flame. The vision is shut, the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended; and this volume is the sum total of all for which the chariot of heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us. The truth which it contains once dwelt, undivulged, in the bosom of God; and on coming forth to take its place among things revealed, the heavens and the earth, and nature, through all her chambers, gave it reverent welcome. Beyond what it contains, the mysteries of the future are unknown. To gain it acceptance and currency, the noble company of martyrs testified unto the death; the general assembly of the first-born in heaven made it the day-star of their hopes, and the pavilion of their peace.

"If you get not the soul's attachments to the world loosened before death, there will ensue such a rending and agony upon your departure as no loss of country, of wife, or children can be compared with; and if you take not a cool forethought of the future, nor prepare to meet it, there will come such a brood of tears, such a wreck of hopes as no improvident spendthrift ever encountered. O ye sons of men, if these things are so, and ye tread every moment upon the brink of time, and live upon the eve of judgment, what avail your many cares and your un-resting occupations? Will your snug dwellings, your gay clothing, and your downy beds give freshness to the stiffened joints or remove the disease which hath got a lodgment in your marrow and in your bones? Will a crowded board, and the full flow of jovial mirth, and beauty's wreathed smile, and beauty's dulcet voice charm back to a crazy dwelling the ardors and graces of youth? Will yellow gold bribe the tongue of memory and wipe away from the tablets of the mind the remembrance of former doings? Will worldly goods reach upward to heaven and bribe the pen of the recording angel, that he should cancel from God's books all vestige of our crimes, or abrogate the eternal law by which sin and sorrow, righteousness and peace are bound together?"

A BOY'S LOVE OF HOME.*

To insure love of home in the heart of the boy, an interest in a fixed location, a devotion to his native country, John gave him a piece of land. Not much to be sure, but a parcel of ground, as soon as he was old enough to appreciate it. "It is better than

money," John said. Money can be squandered, shifted from place to place; it but represents real value at the best. But this acre was a part of his country, a plot of ground, taxed and valued by comparison with other properties. It was his to cultivate and care for, and enjoy the products of.

"The sense of possession," John said, "is a God-given principle. It ought to be gratified, or even created where it does not exist. Give the child something which is absolutely his. It will stimulate the art of acquirement, and make him feel that personal interest in law and government, which is an impossible condition in community of property, even a family community."

A home of his own was a delight to which, even as a boy, he was taught to look forward. Not a gilded palace, but a certain undefined place of abode, about which should cluster the virtues and pleasures of a mature life.

THE RESCUE OF LILYBEL.*

AS they drove up the avenue, near to the entrance of the park, Philip's attention was attracted by a group of boys gathered around a forlorn, ragged little negro. The black mite's back was turned toward Philip, his fists were crammed into his eyes, and he was boo-hooing loudly. There had been a fight, and evidently the little ragamuffin had had the worst of it. Philip was interested instantly, and turned to stare at the group. Suddenly he started to his feet and almost shouted:

"It is—it is Lilybel! Thomas," he cried, seizing the colored coachman by the arm, "stop, and let me get out! It's Lilybel, and those boys are ill-treating him. Stop, and let me go, quick!"

Thomas drew up his horses shortly at the imperative command, and without a word to Madam Ainsworth, Philip sprang out of the carriage, and rushed into the group of boys.

The old lady did not know what had happened until, almost overcome with surprise and mortification, she saw the boy push through the throng, who scattered right and left, and clasp—yes, actually clasp—the hands of the worst-looking specimen of colored humanity, she thought, that she had ever seen.

Thomas, with a knowing grin, turned, and, touching his hat, looked at his mistress interrogatively.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "go on quickly; the boy must be insane."

When the group of rough-looking gamins saw the handsome, well-dressed boy spring from the fine carriage and hurry toward them, they scattered instantly, and left Philip and Lilybel the center of a crowd of curious spectators.

At first the little negro did not recognize Philip, who almost deluged him with a stream of questions. "Where did you come from? How did you get here? When did you come? Is Seline with you?" and the like, to which Lilybel replied, still whimpering and rubbing his eyes:

"Is 't you, Mars' Philip? My, my! I did n't know 't war you—an' a coat on like a b'ar! I's done been a-huntin' ev'rywhar fer ver; an' what good clo'es yer got!" And Lilybel looked at his old friend admiringly, while he shivered as much from his joy and excitement as from the cold.

"How did you get here?" repeated Philip, excitedly. "Tell me how you came here."

"I done cum in one o' dem big steam-boats. My ma she gwine ter whip me good 'ca'se—'ca'se I los' her money. I jes' tuk it ter go ter er circus an' buy some ging'pop, an' my ma she war awtl mad; she say she war gwine ter whip me till I could n't stan', so I jes' run erway an' hid on one o' dem bustin' big steamboats; an' I was sick—I was awful sick."

And Lilybel sniffed again at the thought of the miseries of his involuntary sea-voyage.

An hour after, Philip, all energy and ani-

*From *Tonnet's Philip*, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; pp. 236; cloth, illustrated; price \$1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

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mation, rushed into Mrs. Ainsworth's room without even the ceremony of knocking.

"Oh, Mamma," he cried, joyfully, "Lilybel is here!"

"Who is Lilybel?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, surprised and puzzled. She had quite forgotten the name of the droll little dandy who had brought the basket when Philip came to stay with them.

"Why, Mamma, don't you remember Seline's Lilybel?" demanded Philip, in a hurt voice.

"Oh, yes, I remember now; the little colored boy in New Orleans."

"Yes, that's the one; he's here, and he has n't any clothes; he's ragged and cold. I found him in the street; he ran away and come here on a steamer, and he's been looking for me. Some boys were fighting him because he had n't any one to take his part; they hit him after he was down. Don't you call it mean to hit a fellow after he's down? But when they saw me they ran away like cowards. If they had n't, I would have paid them off."

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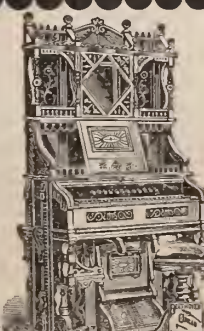
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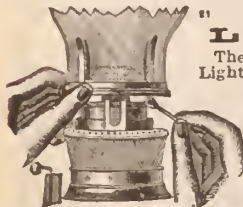
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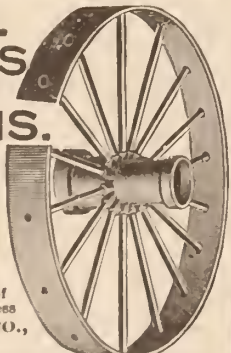
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ON THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.



Marion Harland Passes Through the Historic Valley of Rephaim — The Traditional Stony Pillow of Elijah and the "Well of the Kings" — Musing by Rachel's Tomb and Reading the Sacred Volume Amid Bible Scenes full of Hallowed Memories.

No other stage of our eventful journeyings has seemed so like a beautiful dream, from which we keep thinking we must presently awake to disappointment, as this glorious December morning on which we find ourselves actually setting out for Bethlehem. When the plans for this tour were first discussed by us, we had but one definite idea as to the dates and methods of our travels:

It is a cloudless December day. Going, as is my custom every clear morning, to the loggia on the roof of the Grand Hotel, for a view of the city, I see the sky of a clear amber behind the far-off mountains of Moab: the silver-gray olives on the descent of the Mount of Olives shining softly in the rising sun, and upon the western horizon the round crown of the hill where Rizzpah, the daughter of Aiah, watched the bodies of her dead sons "from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them

It is not, perhaps, unnatural that the vision suggested by the sight of the lonely hill-top should be joined in my mind with that of another mother, David's descendant, Mary of Bethlehem, who was to watch upon the brow of another Mount of Expiation, her soul pierced through by as sharp a sword as that which rankled all those anguished days and nights in the fierce heart of her who had borne unto her kingly lover, Armoni and Mephibosheth. The joys, the pains, the sorrows, and the com-

Jerusalem to Hebron, past the birth-place of David and "David's Greater Son." Our carriage is one of many that take it to-day. The blue of the sky is like that of Switzerland: there are no mists in the valleys between the russet-red and gray-green hills. Our horses are good and the rush of the air in our faces and lungs is an ecstasy. At every hundred yards we are thrilled by the mention of names as well-known and as dear as those of our own kindred and the laces trodden by our childish feet.



THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM

(Photographed in the Holy Land for "The Christian Herald.")

"If we go," we said, resolutely, "we will spend Christmas in Bethlehem!" Our itinerary, as then sketched, has undergone many changes, some deliberate, others forced upon us by unforeseen exigencies. This one design has stood by us, a fixed pivot upon which all modifications have revolved.

out of heaven, and suffered not the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night."

"And it was told David"—here in his royal capital—"what Rizzpah had done,"

pensations of motherhood have been the same from Eve's day until now.

There is no question as to the safety of the carriage-road to Bethlehem. A macadamized causeway runs all the way from

"The Valley of Rephaim!" says our guide, indicating fertile fields bounding the track and stretching out far to right and left. We stop the carriage to "look it up."

The border-line between Judah and Benjamin was drawn hereabouts. It "went up by the Valley of the Son of Hinnom!"

(Continued on page 801.)



Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage. THE CITY OF BLOOD.

Text: Psalms 141: 7: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord."



THOUGH you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at Cawnpore, India. To show you what Hindooism and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "Parliament of Religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the "Round the World" series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpore, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence, Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of Foot, rode in upon the Cawnpore massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpore. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857, and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and, Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Modoc and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he, Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpore, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately, there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America, and familiar to us all, are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After a while the mutiny in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India. Among others the journalists called upon this lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to our escort: "Mr.

Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was, "Nothing very peculiar; he was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing, and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing." From what Mr. Lee told me, and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of \$400,000. When the father died, the English government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$80,000 in gold ornaments; \$500,000 in jewels; \$800,000 in bonds, and other resources amounting to at least \$1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpore massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the Sepoys were planning for his destruction, and that of all his regiments, and all the Europeans in Cawnpore.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story, and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give only an extract:

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects, and land-owners, and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one; that it is the incumbent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government, and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the entrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpore took refuge. It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees,

440 men and 560 women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and split peas was the daily ration, and only two wells near by, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in the earth, and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside this frail wall and 1000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, an invisible army of sicknesses swooped upon them. Some went raving mad under exposure; others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, mutilated, fevered, sun-struck, ghastly group waiting to die. Why did not the heathen dash down those mud walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended.

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The 23d of June, 1857, would be one hundred years since the battle of Plassey, when under Lord Clive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in Cawnpore was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine; this was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands; this with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs; this with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay; this with the dance of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib made on that day one grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. The courage of the fiends broke against that mud wall, as the waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The cavalry horses returned full run, without their riders. The Lord looked out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to his people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English was a native Christian woman, Jacobee by name, holding high up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman brought in. She handed him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety; they could march out unmolested, the men, women and children; they could go down tomorrow to the Ganges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives, and so he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink, and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden, and one at the centre from which inscription I to-day read my text. Riding on, we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpore. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulation;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world

ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world also;" "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges, and got to at a Hindoo temple standing on the bank. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were going into the boats, Nana Sahib objected to only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children, and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple the banks two flags, a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boats and armed natives jumped from the boats down the shore; and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. The who struggled out nearby were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boat. These were marched away under the guard of the Sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I'll show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the place of desperation and diabolism. There we are on the way to a summer-house, called the Assembly Rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms each 29 x 10, and some windowless closets, and here were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these Sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of the ladies to their own place, on the promise they should be brought back to the Summer Garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his place. Some Sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the Summer House. All the doors closed behind the Sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness, and flies, and stench, and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the Sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the Summer House, or Assembly Rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work, and attempted it, but failed because those of caste would not allow the Hindoos to hold the victims while they were being murdered. Then one hundred men were ordered to go through the windows, but they fired at the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib, in a rage, and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go to the work. Five of them with hatchets, and swords and knives began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainting under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The

struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the being for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled-up dead—only God and those who were inside the Summer House can ever know. The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed. But when they were again opened, three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European was left in Cawnpore. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the heels the dead bodies out of the Summer House and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well, the remainder of the scene remained in hieroglyphics on the floor and wall of the slaughter-house. An eye-witness says that, as one walked in, the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of cousin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card-case containing a curl with the inscription, "Ed's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer-book; also a book entitled, "Preparation for Death;" a Bible, the fly-leaf of which was written, "For my dear mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair"—both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented, departed forever.

"Mr. Lee, I have heard that indecipherable things were found written on the wall." He answered, "No; but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they suffered."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers executed, and before being shot, compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene, he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses were piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead. It was about five o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpore. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some twenty mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me: the red typical of the rage there enacted, and the white for the pity of those who from that spot ascended. But, of course, the most absorbing interest centered at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or vered. A circular wall of white marble closes this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it, and found it twenty-seven paces around. In the center of the enclosure, and immediately above the well, is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two olive branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the Last Day. Mighty consolation to marble! They went down under the hatchets of the Sepoys; they shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, to the well beneath on the 15th day of

July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words: "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that palace of a sepulchre, and I bethought myself, "No Emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no Queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting-places of the martyrs at Cawnpore. But where rest the bones of the Herod of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? No one can tell. Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little pomp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib with one servant carrying an umbrella, would

the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas! Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock, and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these Sepoys. Indeed, it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee has told me that he saw the Sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannon, and then the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift, fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your own criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the Sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The work of slaughter

to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian Nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857, was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking, natives who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offence would at the call of the mutineers and without any compunction stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance and they will re-enact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient and put in places of trust, and in command of forts, too many of the natives. I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way that these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say beware! or the Lucknow, and Cawnpore and Delhi martyrdoms over which the hemispheres have wept will be eclipsed by the Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman, and Scotchman, and Irishman, and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself. But I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties for the time suppressed, which if let loose would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay, and from the Himalayas to Coromandel.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindooism, which many think it will be well to have introduced into America; and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years. And to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake; and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of nations is such a stupendous work, that nothing but an Omnipotent God through the Gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ACROSTIC.*

MAKE known thy Gospel truths, our father, king,
Yield us thy grace, dear Father, from above;
Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou art forever, God of love."
Assuage our grief in love for Christ, we pray.
Since the bright prince of heaven and glory died,
Took all our sins and hallowed the display.
Infant being, first a man and then was crucified,
Stupendous God! thy grace and power make known,
In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice,
New labor in thy heavenly kingdom own;
That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice.
How vile to come to thee is all our cry,
Enemies to thyself and all that's thine,
Graceless our will, we live for vanity.
Loathing thy very being, evil in design,
O God, thy will be done from earth to heaven
Reclining on the Gospel let us live
In earth from sin delivered and forgiven.
Oh! as thyself but teach us to forgive,
Unless its power temptation doth destroy,
Sure is our fall into the depths of woe,
Carnal in mind we've not a glimpse of joy.
Raised against heaven; in us hope bestow,
O give us grace and lead us on thy way.
Shine on us with thy love and give us peace,
Self and this sin that rise against us stay.
Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease,
Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do,
Convince us daily of them to our shame,
Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too,
Recurrent lusts, "and we," will bless thy name,
In thy forgiveness we as saints can die,
Since for us and our trespasses so high,
Thy Son our Saviour—bled on Calvary.

*The acrostic reads, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italics, read from top to bottom—left—and from bottom to top—right—form the Lord's Prayer. By experts this is thought to be one of the most remarkable compositions on record.



THE MASSACRE MONUMENT ABOVE THE WELL AT CAWNPORE, INDIA.

(From a Photograph brought from India by Dr. Talmage.)

go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason after awhile he forsook even that small attention and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life-preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in his crown, declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in time: "wisdom is better than rubies." When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpore monster may be picked up, and be brought back again to blaze among the world's jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulture the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask

had begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way to stop it. A mild and gentle war with the Sepoys was an impossibility. The natives of India ever and anon have demonstrated their cruelty. I stood on the very spot in Calcutta where the natives of India in 1756 enacted that scene which no other people on earth could have enacted. The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows and was intended for two or three prisoners. These natives of India crowded into that one room of 20 feet by 20 feet, 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all, are matters of history. The Sepoys that night held lights to the small windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756 passed and 123 corpses were taken out. Only 23 people of the 146 were alive, and they had



THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 23. Isa. 9: 2-7. Golden Text Luke 8: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE prophecies of the Word of God have often a double or treble fulfilment. This is strikingly the case with the chapters in Isaiah which foretell the birth of Christ. Written in the time of king Ahaz, the wicked, idolatrous father of the good Hezekiah, they had a significance for him and for his people, in the times of which he lived. Already, seven hundred years and more, before the fulness of the time was come, God was anticipating the sending of his Son, and the great purpose of his heart which lies behind the coming of the Messiah,—the bringing out from among the Gentiles of "a people for his name," who should be made partakers of the Divine Nature, and fulfil the depth of his thought in that wonderful word: "Immanuel." Men will not have God. Men will seek deliverance at the hand of any one rather than God; and he must let them have their way until they have learned to the full the lesson of their nothingness. "Make an uproar, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces." Take counsel together, all ye people, and it shall be brought to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand: for God is with us. Again, the same word, Immanuel which had no meaning for an unbelieving Ahaz, which has no signification for an unbelieving world, but which is everything to a people called, "according to his purpose," to be "conformed to the image of his Son." Perhaps the prophet himself understood only dimly the wonderful glory of the words he uttered. But one thing was clear to him, he must not be one with

The Spirit of the Age

in which he lived, he must not live and act, speak and think as they did. "For the Lord spake thus to me with strong hand and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people." But the light God gave Isaiah to give out to the people was for the future. "Bind thou up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." And the prophet was obedient, he bound up the testimony for the latter days, which only he and a few others would receive in his time; a few like Zacharias and Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna, in the time of the actual birth of God's Immanuel. And Isaiah responded to his God: "I will wait for the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him." He became then what the members of Christ's Bride are now, a child of light, in whose heart the Star of Bethlehem had already arisen. But he looked around, and his heart grieved for the miserable generation in which he lived, seeking "to them that have familiar spirits, and to wizards which chird and which mutter," to all the jugglery of idolatrous priests and devil-worshippers, and he asks, "Should not a people seek unto their God? On behalf of the living should they seek unto the dead? To the law and to the testimony. If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them." (Isa. 8: 17-20, R.V.) The prophet looked out beyond the deep night which had settled down upon his people, and his eye was upon the coming dawn, but the unbelieving world never knew the morning. "They shall tret themselves, and curse by their king and by their God, and shall turn their faces upward; and they shall look unto the earth, and behold distress and darkness, the gloom of anguish; and into thick darkness shall they be driven away. But the remnant, those few who bear the burden of the Lord, and who look for redemption in Jerusalem, shall be made an exception: "There shall

be no gloom for her that was in anguish," such as sigh and cry for all the abominations which are done in Jerusalem. They shall see the morning which was dawning upon Isaiah. "God with us," should take form in their expectations. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwelt in the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." It was not in Jerusalem, it was not even in Bethlehem where he was born that the light of "God with us" was manifested in his words and works, but in Capernaum, in the border of Zebulun and Naphtali, in Galilee of the nations, among the most despised of the dwellers in Palestine. "For unto us a Child is born, unto us

A Son is Given."

All which has gone before in the two previous chapters has led up to this: incarnate God, Divine Man. And God gives Isaiah a wondrous glimpse of his glory when he writes, "And his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace." It was the same prophet to whom was given to prophecy of the suffering Saviour. He who understands the inner nature of Christ will enter into the fulness of Redemption, and he only who knows God's hand and God's glory in Redemption will know how to look for our coming Lord, and to prepare for his return. Isaiah had seen with deep sorrow, his people, the outward people of the Lord, turning to miserable idols and to the lying wizards "which chird and which mutter," while he had to announce the coming of Immanuel who should be Wonderful, past finding out, and, at the same time, "Counsellor," "wonderful in counsel." He saw what his people were losing, he saw what his God was losing, through their unbelief, and his heart was grieved. Yet, instead of giving way to despondency he waited for the Lord and looked for him. It did not trouble him that the Messiah was to come on earth as a child; to Isaiah he was still, in all his weakness, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, (R.V. margin), for God should give him power to give eternal life to as many as he hath given him and "the Prince of peace." Isaiah's time was one of war. Israel and Judah were at war and at war one with the other. All the accompaniments of war were present before his eyes, the mourning and desolate widows and orphans, the scarcity of food, the sickness which always follows in the wake of war, above all the failure of God's people to receive, and to set upon his promises to them in the time of war. He saw before his eyes both king and people afraid. But he looked on to the morning, to the coming of Immanuel, "the Prince of peace." He saw that a time was coming when they should learn war no more; again and again bright glimpses of the reign of peace were given to the man of God, and his heart goes out in his prophetic utterance, "Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it, with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this."

But the Prince of peace has his own kingdom of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," even here now. When his people let him reign there

He Reigns Already—

when the government is put upon his shoulder, no other shoulder bears the weight of it, and there most surely, peace is established, whether it be in a heart or life, or in a family, or a church. Where the reins of government are handed over to the Prince of peace, there peace always deepens, and nothing can disturb the peace of his reign. Whatever disturbs the deep settled peace of our souls when we have accepted him as

our true real King, comes from some interference with his government. He can keep us in peace in the deepest trials, in the hottest furnaces of temptation, but the moment we shoulder the government in the smallest thing there comes a disturbance of our peace, and, what is of far more consequence, dishonor to him. "Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them," his law is the rule of his reign, and as we come under the Scripture, we come under his government and the increase of it. He conquers us by his Word yielded to, and sets up his rule of peace. And he gives us an eye to understand his working and to know that he is making all things work together for good to them that love him. He has the government of his church, of his cause, of his coming kingdom: this fact makes us understand how to be patient unto the coming of the Lord. The true characteristic of his waiting ones is the undisturbed peace in which he maintains them under all circumstances.

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



ISAIAH prophesied in a period of national trouble. There had been a time of great prosperity caused chiefly by the opening up of trade with foreign countries. But wealth had drifted into the possession of a class of unscrupulous and avaricious men. They had used it to increase their power, buying up the estates of their needy neighbors or acquiring them by craft. The poor were worse off than ever, being cheated and oppressed by the upper classes. The king was the weak and pleasure-loving Ahaz, whose idolatrous wives guided his policy and encouraged him to trust in their gods.

The whole court was given up to gaiety and luxury, heedless of the want and suffering around them. Isaiah uttered his warning to king and court and wrote a book comprising several chapters of the book which bears his name in our Bible. They did not heed him, however, but continued their corrupt and vicious course. But they were startled when they heard that the king of Israel and the king of Damascus had formed an alliance against them and were moving against the capital with a large army. Ahaz and his nobles could think of nothing better than to invite the help of the powerful king of Assyria. He would gladly come to their assistance and crush their allied enemies, for he wanted an excuse to enter Palestine. Then Isaiah spoke again. He warned Ahaz that the king of Assyria would exact a price for his help which would ruin the country. The king of Assyria would be his master demanding subjection and the payment of a heavy tribute. Isaiah implored Ahaz to take no such suicidal course. He advised something very different. Let the king purify his court and do justice; let him quit his idols and turn to God and he would be delivered. His trouble had come because of his sins, and it would be removed when he repented and amended his ways. His advice was not taken and the event happened as he had foreseen. In the subsequent trouble Isaiah issued another book. He had conceived the idea of a remnant (see Isa. 6: 13), a people who should serve God in the midst of the idolatrous nation. A real Israel, true to God, while the kingdom went its wicked way. He sees that the nation was doomed, but this remnant should survive. As he writes, a light breaks upon him, the true meaning of which he probably did not understand. He sees his people delivered, happy and prosperous under a heaven-sent king. The light comes from that north-eastern district where the misery was most severe—that Galilee, in which seven centuries later, Christ was to do his great work. The king was to come as a child, wonderfully gifted and endowed and under him there would be perpetual peace, all the paraphernalia of war would be destroyed and of his rule there should be no end.

The people that walked in darkness. A traveller in Egypt and Asia Minor writes that he never met any people with such a dread of darkness as these. He says, "On one occasion, having bathed and dined, we set out on our return to the boat; our guides urging us all the time to hasten lest we be benighted. They said that serpents and venomous reptiles always come down in the night to the water to drink, and we might tread upon them. The dread of robbers al-

so seemed to harass them continually. I remember, too, that when at Dendera, a left an Arab in charge of our goods while we made an excursion, he deserted them at nightfall. Nothing would have induced him to remain alone at his post alone in the dark." They do not have the same horror of moral or spiritual darkness.

A great light. Light is a revealer of perfections, as well as a protection from hidden dangers. Many a person has thought himself fairly good until he came into God's light and then discovered his own wickedness. "It is the fault of the sunlight," said a servant to whom her mistress was pointing out the dirt in the corners of a room which had been recently swept. She said that she swept it in the evening and it looked clean when she finished. It was the sunlight that made it look dirty. The natural reply was that there was no fault in the sunlight; it simply showed the dirt that was there where it should not have been.

Of the increase of his government there shall be no end. Christ has gained the victory of all realms extending to every land and yet to be universal, and he gained it by his voluntary humiliation. He is endeared to all hearts by coming as a child in a humble family and living a life of poverty and hardship. When Alexander began his career of conquest, he gave away everything he possessed, and in his early victories he distributed the spoils among his followers. When his friends expostulated with him for such profuse generosity, reminding him that he would need something for himself, he is said to have replied that all such things were beneath him, and that he who aspired to universal dominion must forget himself and his own interests. Alexander's motive was only another form of selfishness, because he was only sacrificing his present interest to his future interest; but our Lord sacrificed himself that he might save the world.

Unto us a child is born. At the centre of the birth of George Stephenson, the pioneer of steam locomotion, there was a great celebration in England. Processions and demonstrations of various kinds were organized. As one of them was being unrolled at Newcastle, there came up a troop of humble, poorly-clad peasants whom no one knew. They had no grand soldier-like the trade unions, whose delegations were already in line, but they carried a flag on which was rudely inscribed "we was one of us." They were people from a little hamlet in which Stephenson was born, and they had come to do honor to their low townsman. Their claim was recognized, and they were stationed at the head of the procession. It will be the glory of the saved host of humanity in heaven that Jesus, by assuming human form, became "One of us."

Every battle of the warrior. The glories of the world are given to the kings and generals who have won them by awful slaughter and by the tears of widows and orphans; but the day is coming when the great honors will be laid at the feet of him, whose name is the Prince of Peace. As a great preacher has said: The palace of Versailles, with its countless representations of battles, sieges, stormings, surprises, and all other forms of wholesale and retail murder dedicated, according to an inscription on its front, "To all the glories of France." So well consecrate a shambles to all the glories of a butcher. But what a glorious spiritual palace is the Church, and how truly dedicated to all the glories of the Lord Jesus! Within its walls hang the memories of battle far more worthy of the historians' quill than those of Austerlitz or Waterloo; for the contests are with evil principles, and the conquests are triumphs over iniquity and rebellion; there are no garments red in blood; tire and vapor of smoke are not there, but the efficacy of atonement, the energy of grace, the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost, the puissance of eternal love, all these are there, and happy are the eyes that see them.

The Prince of Peace. It is a glorious name and Christ well deserves it having made peace with God for men, and because his rule means peace in the heart and peace in his future reign. A member of the Christian Commission relates that in going out to the field after a battle he found a dyed soldier. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Only one thing," said the man, "glancing around at the dead and dying about him, 'read to me that passage about peace.'" The missionary understood him and read Christ's last words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,"

In the Road to Bethlehem.

(Continued from first page.)

"There is the Valley of Hinnom!" inter-
jects the dragoon.)
"Unto the south side of the Jebusite:
same is Jerusalem. And the border went
unto the top of the mountain that lieth be-
tween the Valley of Hinnom westward, which
is the end of the valley of the giants" (Rephaim) "northward."
We turn back to Genesis:
And in the fourteenth year came Ched-
omer and the kings that were with him,
and smote the Rephaims"—giants and
powerful 1921 years before the birth of
Christ.
If the Captain will look at Second Sam-
uel, fifth chapter and eighteenth verse"—
David, modestly.
The Philistines also came and spread
themselves in the Valley of Rephaim."
The figure of rolling hosts like spreading
sowers over the fertile reaches, is apt as we
view the twice-chosen battle-ground.
The exquisite episode of the "sound of
drumming in the tops of the mulberry trees"
follows, after which David "smote the Philis-
tines from Geba until thou come to Bezer."
On turning the next leaf of what we note
as "a peripatetic Bible lesson, with illus-
trations from actual scenes,"—we alight
on a stone at the roadside for an
obstructed view of the landscape we
have overpast. Just here, Abraham must
have caught sight of Mount Moriah on the
third day of his journey from his quiet house
in Beer-sheba, where he had left his servant,
and where he had sojourned for many days before receiving the
divine command to sacrifice his son—"thine
only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, upon
one of the mountains which I will tell thee
of."
Then, on the third day, Abraham lifted
his eyes, and saw the place afar off.
And Abraham said unto his young men,
"Abide ye here with the ass: and I and the
boy will go yonder and worship, and come
again to you."
"Here"—where we read the story, our
eyes turned upon the Mount of Promise,
our way to worship upon the Mount of
Fulfillment, the birthplace of the Divine
Only Son whose day Abraham saw
the long, long vista of the ages and was
ad.
Our guide has a tradition—frankly ad-
mitted to be only a tradition—to relate of
another and a flat stone on the other side
of the road. Elijah, also coming from
Beer-sheba where he had left his servant,
went a day's journey into the wilderness
and sat down under a juniper tree; and
requested for himself that he might die:
and said, 'It is enough! now, O Lord, take
away my life; for I am not better than my
thers."
After the miraculous refreshment of "a
cake baked on the coals," and water, he
laid him down again," and slept so long
and hard that he left a shallow impress of
his body in the rock, says the legend. The
face of the flat stone is slightly indented,
and with the utmost aid of willing imagina-
tions, we cannot trace the outline of a hu-
man form. A thrifty olive tree shades the
prophet's hard bed, and near by is a large,
substantial building—the monastery of St.
Elias.
Another monastery is pointed out on our
right when we have bowed along the
north road for ten or fifteen minutes long-
er. "The House of Benjamin" means little
until the information is added that here, it
is said, Benjamin was born on the way
from Bethel, when "there was but a little
way to come to Ephrath."
We are out of the carriage again, open
able in hand and walk up the shaded al-
ley leading from the gate to the convent.
A thrifty olive orchard hides the house from
the highway and we do not care to go up
to the door of what we can see is a modern
building. The sunlight flickers between the
aves over the page upon which we read
now "it came to pass, as her soul was in
departing (for she died) that she called his
name 'Ben-oni' but his father called him
Benjamin."
The grove is very sweet and peaceful,
adding lilies are springing luxuriantly
along the walks. We find ourselves wonder-
ing at what season the poor mother laid her
own, unexpectedly upon her bed of pain
and death, and if olives and lilies grew here
then.
On the other side of the way is another
traditional land-mark, the Well of the Three

Kings, where, as the story runs, the three
Wise Men from the East stopped to water
their horses when Herod had sent them to
Bethlehem to search diligently for the young
child, and again beheld the Star which they
had seen in the East, going before them
"till it came and stood over where the young
child was. When they saw the star they
rejoiced with exceeding great joy."
The legend may be, like a thousand oth-
ers, the work of monkish fancy, but heard
here, with the white roofs of Bethlehem in
sight, it is exceedingly beautiful and im-
pressive. The well or spring is surround-
ed by stone-work said to belong to the Ro-
man period.
Our next and longest pause in the won-
derful series of object lessons is at the Tomb
of Rachel, one of the best-authenticated lo-
calities in Palestine.
"And Rachel died, and was buried in the
way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And
Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is
the pillar of Rachel's grave until this day."
"When thou art departed from me to-
day, then shalt thou find two men by Ra-
chel's sepulchre in the border of Benjamin
at Zelzah," Samuel told Saul between six
and seven hundred years after Rachel's
burial. The inimitably pathetic prophecy
of Rachel weeping for her children quoted
by Matthew as fulfilled in the massacre of
the children of Bethlehem and the coats
are needed to protect the bodies from hyæ-
nas. Recollecting how often we have heard
the horrid laughter of the unclean beasts
through our tent walls, we shudder at the
weird scene conjured up by a fancy enlight-
ened by this new scrap of knowledge. Of
the bare and lonely sepulchre, dim under
the stars or defined by the moonlight, the
midnight silence broken by the growls of
the baffled brutes as they tear at the heavy
stones, or shriek with delight over the rif-
fling of a shallow grave into which the
tenant was thrust with careless hands
and left unguarded except by the gravelly
sand we crunch under our feet. It is a
dreary resting-place for the patriarch's
petted wife.
The only vegetation near it is a woolly-
leaved plant growing under the wall. I
pluck a spray and press it in my note-book.
Beneath I pencil the touching digression
from the main line of Jacob's narrative to
Rachel's elder son forty years after he had
laid his darling down for the long sleep on
the roadside.
After speaking of Joseph's sons, Ephra-
im and Manasseh, as entitled to a place
among his father's brethren, rather than
among his issue, the old man begins to
wander backward in his talk and never
completes what he had begun to say at the
first: "And as for me, when I came from Pa-
dan, Rachel died by me in the land of Ca-
naan in the way, when yet there was but a



THE TRADITIONAL STONE OF ELIJAH, NEAR BETHLEHEM.
(Photographed by Marion Harland. The stone is marked by a white cross.)

thereof, refers to the tomb of Benjamin's
mother within sight of Bethlehem-Eph-
ratah.
A chamber about twenty feet square, and
as many high is surmounted by a low dome.
Behind this is a sort of quadrangular court-
yard with a flat roof. The entire building
is of stone, put roughly together with ce-
ment. There is no attempt at decoration
without, nor, as we are assured, within.
This we take upon hearsay, as visitors are
not allowed to enter the inner chamber.
To-day, the building is closed in every
part.
We stroll quite around it, finding it blank,
mean and desolate. The Jews are the cus-
todians of the tomb, but the graves scatter-
ed all around it are of Bedouins. A few are
enclosed by rude masonry; the great ma-
jority are irregular heaps of stone, collected
at random and piled with no attempt at or-
der. An oblong ring of the larger stones
marks the confines of each grave, the rest
are huddled within this, making a sort of
cairn.
The sight is forbidding enough before we
learn that the heaps pressing down the dead

little way to come unto Ephrath; and I
buried her there in the way of Ephrath;
the same is Bethlehem."
Did something in Joseph's eyes bring up
the face of his beautiful mother to the dy-
ing husband who had never ceased to be
her lover? Or had the father a vague
intention of commending to the son the
charge of her grave and the pillar Jacob
had set upon it? MARION HARLAND.

THE COMMON OFFERING.
It is not the deed we do.
Though the deed be never so fair.
But the love, that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.
The love is the priceless thing.
The treasure our treasures must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift.
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.
Behold us, the rich and the poor.
Dear Lord, in thy service draw near.
One consecrath a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear:
Look, Master, the love is here!
—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

God has Blessed the Work.

Thirty-two New Sunday Schools Or-
ganized by "The Christian Herald"
Missionary in the Past Eight Months.

REV. George W. Sharp, THE CHRIS-
TIAN HERALD'S Sunday School
Missionary in the Southwest,
makes this extremely interesting
report of his recent work. Writ-
ing from Kirksville, Mo., under
date Nov. 26th, he says:
"In October I preached at a country
church, and addressed its Sunday School,
west of the Chariton river in Adair county.
I reminded the people that when I organiz-
ed a Sunday School for them, early in my
missionary work, it was in a school-house,
and that I also organized schools in four
other school-houses—east, west, north and
south. Now, every one of those country
neighborhoods has a church organization,
and a church house.
"The church in which I was speaking is
called Mt. Moriah, and occupies a position
nearly central between the others referred
to, viz: Mulberry on the east, Novinger on
the north, Bald Knob on the west, and
Temple Union on the south—neither being
over five miles from where I was speaking.
In these five churches there have been fre-
quent revival meetings and numerous con-
versions. The churches belong to different
denominations; most of them, and proba-
bly all, contribute to spread the Gospel be-
yond their bounds. How far my labor as
missionary has contributed to these results
will only be known in eternity; but the facts
stated, occurring in a small area, illustrate
forcibly the progress of the work, in needy
districts, and encourage a continuance of
prayer, labor and liberality to reach the tens
of thousands who are in outlying and un-
evangelized districts.
"Since I was in the locality above referred
to, I have written out a subscription to
build a church house in another neighbor-
hood, several miles distant, where there is
much poverty and illiteracy. I have helped
them in Sunday School work repeatedly,
and the superintendents and officers have
labored under many discouragements.
Souls have been saved there, and their
school has been a lamp shining in a dark
place, and if the effort to erect a church suc-
ceeds, they will be greatly helped. These
cases are given as illustrations of the plant-
ing of Sunday Schools in school-houses
and the like, and their growth, by the grace
of God, into churches.
"Last year, my field suffered the most
severe financial panic it has ever known,
and this year it has suffered from the most
prolonged drought known in forty years.
I have great reason, therefore, to praise
God, who in answer to prayer, has blessed
me with health, and enabled me to accom-
plish the work tabulated below, in the
eight months from March 1, to November 1:

	Scholars,	Teachers,
New Schools organized,	32	135
Schools re-organized, addressed, or otherwise aided,	24	138
Visits and aids to schools previ- ously reported,	18	92
Total schools,	74	365
Visits to families 826, addresses and sermons 141, miles traveled 460.	1249	1509

"This record is for two-thirds of a year,
and does not include the stream of Sunday
School and Gospel literature distributed.
Only yesterday I gave two Bibles to two
poor families and a Testament to a boy
about ten years old who said he never heard
of one before and asked me what it was!

GEORGE W. SHARP."
"Christian Herald" Missionary of The Am. S. S. U.

Our missionary's report will doubtless
afford sincere gratification to all the readers
of this journal, and more especially to those
among them, who, no less by their financial
aid than by their earnest prayers, have
strengthened and supported him in the
work during the year now closing.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE
In order to secure the promptest attention for your
communications, please bear in mind that the business
of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the follow-
ing three departments, and that communications in-
tended for anyone of these departments should never
contain matters of interest to any other department:
Subscription Department in which only new
subscriptions or renewals are handled.
Address Department where all changes or rec-
tifications of name, address or date are made.
Complaint Department in which only com-
plaints of irregular delivery receive attention.
Communications to two or three departments each
written on a separate sheet, may be enclosed
in one envelope, but each separate sheet should have
reference only to one of these departments.
Always address the envelope
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. Remittances should always be made in the safest manner at the command of the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

TEPID PIETY.

AFTER we have been taking a long walk on a summer's day, or been on a hunting chase, a draught of cold water exhilarates. On the other hand, after standing or walking in the cold air and being chilled, hot water, mingled with some beverage, brings life and comfort to the whole body; but tepid water, neither hot nor cold, is nauseating. Now, Christ says that a church of that temperature acts on him as an emetic: "I will spew thee out of my mouth." The church that is red-hot with religious emotion, praying, singing, working, Christ having taken full possession of the membership, must be to God satisfactory. On the other hand, a frozen church may have its uses. The minister reads elegant essays, and improves the session or the vestry in rhetorical composition. The music is artistic and improves the ear of the people, so that they can better appreciate concert and opera. The position of such a church is profitable to the bookbinder who furnishes the covers to the liturgy, and the dry-goods merchants who supply the silks, and the clothiers who furnish the broadcloths. Such a church is good for the business world, makes trade lively, and increases the demand for fineries of all sorts, for a luxurious religion demands furs and coats and gaiters to match. Christ says he gets along with a church, cold or hot.

But an unmitigated nuisance to God and man is a half and half church, with piety tepid. The pulpit in such a church makes more of orthodoxy than it does of Christ. It is immense on definitions. It treats of justification and sanctification as though they were two corpses to be dissected. Its sermons all have a black-morocco cover, which some affectionate sister gave the pastor before he was married, to wrap his discourse in, less it get mused in the dust of the pulpit. Its gestures are methodical, as though the man were ever conscious that they had been decreed from all eternity, and he was afraid of interfering with the decree by his own free agency. Such a pulpit never startles the people with the horrors of an undone eternity. No strong meat, but only flour and water, mostly water. The church prayer-meeting is attended only by a few grey-heads, who have been in the habit of going there for twenty years, not because they expect any arousing time or rapturous experiences, but because they feel only a few will be there, and they ought to go. The minister is sound. The membership sound. The music sound. If, standing in a city of a hundred thousand people, there are five or ten conversions a year, everything is thought to be "encouraging."

Better warm up or freeze over. Better set the kettle outside in the atmosphere at zero,

or put it on the altar of God and stir up the coals into a blaze. Let all arouse! The nearness of our last account, the greatness of the work to be done, and the calls of God's Word and Providence, ought to stir our souls. After having been in the harvest field so long it would be a shame in the nightfall of death to go home empty-handed. Gather up a few gleanings from the field, and beat them out, that it may be found that Ruth had at least "one ephah of barley."

LANTERNS WANTED.

THIS is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands, of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon as long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better.

The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. We know persons whose brows are shaggy, and whose eyes are oblique, and whose noses are ominously longitudinal, and whose mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray, and the walk has turned to a rheumatic shuffle.

VICTIMS OF POLITICS.

DON'T enter politics for fun. It may be fun at the start, but it is crucifixion at the last. The path of politics in all lands is lined on both sides with the bleached skeletons of mighty men. "Hand us another," says public life, as it pitches one man aside and clutches for some promising man in law or merchandise or social position. Politics must be reformed, and if you have the martyr spirit, go into them, but if you undertake that style of life for regalement and profit, you make a mistake that cannot be corrected. A United States Senator writes this advice to his boy: "If I were to express any regret or designate any great error of my life, it would be that I had ever connected myself with any party politics or accepted a political office. If you would be happy or useful, or self-respecting, I would advise you to let party politics and political positions severely alone."

The only safe spirit in which to enter politics is the martyr spirit, and then if you are sacrificed, you will not be surprised. The fact that you have great brains affords no safety. That is the very reason why you will be put down or viciously handled. The political parties don't want great brains hanging around prominent places. I am surprised to find how little brains it takes to make a great man in this country. Do not

enter politics because you have unusual mental equipment or especial fitness for office, but in the martyr spirit. Generally, as soon as a man gives himself up to politics, he either lowers to the standard of the roughs, or for his integrity and nobility of character is put in the pillory.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

MANY touching letters have been received from the agricultural districts of Kansas, Texas, and Nebraska, containing pathetic details of the wide-spread suffering there, owing to the total failure of crops for two successive seasons. It would be peculiarly appropriate and timely at this Christmas season, if those of our readers who are able to do so, would aid the destitute in these States, by preparing contributions of clothing, supplies, etc., and forwarding the same in time to be available for Christmas week and without cost to the recipients. In response to a note in THE MAIL-BAG, we have received the names of a number of reliable Christian men and women to whom the packages can be addressed and who will act as faithful distributors of the same. We trust that this appeal, from sufferers in our own land will not pass unheeded, but will be productive of a season of blessing to the givers and the recipients. The following persons have consented to act as distributors in their own sections:

J. B. Hughes, Cozad, Neb.
L. Beardslee, Trenton, Hitchcock Co., Neb.
J. S. Dewey, Oakdale, Neb.
Mrs. William Heath, Johnstown, Brown Co., Neb.
E. P. Huffman, Imperial, Neb.
Rev. W. C. Miller, Beaver City, Furnas Co., Neb.
Rev. B. C. Nichols, Paxton, Neb.
Walter Scott, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
Rev. O. A. Buzzell, Juniata, Neb.
Mr. C. Evans, Meadow Grove, Madison Co., Neb.
Thomas Alsbury, Wauweta, Neb.
Mrs. J. Wagner, Eustis, Frontier Co., Neb.
Reece Williams, Hildeman, Neb.
Rev. T. J. Strickler, Merna, Custer Co., Neb.
T. C. Elder, Spanuth, Lincoln Co., Neb.
Rev. M. H. Noe, Trenton, Hitchcock Co., Neb.
Mrs. P. Burwood, Wood River, Neb.
Mrs. R. I. C. Bradley, Holdrege, Phelps Co., Neb.
Mrs. J. B. Miller, Ord, Valley Co., Neb.
Isaac Underhill, Postmaster, Cornell, Neb.
Rev. B. Blain, Page, Holt Co., Neb.
Rev. S. H. Day, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
Mrs. W. A. Clapp, Upland, Franklin Co., Neb.
Geo. H. Dewey, Gates, Custer Co., Neb.
Mrs. S. A. Hutchinson, Mascot, Harlan Co., Neb.
John H. Peters, Pleasanton, Buffalo Co., Neb.
Rev. W. W. Lewis, Mason City, Custer Co., Neb.
Levi Hafer, Venango, Perkins Co., Neb.
Rev. Mr. Dubals, Palisades, Hitchcock Co., Neb.
A. F. Carlson, Brewster, Blaine Co., Neb.
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Bird City, Kan.
Mrs. Lizzie M. Corke, Winona, Logan Co., Kan.
Mrs. S. J. McFarland, Norton, Kan.
Rev. D. D. Dodge, Alma, Kan.
Rev. H. H. Gane, Wilson, Kan.
P. W. Thorne, Lund, Decatur Co., Kan.
T. E. Batten, Oakley, Kan.
M. A. Larken, Hillside, Phillips Co., Kan.
W. M. Gunderman, Norwood, Mo.
Harry Sheffield, Alpena, Jerauld Co., S. Dak.

Mrs. Nathan Smith, Amenia, N. Y. We want to prepare a Christmas box of various useful articles and hope to send them where we can hear from them, as to their acceptance and use, for the encouragement of the young members. Where shall we send them to do the most good?

Send them to the sufferers in the farming districts of the West, where all help is needed at present that Christians can render. See the list of names above, to any one of whom you can forward your Christmas box.

Mrs. D. C. K., Van Buren, N. Y. Did the Apostles perform any miracles before the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost?

We conclude that they must have done so, as Christ gave them the power (see Matt. 10: 8). The report of the seventy who "returned with joy, saying even the devils are subject to us" (Luke 10: 17), implies that they had effected cures, from which we may conclude that the Apostles did so, too.

Mrs. J. W. Dobbs, State Centre, Ia. Who was David Brainerd, whose name I recently read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

He was a celebrated missionary to the Indians. Born at Haddam, Conn., in 1718, and educated at Yale, his twenty-fifth year found him laboring among the Delaware Indians under the auspices of a Scottish society. Within a year seventy-seven Indians were baptized. He next labored among the Susquehannas. He labored among the red men till 1747, doing a work which for Christian courage and devotion has rarely been equalled.

D. G. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind. 1. Is it possible to harmonize the genealogies of Christ given by Matthew and Luke? 2. How is it that the historians contemporary with Christ do not mention him? 3. How is it that the massacre of the children by Herod is not mentioned in history?

1. That the two were harmonious may be inferred from the fact that the Jews never challenged Christ's descent from David, as they would have been sure to do if it had been possible. Again, at his birth Mary and Joseph were at Bethlehem as descendants of David. The clue is now lost, but there is good reason for believing that Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph and Luke that of Mary. Luke would not mention Mary by name, as it was the Jewish custom in tracing the female line to treat the husband as the son of his wife's father. Thus Joseph is said by Matthew to be the son of Jacob, while Luke speaks of him as the son of Heli. The two statements would not be

considered contradictory by the Jews if, as probable, Heli was Mary's father. 2. If you read the histories of the present day you will notice how much space is given to battles, political movements, and how little to religion. Are you then surprised that in an age when there was neither telegraph nor printing-press, so unassuming and unostentatious Jesus was not mentioned by the historians of Greece and Rome? The remark of Festus (Acts 25: 19), shows that although he was at Caesarea he had scarcely heard of Jesus. 3. The same explanation may be given as to Herod's massacre. There were probably not more than ten or fifteen children killed and so small matter occurring in a distant province would not make much stir in Rome.

Francis Altman, Reading, Pa. If I am deterred a man-made statute, local or otherwise, from doing certain acts which nature and conscience approve, but which I find nowhere condemned in God's Word, can I violate that statute? I have read what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has counseled as to the peaceful obedience to laws and law-makers, but is that obedience compulsory part of Christian duty when the law-makers enact statutes that deprive many others of rights and privileges that nature and conscience claim should be enabled, as the right to breathe the air and walk on the turf of the hills, to eat the wild-fruit fish in the rivers and lakes?

If a law is contrary to a man's conscience, that is, if the law requires a man to do something which he believes to be wrong, he is justified in breaking the law, because he is obeying the higher law which God has implanted within him. But if there is any law which abridges his rights or deprives him of privileges which he believes belong to him as a man, he must obey the law and forego those rights. A should work to get the law repealed. So long as it is a law he should obey it. The example of Christ in paying tribute under protest (Matt. 17: 27), applies in this case. Peter's advice in line with this: "Submit yourselves to the ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." (1 Pet. 2: 13.) The Christian should set an example of respect for, and obedience to the law.

Mrs. E. Langdon, Waterbury, Ct. At what date and what season of the year was the Saviour born?

According to the leading modern authorities and many others of former times, the birth of Christ took place four years before the opening of what is known as the Christian era. Dionysius Exiguus, a monk who made the calculations upon which the Christian calendar is based, lived in 526 A. D., and it has long been conceded that he erred to the extent of six years in fixing the date of the Nativity. The date, however, is unimportant, as far as it affects Christ's mission or character, although there has been a subject of discussion for centuries. There was no agreement as to the date, in primitive Christian church, nor as to the season. Clement of Alexandria regarded the 25th of May as the date of the Nativity, others the 12th of April. Modern chronologists differ, so holding it probable that either June or July (when the fields are parched from want of rain) was the time; Lightfoot names September; Lardner and Newcomb, October; Strong, August; Andrews and many others between the middle of December, 749, and the middle of January, 750 (dating after the founding of Rome). Church historians and popular tradition have fixed on December 25.

Subscriber, Hart, Mich. 1. Are all Catholic churches subject to the Pope at Rome? 2. What are Russian and Greek Churches?

1. All Roman Catholic churches are so subject. The word "Catholic," however, does belong to Rome exclusively, although often misapplied. The Catholic Apostolic Church is the name of a body of Christians which I had a separate organization for many years. The Old Catholics are an independent body who refuse to recognize the validity of the Vatican decrees. 2. The Russian Church dates from the tenth century, and was originally incorporated with the Christian Orthodox Eastern Catholic Church. It became an independent organization in 1587, after the fall of Constantinople, and all efforts on the part of Rome and other churches to persuade it to a union resulted in failure. It still holds common doctrine with the Orthodox Eastern Church (commonly known as the Greek Church), although a separate organization. The Greek Church began to exist as a separate body when the popes of Rome and the patriarchs of Constantinople ceased to have ecclesiastical communion together, about the fourth century. Two churches were several times reunited, but the separation was made permanent in 1054. The Greek Church has many doctrines in common with Rome. It has over 80,000,000 adherents throughout the world.

Henry Denny, Organ Church, N. D. I pronounced to rhyme with "ruled." 2. Write The as Cook Sons, Broadway, New York, for full information.—Mrs. S. A. Hodgson, Archer, Fla. pronounced exactly as written, every letter sounded except the "c," which is silent.—Enslver, Worcester, Mass. Yes; all receive the premiums on the same terms.—Mr. G. M. Adams, Seville. The type in the large-size Preliminary National Teachers' Bible is emerald—a size between medium and nonpareil, clear and easily read. Type you enclosed is homogeous.—Mrs. C. H. St. Dixon, Me., writes in answer to Rev. H. Hamd Manchester, N. S., that the author of the hymn question is Isaac Watts, and that the first line "Jesus, the vision of thy face"—Jennie M. I son, Walden, N. Y. We believe he did. Mrs. Wm. Craig, Winfield, Kan. 1. Send us for another Teachers' Bible same size. 2. The price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and two large Preliminary National Teachers' Bibles is \$5.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

CHINA'S FALLEN FORTRESS.

JAPAN has given a brilliant proof of military genius in the capture of Port Arthur, the stronghold of China on the Yellow Sea. The Chinese believed it to be impregnable. The fortifications were constructed under the supervision of European engineers, and were finished only four years ago. Twelve forts commanded all approaches by land and sea, and were mounted with Krupp guns. Besides this, there were mines under the roads leading to the fortress, from which electric wires ran into Port Arthur. The fortress stands on a peninsula, only two miles wide, running far into the Gulf of Pechili. The Japanese assailed it by land and sea. Knowing the roads were undermined, they marched through the woods, cutting a path for their heavy guns. A fleet of light torpedo and gun boats collected outside the harbor, and as soon as the signal was given that the land forces had reached a position commanding the fortress, they made a bold dash past the forts and safely entered the harbor. For nearly forty consecutive hours the Japanese poured a destructive fire from the boats and the land batteries. The Chinese made a brave defence, but were seized with panic when the Japanese carried the western fort at the point of the bayonet, after a deadly fire from the machine guns. Many effected their escape, but a large number fought to the last, and refusing to surrender, were cut down. The victors found ten thousand tons of coal and an immense quantity of ammunition stored in the fortress. They have now an excellent harbor which serves as a base of supplies for further operations if the war should be prolonged. There is no doubt that China is anxious for peace and professes herself willing to pay any indemnity in money that may be required. This, however, does not satisfy Japan. She insists that China make submission and sue for peace. This is a humiliation the Chinese court is as yet unable to bear; but now that its great fortress has fallen, it must have lost all hope of making successful resistance, and may see the folly of further indulging its pride and arrogance. For it the only way to peace is the way of humiliation. The difficulty of realizing the same fact has kept many a man from peace with God. If a money payment would be accepted it would be easy, but to confess himself a sinner and humbly beg for forgiveness, is a course he often refuses to take until he is stripped of the things he trusted in and was proud of. (Isa. 1: 13-17.)

Poisoned in Church.

The leaking of a natural gas pipe in a church at East Liverpool, O., is responsible for the critical condition of several members of the congregation. The church was well filled on a recent Sunday morning. During the service several persons became faint and left the church. At the close others were so much overcome that they were unable to walk home, and the minister on stepping down from the pulpit fell tumb length and became unconscious. An investigation was made at once and it was found that some plumbers who had been at work in the church during the week had left a defective fitting on one of the large pipes by which natural gas is supplied to the church. The gas is odorless, so the people did not know that it was escaping and sat there breathing the polluted air unaware that they were inhaling poison. The sufferers speedily recovered in the open air, but had they remained longer in the church the consequences might have been serious. The danger was all the greater from the fact of there being no odor to the gas. If it had been coal gas, the people would have

smelled it and been warned, but it was so like the ordinary air that it did its work undetected. It is so with some forms of moral and spiritual poison. The most dangerous errors are those that are so like the truth that their malign nature is not perceived until the mischief is done and unhappily these too are promulgated in some of our churches. (Jer. 23: 26-28.)

A Wedding-Guest's Blunder.

An accident which threatens to prove fatal occurred a short time ago at Elizabeth, N. J. A wedding was to take place that evening in Jersey City, and a well known citizen of Elizabeth was on his way to attend it. He had been delayed in his preparations, and when he reached the station had only two minutes in which to get his ticket and catch the train on the Pennsylvania Railroad by which he was to travel. In his hurry and confusion he ran up the wrong flight of stairs which leads to the south-bound track. His train was in sight

feared that in a few hours the deadly fire-damp would accumulate to a degree at which an explosion might occur. There seemed little hope of getting the men out alive. In the emergency, two young men who worked in the Boston pit, whose workings have a connection with those of No. 3, volunteered to go down and pilot the ten men out. The risk was frightful, for they had to traverse the underground passages for more than a mile and an explosion might take place at any moment. They were, however, willing to go and, taking their safety lamps, they set out. A crowd of anxious people collected at the head of the pit waiting in agonizing suspense the result of the hazardous journey. In about half-an-hour came the signal for which they had scarcely dared to hope. The ten men had been found and safely piloted into the Boston pit, whence they were hoisted with their guides to the surface. It was a noble and heroic thing that those two young men did. Happily the men whom they hazarded their lives to save, did not act as too many of those do for whom Christ gave his life. They were easily convinced of their danger and promptly fled for safety. (Heb. 10: 26, 27.)

A Deceptive Mine.

A Utah journal reports the discovery of the famous Rhodes gold mine. It appears that a California miner who settled in Utah during Brigham Young's time, on returning

aged. Many, however, who have acquired the genuine metal, especially those who have gained it through crime have been disposed to call it also "fool-gold" as it has not secured them the happiness they expected to derive from it. (Jer. 17: 11.)

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist Arthur Crane has Just Closed a successful campaign at New Market, O. He is now holding meetings in Baltimore, Md.

There are, all told, Men and Women, About 400 Protestant missionary workers connected with sixteen missionary societies in South America, with its population of 37,000,000.

At the recent Annual Convention of the American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance at Springfield, Ohio, twenty-seven seminaries were represented by delegates to the number of two hundred.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society reports that for the past seven months the income has been \$61,349 in advance of that of last year, and that \$21,000 of this was in contributions.

The Netherlands Bible Society, Founded in 1814, has disseminated over 2,300,000 Bibles or portions of the Holy Scriptures. It has had the Bible translated, in whole or in part, into eleven of the languages spoken in the Dutch colonies.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the Well-Known Evangelist, has been elected vice-President of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Dr. Chapman is greatly interested in the Students' Aid Society of the Women's Department and hopes to found auxiliary Leagues in the different towns he visits.

Dr. C. J. Laffin, Writing to the American Bible Society, from Batanga, West Africa, says: "We gladly acknowledge the receipt of two cases containing Benga Gospels and Epistles. The receipt of these books does much to relieve our fears for the Benga churches in the French territory, for the increasing restrictions which the French are imposing on us make us fear that we may soon have to leave the people without a missionary."

In Reference to the Statenent Recently made in these columns as to a half century of eldership in the Presbyterian Church, Miss M.

H. Laid of Lewisburg, Pa., writes that her father's record exceeded that mentioned. He served the church at Lewisburg as elder continuously from Sept. 1, 1823 until his death, which occurred on Nov. 7, 1885, a period of over fifty-two years.

Mr. D. L. Moody has Organized a Colportage Association to supply good literature at a low price. His colporteurs will carry through the country stocks of religious and good standard moral books. The object is to supplant the trashy novels and literary rubbish which are now bought in country districts because nothing better can be secured there at a low price.

The "Chicago Interior" says that this Free Kindergarten Association of that city reaches yearly three thousand children who are not of school age, most of whom are poor and taken from the streets and alleys where the danger of learning laziness and vice is only too well known. Testimony has been received from pastors and church visitors to the effect that the kindergarten has become a most potent factor in missionary work.

A Series of Conferences is Being held in the building connected with the Amity Baptist Church in West Twenty-fourth Street, New York, the object of which is to stimulate and promote public interest in the good government of the city. Rev. Leighton Williams, the pastor of the church, is a member of the City Vigilance League, and has taken a prominent part in organizing the conferences. Meetings are

held on alternate Thursday evenings, at which free discussion is allowed. The next meeting is on Dec. 20, when Mr. John Swinton, Mr. Wm. Scudmore, Prof. Geddings, and other prominent men will take part in the proceedings.

A Convention Representative of all the States and cities of the Union, has been called for assemblage at St. Louis, December 11, to discuss and formulate a plan for the care of the homeless and destitute children found in the cities of America. The call has been prepared and signed by forty of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis.

A Large Number of Applications for Admission to the "Martha's Rest Home" for overworked women, have already been received by Mrs. Booth, the Treasurer, at 31 Bible House, N. Y. As recently explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Home is in Saratoga, and it is the desire of the founders to have three rooms endowed for the use of deserving women who may be unable to pay during a sojourn at the "Rest."

Rev. G. W. Mooney has been giving Evangelistic addresses during the past few months at the Margaret Strachan Mission in West 27th Street, New York. Miss Sibthorpe, the superintendent, writes that great good has resulted from his labors. Hundreds of inmates have, in response to his appeals, asked for the prayers of God's people and have given evidence of deep feeling. Dr. Mooney has given his services free of charge.

M. Eugene Reveillaud, one of the Leaders of the McAll Mission in France, is now in this country. He is a brilliant journalist and is here on business connected with his paper. His heart is, however, thoroughly in the Mission for which he often preaches. On November 23, he gave an address in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on the work of the mission and the good it is accomplishing in Paris and throughout France.

A Grim Satire on our Clumsy Methods of bringing the workman and the work together is given by Mr. Jacob Riis, the famous worker among the poor of New York. It seems that while Mr. Riis was hunting in one part of the city for a painter to do some work, a painter in another part of the city was hanging himself because he could not find work. If the churches feel any interest in the poor they could not do a better service than in helping them to obtain work.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR AT PORT ARTHUR, CHINA.

and fearing that he would not have time to return and take the other stairs before it left, he climbed the picket fence intending to cross the tracks. But another train was coming in the opposite direction which he did not see. He was struck by the pilot of the locomotive and rolled along the track suffering severe injuries, from which, it is feared, he will not recover. One of the wedding guests witnessed the accident from the opposite platform and his story of the calamity cast a gloom over the ceremony. How sorrowfully must the injured man and his friends regret those few minutes of delay which led him to take the risk of crossing the tracks. But infinitely greater will be the sorrow of many who have been invited to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, but have delayed accepting until death has closed the opportunity. (Matt. 25: 10.)

A Heroic Rescue.

Ten men imprisoned in a dangerous mine near Wilkesbarre, Pa., were rescued recently by the daring of two brave miners from a neighboring pit. The ten men were working in what is known as "No. 3 pit," when the immense coal breaker at the head of the shaft caught fire and within an hour was burned to the ground. The engineer was obliged to stop the fans when the fire broke out otherwise smoke and flame, instead of fresh air, would have been forced into the workings. It was realized, however, that without the fresh air which the fans were accustomed to supply, the men could not live long in the pit and it was

from an excursion in the eastern part of the State informed Young that he had discovered a rich gold mine and asked assistance in working it. Young was afraid that if the existence of the mine became known a flood of miners and adventurers would pour into Utah and disturb his colony, so he sternly forbade Rhodes to speak of it. Rhodes, being a fervent Mormon, obeyed, but on his death bed he told his son of it and gave an exact description of its location. At the first opportunity the young man went to seek the mine, taking with him a treacherous man named Davis, who has since been executed for murder. Rhodes never returned. Davis came back with the story that his companion had been killed by Indians, but it was always believed that Davis, desiring to have sole possession of the secret, murdered him. According to Davis's story the mine was one of the richest in the world. The gold was in a cave, the walls of which actually shone with it. Davis tried to make bargains with various capitalists to work it, but his selfishness and rapacity always caused the failure of any arrangement. His execution for murder ended his operations, but his story which was published after his death started several miners in search of it. Two men from Salt Lake City discovered it and their description of it tallies exactly with that of Davis. They found, however, that the shining metal was not gold at all, but iron pyrites or "fool gold" which inexperienced miners often mistake for the precious metal. Their disappointment may be im-



THE QUIET HOUR.*

HOW restful is the quiet hour:
How soothing 't is, and sweet,
When, freed from all the tempter's power,
I rest at Jesus' feet.
Rest from the trials that oppress,
And make life dead to me:
I muse on Jesus' tenderness,
And bathe me in its sea.
How pleasant from the world to keep:
The world of noise and care!
What sweet joy comes to walk and weep
With Jesus, over there!
Not over there, but at my side
He's walking, day by day:
How can I wander, with that Guide
To keep me in the way?
O, heart, why weary grow, and faint,
When presses sore the foe,
When thou canst break from its restraint.
And to thy Captain go?
Why should'st thou struggle on alone,
Trusting in thine own might—
Trying, in vain, to hold thine own
In the unequal fight?

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.†

THE day of departure drew near. "Uncle Tom's tourists," personally conducted and capitally ciceroned, had seen Washington thoroughly, intelligently, and delightfully.

"Not that you could expect to see everything here," Uncle Tom remarked. "That, I neither hoped nor intended. You have, I suppose, skipped many things, places, and persons notably worth seeing. There are hundreds of details in government work and methods that might be studied to advantage; there are countless things, both curious and entertaining, I should like to hunt up for you in library, museum, safe, and alcove; there are reams of really historic documents worth investigating that are filed and docketed in department bureaus, closets, and pigeon-holes; there are many creative shops and work-rooms that might yet be inspected, where government belongings, from cannons and cartridges to pulp and postage-stamps, are made; there are places of minor interest really worth visiting, if only one could see all and know all. But one can't. Life is too short; feet will get tired; brains will get to buzzing; there is a limit even to the endurance of wide-awake boys and girls. And you have fathers and mothers at home, to whom I am responsible for your health and happiness. So, as the end must come, it may as well come speedily. To-morrow we say good by to Washington. But you have seen a great deal."

They certainly had. They had delved in vaults and crypts; they had climbed into domes and monuments. They had "done" the departments, "covered" the Capitol, and "seen" the city. They had sailed the Potomac, climbed the heights of Arlington, roamed the grounds of Mount Vernon, and, afoot, awheel, or "a-cable," as Marian said, they had seen the squares and gardens, the streets and suburbs of the National Capital.

In the splendid National Museum, crammed with relics and wonders, they had feasted their eyes on historic or beautiful things; in its near neighbor, the Smithsonian Institution,—the gift of an English gentleman to the American Republic,—they had seen many a marvel, and studied hundreds of rare and curious things. They had seen the workmen "jacketing a gun" in the Naval Gun Factory; at the Marine Barracks they had witnessed the morning concert of the famous Marine Band. They were familiar with the President's grounds and the Capitol grounds; they had seen all the fine monuments to soldiers and sailors, statesmen and patriots that adorn the city squares and circles. They had seen where Lincoln was assassinated, the mean little house in which he died, and the spot where Garfield fell. They had seen the store of

books in the departmental and special libraries, and had visited the future home of the mighty collection of a million books and pamphlets—the splendid new Library of Congress, facing, with its golden dome, the east front of the great Capitol.

They were fascinated, impressed, almost awed by the grandeur of the buildings, the beauty of the "environment," the air of greatness and of power that make the capital city of the nation its pride, its glory, and its central point.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.*

Love exerts upon us a transforming, or assimilating influence. In other words, we grow into the likeness of that upon which our heart is set. If we love the world, we are apt to grow more worldly. If we love the things of heaven, we grow more heavenly-minded. We learn that the very countenance of Moses, when he came down from the mount, beamed with the divine glory; for God had drawn near to him, and filled him with himself. And as the heart communes with God to-day, it learns to love him; and, as it loves, it is changed into his likeness; becomes a mirror which images the God who dwells within; for "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

It is not asked, nor is it expected, that our love shall be equal in quantity with that which reaches us from God; but it may

that does not alter the fact that not one least atom of matter, not one least impulse of force has escaped out of God's sure possession—his absolute control.

Equally sure is it in the second place that God cares infinitely more for men than he does for property. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is not asked as a conundrum. It is the solemn announcement of the valuation which God puts upon the soul. Without a moment's hesitation Jesus suffers the devils to enter the two thousand swine and destroy them, that the devil may the more readily come out of a man, because he is giving himself to save men. Doing this, he can regard nothing in the universe for an instant as comparable in value to a man. When the brilliant young McCall of the Livingstone-Congo mission, dying, the other day in mid-work, said, "Lord, I gave myself, body, mind and soul to thee. I consecrated my whole being to thy service, and now if it please thee to take myself instead of my work which I would do for thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done!" he only fell back on the truth before us.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Birds' Calendar, by H. E. Parkhurst. Pp. 351; price \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Story from Pullmanston, by Nico Beck-Meyer. Pp. 110. Price paper covers 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr, Chicago.

St. Paul's Conception of Christianity, by Alexander B. Bruce, D.D. Pp. 404. Price 52. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Royal Road, by Marion Harland. A story which originally appeared as a serial in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Pp. 377. Price \$1.50. Published by Amos D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Ave., New York.

A Rack Calendar for 1895, of four compartments, each with a calendar of three months. Pretty and unique. Price 50 cents. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23d Street, N. Y.

"He Careth for You," Calendar for 1895. Twelve exquisitely painted cards, each bearing the days of the



DONA FELISA DE BOURBON.

DON FRANCOIS MARIE DE BOURBON.

CLAIMANTS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

and must be the same in kind. You cannot gather up the waters of the ocean; but you may taste their saltiness in the spray which flies from every crested wave. You cannot grasp the infinitude of the divine love; but you may demonstrate its quality and character, in some deed of kindness to the unfortunate about you, or in some loving service rendered to one that is weaker than yourself.

GOD AS A PARTNER.‡

It is well to remember this: that not a man can get any of his possessions, or hold it, except by the will of God. When God undertakes to bestow it upon a man nothing can prevent his having it; and when God undertakes to withhold it from a man no skill or cunning of his can obtain it. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. Why? Because God scatters them. They come again and our cup is full. Why? Because God fills it. And that whether we know the reason or not. Utterly above any use we may make of it is God's ownership of the earth and everything upon it. We may be permitted to understand his ways of dealing with it and with us by and by; we do not now. But

week for one month, with two appropriate texts. Price \$1. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

What Would Jesus Do? or the Text upon the Wall, by I. R. Vernon, M. A.; 30 pp; paper covers; price 10c. J. E. Jewett, New York, publisher.

My New Home, by Mrs. Molesworth; with illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke. 214 pp; price, 51; published by Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Herald Sermons. By Geo. H. Hepworth, D.D. A volume of about forty-five sermons which originally appeared in "The New York Herald." Pp. 251. Price \$1. Published by F. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23d Street, New York.

Christian Creeds and Confessions: A short account of the Symbolical books of the churches and seeds of Christendom and of the doctrines dependent on them; translated from the German of Prof. G. A. Guntlich, Ph.D.; pp. 136; cloth: Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Oliver Goldsmith, Selections from his Works: with an Introduction by Edward Everett Hale, cloth binding, 287 pages, price \$1; Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers. Also by the same firm, and uniform with the above, *Joseph Addison, selected essays*; Pp. 175; price 75 cents.

The Century Magazine, vol. 48, from May to October, 1894; 460 pages, gilt cloth binding, \$3.00. It contains enough literary material to fill several ordinary volumes of story, travel, adventure, reminiscence, art and poetry; beautifully illustrated. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

St. Nicholas, vol. 21, from December, 1893, to December, 1894. In two parts; 1104 pp; red and gilt cloth; price \$4. A richly illustrated magazine for girls and boys, whose contents are a storehouse of refreshing literature for youthful readers. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Select Notes: A commentary on the International Lessons for 1895, by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. We know of no book in existence equal to this in the aid it renders to the Sunday School teacher in preparing the Lesson. It gives him precisely the information he is most likely to need. Pp. 346; price \$1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., 15 Broadfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Claimants to a Throne.

The Two Bourbon Princes who Aspire to Rule the People of France.

ALTHOUGH the French Republic seems to be firmly established in the hearts of the people of that country, there are still lingering hopes among the partisans of royalty that the "old regime" may be restored either through the influence of a war or by some successful revolutionary coup. Prominent among the possible claimants to the throne is Francois Marie de Bourbon, now a general in the Spanish army, whose portrait, together with that of his wife, Dona Felisa de Leone de Balboa, is presented on this page. Until a recent date, Don Francesco de Bourbon was regarded as the most prominent claimant to the French crown, but he has definitely disavowed all pretensions in that direction, and since the death of the Comte de Paris, the hopes of the royalists and especially the Carlist faction, have centred upon Don Francesco de Bourbon. The Carlist Bourbon princes are descendants of King Charles IV., of Spain, the grandson of King Philip V., who was grandson of Louis XIV, of France, When King Ferdinand, in 1830, procured the abolition of the Salic law, and bequeathed the Spanish crown to his daughter Isabella, grandmother of the present Spanish King, he cut off the hopes of the Carlists in that country. The second son of Don Carlos renounced all kingly pretensions several years ago.

France has been periodically afflicted with "claimants" and "pretenders" for the last twenty years, but the Republic has moved steadily forward, and the people to-day enjoy greater freedom and a larger share of happiness and comfort than was ever possible, even in the palmiest years of the monarchy that fell at Sedan. It is not at all probable that the people of that country will be persuaded, even by the specious promises of princes and the prospective pomp and glitter of a throne, to change their present prosperous and progressive condition. The "claims" of Don Francois De Bourbon and his noble consort will in all likelihood share the fate of similar ephemeral pretensions and soon be forgotten.

EXAMINING AFRICAN CANDIDATES.

The questions put to a candidate for church membership in Africa would surprise some candidates among ourselves if they were put by an American minister. Apparently they form a good test of native sincerity, and they show incidentally how Christian principles are adaptable to every condition of life. Mr. Currie, whose portrait appeared in this journal two years ago, has been forming the first church at Cismamba. Eleven young men were baptized, after answering satisfactorily the questions put to them. Among the questions were the following: "If a younger brother counsels you to do what is right, will you reject his advice because is younger than you?" "If your wife is sick, will you carry her to her relatives and tell them to take care of her until she is better?" "If you have a sick child and the white man's medicine fails to make it better, will you carry it to the witch doctor?" "If the white missionaries leave, is it right to go back to the customs of your fathers?" "If faith in Christ leads you to death, is it right to throw away the Gospel?" Mr. Currie doubtless felt that the answers to these questions showed whether the candidate had really become a Christian.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars.

Or, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-skry, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O, God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.
—W. C. GANNETT.

*From *Versatile Verses*, a book of original poems by George A. Wilson; delightful reading for leisure moments; pp. 111; cloth, price \$1. Published by the author, N. Y. N. Y.

†The *Century Book for Young Americans*, the story of the Government by Elizabeth F. Brooks. This is a new departure in telling an attractive narrative form, just what young Americans ought to know. Pp. 250; brown binding, price \$1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

‡From *Fundamentals*, by W. Fisher Marwick, a brief unfolding of the basal truths of the Christian life; pp. 276; cloth; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

§From *Religion and Business*, by Rev. H. Stinson, pp. 149; cloth, price 75 cents. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, publishers.

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(To be Continued)



THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 23. Isa. 9: 2-7.

ONLY one subject is likely to occupy the minds of a company of Christians meeting together near the day on which by common consent Christendom celebrates the birth of our Lord. The mind turns instinctively to that Babe in the manger. It is the reproach of one Church that it loses sight of the ministry of Christ and dwells exclusively on the Christ in the manger and the Christ on the Cross; but it is well that at least at the seasons with which we connect those conceptions, that the mind should dwell on those aspects of our Lord's mission. Strive as we may, we can never fully realize how much the world is indebted to the mere birth of Christ. It furnishes the link between the divine and the human, which saves the world from Pantheism on the one hand, and idolatry on the other. In the effort to conceive of God as pure spirit, there is the danger of conceiving of a blind force or energy pervading the universe and giving life to the vegetable and animal world—an impalpable, impersonal essence that it is impossible to love. The Pantheist is an orphan, bereaved of his heavenly Father. On the other hand the conception to which men turn in heathenism, in the Buddhist temple and the Roman Catholic Church, while it meets the craving with which the human mind turns from the abstract to the concrete, degrades and demoralizes the man. His devotional spirit is exercised, and by so much is he helped, but inevitably he loses the idea of the representative character of the object of his worship and worships the image itself, paving the way for contempt of himself which must come when he reflects on the folly of worshipping the thing that his own hands have made.

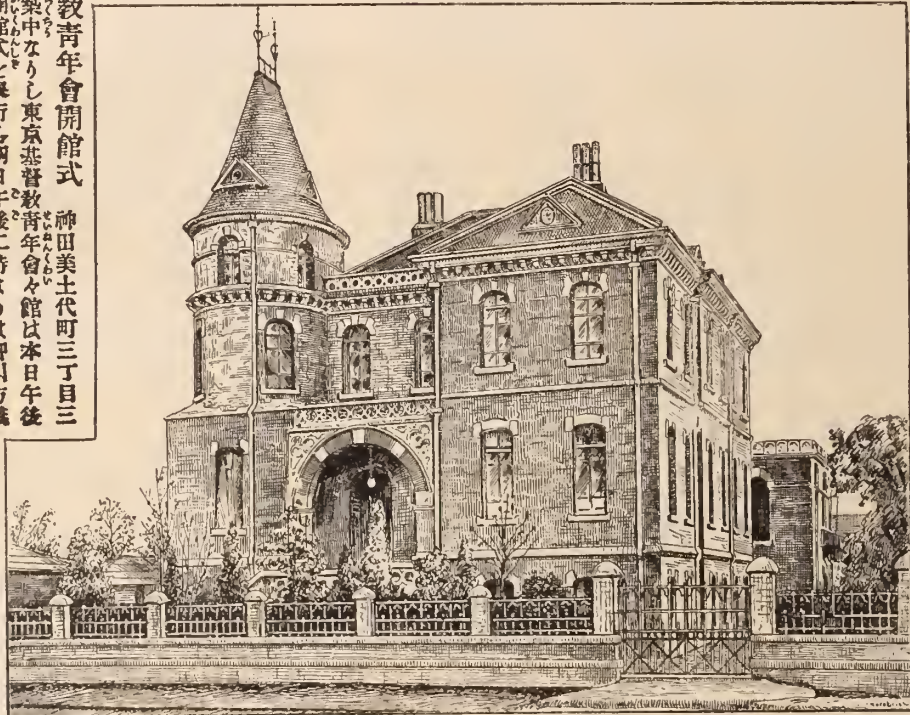
In the Incarnation all the needs of the spiritual nature of man are met. In the sublime words of the Evangelist, The Word that was with God and was God became flesh. In him, says another inspired writer, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and "he was the very image of his substance." As Jesus himself said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Thus provision is made for the inmost craving of human nature and the prophet's vision is realized: "Unto us a Son is born; unto us a Child is given. No longer is the man who hears and believes this fact, able to worship blind force or images of wood and stone, or even the ineffable glory of the Shekinah. He turns with delighted satisfaction to the Being in whom God was. Thus the Child in the manger becomes the supreme gift of God to the world. We can worship now; we can go to him with the sense of relationship and we can love. It is this conception that lies at the base of all the success of Christian evangelism and Christian missions. The Christian religion divested of Christ would be a system of ethics dead and powerless. Its force, its vitalizing warmth comes from the God clad in flesh having human love, human sympathy, human compassion. This is our Christmas joy, and we may take it into the darkened haunts of the African savage, into the darkened homes of our own land, with the full assurance that it will prove wherever it is received the greatest joy in life.

A JAPANESE Y. M. C. A.

The hieroglyphs on the left of the picture on this page appeared in the "Daily Times" of Tokio, Japan. The Japanese reader would find nothing cabalistic about them, but reading the lines, according to Japanese custom, perpendicularly, beginning on the right, would understand that the Young Men's Christian Association of Tokio would

that day dedicate its new building at No. 3 Mitshiro Street, and that addresses would be delivered by Messrs. Hogi Okawa and Siko Ichihara. This was an important matter for the Christians of the city. The hope for Christianity in Japan lies in reaching the young men, and there are a vast number of them in the great city of Tokio. The dedication of the Association building meant therefore an adoption of an organization which has proved a potent means of good wherever it has been established. There are now thirty Associations in Japan, of which this of Tokio is the largest and most important. The new building referred to in the announcement, is, as will be seen from the picture we publish, a substantial one. It contains a large and fully-equipped gymnasium, two parlors, a library and reading-room, a central social hall and five classrooms beside the offices of the Secretary and other officials. A

○基督教青年會開館式 神田美土代町三丁目三番地に建築中なりし東京基督教青年會々館は本日午後二時より開館式を挙行し明日午後二時よりは押川方義市原盛宏兩氏の演説あるよし



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF TOKIO, JAPAN—A JAPANESE ADVERTISEMENT.

passageway from the main building opens into a large auditorium in the rear which is capable of accommodating one thousand persons. The Association has one hundred members, several of whom are well able to conduct Bible Classes and evangelistic meetings. The members are thoroughly in earnest in their work, and have special committees for reaching various classes of young men in the city, especially the large number who come from the country districts, and are liable to be led astray by the temptations of the metropolis.

AGGRESSIVE B. Y. P. U. PLANS.

The committee of the Blue or Western division of the Baptist Young People's Union has issued in the organ of the Union an address containing suggestions which may be useful in other young people's organizations. They show a systematic way of working which, as it is not copyright, may be adopted anywhere. The Committee's suggestions are in part as follows: First, to organize as many new Unions as possible in their States. There are churches that need the Union. The cause of Christ, considering either the local church or the work in the State at large, cannot be better aided in any way than by concentrating the young people and training them through a young people's organization. One good way to do this is to correspond with pastors

and young people where there is an opening, and to offer to visit and assist in such a beginning. The presence of an experienced worker will be a great encouragement.

It will be possible and generally feasible to enlist all denominational agents who are working in the several States. Consult the secretaries of the State conventions, the district missionaries, the entire force of agents of the Publication Society, and if they find it consistent with their duties, secure their active co-operation in establishing Unions. Officers of State Unions, please take hold and push this plan.

Second, to provide a lecture course upon the C. C. work for the local Unions in each State. Four or more pastors can be secured who will agree to prepare one lecture each on a subject connected with the Missionary Conquest or Sacred Literature Course. Let the secretary of each State Union make such arrangement; inform the local Unions that such lecturers will visit them, if desired, and that their service will be free. The Unions would gladly pay the traveling expenses of the lecturers. The secretary preparing the course may determine whether the lectures shall be offered to societies without discrimination, or only to those who are studying the C. C. Courses. This plan, if carried out, will be found to have many advantages.

WHAT ONE LEAGUE DID.

A pathetic incident showing what good a really live sympathetic Epworth League may do at a time of sorrow, is told by

his hotel, a kind family had begged the privilege of taking him to their own home. Young Epworthians had borne him there with their own hands; gathering around him they had sung, "Just as I am, without one plea." The dying boy joined in the singing, saying, as they closed the verses, "O Lord, just as I am, I come, I do." A little latter, glancing around the circle with a pleased smile as if recognizing the fact that he was among friends, he asked, "Are you good people Methodists?" adding, "My mother is a Methodist." A little later came the end. The minister's wife closed his eyes, saying: "He was some mother's dear boy."

Here is a ministry worthy of angels. I confess frankly that it never had occurred to me that the League might find one of its best spheres of action in a ministry like this. These Epworthians sought the not knowing who his relations were, they were surprised when they heard of his death in Ohio and Indiana, but a greater surprise awaited them when they shall ask: "When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee?" "Then shall the King answer and say unto them, inasmuch as ye did it unto the stranger boy, ye did it unto me."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

The authorized reports show that there were 1,716 professed conversions in M. C. A. meetings in Massachusetts during the past twelve months.

The B. Y. P. U. is making rapid progress in Alabama. Nearly every important church in the State has a Union. It is proposed to hold a State Convocation soon, either in Mobile or Montgomery. Churches in the cities have issued cordial invitations.

Bishop Fitzgerald will unfortunately be absent from the International Conference of the Epworth League next year as he has been assigned by the Board of Bishops to visit conferences in South America and Europe.

The committee for the management of the Great International Epworth League Conference at Chattanooga, in next year is now fully organized. Mr. T. A. Snow is the Chairman; Mr. J. A. Hemenway, General Secretary; Mr. E. Rust, Transportation, and the other offices are also ably filled. A tent capable of holding twelve thousand persons has been secured.

The Oregon State Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union held recently at Portland and showed a marked increase in numbers. Seventy-six delegates represented their respective societies. It was noticed that the members of the Christian Endeavor Societies were among the most earnest workers and in no way behind their B. Y. P. U. comrades in loyalty to their denominational societies.

Young Women's Christian Associations are making good progress in Germany. A society, which erected a home for girls in Berlin, and intends building another one now, has appointed a permanent secretary for the work.

Over thirteen hundred registered delegates attended the recent Massachusetts State Convention of Christian Endeavor at Fall River, Mass. The International Convention of 1895, which has unexpectedly fallen to the lot of Boston, was a prominent topic, and many offers of help in the way of entertainment were made.

Dr. A. A. Fulton, writing to "The Interior" from Canton, China, says of the Christian Endeavor societies in three provinces by use of the two cents a week plan, "I reached 27,000 patients and preached to more than 100,000 persons in 1,114 villages. I send the three years' report. They have just started on a fourth year's work. If every society in our church used this plan, we should have \$250,000 per year."



Homes of the Cannibals.

ospel Progress on the Solomon Islands
The Murderous Soya Tribe of Head-
hunters and their "Punishment."

THREE hundred and twenty-six years ago, Mendana, the famous navigator, was exploring a part of the great Melanesian group of islands in the South Pacific, when he discovered a cluster of islets to the west of the New Guinea coast, upon which white men had ever yet set foot. He found them so rich in gold and ivory that at once concluded he had at last discovered the mines of fabulous wealth from which had come the treasures for the adornment of the Temple at Jerusalem, and he therefore gave to the group the name of "Solomon Isles." They were the abode of savage tribes of great cruelty and fierceness and the gloomiest stories were told of their barbarity and heathenism.

It was not until 1857, nearly three hundred years after Mendana's discovery, that the Solomon Islands were first visited by Christian missionaries. Their labors were blessed and at the present day there are churches, schools and native pastors in several places and Christianity has gained a substantial foothold, especially at Isabel, one of the largest of the group. In their quarters, however, the almost untamable spirit of the tribesmen, has been a stumbling-block in the path of Gospel progress. They cling to the old heathenish practices of their ancestors and indulge in cannibalism and "head-hunting," the heads of enemies being eagerly sought for as trophies of war. They are short, but sturdy and well proportioned, with skins of a dark brown or copper color, sp. woolly hair and features that indicate intelligence, combined with crafty, revengeful nature. Trophies of human skulls, curiously preserved and inlaid with shell, are kept in many of the native villages. Rude temples are also found, in which the people assemble to worship spirits. The native houses are neatly constructed dwellings with stout wooden frames and grass thatch on roof and sides.

Many years ago, the captain and crew of a vessel named "The Wanderer" were kidnapped by the Solomon islanders and their fate was never known. Recently, Donald Guy, the captain of a trading vessel, fell to the hands of the head-hunters of the Soya tribe at New Georgia and was cruelly murdered. To punish these head-hunting cannibals, the British warship, "Royalist," as lately sent with a force of mariners to the scene of Captain Guy's death. As they advanced, the cannibals deserted the villages and fled to the heated jungle. Village after village was burned by the mariners, but the inhabitants had fled. In one village (shown in the illustration on this page), they found human arm drying in the sun—the ghastly remains of a cannibal feast, the rest of the body having been eaten. Although many villages were destroyed, not a native of the Soya tribe was encountered. Their chief, Man Choy, is treacherous and cunning, and succeeded in eluding pursuit, and his people are the most determined head-

hunters in the world. No new canoe is ever launched unless two human heads are put on her bows. Many attempts have been made to civilize and Christianize the Soyas, but without success.

Abnormal Children.

The best boys I ever knew, writes Dr. Talmage, occasionally upset things or got boisterous or had the fidgets. Goody-goody children make namby-pamby men.

I should not be surprised to find that a colt that does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes the boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling, but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to

practically and every moment, and not theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm and help you in all the duties of life, indoors or outdoors. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars and let those currents bear you on their strength.

Shallow Natures.

An observant writer lately remarked: "There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of this season with two specimens of this sort. They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding and feeling. They had been educated at much cost to the parents; both were constant attendants at church. I saw nothing in their faces or bearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching for some signal of affection; but they had eyes and thoughts for nothing but a gown they were making. I walked with them through a forest under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity in them. They chatted incessantly of the new trimming on their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing apparently to

uniformly joyous; a spirit all sunshine; graceful from very gladness; beautiful because bright. Cheerfulness is always a pleasant and helpful companion; dullness always a wretched one.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day; what a precious boon For earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister To the needy friend or neighbor.
Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears In their search for light may fail not.
Strength for to-day on the down-hill track For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side, Ere long they may safely rally.
Strength for to-day, that our precious youth May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun, On a strong and sure foundation.
Strength for to-day in house and home, To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds Still trusting in God completely.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

IN all ages, writes Dr. Talmage, God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother!" the old man, in his dying dream, calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great back-log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and re-crossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life; if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face.

What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a



AN EXPEDITION PUNISHING A HEAD-HUNTING, CANNIBAL TRIBE, IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

marry a missionary and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals; or finding their son looking cadaverous, think he is either going to die or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart who, while Presbyterianism are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hands on his stomach. I do not think that heaven is so near to an illy-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If we could trade off three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercifully and forever.

A Restful Hint for Housewives.

There is nothing, writes Anna C. Brackett, that will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves so surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise and tender providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending. A simple faith in God which

which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs and flounces. I went to church with them and listened to the great "Te Deum" which has come down to us through the ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshippers to God. They nudged each other while they sang it. We physicians now test the temperature of a patient's body, and if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already in the heart. When I find so low a degree in the words, thoughts and actions of a human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall.

Do you Sing at your Work?

It was Carlisle who first wrote of the beauty of cheerfulness as exemplified in the man who sings at his labor. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be

room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could not greet us, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty years ago, come, open the old Bible you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep the old jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Careful Attention

to the healthful feeding of the cows producing the milk received at our condenseries is vitally important. We rigorously prohibit the use of foods not qualified to produce pure, wholesome milk. Hence, the superior quality of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.



CHAPTER XXV.
Working for Jesus.

A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

THE revival work continued. During revivals, when every one was near the Saviour, full of love for him, and eager to work for him, sectarianism vanished in the little city of R—, and ministers and congregations united in the glorious cause. Union meetings were held first in one church, then in another, and all denominations attended. Morning prayer-meetings were held in the most central church, so that business men might be present, and house-keepers, merchants, bankers, and people from all the avenues of life flocked to church. The college was deserted night and morning. Annie, with several from the boarding-house, had joined the churches of their several choice, and now that this duty had been performed, they were satisfied. At every meeting Annie was in her seat, her bright face full of sympathy, full of unspoken prayer.

Annie was earnestly at work among the ungodly, and her influence was great. Among the pupils was a tall, beautiful girl of rare powers of mind who had been a great favorite with Annie. She was in the most advanced class in college, and, since she united great application with uncommon talent, she stood the peer of all of her school-mates. Cornelia King had been a member of the church for years, but through neglect of duty, she had grown cold. So full was her mind of vanity, pride, and worldly ambition that prayer and reading her Bible were totally neglected. At first her conscience smote her for this remissness, but as day after day and night after night passed, and these duties were each time neglected, her conscience ceased to admonish. Her lessons in vocalization under Annie had developed her voice, and found in it rare purity of tone, compass, volume, and bird-like flexibility, so that she had determined, with her parents' full consent, to go to Europe for its further improvement as soon as she should receive her diploma from this college. Cornelia's father was not a rich man, but he had decided to spare enough from his means for this purpose, seeing a brilliant future for his gifted child. Cornelia had fully determined to make the stage her profession as soon as she was prepared, and this decision met the hearty approval of her worldly-minded, ambitious parents. These things drew her mind still further away from her Saviour. The revival was a source of trouble. She avoided the girls' prayer-meetings, using lessons as a pretext, avoided Christians, shut herself in her room and locked the door, lest the newly-converted might rush in to tell their joy.

Annie took occasion to seek her, and as she walked with her arm and arm in the veranda, she said: "Cornelia, you did not come to tell me you were glad when I was converted. Did you not rejoice with me?—but then I know you did, for Christians are obliged to be happy when souls are saved."

Cornelia answered quickly: "Miss Annie, I will not deceive you, but I am sorry to wound you by a confession of the truth. This so-called revival is a trouble to me and I shall be heartily glad when it is over, so the routine of College life can proceed as usual. I came here for an education, not to be forever going to church. You who profess to be Christians oppose balls, cards and other such like gaieties upon the ground of dissipation. If going to church every night and sitting up so late isn't dissipation, then I know nothing about such things."

"Yet you have been regularly, Cornelia."

"Only because I was unwilling to remain in this big, empty house alone. I did not wish or intend to deceive any one, and if it was thought it was interest in the cause that carried me there, I am sorry. I know I shall fall in your estimation by this avowal, but I cannot help it, much as I regret it. I want you to know my true position."

"Do you not profess to be a Christian, dear, are you not a member of the Church?"

"In a moment of weakness I did make a profession of religion. I was honest then, I thought I was a changed girl, now I know that it was all a mistake. I am no Christian, and I wish my name were wiped off the Church roll."

"Yet, Cornelia, it was only the other day, I heard one of the teachers speak of your conversion; she said if ever there was a changed girl, you were that girl, that your conversion was so bright, your happiness so great, that a Christian gentleman said, the change in you and your face were arguments that should forever silence the most incredulous."

Cornelia heaved a deep sigh as she said: "I am sorry, I am very sorry. I did not intentionally deceive, Miss Annie, believe me when I tell you, I was mistaken myself."

"No one doubts the genuineness of your conversion, Cornelia, and were you to die to-night—"

"Oh, Miss Annie," she interrupted, "don't speak of death, it appalls me. I hope and pray I may not die to-night, if I were summoned, I could have no shadow of hope of heaven. What would I not give if there were no death!"

"How long since you united with the Church?"

"Nearly three years ago."

"Have you been regular in your duties, in prayer and reading your Bible?"

"At first, Miss Annie, nothing could have tempted me to neglect my known duty, and I was very particular about my Bible and prayer, but soon my lessons pressed, my music required more time, my art every spare moment, so these duties were gradually neglected. Then I determined to go upon the stage, and I was compelled to confess that the stage and religion were hardly companions, so I drifted farther and farther, so that now I cannot tell you when my Bible was opened, or when I bowed in prayer. It is deceitful for me to remain in the Church as I am, I must get out somehow."

"Cornelia, dear Cornelia, promise me right here and now that you will not let your head press your pillow to-night until you have read a portion of God's Word and bowed in prayer."

"Miss Annie, you could hardly ask a favor of me that I would not grant."

"Then you will promise."

"I will."

Go to your Saviour, dear child, and confess all your wanderings, tell him your sins freely and beg him to show you your true condition. If your own heart rebels at this, do it as a favor to me. Will you promise?"

Cornelia bowed assent. The supper bell ringing they obeyed its summons together.

The next morning Cornelia was at prayer-meeting. Her face was disturbed, her eyes swollen. Annie's heart was deeply moved for her. Upon returning to the College, Cornelia excused herself to the president and went immediately to her room. Annie missed her, and all the morning as she was at the piano giving lessons, a prayer trembled upon her lips for the wanderer. As soon as possible, she hurried up to Cornelia's room, entered softly without knocking, found her upon her knees with face buried in her pillow, sobbing convulsively. Annie knelt by her side and prayed aloud:

"O, God, we cannot, we will not let thee go until thou bless us. O, for Jesus' sake bless this dear girl, and speak peace to her troubled heart. She mourns for her neglect of thee, forgive her for it, she mourns that she has wandered far away, forgive her for it and bring her gently back. Remember that she is but dust and pardon her frailty. O, Jesus, put thy loving arms around her and keep her near thee. Show her that thy anger is but for a moment, and that thy loving kindness is never failing. O, God, see the tears flowing from her eyes, tokens of her true repentance, and wipe them all away with thy forgiveness and thy love. Hear us, Father, hear us for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Amid tears, and prayer broken by sobs

the time was spent until the ringing of the dinner bell, and then Annie whispered:

"Come, dear, let us go down."

"No, Miss Annie," was firmly replied.

"I must end this struggle right here."

So Annie went alone with a heavy heart, and all the afternoon in the art room, tears would blind her eyes so she could scarcely see her work, and her heart was so full of prayer, she did not hear her name called when addressed. As soon as the last bell rang for dismissal, Annie hurried up to Cornelia's room. Cornelia heard her step and met her with a happy smile and said:

"It is ended, Miss Annie, thank God for me."

They sank on their knees together and Annie poured out her soul in thanksgiving, and as she said "Amen," Cornelia began another prayer of thankfulness and closed with a solemn dedication of herself to God. As they arose, Annie asked with a smile:

"What of the stage now, Cornelia?"

"No stage for me, Miss Annie. How could I ever have thought of it! There may be good people upon the stage, but it would never do for me. Henceforth I am the Lord's. If I have any talent in any line, especially any vocal powers, they shall all be used for God's glory."

"How much grander, how much nobler!" exclaimed Annie with a full heart.

Among the outside influences which had led Cornelia to be filled with unholiness, ambition, and wander from her Saviour, was a professor of foreign extraction in the College. He professed to believe in Christianity, though he was not a Christian. He had admired Cornelia's talent, and was the one who had encouraged her to make her mark in the world by a public career. Now Cornelia sought him when alone, and said in a firm, but gentle voice:

"Professor, I have come to tell you, that all my ambitious schemes are given up, and that hereafter all my powers shall be used for my Saviour's glory. I have been a wandering Christian a long time, but I am back to my loving Saviour now. God only knows what a terrible struggle I have had, but it is passed, and now all is peace and happiness within me. Another thing I came to say, my dear teacher, and it is this: I have not shown you how a Christian should walk, my light has been covered up under the bushel of pride, vanity and worldly ambition, but I come now, and ask you in the tenderest love, if you will not let my Saviour be your Saviour? You have lived long for your own self, your God-given talents have been no blessing to your Maker. Will you not lay your sins, your life, your all at the foot of the cross—will you not accept my Saviour for yours?"

The professor made no reply. At first he tried to smile in sarcasm, but when he met her tear-filled, deeply earnest eye looking steadily into his, his own dropped beneath her gaze and without a word he left his section room. As he walked rapidly down the step he muttered:

"Ridiculous infatuation! It's none of my business if she throws herself away."

Years after, when affliction brought him to the cross, he confessed that his first impressions for good were during the appeal from the gifted girl, who had consecrated her life and all her powers to her Saviour's glory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

April, capricious April had passed, and May, tender, blooming, beautiful May had been ushered in.

The revival had ended. Every one was sorry that the meetings closed, and Annie especially regretted that this harvest of souls was at an end. Prayer and reading God's word were still the sweet food her soul craved, but the strengthening prayer-meetings were missed. It seemed words sent by the Holy Spirit, when, in the morning after the meetings closed, at Chapel prayer, the President said:

"My dear pupils and friends, we cannot always stay upon the Mount, we must come down to daily work. Impetuous Peter said, 'Lord, let us make three tabernacles' evidently meaning to stay. We feel very much like Peter, we, too, would rather stay on the Mount right close to Jesus. But there was work awaiting the Saviour below, a distressed father, with an only boy who had a dumb spirit was waiting to be cured. None ever asked in vain at Jesus' hands,—the child was restored. We must come down too, work awaits us. Take Jesus with you as you go. Invite him down with you, ask him to go with you in

your recitation rooms, and be with you all you do. He is down in the valley as well as on the mount. Remember this as you pick up the burden of life again, yet do not count it a burden, a cross. Do everything for God, and rest assured it will be accepted as service rendered him."

These were words fitly spoken, like "a ples of gold in pictures of silver," so each teacher and pupil girded on the panoply of life with alacrity, and went bravely to work.

How time flies, when its wings are plum with work! The hours swept by. Day and nights passed, came and passed again. The month of birds and flowers was gone and June with still, warm, sultry air stepped in. Everything was hurry and excitement for Commencement was close at hand. Grand preparations were to be made, many visitors from a distance were expected, the Governor of the State had accepted invitation to deliver the annual address before the Alumnae.

So the days came—were gone. Commencement came—was over. Farewells were spoken—the College halls deserted.

It was a sad time, that parting with girls. Perhaps it would have been sad still for Annie, had she not herself been going. As it was, she partook of the excitement, was a girl again darting here and there, a smile to this one, kind words that one and kisses not a few. Then engine whistled, and they must hurry. So a rush for seats, such good-byes from windows and waving of handkerchiefs now they are gone. Then one girl would reach home, say good-bye all around and get out, then another and another till Annie was left alone.

The next afternoon she found herself the Depot, Roy's arms around her, phatton waiting for her.

"How grand you are looking, Annie," he exclaimed in delighted tones.

"Am I? I am so glad you think so, Roy. I am certainly in better health than when I left home."

"I expected to meet a jaded and worn looking woman, with perhaps a few very few wrinkles, but this one is so fresh and bright, I declare, Annie, you are prettier than ever."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, but lay all of a brother's partiality aside, I think myself, I am looking better than when I left. Work is a good medicine for soul and body."

"Soul?—that reminds me of a letter," and Roy turned and looked quizzically at her face.

"Was it the one in which I wrote Mamma of my conversion?"

She met his look with a smile, but without the least trace of embarrassment.

"Forget what you called it, perhaps it was the name," he replied in a teasing way.

"I am better than I once was, Roy, I hope you will find this out before long."

"I was satisfied with you as you were, Annie."

"There comes in your blind affection again, my dear brother. Well, we will all this over later, so tell me now how Mamma is and all of your family."

"All quite well and all anxiously awaiting you."

By this time the front gate was reached, and the vision of two beautiful children standing in the gateway met Annie's. Then there was a little clapping of hands and shouts of "Aunt Annie!" "Aunt Annie!"

It was a sweet welcome for her, in the warmest of welcomes was given from everyone, servants and all. Well still surrounded her, elegance glittered in silver and gold, in costly china and furniture, and was reflected in long mirrors. Ease and comfort were there, too, and every effort of Roy was to make his sister feel that she owned equally in all. Religion did not make her despise wealth, ease and luxury. It did not blind her eyes to tasty decorations, nor make her admire less, the harmony of color and artistic appointments, but now these were only side observations. There was no lolling about now with a novel, no time to indulge in idleness except when an overtaxed mind and body demanded relaxation. Her taste for the beautiful and ornate was still there, but she had lost her love for theatres, balls, cards, and frivolity, all were given up for Jesus. Her manly nature was not blotted out, grace had not obliterated it, but it was renewed. Her old self was dead, its passions, its selfish loves, now it hung on the cross, dead!

(To be continued.)

HINDUS CONVERTED.
Dominant organs of native opinion are concerned just now about the conversion to Christianity of Mr. S. R. Chetty, a Hindu gentleman of high-caste. He has made a statement of the reasons of his conversion, in which he says that he had long lost faith in the religion in which he was educated as a child, and he has been struggling between agnosticism, theism and atheism. On reading the papers read at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, he was much made up his mind that Christianity was the only true faith. Referring to this statement, a Madras Hindu, in "The Indian Spectator," who expressly disclaims sympathy with Mr. Chetty's views, writes that "there are more than one who I think of at this moment who are on the brink of Christianity." This writer speaks of these men whom he knows as highly educated and men of excellent principles, but they have ceased to draw any pleasure or inspiration from Hinduism. All of them are chaste Hindus and conduct themselves like Hindus in every particular. The writer affirms that some of these men have been brought to the "feet of Christ" by their disgust at the "social inequities" of Hinduism.

Atarrh in the Head
On leads directly to consumption, and consumption, as every person knows, is almost necessarily fatal. Therefore atarrh should be checked at once as a most dangerous disease. If you have atarrh in the head do not waste time and money in the use of local applications.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
but take Hood's Sarsaparilla which will purify the blood and thus by removing the cause, will absolutely and permanently cure atarrh. This has been the experience of thousands and it will be the experience of all who faithfully use Hood's Sarsaparilla.
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as it is distilled in the hepatic cells of the living fish; when perfectly digestible, causing no after-taste or sea. In flat, oval bottles only, hermetically sealed and dated. All Druggists.

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HE DOTH COMFORT.
WHEN my heart is sad and weary
With a nameless dread and pain,
Precious Saviour, let thy Spirit
Draw me to thy side again.
Fold thy loving arms about me,
Let me feel thy presence near.
Gently saying to me, "Fear not,
I will comfort, guide and cheer."
When temptation comes upon me,
And my soul is sore oppressed,
Wilt thou take me, so sin-laden?
Wilt thou give me peace and rest?
Blessed Saviour, dear Redeemer,
All I have to thee belongs:
May my soul, removed from earth's dross,
Praise thee with eternal songs.
—L. W. SHAW.

The large circle is the size of a Silver Dollar. Which would YOU choose? The Gold Dollar or the Silver Dollar? Large Bottle—Big Dose? Small Bottle—Small Dose?

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Formula on every bottle. Always good for 100 doses to the bottle. Price, one dollar. Sample, enough to last ten days, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Send your address for descriptive pamphlet, "How to Get a Free Sample," to the Sole Agents,
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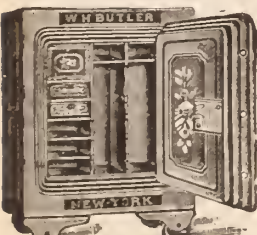
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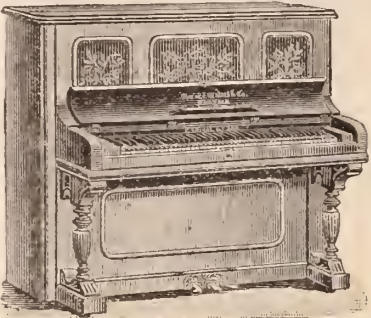
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VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 51.

R. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

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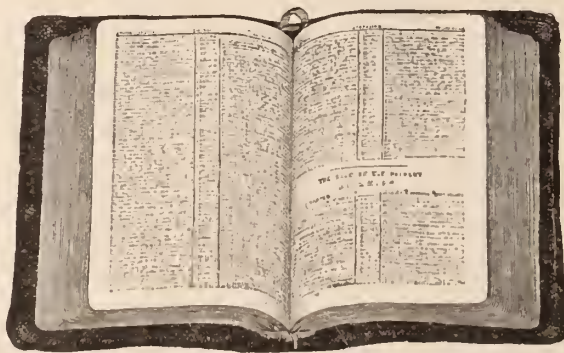
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
Annual Subscription, \$1.50.



* Christmas *

WE love to think of Bethlehem,
That little mountain town,
To which, on earth's first Christmas Day,
Our blessed Lord came down.
A lowly manger for His bed,
The cattle near in stall,
There, cradled close in Mary's arms,
He slept, the Lord of all.

If we had been in Bethlehem,
We too had hastened fain
To see the Babe whose little face
Knew neither care nor pain.
Like any little child of ours
He came unto His own,
Though Cross and shame before him stretched,
His pathway to His Throne.

If we had dwelt in Bethlehem,
We would have followed fast,
And where the Star had led our feet
Have knelt ere dawn was past.
Our gifts, our songs, our prayers had been
An offering, as He lay,
The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
In Mary's arms that day.

Now breaks the latest Christmas Morn!
Again the angels sing,
And far and near the children throng
Their happy hymns to bring.
All heaven is stirred! All earth is glad!
For down the shining way,
The Lord who came to Bethlehem,
Comes yet, on Christmas Day.

Dec. 17, '94. Margaret E. Sangster.



THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage. "BURNING OF THE DEAD."

Text: Psalm 115: 7, 8. "They have hands but they handle not, feet have they but they walk not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them."



THE life of the missionary is a luxurious and indolent life: Hindooism is a religion that ought not to be interfered with: Christianity is guilty of an impertinence when it invades heathendom: you must put in the same line of reverence Brahma, Buddha, Mohammed and Christ. To refute these slanders and blasphemies now so prevalent, and to spread out before the Christian world the contrast between idolatrous and Christian countries, I preach this third sermon in my "Round-the-World" series.

In this discourse I take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to the very capital of Hindooism: for what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We arrived there in the evening, and the next morning we started out early, among other things to see the burning of the dead. We saw it, cremation, not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it, namely, the burning of the dead in clean, and orderly, and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn: but cremation as the Hindoos practice it. We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments, and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little, and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well-to-do, an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting-place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse and it is bathed with water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on the wood, and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the richest men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and, after the priest has mumbled a few words, the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile, and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which the relatives throw into the Ganges.

We saw floating past us on the Ganges

the body of a child which had been only partly burned, because the parents could not afford enough wood. While we watched the floating form of the child a crow alighted upon it. In the meantime hundreds of Hindoos were bathing in the river, dipping their heads, filling their mouths, supplying their brass cups, muttering words of so-called prayer. Such a mingling of superstition, and loathsomeness, and inhumanity I had never before seen. The Ganges is to the Hindoo the best river of all the earth, but to me it is the vilest stream that ever

malodors, and the capital of indecency. The Hindoos say they have 300,000,000 gods. Benares being the headquarters of these deities you will not be surprised to find that the making of gods is a profitable business. Here there are carpenters making wooden gods, and brass workers making brass gods, and sculptors making stone gods, and potters making clay gods. I cannot think of the abominations practiced here without a recoil of stomach and a need of cologne. Although much is said about the carving on the temples of this city, everything is so vile that there is not much room left for the æsthetic. The devotees enter the temples nineteen-twentieths unclothed, and depart begging. All that Hindooism can do for a man or woman it does here. Notwithstanding all that may have been said in its favor at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, it makes man a brute, and woman the lowest type of slave. I would rather be a horse or a cow or a dog in India than be a woman. The greatest disaster that can happen to a Hindoo is that he was born at all.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The forty-seven ghats, or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sublimities. The eye is lost in the be-

pents winding in and around the palm. The god of the Golden Temple is Siva, or the poison god. Devils wait upon him. He is the god of war, of famine, of pestilence. He is the destroyer. He has around his neck a string of skulls. Before him boys whose hair never knew a comb. They eat carrion and that which is worse. Bell and drums here set up a racket. Pilgrims come from hundreds of miles away, spending their last piece of money and exhausting their last item of strength in order to reach this Golden Temple, glad to die near it, and have the ashes of their bodies thrown into the Ganges.

We took a carriage and went still further on to see the Monkey Temple, so-called because in and around the building monkey abound and are kept as sacred. All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family from which their ancestors came. These monkeys chatter, and wink, and climb, and look wise, and look silly, and have full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey Temple to take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the Golden Temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey Temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a deity that must be propitiated, or she will disease

and blast, and destroy. For centuries this spitfire has been worshipped. She is the goddess of scold, and slap, and termagancy. She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe; hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk to-day through this Monkey Temple we must not hit, or tease, or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago lost their lives by the mistreatment of a monkey. Passing along one of these Indian streets a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way, and one of these Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it. One of the Rajahs of India spends 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed in which moved camels, elephants, tigers

and palanquins of richly dressed people. Bands sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was twelve days before the monkey and monkey were free from their round of attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred. But, after all, while we cannot approve of the Monkey Temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. I defy any one to watch a monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful and we cannot see the use of this or the quadruped, or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain: all around the world it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India, or cutting up antics on the top of a hand-organ, it strikes the sense of the ludicrous; tickles the diaphragm into cackling; topples gravely into play, and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey. But it implies a low form of Hindooism when this embodied mimicry of the human race is lifted into worship. One of the cities for the first time in my



THE SACRED CITY OF BENARES, INDIA.

(From a recent photograph procured especially for "The Christian Herald.")

rolled its stench in horror to the sea. I looked all along the banks for the mourners for the dead. I saw in two of the cities nine cremations, but in no case a sad look or a tear. I said to friends: "How is this? Have the living no grief for the dead?" I found that the women do not come forth on such occasions, but that does not account for the absence of all signs of grief. There is another reason more potent. Men do not see the faces of their wives until after marriage. They take them on recommendation. Marriages thus formed, of course, have not much affection in them. Women are married at seven and ten years of age, and are grandmothers at thirty. Such unwisely-formed family associations do not imply much ardor of love. The family so poorly put together—who wonders that it is easily taken apart? And so I account for the absence of all signs of grief at the cremation of the Hindoos.

Benares is the capital of Hindooism and Buddhism, but Hindooism has trampled out Buddhism, the hoof of the one monster on the grizzly neck of the other monster. It is also the capital of filth, and the capital of

wilderness of tombs, shrines, minarets, palaces and temples. It is the glorification of steps, the triumph of stairways. But looked at close by, the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many cases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite of aromatics.

After you have seen the ghats, the two great things in Benares that you must see are the Golden and Monkey Temples. About the vast Golden Temple there is not as much gold as would make an English sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. Here we see men making gods out of mud and then putting their hands together in worship of that which themselves have made. Sacred cows walk up and down the temple. Here stood a Fakir with a right arm uplitted, and for so long a time that he could not take it down, and the nails of the hand had grown until they looked like ser-

an opportunity of talking with a Fakir, a Hindoo who has renounced the world and lives on alms. He sat under a tree covering on a platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead, and as at the time rubbing more of those upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him: "How long have you been seated here?" He replied, "Fifteen years." "Have those which I see power to help or destroy?" He replied, "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

Question: When people die where do they go to?

Answer: That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, they go to heaven; if they have been doing evil, they go to hell.

Question: But do you not believe in the migration of souls, and that after death they go into birds or animals of some sort?

Answer: Yes; the last creature a man is living of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a cow, he will go into a bird; and if he is thinking of a cow he will go into a cow.

Question: I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?

Answer: He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years.

Question: Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?

Answer: Yes, you could.

Question: How could I become a Hindoo?

Answer: By doing as the Hindoos do. As I looked upon the poor, filthy

its mightiest stronghold Hindooism is being assaulted.

And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries: It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England that the missionaries are living a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers come into these tropical climates, the missionaries do their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things, they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated, and the same ham was passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. The visitor went home to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living. Americans and Englishmen come to these tropical regions and find a missionary living under palms and with different styles of fruits on his table, and forget that palms are here as cheap as hickory or pine in America, and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung day and night by coolies, and forget that four cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman: a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two years have finished their work, their chief use on missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest.

So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries now in the foreign field. Against fearful odds, and with three millions of Christians opposed to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America, and England, and Scotland, and of all Christendom add ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4000 or \$5000 a year, preaching the Gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down, they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places. Not on the thrones nearest the King; they are reserved for the missionaries!"

Meanwhile let all Christendom be thrilled with gladness. About twenty-five thousand converts in India every year under the Methodist Missions, and about twenty-five thousand converts under the Baptist Missions, and about seventy-five thousand converts under all Missions every year. But more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city, or town, or neighborhood of India but directly, or indirectly, feels the influence; and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood in many places is being unloosed, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the funeral pyre on which the widow must leap has been extinguished, and the juggernaut, stopped, now stands as a curiosity for travelers to look at. All India will be taken for Christ.

If anyone has any disheartenments let him keep them as his own private property; he is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragements to utter, let him utter them. What we want in the church and the world is less croaking owls of the night, and more morning larks with spread wing ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up Naomi and Windham, and give us Ariel or Mt. Pisgah, or Coronation. I had the joy of preaching in many of the cities of India, and seeing the dusky faces of the natives illumined with heavenly anticipations. In Calcutta while the congregation were yet seated I took my departure for a railroad train. I preached by the watch up to the last minute. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope anyone of us will come to missing heaven.

My Unchanged Bible.

BY REV. T. C. READE, A.M., D.D.

President of Taylor University.

OUR dear old Bible has been roughly handled of late. Its professed friends have turned against it and their tender mercies have been cruel. They have kindled the furnace fires seven times hotter than usual and have thrown the dear old book into the flames. What has been the result? I know not what others may think, but to me the Bible remains unchanged. It has not in it a line more nor a word less than when it led my boyish feet to Jesus, where I found pardon and peace. It has withstood the flames and has not so much as the smell of fire upon it.

I was never greatly concerned about the human authorship of the different books of the Bible, because I believe God to be the real Author of them; nor have I spent much time to ascertain when and where these books were written by men, any more than I would trouble myself about the name and age of the telegraph clerk, who transcribed the message I received from my friend. I know that all times are God's times, and all places God's places; neither have I thought it a thing of great consequence to inquire whether the Bible agree with to-day's science, for science is such a variable thing that to agree with it to-day is only to be made its laughing stock to-morrow. I have believed the Bible because it has done the stupendous, miraculous work which it professes for itself; it has regenerated the human heart, human homes and human society and has made a sin-cursed wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I believe it, also, because it commends itself to my inner sense of right and truth, and is enforced by that Spirit whose guiding influence I am conscious of always.

Hear an allegory of my vineyard: I had invited a friend to eat grapes with me in my vineyard, but I presently found him busy cutting to pieces one of my choicest vines.

"What are you doing?" I inquired rather sharply. "O," said he, "only searching after truth: only trying to explode an old fable. I am a devotee of science and a worshipper of Truth. I have found Truth in the stars, in the ocean and in the rocks; in history, in fable and in art, and I think I shall discover her in this vine before I have done with it. You see, there is a venerable book, greatly revered by the common people, that says thorns cannot grow on grape vines, and I am about to expose the fallacy of the statement. You see, I have clipped off this large, healthy stock and have split it and inserted a twig of thorn, and am just wrapping and waxing it to put it into condition to grow. Do you see? And what do you think of the experiment?" "Well," I answered, "I think, first, that you are not at all likely to succeed in your undertaking. The same experiment has been tried a thousand times before, and has always failed. There seems neither to be kinship nor congeniality between the grape and the thorn; then, I think further, that, whether you succeed or not, you have destroyed many fine grapes for which many hungry people would have been devoutly thankful, and I think, finally, that should you succeed, you would only curse the world with more thorns, of which it has already far too many." Having said this, I left him to his stupid experiment, and feasted myself on grapes as luscious and sweet as those of Eschol.

Beloved by a Nation.

John of Cronstadt, the Devout Russian Ecclesiastic whom the Late Czar Honored—His Life—Work for Christ.

DURING the last weeks of the life of Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, there appeared in the cable dispatches occasional references to the fact that the dying Czar had expressed a desire to have by his bedside John of Cronstadt, a famous ecclesiastic of the Orthodox Russian Church, that he might receive through him such spiritual consolations as he craved. These dispatches, however, in their meagre reference to the ecclesiast, gave him the as-



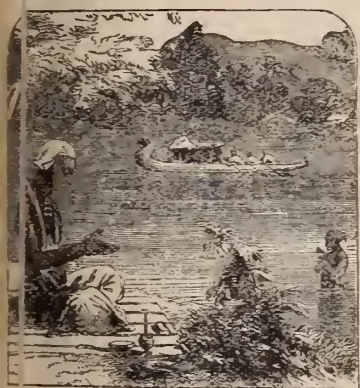
JOHN OF CRONSTADT.

pect and character of a fanatical, wonder-working priest, shaggy, uncouth, and an object equally of awe and mystery to the superstitious Russian people. Nothing could be further from the truth, for John of Cronstadt, who was brought down by special express train to pray at the bedside of the dying Emperor, is one of the gentlest and simplest, yet most refined and spiritually-minded servants of Christ to be found in Europe to-day.

From a sketch by a well-informed biographer, we learn that Ivan (John) Ilyitch Sergieff was the son of poor parents, his father being sexton of a little Orthodox Russian Church at Sursk, in the Archangel district. It should be here explained that the Russian Church is a Christian institution, and was dissociated from the Roman Church many centuries ago, although it still holds many things in common with Rome—as do other Christian Churches, including the Greek Church and the Old Catholics—but rejecting the Vatican decrees and Papal infallibility. Ivan was educated in the Theological Seminary at Archangel, and even as a youth, developed a spiritual nature of remarkable depth, often passing whole nights upon his knees. There was a point at which came a spiritual awakening that illumined his whole life, and this awakening came as a direct answer to earnest and persistent prayer. From this point Ivan really began his career, and it was the basis upon which he founded the creed of prayer that has made his life an example and a spiritual force in Russia.

Ivan's early dream was of a monastic life, and he afterward inclined to devote himself to missionary work in Asia; but a period of work in the Russian capital, among the very poor and ignorant, revealed to his spiritual nature the field for a nobler mission work nearer at hand, and he decided to take up his post at Cronstadt. "It is recalled that his first sermon was on 'Christian love,'" writes his biographer, "and the burden of his discourse was that love and prayer together conquer all things. This has been the one insistent theme of his whole ministry. He has given it practical form in the large colony of shelters, casual wards, hospitals, etc., which he founded in and about Cronstadt, and in the devotion with which he personally superintends the application of the vast sums now sent him annually by charitable people."

Before many years passed, the fame of the new spiritual teacher spread throughout the empire. Many very remarkable instances of answers to prayer are related in connection with his work and it is unquestioned that numerous sinners, including criminals, drunkards and immoral persons, have under his exhortations been divinely led to better lives. A portrait of this devoted worker for Christ appears on this page.

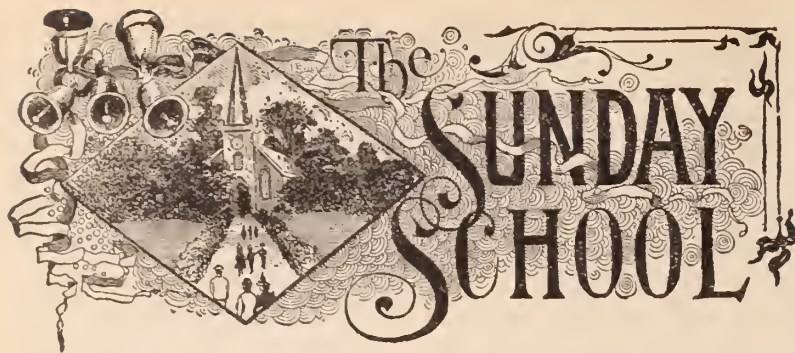


WORSHIPPING THE RIVER GANGES.

with, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo. I expressed to a missionary who overheard the conversation between the Fakir and myself my amazement at some of the doctrines the Fakir announced. The missionary said: "The Fakirs are very accommodating, and supposing you to be a friend of Christianity, he announced the unity of one God, and that of rewards and punishments."

There are, however, alleviations for Benares. I attended worship in one of the Christian missions. The sermon, though delivered in Hindoostanee, of which I could not understand a word, thrilled me with its earnestness and tenderness of tone, especially when the missionary told me at the close of the service that he recently baptized a man who was converted through reading one of my sermons among the hills of India. I listened to the two Christian assemblages I visited in this city, although the tunes were new, and the sentiments not unusual, were uplifting and inspiring to the last degree.

There was also a school of 600 native girls, an institution established by a Rajah of generosity and wealth, a graduate of Madras University. But more than all, the missionaries are busy, some of them preaching on the ghats, some of them in churches, in chapels, and bazaars. The London Missionary Society has here its college for young men, and its schools for children, and its houses of worship for all. The Church Missionary Society has its eight schools, all filled with learners. The evangelizing work of the Wesleyans and the Baptists are felt in all parts of Benares. In



A NEW YEAR.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 30.* II. Cor. 5: 14-19.
Golden Text Rev. 21: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"**H**APPY new year," is the universal complimentary wish of man to man, as 1894 fades away, to return no more except in judgment to the wicked, but in quite another way to those who "die in the Lord," for their works do follow them." But the wish is a powerless and useless thing; it arises from mere sentiment; and no breath of eternity, no element of power, is in it. The wish can create nothing, maintain nothing, avert nothing: it is something merely between finite man and finite man. But it touches a reality. There is such a thing as a new year. There is a power which can produce it, maintain it, and avert all which can hinder it: but this is a creative power, Jehovah has the monopoly of it: "Behold

I Make all Things New."

As the wish sounds in our ears from one and another, does it mean anything to us? If the old year had fulfilled all our expectations, and, far more, the expectations of our God, why wish that the next should be a new one? That which is absolutely perfect cannot be improved: Is not the very wish for a new year, in itself, an admission that the old year was not all that we expected, hoped, and even purposed? Is it to us something more than a wish that 1895 shall be a new year? While those who live in hopes and wishes, desires and sentiments, intentions and resolutions, a life of unrealities, are expressing and forgetting their new year's wishes—are there those amongst us who are waiting before our God that he may go with us into the past year? Are we waiting that he should show us in his light, all its blemishes, its lost opportunities, its many failures, and the causes of them all, so that we may begin the New Year in a far more utter dependence upon him than ever before, a more real confidence in, and therefore obedience to him than previously, so that he may be able to carry on his holy workmanship in us, and make all things new in our lives?

Let us go back to the foundation. A New Year can only be new as the main-spring of every motive is new. The apostle Paul says, "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old things have passed away; behold, they are become new." But this most startling declaration is based on that which precedes it in the same chapter, without which no man can be in Christ, no man can be a new creation, and therefore no man can have a really new year. "The love of Christ constraineth us because we thus judge, that if one died for all, than all died." On his side he identified himself with every sinner; he became, in the sight of the holy law of God, the Man, in whom all sin was centred and could be dealt with. "He hath

Made Him to be Sin

for us" or (R. V.): "Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us;" the heading up, the concentration, so to speak, of all the curse which sin merited, was on our beloved Lord when "he died for all." But in thus identifying himself with us, he made it incumbent upon us to identify ourselves with him. It he "died for all, therefore all died," and died in his death, were crucified with him, under the same condemnation, the same curse.

But he died for all with the purpose "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died

for them and rose again." Just as really as he took our place, our condemnation, just as really as he was made sin for us and made a curse for us, so really is it incumbent upon us, by his dying for us, that we should identify ourselves with him. He became a new creation—God manifest in the flesh—when he took upon him the likeness of sinful flesh, that we might become a new creation in living no longer unto ourselves, but unto him. Sin and curse were strangers to him. He bore them for love of us, and the life of suffering and temptation and shame was new to him. As he was indeed a new creation for our sake, so really he calls us to be in him, a new creation for his sake, by first taking our place as one with him in his death, his humiliation and shame, that it may be possible for us to be one with him in the glory of a life which lives, not unto itself, but unto him which died for us, and rose again. Unselfishness is as foreign to our human nature as sin and curse were foreign to his divine nature. We can only have a New Year which is really new as we enter fully into identification with our Lord. Efforts, resolutions, plans, imitation self-discipline can never make us new. "Behold, I,"—I only—"make all things new."

"Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh." How has it been in the past year? How have we known those around us? Has it been after the things in which we were pleased or displeased, honored or despised, appreciated or neglected,—or was it only as God and his cause were affected by them?

But if we mean it when we do not only wish, but pray and wait for a new year, a year of knowing no man after the flesh, not even Christ himself, a year of making him the Centre and Circumference of all to us, the Alpha and Omega of our lives, then the Almighty of the blessed Trinity is on our side to make us new. It was from the Cross that the words came which spoke our pardon: "It is finished," and self and sin, and death received a deathblow outside of us; it is from the throne that the power of renewal comes.

He that Sat upon the Throne,

said: "Behold I make all things new." Christ was "crucified through weakness, but he liveth through the power of God" and that might of his power, which raised Christ from the dead, worketh in us (Eph. 1: 10, 20) to deliver us from self-life, and to create us anew in Christ Jesus. And his power is working, whether we respond to it or not, but it may work in others and pass us by; we, personally, can be transformed only as we do respond to him, and decide once for all, by deliberate and continuous yielding to him in all circumstances, to "live not unto ourselves, but unto him which died for us and rose again."

"To serve the living and the true God, and to look for his Son from heaven" (1. Thes. 1: 9, 10), is the divine order of things among workers, who are ensamples of them which believe (verse 7). A worker, whose equilibrium is disturbed by the disarrangement of his plans, knows Christ after the flesh, he is the head of his own work, he is somebody in his own eyes, his self-importance has not died at the feet of the Crucified. He would be equally disturbed and put out of his way, if the Son of man were to come at such an hour as he thinks not. Oh, that such an one would deal closely with God for a new year, that he may be "renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him. A worker who looks with a jealous eye upon a fellow-worker, and envies him the results which God gives him, or the popularity which God permits him, one who judges his fellow-worker by himself, in all on the old lines, he knows Christ and his fellow-workers after the flesh, and he needs indeed that 1895 should be a new year to him, that he may become

a new creation, that then old things may pass away and all things become new.

But there are in all parts of the vineyard of the Lord those who are really looking for him; the Daystar has arisen in their hearts (II. Peter 1: 19); with such the first thought in connection with a new year is: "Will he come first?" The second: "If not, will he come during the coming year?" This expectation more than anything else, leads to a life and work which is "not after the flesh" not after human ideas, or according to human plans, which does not depend on any advantages of talent or education, but on the will and power of God, as made known in his Word and by his Spirit, whether understood by man or not. To such the new year does not mean new principles of action, a new starting point and centre of life, but new knowledge of God in his Word, new entering into his purposes, new light on the coming of the Son of Man, new purification in the light of his coming. What may this new year bring forth? For those of us who are looking for him, one thing is absolutely sure: "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." And according to another Scripture, first meant for the Jew, and then for us; "our redemption draweth nigh."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.



LEVEN lessons from the life of our Lord fall within the range of review this week. Teachers will be wise in devoting the session to a survey of the entire group, instead of taking some other lesson. A child will be much more likely to remember the lessons if they are set before him in their natural place and their proper chronological order in the life of Christ, than if they were left as mere isolated incidents. The incidents on which the lessons were based occurred during the second year of our Lord's ministry. The first year, beginning with his baptism and temptation, was spent chiefly in Judea. It had proved that the people of Southern Palestine, especially the people of the metropolis, were not prepared to receive him. They were intensely conservative, and their leaders were interested in maintaining the existing order. Corruption was extensive, and there was very little vital religion. But, as is usual in such circumstances, they were very punctilious about observances and rites and ceremonies. John the Baptist's preaching had stirred the stagnant waters, but having been baptized by him, they were content. The radical change of life and character, the laying of "the axe to the root of the tree," which Jesus demanded, was more than they could bear. Had Jesus remained there, his ministry would probably have been much shorter than it was. He left them and journeyed northward to Galilee, a district about the size of the State of Delaware, with rather less than three million inhabitants. The people there were less cultured, but were a simple, honest class, less exclusive and less prejudiced. They came more in contact with foreigners than the people of the south, as the country lay on the highway of travel and commerce. It is with Christ's arrival there that Matthew, Mark, and Luke begin their story of his public work. It is from John that we hear of his earlier work in Jerusalem. A careful calculation from the meagre material afforded, results in the opinion that Jesus began his preaching about April of the year 28, and that he remained in Galilee, with one brief hurried trip to Jerusalem, until the end of March in the following year. It is with this year's work that the lessons of the past quarter are concerned. The chief events were the calling of the Disciples and their commission to preach, the Sermon on the Mount, many miracles, of which thirteen are described, and the beginning of his new system of teaching by parable. Three, if not four, tours Jesus made through the country, returning to Capernaum between them for rest and recuperation. That he was disappointed with the results of his work is obvious from several remarks he let fall. The people treated him as a mere miracle-worker, and failed to apprehend the meaning of his teaching. He was, besides, harassed continually by the captious criticisms and frivolous questionings of men from Jerusalem who were the agents of the priests and were trying to entrap him into some expression for which they could prosecute him. He

lingered in Galilee six months longer and then left it forever.

He passing through the midst of them, went his way. (Luke 4: 30). With that merciful crowd of the people of Nazareth and him hurrying him to the brow of the precipice to cast him down, Jesus was very near death. But God delivered him as he has done many of Christ's followers in moments of danger. Dr. Paton says: "One day, while toiling away at my house in a small island, the war chief and his brother, and a large party of armed men, surrounded the plot where I was working. They all had muskets besides their own revolvers and weapons. They watched me for some time in silence, and then every man levelled a musket at my head. Escape was impossible. Speech would only have increased danger. My eyesight came and went in a few minutes. I prayed to my Lord, 'Either himself to protect me, or to take me home to his glory.' I tried to keep working on at my task as if no one was near me. Retiring a little from their first position, word having been spoken, they took the same attitude farther off, and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But my dear Lord restrained them more, and they withdrew, leaving me with a new reason for trusting him with all that concerned me for time and eternity."

He took her by the hand . . . and immediately the fever left her. The Divine power was sufficient. During the war a nurse received a dispatch that her son was severely wounded. She immediately went to the front and found the hospital which he had been carried. She begged that she might be permitted to nurse him. The surgeon objected, but finally yielded her importunity. "He will not know you," he said, "he has been delirious all day." The mother went to the cot and looked at the boy tossing in delirious fever and kept in bed by the strength of the nurse. She laid her hand tenderly on his forehead, and instantly he became calm and sank into a doze. She bathed his face gently and smoothed his pillow, and when he awoke, restless she laid her hand again on his forehead. Without opening his eyes, he said in his natural voice so different from his former raving tone, "O, mother, have you come?" and from that hour he began to mend. The touch of love had saved him.

When Jesus saw their faith. (Mark 5.) It was the condition Christ require for healing. All spiritual blessings come through faith. It is the connection between earth and heaven which raises men heavenward. Some years ago, two men, a bargeman and a collier, were in a boat and found themselves unable to manage it. It was overturned and they were carried swiftly down the current toward the abyss. The boat dashed to pieces. At last, however, the man was saved by floating a rope to him, which he grasped. The same instant that the rope came into his hand, the boat floated by the other man. The thoughtless and confused bargeman, instead of saving the rope, laid hold on the log. It was a fatal mistake, they were both in imminent peril, but the one was drawn to shore because he had a connection with the people on the land, whilst the other, clinging to the loose, floating log, was borne irresistibly along, and never heard of afterwards.

Blessed are ye when men . . . shall reproach you. (Luke 6: 22.) To be silent and patient under undeserved abuse shows a mind of unusual strength. Socrates, when assailed by a blatant enemy with a torrent of opprobrious epithets merely responded in a pitying voice, "Poor fellow, he has not been taught to speak respectfully." He used to say that the abuse of Xantippe's wife, affected him no more than the use of the carriages on the street. Mr. Kim, a venerable minister, was attacked in a meeting by a member of his church who not only denounced him but, when in prayer-meeting he was leading in prayer, used insulting language about him and prayed for his conversion. Kilpin's folly consoled with him, afterward, but Kim was quite untroubled. "On my own account," he said, "I care nothing. His abuse does not hurt me, for my conscience does not accuse me of wrong-doing and as for his prayers, they go no higher than the ceiling." M'Cheyne used to say it was weak to be distressed and resentful after persecution. "When," said he, "a blind man jostles you in the street, you are not angry at him. You say, 'He is blind, poor fellow, or he would not have hurt me.' So you may say of your persecutors, in pity and without anger, 'They are blind.'"

* The International Lesson for Dec. 30th is Review of the Quarter's Lessons. Mrs. M. Baxter sends this article as a suggestion to teachers who do not wish to devote the session to Review.

STARVING IN TWO STATES.

Letters that Disclose a Terrible Condition of Affairs in Nebraska and Kansas—Thousands Suffering for lack of Clothing, Food and Fuel—Relief Urgently Needed—Appeals to "The Christian Herald" that must claim Sympathy from all Readers.

DURING the past week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received, in response to its inquiries, an avalanche of letters, describing the frightful suffering and destitution in Kansas and Nebraska, that has made us still with astonishment.

These letters, written by pastors of every Christian denomination, by postmasters, by officials of large acquaintance, by business men and by honest farmers and farmwives, furnish conclusive evidence of the fact that almost the entire population, in a large portion of the agricultural districts of Kansas and Nebraska, are experiencing the horrors of famine in a Christian land—Thousands—and it may not be an exaggeration to say tens of thousands—owing to the failure of crops for two years in succession, find themselves at the beginning of winter with bare larders, empty barns, cold houses, and a lack of garments that suggest freezing as an alternative of starving to death.

A Cry for Help.

From these darkened homes of the West, from one of our fairest states in prosperous days, but now, alas, blighted by drought and disaster, comes the cry for help to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Shall it pass unheard! Or will not the same Christian generosity that has prompted our friends throughout the Union to noble deeds of rescue and relief "In His Name" in the past, carry them to reach out the succoring hand to our brothers and sisters in Kansas and Nebraska now? We believe it will, and we are content to leave it in their hands, with the prayer that their hearts may be filled with zeal for the service of that Master whom the poor were never forgotten.

Money Sent for Urgent Cases.

In answer to our call, nearly one hundred responsible persons have already consented to act as distributors of any contributions that may be forwarded. Some of the cases of suffering presented are of so urgent a nature that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as a measure of temporary relief, has appropriated and forwarded to the thirty distributors named below, \$150, to be applied where most needed:

- 1. D. D. Dodge, Alma, Kan. \$5
- 2. Lizzie M. Corke, Winona, Logan Co., Kan. \$5
- 3. O. A. Buzzell, Juniata, Neb. \$5
- 4. Dewey, Oakdale, Neb. \$5
- 5. E. Gilbert, Macon, Kan. \$5
- 6. George Rogers, Imperial, Neb. \$5
- 7. O. J. Siegert, Logan, Kan. \$5
- 8. Minnie Matthews, Stockton, Rooker Co., Kan. \$5
- 9. McCracken, Hoxie, Kan. \$5
- 10. H. H. Gane, Wilson, Kan. \$5
- 11. V. Scott, Imperial, Neb. \$5
- 12. John McKnight, Culberson, Neb. \$5
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- 15. N. S. Lowrie, O'Neill, Neb. \$5
- 16. Wm. Heath, Johnson, Neb. \$5
- 17. H. Peters, Pleasanton, Buffalo Co., Neb. \$5
- 18. P. Burnood, Wood River, Neb. \$5
- 19. T. Brickley, Palisade, Neb. \$5
- 20. A. Pettygrove, Oxford, Neb. \$5
- 21. Hannah Seick, Huntley, Harlan Co., Neb. \$5
- 22. H. K. Bushnell, Hastings, Neb. \$5
- 23. A. Hutchinson, Mascot, Neb. \$5
- 24. A. Underhill, Postmaster, Cornell, Neb. \$5
- 25. William B. Persell, Bloomington, Neb. \$5
- 26. L. C. Boyce, Beeville, Tex. \$5
- 27. Wm. Sheffield, Alpena, Jerraud Co., S. Dak. \$5
- 28. S. H. Day, Pearl, Neb. \$5
- 29. Hughes, Cozad, Neb. \$5
- 30. Mary C. Taylor, Bird City, Kan. \$5

Every contribution sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief of the Kansas and Nebraska sufferers will be duly acknowledged in these columns, and all moneys so received will be promptly applied, through trustworthy distributors, to the greatest advantage.

Letters that Tell the Story.

Far more eloquently than others could we tell the story of starvation and misery. We give a few extracts below:

Rev. C. H. Bromillette, Oxford, Nebraska, writes: "Anything in the line of clothing or any other assistance would be thankfully received and appreciated. Such destitution as already exists here, and which will be greatly increased before spring, is almost impossible to describe. I do not know how from one-fourth to one-half of the farmers in this locality will be able to farm next year. We must have aid from abroad where there will be untold suffering, if not actual starvation in many a case."

Rev. H. K. Bushnell, Hastings, Neb., writes: "I travel all over the southwest portion of Nebraska, and have distributed a great deal of clothing, and am willing to do more of it. There is widespread destitution and children are staying home from Sunday School and day school, too, for the lack of clothing. In many places crops have been a failure for two years."

"I have been gathering and giving to those in this vicinity," writes Mrs. Sophia A. Hutchinson, of Mascot, Harlan Co., Neb., "but there is such general destitution that it is only a drop in the bucket, so far. Such things as you can send will bring blessing to many a down-hearted one."

Face to Face with Starvation.

S. A. Underhill, Cornell, Neb., writes: "The condition of the people in general is pitiable in the extreme, on account of the prolonged drought. There is no work which they can get, by reason of the hard times. The merchants have refused credit on account of their having no prospect of raising the money to repay them. Starvation is staring them in the face."

"There have been no crops of any kind raised here in two years," writes A. W. Copehart,



A TYPICAL SOD DWELLING ON THE BLEAK NEBRASKA PRAIRIES.

From a photograph of a group of Farmers and their Children, furnished by Missionary Geo. R. G. Fisher, Am. S. S. Union.

Logan, Kan. "Many families are in destitute circumstances and the winter coming on will cause the most intense suffering, because the poorer class of people are very poorly clad and have no means to secure clothes. About nine out of every ten families are compelled to burn cow manure for fuel, they having no other, and it is only a choice between burning it or freezing to death. Clothing, fuel, flour, etc., are what are most needed."

"Many families are unable to go to Sunday School or divine service on account of not having clothing," writes Miss Pearl McCracken, of Hoxie, Kan. "It is a question with many where the next sack of flour is coming from."

Still Trusting in God.

Mrs. S. J. MacFarlane, Norton, Kan., writes: "We have had an entire failure here this year, and almost last year; all the difference being that last year, we had a little rough feed for stock, and this year nearly everyone, except the well-to-do, has had to dispose of their stock at almost nothing."

"Good work-horses have been selling for ten and twelve dollars. Many who planted the second time this year in hopes of getting something, lost all their seed time and labor. Were it not that we believe a merciful God overrules all things for our good, we would have despaired long ago. I think of the many who have been blessed with an abundance and who, I believe, would be happy in lending a helping hand at this time of need."

"The needy ones are plenty all around us," writes a lady from Meadow Grove, Neb. "If they do not get help, it is starve

or steal, unless they throw themselves on the County. May God bless all who help them now!"

Postmaster L. Beardslee, Trenton, Hitchcock Co., Neb., writes: "The people out here are very badly in need. We have had scarcely any crops for two years in Western Nebraska."

Relief must come Soon.

Rev. J. S. McPherson, M. E. Church, Alston, Neb., writing from wide personal observation of the suffering in his district, says: "The country surrounding (Hiawatha, Wauneta and Alston), has many destitute people and relief cannot come too soon."

"If you have any underclothing, flannel or woollen, or stockings, dresses, cloaks, hoods, skirts, shawls, mitts or anything in wearing apparel, it would be very thankfully received," is the plain language of Mrs. Lizzie M. Corke, Winona, Kan. "There are a great many destitute families around here, who have had no crops for two seasons, and the suffering, especially among the women and children, is great."

A Sympathetic Neighbor.

Writing from Ord, Valley Co., Neb., Mrs. J. B. Miller says: "Not even corn stalks nor hay to burn, and with winter coming on, what will they do? The outlook is so desolate it seems to bewilder them. My husband

has a severe climate. Many whom I know must be helped, or starve and freeze."

Texas Afflicted Also.

Mrs. L. C. Boyce, Beeville, Tex., is in a district of great destitution. She writes: "We do not need any very heavy clothing, and everything in that line you may send to Nebraska and Kansas. Some bolts of bleached and unbleached domestic calico, cotton checks, gingham or cheap worsteds, cotton hose and good plain shoes are what are needed most."

Rev. J. B. Currens, a Sunday School missionary with an intimate knowledge of the field, writes as follows from Omaha, Neb.: "The people in the north and west of Nebraska are of that class whose poverty and destitution make a loud call to their more fortunate brethren in the East. These sections of the State are threatened with a genuine famine. The drought has been the most severe and widespread ever known. Hundreds of families have been driven from the State to procure subsistence, while others too poor to move have had to remain here and will suffer great want this winter, if they are not helped. These are not tramps, unworthy of our help, but honest, hard-working farmers struggling to make homes for their families. They have not come to want by extravagance or dissipation, but by the Providence of God—the frequent loss of crops by repeated droughts—many of these are excellent Christian people connected with our churches and Sunday Schools, and are in every way worthy of the sympathy and help of their more prosperous brethren. They need provisions and clothing."

Stale Crusts a Luxury!

E. A. Gilbert, writing from Macon, Wallace Co., Kan., gives this truly startling description of the condition of the destitute there: "At one time we had nothing in the house to eat! My daughter Rose came across an old flour sack, containing some stale bread and crusts, which had been in the house eighteen months, hard and dry as a bone. By pounding with a hammer and soaking in warm water, we were able to eat them, while son was away in search of work. We have lived the past year almost exclusively on bread, and flour-and-water gravy. Milk and butter, meat and potatoes, are luxuries, the taste of which we have nearly forgotten. There are many in this vicinity nearly as destitute as we are. I would gladly exchange rations with the inmates of our state prisons. Food and fuel, are what we are the most in need of. We can burrow in the ground to hide our nudity and keep from freezing, but it will not satisfy hunger."

Volunteer Distributors.

Packages and boxes containing supplies, clothing, etc., may be sent to the following who have consented to act as distributors. All such gifts should be prepaid.

- Gabriel Brown, care Chas. Orbin, Kanona, Kan.
- Rev. C. H. Polhemus, Nelson, Nickolls Co., Neb.
- P. S. Siegert, Logan, Phillips Co., Kan.
- C. H. Bromillette, Oxford, Neb.
- Mrs. Jane Reynolds, Cozad, Neb.
- E. A. Anderson, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Mrs. Ella Milbourn, Minden, Neb.
- B. W. Orr, Beaver City, Furnas Co., Neb.
- Henry L. Forman, Vernon, Colo.
- Rev. R. Trevor, Glen Elder, Kan.
- Mrs. L. Hughes, Stuyvesant, Kan.
- Rev. J. C. Jorden, Oakley, Logan Co., Kan.
- Richard Goldsby, Dellwall, Norton Co., Kan.
- Mrs. H. E. Daniels, S. Auburn, Nemaha Co., Neb.
- J. Anderson, Oxford, Neb.
- J. Troutman, Mascot, Neb.
- S. A. Morris, Arapahoe, Neb.
- J. Abernathy, Alma, Neb.
- Mrs. A. Warner, Republican City, Neb.
- C. O. Henry, Beaver City, Neb.
- Jefferson Andre, Hendley, Neb.
- John McNess, Orleans, Neb.
- William Voorhees, Edison, Neb.
- Wm. S. Crause, Republican City, Harlan Co., Neb.
- Rev. H. Bross, 2004 Q St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Rev. A. B. Bichtolt, Irtfield, Neb.
- Mrs. L. A. Prindle, Stratton, Hitchcock Co., Neb.
- Mrs. F. F. Stille, Farnam, Neb.
- H. M. Williamson, Cimarron, Gray Co., Kan.
- Ada Adams, Mount Ida, Kan.
- J. M. Bradbury, Bunker, Hill, Kan.
- W. D. Ervin, Wallace, Kan.
- A. M. Dickey, McPherson City, Kan.
- Miss Cinderella Shuey, Quick, Neb.
- W. M. Goodwin, La Crosse, Kan.
- Miss Jennie Orr, Faulkton, Faulk Co., S. D.
- P. P. Siegert, Logan, Kan.
- E. A. Gilbert, Macon, Wallace Co., Kan.
- Mrs. E. Elliott, Jetmore, Kan.
- Geo. H. Dewey, Gates, Custer Co., Neb.
- Mrs. E. H. McCracken, Hoxie, Kan.
- Mrs. S. A. Hutchinson, Mascot, Harlan Co., Neb.
- Rev. S. H. Day, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
- Walter Scott, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.

band was around some yesterday, and it made him heart-sick. We were glad to read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last night, that perhaps the generous readers of your good paper would be willing to help the sufferers out here."

Mr. J. S. Dewey, a merchant of Oakdale, Neb., writes: "On account of the excessive drought, there was not raised here this season on an average of one bushel to the acre of small grain, corn or potatoes, and not one ton in fifty of the usual amount of hay."

"There is very much destitution and will be more as the winter proceeds. There is no work for the laboring classes and a large number of farmers have no money to buy food, clothing, fuel, groceries, etc. Eatables and fuel are most needed."

How the Children Suffer.

Mrs. Peter Burmood, Wood River, Neb., in her letter touchingly says: "If we could get old clothes that we could make over for little folks, it would be received as coming from God. Oh, to think of the little children that must suffer!"

Dora Seick, Huntley, Neb., writes: "The 'half has not been told.' We in this country did not raise anything either in field or garden, not even feed for cattle. No hay or corn stalks. All the horses and cattle that could be shipped out have been sent out. The needs of the people are very great."

Mrs. Wm. Heath, Johnstown, Neb., gives this realistic picture of the suffering in her district: "There is great need of clothing or food, or money to buy them. It is heart-rending to see the condition that many of my acquaintances are in to begin winter in



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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Bible House, New York City.

THE LESSON OF CHRISTMAS.

TWO plain people centuries ago hoteled in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state awaiting in antechamber as when other kings are born. No messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city. No medical skill in attendance. No satin-lined cradle to receive the infantile guest. But a monarch born in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good-will.

Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel and from leathern pouch chink the shekels and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star; the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

Not a black cloud of threat, but a gleaming star of hope is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student until the words flashed from his pale fingers and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips, as Kirk White wrote these immortal words:

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone o' all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

We have two censers to-day, of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censor of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude, send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreath all these pillars and hover amid all these arches and then soar to the throne.

But here is the other censor of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs and the seraphim theirs and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censor until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censor of earthly frankincense and the cen-

ser of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne and then I clash them together in one great Hallelujah unto Him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh and the frankincense when “the star which they saw in the East went before them.”

THE WORLD'S NEED.

NOTHING is more certain than that Jehovah reigns among the nations.

He can govern an empire as easily as he can govern an individual. It may be the Divine purpose to let the nations put their particular forms of government to full experiment, and then, when they have all failed in their experiment, that Christ in person will descend to rule the nations. It would not take him long to set up a perfect government, one suited to all lands and all people. In some morning or evening cloud he may descend. If so, blessed is that land which shall first greet him, and blessed that place where shall be set up the throne of his dominion. As he honored the Eastern hemisphere with his first coming, nineteen centuries ago, I wish that he might honor the Western hemisphere with his latter day coming. I do expect the Lord will come by the power of the Holy Ghost to transform, emancipate and save all nations. Our world needs a radical fixing up.

What a hard time it has had with earthquake and storm and conflagration and pestilence and war and iniquity of all sorts. It has suffered 6000 years of bombardment. The number of those who tried to make it worse has been larger than the number of those who tried to make it better, but the tides of better influence are coming in, the physical and moral disorders of the world are giving way, the men and women now coming on to take possession of the world are healthier as to their bodies and more ingenious as to their minds and mightier as to their souls. The twentieth century will be as far ahead of the nineteenth as the nineteenth is superior to the eighteenth. The universities yet to be builded will be as far ahead of our present colleges as our colleges are ahead of our common schools. Our professions will have more skillful physicians, more recondite lawyers, abler editors, and more consecrated ministers. The machinery for improving the world's brain and strengthening the world's muscles and developing the world's heart is only now being put into motion. The greatest pictures are yet to be painted, the greatest inventions yet to be wrought out, the greatest sermons yet to be preached, the greatest oratorios yet to be composed, and the greatest strides forward yet to be taken. God did not build this world for a failure. From its capacity for improvement I conclude that it was constructed for some higher mission than it has yet executed. The sea must surrender till it has yielded its last pearl. The mines must surrender till they have given up their last flash of gold. The air must surrender till it has given over for use its last secret of illumination. The human race must advance until there are no higher reaches of attainment. “After us the deluge,” was the boast of an oppressor. “After us the redemption of all nations,” be the motto of all Christian workers. And when the work is all done, as it will be, surely as God is strong enough to fulfil his promise, may it be found out that we have done something toward the consummation, if it be no more than to have spoken a cheering word to the disconsolate, or given a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or commended some sinful soul to the Christ who came to save sinners, even the chief.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Wife, F. A., Philadelphia. That she and her husband may have their burdens lightened, and may have increase of faith to enable them to bear them.

By a Sister, H. G. B.—For a brother now advanced in years and unconverted; also for a truly nearly eighty years old, who seems weary out of the way of salvation; and for a family of four—father, mother, and two daughters—all unconverted.

By a Friend, C. B.—For one who is a slave of his temper, and who has alienated some of his dearest friends by his quarrelsome nature; that he may be converted and made a blessing to others.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

SUCH a deluge of letters has poured in to THE MAIL-BAG from the drought-stricken districts in Nebraska and Kansas, that we have deemed it necessary to lay the whole story of suffering and privation in those States before our readers, in another part of this issue. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive and acknowledge all moneys contributed for relief work in those States, and we have already forwarded a small amount to each of the thirty districts where the suffering seems to be most severe. All gifts of clothing and other supplies should be sent direct to the distributors whose names are given. Our friends should not hesitate to let their hearts and hands act in sympathy at this golden Christmas-time. Such widespread suffering in our own land should call forth the warmest cooperation of all who love Christ and humanity.

Mrs. S. E. J., Rome, N. Y. Is it a wife's duty to work and be the main support of the family, or for the husband to try to secure work as long as possible or to sit around four or five months in the year and read?

See 1. Tim. 5: 8.

Bella Cooke writes: “I would, thank through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, those kind people who have helped me by their prayers and means, and I ask of him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift to bless and reward them.”

Mrs. Lozar, Humansville, Mo. If the people before Christ were saved by faith, what necessity was there for his death?

The sacrifices and ordinances of the Mosaic dispensation were types of the coming deliverer. Even before there was some revelation of a Saviour. Jesus said that Abraham rejoiced to see his day. (John 8: 56.) The death of Christ was consequently justification of their faith, and had he not died their faith would have been vain.

M. Luscombe, Rockton, N. Y. Was John the Baptist converted? Jesus speaks of him (Luke 7: 28) as if he were not in the kingdom of God?

John was not in the kingdom of God which Jesus came to set up because his work was before Jesus, in point of time. He belonged to the old dispensation, or rather, was the link between it and the new. As a servant of God specially prepared and commissioned, as Moses, Isaiah, and others were, he would not be a subject for conversion as we understand the word.

Mary Carter, Pittsburgh, Pa. When were pews first used in churches?

In the early days, according to English records, it was customary for worshippers to bring their own stools or benches. Up to the year 1300 the people are represented as either sitting on the ground or floor in church, or standing. It was not until the latter part of the fourteenth century that wooden seats, or “forms,” were introduced. The first regular pews appeared about half a century later, and the first gallery in England about the year 1600.

Rev. C. L. Hewitt, Moorhead, Minn. I never believed, nor do I now, that wine formed any part of the celebration of the Passover, as stated by you in answer to “Constant Reader,” in your issue of Nov. 28. Nowhere in the Old Testament is the use of wine at the Passover mentioned. Are you not wrong?

If you are acquainted with an orthodox Jewish Rabbi and will ask him to read to you in the Mishna (Pesach 10: 1), the instructions for the keeping of the Passover, you will find that four cups of wine are to be used at stated intervals of the feast. Nothing is said of using wine at the Passover in the Old Testament, but as you will see in Matthew 15: 1-9, the Jews of our Lord's day were guided in many observances by traditions and man-made ordinances more than by Scripture.

“Truth-seeker,” Paducah, Ky. 1. Ought a Christian to vote at elections? 2. Is a follower of Christ under human law? 3. Should the hand of fellowship be withdrawn from a brother who is a moderate drinker?

1. Yes, he should perform all his duties as a citizen. If Christian people exerted their influence more than they do, our offices might be filled by a better class of men. The party conventions would not dare nominate a notoriously wicked man for office if they knew that every Christian man would register and vote against him. 2. Yes. (see 1. Peter 2: 13.) 3. No, it would be better to expostulate with him and try to persuade him to deny himself for the sake of others. To withdraw the hand of fellowship, that is practically to excommunicate, is an extreme penalty reserved for persistent wrongdoers.

“Unfaithful Christian.” For the past few years I have been a so-called Christian. I have no real feeling and I seem to be simply drifting, drifting with the tide. Oh I want to awake and have that peace “which passeth all understanding!” What shall I do to obtain it and rouse my sleeping soul?

This condition of spiritual lethargy is one in which many find themselves. The only remedy is persistent, believing prayer (James 1: 6) for increased faith and spiritual zeal (Luke 11: 9 and 13), and activity in Christian work. The active worker is never jaded nor lukewarm. Love for Christ grows with service, and in being helpful to others we find the best alleviation for our own spiritual troubles. Many Christians brood over their own condition and shortcomings who, by throwing themselves into real, unselfish service, would be made the hap-

piest men and women in the world (see James 1: 27 and James 2: 20 and 26). Opportunity for such service lie all around us, and the life of the Christian with a happiness they cannot give.

B. V. O. Spring Lake, N. Y. What is meant in 1. Th. 8: 14 by both houses of Israel?

Until the death of Solomon the twelve tribes formed one kingdom, but on the accession of his son, Rehoboam, ten tribes revolted and formed the northern kingdom under Jeroboam and were called Israel, while the southern kingdom was known as Judah (see 1. Kings 12).

D. W. Snow, New Bedford, Mass. Why do we send money to the Turkish Fund, which is to-day killing and persecuting Christian Christians. It is terrible to think of massacres of our brethren in Christ, and must know that it is so bad that England has interfered. Why do you help them?

As there are many Christians among the sufferers, we continue the appeals, sending the money for distribution through the American Minister in Constantinople. Besides, it tells us to bless them that curse you, a good to them that despitefully use you.

A. W. B., Charles City, Ia. 1. Am I justified in refusing to lead able-bodied tramps, when hard for my own support and for that of dependent on me? 2. Is it imperative that band and wife belong to one Church? 3. We right for a man belonging to one denomination to marry a lady belonging to another, love each other?

1. You have a perfect right to discriminate in the objects of your charity. If, as you imply, you have little money to devote to the purpose, you act wisely in giving it to those who, through sickness or misfortune, are unable to work. We would not, however, advise you to invariably refuse a man because of his being “able-bodied” have so mismanaged our social condition an “able-bodied man cannot be sure of employment, however anxious he may be to obtain it. Many a deserving man is hungry to-day has done his utmost to get work; and it is a real charity to give him a meal. 2. There is no doubt that the prospects of happiness are greater where the husband and wife belong to the same church. In the case of different circumstances might arise in which a serious disagreement might come from religious difference. It seems to us, however, that there is no difference of doctrine between churches, one of the parties might, before marriage, magnanimously yield and join the church to which the other belongs. In this particular case, the lady would suffer more and make a greater sacrifice in yielding, than her husband would, because to her the difference is more important than it is to him. If, therefore, he cannot bring her to his way of thinking, he would without wrong join her church. He would there as many opportunities of working for Christ as in his own.

J. S. Henry, Manheim, Pa. We cannot find Mrs. D. Prescott, Ont. Address, “Gospel Lands,” 150 Fifth Ave., New York.—Subscribers, N. Y., and others. We do not regard the estimate of the weight of the talles of stone; thing better than mere tradition.—Haver, 165 Ninety-second st., Chicago, wishes the release of Louis F. Thayer, whose poem, “Daybreak,” recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Subscriber. As it is a constant ecological, it may be said to be practically inexhaustible. Carthage, N. Y. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 8th Ave., N. Y. City.—Mrs. C. B. Weisger, Tex. There is a kindergarten magazine published in Chicago, we believe.—H. C. W. G., Prov. R. I., will send address we will forward the words of the hymn asked for.—D. H. Rejelyan, Aub. N. Y. Exercise in the open air; retire early; not read late at night, and let your evening hours be passed quietly and unexcitedly.—Mary A. Byron, Summit Hill, Pa. Write to Fleming H. Wood, publishers, New York.—A. Waldron, A. O. Vt. Yes. Bella Cooke's address is 402 Second Ave., New York and Rev. Stephen Merritt, 210 14th Ave., New York. Both are still actively engaged in mission work.—Miss C. B. Wilcoxon, Wash. Address Fanny Crosby, care of B. H. Main, Ninth street, New York.—Ed. G. Revdell, Ont. Can Yes by sending the address.—Mrs. S. Callagy, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mary Henderson, Cairo, Ky. Write to the Medical Record, New York City.—E. N. J. P. Springs, W. Va. We believe none has been appointed.—H. Paltzell, Bristol, Pa. They have not appointed a German, thus far.—Mrs. F. Loesch, 45 Brit. St., Jersey City, N. J. Can some of our readers send me the words of the old poem, I heard over fifty years ago, about the building of Solomon's Temple?—P. C. Clancy, New Salem, Ill. Write to the Secretary of the Interior or to the Bureau, Washington, D. C. for accurate information concerning the Navajoes and Mandans. The original Aramaic reads “Canaan,” not “Zealot,” and is translated by Luke as “Zealot.” Before conversion, Simon belonged to the extreme political or revolutionary faction. He was inflexibly opposed to Roman rule. He was doubtless an Israelite.—Edward W. Blake, Conn. Ind. The mistake has been rectified.—W. E. Boydston, Evansville, Ind. Address Eighty Ave., New York City.—F. S. Swann, ascus, O., and Rev. J. A. Davis, Democracy, Va. are quite right. We have no confidence in authority mentioned.—E. Beaman, Neosho Fall, Mo. 1. Congregationalist we believe. 2. A religious character in history.—Old Subscriber, N. Y. Yes, the same in both. 3. No. 3. We regret the lack of space prevents.—W. H. R., Philad. Your medical training will be of service to foreign mission work. Write to Presbyterian Board, 151 Avenue, New York.—Mrs. Jane H. The man referred to got his wife back, I think his children.—Margaret Stauffer, Springfield, Pa. We have every reason to believe in Subscriber, Athens, Pa. 1. Yes. 2. We have heard of any. 3. The editors. 4. Only in necessity of an errand in my way.—Read Field, Conn. We have never heard of it.—Constant Reader, Melrose, N. C. Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

DEATH OF DE LESSEPS.



STRANGE-
LY check-
ered with
glory and
obloquy,
struggle
and tri-
umph,
was the
career
which
closed on
December
7th. Count
Ferdinand
de Lesseps
had known

who were ruined by his recklessness, no one believes. He was confident of ultimate success and acted on the false principle that "the end justifies the means." Many act on that principle in business and private life, unaware how dangerous it is and how severely God condemns it. (Rom. 3:8.)

Darkness Caused by a Rat.

One whole section of the city of Baltimore, Md., was thrown into darkness on Nov. 29, by the misadventure of a rat. The employees at the Brush Electric Light Works was startled about midnight by a sudden disturbance and the outbreak of flames on the switchboard. In a few moments all the connecting wires were melted and the switchboard was a wreck. Every light in that part of the city went out and darkness reigned there for the remainder of the night. The cause was soon discovered. A rat covered with water had crawled from a



COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, CONSTRUCTOR OF SUEZ CANAL.

the extremes of disappointment, mortification and success. He was eighty-nine years old and to the last exercised on all with whom he came in contact the fascination which had enabled him to win his triumphs. He commenced his career as a diplomatist, in which profession his father had distinguished himself. The young man was attached to the French Embassy first at Lisbon and afterward at Tunis. Thence he was transferred to Egypt, where he served his country for seven years. There he made the friendship of Mohammed Said, who subsequently became Viceroy of Egypt. During his stay he studied the project of cutting the Isthmus of Suez. The imagination of De Lesseps was fired by this hope. The idea remained with him after he was transferred to the courts of other lands and when the government sent him into retirement, it was this Suez Canal scheme which occupied his thoughts. He perceived that so long as English guns commanded the straits of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean was as much under the control of England as one of her own lakes. The man who could make another outlet to the sea, would render an inestimable service to France and all Southern Europe. De Lesseps determined to be that man. He worked day and night over the scheme, and when in 1854, his friend, Mohammed Said became ruler of Egypt, his opportunity came. He promptly set out for Egypt and laid his plans before the new Viceroy. The Viceroy entered heartily into the project, and after innumerable delays and many diplomatic conflicts with England, the canal was constructed and formally opened in November 17, 1869. The cost was ninety-three million dollars, but the shareholders have reaped a rich harvest of dividends on the enormous outlay. Dazzled by the honors showered upon him and the wide fame he had achieved, De Lesseps conceived the project of severing the Isthmus of Panama, and dividing the Americas as he had divided Asia from Africa. He was seventy-four years old when this project was finally started, and much of the management fell into the hands of others, but De Lesseps' was the name that secured the confidence of the public and gave it its financial strength. Sixty million dollars were immediately placed in his hands by confiding investors and one hundred millions were raised in loans in addition. The money came easily and was squandered profusely. De Lesseps was neither an engineer nor a financier. He was a clever diplomatist and was easily persuaded that Panama would be the duplicate of Suez. The money went at first in foolish contracts and afterward in bribes to legislators and journalists, to prevent their exposing the failure. At last the bubble burst. It was discovered that all the money was gone and the canal little more than begun; nearly one half of the total sum contributed to construct the canal had been spent in bribes. The company went into the hands of receivers and some of the most prominent men in France were tried for their part in the swindle. De Lesseps was spared, though his son was put on trial and convicted. The old man was ill physically and mentally, and was suffered to end his days in peace. He survived the collapse about two years and has now passed away in happy ignorance of the extent of the stain on his name. That he intended to swindle out of their little fortunes the thousands of investors

pipe into the basement and had jumped from one of the brass terminals to another near to it and for an instant the two terminals were connected by its body. In that moment it received 2,700 volts of electricity through it and the connection caused the burning out of the wires and switchboard. The animal was of course killed instantaneously, but its body remained on the terminals rigid, but life-like, where it was found by the workmen. That a creature so mean and contemptible as a rat should have the power to undo the work of the mighty engines in the Light Works and should be able to plunge the streets and avenues of a great city in darkness is a suggestive fact. It teaches a lesson of circumspection. A light word, a trivial jest uttered in the hearing of a child, or an inquiring soul may turn aside the good and foil an earnest preacher who is laboring to enlighten spiritual darkness. (Eccles. 9:18.)

An Indelible Stain.

An act of malicious mischief has caused a house-owner in New York a great deal of annoyance. He was very proud of his house which is a new one in the upper part of the city. The front is of beautiful marble, exquisitely sculptured. One morning last week, on leaving his home to go to business, he turned as he often did to cast an admiring look on the noble edifice. To his intense horror he saw that during the

night some one had splashed it with black to the height of over six feet through the entire length. He set his servants at once to wash off the stains, but they were unable to get them off. He applied to a druggist, who, on examining the marks, said they were made with a mixture of lamp-black and turpentine and were indelible. There was no way to remove them but to cut them out with a chisel. Evidently some one who knew the effect of the mixture had deliberately done the mischief. The opinion proved correct. Lime, acids, turpentine and many other agents have been employed, but the stains remain. The owner is reluctant to spoil the delicate carving by cutting them out but in no other way can they be removed. He is naturally indignant at the wanton outrage, as any one would be. That was the work of an enemy, but how many there are who themselves commit a similar outrage on the house they must inhabit all their lives, the body in which the soul dwells. That may be stained by sin and when it is so defaced, though God may and will forgive, if he is besought to do so through Christ, the marks remain and are often not obliterated even by severe affliction. (Rom. 6:12, 13.)

Must not Deceive.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts rendered a decision a few days ago, which

deserves the attention of the young people of that State and of any other in which the courts are liable to take the same view. The question before the court arose out of an action tried some time before for breach of promise of marriage. A lady sued a citizen of Boston, who had been engaged to her, but had refused to fulfil his engagement. She claimed sixty thousand dollars and the jury gave her forty thousand. On the appeal, it was shown that she had been pre-

viously married and divorced. She had duly informed her lover of the fact, but had not told him that it was her husband who had secured the divorce and that his plea, on which the divorce was granted, was that she was a woman of violent and ungovernable temper, and of jealous, revengeful and malicious disposition. The court held that in not disclosing the fact to her lover, the lady had suppressed material information and in allowing him to suppose that it was she who had obtained the divorce, had been guilty of fraudulent misrepresentation. A new trial was therefore ordered. Probably the lady was not aware of her legal duty in the matter and she naturally shrank from making the humiliating confession. She may have feared that it would scare the man who wanted to make her his wife. No one need have such fear in entering into union with Christ. He rejects none on account of past sin who come to him; but he, too, requires confession, giving the assurance that "if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." (1. John 1:9.)

A Milk-Tester's Plea.

A significant excuse was made recently to the reproach of a clergyman. He was arguing with a young man who neglected church and attended to his business on Sunday as on other days. The young man was em-

ployed by a firm engaged in the cheese trade, and it was part of his duty to test the milk supplied to the firm by neighboring farmers. The young man in answer to the clergyman's appeal, to abstain from work on Sundays, said that he considered he was engaged in a work that was morally beneficial to the community, and he knew of one case in which his work was more effectual in the reformation of conduct, than had been the preaching of the clergyman. A farmer, whom he named, was a member of the clergyman's congregation and was never absent from his pew on a Sunday. The milk he supplied to the firm was however of so poor a quality that there was ground for suspicion that it was watered. In spite of his regular listening to faithful preaching the practice was continued; but when the farmer learned that the Babcock test had been introduced into the cheese factory and that he would inevitably be detected, the quality of the milk suddenly improved. There was no doubt that the farmer was now living a better life, inasmuch as he was not cheating his customers in one way, and the young man contended that the reformation was due to his operations. His plea was plausible, but illogical and certainly was no valid defence for his own disregard of the Lord's Day. But how sad a light it cast on the condition of the farmer referred to. He must have been in a deplorable moral condition, when the fear of detection was more potent with him than the preaching of the Gospel. There is reason to fear that many are in a similar condition, forgetting the injunction of the Apostle, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." (11. Tim. 2:19.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The Presidents of Seventeen Banks in New York are Presbyterians. Thirty of the most important city institutions have chosen presidents of the same denomination.

Rev. B. Fay Mills Received over Two Thousand cards at his meetings at Manchester, N. H., from persons who had been led at the meetings to desire a change of heart and a new life.

Mr. Moody's Meetings at Lowell, Mass., have been crowded from the beginning. The great Moxie factory would not hold near all who sought admission, and overflow meetings have been held.

Dr. H. M. McCracken of the University of New York has been elected President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The Rev. Amory H. Bradford who succeeded Dr. Deen's in the office, found that his other engagements left him no time for its duties.

There Appears to be an Epidemic of Exposures of municipal corruption. Even Toronto, the best governed city on the continent, has not escaped. Two aldermen have resigned under charges of dealings with contractors by which, for a consideration, they injured the interests of the city.

Evangelists Elliott and Butts have been much cheered by the results of their labors at Johnstown, Pa. Besides the regular services, in which several churches united, cottage prayer meetings were held and in the iron mills, by the courtesy of the proprietors, there were several preaching services.

A Proposal to Erect a Fireproof Library is being considered by the Presbyterian Church. Records and manuscripts of priceless value are in the possession of the Presbyterian Historical Society which ought to be put beyond the possibility of destruction. More room is also needed for their proper arrangement and classification.

Dr. Harris Presbyterian Missionary in Syria, was recently gratified by a testimony given spontaneously by a party of Syrians who have returned to their own country from a tour in South America. They said that they had found by experience in Brazil that the Protestant Christians were much more honest in their dealings than any other people.

The President of the Board of Health of New York says that the record of 1893 shows that the number of persons who live in the tenement houses of the city, exclusive of those living in apartment houses of the better class, was 1,332,773. This is an increase in five years of 239,072. The proportion to population is 70 per cent, in 1888 it was 68 per cent. The density of the population is 143 to the acre, in Paris it is 125 to the acre.

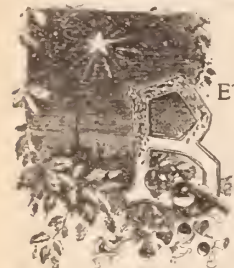
The New Czar of Russia Before his Accession to the Throne, while walking with an attendant one evening through St. Petersburg, heard the sound of singing in a private house. He stayed to listen and was much pleased. On his return to the palace he sent a servant to request the attendance of the merchant who lived in the house. He informed the merchant that he had overheard the singing, and asked where he could procure a copy of the book containing the music and words. The merchant presented the Czar with the book, which was a translation in Russian of one of the Moody and Sankey hymn books.

The Federation of Churches and Benevolent societies in the East side of lower New York, is now regularly organized. Each church and society is to be represented on the Board by its Pastor or President and by one accredited member. Associate members are to be admitted on payment of an annual subscription of \$2. Committees have been formed to see that the laws of sanitation are enforced in the Tenement Houses, and to suggest reforms in the building of new homes. Lectures will be given on topics cognate to the work of the federation such as The Training of Children, The Care of the Home, Temperance etc. The general object of the Federation is the improvement of the condition of the half million persons massed in this district. All information may be obtained from Rev. John B. Devins, 339 East Fourth Street, New York.



Christmas in Bethlehem.

Our Traveler Mingles with the Worshipers in "The City of David" on Christmas Eve—Imposing and Crowded Ceremonies in the Church of the Nativity.



BETHLEHEM is approached by a succession of hills terraced to afford foothold for olive, fig and mulberry trees and vineyards. In David's youth it was a prosperous region

and the successors of Boaz and Jesse maintain a tolerable reputation as good farmers. By contrast with the shiftless husbandry between Jerusalem and Jericho, it is like a garden for order and fertility.

The appearance of the town is imposing when we behold it from the plains below. The group of churches about which the white stone houses are clustered, have some architectural pretensions, and rise finely from the summit of the ridge, sloping away from them on two sides. When surrounded by walls the site must have been picturesque, and, as a fortification, strong. At a distance the houses look higher than they really are, being built on the sides of the ridge. After reaching the town, we perceive that it is not an exception to other Syrian "settlements" of whatever size, in point of commodiousness and cleanliness.

The steep streets are the only sewers, and are so narrow that two carriages cannot pass in many of them. They are also so crooked that as our vehicle rattles around a corner, the driver gives a warning yell to pedestrians lest they should be surprised and hurt. He dashes through one and whirls into another in great style, cracking his whip and shrieking out his cautions to the occupants of doorways and the middle of the thoroughfare, while the foul mud flies in every direction. The people take him quietly, with true Oriental indifference, flattening themselves against the walls and retiring into open doors and arches until the danger is over. In one very strait passage we met two camels, the nose of the second tied by a rope to the saddle of the first. We graze the mire-encrusted side of one and nearly upset the other, without lessening our speed, until we draw up with a mighty clatter and jerk at the door of the "Hotel Bethlehem."

The great square between the hotel and the Church of the Nativity is filled with people, most of them in holiday attire, and after a hasty luncheon brought with us, but eaten in a big, bare room of the caravanserai, we go up to the roof for a better view of the striking scene. A parapet, three feet high, runs all around our look-out. There are a few chairs for infirm or distinguished guests, and plenty of standing-room for a party little less varied in character than the greater assembly below. Five nationalities are represented among the spectators upon our house-top, a hotel being beneath us. As far as we can see them, every roof is crowded with spectators, the white veils and gay jackets of the women giving a festive air to the multitude. The aspect of the open square—as I reflect with a thrill of emotion—probably does not differ materially from what might have been seen there almost nineteen hundred years ago on Christmas-Eve. "All the world" was to be taxed, and Bethlehem-Ephratah was little among the thousands of Judah; too strait to accommodate the return of those of the house and lineage of natives of the town, who must be enrolled there.

There will be no room in this or any other Inn of Bethlehem to-night for one-fourth of the visitors drawn hither by the prospective celebration out-of-doors and in the church. In the shadow of the barracks opposite a

company of gypsies have pitched their tents and are cooking their dinner in the open street, an operation gravely superintended by an ass in harness. A bearded shepherd and his wife have lambs in their arms for sale. A string of kneeling camels occupy one corner of the market-place, their gowned and turbaned owners chatting, or more likely, chaffering, near by. An old man and a girl who pulls one end of her izzar over her mouth as a man in European cut-away coat and derby hat turns to look at her in passing, sit upon the ground with half-a-dozen hopped hens at their feet awaiting purchasers. While the clamor and bustling activity of an American gala-day are absent, the subdued hum of many voices arises to our ears like the swarming of a thousand bees.

Mary had come up from Nazareth with her husband, and would be weary of nerve

collected a lot of men sumptuously appareled to whom an officer evidently reports now and then.

"The Patriarch of Syria and Palestine is too infirm to come in person, and has sent a Bishop who will be here presently. All these people are awaiting to see his arrival. The Pacha could not come, and has sent his dragoman. It is a case of substitution all the way through," somebody says in English, and sneeringly.

The Bishop is lunching somewhere, we are told vaguely, and apparently in no hurry to quit the table. Until he comes we may not enter the church or the grotto of the Nativity. But for the novelty of the scene and the liberty to sit silent if we choose, and think out our own thoughts, we should be intensely weary before a blare of trumpets sounds down the steep street and is answered by the bugler in front of the barracks. A mounted officer gallops into the square, striking with the flat of his sword at trespassing groups. Two foot-soldiers, armed with whips of hippopotamus hide take, each, one side of the way, and literally lash the crowd back into place, respecting neither sex nor age. We can hear the hiss and thud of the heavy whip, and are amazed that no outcry, much less resistance, follows the blows. The populace are used to the summary methods of their masters, and take it all as a matter of course. Into the area thus rid of the lower orders of humanity, rides a small body of horsemen; several carriages come next; the military

train; the white-robed attendants sway in the slow march like banks of lilies in a gentle breeze; the air is vibrant with bells and voices. It is all imposing and beautiful, and the pulses keep time to the throbbing of chant and chime.

The Church of the Nativity was built by Constantine 306-337 A.D., and restored in the eleventh century by the Crusaders. The pillars upholding the roof are of reddish stone, and scratched all over with the names and crests of these valiant knights. Eight centuries have, in passing, rubbed into illegibility what each man wrote of himself and his deeds in this high and holy place. More distinct, and easy to be read by a Greek scholar, is the inscription upon the octagon baptismal font:

"A MEMORIAL BEFORE GOD AND FOR THE PEACE AND FORGIVENESS OF THE SINNERS WHOSE NAMES THE LORD KNOWS."

One wall bears in (now) shattered mosaics rude pictures of the churches of Sardis and of Antioch. There were many other churches represented here, and the mosaics date back to the twelfth century. Besides the immense columns of dusky red, the shell of the church with huge rafters richly embrowned by time, and the mutilated mosaics, little remains of the temple reared by Constantine and piously remodelled by the Crusaders. Modern ecclesiastical art has crowded the interior with costly decorations, most of which are in good taste, although some are tawdry.

The service of Christmas-eve begins at half-past ten at night. After a very poor dinner served in the Hotel Bethlehem, and eaten in the good company of half-a-dozen Americans, an Englishman, a German officer, and an Italian gentleman, we disperse to our several bed-rooms and try to sleep until the hour of service. With myself the attempt is utterly vain. It is not only that the stone floors and walls of the small chamber create a chill that pierces to bone and marrow, and that an unclosable window opens upon the staircase down which boots are clattering incessantly. My head is hot and my brain a-whirl. In all the day I have had but one still hour in which to pull myself together and appreciate in heart and soul where I really am and why I have come. At sunset, I go away from the crowd of people and press of distractions and found my way to the roof alone.

The great square was no longer a restless mass of human life, but was dotted with groups of quiet figures; the area about the gypsy camp was faintly illumined by the wavering flame of thorns crackling under the supper-pot; here and there a dull glow revealed a brazier over which the owner warmed his hands or boiled his coffee. Beyond the massed houses with the twinkling windows, the outer darkness was rolling up from the valleys. The hill lay hushed and low against the cold yellow of the horizon, and the stars were kindling in the zenith. The air was breezeless, but frosty, and I paced the wide area until the sky was full of stars, keeping watch over Bethlehem and the surrounding lands, as

Shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground—

upon the gentle slope over there still bearing the name of the Field of the Shepherd.

It is of that lonely, rapt hour, never-to-be-forgotten, and not to be described by pen, that my mind is full to the exclusion of thought of slumber. In all the meditations of the day the Galilean peasant maiden has moved, a presence that may be felt almost seen. Her Magnificat is read again and for the third time to-day, before we set out for the Church.

It is thronged to suffocation, David had a man on the spot, holding chairs for us ever since sunset. He lies half-asleep across them when we appear to claim them. The aisle upon our right is filled with kneeling women, the long white linen veils worn alike by maid and wife, giving a wondrously picturesque appearance to the throng. Men stand, shoulder to shoulder, in the aisle upon our left; the Europeans bareheaded. Turkish residents of towns wearing the red taboosh, the shaven skulls of the fellahs bound with turbans, general white. A liberal sprinkling of soldiers on police-duty, enlivens the more sober garments. The music is fine from choir and organ; at least forty gorgeous ecclesiastics in gowns stiff and glittering with gold embroidery, are within the chancel-pale. The Bishop sits in the tall patriarchal chair the extreme left of the high altar as we face it, the brilliant array of churchly millinery



THE MANGER IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

(From a photograph brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald.")

and of limb, diffident in the presence of the motley crowd, anxious to get into shelter, and disappointed with the heart-sickening chagrin of a modest peasant-girl, when she found that there was not a vacant nook in the khan where she could lie down and rest. We make it all so real to ourselves that we resent the complacent well-being of the loungers below, the greater comfort of the watchers upon the secluded house-top. We visited the oldest khan in Jerusalem last week, and it helped us to understand into what sort of quarters she was compelled to retire at last. The little light came through openings in the grained roof; the stone floor was littered with bundles of straw and hay along the four walls, which had fastened to them mangers raised but a foot above the ground. We have likewise seen several stables in caves, and learned that these natural grottoes are in some parts of Syria preferred to buildings above ground.

Our minds are preoccupied with the Jewish maiden while the panorama of shifting figures and colors passes before the field of vision. The crowd grows more dense; from the barracks issues a company of Turkish soldiery in brilliant uniform, and marches down the middle of the square, throwing the masses of people right and left until a broad track is left clear from the end of the street to the entrance of the church. Upon the roof of a low wing of the barracks is

band bursts into triumphal music; the distinguished party leave the roof and a majestic figure descends from a coach upon a carpet spread for his feet. At the sound of the trumpet a procession of priests and choir-boys emerge from the church, and advancing slowly, singing as they go, have reached the carpeted space as the bishop steps from the carriage.

"Now ensues a ceremony inexplicable to us, and perhaps on that account fantastic to ludicrousness. The black robe with scarlet hood worn by the prelate is dexterously whisked off, and a purple robe with a train several yards in length substituted. Gloves of the same color are drawn upon his hands which are then folded upon his breast and kept there, fingers extended stiffly like those of an automaton. Thus dressed, the bishop moves toward the church attended by scores of ecclesiastics and acolytes, all wearing black gowns, and above these the garments we style, for the lack of the technical terms, white dressing-sacks, trimmed with lace that looks cheap, and is dear. Censers swing clouds of perfume into the air, and sustained chant of mens' voices mingles with the chimes from the belfry; women drop upon their knees as the gorgeous pageant passes them. The bishop's pace is inconceivably deliberate; his steps cannot be over an inch long. Four choir-boys bear the purple

an altar-furniture is seen mistily through clouds of incense.

is half-past eleven o'clock, and the or. n still rolls; priest has relieved priest in this al sing-song reading of the "First or second Gospel" in Latin; anthem has succeeded chant, the Bishop had been undressed and re-dressed twice, as to slippers, and headgear. The lofty, steeped hat glistening with gold and precious stones, has been placed over his white hair and taken off again so many times that we have stopped counting.

en minutes of twelve! Many men have set down upon the marble floor, crossing their legs under them and gone to sleep; among the white-veiled ranks of kneeling women, I see some who have had the wisdom of good-luck, to get close to the great pillars, and now rest tired heads against the cool side, eyes fast shut—perhaps in devotion. A significant pause in the peal of the organ as responses from the two lines of choirs causes a stir in the crowd. Indifference and drowsiness are exchanged for interest. Raised heads are turned toward the high altar, above which I observe for the first time, a curtain hung before what may be a niche or a painting, perhaps two feet long and half as high. After a prelude, the organ glides into a lull, sweet and tender and tuneful, that h in it the very swing of the cradle, and brooding love in mother-heart and the mother's voice. It is still sighing through the now strangely-quiet church when the curtain hiding the niche above the altar is drawn back by an unseen cord or hand, and we see—a cradle with a doll lying in it!

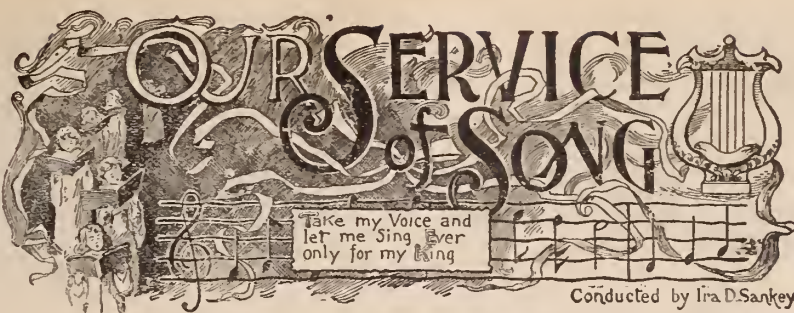
To those about me, what is to me an climax belittling the august preliminaries, and unconceivably unworthy of the occasion that has collected the vast audience, is apparently impressive and affecting. Men stand on tiptoe to gaze; many bow their heads and some kneel as if overcome by emotion; women are convulsed by sobs, or smile lovingly through tears. As the curtain and the pealing Gloria proclaim the Event of the evening, the packed aisles are agitated by an arrival. Two amazingly appareled kervasses bearing gilded staves, force a passage for a man, natty little gentleman, military in bearing, and in the white "imperial" tuft on his chin; keen-eyed and suave, who is conducted to a chair immediately in front of us.

"The French Consul!" whispers Mrs. Mal. The Roman Catholic Church in Palestine is under the immediate protection of France, and the homage paid to the handsome little man may savor of gratitude. Standing erect and courteously attentive, a gorgeous kervasse upon each side, he is the most distinguished personage present, even before two priests part themselves from the crowd of ecclesiastics and approach him while the choir-boys chant melodiously. One of the priests bears what looks like a gold plate about six inches in diameter, and bending respectfully, offers it to the lips of the Consul, who arises at his approach, and kisses the gold disk—whatever it may be. Somebody explains that it is the "Seal," but what Seal and why thus presented and saluted, I am unable to learn.

equal ignorance as to the meaning of the marching and counter-marching; the feelings and uprisings, and especially the bings and unrobings of the Majestic Chief of the hour, I sit for two-and-a-half mortal hours longer, a miserable fixture in my uncomfortable chair. The Third and Fourth Gospels are intoned in Latin by a third and a fourth glittering priest; all read and chant through their noses, and it is thin bounds to assert that not fifty out of the hundreds assembled in this, the oldest church in the Holy Land, comprehend one syllable of what is uttered. And still the white-veiled women continue to kneel in the aisle, their faces turned al-ward, and the motley-hued garments of the men are pressed close together in the body of the church.

"They will not stir until the Baby is cried around," says my interpreter when I wonder the crowd does not thin.

At half-past two "the Baby" is borne in solemn procession of all the priests, amid rattling and organ-thunder and the adoration of the now wide-awake and excited people,—down one aisle and across the end of the church, then up another aisle and back to its resting-place near the high-altar. It is a large wax doll, gowned in lawn and lace, not a particularly pretty, but a very

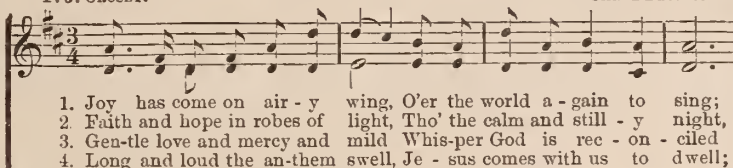


Conducted by Ira D. Sankey

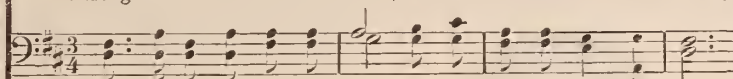
Prince and Lord of Glory.

F. J. CROSBY.

CARYL FLORIO.



1. Joy has come on air - y wing, O'er the world a - gain to sing;
2. Faith and hope in robes of light, Tho' the calm and still - y night,
3. Gen-tle love and mercy and mild Whis-per God is rec - on - ciled
4. Long and loud the an-them swell, Je - sus comes with us to dwell;



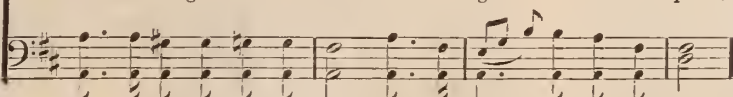
'Tis the birthday of a King, . . . Prince and Lord of glo - ry.
Point to Him, our promised Light, . . . Prince and Lord of glo - ry.
Thro' His birth, the Ho-ly Child, . . . Prince and Lord of glo - ry.
Son of God, Im-man - u - el, . . . Prince and Lord of glo - ry.



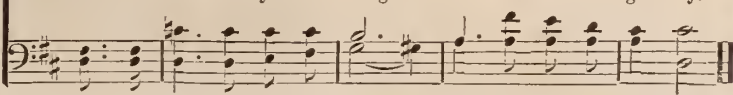
REFRAIN.



Wake the song whose echoed strain First be - gan . . . on Ju - dah's plain;



He is born who yet shall reign . . . Prince and Lord of glo - ry.



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From The Biglow & Main Co's. CHRISTMAS ANNUAL NO. 25, by per.

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artificial baby. It goes without saying that we do not prostrate ourselves as it passes, but there are not many other exceptions to the rule of what may not be worship in very deed, but is so much like it that the uninitiated are excusable for drawing no distinction between the two.

In the crush of the retiring spectators at the door I am hustled against Mrs. Sharpe, and she seizes my hand in both of hers, speechless with emotion.

I remark in a voice that must sound jaded, that I had seen Dr. Sharpe across the church, but without her, and supposed her absent.

"I have passed the whole evening upon my knees in the Grotto," she sighs, hysterically. I was never so blissfully happy before in my life." Arrived at the hotel, which is full to overflowing, I go at once to my room, and to bed, cold, disgusted, disappointed, and I doubt not disagreeable to my patient attendant who does her best to mitigate physical malease by a cup of hot tea.

At intervals between the hour that elapses between bidding her "Good-night" and falling asleep, I hear the measured fall of footsteps upon the roof overhead, sounds that recall with soothing efficacy, my twilight promenade and reverie.

MARION HARLAND.

PROPHETIC CHRONOLOGY.

A Divine Purpose in the Dates and Periods Mentioned in the Prophecies.

BY THE REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

(Continued from Page 805.)

WE come now to the question of the mode of interpretation. How are we to understand the dates and periods given us? As to the true mode of interpreting the chronological prophecies, we have, I apprehend, without traveling for information outside of this same book of Daniel, all the instruction that we need. We have, in the first place, proof plain and positive that chronological prophecy is to be interpreted literally. Daniel so interpreted, and, as the result proved, rightly interpreted (chap. 9:2), the prophecy of Jeremiah concerning the seventy years of the captivity in Babylon. The seven predicted "times" of Nebuchadnezzar's insanity (chap. 4: 25), were likewise seven literal years. It is therefore most assuredly assuming too much to affirm that the "time, times, and the dividing of time" of chap. 7: 25, are exclusively figurative or symbolical—each time denoting only a year of years, and not at all denoting, as in the former instance, a literal year.

But we have only to pass on to verses 20-27 of chapter 9 of this same prophecy, and to study the wonderful further revelation made by the angel Gabriel to the "greatly beloved Daniel," in order to satisfy ourselves that chronological prophecy forms no exception to the rule which, with very few exceptions, holds good with regard to all prophecy—namely, that it has a double signification, and therefore a double fulfillment.

We learn hence that the seventy predicted years of captivity determined upon Judah and Jerusalem, while they have a literal meaning, and have received a literal fulfillment in the restoration from Babylon, have also a far more extended signification. We learn that they also apply to a period of seventy sevens (or weeks) of years—a period of four hundred and ninety years in all—during the whole of which the people and the city were to be, and have been, in captivity—although not, as during the seventy literal years, to the king and the nation of Babylon—and at, but not until, the full and final close of which period they should be everlastingly emancipated and restored.

When we take all this fairly, and without prejudice, into consideration, we have, I believe, quite sufficient evidence of the correctness of what is called the year-day system of interpretation. This, be it remembered, not in the least degree as subversive of, or as a substitute for, the literal or day-day system, but only as supplemental thereto.

We must be careful to observe that the chronological prediction of the seventy years' captivity did not fully inform Daniel as to the exact date of its fulfillment. Neither are we to expect that the similar predictions in his prophecy or in the book of Revelation will enable us accurately to determine "the time of the end," to which they refer, and at which they are to receive their complete and exhaustive fulfillment, Jeremiah's prophecy of the seventy years' captivity left unrevealed, and therefore undeterminable, the exact date of their commencement; whether in "the third year of Jehoia-kim, when Nebuchadnezzar came up against Jerusalem and besieged it" (Daniel 1: 1); or in the subsequent reign of Zedekiah, whom Nebuchadnezzar made king, who reigned for eleven years in Jerusalem, and whose rebellion against Nebuchadnezzar led to the full destruction of the Temple and the city, and the final captivity of the residue of the people (II. Chron. 36: 5-21).

All, therefore, that Daniel could have ascertained concerning the termination of the Babylonian captivity by the study of the prophecy of Jeremiah was that it was limited to seventy years; and that there was—as the comparing of this prophecy with the history of the commencement of the captivity would satisfy him—a period of about eleven years, either at the beginning or at the end of which these seventy years should terminate and the prophecy would be undoubtedly fulfilled.

Even so there is a designed uncertainty in the chronological predictions concerning the duration of the power of the Antichrist. We are not told the point from which the prophetic measurement of the power, either of its existence or its exercise, commences, and we can therefore only speak of probability, not of certainty, with respect to the exact period of its close.

(To be Concluded.)

PRAY FOR THOSE THOU LOVEST.

YES, pray for those thou lovest, thou may'st vainly, idly seek,
The force of fervid tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne and meekly, humbly there,
Ask blessings for the loved one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest, if uncouthed wealth were thine,
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine;
Thou could'st not to thy cherished friend, so dear a gift impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop and wane ere long,
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure loving throng;
But seek the friend who when thy prayer for him shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee.

And should thy flowery path in life, become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in paths like these, thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer.

—MRS. ABDY.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 30. Psalm 145.

ONE important difference must exist between the retrospection of a Christian and that of a man who has no faith in God. However similar may be the circumstances recalled, however much there may be that the two men will equally rejoice over or deplore, the outcome must be radically changed by the standpoint each occupies. To the man who recognizes no divine guidance or government, the course of events must necessarily be a horribly mixed, capricious conglomeration of good and evil. Death takes away the man whose life is full of love and kindness, who is doing benevolent work, and on whose exertions many are depending for daily bread. It takes away the mother whose growing family needs her supervision and the daughter whose loving ministrations in the home are the comfort and joy of the parents. It closes the career of a young man just as he is equipped for service in the cause of humanity and whose prospects are full of promise. It passes over men and women whose lives are injurious to others, who are corrupt and corrupting and suffers them to live on multiplying their evil deeds to old age. Fortune is equally capricious. Those who toil the hardest have the least remuneration and some who desire to work and live honestly find no one willing to employ them. One man sees his wife and children sicken and die, because he cannot get the means to provide them with proper food or to pay the rent of decent rooms away from the fetid atmosphere of the slums; while another no more worthy, no more intelligent or affectionate, has hundreds of thousands of dollars which he can never spend or use, but which he hoards with no benefit to himself. Retrospection must bring up many of these phenomena. Either personal experience or association must have familiarized every one with them.

Without the aid of faith, what light can come on this gloomy situation? The Psalmist said that when he tried to understand it, it was too painful for him, until he went into the sanctuary of God. That has been the experience of many. The conviction that God rules the world, that he is not afar off or indifferent, that he is not only wise, but loving, is the one consolatory reflection that can sustain the mind. The Psalmist saw it and expresses it with an outburst of joy in the grand song selected as the basis for the topic. We are asked to believe in God, to trust him and to wait. All things, we are assured, will work together for good to them that love God. With this we should surely be content. We cannot understand his ways, any more than the child at school can understand why hard tasks are set for him, when play would be so much more pleasant. But we expect the child to have confidence in his father, and it is the same confidence that God requires of us. We await the clue to the mystery, in the firm conviction that there is a clue; in the end, even we shall praise the goodness of God. In the meantime all love and sympathy and helpfulness within our power should be given to every sufferer within our reach. Some burden we may lighten every day and into some darkened heart we may send a ray of light. With unwavering faith in the heart and with a hand ready to help, the past need not depress us and we may go forward to meet the future with a cheerful mind.



AN URGENT MATTER.

Do our readers in the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, and the Baptist Young People's Unions know anything of the condition of the people in Nebraska and Kansas? If not, they will be surprised

to hear that there are thousands of men, women and children who, on the edge of winter, are without food, fuel, and clothes. Letters received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD give descriptions of the destitution which are heart-rending, and they are corroborated by the statement of Mr. Fisher, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, now in New York, whose field of labor lies in the famine districts. He says that our correspondents have not exaggerated. He has seen people eating the most repulsive refuse to keep themselves alive. In some places they are



MR. FRANK MOODY.

(Treasurer of the B. Y. P. U. A.)

burrowing in the ground for warmth. One family was delighted at finding a sack containing crusts, several months old, which they beat to powder with a hammer, and, having soaked it, devoured it greedily. These people have been brought into this dreadful condition by the failure of their crops for two successive seasons through prolonged drought. Their savings are gone, their stock has been sold, and they are starving. Food is needed, but especially clothing—cottons, flannels, blankets, anything that will cover the shivering bodies. On another page of this journal will be found the names of reliable persons who will gladly distribute any goods that may be sent to them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is sending money, and will be pleased to receive and forward any sums that may be given. In the name of Christian charity, in the name of common humanity let every society do something for our starving brethren in their extremity.

TWO B. Y. P. U. LEADERS.

Our readers of the Baptist Young People's Union will be glad to have the portraits we give on this page of two officers of the national organization. Mr. Frank Moody is the newly-elected Treasurer of the Union. He is a young business man of great promise, a native of Wisconsin and an ardent friend of the young people's movement. His early years were spent in Washington County, but he was initiated into business life as a boy in Milwaukee. His energy and attention to business won him rapid promotion and he is now a partner in the firm that he once served as office boy. At the age of eighteen he was brought to Christ, and united with the South Baptist Church of Milwaukee. He brought into the church the same energy that characterized him in business, became church clerk, Sunday School Superintendent and, when the Baptist Young People's Union was organized, was chosen President of the local society. He also organized a Boys' Brigade, of which he is still President. At the recent Toronto Convention he was elected

to the responsible position of Treasurer of the National Union.

At the same Convention, Mr. Joseph N. Shenstone was elected second vice-President of the Union. He comes of English stock, but he is a native of Brantford, Canada. On the completion of his education he settled in Chicago, obtaining work in a printing office in that city. It was in Chicago, that, after a period of wandering, he was converted in answer to the prayers of his godly parents. He returned to them doubly endeared by the change. For some time he was associated with his father in public office, but latterly he removed to Toronto and joined a manufacturing firm having large connections in the United States as well as in Canada. The arrangements for the recent Convention in Toronto involved arduous labor on the part of many of the local leaders, and Mr. Shenstone, who was connected with the Union at the Walmer Road Church, threw himself energetically into the work. He was elected Chairman of the Finance Committee, which in all such enterprises is the most laborious of the departments. The work Mr. Shenstone did in that capacity was conspicuous, and the Union showed its appreciation by electing him to the Vice-Presidency, a well merited tribute to his abilities and the services he has rendered to the Union.



A GOOD SAMARITAN CHAPTER.

The following interesting record published by "The Silver Cross" of a Chapter of King's Daughters which was organized at Hartford, Conn., May 22, 1891, may serve as a model to some correspondents who have inquired about the organization of Circles. The Good Samaritan Chapter started with a membership of sixteen, which has gradually increased to two hundred, including the members of the branches. In describing the work, the Secretary Mrs. W. P. Williams, says: Our aim, first, to endeavor, by individual effort, to help the sick and those in trouble. Second, To strive by precept and example, to repress



MR. JOSEPH N. SHENSTONE.

(Second vice-President of the B. Y. P. U. A.)

the idle talk and the evil speaking. The membership: All ages, all denominations, in town and out of town; number unlimited. Besides our seven regular officers, we have a Finance Committee to which is left the expenditure of the funds. The Chapter is composed of four Circles—Visiting, Dorcas, Circle of Young Samaritans, and Whatsoever Circle.

The Visiting Circle comprises those who call on the blind. Our interest is chiefly confined to the older women and to those of the young who have finished their education. Most of these receive from two to five visits a month from our members, and they look forward with pleasant anticipation to the call of the visitor. They are cheered and comforted in their deprivation and loneliness by this assurance—that they are loved and remembered. The Dorcas Circle is composed of those who contribute each year two new articles of clothing for distribution.

The Circle of Young Samaritans—boys and girls under sixteen—"scatter seeds of kindness" "In His name," as they have opportunity. They distributed fifteen hundred credit cards last year for the store connected with the Institute for the Blind, besides carrying flowers, and assisting in many other ways in the Chapter's line of work. The Whatsoever Circle comprises

all members of the Chapter not in active connection with the other Circles. The "watch for opportunities" to pass the "c of loving service." The Sons belong to this Circle, and have proved themselves loyal to the King by their willing and helpful endeavors. We have two branches—one in New York city, the other in Durham, Conn., working as far as possible in the same lines. The Chapter and branches exchange records of their meetings.

Our meetings are held monthly, except in July and August. The voluntary mailbox contributions at these meetings are used to help those in need. We strive to keep our out-of-town members in touch with the plans of the Chapter through circular letters. They, in return, send greetings which are read at our meetings.



AMONG THE ORDERS.

The Christian Endeavors of Auckland, New Zealand, are supporting a missionary among the Chinese in that city, and the Endeavors in Wellington have sent Melbourne for a missionary to labor in the city.



Seven languages are regularly heard at the meetings of Christian Endeavor Societies in Chicago: Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, German, Bohemian, and Chinese.



The Madrid Young Men's Christian Association "Juventud Evangelica," desire to enter into relations with foreign Associations to claim their sympathy in efforts to about to put forth to develop its work. Madrid and other towns in Spain.



Mr. Frederick B. Pratt, of New York has been elected President of the International Young Men's Christian Association Committee in succession to Mr. Elbert Monroe, who died a short time ago while discharging the functions he had only just recently accepted.



Dr. Schell announces in "The Epworth Herald" that the first Indian chapter of the Epworth League has just been organized Oneida, Wis. The chapter begins with membership of forty. At the first meeting after they were regularly enrolled, two were converted, and one poor backslider was reclaimed.



The London "Christian" says: All Endeavors will be delighted to know that Dr. F. E. and Mrs. Clark are paying a other visit to this country. They will be entertained at a breakfast on the morning of Dec. 4, and on the evening of that day will address a public meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.



Forty subscriptions of \$1,000 each have been secured toward the Endowment Building for the Y. M. C. A.'s of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The building which will be erected will be located on one of Boston's prominent streets, and be a grand center for Christian work for young men.



The difference between the Young Men's Christian Associations of England and the United States was curiously defined lately by Mr. J. S. Virgo, Secretary of the Adelaide, Australia, Association on his return from the Jubilee Conference. The Associations in England he describes as "very spiritual in their work, aggressive in their Gospel efforts, and enterprising in their endeavors to win young men to Christ. Those in America, many of which he has also visited, he says are "less aggressive in evangelistic meeting, but exceedingly active in regard to personal effort among young men," reaching "a class which scarcely touched in any part of the world."

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE. In order to secure the promptest attention for your communications, please bear in mind that the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the following three departments, and that communications intended for anyone of these departments should not contain matters of interest to any other department. **Subscription Department** in which only subscriptions or renewals are handled. **Address Department** where all changes or corrections of name, address or date are made. **Complaint Department** in which only complaints of irregular delivery receive attention. Communications to two or three departments can be written on a separate sheet, may be enclosed in one envelope, but each separate sheet should be referred only to one of these departments. Always address the envelope

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York



Japan's Fair Daughters.

They are Coming to the Front Among the Women of the East—How a Japanese Lady Pays Her Holiday Visits.

JAPANESE women are among the handsomest types of femininity to be found in the far East. With delicate, light olive complexions, soft oval faces, high foreheads, eyes but slightly oblique, heavy, arching eye-brows and an abundance of glossy black hair, they present a most

pleasing contrast to their neighbors, the Chinese. Unfortunately, the women, even some of the ladies of highest rank, have a mania for painting and powdering their faces. Their social position is far more favorable than that of their sex in most Eastern countries; for, although they lead secluded lives, their education is not neglected, as is the case with their unhappy sisters in China.

In holiday seasons, such as we ourselves are now celebrating, social rigors are greatly relaxed, and the ladies do a great deal of visiting among each other's families, the favorite conveyance being the "cango," a sort of palanquin shown in the illustration on this page. Very light and graceful, composed entirely of bamboo, and padded with soft, silken cushions, it makes a most comfortable and picturesque seat—an Oriental modification of the "Sedan chair" of our forefathers' days, and, like it, carried by poles borne on the sturdy shoulders of a pair of serving-men. My lady sits cosily on the cushions, fan in hand, her visiting satchel and the inseparable bamboo parasol, covered with rice paper or painted silk, lying on the top of the palanquin, ready for use when she alights. In this fashion she does her shopping among the gay bazaars, pays her ceremonial calls, or visits the bath, the "jinriksha" being preferred for longer distances. In Japan, the bath is indeed a great social institution, and affords frequent opportunities for friends meeting together and discussing family matters, much as ladies in our own land love to linger and gossip over a cup of tea. There is a finer and more expensive sort of "cango," used by ladies of the highest rank. It is called a "norimon," and is generally made of lacquered wood, beautifully ornamented and perfumed.

Towards women, the Japanese are uniformly polite and courteous. This national trait is noticeable even in the rural districts, and a feature of the training of children in a majority of Japanese homes is respect to womanhood, although this is unfortunately too frequently lost sight of in the complex life of the great cities. The nation, how-

ever, does not forget that nine of its rulers have been women, and that one of its empresses was the conqueror of Korea.

Extremely courteous in their bearing, yet decidedly independent, the Japanese have within the last quarter of a century come into much more intimate and pleasant relations with the western world than any other Asiatic nation has done. Fifty years ago, we regarded them as an almost savage people, and our treaties with them were framed on that basis; but we now know them to be industrious, cultured and patriotic, with

of our diplomatic representatives and not a few of our missionaries have helped materially in this direction by taking their wives to the scene of their duties, and mingling freely among the better classes in social matters. Their example has not been without its result for the daughters of the "Land of the Rising Sun" are imitative and ambitious.

Just now, all Japan is bustling with excitement over the war, and the women, high and low, are taking advantage of the opportunity to display their patriotism by making up vast consignments of bandages and delicacies for the sick and wounded troops at the front, being roused to a fever of emulation by the personal example of the Empress, who is untiring in her devotion to the needs of the Mikado's brave soldiers.

How Hindu Boys Tell the Time.

There are no public schools in Nepal, India. The sons of princes and nobles—even a young king, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the "guru," or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares, or Calcutta, where they learn to

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

DOWN through the ages comes to us
The song the angels told,
As they sang it there on the midnight air
To those watching shepherds of old.
A marvelous sight, on that starry night,
Was that band of angels fair;
What wonder then, if those humble men
Bowed down in the midnight air.
And listened with faces full of awe.
As far as their voices rang
O'er the stillness deep and a world asleep,
As "Glory to God," they sang.
"Peace upon earth," O, tidings sweet,
Brought by those angels fair,
As clear and long that beautiful song
Broke over the stillness there.
"Glory to God," through the changes of time,
As of old, on that midnight clear,
Each Christmas-tide, both far and wide,
It falls on the listening ear.
Wilmington, Del. ANNE E. MICHENER.

WHAT A PAIR OF SLIPPERS DID.

AT this holiday season, when innumerable pairs of slippers are doubtless in contemplation as gifts to dear friends, it may interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know how one pair of slippers made by a missionary's wife in India, were used as a means to accomplish much spiritual good.

Nearly thirty-four years ago, a missionary's wife, Mrs. Mullens, sat in her parlor in Calcutta, India, embroidering a pair of slippers for her husband. A Brahman gentleman came in, saw, and admired them. Mrs. Mullens, quick to avail herself of an opportunity, asked him if he would like to have his wife taught to make a pair of slippers for him. He replied in the affirmative. Other invitations followed, and, in the glowing words of Miss Britton, a pair of slippers became the means of opening to the lady missionaries thousands of homes, over which the dark pall of an idolatrous superstition had hung for generations.

The year following this opening, in 1861, the

wife of the Rev. Francis Mason, Baptist missionary to Burmah, visited Calcutta, and became thoroughly interested in the new movement, viz., the Christian education of the women and girls in the zenanas, and, upon her return to the United States a few months later, she made an earnest appeal in its behalf to the Christian women of her own land. The formation of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands, the pioneer Woman's Society of this continent, was the result of that appeal. This Society is still full of life and vigor, supporting missionaries in China, India, Japan and other parts of the East.

The Woman's Congregational Board of Missions was organized for work in the Asiatic field. Since that time many other Christian organizations have labored successfully in the same parts of the world among the heathen, and every year shows increase in the work and the number of workers.

This little incident shows that humble instrumentalities are not to be despised.

Ill-Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.



A JAPANESE LADY VISITING IN HER "CANGO" OR PALANQUIN,
From a Photograph secured in Tokio for "The Christian Herald."

a noble history, and the desire for a still nobler future. Japan has learned much from the west and has applied the lesson to such excellent purpose that the "dwarf people," as they are contemptuously termed by the Chinese, have become the leading factor in Asiatic politics, commerce and civilization. Moreover, the ancient edict forbidding Christians to come to Japan is now not only inoperative but wholly forgotten, for missionaries representing every Christian denomination have made most encouraging progress there. It is estimated that the Protestant Episcopal Church has over 2,000 native converts, the Church of England, 4,000; the Russian Church, 20,000; the "Holy Church of Japan," a native Christian organization, about 5,000, while the Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Friends and other denominations are all well represented, the aggregate total of Christian converts being probably about 50,000. Naturally, in a land where women have for centuries been accustomed to seclusion, the feminine converts are in the minority; yet Christianity has already accomplished much for woman in Japan, and is steadily aiding in her emancipation from her former degraded condition. Some

speaking English, and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepal time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool. Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells," as sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor Bhootiya shepherds, or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields, say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of a house, or when they can see the hairs on the back of a man's hand by holding it to the light.

A Child King's Plaything.

An ingenious toy has been provided for little King Alfonso XIII. of Spain. He will be initiated into military life by taking the command of a battalion of troops varying in age from five to eight years. There are seven hundred of these baby soldiers, and they wear the blue uniform and red cap of the "miquelet" Spanish regulars. The drummers are perhaps the most amusing and picturesque members of the party. Their enthusiasm for their work is boundless, but the organization is strictly according to rule,



A NEW-FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Christian Friend.

IT was touching to see Annie in the same home, that home which had once been the scene of so much festivity, where she had spent days in idle vanity, wearing herself down doing nothing. At first, after debt had deprived her of her wealth, and fashionable friends looked cold and bowed distantly, than her pride was sorely wounded. Some who were mere parasites, who fawned upon her, reaped of her bounty, these, too, were simply passing acquaintances, certainly not the warm, demonstrative, flattering friends of yore. Now, she cared not for indifference. Hers was now a different world, with different aims and aspirations. She had risen above society, its fashion and conventionalities.

With her dear mother, Roy and his family, she was happy. She was a mystery to her mother, but she forbore to remark upon the change, yet it troubled her greatly. "Better this than the asylum," she would repeat to herself by way of comfort, but it would have pleased her better had she been different. Annie felt that here was missionary ground, still she did not intrude religion disagreeably, though she had talked to her mother, and once made an earnest appeal to Roy. She was an enigma to him. He watched her, and the more he watched, the more he wondered. She was the living epistle he was reading, morning noon and night. Here was the woman he had sent away, had paid her salary in a different place among new scenes and people, to prevent melancholia, and now she was the happy spirit, the bright sunshine of his home. He could not understand the transformation.

One day as they were all in the sitting-room, she said:

"Mamma, did you ever hear of a widow in the city by the name of Somers? She lives on Cherry Street."

"No, dear, I have never had an acquaintance on Cherry Street. Did you wish some work done?"

"No, mamma. One of our teachers was once a pupil of hers, and gave me a letter of introduction to her. I would be glad to find out her residence and whether she is in the city."

"She is a mere nobody, Annie," said Roy, looking up from his paper. "I would let her alone. Still if you really wish, I will start Jack around among the 'vidders' and perhaps he may be able to find the one you are looking for."

So Jack's services were accepted, and he was sent with the letter, and with the message that she would call late that afternoon. So, after the sun was far down in the west, Annie started for "Sub Rosa," Mrs. Somers' residence, at the extreme end of Cherry Street. She was prepared to love Mrs. Somers from the description Miss Wyman had given of her, and she looked forward with great pleasure to this friendship.

There was a sweet breeze from the honeysuckle and jasmine vines as Annie approached the house, and the rose bushes seemed one big bouquet of flowers; indeed, the whole yard was full. Before Annie could ring the bell, a lady came out to meet her, and greeted her with the pleasant words:

"You are not a stranger, my dear. Come in, I am glad indeed to meet you."

They entered Mrs. Somers' bed-room, and a cushioned rocker was given Annie, with the remark:

"You see I brought you right into my room, so we should have no interruptions, and besides, I didn't feel like making a stranger of you by carrying you into the parlor."

Annie thanked her for making her feel so much at home. Mrs. Somers was very attractive to her, for her face seemed beautiful in its calm repose. Her complexion was white and clear, and her white hair came creeping from beneath her white cap, giv-

ing a peculiar softness to her face. Everything in this house seemed to be white; her bed-spread, the curtains, the wall, the tidies, the stocking the old lady was knitting, her cap, hair, and apron. The white wing of peace, Annie thought.

"You have lived on the hill many years I think, my dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Somers, ever since I can remember. Did you know papa?"

"No, I do not remember ever to have met him. I have seen your mother pass often riding out, for I know your carriage by the fine bays. Your mother and I did not belong to the same church, so I have never met her. Miss Wyman writes me that you have recently put on Christ. I am truly rejoiced. It is a great thing to be a child of the King of heaven."

"Indeed I feel it so, Mrs. Somers. I lived a long, long time without my Saviour, and I shudder when I think how I lived, so careless, so thoughtless, so independent of God. I loved the beautiful, so I worshipped nature, but I saw no loving hand in its creation. Oh, I have been very, very wicked."

"So we all have been very, very wicked."

"But I have been peculiarly wicked, Mrs. Somers."

"Have it so then," replied Mrs. Somers with a smile, "but you have found a peculiarly good Saviour, fitted for peculiarly wicked people, have you not?"

"Indeed I have. In seeking your acquaintance, Mrs. Somers, I hope to be benefited by your experience, aided by your counsel, and so my work for the Saviour will be better directed, more efficient. He has done so much for me I am impatient to begin work for him, impatient to show him that I do feel truly grateful to him for what he has done for me, do love him just a little."

"I know you do, dear child, and he knows it too. Most gladly will I aid you in any and every possible way. Already I love you for your own sake, but most of all because I see in your face the image of my Father, and I know in truth that we are sisters by a nearer, dearer tie than that which binds earthly sisters."

"I shall be at home three months, Mrs. Somers, and I am going to give myself up to you during this vacation. Please put me to work. I promise not to trouble you after you have started me in the right channel. I understand that the poor of the city is your special charge—will you let me help you in this field?"

"I gladly accept your services, my dear. Yes, I have devoted a great deal of my time to the poor. I am not a woman of wealth, so I cannot give much money, but I try to benefit their souls, and this is better than giving them silver and gold. There are many afflicted, suffering creatures in this city that the rich never think of."

"There my life comes in again. It meets me at every turning point."

"I did not intend to make a home thrust, my dear child, but truth is truth. I shall be only too glad to have you go with me to visit some of my poor. It will give me pleasure to go with you any time you feel disposed to call."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow if it suits you. I intended going to see two families to-morrow afternoon, so if you choose we will go together."

"I will accompany you very gladly, Mrs. Somers. I thank you for allowing me so much of your valuable time, but I fear I have interfered with your own work."

Mrs. Somers' Scripture was ready, and she replied: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price," and then she added: "Come often to see me, just as often as you can. You think I will benefit you, but I, in my turn, feel that you will do me good. Communing of absent friends, rehearsing their good qualities and deeds of love, always makes us love these friends more ardently. So, I feel in talking of our dear Saviour, we will each love him more."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Somers. I hope my frequent visits will not make you regret your kind invitation."

"Good-bye, my child, no fear of that. Come often. I shall look for you to-morrow afternoon about four o'clock."

"I shall be here, Mrs. Somers, unless something unforeseen prevents."

It was late when Annie reached home. The streets were already ablaze with gas, and on entering the house she soon discovered that the family had gathered in the dining-room for supper. Before she had stepped across the doorway, little Roy slid down from his chair and running up in front of her, with both hands behind, said with a mischievous twinkle:

"Dess what I'm dot 'hind me for you, Aunt Annie."

"For me? Let me see—why, it's a big sugar plum."

"No, t'aint a sugar plum—dess agin."

"Oh, a pretty, little white kittle."

"No, taint a kittle, you fink I'd hold a kittle 'hind here? She'd scratch awful. Dess agin—it's free sump fins."

"Three somethings? What can it be—three somethings and for me! Let me see—it's three beautiful red roses."

Ha! Ha! Ha! and the little fellow laughed so heartily everybody joined in, and then he held up three letters. Annie snatched the child up in her arms and kissed him, as she said:

"You darling! How could I ever have guessed these letters!"

Glancing at the addresses, she laid them before her plate, as her mother said:

"I was getting uneasy about you, dear, you were out so late and I did not know in what quarter of the city you were going."

"Do not fear for me, Mamma. I am somewhat late. Next time I will come faster by taking the street car. The evening was so delightful, I wanted to enjoy it!"

"Did you find your widow?" asked Roy.

"Oh, yes, thanks to faithful Jack. I spent a pleasant afternoon with Mrs. Somers. She is a rare woman."

"How 'rare,' Annie," asked her brother quizzically. "In what respect is she 'rare'?"

"In the first place, Roy, she has a singularly attractive face, and her face is the mirror of her beautiful soul."

"A 'rara avis in terris,'" said Roy with a smile, but Annie, not heeding, went on:

"The self that rules the world and is usually the divinity that presides at every hearthstone, is not in Mrs. Somers' little domicile. She may be its mistress, but she moves about it as though she were only the steward for another, and her mind, her time, her talents were all another's, and her housekeeping, even in its minutest detail, is performed exactly and punctually as service to her Lord and Master. She opens up her big heart and sweeps in the universe. She is a worthy child of her Father."

There was silence at the table, only the rattling of knives, forks and spoons was audible. No one knew what to say, and Roy was intent upon his plate. Annie felt the embarrassment of the circle, and to relieve it, said:

"One of my letters is from Val, Mamma. I have heard nothing from her for about eight months. She wrote me immediately upon my arrival at the cottage, and though I replied at once, she has not deigned to notice my letter. I thought, perhaps, her ladyship had cut me off of her list of correspondents. If you will excuse me, since I have finished my supper, I will go out and enjoy my letters."

Upstairs she went, and, taking a rocker under the gas, opened the two letters from college friends and read them, then, tearing open the other envelope, said:

"Now, Val dear, for you—the best for last."

"DEAR, DEAR ANNIE:—The interim between your letter and mine is long, but I could not prevent this, much as I deplored it. Had you been by my side during the last few months, you would readily excuse this seeming neglect. You do not know, dear Annie, that about six weeks ago we buried our baby boy. It was a great grief to us; how could we keep from weeping bitterly! We did indeed weep and mourn, but I trust we did not murmur. At our baby's birth we gave him unreservedly to Jesus, and if he chose to accept our gift thus early, what right had we to complain? Does one murmur when his gift is accepted on earth? Surely not. We had hoped our darling might be spared us for a noble, useful life, but God saw fit to will it otherwise, so we can only bow and kiss the rod he holds. For months my baby had been

drooping, so pale, so thin. I was longing for the cool weather of fall to brace him up, to strengthen him for the trying period of dentition, through which he was passing. As warm weather advanced, he began to fade before my eyes like a pine lily, and no medical skill, no careful nursing, not all the kisses and epithets of love could keep him. One night my heart was buoyant with hope, for I thought him better, but before morning dawned a terrible convulsion seized him, and the quiverings of his little body were only stilled by death. It seemed so hard to shut my beautiful baby up in a casket, to lay him in the cruel grave, and the first sod that fell upon the coffin's lid sounded so dismally hollow, so merciless, that my heart seemed ready to break, so full of woe it was. Then I went to my Saviour, begged him to remember my frailty, remember I am but dust, and pity me, for the mother love in my heart was deeper and stronger than death itself. Sweetly the words recurred to me, 'what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' My sorrow was stilled; the floodgates of my grief were closed. Jesus seemed so near me. Since then I have been comforted. I miss my darling, my arms are painfully empty; I miss the music of his voice, his smiling eye, his dimpled hands, his laughing lips—my beautiful, noble, angel boy!—but he was not too sweet, too beautiful for Jesus. I gave him to my Saviour. Ah, Annie, you and I are honored mothers to have little ones at the court of heaven."

"My dear cousin, do not think I am so drowned in my own sorrow that I cannot rejoice with you in your conversion. I wish you could look into my heart and only see how glad and thankful I am. As soon as I received your letter telling me of the glorious change, I wanted to sit down immediately and tell you how rejoiced we all were, but my baby's feebleness demanded my whole time. I had so recently passed through the same change myself that the rehearsal of the stages through which you had passed brought back so vividly my own experience that I felt as though I were passing again through my own conversion. In you, Annie, and in myself, the change was a perfect transformation. In some, it is as the rising of the sun, gradual and slow, tipping the earth with gold and revivifying all nature. It was thus with Mr. Carlisle, and thus with my dear mother. I cannot help being glad that it was different with me. I am thankful that I can put my finger upon the exact moment when I gave my heart an life to my Saviour. This does not make me any the better Christian. Oh, no! but God knew that for such a weak creature as I, so trembling and fearful, so stumbling and short-sighted, it would help me to know the exact moment, so, in great mercy he gave the knowledge to me and I bless him for it. I do not believe in forever digging up your sins and looking at them as a means to produce contrition. If Jesus has forgotten them, why shouldn't I, let them remain buried? Neither do I believe in living in the past, in running back and searching for old fossil hopes and showing them as a proof of conversion. No; I want to live in the present and to be always able to give an answer to those who ask of the hope that is now in my heart. I want to live in the present and for the future. I often recall the lines I once wrote in front of one of my school books. 'Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a brave, manly heart.' The quotation does not please me now, should read: 'Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, trusting ever in Jesus.'"

"You are now enjoying your vacation your first vacation since you have entered the ranks of teacher. I know the labor was a pleasure to you, and I feel sure that the rest of these three months will be sweet. Can you not come up and spend a part, at least, of your vacation with us? We will be truly overjoyed to see you, and I feel sure our mountain scenery will be a delight to you, and you can bring canvas and brush and transfuse as many of our surpassing scenes as you will. Then, too, our mountain breezes are so exhilarating—come and bring dear auntie with you. Write soon and say you are both coming. Don't sit down and pen a quick refusal, but consider seriously, weigh both sides, and may the balance be in my favor. With love and warm wishes to every member of your family, I am lovingly, VAL."

(To be continued.)



AN EXPLORER'S ADVENTURE.*

2 O sooner had the news of Sir Henry Layard's arrival become known than the castle (of Kali Tul, on the Persian frontier) was besieged by men and women who were eager to be treated by the European physician, as they called him. The chief's principal wife also sent for him to see her son, who was lying dangerously ill in a large booth built of boughs of trees and read with the finest carpets. Layard sent the mother several doses of opium. Before giving her son this medicine she consulted the doctors, who declared that it would be dangerous to make use of a stranger's remedies. Then a mulla was consulted. He opened the Koran at random, and after reading its pages, said that the oracle was unfavorable. The anxious mother was afraid to administer the quinine because of such determined opposition, and therefore she laid it aside, and gave the boy "water with which the inside of a porcelain coffee-cup, on which a text from the Koran was written in ink, had been washed."

Mehemet Taki Khan, who was absent when Layard arrived, returned home soon afterwards. Directly after he had retired to his wife's apartments, he sent for Layard, and found him in great distress. His son was in such an alarming condition that his death was momentarily expected. The two physicians had declared that they could do nothing else for the child, and all hope was gone. In his despair the heart-broken father promised to give Layard anything that he might desire if he would only exert his skill to save the life of his son.

The traveler now felt that he was placed in a very serious position. The child was in a most dangerous condition, and while Layard knew that he was sure of the father's gratitude if he effected a cure, he was so aware that if he failed, the boy's death would be laid at his door. This time the two doctors were not allowed to interfere, and the mulla declared that the omen was favorable, but he insisted on the stranger's medicine being administered in water which had washed off from a cup a text of the Koran.

This was done, and then Layard anxiously watched the effect of the dose which he had given the lad. At midnight the fever ended in the treatment, and on the following day the child was much better. His recovery was rapid, and as a consequence the attitude of the chief and his wife knew no bounds. After that they assigned him a room in the inner court of the castle, and he ate and drank as a member of the family. The chief gave him a horse, and the woman gave him some new clothing, of which he was in great need.

GIVING UP SELF.

If grace comes into a Christian and begins to work in his heart and the seed of life is planted amidst the mass of surrounding corruption, how the Christian strives and fights and prays and wrestles to conquer, but in vain! It is self that is the only cause of his failure. He tries to pluck a fruit here and a bud there; he cuts off a branch after another of this terrible foe of love. He vows and strives and perhaps grows a little in love, yet at the bottom is not got rest, and why? There is that something there that will not love. Oh! say God discover to us that terrible something! Self! self! self! We shall then understand that nothing less than death, the path to self, is what must come, if the love of God is to live in us. Thus to come to God, in the confession that there is that in us which must die, and which we cannot live, is the first step we have to take.

There is a great difference between surrendering yourselves or surrendering yourself, as we use the word self; giving up

*From *Sir Henry Layard: His Adventures and Discoveries*, by Alfred E. Lomax; a succinct review of the career of the famous explorer and Orientalist. Pp. 144, cloth covers, illustrated, price 50c. Thomas, New York, publisher.

*From *Love Made Perfect*, by Andrew Murray, a helpful little book, the substance of addresses delivered in 1893. Pp. 73, price 50c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

your whole self as you are; that root out of which all the evil comes. Many a man says, "Oh! yes, I want to give myself up to God, just as I am, that he may save me," and he has never yet understood what the self is that has to be given up, and what the meaning is of giving it up to God. But God teaches the upright; he teaches him through deep humiliation, and then a man finds out "I did indeed turn to God, and yet I never turned away from myself. I took myself with my old will and temper, as I was, and gave myself to God; but that was not what God wanted. God wanted me to turn away from self." That is the surrender we must ask God to teach us—to give up that accursed self. Dear friends, do you want to realize perfect love to God in this world? Does that self-will hinder? You must find out some way of dealing with that self, and you cannot deal with it yourself. It is only the love of God coming in that will cast out self; and before God will do that, self must be brought like a criminal, must be laid at his feet.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre: a beautifully illustrated edition of the famous old story; pp. 174; price \$1.50; published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Among the Tibetans, by Isabella Bird Bishop, F. R. G. S.; illustrated, pp. 159; cloth covers; price \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Mrs. Limber's Raffle, or a Church Fair and its Victims: a short story by William Allen Butler (New Edition); pp. 162; price 75 cents; published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Love and Sorrow. Twelve sermons preached on various occasions by Canon W. J. Knox Little, M. A. Pp. 336; price \$1.50. Published by Thomas Whitaker, Bible House, New York.

The Trial and Death of Jesus: A Devotional History of our Lord's Passion, by James J. Walker, D.D. Pp. 321; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. Tenth St., New York.

The Psalms, Vol. III: (Ps. 90-150). A new volume of the Expositor's Bible, by Alexander MacLaren, D.D. Pp. 461; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. Tenth St., New York.

The Master's Guide for His Disciples: A manual of the Recorded Sayings of Jesus, with a preface by Eugene Stock. 268 pp.; price, \$1; published by Thomas Whitaker, Bible House, New York.

Royal Helps for Loyal Living: daily readings for a year from the scriptures and poets of all ages. Compiled by Martha Wallace Richardson; pp. 383, cloth, price \$1. Thomas Whitaker, New York, publisher.

Beyond the Veil. By G. B. Wilcox, a work on the employment of heaven as they may be inferred from revelation. Pp. 207; price \$1; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 132 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Animals' Rights considered in relation to social progress, by Henry S. Salt. Also an essay on *Vegetarianism*, by Albert Leffingwell, M.D. Pp. 175. Price 75 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Christ the Socialist; or the doctrines of the Master applied to every-day life; an instructive book dealing with modern problems on orthodox lines; pp. 357; paper covers, price 50 cents. Arena Library, Boston, publishers.

Calvary to Pentecost; by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. A little volume well adapted to help and instruct Christian readers. Pp. 165; cloth covers; price 50c; Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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SAPOLIO

Called to His Reward.

Dr. W. J. Hall's Labors as a Medical Missionary in Korea Closed by a Summons from His Lord.

OUR readers will regret to hear of the death of Dr. W. J. Hall, the consecrated medical missionary, whose heroism and devotion on the battle-fields of Korea were described in this journal on November 28. A brief cable dispatch from Seoul, the capital of Korea, on Dec. 4 announces his death from typhus fever. Further particulars will doubtless be received by mail, but it is not difficult to surmise what they will be. The young physician was in earnest in his work. The cable dispatches from Korea describe him as one of the first white men on the field of Pyong Yang after the battle. We can imagine how he would labor day and night among the wounded and the dying, doing his utmost to save life, and telling the way of salvation to poor benighted souls. Neither among the Koreans nor the Chinese is there any knowledge of surgery, so that it would depend on Dr. Hall and his



THE LATE DR. W. J. HALL.

colleagues whether thousands of wounded men died of their wounds or recovered. As he realized that fact, he would forget himself and care nothing for his own weariness and fatigue, until at last, his frame weakened and his nervous strength impaired, the fatal miasma would find in him an easy victim. Dr. Hall had the martyr spirit, and we have no doubt he died the martyr's death, making his life a sacrifice for others. Dr. Hall was a man of a most lovable disposition. He was often in the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD while he was laboring among the sick and the poor of New York, before he went to Korea. After completing his studies under Dr. Dowkontt and receiving his physician's diploma, he went to the poorest district on the east side of the city, where he used to preach in a little mission church on Sundays and week evenings. In the earlier hours of the day he was to be found in one of the dispensaries that he had opened, prescribing for all comers, or in some of the close tenement houses, beside the bed of some afflicted person, ministering to body and soul. Many a sad and sorrowful story would he tell in those days of poverty and suffering, and one could see how his sympathetic heart had gone out to the miserable people among whom he lived. He could not have torn himself away from that work, if he had not been assured that it would be easier to fill his place there than to find a man for the outpost of danger and difficulty in Korea. It is three years since he went out, and he has corresponded regularly with us during that time. His letters, many of which have been published in this journal, breathed the true missionary spirit. They said little of his hardships, which were severe, but they said much of faith and hope. In one of the later ones, in which he acknowledged the receipt of money contributed by some of our readers, he said he was elaborating a scheme to build a hospital in Korea, which he proposed to name "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Hospital," and to ask our readers to take an interest in it. But God had other plans for him. We cannot understand why so useful a life should end so soon; we can but acquiesce, assured that what he does is right. Dr. Hall was not quite thirty-five years old, having been born Jan. 16, 1860; but he had compressed into those three years in Korea and the three previous years in New York a work great-

er than many men do in a long life. To him surely a glorious welcome would be accorded on the other shore, for in ministering to the souls and bodies of men he had followed closely in the footsteps of his Lord. This is the consolation of his many friends, as it must be to his bereaved widow, who is one like-minded with himself, and who is doing for Korean women, in the Woman's Hospital at Seoul, a work like that her husband did for men.

SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

(Written for The Christian Herald.)

SPEAK a word for Jesus, brother,
While the days are passing by;
Just one word—the angels list'ning,
Will record that word on high.

Tell the weary, way-worn wanderer,
Who a friend has seldom known,
How the Saviour pities, loves him,
Died to make him all His own.

Point the mourner, worn with sorrow,
To a home beyond the sky;
Where the Friend with love undying
Wipes the tears from every eye.

Guard with tenderest care the darlings
God may place within thy care;
Tell them God loves little children,
Teach them loving faith and prayer.

Seek to raise earth's fallen children,
Such the Saviour came to bless;
He can change the vilest raiment
To a robe of righteousness.

Scatter all along life's pathway
Seeds of kindness, deeds of love;
Live for God, and reap the harvest
In the heavenly fields above.

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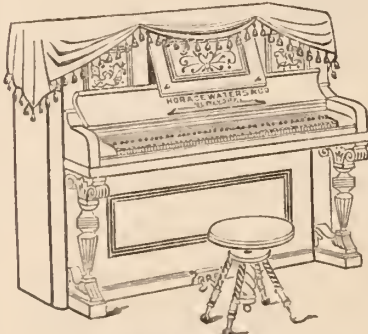
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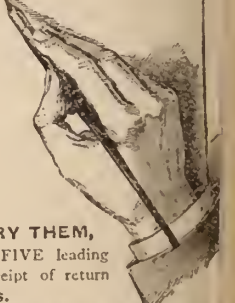
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Across the lake Gennesaret.
Have ye ventured on the wave,
Hear the wind and waters rave,
None can say ye are not brave,
In deep is lake Gennesaret!
Gathering clouds more darkly low'r,
D shriller is the tempest's roar,
D weary ye, and weak each oar
Cope with lake Gennesaret.
Are bitter now the fierce turmoil,
Are angry waters seethe and boil
D mutter threats and mock your toil
On the lake Gennesaret.
Look to heaven, the lightnings glare
D deafening thunders mock you there;
Our hearts seem pulseless with despair,
Death hides in lake Gennesaret.
Think, 'twas Jesus bid you go!
Never will desert you so—
Hold he cometh now and, lo,
Walks on lake Gennesaret.
Speaks and soon the tempest shrill
Hushed, the waves sink at his will,
At ye, "why are ye fearful" still
N, rescued on Gennesaret?
Have ye forgotten, every one,
The wondrous works that he has done?
Do ye not know he is the Son
Him who made Gennesaret?
We to-day, on sea and land,
Exclaiming toil nor understand
The voice divine that close at hand
Calming our Gennesaret. —JEAN BROADIE

RECLAIMING NEGRO CHILDREN.

AN excellent work is being carried on in Charleston, S. C., by Rev. D. J. Jenkins, among the neglected negro children of the city and surrounding districts. Two years ago, Mr. Jenkins, who is himself a colored man, secured the privilege of using an old barn on the outskirts of the city and into this somewhat dilapidated structure he gathered some fifty or sixty haled and poorly clad little ebony-skinned ills, whom he had picked up in the streets of the city, and most of whom were no less orphans. There he fed and sheltered them as best he could, and through the sympathy of a number of kind-hearted citizens, was enabled to support them until a better shelter could be afforded. After two years of devoted labor in the interest of these waifs, their protector now has the satisfaction of seeing them housed in a substantial brick orphanage, which, though simple in its interior appointments, is a veritable paradise to the little ones, who have been accustomed to the hard life of the streets. In this building, which was formerly used as a hospital, the warm-hearted preacher has assembled a family that now numbers nearly five hundred. He has divided the building into school-rooms and a score or more classes of pickaninnies squatting on benches and boards, are now striving to master the intricacies of the spelling-book and the meaning of the Christian catechism. There are eight women teachers, all colored, and the order, decorum and attention to studies that mark the school sessions would do credit to any white educational establishment. The majority of the children are wretchedly clad, but few are dirty or unkempt. There is hardly any furniture, and desks are a luxury yet to be considered in the far future; but the founder who has the warmest sympathy and approval of the people of Charleston is energetically working to make the orphanage more comfortable and homelike. A philanthropic gentleman connected with the Greenwood Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to the orphanage one hundred acres of land, and Dr. Jenkins proposes to convert the gift into a training-school and farm. His work thus far has been one of faith, and he believes the Christian people of his own city and of the country will not permit the orphanage to suffer for lack of support.

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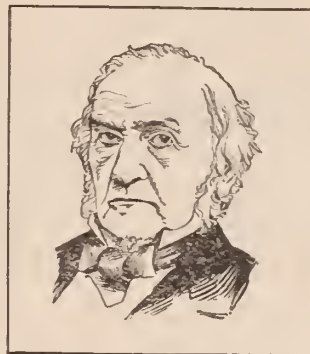
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Lifting Up the Fallen.

The Day-Star Home and its Excellent
Missionary Work Among Unfortunate
Girls—Many Led to Christ.



SOMETHING over a year has passed since the Day-Star Industrial Home, a refuge for Homeless and Fallen Girls, was opened by "Sister Charlotte," at No. 214 W. Twenty-

fourth Street, New York. Its work among the unfortunates during that time has been a most remarkable one and through the efforts of its missionaries a number of girls have been persuaded to abandon a career of sin and enter on the Christian life. Sister Charlotte (Mrs. E. G. Draper), relates some striking incidents of the work which will be full of interest to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who were instrumental in helping to establish the Home.

"Our plans have considerably changed since we first started," she explained. "We determined at first to help only middle-aged women, but we found, as the months went by, that we had just to help those who needed help. No one who was willing to work and make an effort to lead a better life was refused admission.

"One woman of twenty-two came late one wet, cold night in December last. She had a sad face and a sadder story. Her husband had deserted her. The day previous she had come in from the country, and was left penniless in the great city. She did not know where to go. Home after Home refused to take her because she was not a fallen woman. We took her in, and speedily obtained a situation for her. Some few weeks after she paid us a visit. It had been a year of many sorrows for this girl; her children had been taken from her, but each trial had drawn her closer to the Savior, and to-day she is at my right hand, as the Matron of this Home, having given her life to this work.

"Another case was that of a young woman sent to me by a city pastor. She had started life with good prospects, good friends and good education, but had been deceived and led astray. The life that she was leading was a bondage to her and she despised herself every day, but saw no way of escape until she heard the invitation to those wishing to leave lives of sin to come to Christ. She was sent to us and in a few days went out to work at general housework. Her whole heart seemed to be in missionary work and so I got her to visit the hospitals with me. After a short time she joined the Twenty-fourth Street Methodist Church, and, as she was fully determined to give her life to this work, I recommended her to take a training course and some friends have been able to get her admitted into Mr. Moody's school at Northfield.

"Another girl had been brought up in her youth to work, but had for several years lived a vicious life in this city. We sent her to work with some friends of mine and she has been with them now over six months. They say they never had a more faithful servant.

"Still another girl was a very little body, far too small and weak to ever earn her living by hard work. She had a fair education, so we concluded that we would have her taught typewriting and stenography. A good clergyman offered to pay for her tuition and a teacher was obtained. She was very persevering and in a short time became an excellent typewriter. She is now in a good position and doing well in every way.

"Last January there came to us a young girl with terrible sorrow written upon her face. She told me of her childhood in a comfortable home; how she had been a member of the church and a sister in the home; of her father and mother's death, and then how she and her sister came to the city to fight the battle of life. She had been deceived—had made this one mistake, but, unlike many girls, she was not willing to go from bad to worse. They took rooms, bought sewing machines, and took in work, making jumpers, overalls, &c. Her

baby was born, her sister became very sick, and work fell off, and for three months these poor girls lived on thirty cents a day and paid their rent. For two months they lived on rice and milk. At the end of that time her sister's mind gave way, and she had to be removed to an asylum; the baby was put in one of the city institutions, and the mother came to us, broken in spirit and in health. She stayed for a while in the Home, when I obtained a position for her. There she worked until the people went into the country, and gave entire satisfaction. Her little child soon after died. She is a thoroughly Christian girl, and has given her heart to the Saviour."

During the year 285 girls have been helped to a greater or less extent by the Day-Star Home. It costs about \$350 a month to carry on the work. Two hundred and thirty-five have been sent out to situations. It is the desire of the managers that each woman leaving this Home should do so fully trusting in the Saviour, and with a way provided for her to earn an honest living. All the needs of the Home in the past have been provided by voluntary contribution, and its conductors trust to the same means for the future, believing that the spiritual results already obtained will commend the Day-Star Mission to Christian people generally.

THY DEAR DISCIPLE.

THY dear disciple leaned once long ago
Upon thy breast,
And mine the hope that one day I shall know
As perfect rest.
Yet not such joy I ask—for me too high
Repose so sweet—
I only crave the grace, dear Lord, to lie
Low at thy feet.
His still, the place upon thy bosom be:
Yet mine the place
Whence, looking up, my ravished eyes shall see
Always thy face.

A lamp with wrong chimney stinks if it does not smoke. Get the "Index to Chimneys."

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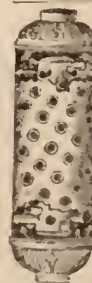
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MISSIONARIES SAFE IN JAPAN.

A letter from Hiroshima, the present seat of the Japanese government, Rev. J. W. Doughty, an American missionary, gives this picture of the excitement now prevailing there in consequence of the war with China: "The soldiers who leave Japan come here to Hiroshima, and are sent from here by ship to the seat of the actual conflict. Two my corps have already gone to Korea, and a third is now in town and is quartered largely on the people. The government pays well for everything, however, and the people are suffering only the inconvenience connected with the matter. The city is a sight to behold these days with its multitude of flags, its busy people hurrying to and fro and the crowds of soldiers who meet at every turn. They are all well and good-natured, however. I have never heard of them a good deal, and have never seen one show any rudeness. They are all obedient under a strict discipline. Their evolutions are beautifully done and they make a most accurate and thorough soldier. As to ourselves, please feel no anxiety, as I think we are safe here as anywhere. This city has been placed under military law by proclamation of the Emperor, being considered within the field of operations, but that has in no way interfered with us as yet, and we move about as freely as ever. One of these stopped Mrs. Bryan the other day, but as soon as she told him that she was Bryan San from Kokutajinura, he had more to say, so I judge the guards have been ordered not to interfere with us. Any foreigner so far can move about, if he has a passport, the only difference being that they are much more careful to know where he is. We have lost two helpers who have been required to join the army—they were members of the Reserves. Besides these many Christians have gone into the army for the same reason, while those that remain on the grounds are very much occupied with duties devolving on them on account of the war. Our church here is occupied as a hospital, and will be so occupied probably throughout the war. This in spite of the fact that they are building two other immense hospitals—one just back of our compound—large enough to accommodate two thousand each. The Christians generally, the pastors and the helpers here have soldiered at their houses a good part of the time."

THE STOLEN COAT.

The spirit which Christ rebuked in his parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18: 3-5) still survives. There are even now among us people so tenacious of their right and so exasperated when they are wronged, that they pursue the wrong-doer with a ferocity almost brutal, unmindful of their own need of the forbearance of their fellow-men, and their need of mercy at God's hand. Sometimes, too, in their haste to avenge themselves, they do injustice to innocent people. A case in point is related by a correspondent of an English journal:

A man was very ill, dying, they said; but he did not die, for a poor woman did her best, and nursed him back to life. The man was not poor, but he was without God. His heart was very small, and perhaps it may have been hard. He gave nothing to the one who had nursed him, and, being very poor—it was winter—took in old coat she found in a cupboard, and, being fearful of discovery, hid herself from the man whose life she had saved, and from whom she had stolen the coat.

One night—it was still winter—it came to her that she was dying. She put a little candle in her window, and then lay down in a corner on the old coat. She said to herself, "Perhaps one going by the window will notice me through that light, and I shall not die quite alone."

She did not notice her. He entered and found her very near death, so near that she was deaf to his words of hope, but not so near that she was past feeling. He stayed with her through the night, and as the grey morning dawned the black shadows gathered about the dying woman. She

touched the coat, and put the watchmaker's hand upon it. "Yours!" she said, and died.

She was buried, and the coat came into the hands of the man who had comforted her last hours with his presence. He worked among the poor, and he gave the coat to his wife to clean and to repair. "For," said he, "it will take the place of the coat I gave to poor Peter last week. I miss it these cold nights." The woman ripped it to pieces, and as she did so there fell from out the breast padding six bank notes for fifty pounds apiece. "There are three hundred pounds (\$1500) here," said her husband when she showed them to him. "I must find the owner." They were very poor, and there was no clue, but the man hunted everywhere to find the owner of the notes. He told the story of the coat to everyone he met. One day he came home and told his wife he felt ill. He had caught cold, and he felt full of pain and fever. As he grew worse he said to his wife, "If this is good-bye, dear, you must put all your trust in God. He has been very good to me. I wish I could have found the owner of the bank notes; but he will turn up."

He did. The next day he said he had called for a coat, and the money which he had placed in its lining; and having satisfied the poor woman and her dying husband that he was really the rightful owner, he went to the door and called a man in. "Take this person into custody," said he, "for unlawful possession. This kind of thing must be stopped."

"I think it is stopped already," said the policeman. And it was. A beautiful smile was on the face of the dying city missionary, who "was not, for God took him."

WHY SHOULD I MOURN.

WHY should I mourn the dread decree,
That mortal dust ere long should be
To kindred dust consigned?
Why should I dread that peaceful rest,
Where pains and griefs no more molest,
Or fears distract the mind?
A captive exile here I roam,
Far from my Father's happy home,
Where heavenly spirits dwell;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And bliss alone that saints can know,
Or tongues of seraphs tell.
Teach me, O Lord, whilst here I stay,
To keep in view that awful day,
Which sets my Spirit free;
So may I number all my days,
Apply my heart to wisdom's ways,
And ever live to Thee.

—REV. L. C. JENKINS.

The large circle is the size of a Silver Dollar. Which would YOU choose? The Gold Dollar or the Silver? Large Bottle—Big Dose? Small Bottle—Small Dose?

The small circle that of a Gold Dollar.

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Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

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DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies; but it must now be some twenty-five years since I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation. Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Benlah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" DESK FREE, WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP.

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See Christian Herald Oct. 24 Nov. 28th.

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We positively guarantee every Organ and Piano 20 years. Send for catalogue at once if you want to obtain the greatest bargain on earth. Write name and address plainly, and we will send by mail same day letter is received. As an advertisement, we will sell the first Piano of our make in a \$175. Stool, book place for only \$175. and cover free, regular price, \$350.

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A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper.

Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold-plated watches by express examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay out example price, \$3.40, and it is yours. We will send you the watch our guarantee that you can return it any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of the watch, you will get out FREE. Write at once as we shall not out examples for 60 days only. Address

THE NATIONAL M.F.'O & IMPORTING CO., 333 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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We have written a book on Dyspepsia. It tells of a sensible remedy and cure. MAILED FREE on receipt of Address. WEART & CO., Philadelphia.

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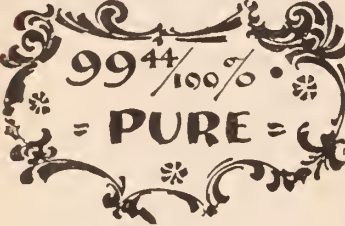
Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Proca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 1st Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you a new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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No False Hope

is offered, but a **TRUTH** proven by abundant testimony when we say that our **PNEUMO-CHEMIC SYSTEM** cures

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Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever. Our practical **HOME TREATMENT** requires no experience to use. Perfectly safe. Harmless. **IT CURES.** Endorsed by prominent physicians and in constant use at our Pulmonary Sanitarium. We change the climate and **KILL** the GERMS. Full descriptive circular with references, mailed free on application.

THE PULMONARY CHEMICAL CO.,
2276 N. High St., COLUMBUS, O.

RIVAL CHAMPIONS.

WIDESPREAD interest was aroused in India recently by a debate at Amritsar between Abdullah Athim, a Christian native and Mirza Ghulam Ahmed, a Mohammedan priest. The debate lasted fifteen days and at its close both sides claimed the victory. The fact, however, that the Mirza became violently angry and uttered a bitter denunciation of his Christian opponent appears to indicate that the Mirza was defeated. Usually it is not the conqueror who devotes himself to malediction. The Mirza went so far as to predict that Athim would die within fifteen months and subsequently he included in the curse H. Martyn Clark, M.D., of the Church Missionary Society. Dr. Clark says that it is impossible for those who live in the homeland to form any adequate conception of the impression produced upon the superstitious people by the solemn denunciations uttered by the Mirza connected with the announcement of the impending doom of his Christian opponents. He made the appeal to heaven: "Yea, God himself shall decide this controversy." The matter became a theme of conversation among the people. In the Mirza's mosque, prayer was offered all day long and far into the night, with crying and tears. "O God, save Islam. It is the hour of darkness. Let not thy faith be put to shame; let the sign [the death of the two Christians] be given!" But results have followed, which are most striking;

namely, the conversion to Christianity of several of those who were, at the first, bold supporters of Mirza. Among these was a prominent Mohammedan gentleman of education, and another, the Mirza's own brother-in-law. A fine young Afghan, who had been a devoted Mohammedan, when in the midst of conversation he was told that it was the teaching of our Saviour to "Love your enemies," exclaimed, "Stop! This faith is certainly from God. Our religion teaches us to give hate for hate and blow for blow; and that is just what is in the heart of man, and the religion which teaches it is clearly evolved by man. But 'love your enemies' is a thing that never could enter the heart of man, and the religion which teaches that is clearly not of man, but from outside man. It is divine." Dr. Clark says that the situation has its anxieties. There was the possibility of the Mohammedans taking measure to make the prophecy come true. Mr. Athim, against whom death was denounced, was old and feeble and the prophecy of Mirza covered two sickly seasons in India. Moreover it was said among the Mohammedans: "It is better that one man should be hanged than that Islam should perish." The Mirza had added that to his earlier "revelation" that Mr. Athim should die from a snakebite, and a few days afterward an earthen pot was found deposited at the door of a gentleman who bore the same name as Mr. Athim containing a very lively cobra.



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A \$400 "Kewwood" Piano for \$175.00
A \$175 " " Organ for \$55.00
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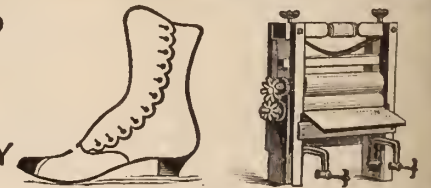
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To introduce our Teas, Spices, Baking Powders, Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Vaseline, Cosmetics, etc. We pay the Freight and allow you to pay us after you have delivered the goods and made collections. Send for our complete Premium List, Price List and Order Blanks at once.
No trouble to answer any and all inquiries. We have 25 Stenographers who are paid to do this work.



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Do you want employment? Have you a few hours' time to spare? Would you appreciate some of the valuable Premiums that we are giving away? Could you not induce your neighbors and friends to join you in sending to this Company for Teas, Spices, etc., and take advantage of our liberal inducements? When a Club Maker prefers CASH instead of a Premium, 50 percent commission on Soap, 40 percent on Teas, Spices, etc., will be allowed.

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WE WANT the Names of 100,000 Ladies to whom we may direct our Large CATALOGUE with terms for the sale of our Teas, Spices, Baking Powders, etc. To secure this list we have purchased 50,000 very choice Finger Rings with Elegant Settings, including Brilliant, Pearls, Rubies, Amethysts, Tourmaline, Emeralds, etc. Your choice of either may be had FREE by your sending us the

names of Two Ladies with their proper Postoffice address, as to State, County, Town, Street and Number. This is strictly a matter of honor, hence we would only expect you to give us the names of such persons among your acquaintances as would be likely to make us an order, provided the terms and inducements were sufficiently liberal. Our object, of course, is for the purpose of extending our business.

If you desire the RING sent by Registered Mail to guard against loss, you might give us six two cent stamps for postage, registration, etc., otherwise we will pay the postage. For the reason that we are placing this notice in 20 different papers at this time, it is more than likely that within 20 days the entire 100,000 Names will have been given us, hence you had best attend to this matter at once. Names coming to us other than distinctly prepared will have no attention whatever. Use Pen and Ink in your correspondence and write distinctly.

W. W. THOMAS, Mgr. The People's Tea, Spice & Baking Powder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Nos. 72-80 Walnut St.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 17.

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NUMBER 52.

R. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
 Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.
 Annual Subscription, \$1.50.

Would Rather Die Than Starve.

Terrible Suffering and Privation in the Drought stricken Districts of Nebraska and Kansas—Praying for Death to Avoid the Horrors of Starvation—Volunteers Ready to Distribute Relief Contributions—Appeals Through "The Christian Herald."

EACH day adds to the story of suffering and distress, details of which come to us, by every mail, from Kansas and Nebraska. It is the sad story of an affliction, unforeseen and almost unprecedented in our own land; such a recital as may have heard formerly, of events opening far beyond our borders, yet in the reach of our sympathy. But the burden of woe lies at our very doors; it is our own brothers and sister who are suffering, because, for two years, the fruits

supplies to the points of distribution. A generous effort now may be the means not only of bringing a gleam of comfort into some poor, cold and desolate prairie home, but even of saving precious human lives. It is impossible to imagine anything more pathetic, yet patient and trustful, than the experiences of suffering and privation revealed in the letters received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices during the week. Everything indicates a condition verging on absolute famine in many counties of both States mentioned; yet amid all, there is an air of quiet confidence in an overruling Providence, and a supreme conviction

willing response from all who take pleasure in Christian work, and especially in the exercise of that divine charity and love which every follower of the Master holds as one of his dearest and most precious privileges.

Briefly told, the story of the letters is that in a score or more counties in Nebraska and almost as many in Kansas, besides certain sections of Texas, Colorado, and Oklahoma, the double failure of crops has brought thousands of families to the verge of starvation. No taxes have been collected, consequently the county boards are unable to

and promptly forwarded to those distributors in whose districts it is most needed. We are in direct communication with over one hundred distributors, and, knowing the special needs of their respective district, through their letters, can thus apply the funds impartially, and with the best results.

We give below some of the latest letters received from districts where the need of help is most imperative:

A Battle for life.

Mrs. M. E. Howard, Palisade, Neb., writes: "Some families are needing almost everything, while others only need clothing and feed to keep a few stock alive, to be able to put in a crop the coming season. Unless something is done, people and stock will not survive the winter. The greatest need is among the farming class, as nearly every farmer has denied himself and family to try to take at least a team and cow or two through the winter."

Mr. C. L. Karnes, Anselmo, Neb., writes: "I cannot see how the majority of the people of this neighborhood are to get through this winter, with starvation staring them in the face. This is to be their fate unless there is aid sent from some source."

Mr. J. W. Book, Shelton, Neb., writes: "Our District is in need of some aid, as we had no crops this year and but a very small one last year. It is very humiliating to ask aid; it is the first time this section of country has been compelled to do anything of the kind. Clothing is a secondary matter; the destitute are in need of provisions and fuel; but some clothing can be used and do a great deal of good."

"Our people are in need of almost everything," writes Mr. S. L. Burson, President of the Bank of Maywood, Neb., "having lost the two last crops entire."

Mr. B. Price, Holdrege, Neb., writes: "A great many families west of us are destitute. We may be able to secure free transportation over the railroads leading this way by applying to Rev. L. P. Ludden, Secretary of the State Aid and Benevolent Society. If any of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desire to contribute anything to those who evidently must suffer

(Continued on page 833.)



REV. G. R. G. FISHER,
 Missionary A. S. S. Union in Famine District.



THE SUFFERING IN THE WEST—A FARMER'S DWELLING ON THE NEBRASKA PLAINS.
 From recent Photographs—The smaller Picture shows a Family who live in their Cellar in Winter.

tion that He will so touch the hearts of His people that they will come to the rescue, as to a glad service. The thousands of suffering ones, old and young, are looking eastward for help. Their prayerful expectation should meet with a generous and

of clothing and supplies direct to the distributors, as it is unnecessary to lose time and multiply freight charges by sending them via New York. All money contributions sent to this office will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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 of these Volunteer Distributors on an-
 other page of this issue, and trust that those
 among our readers and their friends who
 are able to do so, will use every means in
 their power to aid the relief movement by
 forwarding contributions of clothing and

The TABERNACLE PULPIT

Round-the-World Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Talmage. "THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS."

Text: Matt. 2: 1: "There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem."

THESE wise men were the Parsees, or the so-called Fire-worshippers, and I found their descendants in India last October. Their heathenism is more tolerable than any of the other false religions, and has more alleviations, and while in this "Round-the-World" series I have already shown you the worst forms of heathenism, to-day I show you the least offensive.

The prophet of the Parsees was Zoroaster of Persia. He was poet, and philosopher, and reformer, as well as religionist. His disciples thrived at first in Persia, but under Mohammedan persecution they retreated to India where I met them, and in addition to what I saw of them at their head-quarters in Bombay, India, I had two weeks of association with one of the most learned and genial of their people on ship-board from Bombay to Brindisi.

The Bible of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers as they are inaccurately called, is the Zend-Avesta, a collection of the strangest books that ever came into my hands. There were originally twenty-one volumes, but Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit set fire to a palace which contained some of them, and they went into ashes and forgetfulness. But there are more of their sacred volumes left than most people would have patience to read. There are many things in the religion of the Parsees that suggest Christianity, and some of its doctrines are in accord with our own religion. Zoroaster, who lived about 1400 years before Christ, was a good man, suffered persecution for his faith, and was assassinated while worshipping at an altar. He announced the theory "He is best who is pure of heart!" and that there are two great spirits in the world, Ormuzd, the good Spirit, and Ahriman the bad Spirit, and that all who do right are under the influence of Ormuzd, and all who do wrong are under Ahriman: that the Parsee must be born on the ground floor of the house, and must be buried from the ground floor; that the dying man must have prayers said over him and a sacred juice given him to drink; that the good at their decease go into eternal light, and the bad into eternal darkness; that having passed out of this life the soul lingers near the corpse three days in a Paradisaic state, enjoying more than all the nations of earth put together could enjoy or in a Pandemoniac state suffering more than all the nations put together could possibly suffer, but at the end of three days departing for its final destiny; and that there will be a resurrection of the body. They are more careful than any other people about their ablutions, and they wash and wash and wash. They pay great attention to physical health and it is a rare thing to see a sick Parsee. They do not smoke tobacco for they consider that a misuse of fire. At the close of mortal life the soul appears at the Bridge Chinvat where an angel presides, and questions the soul about the thoughts, and words, and deeds of its earthly state. Nothing, however, is more intense in the Parsee faith than the theory that the dead body is impure. A devil is supposed to take possession of the dead body. All who touch it are unclean

and hence the strange style of obsequies. But here I must give three or four questions and answers from one of the Parsee catechisms:

Question.—Who is the most fortunate man in the world?

Answer.—He who is the most innocent.

Question.—Who is the most innocent man in the world?

Answer.—He who walks in the path of God and shuns that of the devil.

Question.—Which is the path of God, and which that of the devil?

Answer.—Virtue is the path of God, and vice that of the devil.



A PARSEE "TOWER OF SILENCE"

Question.—What constitutes virtue, and what vice?

Answer. Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds constitute virtue, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds constitute vice.

Question.—What constitute good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds?

Answer.—Honesty, charity, and truthfulness constitute the former; and dishonesty, want of charity, and falsehood constitute the latter.

And now the better to show you these Parsees, I tell you of two things I saw within a short time in Bombay, India. It was an afternoon of contrast.

We started for Malabar Hill, on which the wealthy classes have their embowered homes, and the Parsees their strange Temple of the Dead. As we rode along the water's edge the sun was descending the sky, and a disciple of Zoroaster, a Parsee, was in lowly posture and with reverential gaze looking into the sky. He would have been said to have been worshipping the sun, as all Parsees are said to worship the fire. But the intelligent Parsee does not worship the fire. He looks upon the sun as the emblem of the warmth and light of the Creator. Looking at a blaze of light, whether on hearth, on mountain height, or in the sky, he can more easily bring to mind the glory of God; at least, so the Parsees tell me. Indeed, they are the pleasantest heathens I have met. They treat their wives as equals, while the Hindoos and Buddhists treat them as cattle; although the cattle,

and sheep, and swine are better off than most of the women of India.

This Parsee on the roadside on our way to Malabar Hill was the only one of that religion I had ever seen engaged in worship. Who knows but that beyond the light of the sun on which he gazes he may catch a glimpse of the God who is Light, and "in whom there is no darkness at all?"

We passed on up through gates into the garden that surrounds the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead. This garden was given by Jamshidji Jijibhai, and is beautiful with flowers of all hue, and foliage of all styles of vein, and notch and stature. There is on all sides great opulence of fern and cypress. The garden is one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not far from the entrance is a building where the mourners of the funeral procession go in to pray. A light is here kept burning year in and year out. We ascend the garden by some eight stone steps. The body of a deceased aged woman was being carried in toward the chief "Tower of Silence." There are five of these towers. Several of them have not been used for a long while. Four persons, whose business it is to do this, carry in the corpse. They are followed by two men with long beards. The Tower of Silence, to which they come, cost \$150,000, and is twenty-five feet high, and 276 feet around, and without a roof. The four carriers of the dead and the two bearded men come to the door of the

We reverence the fire, and therefore will not ask it to burn our dead. We reverence the water, and do not ask it to submerge our dead. We reverence the earth, and will not ask it to bury our dead. And so let the vultures take them away." He confirmed me in the theory that the Parsees act on the principle that the dead are unclean. No one must touch such a body. The carriers of this "Tower of Silence" must not put their hands on the form of the departed. They wear gloves lest somehow they should be contaminated. When the bones are to be removed from the sides of the tower and put in the well at the center they are touched carefully by tongs. These people beside have very decided theories about the democracy of the tomb, such things as caste among the dead. Philosopher and boor, the affluent and the destitute must go through the same "Tower of Silence," lie down side by side with occupants, have their bodies dropped into the same abyss, and be carried out through the same canal and float away on the same sea. No splendor of Necropolis, no sculpturing of mausoleum. No pyramid, dome or obelisk. Zoroaster's teaching resulted in these "Towers of Silence." He wrote: "Naked you came into the world, and naked you must go out."

As I stood at the close of day in this garden on Malabar Hill and heard the flap of the vultures' wings coming from their past, the funeral custom of the Parsees seemed horrible beyond compare, and yet the dissolution of the human body by any means is awful, and the beaks of the fowl are probably no more repulsive than the worms of the body devouring the sacred human form in cemeteries. Nothing but the resurrection day can undo the awful work of death, whether it now be put off or sight by cutting spade or flying wing.

Starting homeward, we were in the heart of the city, and saw a building all aflame with lights and resounding with merry voices. It was a Parsee wedding, in a building erected especially for the marriage ceremony. We came to the door and proposed to go in, but first were not permitted. I saw we were not Parsees, and that we were not even natives.

Tower, enter and leave the dead. There are three rows of places for the dead: the outer row for the men; the middle row for the women; the inside row for the children. The lifeless bodies are left exposed as far down as the waist. As soon as the employees retire from the Tower of Silence, the vultures, now one, now two, now many, swoop upon the lifeless form. These vultures fill the air with their discordant voices. We saw them in long rows on the top of the white washed wall of the Tower of Silence. In a few minutes they have taken the last particle of flesh from the bones. There had evidently been other opportunities for them that day, and some flew away as though surfeited. They sometimes carry away with them parts of a body, and it is no unusual thing for the gentlemen in their country-seats to have dropped into their dooryards a bone from the Tower of Silence.

In the centre of this tower is a well, into which the bones are thrown after they are bleached. The hot sun, and the rainy season, and charcoal do their work of disintegration and disinfection, and then there are sluices that carry into the sea what remains of the dead. The wealthy people of Malabar Hill have made strenuous efforts to have these strange towers removed as a nuisance, but they remain, and will no doubt for ages remain.

I talked with a learned Parsee about these mortuary customs. He said, "I suppose you consider them very peculiar, but the fact is we Parsees reverence the elements of nature, and cannot consent to defile them.

So very politely they halted us on the steps. This temple of nuptials was chiefly occupied by women, their ears, and noses, and hands a-flame with jewels, or imitations of jewels. By pantomime and gesture, as we had no use of their vocabulary, we told them we were strangers and were anxious to see by what process Parsees were married. Gradually we worked our way inside the door. The building and the surroundings were illumined by hundreds of candles in glasses and lanterns, in queer and grotesque holdings. Conversation was high, and laughter bubbled over, and all was gay. Then there was a sound of an advancing band of music, but the instruments for the most part were strange to our ears and eyes. Louder and louder were the outside voices, and the wind and strident instruments, until the procession halted at the door of the temple and the bridegroom mounted the steps. Then the music ceased, and all the voices were still. The music of the bridegroom, with a platter loaded with aromatics and articles of food, confronted her son and began to address him. Then she took from the platter a bottle of perfume and sprinkled his face with the odour. All the while speaking in a droning tone, she took from the platter a hand of rice, throwing some of it on his head, and some of it on his shoulder, pouring the rest of it on his hands. She took from the platter a coconut and waved it about his head. She lifted a garland of flowers and thrust it over his neck, and a bouquet of flowers and put it in his hand. Her part of the ceremony completed, the band resumed its music and

through another door the bridegroom was conducted into the centre of the building. The bride was in the room, but there was no designate her. "Where is the bride?" "Where is the bride?" After a while she was made evident. The bride and groom were seated on chairs opposite each other. A white curtain was dropped between them so that they could not see each other. Then the attendants put their arms under this curtain, took a long rope of linen and wound it around the neck of the bride and groom, in token that they were to be bound together for life. Then some silk ribbons were wound around the couple, now around this one, and now around that. The groom threw a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the bride, and the bride responded by throwing a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the groom. Thereupon the curtain was raised and the bride's chair was removed out beside that of the groom. Then a Parsee religion arose and faced the couple. Before the priest was placed a platter of rice. He began to address the young man and woman. We could not hear a word, but we understood just as well as we had heard. Ever and anon he punctuated his ceremony by a handful of rice, which he picked up from the platter and now toward the groom and now toward the bride. The ceremony went on interminably. We wanted to hear the conclusion, but were told that the ceremony would go on for a long while; indeed, that it would not conclude until two o'clock in the morning, and this was only between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. This would be a recess after awhile in the ceremony, but it would be taken up again in a moment at half-past twelve. We enjoyed what we had seen, but felt incapacitated for more hours of wedding ceremony. Silently wishing the couple a happy life in each other's companionship, we pressed our way through the throng of congratulatory Parsees. All of them seemed bright and appreciative of the occasion. The streets outside sympathized with the transactions inside.

We rode on toward our hotel wishing that marriage in all India might be as much honored as in the ceremony we had that evening witnessed at the Parsee wedding. The Hindoo women are not so married. They are simply cursed into the conjugal relation. Many of the girls are married at seven and ten years of age, and some of them are grandmothers at thirty. They can never go forth into the sunlight with their faces uncovered. They must stay at home. All styles of maltreatment are theirs. If they become Christians they become outcasts. A missionary told me in India of a Hindoo woman who became a Christian. She had nine children. Her husband was over seventy years of age. And yet at her Christian baptism he told her to go, and she went out, homeless. As long as woman is in India will be down. No nation ever elevated except through the elevation of woman. Parsee marriage is an improvement on Hindoo marriage; but Christian marriage is an improvement on Parsee marriage.

A fellow-traveller in India told me he had been writing to his home in England trying to get a law passed that no white woman could be legally married in India, until she had been there six months. Admirable! He would that be! If a white woman saw a married life with a Hindoo is she would never undertake it. Off with the thick and ugly veil from woman's face! Cut with the crushing burdens from her shoulders! Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ will ever make life in India what it ought to be.

What an afternoon of contrast in Bombay we experienced! From the Temple of Silence to the Temple of Hilarity! From the vultures to the doves! From turning to laughter! From gathering shadows to gleaming lights! From obscurity to wedding! But how much of all this lives is made up of such opposites. I

have carried in the same pocket, and read from them in the same hour, the liturgy of the dead and the ceremony of espousals. And so the tear meets the smile, and the dove meets the vulture.

Thus I have set before you the best of all the religions of the heathen world, and I have done so in order that you might come to higher appreciation of the glorious religion which has put its benediction over us and over Christendom.

Compare the absurdities and mummeries of heathen marriage with the plain, "I will," of Christian marriage, the hands joined in pledge "till death do you part." Compare the doctrine that the dead may not be touched, with as sacred, and tender, and loving a kiss as is ever given, the last kiss of lips that never again will speak to us. Compare the narrow Bridge Chinvat over which the departing Parsee soul must tremblingly cross, to the wide open gate of heaven through which the departing Christian soul may triumphantly enter. Compare the twenty-one books of the Zend-Avesta of the Parsee which even the scholars of the earth despair of understanding, with our Bible, so much of it as is necessary for our salvation in language so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool need not err therein." Compare the "Tower of Silence" with its vultures at Bombay with the "Greenwood of Brooklyn" with its sculptured angels of resurrection. And bow yourselves in thanksgiving and prayer as you realize that if at the battles of Marathon and Salamis, Persia had triumphed

panion, and whom he regarded with friendship. The man just stood by, looking at him as he hammered away.

Now, nobody likes to be silently gazed upon. It becomes uncomfortable; and the blacksmith soon became restless. "Well," he said, "what are you looking at? What do you want?" "Ah," was the reply, "I was looking at you because I love you, and I would like to do something to save your soul." At once down went the hammer, the furnace was left alone; and the smith went into his house, soon to return dressed. Then he said to his friend, "Lead me to the house of God;" and that day his soul was saved. There is a way into the hardest heart. It may seem impregnable, but it has its weak point; or, perhaps, by touching some secret spring, the heart's door will fly open, and leave an entrance for God."

A DAY WITH A DEACONESS.

IN and out among the narrow streets of one of the poorest quarters of London two women went one morning in the first week of December. One of the women was a deaconess connected with Mildmay Park, the other was a friend who wanted to see how the poor live. This is the latter's story of what she saw and heard as she told it in the London "Christian":

"A clean, tidy, happy-looking little woman whom we visit (in her seventy-eighth year) has supported herself entirely since her husband's death, some years now, by selling toys in the street. If the weather is wet she cannot sell her goods—there are no purchasers for such things as hers. On one such day quite recently, when she had spent her last penny, not being able to go out to sell her goods, she had not a coin in the world where-with to buy food for that day."

She said to a woman, who is also a Christian, and whose room is near hers, "I've got a little tea for to-day, and that is all." The other said, "I haven't any tea, but I have a few cold potatoes." So these two sisters in adversity shared their tea and potatoes, and were content and thankful to Him. "who," she says, "has fed me all these years;" sometimes it is only dry bread, but she adds, "when I have paid the rent of my little room [a rear room under the roof] and have paid for my toys, I am happy and thankful." After leaving the happy old

woman we visited another with a sick baby. "Oh, she's very ill, Miss; the doctor says I ought to be thankful it didn't kill her, taking her out," and the mother's eyes filled with tears as she looked down at the little wan face of the two-year-old baby in her lap. "Acute bronchitis and pneumonia," he says, "but I hadn't the money to pay him for coming to see her, and so I wrapped her up and brought her to the surgery." This is the youngest of seven children, the eldest of whom is not yet thirteen. The father suffers much from asthma, and is scarcely able to earn sufficient for the rent. The mother works hard at washing and odd bits of work, though often ill herself, in order to provide even bread for the seven hungry mouths. What wonder, then, that one after another has been ill? And the verdict at the Medical Mission has been: "Needs nourishment, not medicine." Such white faces and large eyes—"I can't get enough for them," says the mother.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

She Vowed to the Lord.

How a Devout Woman Redeemed her Pledge by Building a Church to Draw Souls to Christ.

ALTHOUGH in these days of zealous evangelism, there is probably no part of the United States where the Gospel of Jesus has not been preached, either by voice or pen, there are still many settlements where church privileges are



MRS. CAROLINE PLATT.

a rarity. And this is true even in some localities in the East. An instance in point is the little village of King's Park on Long Island, N. Y. For many years the only religious services in the neighborhood were held in the district school-house, when a Presbyterian clergyman from the neighboring village of Smithtown came and preached to the lonely villagers. Those who attended seemed to be like sheep without a shepherd.

This condition of affairs in King's Park was observed several years ago by an earnest Christian lady, Mrs. Caroline Platt, who took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the villagers. Her husband and son had both passed away a short time before, and in her great thankfulness to God for the convincing assurance she had received of their eternal welfare, she had vowed that, if spared, she would build a church to commemorate this token of divine love and mercy which she had received in answer to her prayers. Accordingly, she undertook the work with zeal and energy and soon a commodious and comfortable structure was erected, which was dedicated in June, 1893, in memory of her eldest son, Lucien. It was turned over to the Methodist Society.

Mrs. Platt's gift is a most generous one and includes the land upon which the church now stands, a site for a parsonage and a tract of land for cemetery purposes. There is already a Sunday School of fifty scholars and members are being constantly added to the church. Rev. Alonzo C. Morehouse is the present pastor of Lucien Church. He comes of pioneer stock, his grandfather, Alonzo Church, having been a commissioned officer in revolutionary days and one of the patriots who obeyed Stark's famous order, directing that the red coats must be "whipped before sundown or Mollie Stark's a widow." Dr. Morehouse has other duties, too, in addition to the little church at King's Park, for he is really the shepherd of three distinct flocks. Every Sunday morning he drives six miles to Lucien Church, preaches and assists at the Sunday School; in the afternoon he officiates in a church at "the Landing," and in the evening at still another church, in Smithtown, where he resides. His service in all three communities is a cheerful one and is rendered in the true missionary spirit.

King's Bridge and neighborhood have been greatly blessed since the opening of this little pioneer church among them, and already the consecrated gift and the efforts of the zealous workers have been rewarded by an inbringing of precious souls. The field was ripe for harvest, and when the time came, the means were not wanting, another illustration of the truth that when the Lord has a work to be done he has the workers ready.

A portrait of Mrs. Platt and an illustration showing the church founded in fulfillment of her vow are given on this page.



LUCIEN CHURCH KING'S PARK, L. I.

(Founded by Mrs. Caroline Platt.)

over Greece, instead of Greece triumphing over Persia, Parseeism, which was the national religion of Persia, might have covered the earth, and you and I instead of sitting in the noonday light of our glorious Christianity might have been groping in the depressing shadows of Parseeism, a religion as inferior to that which is our inspiration in life, and our hope in death, as Zoroaster of Persia was inferior to our radiant and superhuman Christ, to whom be honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen.

CHANGED BY A KIND WORD.

Mr. Mitchell, an English evangelist, relates the following incident: "There was a very hard man in more ways than one—hard-working, heart-headed, and, alas! hard-hearted. It seemed as if no one was able to influence him. Students, ministers and professors came and spoke to him, and tried with reason and logic, and by appealing to his better nature, to bring him to Christ; but it was all of no use. His heart seemed of adamant. It could not be pierced. One Sunday, as he was at his anvil and furnace busy working away (for he disregarded God's day of rest), there came into the smithy a man who had been his com-



JOHN THE BAPTIST BEHEADED.

S. L. Lesson for Jan. 6. Mark 6: 14-29.
Golden Text Matt. 10: 28. By Mrs. Baxter.

It was no accident which brought Herod the king and John the Baptist into juxtaposition. The sin of Herod went to perfect the education of John. The faithfulness of John went to perfect the education of Herod. When first the tidings of the widespread awakening which took place under John's preaching reached the king, he determined to hear him himself. But Herod did not take in, at first, that it is impossible to hear a message from God, and take neutral ground with regard to it. He could not take the place of a critic, hearing from the outside; the message was addressed to him as well as to others. And it took effect: "He did many things (or R.V., 'was made perplexed'), and heard him gladly." He was amongst those who recognized John as "a burning and a shining light," and who were "willing for a season to rejoice in his light." (John 5: 35.) But, alas, it was "for a season" only. There came a time of crisis. John was a man sent from God" (John 1: 6), and he was as much "sent from God" to King Herod as to anyone else. He brought the king a clear, personal message, from which he could not turn aside. He must accept it or reject it. "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." It was

A Bold Message,

the messenger took his life in his hand, but "sent from God," it could not fail to be the deciding moment for king Herod's soul, and it was the first signal of coming martyrdom to the faithful prophet. The story is soon told. "Herod the tetrarch, being reproved by him for Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Herod had done, added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison." (Luke 3: 19, 20.) "Added yet this above all." It was the crowning sin, which, so to speak, crystallized all his former life of sin into conscious, wilful rebellion against God. He might have been saved had he been willing to bear the shame of a distinct acknowledgment of his sin; had he separated from Herodias, though it might have cost him much for the time, and the humiliation might have been very galling, yet he could have glorified God and have been a free man. But he would not enter into the kingdom of heaven himself, and by imprisoning God's messenger, he hindered those that were entering in, and thus he took up arms against the God of Israel. Seeking to be free from the Baptist's condemnation, he became a closer prisoner than he: Shut up in the narrow walls of a constantly accusing conscience, he bought his fancied liberty at a terrible price. And John? He had followed his God at the cost of his liberty, but neither God nor heaven were shut out of his prison, and the very power of God with him, which stung the guilty king, sustained his prisoner in the dungeon.

Herod Still Feared John,

knowing that he was a just man and holy. John's life had left an indelible mark upon his life; but he feared still more to displease the wicked Herodias, who had gained, through the power of Satan, yielded to by the king, a great ascendancy over his mind. Thus, as the days passed by, with no apparent change, things were nevertheless ripening. Yes, Herod feared John; but having once begun to tread on a descending incline he could not stop, he must go farther. He had resisted, till now, the solicitations of Herodias who thirsted for the blood of the faithful prophet. Herod had never again been to her what he was before this man of God had reproved him for his sin; he was uneasy and preoccupied, and she wanted, she planned for the death of the man of God in the vain hope that she

and the wicked king might live on undisturbed in their sin. She laid her plans deep, and made sure of victory. Watching for a convenient day, she arranged an entertainment in which her daughter should take a prominent part, and which should completely, for the time, distract the king from the gloomy thoughts which now so constantly possessed him. It was on his birthday that this entertainment should take place, and Herodias watched with eagerness for the success of her plan.

A large company was assembled, the elite of the kingdom gathered together to do honor to the king. Everything was on a grand scale, and the entertainment surpassed all anticipation. Herod was caught in the snare, and in a moment of excitement, "said to the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee. And he swore unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom." Miserable Herod! He little

ble if he should break his oath, prevailed over his other fear—he gave the fatal order, and the unmaidenly maiden carried the bleeding head of the prophet to her mother.

The deed of sin was done; but the dearly bought peace was of short continuance. A conscience not at rest, sees a reference to itself in everything that happens. Such a one will think that every allusion is meant for him. He will be always on thorns, everything and every person will condemn him.

But John? Is he to be regarded simply as an instrument for Herod's greater condemnation? Far from it. John was a "burning and a shining light," and his light did not go out in his martyr-death: it goes on burning still. He had the privilege of living and dying only for him whose way he came to prepare. Filled with the Holy Ghost, he died as he had lived—in the Spirit. His ministry was a preparation for his Master's, but he knew, as none of the twelve knew while Jesus was on earth, that he was the coming Bridegroom, and he knew himself to be "the friend of the Bridegroom which standeth and heareth him."

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

As no less than ten members of the house of Herod—eight men and two women—came into New Testament history, it may save confusion if they are distinguished from each other. There was, first, Herod the Great who slaughtered the infants at the birth of Christ and who rebuilt the Temple. He had successively ten wives and fifteen children. Two of his sons are

danger would be increased, for in the religious fervor which John's preaching aroused, the people might feel it to be their duty to overthrow so wicked a ruler. Herod, at any rate, thought it prudent to silence him and shut him up in prison. Joseph says he was confined at Machærus, a strong fortress on the border of Arabia. Its modern name is M'khaur. The ruins of the fortress have recently been identified. The dungeons, dug deep in the earth, have been found intact. In their walls are the marks where staples were driven, to which chains that fastened the prisoners were cured. It was doubtless in one of these that John the Baptist spent the last ten months of his life. We infer from the narrative that at times he was taken out and brought before Herod, who with the singular inconsistency which is often seen in the lives of wicked men, listened to his preaching and did many things that John recommended. Herodias, however, could not forgive a preacher for denouncing her marriage; and she may have feared that, as Herod obeyed him in some things, he might eventually be led by John to separate from her. Her plot to get him out of her way. It was the plot of a shrewd woman. She calculated the effect that would be produced on the half-drunken man of a princess of the blood dancing before him. Such entertainment was usually given by common women for their work. It was a degrading thing for Salome to do, but all the more would piquancy of it please Herod. The unequalled her expectation. Herod gave loose, unlimited offer of reward to the girl, and then the mother sprung the trap. He perceived that he had been outwitted. He was in the dilemma that often comes to a

man with wicked associates of being compelled to do one of two things both of which were unpalatable. He must either sacrifice the prisoner or break his oath. His choice was of perjury or murder. He chose the latter. John was killed. His disciples took the headless trunk and buried it, probably near the fortress. It was in this gloomy prison that Moses was confined and was buried. It was a singular coincidence that the graves of the first and last prophets of the dispensation should be so near together, though the actual places are unknown. Once more Herod crosses the stage of Gospel history. He was in Jerusalem when Christ was arrested, and Pilate eager to himself of responsibility, tried to have the case transferred to Herod's court (Luke 23: 7). But Herod would accept it. The evil influence of Herodias



SALOME DANCING BEFORE HEROD AT HIS BIRTHDAY FEAST.

thought of the snare laid for him. Herodias understood the situation, she knew Herod, and his sudden impulses, and she calculated well that what he could refuse when asked privately he would be ashamed to refuse in the presence of his lords. "What shall I ask?" said the young girl to her mother. Herodias was already prepared. Half the kingdom, and the man of God living to reproach Herod, was, she reckoned a gift not worth having; she would have all the kingdom in peace, if only her enemy were dead. Without a moment's hesitation she said, "the head of John the Baptist."

Herod was in a Dilemma:

This was the last thing he would have expected at such a moment. But a sinner cannot play with edge tools, and escape unhurt, he had trifled with God, and with his own conscience; he had sinned against light more and more, and now he must go farther or make one desperate stand and break loose from sin once for all. "The king was exceedingly sorry," but regrets could avail nothing, he must act. His will to do right had been sinned against until it was paralyzed. He had rejected God and become a slave of men, and he could not break his chains. Sorry, ill at ease, afraid of John, and afraid of God,—yet the fear of losing ground with those who sat with him at table

mentioned by Luke (3: 1). These were Antipas, whom Luke calls "Herod," and Philip. Another son, also named Philip, was disinherited by his father. He was the Philip referred to in the lesson (Mark 6: 17) as the first husband of Herodias. A fourth son was Archelaus, mentioned by Matthew (2: 22). Herod had a fifth son named Aristobulus, whom he put to death. He is not mentioned in the New Testament but two of his children appear in the record. One of these was Herodias, who is mentioned in the lesson as Herod's wife, and the other, Agrippa, who, as is stated in Acts 12: 1, killed James and imprisoned Peter. He is the Herod whose awful death is described in Acts 12: 23. It was his son Agrippa II., a great grandson of Herod the Great before whom Paul pleaded (Acts 26: 1). The Herod of the lesson is Antipas before mentioned, before whom Christ was subsequently arraigned (Luke 23: 8). Salome was the daughter of Herodias and Philip, born before her mother deserted her husband for his brother, Antipas.

Herod Antipas had probably been uneasy about John the Baptist for some time. The influence he exerted over the people was so great that Herod was aware it would be easy for John to stir up a rebellion, if he should ever feel so disposed; and, when John openly denounced him for his corrupt life, the

lowered her husband afterwards. She persuaded him to go to Rome to ask Caesar to make him a king. He was only a tetrarch or governor, and the ambitious woman wanted him to be a king that she might be a queen. He went, but never returned. His application aroused the hostility of his enemies, who induced Caesar to banish him, and he and Herodias died in exile.

That thou give me . . . the head of John the Baptist. That a woman should choose such an awful reward seems incredible, yet history records an incident almost parallel. About seventy years before the tragedy of Machærus occurred, three men—Octavius, Antony and Lepidus—were closeted together in Rome. They had made a compact to govern the empire in partnership. One personal sacrifice Antony demanded and it is supposed he did so at the suggestion of his wife. He wanted the life of the great orator Cicero. Octavius was indebted to Cicero and by all the principles of honor should have protected him, but he yielded to please Antony and the edict was issued. The aged orator was found beheaded. It is recorded of Fulvia, Antony's wife, that she obtained possession of the head and, drawing out the tongue which had thrilled the city by its eloquence for more than forty years, she thrust a hair-pin through it.

Wild rather Die than Starve

(Continued from first page.)

ter during the winter, the same will be promptly forwarded to those that are in need of this vicinity," writes Mrs. J. E. Hartley, Bartley, Neb., "there are many in need of clothing and bedding, especially among the old soldiers, and we would be glad to distribute any clothing sent to us." Mrs. J. E. Whitesel, Keneshaw, Neb., writes: "We live in that part of Nebraska where the crops have failed for the last two years, and the people here are very much distressed."

"Send Something to Eat!" "Send clothing or something to eat," writes Z. T. French, of Creighton, Neb., "I will place it where it will do the most good." "There are many needy ones," explains Mrs. Jane L. Goff, President of the Hazard, Neb., W. C. T. U., "and our contributions you are kind enough to see will be faithfully distributed." Mrs. Allie Rubottom, of Alliance, Neb., writes: "I have been a teacher in the Sabbath School for years, and when we had crops we had a large attendance; but when winter is coming on, we do not have any, for the people cannot clothe themselves to go—many children have no clothes to go to day-school. The little ones are going barefoot, and will have to, at winter, or stay indoors."

A Veritable Famine. Mrs. W. T. Delong, Hayes Centre, Neb., writes: "Men, women and children are destitute of shoes and clothing. Many are living on bread and water. These people are why, and in no manner paupers, and in no way responsible for their condition." See in THE MAIL BAG, writes Mrs. F. H. Hurley of Bird City, Neb., "a reference to Kansas, Nebraska, and Texas. People of the East have no idea how people get along, having scarcely anything to sell off what little stock they had. I have not had the Gospel preached to this summer because we had no way of getting a preacher. Almost everything is needed, from clothing for infants up to old men's, half-worn garments, shoes, etc."

A Poor Pastor's Plea for Help. Rev. George W. Brooks, Lemley, McPherson Co., Neb., writes: "We are twenty-five miles from a railroad, North Platte being our nearest point. There are those that are needing almost everything, including clothing and bedding. Clothing and food are the present necessities; later on we will need seed for another year. The only fuel we get are chips gathered or hauled twenty-five miles away and very hard to get at that."

What will the poor souls do before winter? helplessly writes President McGlister of the Relief Corps at Berwyn, Mo. "If you can spare anything, send it quickly." Is the laconic request of Mrs. E. Austin of Burwell, Neb. "Some of our people are in dire need now."

A lady writing from Merna, Custer Co., Neb., gives this affecting picture: "They are hungry, sick, and cold; children with feet and ankles wound with rags to keep them from suffering. I hope and trust as I have in the past caused many to be fed and rejoice, you will help now."

The Suffering in Kansas. Rev. E. E. Gunkel, pastor M. E. Church, Ransom, Kan., writes: "There have been two entire failures in crops here, and if there is not aid sent, there will be still suffering. I have myself seen children going to school this fall, cold and crying, for they had not clothing to keep them warm. The people here are as good as set people as you will find anywhere, but Providence has failed to reward the sower; hence the widespread suffering."

Here is a sample case, one of thousands in Kansas and Nebraska at the present moment. Mrs. J., of Palco, Kans., writes: "We live in what is known as the burned part of Kansas—my husband, daughter fifteen, and my little boy and self. Is there not some one among your friends who would help us by sending some old clothing which I could mend and make over—especially infant or children's clothing."

Mrs. Sell, Chapman, Kan., writes: "My husband is a clergyman. In our pastoral stations we see much poverty. Many have no means move away; others can't be being too poor. Some build flats on wagons, put a cook-stove on the wagon

and what they can gather up and start. Some are doing with one meal a day."

Never Saw such Scenes of Suffering.

Benjamin Knott, of Bird City, Kan., writes: "This year there was no harvest of grain in this county, and no feed for cattle, and they must perish if we get a hard winter. Hundreds of people have left the county, and of those that are left, some have means and more have nothing. I am seventy years old and never saw such a time for suffering and want."

Rev. F. S. Altman of St. Francis, Kan., writes: "I can truly say that not a bushel of any grain was raised in this (Cheyenne) county the last two years and the people in consequence are very destitute."

C. A. Yersin, County Clerk and Recorder, Burlington, Colo., writes: "I heard of a family, the other day, who have been living for sometime on wheat ground in a coffee-mill, and one of this family is a man about seventy-five years old! This old man has only an old overcoat for a bed."

Volunteer Distributors.

The following have consented to act as distributors of all gifts of clothing and supplies which should be sent by express, charges prepaid:

Mrs. J. E. Whitesel, Keneshaw, Adams Co., Neb.
Mrs. O. S. Wilson, Inman, Holt Co., Neb.
Geo. H. Hornby, Valentine, Neb.
Rev. Frank Perry, Ponca, Neb.
Rev. C. A. Hale, Holdrege, Neb.
Mrs. B. A. Shinkle, Wallace, Lincoln Co., Neb.
Henry A. Edgill, Maywood, Neb.
Joseph B. Lingsley, Shelton, Neb.
Mrs. C. N. Baker, Belgrade, Neb.
C. L. Karnes, Anselmo, Custer Co., Neb.
Thomas Johnston, Haigler, Neb.
Mrs. S. A. Hutchinson, Mascot, Harlan Co., Neb.
C. O. Henry, Beaver City, Neb.
J. Anderson, Oxford, Neb.
J. Troutman, Mascot, Neb.
S. A. Morris, Arapahoe, Neb.



MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE SUFFERING WESTERN FARMERS.

A Missionary on his rounds, visiting a Nebraska farm-house.

Rev. S. H. Day, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
Walter Scott, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
Mrs. M. E. Howard, Palisade, Hitchcock Co., Neb.
Mrs. Maggie Dunbar, Imperial, Chase Co., Neb.
E. A. Kirk, Amick, Superior, Nickolls Co., Neb.
Rev. F. J. Hazelton, Bassett, Neb.
David Bender, Milford, Seward Co., Neb.
Robert C. Van Horn, Farnam, Dawson Co., Neb.
Rev. M. Miller, Turley, Holt Co., Neb.
Ira McCollister, Berwyn, Neb.
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Rev. N. S. Lowrie, O'Neill, Neb.
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H. B. Brown, Tohree, Logan Co., Okla. Terr.

A Soldier-Missionary.

Remarkable Career of Sunday School Missionary G. R. G. Fisher—His Field Lies in the Drought-Stricken District.

HERE are probably no men more accurately and thoroughly acquainted with the nature and extent of the present suffering among the agricultural population in the West than the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union. Each is responsible for a large territory frequently embracing several counties, and in his constant rounds for the purpose of organizing or strengthening churches and Sunday

Schools, he comes into contact with all phases of frontier life—much of it of the most primitive sort. Mr. George R. G. Fisher, a missionary now visiting in the East, has for over six

years been laboring in Minnesota in which latter State and Nebraska, and South Dakota, there are now widespread suffering.

In consequence of the loss of crops through drought in the past two seasons, Mr. Fisher states that the reports contained in letters published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are by no means exaggerated.

A Young Convert's Trials.

Mr. Fisher's life story reads almost like a romance. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1862, and went to London in 1876, where he became a member of the Y. M. C. Institute in Long Acre. He was converted in 1878, in Southampton, England. Among others who greatly influenced his spiritual career was Mrs. Quintin Hogg, wife of one of the great merchant princes of England, who was associated in Christian work with Lady Hope and Lady Somerset. In 1879, the young convert went to sea as apprentice on a sailing vessel, but in less than a year he abandoned the idea of a nautical profession. Shortly afterward he decided to seek his fortune in Australia and took his passage, but something occurred to delay him. That vessel was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands on the way out, and many of those on board perished. At the time young Fisher had been drifting here and there, and was in a state of rebellion. When he learned of the vessel's fate and his own providential escape, it came to him like a summons to a new life.

"Then I took my bearings," he explained in telling his story, "and made up my mind that a wandering spirit was an evil thing. I entered the British army, enlisting as a private in the Medical Department, for I had previously studied ambulance work."

After various military experiences, including some very hard trials and temptations,

Fisher was sent to Egypt, the company arriving at Alexandria, immediately after the bombardment. Shortly afterward he went under fire in his first engagement. The command on Aug. 24, 1882, marched from Ismailia to Tel-el-Mahouta—believed to be the site of Pithom, the ancient Egyptian treasure city—and there fought a battle against the enemy under the notorious Arabi Pasha, who opposed a force of 24,000 to 1400 English soldiers. The English quickly took the place and dispersed the enemy.

An Infidel Awakened.

Tel-el-Mahouta is practically in the desert and soon thirst began to manifest itself in the British camp with such a degree of violence that hundreds of the men fell exhausted and had to be picked up. The command marched twelve miles back to the sweet water canal, all the men suffering intensely from heat and throwing away every incumbrance. Men's lips cracked and split open with the terrible thirst and some died on the march. On the 28th of the same month, the little army, now reinforced to 1800, again encountered the enemy under Arabi, 36,000 strong, and won a second victory. While the fighting was at its hottest, a very remarkable incident occurred. A soldier, who had openly avowed himself an infidel, lay down alongside of Fisher to avoid the bursting of a shell. It was a time fuse and might explode in an instant, dealing death around. The man regarded the shell with terror and his lips moved involuntarily in prayer:

"Oh, God!" he cried, "have mercy upon me! Have mercy upon me!" He expected the next moment to be in eternity. The explosion did not harm him, however, and he escaped unhurt from the battle: but he was a changed man and never afterward was he heard to blaspheme.

A Christian Highlander.

Mr. Fisher was also present at the battles of Kassassine and Tel-el-Kebir. Connected with the latter, Mr. Fisher relates a touching incident. A Christian Highlander who was very badly wounded and bleeding profusely, crawled up to a wounded rifleman and was speaking to him about his soul. One of the surgeons approached the Highlander, to bandage his wound, but the man would not allow him to do so.

"Na, na!" he said, gently, "Never mind me. See to him (indicating the rifleman). He's no a Christian."

The man persisted and the surgeon gave way. When the latter, having attended to the rifleman, turned to the Highlander again, the hue of death was on his face.

"Never mind now," he said with a smile, upon his dying lips. "It's owre late." And as his voice lowered to a whisper, Mr. Fisher, who stood by, stooped down to him.

"To live is Christ, to die is gain," were the words with which his brave spirit passed from earth.

Mr. Fisher left the army in 1881, purchasing his discharge, and returning to London he engaged in Rescue work, and speaking in Hyde Park Sunday mornings. The lady whom he married has also had an experience in Christian work, having been in missionary work in Bristol.

Shortly afterward, he came to the United States, with his wife, and had some business experience in Texas and the South. In Chicago, he conducted the Market Street Gospel Mission for a year and a half, in a district surrounded by saloons. In 1888, he engaged as a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, his first post being Watertown, S. Dak. His territory comprised fifteen counties in South Dakota and Western Minnesota, and in twelve of these he has done excellent and successful work, his record for the six years being:

Schools organized and re-organized..... 125
Scholars gathered in..... 4,500
Schools visited and aided..... 612
Membership of same..... 24,725
Literature sold and donated..... \$1,217.86
Bibles and Testaments distributed..... 1,573
Families visited..... 3,012
Sermons and addresses delivered..... 1,669
Prayer-meetings held and Bible r'd'g giv'n..... 3,257
Schools opened to regular preaching..... 20
Souls reached nearly, that is included..... 1,000
ing those who arose for prayer..... 8
Churches developed from schools..... 375
Letters written..... 4,379
Miles traveled..... 47,353

In May 29, 1894, Mr. Fisher was ordained to the Gospel ministry of the Presbyterian Church. Everywhere he finds in his Western work a welcome from the people who have neither church service nor Sunday School. His present station is at Rochester, Olmstead Co., Minnesota, where, with his Christian wife as coadjutor, he continues to labor in the Gospel field.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SPREADING THE KINGDOM.

WHEN my brother went as missionary to China forty years ago, it took him six months to get there. Now, American missionaries reach China in one month. Fifty years ago the secular newspapers gave no attention to sermons, and accounts of dedications and installations occupied only about an inch of a column. Now, the Gospel is preached with wider sweep on Mondays through the printing press than on Sunday through the churches. Now all archaeological discoveries come in to attest the divinity of the Scriptures. Telegraphy on the land and under the sea twice a day puts before us all the great events of the world, so that we may more intelligently study the doings of God among the nations. The Western home missionary, at 9 o'clock Monday morning, comes out of the missionary office in New York with his credentials in his pocket, and takes the 10 o'clock limited express train, and by 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning is in Chicago, and then by the vestibule train to Omaha, and by the middle of the week is on his field of Christian work, whereas it used to be a three months' journey, and the wolves and the savages and the malarious made it uncertain whether he would ever get there at all. Where have you been for the last twenty-five years that you have not seen the advancement of the Lord's kingdom in the flying events, and that you have not realized that Ezekiel was right when he said that the spirit was in the wheels.

Now if one Lord wrote the Bible and another Lord managed the affairs of this world, I would be in trepidation lest their plans might collide, for when two Titans come into war, they throw mountains and pitch stars. But the same Being who made the world made the Book. All that he has promised on the inspired page about the gardenings of this unfortunate planet will be accomplished. The kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our God. The work will be done either with or without us. If we want to share in the great harvest home, we must bring in at least one sheaf. If when Christ, the returned Conqueror, has his heavenly reception, we would like to be invited, we had better do something toward his victories. Let us be somewhere in the holy war now raging, and then we shall have a right to share in the final triumph.

THE DIVINE REMEDY.

THE great want of the world to-day is gospelization on the subject of labor and capital. All the worldly philosophers under the archvolt of heaven cannot settle the controversy between capital and hard work. "Give us more wages," cry the

employees. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then on such conditions we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those. That is the way the world talks, but when Christianity gets full swing it will correct all this. Kindness, Christian kindness, that is going to settle this quarrel of centuries.

Christ—Christ alone—will settle this contest between capital and labor, because he represents both sides, himself a King and a Nazarene mechanic. Owner of all things, all the continents of this world and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity crossing over from our condition, coming into our world not by gate of a palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night among the shepherds, afterward gathering around him the fishermen to be his chief associates. With adze and saw and chisel and axe, and in carpenter shop, showing himself brother of all the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others and keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies. By charity buried in the suburbs of the city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist and such a carpenter, all men may shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high but he was higher. None so poor but he was poorer. At his feet all hostile extremes are to renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven, as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

PRECIPITATE MARRIAGES.

SOME people say parents are to blame for too great rigidity in the control of the destiny of their children. No doubt there are such cases in the attempt to transplant European espionage to America. Parental despotism, like all other styles of despotism, is unbearable; but American society is not much overburdened with such care. In most cases the danger is in the opposite direction and in too little watchfulness on the part of the parents, whom God has appointed to be the guardians of the household. Let parents win so much of the child's confidence that they shall be taken into all counsels pertaining to the affairs of the heart. When the young people of a household come to understand that father and mother are their most sympathetic advisers, the chapter of domestic calamity will end. But whoever may be to blame, in almost all cases there are just four people who will have to suffer for precipitate matrimonial relations—the parents and the runaways. The romance soon vanishes and the twain find out that if they had some evening in early acquaintanceship on the way home from a place of amusement been by a drunken hackman driven off the dock into the river and the policeman had not been able to fish them out, their fate would have been less deplorable. The glamor of elopement gone, refinement is found tied for life to vulgarity, education chained fast to ignorance, and soft hands of luxuriance have to come to the washtub. More appropriate would it have been if the minister officiating had lost his place in the litany and read the service for the burial of the dead rather than the wedding ceremony for the living.

Most of your sympathies go out toward the parents of the daughter who steps from mansion to hovel. The most of my sympathies are for the poor fellow of seven hundred dollars income with a millionaire fool tied fast to him, one who shall forever keep him informed as to how much better she had it before she left home. All my sympathies are with him, for he thought he was making a grand affiancing, and all his life will be a disappointment and a bitterness untold. During the honeymoon he may be exhilarant, but before six months have passed he will wish he had never been born. There have been justifiable cases of wedded life contrary to parental decree and subse-

quent happiness; but nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand cases that you see reported have been unmitigated disasters, and will find a terminus either in divorce court or almshouse, or pauper's cabin.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Holidaysburg, Pa. Does Malachi 4:5 mean that Elijah was to be raised from the dead?

No, Christ himself explained it, by saying it was fulfilled in John the Baptist, who in his life and work resembled Elijah. He came in the spirit and power of Elijah (see Matt. 11:14).

Miss Clara Smith, Schroon Lake, writes: "As we are quite a distance from a church, there are several months in the year when we cannot attend services. Then it is a pleasure at the hour when we know our friends are in God's house, listening to his messengers there, to sit down and receive, through the columns of your paper, helpful words from Dr. Talmage and others."

Subscriber, New Berne, N. C. Do you think it a wise movement to place pool tables in a Y. M. C. A., located in a town where many young men resort to bar-rooms to play the game?

It is neither wise nor Christian. The "pool room" is so associated with gambling and everything that is profane and vulgar that it is surprising that any Association should consider its adoption seriously. There are many pleasant recreations that might be introduced to which none of these objections could be urged.

"Desirous," Valdosta, Ga. 1. Which is the best way to win a boy friend over to Christ, when you are separated from him by over 200 miles? 2. Tell me the harm in dancing. 3. What is a good plan for a boy seventeen years of age who wants to live right? 4. If the tableaux of "living pictures" are purely moral, is it any harm for a Christian to take part in them in an entertainment for a charitable purpose?

1. Write to him frequently and pray for him. You may be able occasionally to send him a helpful book, or to advise him by letter to his spiritual benefit. 2. This has already been repeatedly answered. It excites the passions, leads into promiscuous and evil associations, and is the first step in the downward career of thousands. 3. Read your Bible, say your prayers morning and evening, be cheerful and helpful, avoid unwholesome habits and associations, and follow the Golden Rule. 4. Such tableaux may be perfectly pure and even beautiful and instructive. It is only when the line of modesty is overstepped that they are objectionable.

S. P. Zook, —. Geologists tell us that the world was in existence many thousands of years longer than we have Bible record of; which are we to believe?

The Bible was not written to teach science. It contains the instruction necessary to the salvation of the soul. It teaches men how to live so that they may be a blessing to others and fulfill the purposes of God in their being placed here. It does not profess to give a complete history of the world and nowhere does it fix the date of creation. It is therefore open to you to accept the theories of geologists, if they commend themselves to your judgment, and need not surrender your faith in the Bible. The fact of there being no mention of America in the works of historians prior to the fifteenth century does not cause us to discredit their works, although they say that Alexander conquered the whole world.

A. Collins, Breckenridge, Minn. 1. Does Christ mean in John 6:27 that we are not to work for a living? 2. Would the marriage of a Roman Catholic and a Protestant be a case of unequal yoking together in the sense of the Apostle (1 Cor. 6:14)?

1. No, he did not mean that, but that it should not be the chief object of life. He was speaking to the people who had followed him to see a miracle and he said that they had not come for the divine life he was able to give them but because they had been miraculously fed, and as a reproof he said, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which shall not be eaten." 2. No the Apostle was writing about the marriages of Christians and Pagans. There is, however, so great a difference between the religious faith of a Protestant and a Roman Catholic that the harmony of feeling that should exist between husband and wife would be impaired. There would be little prospect of happiness.

Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo. We have had an argument in our Sunday School as to the meaning of a verse in the S. S. Lesson for Dec. 2. It was on Luke 7:30. Some said that the rejection of the Baptism there spoken of was opposition to Immersion and others that it was opposition to sprinkling. What is Dr. Talmage's opinion?

That the rejection of the counsel of God did not consist in any objection to the mode of baptism, but in something for more radical and important. John preached repentance and reformation of life, and preparation for the coming Christ. This was what Luke called the "counsel of God." When a man submitted to baptism at John's hands, he thereby intimated his acceptance of John's teaching, and his determination to lead a new life. He also understood that it was a preparatory thing, for, as John said, One was coming who could baptize with the Holy Ghost. (Matt. 3:11.) Those

Pharisees to whom Christ was speaking rejected this teaching and therefore had to be submitted to baptism. If they had yielded the truth and repented, they would not have troubled themselves about the quantity of water John thought it proper to use. They would have been just as willing to be plunged head in the Jordan, as to be sprinkled. The difficulty was as to confessing their sin and repenting. They did not see the need of either and so rejected the counsel of God.

Reader, North Henderson, Ill. What was "needle's eye" referred to in Mark 10:35?

There were usually two gates to the walls of Oriental cities, one for foot passengers and one for camels and vehicles. The latter was called, "The needle's eye." The Jews used the proverb as signifying something very difficult. It was especially appropriate Christ used it, because, of the bulky loads the camels carried. A laden camel could get through. Christ was showing how difficult it was for a man possessed of the riches of this world to enter his kingdom.

O. R. B., Danvers Centre, Mass. In what sense is the word, "income," used when speaking of giving a tenth to God?

There are two ways of understanding it and the choice between them is a matter of individual conscience. The first is to regard it as the total product of labor, trading, or investments of the year. In the case of a tradesman, it would be the amount left after deducting from his total receipts the cost of the goods sold and the business expenses. The second way, and that frequently adopted, is to deduct also the bare cost of living, food, clothing, medical attendance and unavoidable expenses. The balance in this case would be the surplus which a tenth would be given. Thus: if a man were receiving a salary of twenty dollars a week, he would, on the principle first mentioned, consecrate two dollars to the Lord. He adopted the second principle, and found it would be possible to get board, etc., for six dollars a week, then he would give one dollar and forty cents as his tithe. If, however, he used to have more expensive food and clothing and so spent twelve dollars a week in that way, he would not be entitled to deduct the twelve dollars, because the extra money spent on himself would not be "unavoidable expenses."

Reader. The Woman's Columbian Landmark was discontinued two years ago.—Reader, Ash Creek, Pa. Send \$5.—Mrs. P. A. Allison, New London, O. Write to A. D. F. Randolph & Co., publishers, N. Y. City.—Edna Burge, Winchester, N. D. It has been adopted by general agreement among the Christian churches. See answer to Mrs. E. J. Gordon in a recent issue.—Miss A. Olsen, Peoria, Okla. Write to Ha press, publishers, New York.—F. Moriah, N. V. None in this country.—The Palestine Exploration Fund, London, has a publication. Write to the Secretary.—Lo A. Dodez, Mt. Eaton, O. Try the Astor Library, N. Y. City.—Mrs. Leon Frazer, Delano, Minn. The gift of the child seems to have been divinely guided for your solace. The gift will be applied as required.—D. W. C. Sharp, Sharp's Wharf, Va. We must supply the information.—Young Preacher. The rhyme is sadly defective.—Mary E. Warner, N. Y. You can get an extra copy of "Gospel Hymns" by sending \$1.—D. W. Hulbert, Richards, N. M. Thanks for information received.—Mrs. M. E. New Florence, Pa. Write to American Temperance Society, Roade Street, New York.—R. J. Rits, Pittsburg, Pa. No. We have already replied and even recently answered this question. The MAIL-BAG and always in the negative.—Rosie F. Dagonet. 1. Yes; a letter so addressed will acknowledge. 2. We cannot tell. 3. The price is five cents.—James O. Blum, Windsor, N. C. We have still a few maps of Palestine left and you secure one by forwarding twenty-five cents.—Lester Allen, Roxborough, Phila. Write to Gil & Co., New York.—George Geer, Baltic, Conn. Mr. Judd, New Woodstock, N. Y. and Mrs. H. Stafford, Cottage City, Mass. We cannot supply the information.—Subscriber, Dayton, O. Write to Rev. A. B. Simpson, 602 3d Avenue, New York City. 2. Tramp bull's "Him on Child-training" published by Wattles, Philadelphia.—Wm. Thorold, Can. Address him care of Igloo & Co., publishers, 9th St., New York.—J. Lane, Smithtown, L. I. 1. Write to Librarian, as in Library, New York. 2. There is nothing to disagree in his biographies. In his book entitled "No Virginia," Jefferson showed a due recognition of the hand of the Almighty in guiding national affairs. F. S. W., Philadelphia. We cannot.—M. A. Vanden, Can. 1. Dancing and similar amusements, being a hindrance to spiritual growth, are avoided by the Christian, although the event itself may not be sinful. 2. It referred to a time when dancing was more of a religious ceremony than anything else.—Mrs. Harriett Nye, White Mt. Ind. There is no information on the subject where, except in the verse you have quoted.—"Willing One." Write to Rev. Dr. Torrey, Bible Institute, Chicago, Ills.—Reader, Pittsburg. Scientists believe that in the age mentioned the world was enveloped in a misty vapor. 2. No; he is not a legal business in New York City.—Mrs. F. Tomlinson, Shelton, Conn. We have no information on the subject beyond what we published.—L. M. Pa. She probably referred to "Gates Aja" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

By a Mother. Mrs. P.—For the conversion of a son and daughter and also of her nephew and niece, also that spiritual light may burst in upon her husband's soul.

By a Troubled Christian. Mrs. S.—Save Val that the Lord may send relief to her troubled art and that her husband, now dimly groping for light, may also be helped.

By an Earnest Worker. Mrs. E. M.—I she may be strengthened and encouraged in her work for the Saviour in a godless and almost heathen settlement in Indiana.

By a Christian Boy. G. M.—Jordan Ky. hat has sight may be perfectly restored and his faith increased.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A NOBLE GIFT TO CHINA.

CHINA, despite all obstacles and drawbacks, is the grandest and most inviting foreign mission field in the world to-day. For many years our American Protestant Churches have been actively represented there by a steadily increasing missionary corps, and more recently by some of the most successful medical missions yet established. Last year the project of erecting a hospital at Wuchang, a centre of missionary activity, was taken up and a sum of \$50,000 was contributed by Prof. Seth Low of New York, and his brother, Mr. A. Augustus Low of Brooklyn, to be devoted to that purpose. The result is the handsome building known as St. Peter's Hospital, shown in the illustration on this page. It is constructed on the pavilion plan—a group of separate one-story buildings, affording accommodation for the patients, with the usual departments for offices, reception and operating-rooms. The gift was made as a memorial of the late Mr. Abiel A. Low, father of the donors and for many years a leading merchant. The hospital has been placed under the control of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society, which is doing a very successful work in China. Medical missionary work in China has been a most valuable aid in opening up the country to Gospel ministrations and has done much to break down the ancient prejudices and opposition of the natives. Christian medical missionaries have penetrated where others would not have been permitted to go, and their skill in healing the sick has secured them a welcome to the homes of the rich and influential and has brought them into favor with all classes, thus affording multiplied opportunities for sowing the spiritual seed. The introduction of medical men, with dispensaries and hospitals, into missionary work is proving throughout the world, an effectual means of reaching the hearts of multitudes not otherwise susceptible. In China this is especially true, for the reason that a vast majority of the native physicians are utterly ignorant of surgery and know little of the principles of medicine. The Gospel is thus commended to the people who know nothing of it by the kindness and beneficence of those who preach it. Perhaps it would have made more progress in all lands if it had always been commended by the good deeds of its professors. That was Christ's plan. He told his disciples to let their light shine that men might, seeing their good works, glorify God. (Matt. 5: 16.)

Astonished Mules.

A singular spectacle that was witnessed near Lacon, Ill. recently, is described by the "Engineering and Mining Journal." It says that for over four years, six mules have been kept in the lower workings of the Sparland mine, near Lacon, where they were used to haul the coal-laden cars. In all that time the mules had seen no light stronger than the flicker of the Davy lamps which the miners carried. They were brought out of the mine the other day. The sun was at its zenith when they reached the surface. The astonished mules closed their eyes to shut out the flood of light, and kept them tightly closed while they were led to the pasture lot a mile distant and turned loose. There they stood trembling, as if afraid something evil was about to befall them. Presently they half opened their eyes and peered around in amazement.

When they had become accustomed to the sunlight they elevated their heads. Then they broke into a chorus of joyous brays. After a quarter of an hour of that music they took to kicking, jumping, whirling around like teetotums, and rolling on the sod as if they had gone mad. The sun and pure air was more to them than food, and they revelled in the light, neglecting the pasture. If men had been in the mine for four years, like the mules, they would have been similarly affected. It is a pity that spiritual light, which is a still greater boon, is not appreciated to the same extent. It is still true that men "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." (John 3: 19.)

A New Medical Science.

At the recent anniversary meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, an interesting paper was read by Prof. Charles Loomis Dana, on the new science which, for want of a better name, he called, "Modernized Physiognomy." The science, as described by the Professor, is an effort to understand the character, capacity and

clearly read that it would be possible to trace unmistakably the course of mental development. To this we may add that God has given a promise to every one who submits to the Holy Spirit's influence that he shall reflect "as a mirror the glory of the Lord and be transformed into the same image." (II Cor. 3: 18.)

Caught in His Own Trap.

A bar-keeper in New York gave a curious explanation the other day of the illness of a customer. He said that two men entered his saloon just as it was getting dusk. One of them he knew by sight and suspected of being a dishonest man. The other was a stranger, and appeared to have come from some out-of-town district. He was expensively dressed, and wore a heavy gold chain to which a valuable gold watch was attached. The other man's eyes dwelt longingly on the jewelry, and the bar-keeper in his mind hazarded the prediction that it would change hands before the men parted. Two glasses of beer were ordered, and the stranger turned away to the lunch counter. The bar-keeper saw the other man pass his hand casually over the stranger's glass, and something glistened. He believed that it was a phial, and that some drug was being dropped into the stranger's beer. If he had been sure he would have called in a policeman, but it was only suspicion. The suspected man went to the lunch counter and the stranger came back to the bar. He took up his companion's glass instead of his own, and drank its contents. The other

ashes and the landlady accepted the pledge. The box was handed over and the money advanced. The widow found herself unable to repay the loan, but she wanted the box back. The lender, however, refused to part with it unless the money was restored. The widow then applied to the Police Justice who, with the spirit of the lawyer, advised the landlady to give up the box and sue the widow for the money. She, however, had not so much faith in that course and declared her intention of retaining the security until the loan was repaid. The prospects of her recovering her money do not seem very bright. As the pledge has no intrinsic value, she cannot find a customer for it, as a pawnbroker does, if the borrower fails to redeem it. It is of no value to anyone but the widow, and its value to her is only measured by her love for her husband. Whether that love is very intense may be doubted. If it had been she would have regarded the relic as too precious to be used as a means of raising money. If that principle were remembered, religious impostors would not make so many dupes as they do. When a man uses his religion to gain the public confidence, so as to enrich himself, it cannot be worth much even to him, otherwise he would not profane it by turning it to such a use. (I. Timothy 6: 5.)

BRIEF NOTES.

The New York City Mission and Tract Society held its annual meeting on Dec. 12. The Secretary reported that the receipts for the year were about ten thousand dollars less than the expenditure.

This was due to the general depression which has affected the treasuries of almost all religious societies.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has promised to hold a series of revival services at Bridgeport N.J., commencing Jan. 3. Preparations are being made for an extensive work.

An Alabaster Box of Perfume was recently discovered amid the ruins of Pompeii. The pomade was extremely fragrant, although it had lain buried for eighteen centuries.

The Lands in which a century ago the people had not the Bible in their own tongue, but where it is now circulated in the native language, have a population of nearly five hundred millions.

Mr. William Noble's many friends in this country will be glad to learn that he is fully restored to health and has been holding successful meetings in Wiltshire at Calne and Marlborough, as well as in Lincoln and London.

A District Convention of the Christian Workers' Association was held at Portland, Me., Dec. 13-18. Among the speakers were Rev. H. W. Pope of New Haven, Conn., Mr. H. B. Gibboud of Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. David Allen Reed of Springfield, Mass.; Rev. John C. Collins of

of New Haven; and Mr. C. N. Crittenton of New York.

A Widespread Religious Awakening is Reported from Indianapolis. Rev. J. Willbur Chapman and his associates in evangelistic work are laboring in that city, and forty-five churches are heartily co-operating in the services. Special days of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the entire State were appointed.

The Bethel Evangelization Society of Kansas City, is conducting a Mission, including a Free Reading-room and Library, in the notorious section known as "State Line," where are located the numerous gambling houses and other places of vicious resort. It promises to be very successful in rescuing the victims of dissipation.

An Imperial Edict has been issued in China to the Mayor of Peking and other large cities warning them that "evil disposed vagabonds" are likely to flock to the cities, and many of them being ignorant, may not know that the quarrel with the Japanese has no relation to the great Western nations. The Mayors are enjoined to protect the foreigners, and to "punish with unusual vigor" any men who molest the foreigners. The edict mentions incidentally that the churches of all nations are entitled to protection.

An Attack on Bethesda Mission Church, at Elm and Tarrabee streets, Chicago, was made on Dec. 9. A mob surrounded the mission and demanded that a man who had formerly been a tough, but had recently become a convert of the mission should be given up to them. When their demand was refused they assailed the church with stones and bricks. The church would have been demolished if the police had not responded promptly to a call for assistance and dispersed the mob. The Mission is maintained by the Moody Institute to which our readers have recently contributed.

In Compliance with Many Requests, we again publish the list of topics selected by the Evangelical Alliance for the week of prayer, Jan. 6-13: Sunday, Jan. 6, sermons, Isa. 4: 31; Monday, Jan. 7, "Humiliation and Thanksgiving;" Tuesday, Jan. 8, "The Church Universal;" Wednesday, Jan. 9, "Nations and their Rulers;" Thursday, Jan. 10, "Foreign Missions;" Friday, Jan. 11, "Home Missions;" Saturday, Jan. 12, "Families and Schools;" Sunday, Jan. 13, sermons, I. Cor. 15: 38. A full list of sub-topics may be obtained at fifty cents the hundred copies from Dr. Josiah S. Strong, Secretary of the Alliance, the United Charities Building, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York.



ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL AT WUCHANG, CHINA.

Founded by Hon. Seth and Mr. A. A. Low, New York, as a Memorial to the late Abiel A. Low, their father.

mental endowments of a man from his physical formation. A young French physician named Morel had done a great deal toward bringing the new science to perfection, and presenting it in such a form as to obtain recognition. Prof. Dana said that the world had been groping toward it for a long time through phrenology, palmistry, physiognomy and pedescopy. In the new science the conformation of the bones, the skull, the features, and in fact every member of the physical organization is considered and classified. A clue had been discovered in the fact that a large number of notorious criminals were found to have what is called, "the twisted skull." Men remarkable for their brutality and ferocity and degrading habits had, in nearly all cases where an examination had been made, the prehensile toe, which in its extreme size and development is seen in the gorilla. It had been found also that while some people had physical characteristics resembling those of their parents, others showed marks of inferiority, with a tendency to degenerate. Others showed superiority and were liable to improve. Thus, there were three types of humanity: the normal, the degenerate, and the progressive. Prof. Dana closed his lecture by remarking that the result of the study was not to make any one despair under the impression that it was useless to resist heredity, but proved that there were endless possibilities of development through the cultivation of good habits of body and mind. He believed that eventually the signs in physical conformation would be so

also returned and drank the contents of the other glass. The bar-keeper was interested in the result, and followed the two to the door. His suspicion was confirmed. He saw one of the two reel and fall down unconscious: it was not the well-dressed stranger, but the man who intended to make him his victim. The stranger was concerned about his companion's sickness, but soon withheld his sympathy when he learned its cause. Perhaps he may learn a useful lesson from the incident, as others may. He may see how dangerous is association with evil men (Prov. 1: 15); while the would-be thief and all others may see that in plotting against another, they are liable to incur the doom threatened against such evildoers: "In the net which they hid is their own foot taken." (Ps. 9: 15.)

A Ghastly Pledge.

The assistance of a Police Justice in New York was invoked a few days ago by a widow, who appealed to him in a dispute with her landlady. It appeared that when the widow's husband died, his body was cremated in accordance with a wish he had expressed during his last illness. In due time the widow received from the crematory at Fresh Pond the ashes, which she put in an ornamental box. This she kept as a valued relic in her room. After a time, she was in pressing need of money and applied for help to her landlady, who agreed to lend her twenty-five dollars if she could give security. The widow offered to deposit the box containing her husband's



SHADOWS AND THEIR FLIGHT.

Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, by Robert Stuart MacArthur. Text: Solomon's Song 4: 6: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense."

THOSE of you who are accustomed to attend this ministry, know that comparatively seldom are sermons preached in this pulpit from texts taken from the Song of Solomon. It is readily acknowledged that the book is not without its serious difficulties. The scholarship of the past generation will doubtless lead us in the near future to modify some of our former interpretations of this book; but it is not my intention this morning to speak of the book as a whole, nor even of the immediate surroundings of my text. The text itself gives us some interesting and instructive lessons; and to these, without further preliminaries, I desire to call your thought this morning.

You will observe, in the first place, that the text suggests that there are

Shadows in every Life.

This melancholy truth we all know; sometimes we think we know it too well, by observation, if not by experience. There is a crook in every lot; there is a "but" in every life. Every heart knows its own sorrow; every life has its own special form of shadow. Permit me, however, to particularize some shadows in illustration of this general truth. There are, in some cases, the shadows of physical infirmities. Many men and women have as their chief inheritance weak bodies. It is astonishing how much work a great soul may get out of a weak body, until they are divorced in death, when the body, so tired and worn, is permitted to rest in the grave, and the spirit goes up in triumph to glory and to God. There are, however, even in such cases marked compensations in this life. It is interesting to observe how one faculty will spring to the relief of another faculty, and how God sometimes gives his richest intellectual and spiritual bestowments to those who suffer from some form of physical infirmity. John Milton would never have filled the world with the music of his poetic genius, had not God closed his eyes. Through his sightless eyeballs, he saw the resplendent glories of heaven; he saw the marshalled hosts of angels; he saw the gates of pearl and the streets of gold. John Milton, sitting in his blindness, was lifted to the third heaven by the glory of poetic genius and religious enthusiasm. Anne Steele would never have written so many noble hymns, more than one hundred of which are found in our recent compilations, were it not for her

Physical Infirmities.

She has well been called the "woman poet of the Sanctuary." For sixty-one years, until she was released by death, she was for much of the time an invalid. During many of these years she was confined to her room, and during some of them to her bed. At twenty-one she was to have been married, but the day before the marriage was to take place, her intended husband was drowned while bathing. The most familiar of her hymns is that which begins:

Father! what'er of earthly bliss,
This weakling will despise;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

She never could have written this hymn but for the deep shadows on her life. Cowper suffered from peculiar sensitiveness of body, and corresponding sensitiveness of mind. At times he lived on the border of insanity; and frequently he contemplated, and more than once attempted suicide. It has often been said that so far did he go in his determination, that he ordered a post-chaise to drive him to the river Ouse, that he might end the agony of his life. The driver could not find the way, although he never lost it before, and Cowper could not tell him. At last the driver turned the carriage homeward, after a few more attempts to find the desired location. After Cowper

reached the seclusion of his own room, he composed that beautiful hymn, beginning:

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His foot-steps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

This has been called the greatest hymn ever written on divine Providence. Our New York sister, Fanny Crosby, whose presence sometimes gladdens our worshipping assembly, never would have seen Christ crucified in the splendor and glory of his divine sacrifice, had not God shut out the light of all besides from her eyes. Truly,

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

There are also the shadows of temporal reverses. Many persons just now, in different parts of our country, are under very deep and dark shadows from this cause. All our hearts lately were saddened as seldom in our lives as the result of the deaths caused by great fires in three States in the West. Many others, during the past two years, have known trials and shadows from temporal adversities. Never was any country on the globe swept within a year and a half from marvellous prosperity to almost unexampled adversity, as has this republic of ours. I am not here to speak of the cause; you will have your own views on that point. I am here simply to emphasize the unquestionable fact. Riches thus often take to themselves wings and fly away. This is a world of

Strange Mutations.

God's people suffer as much as, apparently more often than, the people of the world. Here is a man who prays seven times a day, and he is unfortunate in the affairs of life; here is a man who does not pray once in seven days, and he apparently prospers in all his business plans. Will we say that these things are merely the result of chance? But what do we mean when we so affirm? Shall we be more learned and say they are the result of the law of general averages? Now we seem to be talking philosophically. But what do we mean by the law of averages? We are simply using a vague term for a plain one; an obscure expression for a simple one. For when we analyze our thought, we find that we simply mean chance. What is chance? Is there any such thing? What is law? A law is only the name we give to the manner in which we observe some force to act. Do we mean to say that a law accounts for results apart from a law-giver? Away with such a doctrine! The heart repudiates atheism; the heart cries out for God, for the living God. The mind sympathizes with the heart; a living man must have a living God. Never can he satisfy either affection or intellect by agnosticism or atheism. A man needs to look into his Father's face and to lie at his feet; he needs to feel the throb of his Father's heart. God does not make up his accounts at the end of each month; God does not balance the books of providence at the end of each year. Be patient, O child of God! The end is not yet. We, like the Psalmist, have looked and we have seen the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree; we have seen wicked men prosperous, and we looked again and they could not be found; even their memory had practically ceased among men. The memory of the wicked shall rot; but the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Bereavement.

There is, also, the shadow of bereavement. Perhaps there is no shadow so broad, so deep, so dark as this shadow often is. It is simply impenetrable and inexplicable darkness, judged from our point of view. During the past week I stood beside the little casket where lay the babe of two months of earthly life. Why was that babe given to our brother and sister, so soon to be taken from their arms and hearts? God

knows; God is too wise to err; God is too good to be unkind. In the Alpine regions, we are told, that when the sheep have eaten the grass bare on a given level, the shepherds come and take the lambs in their arms and carry them up higher where the grass is green and abundant, and where the waters are clear and cool; and soon the sheep clamber up the side of the mountain to reach the lambs. So now the Good Shepherd takes our lambs from our homes and hearts up to his own paradise, that parents may be drawn from earth and lifted in love and life toward heaven. He was an excellent Christian man, from whose side his wife had just been taken, who asked me this question a little time ago: "Did God need her more than I needed her?" Did God need her more than the babe needed her? Did God need her more than her mother needed her? She was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow. Ah, what could I say? What could you have said? I only whispered, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Allow me now to direct your attention, in the second place, to another suggestion in this text. The time is coming when the shadows shall flee away—"Until the day-break and the shadows flee away." Yes, the day will dawn when

The Shadows shall Flee

away. The day of greater trust in God will dawn. The day of doubt shall entirely end; the day of sweeter faith shall begin. The day will come when we shall know that "all things work together for good to them that love God." The day approaches when we shall see good in seeming evil, and light in real darkness. I stood in this pulpit while there sat before me in her pew one of the noblest women to whom I have been permitted to minister for years. Within ten days she had lost her husband and her only child. My heart ached for her as I conducted the services that morning. So soon as the services were over, I went to her. The peace of God was in her heart; the glory of the Lord was on her face; and divine quietude reigned within her soul. She looked into my face when I spoke to her words of pastoral and personal sympathy, and said, "Though he slay me, yet I will trust him." The day had dawned for her. Earth has no shadow for the heart that has such faith. Earth has no storms to disturb the sea of experience when Jesus says, "Peace, be still." The Psalmist knew what it was to pass through trials in the loss of property, of friends, of honor, and of all that he held dear, and yet he was able to assure us that before he was afflicted he went astray; but now he sought the Lord's precepts and walked in the Lord's way. There is, thus an experience of life, joy, peace and blessing even here and now. The moment we can take the hand of Jesus in our hand and kneel by his side and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," the day of blessedness has begun to dawn, and heaven has already begun on earth. But better still, the day of everlasting light will

Dawn Sure and Soon.

Life when longest is short, when darkest is bright, when roughest is peaceful to the child of God. Earth may become a foretaste of heaven; earth may hear now the music of saints and seraphs, and may see the light of God streaming through "the gates ajar." I thank God for this sweet hope, for this blessed assurance, for this unbroken peace. Already the shadows are fleeing away; already the day is dawning.

It is helpful for us to bear in mind that lights and shadows have their uses in every relation in life. Art would be comparatively meaningless, but for its commingling of lights and shades. A picture all light would be without expression, without character, without real worth of any sort. One of the charms of Gothic architecture is the opportunity that it furnishes for the intermingling of lights and shadows. The deep recesses in the ceiling, in the gallery fronts and elsewhere in this church, add much to its pleasing effects, both in natural and in artificial light. The minor chords in music give it no small element of its power over the hearts of men. Every trained ear watches with interest, and every cultivated heart listens with appreciation, to the notes expressive of mingled sorrow and joy. The same truth is illustrated in the highest poetry; its deepest undertone is expressive of the inevitable shadows in life. Elim, with the waving of its palm trees and the gurgling of the waters from its twelve wells, is evermore near Marah, with its bitter waters and its disappointed pilgrims.

The tragedies of life are as certain as its victories; earth is fashioned and controlled so that the shadows give deeper significance to the lights of life. The fall of leaves of autumn are as beautiful as the bursting buds of spring. The deeper shadows of night are often more impressive than the Eastern sky colored with crimson and gold of the rising sun. Lakes of burning lava in the Hawaiian Islands are four besides beds of blooming and fragrant flowers. But for their tragical element the great dramas of the ages had never been written; and, it written, they would not have controlled the heart and excited the imagination of men through the ages.

The Use of Shadow.

The pessimists have their place in life as truly as the optimists. Perhaps, indeed, the shadows lie more thickly than the sunbeams; perhaps the winter is more dominant than the spring. These comminglings of light and shadow are thus seen all through the universe of God. All deep lives have their great joys and their corresponding great griefs. They are shallow-hearted people who live constantly in one light or with a uniform experience. The Son of God was a Man of Sorrow and acquainted with grief on one hand; but he was equal on the other hand, anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows. God has given the earth up to the devil as his portion; this earth of ours rejoices in heaven's visitants with their transfiguring and celestial sunlight; but across its fairest flow and its greenest swards, shadows often fall and sometimes linger. As the landscape beautified by the alternations of mountain and valley, of hill and meadow, of river and island, so is life by its apparent contradictions, by its lights and shadows. The day will dawn when earth's vision will glow in a sunlight without an earthly cloud when the images of the Apocalypse shall become glorious realities, and when in light of golden glory the mists of earth shall vanish, and only blessed glimpses of the celestial land shall be ours.

And will you notice, briefly, in the last place, that there is help for us in the meantime, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense." It is supposed that by the mountain of myrrh we are to understand a condition of penitence, and by the hill or frankincense offering of prayer. We know the importance which the Orientals attached to aromatic shrubs, and so I use these words illustrative of the development of these other Christian graces. The reference to myrrh certainly sets forth the development of the grace of penitence. Our hearts are often to be humbled, and our wills broken so that our lives may be

Fully Dedicated

to God. The words set forth the blessedness of prayer. Never do we know how to pray as when we have been driven to the Father's bosom by the rod in the Father's hand. I believe that when the rod of chastisement is in the hands of our heavenly Father, and it is laid upon us, the true child goes to God and says, "I shall cling to thee and I shall love thee as never before." The blessed mountain of myrrh! Oh, heaven's hill of frankincense! from whose tops we can see the glory of heaven, and stand on which we can hear the music of angels.

I think, in the meantime, too, we ought to cultivate the grace of patience. Patience should have her perfect work. Charles Haddon Spurgeon would never have been the world's greatest preacher, notwithstanding all his other gifts, but for some of his physical infirmities and racking pains, temptations, trials and even persecutions which he endured in his early ministry. They cultivated in him the grace of patience. He said once to me, that if ever, for a moment, he was uplifted in any way, he would only look over the books of the horrible caricatures of himself which he had preserved, representing him as unworthy the respect of an intelligent community, and was thoroughly humbled. And yet to all the English-speaking world, irrespective of religious creeds, rejoices in his character, great work, honored name and immortal fame.

Oh, beloved, this morning I beseech you walk on the mountain of myrrh, leap on hill-tops of frankincense, trust God with the heart, and wait patiently for him, as the eternal day will dawn, and the earth's shadows will flee away, and the Sun Righteousness will rise with healing in wings for bruised bodies, blighted lives and bereaved hearts.

Missionary Hall has passed to his reward, and Chang Sikey and his faithful band of Christians remain to testify, by their upright lives and heroism for the truth, the value of the work accomplished at Long Yang. It may be that the Gospel sown there by one devoted worker will yet bear fruit a hundred-fold.

HUBERT P. MAY.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Song of the Lark'. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Merry Widow' waltz, measures 1-5. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piece is in 3/4 time.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, and ends with a double bar line.

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Rev. Wm. Murray, a missionary of the school for the blind, at Pekin, China, has made a valuable discovery. Several years ago he became greatly interested in the blind people of China, who are very numerous in that country. In his efforts to find a way to give them the Bible, he discovered that the four thousand and more characters of the Chinese printed language represent only 408 sounds, and he quickly invented a method of representing these sounds by a system of raised dots indicating numbers, so that the blind in China can read the Word of God for themselves. It is now found that by connecting these dots by lines, a method of printing Chinese is invented which is vastly simpler and more easy to learn than by the use of the complicated characters of the established Chinese printing. One must learn 4,000 characters before being able to read the simplest book, and some Chinese literary works require a knowledge of more than 20,000 characters. Such is the difficulty of learning to read Chinese that few women and only five per cent. of the men ever acquire the accomplishment. By Mr. Murray's system all can easily learn to read, and one version of the Bible can be read by all Chinese, no matter how varied the spoken dialects. It would seem as if, by his efforts

for the blind. Mr. Murray has incidentally conferred an incalculable benefit upon the whole Chinese people.

AFTER our limbs have been tortured with pain,

After our prayers for relief have been vain,
After the trials that we here sustain,
Death is not loss, but infinite gain.

Gain of sweet rest after long weary days ;
Rest after treading the rough, stony ways.
After long waiting and weary delays,
Gain of a mansion with Jesus always.

Loss of all heart-break and suffering here ;
Gain of a life without sorrow up there.
Vain is the longing on earth to remain.
When death is not loss, but infinite gain.

—L. A. W.

I'M safe with God, he guides my bark
Over the waters, troubled, dark.
Though frail, no sea shall overwhelm,
With such a Pilot at the helm.

I can ride on serene and calm,
Leaning on his Almighty arm.
Can trust his wisdom all to guide,
And know no evil will betide.

I'm safe beneath his watchful eye ;
 "My God shall all your need supply.
 According to his glorious store,
 Thro' Jesus Christ forevermore."

SARAH M. PARKER.

PROPHETIC CHRONOLOGY.

A Divine Purpose in the Dates and Periods Mentioned in the Prophecies.

BY THE REV. RICHARD CHESTER.

(Concluded from Page 821.)

THE instances already cited are not the only ones in which there is an indefiniteness which is perplexing. It would seem that God, with whom a day is as a thousand years did not design that men should be able to lay their finger on a specific day and say, "at such a day and such an hour this thing will happen." It was sufficient that he indicate it approximately. This is very evident again in the prophecy of "the little horn" (Daniel 7: 25), in which it is foretold that "he shall wear out the saints of the Most High; and they shall be given into his hand until a time, times, and the dividing of time." There has ever been an uncertainty as to the exact historical event from which should be dated the proper commencement of his foretold prosecuting power; and consequently as to the exact time at which it would meet with its appointed termination.

So is it also with regard to the duration of the reign of the yet future personal Antichrist, in whom, as we believe, this prophecy and the corresponding prophecies of the book of Revelation will culminate into their final and exhaustive fulfilment. Designedly withheld information as to the exact date of the commencement renders certainty unattainable with regard to that of the end.

As regards the Papal Antichrist, the total fall of the temporal power of the Papacy in 1870, close to the time at which many students of the prophetic Word had long been led to expect it, may enable us now to look back, and to determine the exact period of its predicted commencement.

Accordingly, in the memorable prophecy of Daniel concerning "the little horn" (chap. 7), between the statement of a definite period of "a time, times, and the dividing of time," as that for which "the saints of the Most High should be given into his hand," and the further statement that "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High," we read that "the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion to consume and to destroy it unto the end." This passage seems evidently to point to a period, the duration of which is unrevealed, intervening between the actual termination of the temporal power of the Papacy (a horn is an emblem of temporal or secular power), and its tull and utter destruction, as to spiritual no less than temporal dominion at the advent in judgment of the Son of Man.

Great, however, beyond all present conception will be, we may rest assured, the strength and comfort which these chronological predictions will afford to those "elect" for whose sake "the days are to be shortened," to the "faithful unto death" who shall suffer under the persecutions of the last Antichrist and his myrmidons, assuring them that the time of tribulation is very short, that "the crown of life" is very near at hand. To us, living now, as we beyond all question are, amidst the eventful closing scenes of the present dispensation, the lessons which ought to be most solemnly impressed upon us by these chronological prophecies of Holy Scripture, as most surely and specially applicable to ourselves, are those of Patience, Prayer, and Watchfulness.

Patience; for, interpret them as you may, they teach us emphatically that "the time is short," that at the furthest it is only "yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

Prayer: for Daniel's prayer, under circumstances with regard to chronological prophecies very similar to those in which our lot is cast, brought a full flood of light and strength and blessing to his soul, and will bring them equally to us.

Watchfulness: for what impressive force do they give to the solemn words of our Lord, "Watch, ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the House cometh, at even, at midnight, at cock crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto you all, Watch" (Mark 13: 37.) If we believe them, and receive them, and inquire into them, as Daniel did, their practical application to each of us, as to him, is "Go thou thy way til the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."



THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 6, 1895. II. Chron. 6: 18-21; 29-33; 7: 1-13.

ONE conspicuous evidence of the growth of the Christ-like spirit in the soul is the increasing prominence that intercession has in prayer. The man who is becoming more and more like Christ pleads often and much for others. His petitions are not all for himself. His longing for more grace and greater conformity to the Divine pattern, are greater rather than less than they were, but his concern for other people has outgrown all else. He understands what the Apostle Paul meant when he declared that if through his loss his brethren might be saved, he would wish himself accursed for their sakes. So it is that so large a part of the list of topics for the Week of Prayer is taken up with intercession. The Christian pleads for the nations, for their rulers, for families, for missionaries at home and abroad and for the universal church as well as for personal blessings. That such an attitude must be pleasing to God, we may infer from all we know of his character. It is in harmony with his way and will. As we look abroad and learn more of God's character from his dealings, we see that he is set in the highest conceivable manner for the extirpation of evil. He does not proceed in the rough, brutal manner that a giant among men would use, of stamping it out, but in the highest way of leading men to see for themselves how bad a thing evil is, to hate it on their own account and to put it resolutely far from them. Like a father who, dealing with his intelligent child, does not rely on his superior physical strength to coerce the boy into right ways, but appeals to his moral sense and tries to get him to choose the right, so God is leading men to discover and admire his laws, and to voluntarily work with him for the extirpation of evil in themselves and in others. God honors men in so dealing with them. It is the highest of all attainable human honors to be one who is thus working with God. In the early time that honor was enjoyed by the Jews alone. They alone among the peoples of the world perceived that God was a God of righteousness, and God gave them more and more light which they reflected in their writings, and which is our guide now. But the wall of separation was levelled in God's good time, and now all men are invited to enter the kingdom of God. Any man may range himself on God's side and work for the triumph of righteousness. In this week of prayer that situation should be realized. The Christian should realize that he belongs to that kingdom which is as yet small among the nations, but is growing greater year by year, and shall yet, like the stone the prophet saw, fill the whole earth. The questions for the week are: "Am I in the kingdom? Am I enrolled in the army that is striving for the regeneration of the earth? And am I using every power and every opportunity to extend that kingdom?" The magnificent King asked: "Will God in every deed dwell with men on the earth?" We know that he will; and we know, too, that as we pray and work, the time comes nearer when his presence and his rule will be universally acknowledged.

TESTIMONY AND EXAMPLE.

In his weekly talks with the Epworth Leagues in the "Epworth Herald," Dr. Edwin A. Schell, the General Secretary of the League, gives stimulus in two shapes—testimony and example. Under the former he quotes the following from the lips of Dr. K. C. Atkins, Presiding Elder of the Chattanooga District:

"The Epworth League has doubled the number of those who publicly pray and testify in the churches of my district." Dr.

Schell adds as comment: "Were this the statement of some impassioned Epworth League orator the editors would doubtless call him to account, and explain how this could not be so. Fortunately for our organization it is the calm judgment of a presiding elder who has visited every charge on a large district. If anyone is qualified to speak he is. The Epworth League, if true to its high mission, will not only increase the number of those who participate in the devotional meetings, but will double the number of those who every week go on errands of mercy, who read good books, and who systematically make contributions to all the benevolences of the church."

As an example the Secretary quotes the following record of Chapter 916 of the League which hails from Knoxville, Tenn. Out of a membership of 104 no less than thirty-two who are in self-supporting employments tithe their incomes. At the dedication of the new church last June, with Bishop FitzGerald present, many of these young people, working on what would commonly be regarded as a small salary, gave \$100 each to wipe out the debt. They sent thirty delegates to the convention at



CANADIAN KING'S DAUGHTERS.
1. MRS. FRANK GIBBS. 3. MISS ANNIE BROWN.
2. MISS H. L. BARKER. 4. MRS. MATILDA DOUGAL.

Cleveland, and will send ninety to Chattanooga. They support a deaconess, are pushing the Epworth League orphanage, and took a fine collection for the great mission Thanksgiving Epworth League offering. It is no wonder that when the church put up its new edifice it inscribed on its corner stone the number of the League

THE B. Y. P. U. IN CHICAGO.

The Baptist Young People's Union is at home in Chicago. It has made the city one of its strongholds, and there is plenty of enthusiasm to keep its flag flying there. The "Standard," of that city reports a wonderful day there on the occasion of holding the fourth annual convention. It was held in Immanuel Church, and there was a large attendance. The secretary reported that the past year had been one of progress in many lines, in new local unions, and a new district, the Fox River District of Chicago Association. There has been marked progress in Junior organization, due to the efficiency and zeal of Miss Koch. There has been progress in Educational work and special interest in local organizations in the C. C. courses. There has also been progress in Boys' Brigade work. The missionary work in the various districts has been most satisfactory. At present there are 85 senior local unions and societies, with a membership of 4674 active and 553 associate, and 37 junior organizations reported, with a membership of 1553, making a total of 6580, as compared with 4528 members a year ago.

Three eminent clergymen gave addresses, so that the convention was well supplied with spiritual nourishment. They were Dr. J. S. Kennard, Dr. Gilbert Frederick, and Rev. Donald D. MacLaurin, of Detroit. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Norman G. Lenington, Covenant Church; Vice-President, Samuel H. Bloom, Second Church; Secretary, J. H. Skaggs, Hyde Park Church.

CANADIAN KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The Triennial Convention of the King's Daughters of Canada, recently held at Montreal, is not likely soon to be forgotten by any of the ladies who were privileged to attend it. Portraits of four of its leaders, for which we are indebted to the "Silver Cross," appear on this page. The portrait of Mrs. Tilley, the General Secretary, we published a short time ago. These, with Mrs. I. C. Davis and Mrs. Bottoms, as representatives of headquarters, made an efficient board of management, and under their superintendence the convention was as orderly and business-like as if conducted by experienced Parliamentarians of the sterner sex. Mrs. Tilley's report showed marked progress in the Order in Canada since the last convention, which was held in Toronto in 1891. There are now 241 circles in Canada, with an aggregate membership of 5468. Secretaries have been appointed for the new organizations in Quebec and British Columbia, and in both these Provinces the Order has been making steady gains. Every branch of the work has received attention. Philanthropy, with personal visits to the sick and needy, has of course had the first place. Hospital and prison visitation, work among the Indians, gifts to Foreign Missionaries, and the special work have

AMONG THE ORDERS.

A novel Christian Endeavor anniversary was celebrated on Dec. 10. It was the anniversary of the society in the Pothouse of Cook County, Ill., at Dunnir which was organized Dec. 10, 1893.

Preparations for the International B. P. U. Convention at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 18-21, are being rapidly pushed forward. An energetic committee has been organized with Rev. L. L. Henson chairman.

Rev. Theodore Monod has been aided a Christian Endeavor Society at B. France, whose work has led to a revival there. Dr. Monod was heartily supported by the Endeavorers and a great work has been done. Some of the converts are from a music hall of unsavory reputation.

The committee of Young Men's Christian Associations in Basle, Switzerland, is arranged to receive the next International Conference at that city in 1898.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Berlin district are making arrangements to facilitate for their less-favored members a visit to suitable health resorts.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Hussineck, Bohemia, has purchased a barn in which the martyr John Huss was born, and has renovated it and fitted it for use as an Association building.

Encouraging reports are sent from the Young Men's Christian Association in the South of France, which are described by Pastor Tophel, President of the Central International Committee, as "full of life and animated by an excellent spirit."

The Christian Endeavor Societies in Iowa are contributing to provide a library to be placed on board the new cruiser named after their State. Book societies in this object have been held in some places, and the volumes have been forwarded to W. L. Richardson, 138 Eastlake place, Chicago, who has this matter in charge.

The King's Daughters and Christian Endeavorers at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, New York, united their forces to give a dinner on Thanksgiving Day to the poor of the neighborhood. The old lecture room was neatly decorated, a lot of "quiet lamps" were borrowed, and lentils and color to a very attractive spread. Tables were set for 100 to dine at one time.

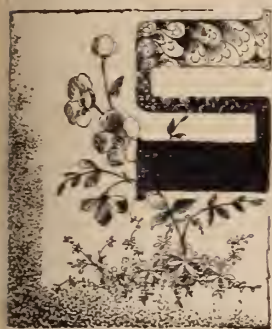
Impaired Digestion.

The patient is required to diet in building up and maintaining good health, milk is recognized as a valuable factor, but it is important that it be absolutely pure and sterilized. Borden's Peerless Food Evaporated Cream meets all requirements. Early wholesome.



Hospitality in the Orient.

The Khans of Palestine and their Characteristics—Ancient Wayside Inns—The Traditional Site of the Khan of the "Good Samaritan" Episode.



JOURNERS and travelers in the East, who happen to be so fortunate as to stop over night, on their journey, at one of the "khans" or lodging-places for man and

beast, which are to be found in many parts of Syria, find them very interesting objects of study. Totally different from the inns established for the accommodation of wayfarers in any other part of the globe, their characteristics have changed but little, if at all, in the last two thousand years. They afford lodging, but rarely food, as the traveler is supposed to carry his own supplies. The smaller "khans," or "menzil," are found in the open country along routes frequented by travelers, while the larger "caravanserais" are usually located near towns. Each "khan" has a courtyard, enclosed by substantially built walls, within whose protection the animals and baggage are safely housed, while a spacious dwelling at the main entrance affords ample accommodation for the guests.

"Khans" are frequently referred to in the Bible and strangely enough, one of the first references to a place of this character is that in Jeremiah 41:17, of "the habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem," which is claimed by tradition to have been the birthplace of the Saviour. This famous "Khan" was doubtless named in honor of Chimham, the son of Barzillai the Gileadite and friend of David, and upon whom the king bestowed as a reward for his loyalty, a possession at Bethlehem. (II. Sam. 19: 37-40.) It was, in olden times, the starting-point for travelers from Jerusalem to Egypt.

Another "Khan," which is well remembered by every reader of the Gospels is the one to which the "good Samaritan" conveyed the stranger who had fallen among thieves and was grievously wounded. Luke tells of this Samaritan's great kindness and hospitality: "And he brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee." (Luke 10: 34, 35.) Local tradition, preserved through all the centuries, indicates the scene of this beautiful

episode (which may have been no mere parable, but an actual occurrence drawn upon for the purpose of illustrating a divine truth), at the Khan-el-Ahmar on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho. Such incidents of violence on the highway were doubtless by no means rare in the time of Christ.

Khan-el-Ahmar, probably repaired many times since then, is in a wild and sterile part of Palestine. The white Jericho road winds in and out at the foot of the low hills like a ribbon, and passes by its hospitable door. Jesus himself, in his journeyings may have lodged there. There are many rocky defiles and ravines bordering on the highway. It is a locality which will continue to hold a peculiar interest for travelers and especially for students of the Bible, who love to wander among the scenes that were familiar to the Saviour while here on earth.

"God will know You."

A very pretty story is told of a child's gratitude. One evening about Christmas, a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto, with apparently no object in view but to pass away the time. His attention

often, alas! make the letter stand for the spirit. A child can and does apprehend the deep truths of the Bible, if presented in their simplicity, and in connection with his own experience. Nature lends endless illustrations that lead to clearly defined spiritual truth, well within the comprehension of our babies; for example, sowing and reaping teach the certainty of cause and effect, "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"Our Father's care of the little things of earth, shows the surety of his love and care. If he knows when a sparrow falls,—if 'he feeds them,' will he not feed us? If a child is led to see how wonderful are the effects of light in the material world, observing the various phenomena himself, is he not able, in some measure at least, to comprehend that God is the light of the world? The force of it lies in the fact that it came to him as a revelation, not at second-hand."

A Premier's Lowly Friends.

A beautiful incident is related by Dr. Newman Hall of Mr. Gladstone, which shows that distinguished man in a most kindly and Christian aspect. A poor crossing-sweeper was ill. A visitor asked him if any one had been to see him, and the sweeper replied: "Yes, Mr. Gladstone." "Which Mr. Gladstone?" asked the visitor. "Mr. Gladstone," repeated the poor invalid. "But how came he to see you?" enquired the visitor. "Well," answered the crossing-sweeper, "he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there, he missed me. He asked my mate, who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard I was ill he asked for my address, and when he was told he put it down on paper. So he called to see me."

"And what did he do?" was asked.

LITTLE THINGS.

A GOOD-BY kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress.
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

HOUSEKEEPING WOES.

OF all recipes for making an unhappy home, writes J. C. Fernald in "The New Womanhood," few are more effectual than utter ignorance of housekeeping on the part of the wife. It is misery where means are ample, and where they are limited, it is little short of destruction. And the hope of escaping the peril by learning in the process is, at best, a precarious one. It is astonishing how many of the divorces are among those only two, three or four years married. Those early years are the most important. Then, it ever, do the different natures adapt themselves to, and mould each other. If just then, they are plunged into a chaos of "wasting and worrying and manifold non-successes, with dyspepsia waiting in the shadow of the table," which ought to be so inexpressibly bright, happy and dear to the two who have at last the privilege of sitting down apart from all the world, because they are all the world to each other; if, just then, "the bread-winner (who started out with such high hopes), finds a formidable antagonist in the bread-maker," and desolation where he had looked for joy, all the illusions of his young manhood are spoiled, and, if there is anything bad in him, it will come out.

Her temper and judgment will not improve in the miserable process, and the way is paved for that rupture of the marriage tie, which—though some women strangely plead for it—falls ever with most desolating power upon the woman, and sends out into society always one, and oftener two, perverted natures and ruined lives.

The trouble in housekeeping is, that the lite-happiness of the operator ordinarily depends upon the successful treatment of a single patient, or sometimes, perhaps, impatient subject. But the

right woman, marrying at the right time, a man whom she has any right to marry at all, can deftly take the impatience and many kinks of character out of him. We admit that it is a great deal to ask her to do, but those who do it best seem to find a wonderful enjoyment in it.

Night-time in a Japanese Town.

"Sleep does not always come to one's bidding in the busy parts of a Japanese town," writes Bishop Ninde. "The people sit up late and rise early. The noises upon the street are various and novel. Blind men who are prepared to give massage treatment go about through the night calling attention by sounding a sort of flute. Venders of eatables startle you at intervals by a weird, musical cry. Other night-hawks make a succession of sharp sounds with a pair of wooden clappers, and the inmates of the building, while they are not boisterous, do not seem to think that ordinary noises are at all disturbing.



KHAN-EL-AHMAR, THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE "GOOD SAMARITAN" INCIDENT.

From a photograph brought from Palestine by the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald."

was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store, he loaded them with fruits and candies. "What is your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter. God will know you."

Children and Bible Truth.

"We ask children to memorize what they do not understand," says a thoughtful writer. "Instead of leading them through natural gradation to a realization of the meaning; we endeavor to inculcate our ideas, in place of awakening to self-thought; we too

"Why, he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the reply.

A somewhat similar story is that of an ex-servant woman whom Dr. Hall met in a railway carriage near Hawarden. She had a fine bouquet of flowers. "Mr. Gladstone gave them to me," said the woman. "Every servant who leaves Hawarden castle with a good character is invited to return to spend a week during the summer. I used to be a servant there, but left because I was going to be married. I have, however, just been staying there a week, and as I was leaving I met Mr. Gladstone in the garden. He asked me if I liked flowers, and when I said that I did, he gave me this bunch, which he had in his hand, saying: 'Pray accept them.'"

The high position of the great ex-Premier did not make him forget the offices of kindness he owed to these humble people.



A NEW FASHIONED WOMAN

Written Specially for
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

BY
MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Spiritually Discerned.

THE letter in which Val told of her sorrow and its alleviation was a pleasure and a grief to Annie—a grief because of the loss of the little darling, and Annie felt that she could truly sympathize with Val in her heavy affliction. Thought would sometimes run back to the melancholy past, and tears would flow. The wound was still there, cicatrized it is true, but it was not perfectly healed. Who can become indifferent to the graves of the past? In these moments of retrospection Annie had learned where to go for strength, had learned that when most childishly weak then she was strongest, since she then trusted alone to the Almighty arm. One of her favorite verses rushed into her mind, “Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee,” and kneeling, she asked for the promised “grace,” for forgetfulness of, or rather resignation to the past, and, ere her head was resting upon her pillow her heart was full of peace.

Next morning she carried the letter to her mother and said:

“Mamma, Val has lost her baby. It was buried nearly two months ago. It is a severe blow to her, but I want you to read her letter and see how a Christian can bear, even be happy under such sorrow. When you have read it please hand it to Roy, as I wish him to enjoy its perusal, too.”

Mrs. St. Clair read with tears Val’s account of her darling one’s sickness and death, but the remainder of the letter was to her an unknown tongue. It was the language taught of heaven and she had never been under such tuition. Val was a marvel to her—Annie, her own child, was a greater marvel. She might explain away, to her own satisfaction at least, Val’s fanaticism, since the world had never held the golden chalice of pleasure to her lips before marriage, and now, since she had married a plain, plodding, hard-working man, she must turn somewhere for comfort, must have some avenue of pleasure, even if imagination must come to the rescue. Then, too, Val was an ideal child and this must be her ideal world in which she was living. But Annie—this was incomprehensible! Annie’s face, her uniform cheerfulness, her sweet patience, gentle forbearance her activity, her heart full of everybody else, but herself, all this was a constant wonder to her mother. She felt that her child lived in a different world from herself, she had hoped each day she would come back, would be her old self again, but as weeks passed by and still Annie was the same, Mrs. St. Clair sighed, and felt that they were parted forever. It would have pleased her better for Annie to lay aside her mourning, enter into life with her old zest, be gay and fashionable as of yore. As it was, she felt far off from her child, was even restrained when in her company, felt at a loss for subjects of mutual interest to converse upon, and was the more uncomfortable since Annie was a silent reproach to her.

Soon after noon, although the hour was warm, Annie turned her steps toward Mrs. Somers to fulfil her engagement. The day was peculiarly beautiful, not a cloud flecked the dazzling blue, but a soft haze rested along the horizon’s rim, and oppressiveness in the air hinted of summer showers. Great trees of gigantic proportions stretched their long green arms across the street, so that it was entirely overshadowed. Although it was drawing toward the close of June, she walked in the dense, grateful shade, and felt her parasol an encumbrance. Every garden she passed was full of flowers, here were long strips of ribbon beds, there coleus gleaming in every device bordered by waxen echeveria, here was a pyramid of ivy geranium in full bloom, there was a beautiful creeper climbing up with insistence a stately oak, a summer-house covered with purple, graceful wis-

teria, a rockery nearly concealed by a bridal rose. The season of lilac, hyacinth, tulip, and syringa had just passed, now was the season of roses of every hue, while chrysanthemum and dahlia were pushing ahead getting ready for their own “Opening Day.” Annie’s eye took in all these varied beauties and she walked slowly that she might see them all and admire. In her hand she carried a bouquet of the rarest hot-house flowers, and around it was such a mingling breath of heliotrope, orange blossoms, carnations, and daphnes, one might have thought a factory for expressing extracts was near.

“For me, dear?” asked Mrs. Somers, as she presented them to her. “How perfectly lovely! Thank you so much. I never saw finer carnations than these. Do you know, dear, I have sometimes wished that I owned a grand conservatory, and that I were able to gather there every flower that God has ever made, so that I might trace in each my Father’s skill, my Father’s love.”

“It is a sweet thought, Mrs. Somers. If earth is so beautiful, what must heaven be! I feel that I have in Roy’s conservatory a miniature of the one you long for. If we hear of a new flower he orders it, and lately he has collected orchids which have cost him thousands and thousands of dollars. Come up and let me have the exquisite pleasure of a visit from you, and that I may show you our floral beauties, especially this singular family of plants. Come soon and teach me to admire and love more my Father, God.”

“Thank you, dear child, I shall be glad to come.”

“I do not crave anything that wealth can buy, Mrs. Somers, for I have been surfeited, but there is one thing I have longed for lately and prayed to God to give me if it could be his will, and that is a beautiful, attractive face.”

“My child!” and Mrs. Somers spoke with surprise.

“Do not misunderstand me, my dear friend, it is not admiration that I crave, fulsome adulation sickens me. I want a face, made beautiful and attractive by grace, not that I may attract to myself, but to my Saviour: I would be so happy to draw the young to my side, keep them there, win their confidence, show them gently their errors, show them how unsatisfying is wealth and a gay life, how glorious, complete, beyond all comparison is my Saviour. I only want to be attractive, that I may attract to Jesus.”

Mrs. Somers smiled, scanned Annie’s face a moment, and then the smile died away, and she said:

“If from our hearts, dear, we can say ‘for Christ’s sake,’ that prayer will be answered. That prayer cannot fail that has Christ’s glory for its ultimate end. Pray on, the answer will come.”

In Mrs. Somers’ eyes the answer had come already.

It was time to start upon their mission, so they walked in the suburbs till they reached a small two-roomed, unpainted house; then Mrs. Somers opened the gate and they entered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Christian Work.

“Jessica, Jessica, there are feet coming up the gravel-walk—come!”

It was a man’s sharp voice which rang out with discontent. A child, thin and pale, but very bright-eyed, answered the summons and went to the front door.

“Walk in, Mrs. Somers,” said the child very gently and with great womanly dignity.

“Jessica, how do you do, and how are grandpa and mother?”

“I am well, ma’am, but grandpa’s complaining and mother is out at work. Come this way, please.”

“Jessica, this is my friend, Mrs. Deveraux. She wanted to see some of my afflicted people, so I brought her here first.”

“Do you like to see people suffer?” asked the child as she fixed her bright eyes on Annie with an inquiring look.

“No, I don’t like to see them suffer, but if they must suffer, I like to try and relieve them.”

“You don’t look like you knew what it was.”

“Yes, I know more of it than you think.”

“Well, your face don’t look like it; you haven’t any deep lines about your eyes, nor curves around your mouth that suffering people have; yours is smooth and round and red.”

There was nothing impertinent about the child, indeed her artless manner and keen bright eyes attracted Annie, so that she stopped a moment outside, while Mrs. Somers went within the room. She soon followed.

There sat a man very old and infirm, with large black eyes; but though large, though bright, they were sightless. Not a ray of light ever pierced the dense darkness. His hair was long and floated in white waves upon his shoulders; his dress was a coarse white shirt, very clean, and a pair of homespun pants, while rough, worn shoes were on his feet. Around him were scattered white oak splits, and of these he was making a basket, which was resting on his lap, half done. Now his fingers were nervously twisting the split about, while his eyes, staring on vacancy, were turned in the direction of Mrs. Somers’ voice. As Annie entered she heard her say: “Mr. Kennedy, I have brought a friend to see you—Mrs. Deveraux.”

The old man half arose, held out his hand, bony and hard, and Annie took it in hers, as he said:

“It’s bad to be old and blind, ma’am.”

“It must be terrible,” exclaimed Annie from a full heart.

“It’s a dark world I live in.”

But Mrs. Somers interrupted him and tried to divert his thoughts from himself.

“Yes, it is dark, my good friend, but God is good to you yet. The Saviour’s smile will light up the gloom for you if you will only let him.”

“He doesn’t smile much on me. I’m all alone in the dark. I s’pose I oughtn’t to feel so, but it’s human natur’, and I can’t help it. I am old and useless, just in everybody’s way, but I could do somethin’ yet if I had my eyes.”

It was touching to hear his plaint, but Mrs. Somers knew how to check and comfort him.

“My dear friend, she said, “your lot is a hard one—it is sad to live in darkness, and no hope of any light, but it might be so much worse. God has spared you your daughter. Was not that good? Only think what a comfort she is to you, and how cheerfully she works for you, day after day. Then here is little Jessie, always ready to read the Bible to you and wait upon you; bring you a cool drink and sell your baskets for you. Then, too, only suppose your hands were paralyzed, as poor Joe Morton’s are, then you would have to sit and do nothing; make no more baskets and no more mats, and, indeed would have to be depressed and fed.”

“Ah, Mrs. Somers, you’re always p’inting downward. Well, I reckon its best to look that way—does make one feel better to see how much wuss off some folks are than you.”

“Yes, it’s well to look down, but it is better still to look up, far above you, above the earth to heaven, and see Jesus, who loves you and wants to save you, who wants to take you in his loving arms up to that blessed home, where there is no more night, no more darkness; where there is no more suffering, no poverty, and, best of all, where there is no more sin, no more sin! Oh! Can’t you look to him, trust in him, yet?”

The old man shook his grey head. A tear trickled down his cheek and glistened on his yellow hand.

“Shall I pray with you again?”

He assented, dropped his basket and knelt.

What a fervent prayer it was, right among the long oak withes, right among rags and baskets and half-done mats, but angels hushed their harps to listen, for God himself was there.

When they arose, Jessica’s were the only dry eyes in the room.

“Now Jessie,” said Mrs. Somers, grandpa has had his time, now for a little word with you. What are you reading?”

Then turning to Annie, she said: “This is my little book-worm. I am trying to

feed her brain with healthy food. Well, now, Jessie, what are you reading?”

“I’m reading just the loveliest book! It’s all about King Arthur and his Knights. You know they called themselves ‘Knights of the Round Table.’ Oh! I think that search for the Holy Grail was just beautiful. Every Knight tried, you know, and Sir Galahad found it and died.”

“I do not object to your reading of King Arthur and of his Knight, but keep in your mind that it is all a fancy sketch. No such people ever lived, and though history may point to a King Arthur, yet this story originated in ignorance, just to please a superstitious people. I have brought you a book which I wish you to read, and which I feel sure you will like. Look me in the eyes, Jessie, and listen. The heroine of this book is called May Garland. She never was on the earth and never will be, so don’t imagine, as you read, that you are another May, for you are not, never will be. Remember, as you read, that this girl lived only in the brain of the author, nowhere else. She has not made her a perfect character. As you read, criticize the girl yourself; see where you could have made yourself better if you had been in her place; admire the beautiful descriptions of the author, for there are many, and then, when you come to some pretty love-making, say to yourself, ‘that is right well done,’ when to a death, look at it from the author’s stand point and say, ‘was it wise or necessary to the story that that person should have died? Couldn’t she have arranged it some other way?’ Don’t shed tears over your heroines; and, whatever you do, don’t imagine yourself one. This is a good story and it is well written. It has a fine moral running through it like a golden thread, and all kinds of beautiful truths are strung upon it. Get all the good you can out of it, Jessie, and make your heart learn the lesson it would teach you, and that lesson is ‘forget yourself and live for others.’ It is a beautiful, healthful study for you, dear child, one you have already begun to learn.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Somers,” said the child seizing the book eagerly. “I will read it carefully and try to do as you tell me.”

“Don’t neglect grandpa for your reading, Jessie.”

“No, ma’am; I never do that.”

After bidding them both good evening and passing out of the yard, Annie said:

“That old man is a pitiable object!”

“He is indeed. He is in the dark both in a temporal and spiritual sense. He has been a hardened sinner. He lost his sight in part from scarlet fever after he was grown, though he could see indistinctly with one eye, just enough to go about by himself and work. In this way he managed to do something for his family; but one day, when he went out to gather brush to burn, for it was winter, in stooping down, a stick that had been set in the ground for some land-mark, ran right into his well eye, put it out, and he has been in total darkness ever since. It was truly sad.”

So sad, and so mysterious!

“Clouds and darkness are round about thy throne, O God! Perhaps this darkness will eventually shut him up to trust in Christ. Through this darkness Providence may lead him to discover the true light. Have been visiting him a long time, trying to pray with and for him; and, though he seems no nearer, I will not despair, will not be weary in well doing.”

“Jessica seems to be a remarkable child.”

“She is remarkable. She grasps readily all brain food, and I am afraid she will see it in an unhealthy channel. She is not satisfied with children’s milk, but she wants strong meat. I do the best my limited means and library will permit, but I wish she could go to school. I cannot see the way to effect this, but I am praying for it.”

“How about her mother?”

“She is a good Christian woman, industrious and one who is constantly counting her blessings; so, though she is poor she is contented. But here we are at another house. This is the only one we will have time to visit this afternoon.”

It was a poor-looking, unpainted house of two rooms. The gate hung on a hinge, the fence was partly gone, the chimney had fallen in, and the steps, which conducted one directly into the room, were almost impassable. A very desolate, neglected, uninviting dwelling it was, but in such places are often found people who have most need of Christian visits.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK SHELF

BOYS AND RELIGION.*

ANY men talk to their boys about religion—you know they do—as though they were half ashamed of it, and heave a sigh of relief when the topic is exhausted, or rather dies of inanition, and the conversation, turning into a lighter, frivolous channel, ripples along with all the gaudy of the matter and gossip in the rear carriage on the return from a funeral. This great question of your boy's religious life should be discussed as freely and frequently and frankly as the matter of his selection of a profession or business. And, man, be sure of this: once your boy takes you into the fullest confidence of his religious life, tells you his temptations, his weaknesses, what he is striving for and what he is fighting against, bares his heart and his life to you almost as he opens it to God—you have a hold upon him, a knowledge and power to help him that nothing else in the world can give you. You know him then. How many men know their boys so well as strangers know them? How many things vitally important in his physical and moral life does a boy learn with brutal coarseness from vile men that he should have been taught with tender and careful wisdom by his father? What do you know about your boy? What do you know of the temptations which beset him, the temptations which are far greater and far more seductive than those of your own young days?

If you are going to make him a New Testament man, model yourself on the same lines. It was Elisha, the prophet, a good man, a holy man, and a just man, who in righteous anger laid upon Gehazi the leprosy of Naaman that should "cleave into him and unto his children forever," a punishment for covetousness and lying. But when the Man of Nazareth came into the world he laid his hand upon the leper and cleansed him with perfect healing, and tender words. When you have made up your mind in about ten minutes or ten seconds that your boy needs a good sound whipping, take about three days to think over it—a whipping will keep for a week—and then see if you can take a stick and beat him.

CHRIST IN HISTORY.*

Nearly all that we know of our Lord we learn from the four Gospels and from the other writings included in the New Testament; but the brief mention of him in the pages of the greatest of Roman historians is infinitely pathetic and impressive. Toward the end of the reign of the Emperor Nero, a great part of the city of Rome was consumed by fire. The palace of Nero, innumerable private houses, altars and temples associated with the most sacred events and the most famous names in the history of the Roman people, the riches which had been acquired by Roman victories—treasures of Greek art and precious books and manuscripts which preserved the genuine text of the great works of ancient genius—were destroyed by the flames. There was a widespread belief that the city had been set on fire by the secret orders of Nero himself, who was supposed to desire the glory of founding a new city and calling it by his own name. And Tacitus tells us that to suppress this suspicion Nero "fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on a class, hated for their abominations, called Christians by the populace. Christus," he goes on to say, "from whom the

name had its origin, suffered the extreme penalty during the reign of Tiberius, at the hands of one of our procurators, Pontius Pilate; and a most mischievous superstition, thus checked for the moment, again broke out, not only in Judea, the first source of the evil, but even in Rome, where all things hideous and shameful, from every part of the world, find their centre and become popular."

This is all the Roman historian has to say about our Lord. The Son of God, who became flesh for us sinners and our salvation, has hardly a place among the emperors, statesmen and generals, whose glory and shame, whose virtues and crimes, appeared to Tacitus to constitute the chief part of the history of the world. Tacitus has less to say about Christ than about the men who shared the follies and the debaucheries of Nero, and about the miserable women who were the objects and victims of his lust; and what he says is to our Lord's dishonor. To the great historian, a man of penetrating genius and of profound moral earnestness, our Lord was nothing more than an obscure and fanatical Jew, who had been put to death for his crimes by the Roman Governor of Judea, and who had become infamous by the execrable superstition which he had founded. In the pages of history as well as in the pages of prophecy, "the Servant of the Lord is numbered with the transgressors." But the words which I have quoted remind us that to Tacitus our Lord had a place—though a shameful one—in the actual history of mankind. He was a Jew. There were men in Judea who knew him well. He had stood at the bar of a Roman Governor of the province. There must have been witnesses, true or false, who professed to have heard the words or to have witnessed the deeds for which he was condemned to die. There were officers who had executed the sentence. To Tacitus our Lord was one who had lived a real human life—a man and nothing more—but still a man.

BRAINERD'S METHODS.*

What was Brainerd's chief methods? Two leading features were obvious. The first is the evangelical truths which he inculcated. We listen once more: "I have frequently been enabled to represent the divine glory, the infinite preciousness, and transcendent loveliness of the great Redeemer, the suitableness of his person and purchase to supply the wants and answer the utmost desire of immortal souls; to open the infinite riches of his grace and the wonderful encouragement proposed in the Gospel to unworthy, helpless sinners; to call, invite, and beseech them to come and give up themselves to him and be reconciled to God through him; to expostulate with them respecting their neglect of one so infinitely lovely and freely offered; and this in such a manner, with such freedom, pertinency, pathos, and application to the conscience as I am sure I never could have made myself master of by the most assiduous application of mind." "God was pleased to give these divine truths such a powerful influence upon the minds of these people, and so to bless them for the effectual awakening of numbers of them, that their lives were quickly reformed, without my insisting upon the precepts of morality and spending time in repeated harangues upon external duties."

Such were the Scripture truths enforced by Brainerd—the momentous facts of prime moment to every man, savage and civilized alike—the preaching of which has ever been mighty to the pulling down of strongholds and stirring those depths of the soul which need to be stirred. Like the apostles, he did not wait for the slow processes of school education, but addressed himself first of all and mainly to adults.

The other chief element of Brainerd's power as a missionary was his prayerfulness. That habit characterized him from

the earliest period of his religious life. Before entering upon work among the Indians his journal contains memoranda such as these: "God enabled me so to agonize in prayer that I was quite wet with perspiration, though in the shade and cool wind. My soul was drawn out very much from the world for multitudes of souls." Once entered upon labor in behalf of the red men, he says: "My great concern was for the conversion of the heathen to God, and the Lord helped me to speak for them." "Praying incessantly every moment with sweet fervency." "I feel as if my all was lost and I was undone for this world if the poor heathen may not be converted." "In prayer I was exceedingly enlarged." "Spent a great part of the day (December 19, 1744) in prayer to God for the outpouring of his Spirit on my poor people." In journeying from place to place, before preaching and after preaching, and even in his dreams, supplication for individuals and for the people at large was the business of his heart. As a prince he had power with God and with men. Such a wrestler could not but prevail. His faith removed mountains. The student or missionary who receives no impulse to prayer, to self-scrutiny, to heartiest consecration, from a perusal of Brainerd's memoir, must either have made very rare attainments in the divine life or else have very languid aspirations. Given such preaching and praying by all ministers and missionaries, how long before the world would be converted?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

At Dawn of Day: Thoughts for the Morning Hour. A selection for every day of the year, compiled by Jeanie Bates Greenough. 444 pp.; price \$1.75; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Book of Numbers. By Rev. Robert A. Watson, M.A., D.D. One of the Excellent series published under the title of *The Expositor's Bible*. Pp. 414; price \$1.50; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 E. Tenth St., New York.

The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas meditation. by Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. New edition; cloth; 50 cents. Japan parchment paper covers, 35 cents; published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 47 East Tenth Street, New York.

Between the Lights: Thought for the quiet hour. A selection of a gem of prose and poetry for every day in the year, compiled by Fannie B. Bates. Pp. 451. Price \$1.25. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 182 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Protestant Missions: their Rise and Early Progress. Lectures by Rev. A. C. Thompson. A comprehensive work dealing with the history of missionary work since the sixteenth century; pp. 314; cloth covers; price \$1.75. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., pub'rs.

The Coronation Hymnal, a selection of hymns and songs with music; by Revs. A. J. Gordon and Arthur T. Pierson. Intended for the use of churches. Cloth binding price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Common Cold

is often due, not to exposure, but to an impure condition of the blood. In any event it may prove a serious affair. It may end in a settled case of catarrh, that most loathsome of diseases, and catarrh frequently leads to bronchitis or consumption. The only safe way is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla,

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That's the truth. The lack of Pearline comes just as hard on the mistress' clothes as it does on the laundress' back.



Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

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SAPOLIO

*From *Before He Is Twenty*: five perplexing phases of the boy question considered; pp. 104; cloth; price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, pub'rs.

*From *Christian Doctrine*, a series of discourses by R. W. Dale, LL. D. Pp. 329; price \$1.75; published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East Tenth Street, New York. This work is one of many able volumes for which Christians have reason to be grateful to this great philosopher. Its aim, like that of his earlier works, is to show the truth and reasonableness of the Christian religion. Dr. Dale's works have the charm of simplicity, being written for business men rather than theologians. The above extract answers a question often asked as to the notice secular historians take of Christ. Tacitus lived and wrote in the first century. He was praetor of Rome in 88 A. D., about fifty-one years after the Crucifixion.

HYMN FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

WE thank thee for the millions of
The copies of thy Word,
In many tongues and in all lands,
To teach thy law, O Lord!
But what are these if barren of
Thy Holy Spirit's power?
A fleeting pleasure, soon forgot—
A fair but fruitless flower.

We thank thee for the sermons preached
Of full salvation, free
To sinful man, bought by the blood
Shed on Mount Calvary.
But what are words of eloquence?
These give no lasting peace!
One plants, one waters; but alone
Thou blessest with increase.

We thank thee for the many songs
That bind in unity,
The Christian people of all lands,
In sweetest harmony.
But what are these, if in the heart
No love for Christ be there?
Charmed with the melody of song,
Not lifted up by prayer.

Dear Lord, Thy Zion waits for Thee,
Now condescend to bless;
And may each soul's desire be
For more of holiness.
Give all the power to read and preach,
And pray with hearts aflame
With holy fire, while every voice
Gives praise in Jesus' name.

Ann Arbor, Mich. HELEN E. McCOLLUM.

THE GOSPEL IN GUATEMALA.

C LETTER from Rev. E. M. Haymaker, a Presbyterian missionary in Guatemala, Central America, received by a friend in New York, contains the following interesting information relative to mission work in that country: "The work has prospered this year. I have made two long trips outside the capital—one to Huehuetenango (Way-way-tenango), and one to Salama, San Augustine, San Arate, etc. In the latter trip I found much to encourage. We are getting a fair-sized congregation started in San Augustine. Bro. Penzotti, agent of the American Bible Society, is now making Guatemala City his headquarters and is helping our cause along greatly by the dissemination of the Scriptures, as well as by his earnest and pointed preaching. Our Spanish congregation is more than double the size it was when you were here, besides which we now have work started at three different places in the suburbs at the south end of the city."

When it is considered that the influences, resulting from the various political revolutions which crushed the old Roman Catholic power in the State, have proved most disastrous to religious belief and good morals; it is most gratifying to note the same progress in Christian work in Guatemala, by God's blessing, through the labors of Rev. Mr. Haymaker and his associates during the past six years.

DRIVEN TO THEFT.

The destitution in Nebraska has not, thus far, been fully realized by the public generally. The following extract from a letter written recently by the Presbyterian Pastor at Large in Kearney, Nebraska, will give some idea of the straits to which some of the people are drawn: "How many of my poor people are to live through the coming Nebraska winter, I cannot tell. My heart aches so for them that I find it the most difficult thing of my life to appear cheerful and administer the comfort and consolation I so much desire to. I have received two barrels of good second-hand clothing which I have distributed among the most destitute, but what are they among so many? I hope to receive more in the near future to supply as far as I can the crying needs. I do not ask the people for a cent for myself. I would not dare to raise my voice in prayer to my loving Heavenly Father if I should. "One poor man asked a flour merchant to trust him for fifty pounds, saying to him his family was starving. He refused him."

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Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh of the Bladder, and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer, you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 E. 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

Ringling noises in the ears, roaring or buzzing sounds are caused by catarrh. Loss of smell or hearing sometimes result from it. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures catarrh.

The man walked into the store, picked up a fifty pound sack as he walked out, untied his team and started home. The merchant sent an officer of the law to arrest him, and on reaching his house found the sack of flour on his table open, with the children eating it dry, like so many famished beasts. This is only one of many facts I might mention, and this, too, when the townships and counties are exerting themselves to supply the needy."

A BRAVE JAPANESE SOLDIER.

Rev. David S. Spencer, writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Nagoya, Japan, relates the following incident illustrative of Japanese bravery:

"In the recent great naval engagement, a marine on the Itsukushima Kan had been told to stand as guard of the entrance of the powder magazine. During the engagement the Itsukushima was so steered that the shots of the enemy's small arms seemed to concentrate in the vicinity of this vital point, and noticing this, the sentry attempted to cover the whole doorway with his body. In his attempt he was wholly successful. Not a bullet reached the interior of the magazine. When the affair was over, relief was sent to the man, who was found at his post, but with a somewhat troubled expression on his face. He was discovered to be stone-dead, and literally honey-combed with bullets, no less than thirty-six having struck him."

What an example the heroism of this soldier presents to Christians who, in their warfare against sin, are prone to leave the vital part—the soul—open to the assaults of the enemy instead of defending it bravely to the death!

UNFOUNDED FEARS.

A recent proclamation in China reassured some missionaries who had been not unreasonably disquieted by ominous rumors. The trouble was at Pao-ting-fu, where the American Board has a station. Dr. Noble, who is in charge, writing to "The Missionary Herald," says that for some weeks rumors of an approaching attack on all foreigners had been current. They were vague at first, consisting mainly of an intimation that the missionaries were intruders and that with a Japanese army invading the country all foreigners ought to be summarily expelled. Finally more definite reports reached Dr. Noble's ears. These were that the residences, chapels, dispensaries, and lives of all foreigners in Pao-ting-fu were to be destroyed on a certain day; to lend color to these reports the district magistrate two days before that date sent an officer to the dispensary to ascertain the number of places owned or occupied by the missionaries. "No reason was assigned for demanding the information," says Dr. Noble, "but yesterday officials appeared and hung on the wall outside of the gate an imperial proclamation, stating that the war was with Japan, that other nations were in no way involved, and that the lives and property of all foreigners were to be respected, and that failure to heed this would be followed by severe punishment to all offenders. The proclamation also has been posted in each of the four gateways of the city, and yesterday drew large crowds, who read it with varying comments. There can be no doubt that this decided act of the government has already borne good fruit in allaying the excitement of the people; our own anxiety is relieved and the fears of our Christians quieted."

ILLINOIS EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

Rockford, Ill., was the meeting-place of a great Epworth League convention lately. It was in session four days, and over a thousand representatives of the Leagues of Rock River Conference were in attendance. Secretary Schell took part, and among the guests was Dr. S. A. Steel, Secretary of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church South.

WHEN WRITING TO THIS OFFICE

In order to secure the promptest attention for your communications, please bear in mind that the business of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is divided into the following three departments, and that communications intended for any one of these departments should never contain matters of interest to any other department: **Subscription Department** in which only new subscriptions or renewals are handled.

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COME QUICKLY.

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. 22: 20.

YEA, quickly come, oh, Lord!
According to thy Word;
Oh, quickly come.
Unbarred is every door;
Enter whom I adore;
Enter and leave no more
My heart, thy home.

In me, thy "temple," dwell;
Each tissue, limb, and cell
Thy Spirit's home.
How else my flesh deny,
And joy to hear the cry
Descending from on high
"Sure quick I come."

Grace cuts the cords which bind
To flesh and world the mind,
And keep from thee,
Doubt, fear, ambition's lust,
All meanness and distrust
Now fled, I shall, I must
With joy thee see.

Come, age of holy joy,
Of gold without alloy
Of bliss the sum!
Jesus, our King and Groom,
Thy Bride peers through the gloom.
And prays from noon to noon,
"Come, quickly come."

New York, Dec., 1894. —REV. A. B. KING.



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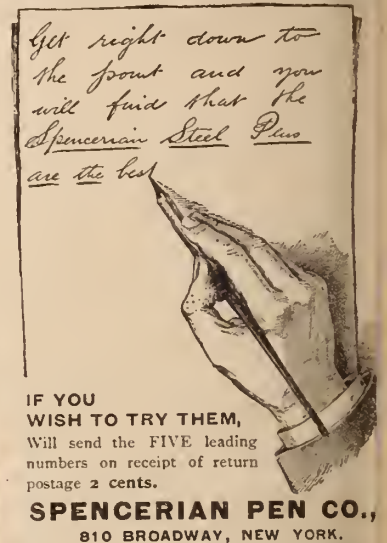
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Among Dead Pharaohs.

Mummy Tomb of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression.

In her book entitled, "In Cairo and Jerusalem," Mary Thorn Carpenter furnishes this vivid description of a visit to the tombs of the Pharaohs:

"We came back to the vast, almost vacant salon. The pink and gray mummies of a royal era, not one of whom lived after the year 1000 B. C. Ranged in a large circle, the gilded and painted cases gleaming like a suffused corona under the bright central dome, Thothmes II., king of the eighteenth dynasty, Rameses III., founder of the twelfth dynasty, and then the mighty Rameses II., Pharaoh in the flesh, before us in their Assyrian coffins, shaped as nearly as possible to fit the body, and elaborately decorated with golden disks and winged emblems of royalty.

The original coffin of Rameses was destroyed about the twenty-first dynasty, according to an hieratic inscription, which relates that tomb inspectors visited the Rameses as late as the year 1100. Some writings on papyrus lately discovered contain information that the royal tombs were secreted about that time, the gold was stolen, the sacred mummies, amulets, and ornaments taken without hesitation, while the modern sacrilege of body-snatching did not at all enter the plan of the robbers. After that, Pharaoh and his father, Seti I., were buried off and removed for safety to the tomb of Queen Ansera, which was also broken into, and the wandering mummies were bumped and rattled up the steep incline to the Valley of the Kings in the Theban mountains. It must be acknowledged that in stature, at least, Pharaoh was great indeed; his form nearly outlines the mummy case where he lies, bound around with yellow linen bands, a withered warrior, whose life measured six feet three inches in height. There is, however, about the blackened mold of the mighty king a good foundation to reconstruct his peculiarities of face and figure as they appeared in life. Half a chance would reveal the strength and character which lie in the high forehead, the dignity of chin and mouth, and the strange and sinister expression of the beaked nose of the Hebraic type, singularly like unto the aged, hoary expression of the unfeathered beak of a young crow. However, beyond the fact of his gray hairs, and eyebrows like dandelion down, the straight back and powerful shoulders give little hint of an old man who has passed the limit of his three-score years and ten.

CHINA'S GIANT CITY.

"Pekin," writes Pastor Heims, late chaplain of the German navy, "is certainly a grand city as regards dimensions. The few one has from the Imperial Observatory is grand. On all sides a sea of houses, reaching far beyond the horizon, and plentifully interlarded with green. Each house has a well-ordered garden in the rear, and these tens of thousands of trees, although they are not planted very close together, give the city a very pleasing appearance. The Imperial parks and the gardens attached to the temple adds to this. In the heart of the city is the Imperial residence, a city in itself, surrounded by a high, thick, fortress-like wall and a deep ditch. In its centre is a hill about a hundred and fifty feet high, raised artificially of coal, to prevent the Imperial family from suffering for want of fuel in case of a siege—so says tradition. A graceful mansion crowns the summit of this hill, but it is uninhabited. The last Emperor of the Ming dynasty took his own life there when the Manchus entered the city. Decay is the distinguishing mark of the Peking of to-day. The city has broad, well-designed streets, which is very remarkable in this country of narrow lanes and alleys, but these streets are flanked on both sides by small, unimportant houses. Mountains of refuse obstruct our way, in

which the small, black, starving pigs gruntingly root for subsistence. The sewers are insufficiently covered or left open altogether, whole districts of the city are depopulated, lifeless; the walls of the city are in a deplorable condition, and look as if they had stood a bombardment—everything speaks of a former period of greatness and prosperity."

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SIOUX.

In an article giving the results of Christianity among the Sioux Indians, Lieutenant Wassell pays a high tribute to missionaries generally. He writes: "From the sorcery and jugglery of a weakened medicine man he has brought the Sioux to confide in the simple teachings of the Bible. From the barbarous self-immolation of the Sun-dance he has led him to the few rites of Christianity. From the gross sensuality and selfishness of the awful mystery, the Takoo Wakan, manifested and worshipped under the form of gods innumerable, he has built up a faith in one Supreme Being. Today Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists are all well represented in the Dakotas, and have rendered great assistance to the government in efforts toward civilization. The younger men wear their Y.M.C.A. badges, just as their forefathers wore the dirty medicine charms. The leading men are no longer those who have killed the most Crows or stolen the greatest number of ponies. War songs are replaced by Christian hymns, and 'Jesus Itancan' now bursts forth from the dusky throats that formerly knew nothing but the murderous 'kte.' The churches and religious societies have certainly quenched the fire of barbarism in the Indian children. Marriage, according to Christian rites, has succeeded the annual virgin-feast, where a slandered maiden stood face to face with her accuser by the sacred fire and swore a high-sounding oath to her purity. The disappearance of blanket and breech-cloth, long hair and highly-painted faces, is a sign that the Sioux has succumbed to a stronger civilization, and with his old customs have fallen his old gods."

JUSTIFYING JAPAN'S WAR.

From Miss Albertina J. Peterson, of Kamakura, Japan, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a translation of a most interesting article by a distinguished Japanese author, Kanzo Uchimura, justifying Japan's course in the present war on the ground that it was necessary in the interest of morality and civilization. Uchimura

likens it to the war of Gideon against the Amalekites, that of the Greeks against the Persians, and the campaign of Gustavus Adolphus, which resulted in saving Protestantism to the world.

Some fifteen millions of helpless Koreans were kept ignorant and defenceless "to satisfy the jealousy of the world's most backward nation." To redress such a state of things Japan, as a progressive nation, had a right to interfere, and it would have been an offence to the spirit of morality and modern progress had Japan remained totally indifferent to her neighbor's woes. All that Japan asks is a sympathetic neutrality, that she may have an opportunity of effecting the reformation of the East.

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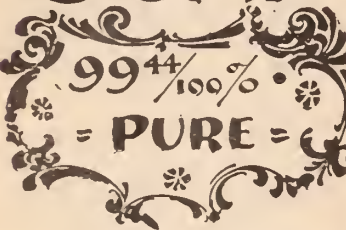
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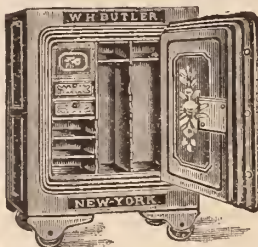
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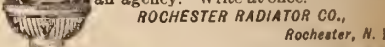
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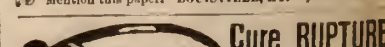


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